THE

WORKS OF LORD BYRON.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

PHILADELPHIA
PORTER & COATES.
THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

LORD BYRON.

WITH COPIOUS ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES,

AND

A MEMOIR OF HIS LIFE.

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.

Illustrated with Elegant Steel Engravings.

PHILADELPHIA:
PORTER & COATES,
822 CHESTNUT STREET.
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LIFE OF LORD BYRON.

GEORGE GORDON, the only son of Captain John Byron, by his second wife, Miss Gordon, of Gight, and grandson of the celebrated Admiral Byron, was born in Holles Street, London, on the 22d of January, 1788. His ancestry, of which he is said to have been more proud than of having been the author of Childe Harold and Manfred, was composed of persons of distinction; but possessing much of that daring recklessness of character, which so early displayed itself in the subject of our memoir. His great uncle, Lord William, to whom he succeeded, was tried for killing his relation, Mr. Chaworth, in a duel; and his father, who had caused his first wife to die of a broken heart, after having seduced her, when Marchioness of Carmarthen, became the husband of our poet’s mother, as he openly avowed, for her fortune alone; after the dissipation of which, he separated from her, and died at Valenciennes, in 1791. At this time, young Byron resided, with his mother, at Aberdeen, where, in November, 1792, he was sent to a day school; but, according to his own account, “learned little there, except to repeat by rote the first lesson of monosyllables.” After remaining a year in this school, he was placed with a clergyman, named Ross, under whom, he says, he made astonishing progress; and observes, that the moment he could read, his grand passion was history. His next tutor was named Paterson; with him, he adds, “I began Latin in Rudiman’s grammar, and continued till I went to the grammar-school, where I threaded all the classes to the fourth, when I was recalled to England by the demise of my uncle.”

In 1798, he prepared to quit Scotland for Newstead, in consequence of his accession to his family title, of which, perhaps, he was not a little proud; for his mother having said to him, some time in the previous year, whilst perusing a newspaper, that she hoped to have the pleasure of some time or other reading his speeches in the house of commons; he replied, “I hope not; if you read any speeches of mine, it will be in the house of lords.” On his arrival at Newstead, he continued his studies under Mr. Rogers, a schoolmaster in the neighbourhood. In 1799, he was removed to London; and, at the suggestion of his guardian, the Earl of Carlisle, placed under the care of Dr. Baillie, who also attended him on his subsequent removal to the school of Dr. Glennie, at Dulwich, where he appears to have gained the esteem both of his master and schoolfellows. His reading in history and poetry, says Dr. Glennie, was far beyond the usual standard of his age; and “he showed an intimate acquaintance with the historical parts of the Holy Scriptures;” an assertion which serves to confirm the subsequent declaration of Byron himself, “that he was a great reader and admirer of the Old Testament, and had read it through and through before he was eight years old.” The progress he was rapidly making under Dr. Glennie was, unfortunately, interrupted by the foolish indulgence of his mother, who took him home so frequently, and behaved with so much violence when remonstrated with on the subject, that Lord Carlisle determined upon removing his ward to Harrow, whither he was sent in his fourteenth year.

In 1800, he had, as he expresses himself, made “his first dash into poetry; the exultation,” he adds, “of a passion for my first cousin, Margaret Parker, one of the most beautiful of evanescent beings.” This was succeeded by his attachment for Miss Mary Chaworth, whom he used to meet during the Harrow vacations; she was two years older than himself, and does not appear to have given sufficient encouragement to his addresses, to warrant his declaration “that she jilted him;” especially as she was, at the time of their first acquaintance, engaged to Mr. Musters, whom she subsequently married.

There is no doubt, however, that his affection for the lady (who is now dead) was sincere, and that the loss of her had an embittering influence upon his future life. A person who was present when Miss Chaworth’s marriage was first announced to him, has thus described the scene that occurred:—”Byron, I have some news for you,” said his mother, “Well, what is it?” “Take out your handkerchief first, you will want it.” “Nonsense!” “Take out your handkerchief, I say.” He did so, to humour her. “Miss Chaworth is married.” An expression very peculiar, impossible to describe, passed over his pale face, and he hurried his handkerchief into his pocket; saying, with an affected air of coldness and nonchalance, “Is that all?” “Why I expected,” said his mother, “you would have been plunged in grief.” He made no reply and soon began to talk about something else.
This took place in 1805, the year of his leaving Harrow which he quitted with the character of a plain-spoken, clever and undaunted, but idle, boy. His master, Dr. Drury, for whom he always entertained respect and affection, spoke of him as one who “might be led by a silken string to a point, rather than by a cable;” and he asked his opinion of his pupil, after some continuance at Harrow, by Lord Carlisle, he replied, that “he had talents which would add lustre to his rank.” Though generally, however, reputed to be too indolent to excel in school, it seems that he collected a vast fund of information, which was little suspected by those who saw him only when idle, in mischief, or at play. “The truth is,” he says, “that I read eating, read in bed, read when no one else read and had read all sorts of reading since I was five years old, though I never met with a review till I was in my nineteenth year.” He was not, at first, liked by his schoolfellows; but with some of them he ultimately formed friendships, to which he always reverted with a melancholy delight, broken, as most of them were, by his own waywardness, or the peculiar circumstances which attended his subsequent career. His intrepidity was shown in several pugilistic combats, many of which he undertook in the defence and protection of other boys. One of his schoolfellows says that he has seen him fight by the hour like a Trojan, and stand up, against the disadvantages of his bigness, with all the spirit of an ancient combatant. On the same person’s reminding him of his battle with Pitt, he replied, “You are mistaken. I think; it must have been with Rice-udding Morgan, or Lord Jocelyn, or one of the Douglasses, or George Raynford, or Pryce (with whom I had two conflicts), or with Moses Moore (the club), or with somebody else, and not with Pitt: for with all the above-named, and other worthies of the list, had I an interchange of black eyes and bloody noses, at various and sundry periods. However, it may have happened, for all that.” He also told Captain Medwin, in allusion to two of his actions at Harrow, that he taught Lord Carlisle for writing “D—d thirst” under his name; and prevented the school-room from being burnt, during a rebellion, by pointing out to the boys the names of their fathers and grandfathers on the walls.

In 1805, he was entered of Trinity College, Cambridge, which he describes as “a new and Heavy-handed scene to him;” adding, it was one of the deadlest and heaviest feelings of his life, to feel that he was no longer a boy.

The time not passed by him at the university, he at first spent with his mother, at Southwell, but her violent temper, which his own was not calculated to apprise, soon led to their separation; and he afterwards resided in London, Little Hampton, Harrowgate, and other places of fashionable resort. At this period, he is said to have been remarkably bashful, though he subsequently so far overcome his shyness, as to take a prominent part in some private theatricals at Southwell. In November, 1806, his Hours of Illness was printed at Newark; and, in the following year, appeared the memorable criticism upon them in The Edinburgh Review. The impression which this criticism made upon our poet, is described, by one who witnessed his fierce looks of defiance, during a first perusal of it, as fearful and sublime. Among the less sentimental effects of this review upon his mind, says Mr. Moore, he used to mention that, on the day he read it, he drank three bottles of claret to his own share after dinner; that nothing, however, relieved him till he had given vent to his indignation in rhyme; and that “after the first twenty lines, he felt himself considerably better.” During the progress of the satire, he passed his time alternately at Newstead, London, and Brighton.

On coming of age, in 1809, he apprised Lord Carlisle of his wish to take his seat in the house of peers, by the formal reply of the earl, and his refusal to afford any information respecting the marriage of our poet’s grandfather, is owing the bitterness with which he attacked the former in his English Bards. He at length took his seat on the 13th of March, and went down to the house for that purpose, accompanied only by Mr. Dallas, whom he accidentally met. “He was received,” says that gentleman, “in one of the ante-chambers, by some of the officers in attendance, with whom he settled respecting the fees he had to pay: one of them went up to apprise the lord-chancellor of his being there, and soon returned for him. There were very few persons in the house. Lord Eldon was going through some ordinary business. When Lord Byron entered, I thought he looked still paler than before; and he certainly wore a countenance in which mortification was mingled with, but subdued by, indignation. He passed the wool-sack without looking round, and advanced to the table, where the proper officer was attending to administer the oaths. When he had gone through them, the chancellor quitted his seat, and went towards him with a smile, putting out his hand warmly to welcome him; and, though I did not catch his words, I saw that he paid him some compliment. This was all thrown away upon Lord Byron, who made a still bow, and put the tips of his fingers into Lord Eldon’s hand. The chancellor did not press a welcome so received, but resumed his seat; while Lord Byron seated himself for a few minutes, on one of the empty benches to the left of the throne, usually occupied by the lords in opposition. When, on his joining me, I expressed what I had felt, he said, ‘If I had shaken hands heartily, he would have set me down for one of his party; but I will have nothing to do with any of them, on either side: I have taken my seat, and now I will go abroad.’”

Shortly after he had taken his seat, his satire was published anonymously, of which, though the success, at the time, highly gratified him, he, some years afterwards, wrote, “Nothing but the consideration of its being the property of another prevents me from consigning this miserable record
of misplaced and indiscriminate anger to the flames." Before a second edition was published, he left England, accompanied by Mr. Holhouse, under the influence of those melancholy feelings, which he has described in the early part of the first canto of Childe Harold, in which poem a pretty accurate account of his travels is given, bringing his two years' residence abroad. Almost every event he met with, he has made subservient to his muse, particularly the incident on which is founded his Giaour, and it was during this tour that he swam from Sestos to Abydos.

In July, 1811, he returned to England, and being visited by Mr. Dallas, put into his hands a Paraphrase of Horace's Art of Poetry, expressing a wish that it should be printed under the latter's superintendence; but he mentioned nothing of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, until Mr. Dallas expressed his surprise that he should have written so little during his absence. He then told his friend that "he had occasionally written short poems, besides a great many stanzas in Spenser's measure, relative to the countries he had visited;" and, at the same time, handed them to Mr. Dallas, observing, that they were not worth troubling him with. This gentleman had no sooner perused the poem, than he endeavoured to persuade the author of its superiority, in every respect, to the Paraphrase of Horace; but it was not until after much real or affected reluctance, that he consented to the publication of Childe Harold, in preference to that of the former. He had scarcely made up his mind on the subject, before he was called to Newstead, by the illness of his mother, who, however, died a short time before his arrival, on the 1st of August. He is said to have been sincerely affected at her loss; and, on being found sitting near the corpse of his mother, by Mrs. Byron's waiting-woman, he, in answer to her remonstrance with him for so giving way to grief, exclaimed, bursting into tears, "I had but one friend in the world, and she is gone!"

A few months after the death of his mother, a correspondence took place between himself and Mr. Moore, the poet, of whose duel with Mr. Jeffrey, Byron had given a ludicrous, but untrue account in his English Bards. After several letters of an explanatory, rather than hostile, nature, had passed on both sides, and in which each exhibited a manly and forbearing spirit, they became mutual friends, and remained so ever afterwards. On the 27th of February, 1812, Lord Byron made his first speech in the house of lords, on the subject of the Nottingham Frame-breaking Bill, and appears to have pleased both himself and his hearers. Mr. Dallas, who met him coming out of the house, says, that he was greatly elated; and, after repeating some of the compliments which had been paid him, concluded by saying, "that he had, by his speech, given the best advertisement to Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," which was two days afterwards published. The effect upon the public, as his biographer observes, was electric; as he has himself said, in his memorandum, "he awoke one morning, and found himself famous." The first edition of his work was disposed of instantly; "Childe Harold," and "Lord Byron," were the theme of every tongue; the most eminent literati of the day, including many whom he had attacked in his satire, left their names at his door; upon his table lay the epistolary tribute of the statesman and philosopher, the billet of some ingenua, or the pressing note of some fair leader of fashion, and, in fine, "he found himself among the illustrious crowds of high life, the most distinguished object." The sum of £600 which he received for the copyright of the poem, he presented to Mr. Dallas; observing, "he would never receive money for his writings;" a resolution which he subsequently abandoned. Among other results of the fame he had acquired by his Childe Harold, was his introduction to the prince regent, which took place at a ball, at the request of his royal highness, whose conversation so fascinated the poet, that had it not been, says Mr. Dallas, for an accidental deferring of the next levee, he bade fair to become a visitor at Carlton House, if not a complete courtier.

In the spring of 1813, he published anonymously, his poem on waltzing; and as it was not received with the applause he anticipated, did not avow himself to be its author. In the same year, appeared The Giaour, and The Bride of Abydos; the former of which reached a fifth edition in four months. Mr. Murray offered him a thousand guineas for the copyright of the two poems, but he still refused to derive any pecuniary benefit from his writings. In 1814, his Corsair was published; the copyright of which he presented to Mr. Dallas. Fourteen thousand copies of the poem were sold in one day; but the popularity which this and his other works had procured for him, began to be lessened by his verses to the Princess Charlotte, and by a certain peculiarity of conduct which was looked upon as more indecorous than eccentric. Under these circumstances, he was persuaded to marry, and, in consequence, proposed to Miss Milbanke, the daughter of Sir Ralph Milbanke; but was at first met with a polite refusal. He was, however, not so much mortified as not to make her a second offer, though he says, in his memorandum, that a friend strongly advised him against doing so; observing, that "Miss Milbanke had at present no fortune, and that his embarrassed affairs would not allow him to marry without one; that she was, moreover, a learned lady, which would not at all suit him." He then agreed that his friend should write a proposal for him to another lady, and a refusal being the consequence, he said, "You see, after all, Miss Milbanke is to be the person: I will write to her:" which he accordingly did, and was accepted. His marriage took place at Seatham, on the 2d of January, 1815; a day to which he seems to have always reverted with a shudder, and on, which, he, in reality, perhaps, experienced those emotions so touchingly described in his beautiful poem of The Dream. Superstition had, no doubt, some influence over his mind on the occasion; for, in
Lady Byron was the only unconcerned person present: Lady Noel, her mother, cried: I trembled like a leaf, made the wrong responses, and after the ceremony called her Miss Milbanke. There is a singular story attached to the ring:—the very day the match was concluded, a ring of my mother's that had been lost, was dug up by the gardener at Newstead. I thought it was sent on purpose for the wedding; but my mother's marriage had not been a fortunate one, and this ring was doomed to be the seal of an unhappier union still. After the ordeal was over, we set off for a country seat of Sir Ralph's; and I was surprised at the arrangements for the journey, and somewhat out of humour to find a lady's maid stuck between me and my bride. It was rather too early to assume the husband, so I was forced to submit; but it was not with a very good grace. I have been accused of saying, on getting into the carriage, that I had married Lady Byron out of spite, and because she had refused me twice. Though I was, for a moment, vexed at the prophecy, or whatever you may choose to call it, if I had made so uncalm, not to say brutal, a speech, I am convinced Lady Byron would instantly have left the carriage to me and the maid. She had spirit enough to have done so, and would properly have resented the insult. Our honeymoon was not all sunshine; it had its clouds; and Hobhouse has some letters which would serve to explain the rise and fall in the barometer; but it was never down at zero.

About ten months after his marriage, the birth of his daughter took place; an event that was, in a few weeks, followed by a total separation of the parents. So many various reasons have been assigned for this step by the friends of either party, and so much more than has yet come to light, has been insinuated by Lady Byron herself, that the real cause of their continued disunion still remains a mystery. Our poet has noted, both in his conversation and correspondence, that, during his residence with his wife, he had nothing to complain of; and it was only when he found her unwilling to resume her connection with him that he gave vent to that bitterness of spirit with which he alludes to her in some of his poems. Mr. Moore speaks with an evident bias in favour of the subject of his biography; but, whatever inferences may be drawn from the sacrifice of the papers relating to this affair, at the request of Lady Byron's family,—and the previous request of the lady herself to her husband, that he would not publish them, on his sending them to her for perusal, which she declined,—it is clear, from the facts that have as yet been made public, that the conduct of Lord Byron was at least as culpable, as that of his wife appears, in the absence of further explanation, to have been extraordinary. Many excuses, however, are to be made for the subject of our memoir, who was most unwarrantably calumniated on the occasion, and publicly taxed with crimes, of which conjugal infidelity was not the least, though, perhaps, at the time of its imputation, the most unjustifiable. The ostensible cause of their separation was the involvement of his lordship's affairs, and his connection with the managing committee of Druyke Lane, which led him into a course of life unsuitable to the domestic habits of Lady Byron. "My income, at this period," says his own account of the affair, "was small, and somewhat bespoken. We had a house in town, gave dinner parties, had separate carriages, and launched into every sort of extravagance. This could not last long. My wife's £10,000 soon melted away. I was beset by duns, and, at length, an execution was levied and the bailiffs put in possession of the very beds we had to sleep on. This was no very agreeable state of affairs, no very pleasant scene for Lady Byron to witness; and it was agreed she should pay her father a visit till the storm had blown over, and some arrangements had been made with my creditors."

The lady, however, expressed her determination never to return to him, in a letter which had been preceded by one, beginning, as he ludicrously says, "Dear John! "You ask me," he says in a communication to Captain Medwin, "if no cause was assigned for this sudden resolution!—if I formed no conjecture about the cause! I will tell you: I have prejudices about women; I do not like to see them eat. Rousseau makes Julie un peu gourmande; but that is not at all according to my taste. I do not like to be interrupted when I am writing. Lady Byron did not attend to these whims of mine. The only harsh thing I ever remember saying to her was, one evening, shortly before our parting. I was standing before the fire, reciting upon the embarrassment of my affairs, and other annoyances, when Lady Byron came up to me, and said, 'Byron, am I in your way?' to which I replied, 'Not at all.' I was afterwards sorry, and reproached myself for the expression; but it escaped me unconsciously,—involuntarily: I hardly knew what I said."

His lordship's next poems were, Lara, The Siege of Corinth, and Parisina; the two last of which appeared in February, 1816; and, in the following April, he again left England, having previously published The Sketch, and his celebrated Fare-thee-well. He set out upon his travels in no very dejected state of mind, which may be accounted for by an observation in one of his letters, that "agitation or contest of any
kind gave a rebound to his spirits, and set him up for the time." After reaching France, he crossed the field of Waterloo, and proceeded by the Rhine to Switzerland, where he became acquainted with Shelley; and, whilst at Geneva, he began the composition of a poem founded on his recent separation; but, hearing that his wife was ill, he threw the manuscript into the fire. From Switzerland he proceeded to Italy, where he resided principally at Venice, and transmitted thence to London his third and fourth cantos of Childe Harold, the Prisoner of Chillon, and other poems, Manfred, and The Lament of Tasso. He also wrote, in that city, his Ode to Venice, and Beppo, which he is said to have finished at a sitting. In the year 1819, he was visited at Venice, by Mr. Moore, to whom he made a present of the memoirs, which have been before alluded to. He brought them in, says Mr. Moore, one day, in a white leather bag, and holding it up, said, "Look here; this would be worth something to Murray, though you, I dare say, would not give sixpence for it."—What is it?"—My life and adventures:—it is not a thing that can be published during my life-time, but you may have it, if you like,—there, do whatever you please with it." In giving the bag, continues Mr. Moore, he added, "You may show it to any of our friends you think worthy of it."

His poetical productions, within the three last years, ending in 1821, were Mazeppa, his tragedies of Marino Faliero, the Two Foscari, and Sardanapalus, The Prophecy of Dante, Cain, and several cantos of Don Juan, the sixteenth canto of which he completed at Pisa. At this place he also wrote Werner, The Deformed Transformed, Heaven and Earth, and the celebrated Vision of Judgment; the two last of which appeared in The Liberal, the joint production of himself, Mr. Shelley, and Mr. Leigh Hunt, who had joined his lordship at Pisa. Of this periodical it is unnecessary to say more, in this place, than that it failed after the fourth number, and gave rise to a prosecution against the publisher, on account of The Vision of Judgment.

An affray with some soldiers of Pisa, who, for some reason or other, had attempted to arrest our poet and some other Englishmen, induced him to remove to Leghorn, and, subsequently, to Geneva, where he took up his residence, in September, 1822. Anxious for more stirring scenes than those in which he had hitherto mixed, he engaged in a correspondence with the leaders of the insurrection in Greece, which ended in his departure for that country, in the summer of 1823.

In the beginning of January, 1824, he entered Missolonghi, where the inhabitants, who hailed his coming as that of a Messiah, received him with enthusiastic demonstrations of respect and applause. He began by attempting to induce the Greeks to a more civilized system of warfare than had been lately carried on; and, with this view, he not only personally rescued a Turk from some Greek sailors, on the very day of his landing, but released several prisoners in the town, and sent them back to Prevesa, in the hope that it would beget a similar mode of treatment towards the captives in the hands of the Turks. He then formed a brigade of Suliotes five hundred of whom he took into his pay; and, "burning," says Colonel Stanhope, "with military ardour and chivalry, prepared to lead them to Lepanto." The insubordination, however, among the troops, and the difference that hourly arose amid the half-starved and ill-accounted garrison, rendered this step impracticable, and threw him into a state of feverish irritation, that destroyed his self-possession at a time when it was most necessary to the cause he was struggling to serve. An attack of epilepsy was the consequence of this state of mind, and, on his recovery, he was strongly urged to remove for a while, from the marshy and deleterious air of Missolonghi. This he indignantly refused to do; "I will remain here," he said, to Captain Parry, "until Greece is secure against the Turks, or till she has fallen under their power. All my income shall be spent in her service; but, unless driven by some great necessity, I will not touch a farthing of the sum intended for my sister's children. When Greece is secure against external enemies, I will leave the Greeks to settle their government as they like. One service more, and an eminent service it will be, I think I may perform for them. You, Parry, shall have a schooner built for me, or I will buy a vessel, the Greeks shall invest me with the character of their ambassador or agent; I will go to the United States, and procure that free and enlightened government to set the example of recognizing the federation of Greece as an independent state. This done, England must follow the example, and Greece will then enter into all her rights as a member of the great commonwealth of Christian Europe."

This was the last ebullition of a mind which was now tottering to its final decadence, though it occasionally broke out in those meteor-like flashes, which had belonged to its early vigour. On the 12th of April, a fever, of whose premonitory symptoms he had not been sufficiently heedful, confined him to his bed, and his physician, Dr. Bruno, proposed bleeding him, as the only means of saving his life. This, however, he repeatedly refused; declaring, that he had only a common cold, and that he would not permit the doctor to bleed him for the mere purpose of getting the reputation of curing his disease. At length, on the 14th, after some controversy among the physicians, who now all saw the necessity of bleeding, he consented to the operation; and also on the 16th, saying, as he stretched out his arm, "I fear they know nothing about my disorder; but, here, take my arm, and do whatever you like." On the 17th, his countenance changed, and he became slightly delirious; he complained that the want of sleep would drive him mad; "and," he exclaimed to his valet, Fletcher, "I would ten times sooner shoot myself than be mad:" for I am no, afraid of
dying—"I am more fit to die than people imagine." It was not, however, till the 18th, that he began to think himself in danger, when he called Fletcher to his bedside, and bid him receive his last instructions. "Shall I fetch pen, ink, and paper?" said the valet, as he approached: "Oh, my God! no!" was his reply; "you will lose too much time, and I have it not to spare." He then exclaimed, "Oh! my poor dear Child!—my dear Ada—could I have but seen her—give her my blessing."—And, after muttering something unintelligible, he suddenly raised his voice, and said, "Fletcher, now, if you do not execute every order which I have given you, I will torment you hereafter, if possible." The valet replying that he had not understood one word of what his lordship had been saying, "Oh, my God!" he exclaimed, "then all is lost, for it is now too late, and all is over; yet, as you say, God's will, not mine, be done—but I will try to—my wife! my child! my sister!—you know all—you must say all—you know my wishes." Here his words became unintelligible. Stupor was now, in direct opposition to the opinion of Dr. Bruyn, administered to him, after taking which he said, "I must sleep now," and never spoke again. For twenty-four hours he lay in a state of lethargy, with the rattles occasionally in his throat; and at six o'clock in the evening of the 18th, an exclamation of Fletcher, who saw him open and then shut his eyes, without moving hand or foot, announced that his master was no more.

The death of Lord Byron created a mournful sensation in all parts of the civilized world; his failings were forgotten in his recent struggles for the delivery of Greece, and one universal sound of admiration and regret was echoed throughout Europe. The authorities of Missolonghi paid every token of respect to his memory that reverence could suggest, and before his remains were deposited in their final resting-place, some of the most celebrated men of the present century had, in glowing terms, expressed the sense of his merits. His body, after having been brought to England, and refused interment in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, was conveyed to Hucknall Church near Newstead, in conformity to a wish of the poet, that his dust might be mingled with his mother's. As the procession passed through the streets of London, a sailor was observed walking, uncovered, near the hearse, and, on being asked what he was doing there, replied, that he had served Lord Byron in the Levant, and had come to pay his last respects to his remains; "a simple but estimable testimon[y]," observes Mr. Galt, "to the sincerity of that regard which his lordship often inspired and which, with more steadiness, he might always have commanded."

The character of Lord Byron has, of late years, been so frequently and elaborately discussed, that a lengthened dissertation upon it in this place would be equally tedious and superfluous. He was brave, generous, and benevolent; but he was also passionate, disinclined, and resentful; and more ready to inflict a wound, than to submit to one himself. He was sensitive to a painful degree, both in his sentiments and his feelings; but, though he withstood under an attack upon either, his pride hindered him from showing what he suffered, even when such emotions proceeded from impulsive the most honourable to human nature. He certainly took pleasure in showing the dark side of his character to the world; for those who were admitted to an unreserved intimacy with him, give indubitable testimony of his possessing, in a very eminent degree, all the social and companionable qualities, a heart exquisitely alive to the kindness of others towards himself, and a hand unhesitatingly prompt in complying with the supplications of distress. "A reason is, indeed, no reason to doubt his own affection; his falsehood was not one of his characteristics, when he says, "If salvation is to be bought by sincerity, I have given more to my fellow-creatures than this life, than I now possess." Captain Medwin describes him as the best of masters, and as being perfectly adored by his servants, to whose families and children he also extended an affectionate kind ness. His habits, in the latter part of his life, were regular and temperate, even to ascetic abstinence; he seldom eat meat or drank wine, living chiefly upon biscuits, cof fee, eggs, fish, vegetables, and soda water, of which he has been known to drink fifteen bottles in a night. Riding, swimming, and pistol-shooting, were his favourite amusements; and one of three things which he used to pride himself upon, was his ability to smell out a candle with a bullet, at twenty yards distance;—the other two were, his feat of swimming across the Hellespont, and being the author of a poem (The Corsair), of which fourteen thousand copies were sold in one day. He had a great partiality for children. Prejudice, affectation, and vanity, displayed themselves in many parts of his conduct; he would talk of avoiding Shakespeare, lest he should be thought to owe him any thing; and delighted in the addition of a syllable to his name, because, as he said, Buonaparte and he were the only public persons whose initials were the same; peculiarities which induced Mr. Hazlitt to call him "a sublime coxcomb." Tho ugh he professed to despise the opinion of the world, no man was a greater slave to it, in some respects, than himself. Speaking of dueling, he would say, "We must act according to usages; any man will, and must, fight, when necessary—even without a motive." He was himself concerned in many duels as second, but only in two as principal; one was with Mr. Holhouse before he became intimate with him. Of his person he was particularly vain, and it was certainly of a superior order; he was about five feet nine, and a half inches in height, with a high forehead, adorned with fine, curling, chestnut hair; teeth, says an Italian author, which resembled pearls; hands as beautiful as if they had been the works of art; eyes of the azure colour of the heavens; cheeks delicately tinged with the hue of the pale rose; and within, a counterbalance, in which the...
expression of an extraordinary mind was fascinatingly conspicuous.

The religious sentiments of Lord Byron appear to have been much misrepresented: "I am no bigot to idolize," he says, in one of his letters, "and did not expect, that because I doubted the immortality of man, I should be charged with denying the existence of a God." Mr. Moore having suspected that Mr. Shelley swayed his lordship's opinions, the latter writes, "Pray, assure Mr. Moore that I have not the smallest influence over Lord Byron in this particular; if I had, I certainly should employ it to eradicate from his great mind the delusions of Christianity, which in spite of his reason, seem perpetually to recur, and to lay in ambush for the hours of sickness and despair."

The following anecdotes are interesting, and, upon the whole, favourable illustrations of the paradoxical character of Lord Byron.—A young lady of talent being reduced to great hardships by the want of her family, came to the resolution of writing to Lord Byron at his apartments in the Albany, for the purpose of soliciting his subscription for a volume of poems. Having no knowledge of him, except from his works, she entered his room with diffidence, but soon found courage to state her request, which she did with simplicity and delicacy. He listened with attention, and, when she had done speaking, began to converse with her in so gentle and fascinating a manner, that she hardly perceived he had been writing, until he put a slip of paper into her hand, saying it was his subscription; "but," added he, "we are both young, and the world is very censorious; and so, if I were to take any active part in procuring subscribers to your poems, I fear it would do you harm instead of good."

The young lady on looking at the paper, found it a check for £50.—During his residence at Venice, the house of a shoemaker who had a large family, being destroyed by fire, Lord Byron offered a new habitation to be built at his own expense, and presented the tradesman with a sum equal in value to the whole of his loss.

Whilst at Metaxa, in the island of Cephalonia, hearing of several persons having been buried under an embankment which had fallen in, he immediately hastened to the spot, accompanied by his physician. After some of their companions had been extricated, the labourers becoming alarmed for themselves, refused to dig further, when Byron himself seized a spade, and, by his exertions, assisted by the penury, succeeded in saving two more persons from certain death.—One of his housekeeper having subjected him to much perplexity by his sanguine propensities, he hit upon the following means for curing them: A young Suliot of the guard being dressed up like a woman, was instructed to attract the notice of the gay Lothario, who, taking the bait, was conducted by the supposed female to one of Lord Byron's apartments, where he was almost terrified out of his senses by the sudden appearance of an enraged husband, provided for the occasion.—The following anecdote shows how jealous he was of his title: an Italian apothecary having sent him one day, a packet of medicines addressed to Monsieur Byron, he indignantly sent the physic back to learn better manners.—His coat of arms, was, according to Leigh Hunt, suspended over the foot of his bed; and even when a schoolboy at Dulwich, so little disguised were his high notions of rank, that his companions used to call him the Old English Baron.—When residing at Mitylene, he portioned eight young girls very liberally, and even danced with them at their marriage feast; he gave a cow to one man, horses to another, and silk to several girls who lived by weaving. He also bought a new boat for a fisherman who had lost his own in a gale; and he often gave Greek Testaments to the poor children.—At Ravenna, he was so beloved by the poor people, that his influence over them was dreaded by the government; and, indeed, wherever he resided, his generosity and benevolence appear to have been eminently conspicuous.

Of the merit so universally acknowledged of Lord Byron, as a poet, little need be said; in originality of conception, depth and vigour of thought, boldness of imagination and power of expression, he is unrivalled. His most sublime performances are Manfred, Childe Harold, Heaven and Earth, and Cain; the first of these pieces has been highly commended by Goethe, who pronounces some parts of it superior to some of the productions of Shakespeare. His great and favourite art lies in his portraiture of the human character, thrown back upon itself by satiety, conscious of its own vileness, yet disdaining penance for the vices it acknowledges, unable to find relief in itself, and scorning to derive consolation from others. In this respect, he surpasses Milton, who has only depicted the horrors of remorse; a far less difficult task. Satan has an end in view, in which he is driven by despair and hate: Manfred has none, yet, in the stern apathy of his soul, he appears to us more terribly sublime even than Lucifer himself. Don Juan is Lord Byron's most remarkable production; it contains some of his finest and most common place passages, and shows a command of lan guage and versatility of style that have never been equalled.
BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS.

HOURS OF EDLENNESS.

Elegy on the Marquess of Granby.

Micht dp me null' aites, utque tu vocas.

HOME. Bk. 10.

He whistled as he went for want of thought.

DRYDEN.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE FREDERICK

Earl of Carlisle, Knight of the Garter, etc.

THOSE POEMS ARE INSCRIBED,

By his obliged Ward, and affectionate Kinsman,

THE AUTHOR.

ON LEAVING NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

Why dost thou build the hall? Son of the winded days! Thou lookst now at 'twixt the rising sun's rays, and the blaze of the desert trees; it howls in thy empty court.—OSSIAN.

Thus, though thy battlements, Newstead, the hollow winds whisle;
Thou, the haU of my fathers, art gone to decay;
In thy once smiling garden, the hemlock and thistle
Have check'd up the rose which late bloomed in the way.

Of the mail-cover'd barons who, proudly, to battle
Let their censals 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 o'er Robert, with harp-stringing numbers,
Raise a flame in the breast, for the war-haunted' would;
Near Askalon's Towers John of Hortistan numbers,
Unberev'd is the hand of his ministr'd 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 thy country redress ye;
How you sought! how you died! still her annals can tell.

On Marston's, with Rupert's, against 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;
Yet distant he goes, with the same emotion,
The fame of his fathers he ne'er will forget.

That fame, and that memory, still will he cherish,
He vows that he never will disgrace your renown;
Like you will he live, or like you will he perish:
When deoy'd, may he mingle his dust with your own.

1 Horstan Castle, in Derbyshire, an ancient seat of the Byron family.
2 The battle of Marston-moor, where the adherents of Charles I were defeated.
3 Son of the Elector Palatine, and related to Charles I. He afterwards commanded the fleet, in the reign of Charles II.

EPITAPH ON A FRIEND.

เอียปท์พลร์ ปี 1803 น์ 1803

ON A FRIEND.

Friend! for ever loved, for ever dear!
What fruitless tears have bathed thy honour'd biet?
What sighs receiv'd to thy parting breath,
While 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 hast liv'd, to bless my aching sight,
Thy comrade's honour, and thy friend's delight.

The spot, where now thy moulder'd ashes lie,
Here will thou tread, recorded on my heart,
A grief too deep to trust the sculptor's art.
No marble marks thy couch of lowly sleep,
But living statues there are seen to weep;
Affliction's semblance bends not o'er thy tomb,
Affliction's self deplores thy youthful doom.
What though thy sire lament his falling line,
A father's sorrows cannot equal mine! Thou'st none, like thee, his dying hour will cheer,
Yet, other offspring seek 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, po'd 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 prais'd-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 deicide repay;
That, only that, shall single out the spot,
By that remember'd, or with that forgot.

1803.

THE TEAR.

O lucturatum aux, inero sacris
Praemontium retinere animo quarto
Flux: in ima cul saxul gem
Posterc te, pia Nympha, manue.—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 wife,
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 barrenity clear;
Compassion will melt,
Where this virtue is felt,
And its dew is diffused in a Tear.
The man don't'd to sit
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 fee,
When in battle laid low,
And battles 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-decaying year;
Lest to leave thee, I mourn'd,
For a last look I turned,
But thy smile 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 possessor,
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 you leave 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 faction of fame
Shall blazon my name,
All I ask, as I wish, is a Tear. 1806.

AN OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE,
Delivered previous to the performance of "The Wheel of Fortune" at a private theatre.
Since the refinement of this polished age
Has swept immoral raiment from the stage;
Since taste has now expanded licentious wit,
Which stamp'd disgrace on all an author writ:
Since, now, to please with poorer scenes we seek,
Nor dare to call the blush from Beauty's cheek;
Oh! let the modest Muse some pity claim,
And I 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 Rosein you behold,
In all the arts of scenic action old;
No Cooke, no Kemble, can white you here,
No Siddons draw the sympathetic tear;
To-night, you throng to witness the debut
Of embryo Actors, to the drama new.
Here, then, our almost unblooded 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 tribner, only, fear betrays,
Who hopes, yet almost dreads, to meet your praise.
But all our Dramatic Persons wait,
In fond suspense, this crisis of their fate.
No vocal views our progress can retard,
Your generous plants 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.
Whilst Youth and Beauty form the female shield,
The sternest Censor to the fair must yield.
Yet should our feeble efforts ought avail,
Should, after all, our best endeavors 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 liberal Improvisata 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 unclasp,
We give the palm where Justice points it due.
To which the Author of these Pieces sent the following Reply.
On! factious viper! whose envenomed 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 bastard tongues essay to blast the name
Of him, whose meml exists an endless fame?
When Pitt expired, in plenitude of power,
Though ill success obscur'd his dying hour,
Pity her derry 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, bearing 'neath the weight
Of cares overwhelming our conflicting state;
When, lo! a Hercules, in Fox, appear'd,
Who, for a time, the ruin'd fabric rear'd;
STANZAS TO A LADY.

With the Poems of Cowper,

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.
When doth the envious soul,
The old and disappointed maid
Or pupil of the prudish school,
In single sorrow doth 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.

TO M***.

Oh! did those eyes, instead of fire,
With bright, but mild affection shine;
Though they might kindle less desire,
Love, more that mortal, would be thine.
For thou art form'd so heavenly fair,
How'er those orbs may wildly beam,
We must abjure, but still despair:
That fatal glance f'd'st'st 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 syph approv,
When gleaming with meridian blaze;
Tho' beauty must unpropitiate all,
But who can dare thine ardent gaze?
'T is said, that Bencine's hair
In stars adorns the vault of heaven;
But they would ne'er permit thee there,
Thou would'st so far outsline the seven.
For, did those eyes as planets roll,
'Thysister lights would scarce appear:
E'en suns, which systems now control,
Would twinkle dimly through their sphere.

TO WOMAN.

WOMAN! experience might have told me,
That all must love thee who behold thee,
Surely, experience might have taught,
Thy finest promises are bountiful.
But, placed in all thy charms before me,
All I forget, but to adore thee.
Oh! Memory! thou choosest blessing;
When thou'lt with hope, when still possessing!
But how much cursed by every lover,
When hope is fled, and passion's past.
Woman, that fair and fond destroyer,
How prompt are stratagems to deceive 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 truth!
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 chamber, 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, unbind your soft brow,
Nor deem me too happy in this;
If I sin in my dream, I atone for it now,
Thus don't but to gaze upon bliss.
Though in visions, sweet Lady, perhaps, you may smile,
Oh! think not my penance deficient;
When dreams of your presence my slumber beguile,
To awake will be torture sufficient.

SONG.

When I loved, 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.

1 The last line is almost a literal translation from the Spanish proverb.
2 Morven, a lofty mountain in Aberdeenshire. "Gormul or Snow," is an expression frequently to be found in Ossian.
3 This will not appear extraordinary to those who have seen acclimated to the mountains. It is by no means uncommon on attaining the top of Ben ois, Ben y bof, etc. to perceive, between the summit and the valley, clouds pouring down rain, and, occasionally, accompanied by lightning, while the spectator literally looks down on the storm, perfectly secure from its effects.
BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS.

Mary,
No, yet I think—Mary,  
Ah, I thought to day—    
Adieu—  
At last—  

Oh! yes, in war with numbers,  
The friendship of childhood, though fleeting, may be true;  
The love which you felt was the love of a brother,  
Nor less the affection I cherished 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 bows not, like Love, with unquenchable fires.

Fall oft have we wander'd though 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 bending  
The wanted delights of our childhood retrace;  
When Pride steeles the bosom, the heart is unbinding,  
And what would be Justice appears a disgrace.

1 "Blew the lofty surge."—Shakespeare.
2 The Dee is a beautiful river, which rises near Mar Lodge, and falls into the sea at New Aberdeen.  
3 A cleft is a mountain near the verge of the Highlands, not far from the ruins of Dee Castle.

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

I will not complain, and though child'd is affection,  
With me no corrodine resentment shall live;  
My bosom is calm'd by the simple reflection,  
That both may be wrong, and that both shewn 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 dissonance we both should endeavour.  
I ask no atonement, but days like the past.

TO MARY,  
On reviewing her picture.  

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

Here, I can trace the locks of gold,  
Which round thy snowy forehead wave;  
The cheeks, which sprang 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 beheld 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, sud, with needless fear,  
Least time might shake my wavering soul,  
Unequalled, that her image, there,  
Held every sense in fast control.

Thro' hours, thro' years, thr' time, 'twill cheer,  
My hope, in gloomy moments, raise;  
In life's last conflict 'twill appear,  
And meet my fond expiring gaze.

DAMETAS.

In law an infant,  
In mind a slave to every vicious joy,  
From every sense of shame and virtue weaned,  
In lies an adept, in deceit a fiend;  
Versed in hypocrisy, while yet a child,  
Fickle as wind, of inclinations wild;  
Woman has dupe, his he' dless friend a tool,  
Old in the world, tho' scarcely broke from school;  

1 In law, every person is an infant who has not attained the age of twenty-one.
HOURS OF IDleness.

OSCAR OF ALVA

A TALE.

How sweetly shines, through azure sheen,
The lamp of heaven on Lorla’s shore,
Where Alva’s hoary turrets rise,
And bear the din of arms no more.

But often has you rolling moon
On Alva’s casques of silver play’d,
And view’d, at midnight’s silent moon,
Her chiefs in gleaming mail array’d.

And on the crimson’d rocks beneath,
Which scool 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 never again
Could mark the rising orb of day,
Turn’d fledly from the gory plain,
Beheld in death her failing ray.

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

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

But who was last of Alva’s clan?
Who grows the most 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 hourly through the sky,
And vibrates o’er the mouldering wall.

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

Fair alone the sun on Oscar’s birth,
When Angus hail’d his eldest born;
The vasals round their chieftain’s hearth,
Cried to applaud the happy morn.

They feast upon the mountain deer,
The Pibroch raised its pealing 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 hailed another son,
His natal day is like the last,
Nor soon the joyous feast was done.

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

The catastrophe of this tale was suggested by the story of "Jemmy and Lawrence."" (1) in the first volume of "The Armean, or Giant-Seer." (2) it also bears some resemblance to a scene in the third act of "Macbeth."
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 hopeless grief,
His locks in grey torn ringlets wave.

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

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

"Yet, he may live—away despair;
Be calm, my soul! he yet may live
I'll arraign my fate, my voice forebears;
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, who sooth'd 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 brow 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 remained,
And, now, his father's only joy:
And Nora's heart was quickly gain'd,
For beauty crown'd the fair-hair'd boy.

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

And Angus said, if one year more
In fruitless hope was pass'd away,
His fondest scripule 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 lover's cheeks adorn!

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

Again the clan, in festive crowd,
Thro' the gateway of Alva's hall;
The sounds of mirth re-echo loud,
And ah! their former joys recall.

But who is he, whose dark'd brook
Gleams in the midst of general mirth?
Before his eyes a fiercer glow
The blue flames curls o'er the hearth.

But, ere th'ears of youth are o'er,
They mingle in the ranks of war;
They lightly wield the bright claymore,
And send the whirling arrow far.

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

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

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 hands to form her dowry,
Glenalvon's blue-eyed daughter came:
And Oscar claim'd the beauteous bride,
And Angus on his Oscar smiled;
It soothe'd the father's feudal pride,
Thus to obtain Glenalvon's child.

Hark! to the Pibroch's pleasing note,
Hark! to the swelling martial 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 martial thunders the bands;
Nor yet the sounds of pleasure cease.

But where is Oscar! sure'st he 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 reply'd,
"With me he rode not o'er the glade.

"Perchance, forgetful of the day,"
"Tis his to chase the bounding roe;
Or Oscar's waves prolong his stay,
Yet Oscar's bark is seldom slow."

"Oh! no!" the anguish'd sire reply'd,
"Nor chase nor wave my boy delay;
Would he to Nora 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 be found,
Haste, haste, nor dare attempt reply!"

All is confusion—through the vale
The name of Oscar howls amid rings,
It rises on the murmuring gale,
Till night expands her dusky wings.
Dark is the robe which wraps his form,
And tells his plum of gory red;
His voice is like the rising storm,
But light and treacherous is his tread.
'T is even of night, the pledge goes round,
The bridegroom's health is deeply quaffed;
With shouts the vaulted roofs resound,
And all combine to hail the drought.
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 it was duly drunk by me,
It hush'd the muptials of thy son;
Now will I claim a pledge from thee.

"While all around is mirth and joy,
To bless thy Oscar's happy lot;
Say, hadst thou never another boy?
Say why should Oscar be forgot?"

"Alas!" the hapless one replied,
The big tear starting as he spoke;
When Oscar left my bower, or died,
This ailed heart was almost broke.

"Thrice has the earth revolved her course,
Since Oscar's form has blazed my sight;
And Allan is my last resource,
Since martial Oscar's death and flight."

"T is well," 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 1 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 lift'd his goblet to the brim;
Here is 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?"


1 Beltane-Tree.—A Highland festival, on the 1st of May, held near fires lighted for the occasion.
Unstring, untouch'd, the harp must stand,
No ministrel dare the theme awake;
Guilt would bend his palsied hand,
His harp in shuddering chords would break.

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

To the Duke of D.
In looking over my papers, to select a few additional Poems for this second edition, I found the following lines, which I had totally forgotten, composed in the Summer of 1815, a short time previous to my departure from H——. They were addressed to a young school-fellow of high rank, who had been my frequent companion in some rambles through the neighboring country: however he never saw the lines, and most probably never will. As, on a 10 per cent, 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.

D———t 1 whose early steps with mine have strayed,
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;
Thine, on whose head a few short years will shower
The gift of riches, and the pride of power;
Even now a name illustrious is thine own,
Renowned in rank, not far beneath the throne,
Yet, D———t, let not this seduce thy soul,
To shun fair science, or evade control;
Though passive tutors, 2 partial to dispense
The titles 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 pumm 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,
Now dare to raise the sterner voice of truth,
Ask thine own heart! it will bid thee, boy, forbear,
For evil I know that virtue fingers 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 nurtured, to bless mankind:
Ah! though myself by nature haughty, wild,
Whom indiscretion hurl'd her favorite child,
Though every error stamps me for her own,
And dooms my fall, I run but fall alone.

1 At every public school, the junior boys are completely subservient to the upper formers, 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, and bear, those bonds. 2 I allow to disclaim any personal allusions, even the most distant: I merely mention, generally what is too often the weakness of preceptors.

though my proud heart no precept now can ame.
I love the virtues which I cannot claim.
T is not enough, with other Sons of power,
To gleam the lambent meteor of an hour.
To swell some pageant page in federeal side,
With long-drawn names, that grace no page beside;
Then share with titled crowds the common lot,
In life just gaz'd at, in the grave forgot.
While nought divides thee from the vulgar dead,
Except the dull cold stone that hides thy hand,
The mouldering "sceptuecheon, or the herald's roll,
That well-omblazon'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 eye,
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 Drum forth.
Another view! not less renown'd for Wt,
Alike for courts, and camps, or senates sit;
Bold in the field, and favour'd by the Nunc,
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 their to titles only, but to Fame.
The hour draws nigh, a few brief days will close,
To me, this little scene of joys and woes;
Each knell of Time now warns me to resign
Shades, where Hope, Peace, and Friendship, all were mine;
Hope, that could vary like the rainbow's hue,
And gild their pinions, as the moments flew;
Peace, that reflection never frown'd away,
By dreams of ill, to cloud some future day;
Friendship, whose truth let childhood only tell—
Alas! they love no longer, who love so well.
To these adieu! nor let me linger o'er
Scenes half'd, as exiles hail their native shore,
Receding slowly through the dark blue deep,
Becled by eyes that mourn, yet cannot weep.

1 "Thomas Sackville, Lord B———t, created Earl of D—— by James the First, was one of the earliest and brightest ornaments to the poetry of his country, and the first who produced a regular drama." —Ancestor's British Poets.
2 Charles Sackville, Earl of D——, esteemed the most accomplished man of his day, was alike distinguished in the venerated court of Charles H. and the gloomy one of William H. He behaved with great gallantry in the sea field with the Dutch, in 1655, on the day previous to which, he composed his celebrated song. His character has been drawn in the highest colours by Dryden, Pope, Prior, and Congreve —Fide Ancestor's British Poets.
TRANSLATION

OF THE EPISTLE ON VIRGIL AND TIBULLUS

BY DOMITIUS MARUS.

He who, sublime, in Epic numbers roll'd,
And he who struck the softer lyre of love,
By Death's unequal hand, the tranquil lands,
Fit comrades in Elysian regions move.

TRANSLATION FROM CATULLUS.

"LUCTUS DE Morte PASSERI"

Ye Cupids, drop 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,
Obdient 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 bourn,
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.

O! 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;
Not then my soul should sate 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 number did exceed
The yellow harvest's countless seed;
To part would be a vain endeavour,
Could I desist?—ah! never—never.

TRANSLATION FROM ANACREON

TO HIS LYRE.

I wish to tune my quivering lyre,
To deeds of fame, and notes of fire;
To echo from its ringing swell,
How heroes fought, and nations fell;
I the hand of Death is said to be unimpassible.

**HOURS OF IDLENESS.**

Since the same senate, nay, the same debate,
May one not 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 myself, thy weal or woe;
With thee no more again I hope to trace
The recollection of my early days.
No more, as once, in social hours, rejoice,
Or hate, unless in crowds, thy well-known voice.
Still, if the wishes of a heart untainted
To veil those feelings, which, perchance, it ought;
If these,—but let me cease the length'nd 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.

Translations and Imitations.

ADRIAN'S ADDRESS TO HIS SOUL, WHEN DYING.

ANIMULA! vagula, blandula,
Hospes, commeque, corporis,
Quae meus abdom in loca,
Pallidula, rigida, musula,
Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos.

TRANSLATION.

Ah! gentle, flowing, waving 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,
Secretly views thy matchless charms;
That cheek, which ever dimpling glows,
That mouth from whence such music flows,
To him, alas, 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;
While trembling with a thousand fears,
Parch'd to the throat, my tongue adieres,
My pulse beats quick, my breath heaves short,
My limbs deny their stable support;
Cold dew on my pallid face o'erspread,
With deadly languor droops my head,
My eyes 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.
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 noble hero's name;
The dying chords are strong anew,
To war, to war my harp is due;
With glowing strings, the epic strain
To Jove's great son I raise again;
Alcides and his glorious deeds,
Beneath whose arm the Hydra bleeds;
All, all in van, 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 strong,
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 signs of flame.

ODE III.

'Twas now the hour, when Night had driven
Her car half round ye sable heaven;
Bodies, only, seem'd to roll
His Arctic charge around the Pole;
While mortals, lost in gentle sleep,
Forgot to smile, or cease 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 visons fled, alarm'd I rose;
"What stranger breaks my blost repose?"
"Ah!" replies the wily child,
In faltering accents, sweetheart mild,
"A hapless infant here I roam,
Far from my dear maternal home;
Oh! shield me from the wintry blast,
The mighty 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,
(Alas! little did I think the dart
Would rinkle soon within my heart;) With care I tend my weary guest,
His little fingers chill my breast;
His glowing eyes, his nature wing,
Which droop with nightly showers, I wring:
His shivering limbs the embers warm,
And now, reviving from the storm,
Scarcely had he felt his wonder'd glow,
Than swift he seize his slender bow:
"I saw who 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 tip, his arrow flies,
Deep in my tortur'd heart it lies:

Then loud the joyous archin laugh'd,
"My bow can still impel the shaft;"
"Tis firmly fix'd, thy sight reveal it;
Say, courteous host, canst thou not feel it?"

FRAGMENTS OF SCHOOL EXERCISES
FROM THE PROMETHEUS OF ESCHYLUS.

GREAT Jove! to whose Almighty throne
Both gods and mortals h'age pay,
Ne'er may my soul the power discover,
That dread beheshts ne'er disclose.
Of 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 blush 'gins 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 down was fix'd, nor Jove relentless frown'd

THE EPISODE OF NISUS AND EURYALUS
A PARAPHRASE FROM THE RACKO, Lib. 9.

NISUS, the guardian of the portal, stood,
Eager to gild his arms with hostile blood;
Well skill'd in fight, the quivering lance he wield'd
Or pour his arrows through th' embattled field;
From Idas torn, he left his sylvan cave,
And sought a foreign home, a distant grave;
To watch the movements of the Dacian host,
With him, Euryalus sustains the post;
No lovelier man adorn'd the ranks of Troy,
And beardless bloom yet grace'd the gallant boy;
Though few the seasons of his youthful life,
As yet a novice in the martial strife,
'Twas his, with beauty, valour's gift 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 the nightly guard.

"What god," exclaim'd the first, "instills this fire?"
Or, in itself a god, what great desire?
My labouring soul, with anxious thought opprest,
Abhors this station of inglorious rest;
The love of fame with this can ill accord,—
He'd mine to seek for glory with my sword.
So'st thou my 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 mine
(To the deed, the danger, and the fame be mine);
Were this decreed—beneath you rising mound,
Methinks, an easy path perinchon were found,
Which past, I speed my way to Palms' walls,
And beall Poesers from Evander's halls."

With equal ardour fired, and warlike joy,
His glowing friend address'd the Dardian boy:
*Household Gods.*

"These deeds, my Naus, shall thou dare alone? Must all the fame, the peril, be thine own? And I by thee despised, and left afar, As one maid 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, Track'd Aeneas through the walks of fate; hou know'st my deeds, my breast devoid of fear, And hostile his-drops dim my gory spear; Here is a soul with hope immortal burns, And life, ignoble life, for Glory spurns; For fame is easily earn'd by fleetling breath, The price of honour is the sleep of dream. Then Naus — 'Calm thy bosom's faint 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 Rutilian arm, with adverse blow, Should lay the friend who ever loved thee low; Love thou, such beauties I would fain preserve, Thy building years a lengthen'd term deserve; With wreathes o'ertopped, let come 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 corsé; Or, if my destiny those last deny, If in the spoiler's pover my ashes lie, Thy pious care may raise a simple tomb, To mark thy love, and signalize my doom. Why should thy doating 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; Honors, let us hazard." — 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 all 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 band upon the lance he well could wield, And paused, with eager arm, his ancient shield; When Nisus and his friend their leave request To offer something to their high behest. With anxious strain, yet unwavering fear; The faithful pair before the throne appear, this 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 trembling fears 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 wary, 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 Pallis' walls, at distance, meet the sight, Seen over the glade, when not obscured by night.

Then shall Aeneas a his pride return, Whole hostile matrons raise their offspring's urn, And Latian spoils, and purple heaps of death, Shall mark the havoc of our hero's track; Such is our purpose, not unknown the way, Where yonder torrent's devous waters stray. Of 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, Aletes here exclaim'd: "Ye young gods! who rule the fate of Troy, Still dwell the Dardans in your bosoms dwelt; When minds like these in striplings thus ye raise, Yours is the godlike act, to yours the praise; In gallant youth my fainting hopes revive, And li'ona'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 check of each beded, And, sobbing, thus his first disco rec'nued: — "What gift, my countrymen, what martial prize Can we bestow, which you may not despise? Our deince the first, best hour have given, Internal virtues are the gift of Heaven, What pure rewards can bless your deeds on earth, Doubtless, a heart such young exalted worth; Aeneas and Ascanius shall combine To yield applause far, far surpassing mine," Fills then: "By all the powers above! By those Penates, who my country love; By hoary Vesta's sacred fire, I swear, My hopes are all in you, ye generous pair! Restore my father to my grateful sigh, And all my sorrows yield to one delight, Nisus! two silver goblets be thine own, Saved from Arisha's stately domes o'erthrown; My sire secured them on that fatal day, Nor left such bounts an Argive robber's prey. Two massive trophys also shall be thine, Two talentspsilon 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 Aeneas wears Hesperia's crown, The casque, the buckler, and the fiery steel, Which Turnus guides with more than mortal speed, Are thine; no envious lot shall then be cast, I pledge my word, irrecoverably past! Nay more, twelve slaves and twice six captive dams To soothe thy softer hours with amorous flames, Amr all the realms which now the Latians away, The handsome 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 esteemed, thus godlike boy, In war my valiant, 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 springing from Prunus' royal line, Like thine embossed, hardly less divine;
Nor Troy nor King Acestes’ realms restrain
Her feed’d 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,
Lost grief should bend my parent to the grave.
From the alone no fond adieu 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:
To 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.
’Tis to rise in glory, or to fall in fame.”

Struck with a final care, so deeply felt,
In tears, at once, the Trojan warriors melt:
Fastener than all, Iulus’ eyes overflow;
Such love was his, and such had been his woes.

“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 truth,
All the rewards which once to thee were vow’d,
If thou shouldst fall, on her shall be bestow’d.”

Thus spoke the weeping prince, then forth to view
A gleaming falchion from the sheath he drew;
Lyceon’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,
Maenestheus, to guard the elder youth, bestows,
And old Alethes’ casque defends his brows.
Arm’d, hence they go, while all the assembled train
To aid their cause, implore the gods in vain;
More than a boy, in wisdom and in grace,
Iulus holds amidst the chiefs his place.
His prayers he sends, but what can prayers avail,
Lost in the murmurs of the sighing gale?

The trench is past, and, favour’d by the night,
Through its sleeping foes they wheel their very flight.
When shall the sleep of many a foe be o’er?
Aha! some slumber who shall wake no more!
Charops, and bridles, mix’d with arms, are seen,
And flowing flanks, and scatter’d troops between;
Eacius and Mars to raise the camp combine,
A mingled chaos this of war and wine.

“Now,” erval 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 repeat,
And pierced proud Rhamess through his panting breast;
Stretcher’d at his ease, to’r insatious king repose,
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 forebode the fate of all,
Could not avert his own unlimily fall.
Next Rhenus’ armours-caver, hapless, fell,
And three unhappy slayes the carnage swell;

The charioteer along his coureur’s sides
Expires, the steel his severed neck divides;
And, last, his lord is number’d with the dead,
Bounding convulsive, flies the gasping head.
From the swollen veins the blackening torrent pour;
Stain’d is the couch and earth with clotting gore.
Young Lamyrus and Laurus next expire,
And gay Serranus, fill’d with youthful fire.
Half the long night in childish games was past,
Lull’d by the potent grape, he slept at last;
Ah! happier far, had he the morrow’s view’d,
And, till Aurora’s dawn, his skill display’d.

In slaughter’s toils, the keepers lost in sleep
His hungry fangs a bon ton may steep;
Mid the sad flock, at dead of night, he proveth,
With murder glutton’d, and in carnage rolls;
Inseminate still, through teeming herds he roams,
In seas of gore the lordly tyrant feasts.

Nor less the other’s deadly vengeance came,
But falls on feel’d crowds without a name;
His wound unconscious Fides scarce can feel,
Yet wakeful Rhaesus sees the threatening steel.
His coward breast behind a far he hides,
And, vainly, in the weak defence confides;
Full in his heart, the falchion with his veins,
The reeking weapon bears alternate stains;
Through wine and blood, commingling as they flow
The feel’d spirit seeks the shades below.
Now, where Messapus dwelt they bend their ways,
Whose fires still a faint and trembling ray;
There, unconfined behold each grazing steed,
Unwatch’d, uncheck’d, on the heritage fed.
Brave Naxus here arrests his comrade’s arm,
To trust’d with carnage, and with compact warm:—
“Hence let us haste, the dangerous path is past,
Full foes enough, to-morrow, have breathed their last,
Soon will the day those eastern clouds adore.
Now let us speed, nor tempt the rising morn.”

What silver arms, with various arts emboss’d,
What bowls and mantles, in confusion toss’d,
They leave regardless; yet, one glittering gaze
Attracts the younger hero’s wandering eyes;
The gilded harness Rhamess’ comrade gives,
The genius which still 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 wore,
Messapus’ helm his head, in triumph, bear;
Then from the tent their cautious steps they bend,
To seek the vale, where safer paths extend.

Just at this hour, a band of Latian noise
To Turnus’ camp pursue their destined course;
While the slow foot their tardy march delay,
The knights, impatient, spur along the way;
Three hundred man-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 evening light,
Sheds forth a silver radiance, glancing bright;
Volscens, with question loud, the pair alarms—
“Stand, strangers! stand! why early thus in arms?
From whence to whom?” He meets with no reply;
Treading 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,
Drearly and dark appears the sylvan scene;

The mother of Iulus last on the night when Troy was taken.
Euripus his heavy prone impede,
The togs and winding turns his steps mislead;
But Nissus 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 peril art thou torn!"
Listening he runs—above the waving trees,
Tumultuous voices swell the passing breeze;
The war-cry rising, thundering hounds around
Wake the dark echoes of the trembling ground.
Again he turns—of footsteps hears the noise,
The sound eludes—the sight his hope destroys;
The hapless boy a raving 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 trembling muskets dare?
Ah! must we rest, his comrade's fate to share?
What force, what aid, what stratagem essay,
Back to redeem the Latian spelier's prey!
His life a votive ransom nobly giv,
Or die with him for whom he wish'd to live!
Posing with strength his lifted lance on high,
On Luna's orb he cast his phrenzied 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 chase Dian, here thou deignst 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 thy ruiming crowd,
To free my friend, and scatter far the proud.
Thus having said, the hasting shot he flung,
Through ported shades the hurtling weapon sung;
The thorny point in Stho's entrails lay,
Transfix'd his heart, and stretch'd him on the clay:
He sobs, he cries,—the troop, in wild amaze,
Unconscious whence the death, with horror gaze;
While pales they stare, through Tago's temples riven,
A second shaft with equal force is driven;
Pierce Volscus rolls around his lowering eyes,
Veil'd by the night, secure the Trojan lies.
Burning with wrath, he view'd his soldiers fall;
"Then youth accrues! thy life shall pay for all!"
Quick from the sheath his flaming glove he drew,
And, raging, on the boy deathless flew.
Nessus no more the blackening shade conceals,
Earth, forth he starts, and all his love rovest;
Aghast, confounded, his fears to madness rise,
And pour these accents, shrieking as he flies:
"Me, me,—your vengeance hard on me alone,
Here sacrifice the steel, my blood is all your own;
Ye stary Sibyls! then conspire Heaven attest!
He could not—hurt not—lo! the guilty confest!
All, all was mine—his early fate expel,
He only loved too well his hapless friend;
St, st, spare, ye chief! from him your rage remove,
His faith was friendship, all his crime was love.
He pray'd in vain, the dark as assassin's sword
Pierced the fair side, the snowy bosom gored;
Lovely to earth incames his plume-clad crest,
And sungame torrente mantle o'er his breast:
As some young rose, whose blossom scents the air,
Languid in death, expires beneath the snow;
Or crimson poppy, sinking with the shower,
Decoiling gently, falls a hiding flower;

Thus, sweetly drooping, bends his axially lean,
And lingering Beauty rovers round the dead.
But fierce Nissus stems the battle's tide,
Revenge his leader, and Despair his guide;
Volscus he seeks, amidst the gathering host,
Volscus must soon appease his comrade's ghost.
Steel, flashing, pours on steel, the crowds on foot,
Rage nerves his arm, Fate gleams in every blow;
In vain, beneath unnumber'd wounds he bleeds,
Nor wounds, nor death, distracted Nissus needs;
In viewless circles who'd his faithful flies,
Nor quits the Hero's grasp till Volscus dies;
Deep in his throat its end the weapon found,
The tyrant's soul fled streaming through the wound.
Thus Nissus all his mad affections proved,
Dying, revenged the fate of him he loved;
Then on his bosom, sought his wonted place,
And death was heavenly in his friend's embrace!

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

TRANSLATION FROM THE MEDEA OF EURIPIDES.

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

But, if affection gently thrills
The soul, by purest dreams possessed,
The pleasing balm of mortal ills,
In love can soothe the aching breast;
If thus, thou comest in gentle guise,
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 eternal 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 he wing'd with joy,
Which hover faithful hearts above!
Fair Venus! on thy myrtic 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,
BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS.

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

Have I not heard the exile's sigh,
And seen the exile's silent tear?
Through distant climes could not to fly,
A pensive, weary wanderer here:
Ah! hapless dame! 1 no sure bewails,
No friend thy wretched fate deplores,
No kindred voice with rapture hails
Thy steps, within a stranger's doors.

Persh the fiend! whose iron heart,
To fair affection's truth unknown,
Bids her fondly loved depart,
Unpitied, helpless, and alone;
Who never unlocks, with silver key, 3
The milder treasures of his soul;
May such a friend be far from me,
And Ocean's storms between us roll!

FUGITIVE PIECES.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY A COLLEGE EXAMINATION. 4

High in the midst, surrounded by his peers,
Magna his ample front sublime upright;
Placed on his chair of state, he seems a god,
While Sophis and Freshman tremble at his nod;
As all around sit cramp in speechless gloom,
His voice, in thunder, shakes the sounding dome,
Denouncing dire reproach to helpless Souls,
Unskill'd to plod in mathematical ruins.

Happy the youth! in Euler's axiom tried,
Though little versed in any art beside;
Who, scarcely shd'd an English line to pen,
Seems Attic metres with a critic's ken.
What! though he knows not how his fathers bled,
When civil discord pld the fields with blood;
When Edward bade his conquering bands advance,
Or Henry trampled on the crest of France;
Though, marveling at the name of Magna Charta,
Yet well he recollects the laws of Sparta.
Can tell what edicts sage Lyceurgus made,
While Blackstone's on the shelf neglected lain,
Of Grecian dramas vaunts the deathless fame,
Of Axon's bard remembering scarce the name.

Such is the youth, whose scientific pain,
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 Heals much eloquence require,
Th'l 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 sound,
We speak to please ourselves, not move the crowd,
Our gravity prefers the muttered tone,
A proper mixture of the speak and grum;
No orator's grace of action must be seen,
The slightest motion would displease the Dean;
Whilst every staring Graduate would prize
Against what he could never imitate.

The man, who hopes to obtain the promised cup,
Must in one posture stand, and never 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 worby race.

The sons of science these, who, thus repaid,
Linger in ease in Granta's sluggish shade;
Where, on Cam's sedgy banks, sprawl they lazily,
Unknown, unimpor'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, 5 or Porson's 6 note,
More than the verse on which the critic wrote;
Vain as their honours, heavy as their ale,
Sail is their wit, and tedious as their tale,
To friendship dead, though not untaught to feel,
When Self and Church demand a beta zeal,
With eager haste they court the lord of power,
Whether 't is Pitt or Perty rules the hour; 7
To him, with suppliant smiles, they bend the head,
While distant mitres to their eyes are spread;
But should a storm o'rewhelm 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.

TO THE EARL OF ***,

Sis memori, et cari comitis simul emergit imago.

VALERIUS FLACCUS

FRIEND of my youth! when young we roved,
Like striplings mutually beloved,
With Friendship's purest glow;

1 Medal, who accompanied Jason to Corinth, was depicted by him for the daughter of Creon, king of that city. The Chorus from which this is taken, here address Medal; though a considerable liberty is taken with the original, by expanding the line, as also in some other parts of the translation.
2 The original is " 
Kathalpe ἀναλαβαίνει τὴν ἐνόπλη αὐτῆς;" literally " Releasing the bright key of the mind."
3 No reflection is here intended against the person mentioned under the name of Magnes. He is merely represented as performing an unavailing function at his office: indeed such an attempt could only reveal upon myself: as that gentleman is now as much distinguished by his eloquence, and the dignified propriety with which he fills his station, as he was, in his younger days, for wit and conversancy.
4 Celebrated critics.
5 The present Greek professor at Trinity College, Caius Bridge, a man whose powers of mind and writings may justly justify their preference.
6 Since this was written, Lord H. P.—y has lost his place and consequently I feel almost constrain'd to the honest art of representing the University; a fact so plain and requisite no comment.
The bliss which wing'd those rosy hours
Was such as pleasure seldom showers
On mortals here below.
The re-collection seems, alone,
Dearer than all the joys I've known,
When distant far from you;
Though pain, 'tis still a pleasing pain,
To trace those days and hours again,
And sigh again, ait!u
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 dreams 's dark and dull,
And we may meet—ah! never!
As when one parent spring supplies
Two streams, which from one fountain rise,
Together joint'd in vain;
How soon, diverging from their source,
Each murthering seeks another course,
Till mingled in the main.
Our vital streams of woe 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 asperse,
And both shall quitt the shore.
Our souls, my Friend! which once supplied
One wish, nor breathed a thought beside,
Now flow in different channels;
Disclaiming humbler rural sports,
'Tis yours to mix in polished courts,
And shine in Fashion's annals.
'Tis mine to waste on Love my time,
Or vent my reveries in rhyme,
Without the aid of Reason;
For Sense and Reason (critics know it)
Have quitted every amorous poet,
Nor left a thought to seize on.
Poor LITTLE! sweet, melancholy bard!
Of late esteem'd it monstrous hard,
That he, who sang before all;
He, who the love of Love expanded,
By dire reviewers should be branded,
As void of wit and moral.¹
And yet, while Beauty's praise is thine,
Harmonies favourite of the Nine!
Rejoine 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 chasen, with unsparing spirit,
Bad rhymes, and those who write them;
And though myself may be the next
By critic sarcasm to be vex,
I really will not fight them;²
Perhaps they would do quite as well,
To break the ruddily-sounding shell
Of such a young beginner;

He who offend's at pert minutiae,
Ere thirty, may become, I ween,
A very hard'n'd suffer.
Now ———, I must return to you,
And sure apologies are due;
Accept then my concession;
In truth, dear ———, in fancy's flight,
I soar along from left to right;
My muse adumres disgression.
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 smears may saints preserve you;
And grant your love or friendship ne'er
From any claim a kindness care,
But those who best deserve you.
Not for a moment may you stray
From Truth's secure menacing way;
May no delights decoy;
One 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;
Whist blessing your beloved name,
I'd write at once a Poet's tale,
To prove a Prophet here.

GRANTA, A MEDLEY.

Armatais λογοθητοι μαχεω και παρα Κρατσισι

Oh! could Le Sage's¹ 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 wig,
P—ity and P—in—su—n survey;
Who canvass there with all their might,
Against the next elective day.
Lo! candidates and voters lie,
All 'dull'd in sleep, a goodly number!
A race renown'd for pitty,
Whose conscience won't disturb their slumber
Lord H——, indeed, may not demur,
Fellows are sage, reflecting men¹
They know preferment can occur
But very seldom,—sc and then.

¹ These Stanza were written soon after the appearance of severe critique in a Northern review, on a new publication of the British Anacreon.
² A Bard (hence referres) defied his reviewer to mortal combat. If this example becomes prevalent, our periodical reviews must be dipped in the river Styx, for what else can secure them from the numerous host of their enraged assailants?
BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS.

Though he who hears the muse 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 crooking sinners.
If David, when his tails were ended,
Had heard these blockheads sing before him,
To us his psalms had ne'er descended,
In furious mood he would have torn '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 dence a soul will stay to read;
My pen is blunt, my ink is low,
'T is almost time to stop indeed.
Therefore, farewell, old Granta's spires,
No more, like Cleophas, I fly;
No more thy theme my Muse inspires,
The reader's tired, and so am I.

1806.

LACHIN Y GAIR.

Lachin y gair, or, as it is pronounced in the Ewe, Lock na gair, towers proudly over Romont in the Northern Highlands, near Invercauld. One of our modern tourists sometimelong ago called it the highest mountain, perhaps, in Great Britain. It is certainly one of the most sublime and picturesque among our Caledonian Alps. Its appearance is that of a grey mass, but the summit is the seat of eternal snows, near Lachin y Gair I spent some of the early part of my life, the revelation of which has given birth to the following Stanzas.

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

Ah! there you young footsteps in infancy wander'd,
My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid;
On cleft-flanks long persould my memory ponder'd,
As daily I strode through the pine-cover'd glades.
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
Discealed 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.

1 This word is erroneously pronounced plad; the proper pronunciation (according to the Scotch) is shown by the orthography.
Round Loch na Garr, while the stormy blast gathers
Winter presides in his cold icy car;
Now views that encircle the forms of my fathers—
They dwell in the tempests of dark Loch na Garr.

"ill-star'd, 1 though brave, did no visions forbodeing
Tell you that Fate had forsaken your cause?"

Ah! were you destined to die at Culloden, 2
Victory crown'd not your fall with applause;
Till were you happy, in death's early slumber
You rest with your clan, in the caves of Braemar, 3
The Pibroch 4 resounds to the piper's loud number
Your deeds on the echoes of dark Loch na Garr.

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

TO ROMANCE.

PARENT of golden dreams, Romance! 5
Auspicious queen of childish joys!
Who lead'st along, in airy dance,
Thy voice train of girls and boys;
At length, in spells no longer bound,
I break the fetters of my youth;
Nor more I try thy mystic round,
But leave thy realms for those of Truth.

And yet, 'tis hard to quit the dreams
Which haunt the unsuspicious 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 sylv in every dame,
A Pylad's 5 in every friend?
But leave, at once, thy realms of air,
To mingle bands of fairy elves:
Confess that woman's false as fair,
And friends have feelings for themselves.

1 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 Stewarts.
George, the second Earl of Huntly, married the Prince's Amoldia Stewart, daughter of James the First of Scotland: by her he left four sons: the third, Sir William Gordon, I have the honor to claim as one of my progenitors.
2 Whether any pitished 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, "tours top tom."
3 A tract of the Highlands so called, there is also a Castle of Braemar.
4 The Baspire.
5 It is hardly necessary to add, that Pylad's was the companion of Orestes, and a partner in one of the few friendships which, with those of Achilles and Patroclus, Nestor and Baris, Dancon 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, the page of a historian, or modern novelist

With shame, I own I've felt thy sway,
Repeuant, 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 Affection 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 saile 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 queen,
To mourn a spine for ever gone,
Who once could glow with equal fire,
But bends not now by thy throne.

Ye genial nymphs, whose ready tears,
On all occasions, swiftly flow;
Whose bosoms heave with fancied fears,
With fancied flames and phrenzy 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! food race, a long adieu!
The hour of fate is hovering nigh;
Even now the gulf appears in view,
Where unalumented you must be;
Oblivion's blackening lane is seen
Convinced by gales you cannot weather,
Where you, and eke your gentle queen,
Alas! must perish altogether.

ELEGY ON NEWSTEAD ABBEY. 1

It is the voice of years that are gone; they roll before me
With all their deeds.

NEWSTEAD! fast falling, once resplendent dome!
Religion's shrine! repentant Henry's 2 pride!
Of warriors, monks, and dames the cloister'd tomb,
Whose piercing shades around thy ruins glide:
Hail to thy pile! more honour'd in thy fall,
Than modern mansions in their pith'd state;
Proudly majestic frowned thy vaulted hall,
Scowling defiance on the blast of fate.

No mail-clad serfs, 3 obedient to their lord,
In grim array, the crimson cross 4 demand:
Or gay assemble round the festive board,
Their chief's retainers, an immemorial band.

1 As one poem on this subject is printed in the bemoaning the author had originally no intention of inserting the following: it is now added at the particular request of some friends.
2 Henry II. founded Newstead soon after the murder of Thomas a Becket.
3 This word is used by Walter Scott, in his poem "The Whilt Huntison," as synonymous with Vassal.
4 The Red Cross was the badge of the Crusaders.
Elie might requiring Pacy's magic eye
Rearrange their progress, through the lapse of time;
Marking each ancient youth, ordains to die,
A votive pilgrim, in Judith's clime.
But not from thee, dark pike! departs the Chief,
His feudal realms 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-stained! 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 dykes,
Sought shelter in the priest's protecting cowl.
Where now the grass exaltes a moody dew,
The humid pall of life-extinguishing clay,
In sainted flame the sacred fathers grow,
Nor raised their pious voices, but to pray.
Where now the bats their wavering wings extend,
Soon as the gloaming spreads her wanning shade,
The choir did oft their mingling vapors blend,
Or matin orisons to Mary spaid.
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 2 the kind gift recalls,
And bids devotion's hollow'd echoes cease.
Vain is each threat, or supplicating prayer,
He drives them exiles from their lost abode,
To roam a dreaming 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 haggard reign,
High-crested banners, wave thy walls within.
Of changing sentiments the distant hum,
The mirth of feasts, the clang of burnishing arms,
The braying trumpet, and the hovest drum,
Unite in concert with incensed alarms.
An abbey once, a regal fortress 3 now,
Enclosed by insulting rebel powers;
War's dread machines o'erhang thy threatening brow,
And dark destruction in sulphurous showers.
Ah! vain defence! the hostile traitor's sieze,
Though oft repulsed, by guile o'ercomes the brave;
His throning foes oppress the faithful liege,
Rebellion's recking standards o'er him wave.
Not unaveng'd, the raging banner yields,
The blood of traitors smears the purple plain;
Conquer'd still his falchion thee he wielded,
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 thither flew,
The monarch's friend, the monarch's hope, to save
Trembling she snatch'd him 1 from the unequal strife
In other fields the torrent to regul;
For nobler combats here reserved his life,
To lead the band where godlike Falkland 2 f
From thee, poor pike! to lawless plunder given,
While dying groans their painful requiem sound,
Far distant incense now ascends to heaven—
Such victims wallow on the gory ground.
There, many a pale and ruthless robber's corse,
Noisome and death, defiles thy sacred sod;
O'er mingling man, and horse commix'd with horse,
Corruption's heap, the savage spoilers trow.

Graves, long with rank and sighing weeds o'erspread,
Ransack'd, resign perish their mortal mould;
From ruffian fungus escape not even the dead,
Raked from repose, in search of buried gold.
Hark! is the harp, unstrung the warlike lyre,
The minstrel's palsied hand relinquis death,
No more he strikes the quivering chords with fire,
Or sings the glories of the martial wreath.
At length, the sated murderers, gorged with prey,
Retire—the clamour of the fight is o'er;
Silence again resumes her awful sway
And sable Horror guards the massy door.

Here Desolation holds her dreary court;
What satellites declare her dismal reign!
Shrieking their dirge, illomen'd birds resort
To fit their vigil in the horrid fane.

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

With storms she welcomes his expiring groans,
Whirlwinds responsive greet his labouring breath,
Earth shudders as her cave receives his bones,
Louthing 2 the offering of so dark a death.

The legal Ruler now resumes the helm,
He guides through gentle seas the prow of state:
Hope cheer's with wanted 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 unreprost zest.

1 Lord Byron and his brother Sir William held high com-
mands 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 peculiar share in many actions. Vide Clarendon's
History, &c.
2 Lucas Cary, Lord Viscount Falkland, the most accom-
plished man of his age, was killed at the battle of Newbury
charging in the ranks of Lord Byron's regiment of cavalry.
3 This is a historical fact. A violent tempest occurred im-
mediately subsequent to the death, or interment, of Cromwell,
which occasioned many disputes between his paritions and
the cavaliers; both interpreted the circumstance into divine
interaction, but whether as approbation or condemnation we
have to the events of that age to decide. I have made
such use of the occurrence as suited the subject of my poem
4 Charles II.
Vassals within thy hospitable pale,
Lonely charming, bless their lord's return;
Culture again adorns the gladening vale,
And matrons, once laciering, cease to mourn.
A thousand songs on tuneful echo float,
Unwonted foliage mantlest o'er the trees;
And, hark! the horns proclaim a mellow note,
The hunter's cry hangs lengthening on the breeze.

Beneath their courser's hoofs the valleys shake:
What fears, what unction as 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 vises 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 foam'd steed,
Another crowd pursue the pining hart.

Neestead! 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 scorns thy gray-worn towers—
Thy vaults, where dead of feudal ages sleep—
The cloisters, priestly to the wintry showers—
These, these he views, and views them but to weep.

Yet are his tears no emblem of regret,
Cherished affliction 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 gogwag grottos of the vainly great;
Yet lingers 'mid thy damp and mossy tombs,
Nor breathes a murmur 'gainst the will of fate.

Happy thy sun emerging yet may shine,
There to irradiate with meridian ray,
Hours splendid as the past may still be thine,
And bless thy future as thy former day.

TO E. N. L. ESQ.

Nil ego contulerim juvendo saepe amico.

HOR. E.

DEAR L——, in this sequester'd scene,
While all around in slumber lie,
The joyous days which ours have been
Come rolling fresh on Farcy's eye:
Thus, if amidst the gathering storm,
While clouds the darken'd noon deform,
You heaven assumes a varied glow,
I hail the sky's celestial box,
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 tear 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 never again can trace,
In Giana's vale, the sodain's lore,
Nor, through the groves of Io, chase
Our raptured visions as before;
Though Youth has flown on rosy pinion,
And Manhood claims his stern dominion,
Age will n. 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 the must sweep the flowers
When noon among the fairy bowers,
Where smiling Youth delights to dwell,
And hearts with early rapture swell;
If mourning 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 sooth its wonted heedless flow,
Still, still, despise the censor stern,
But n'er forget another's woe.
Yes, as you knew me in the days
O'er which Remembrance yet delays,
Still may I rove uninter'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 girt, my sorrow's 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 stony roar enclose,
We heed no more the wintry blast,
When hul'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 L——, 'twas time to flee,
For Cora's eye will shine on all.
And though the sun, with genial rays,
His beams allik't to all displays,
And every lady's eyes a sun,
These last should be confin'd to one.
The soul's meridian don't become her
Whose sun displays a general summer.
Thus haint is every former flame,
And Passion's self is now a name;
As, when the ebbing flames are low,
The air which once improved their light,
And made them burn with fiercer glow,
Now quenches all their sparks in night;
Thus has it been with passion's fires,
As many a boy and girl remembers,
While all the force of love expires,
Extinguish'd with the dying embers.

But now, dear L——, 't is midnight's noon,
And clouds obscure the watery moon,
BYRON'S

TO —

On! had my fate been joint with thine,
As once this pledge appeared 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
'T was 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,
Restow'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 nor memory yield their aid,
But pride may teach me to forget thee.
Yet all this giddy waste of years,
This tiresome round of paling pleasures,
These varied loves, these matron's tears,
These thoughtless strains to passion's measures,
If thouwert mine, had all seen blush'd;
This check, now pite from early riot,
With Passions hectic merr or had blush'd,
But bloom'd in calm domestic quiet.
Yes, once the rural scene was sweet,
For Nature seem'd to smile before thee;
And once my breast abhor'd deceit,
For then it fear but to adore thee.
But now I seek for other joys;
To think would drive my soul to madness;
In thoughtless throes 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 friends might pity what I feel,
To know that thou art lost for ever.

STANZAS.

I would I were a careless child,
Still dwelling in my Highland Cave,
Or romping through the dusky wild,
Or bounding o'er the dark-blue wave.
The crimson yol of Saxon pride
Accords not with the free-born soul,
Which loves the mountains craggy side,
And seeks the rocks where billows roll.
Fortune! take back those cultured hands,
Take back this ramp. or spm 'mid sound!
I hate the touch of servile hands—
I hate the slaves that grudge around:
Place me along the rocks I love,
Which sound to ocean's wildest roar;
I ask but this—again to rove
Through scenes my youth hath known before.
Few are my years, and yet I feel
The world was never destined for me;
Ah! why do darkening shades conceal
The hour when man must cease to be?
Once I beheld a splendid dream,
A visionary scene of life;
Truth! wherefore did thy lathed 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 sits 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 tie,
In years and feelings still the same,
And I will fly the midnight crew,
Where boasted Joy is but a name.
And Woman! lovely Woman, thou,
My hope, my comfortor, my all!
How cold must be my bosom now,
When even thy smiles begin to pall!
Without a sigh would I resign
This bow scene of splendid woe,
To make that calm contentment mine
Which virtue knows, or seems to know.

Pain would I fly the haunts of men—
I seek to shun, not hate mankind;
My breast requires the sullen gleam,
Whose gloomy ray suit a darkled 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. 2

1 'Essenish, or Saxon, a Gaelic word signifying either Low Com or English.'
2 Psalm lv. 6—'And I said, Oh! that I had wings like a dove, then would I fly away and be at rest.' This verse also constitutes a part of the most beautiful anthem in our language.
LINES
WRITTEN BENEATH AN ELM IN THE CHURCHYARD
OF HARROW ON THE HILL.
SEPT. 2, 1857.

Of my youth! whose hoary banches sigh,
Swept by the breeze that fans thy cloudless sky;
Where now alone I mine, who oft have trod,
With those I loved, thy soft and verdant sod;
With those who, scatter'd far, perchance may explore
Like me, the happy scenes they knew before;
Oh! as I trace again thy winding hill,
Mute eyes admire, my heart adores thee still,
Thus drooping Elm! beneath whose boughs I lay,
And frequent mus'd the twilight hours away;
Where, as they once were wont, my limbs recline,
But all without the thoughts which then were mine.

How do thy banches, mooning to the blast,
Invite the bosom to recall the past;
And seem to whisper, as they gently swell,
"Take, while thou can'st, a lingering last farewell!"

When fate shall chill at length this fever'd breast,
And calm the cares and passions into rest.
Oft have I thought 'twould sooth my dying hour,
If aught may sooth when life resigns her power,
To know some humbler grave, some narrow cell,
Would hide my bosome 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,
Prem't by the turf where once my childhood play'd,
Wreath by the soil that veils the spot I love,
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,
Deplor'd by those in early days allied,
And unremember'd by the world beside.

THE DEATH OF CALMAR AND ORLA.

An imitation of Macpherson's Ossian. 1

dear are the days of youth! age dwells on their re-
membrane 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 signs of the storm, and rejoice in their hall
of clouds! such is calmar. the gray stone marks his
narrow bosome. he looks down from cadding tempests,
he rolls his form in the whirlwind; and rovers 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; loiulina's
sons had fled before his angry spear; but mild was the
eye of calmar; soft was the flow of his yellow locks—
they stream'd 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 loiulina, swaran bounded o'er the blue waves.

1 it may be necessary to observe, that the story, though
considerably varied in the catastrophe, is taken from "nars
and euryalus," of which episode a translation has been al

Erin's sons fell beneath his might. fingal roused his
chiefs to conduct. Their ships cover the ocean! their
hosts throng on the green hills. they come to the

Night rose in clouds. darkness veils the armies,
but the blazing oaks gleam through the valley. the
sons of loiulina slept; their dreams were of blood. they
lift the spear in thought, and fingal rics. not so
the host of morven. to watch was the post of orla. cal-
mum stood by his side. their rear is visible in their hails.

fingal called his chiefs. they stood around. the
king waxed in the 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 cathullin, the shield of erin?

he rests in the halls of turra; he knows not of our
coming. who will speed through loiulina to the hero,
and call the chief to arms? the path is by the sands
of foes, but many are his heroes. they are thunderbolts
of wrath. speak, ye chiefs! who will arise?"

"son of trommerr! mine be the deed," said dark-
haired orla, "and mine alone. what is death to me?

i love the sleep of the mighty, the river is the danger.
the sons of loiulina dream. i will seek ear-borne

'cathullin. if i fall, raise the song of heroes, and lay
me by the stream of lobar."—"and shalt thou fall alone!" said fair-haired calmar.

"wit thou leave thy friend afar, chief of oithona? not feele is my arm in

fight. could i see thee die, and not lift the spear? no, orla! ours has been the
charge of the roebuck, and the feast of shells; ours be the path of danger; ours
has been the cave of oithona; ours be the marrow dwelling on the banks of lobar."—

"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

murven. she listens to the steps of the hunter on the
heath, and thinks it is the tread of calmar. let him
not say, "calmar is fallen by the steel of loiulina; he
died with gloomy orla, the chief of the dark brow."

why should tears dim the amare 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 loiulina! join the song
of heroes above my grave. sweet will be the song of death
to orla, from the voice of calmar. my ghost shall
sing on the notes of praise.—"oira!" said the son of
mora. "could i raise the song of death to my friends?

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 harks will mingle
the names of orla and calmar."

they quit the circle of the chiefs. their steps are

to the host of loiulina. the dying blaze of oak dim

twinkles through the night. the northern star points

the path to turra. swaran, the king, rests on his
lonely hill. here the troops are mixed: they brown
in sleep, their shields beneath their heads. their
swords gleam, all distance, in heaps. the fires are faint; their
embers fail in smoke. all is hushed; but the gun
signs on the rocks above. lighted wheel the heroes
through the swinging hand. half the journey is
past, when mathen, resting on his shield, meets the
eye of orla. it rolls in flames, and glows through the
shades; his spear is raised on high. "why dost thou
bind thy brow, chief of oithona?" said fair-haired

"calmar. are we 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; sweet then his spear! Its point is dim with the gore of my father. The blood of Mathon shall rock 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 slaughter. Rise, Mathon! rise! the son of Conall calls; thy life is: 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 Ora: "Mathon is mine; I shall die in joy; but Lochlin crowds around; fly through the shade of night." Ora turns; the helm of Mathon is clung; his shield falls from his arm; he shudders in his blood. He rolls by the side of the blaring oak. Strumon sees him fall. His wrath rises; his weapon glitters on the head of Ora; but a spear pierced his eye. His brain gushes through the wound, and foams on the spear of Calmar. As roll the waves of Ocean on two mighty banks of the north, so pour the men of Lochlin on the chiefs. As, breaking the surge in foam, proudly steer the banks 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. Ronno bounds in joy. Osamn 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 his strength.

Morn glimmers on the hills; so living fire is seen; but the sleepers are many, grieve they lie on Erin. The bronze 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? right as the gold of the stranger, they mingle with the fair hair of his friend. "Tis Calmar—he lies on the brae of Orla. Thers is one stream of blood. Fissile is the look of the gloomy Ora. He breathes not; but his eye is still a flame; it glares in death unclouded. 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 Ora," said the hero; "what were the chase to me, alone? Who would share the spoils of battle with Calmar? Ora is at rest! Rough was thy soul, Ora! yet soft to me as the dew of morn. It glared on others in lightning; to me a silver beam of night. Hear my sword to blue-eyed Mora: let it hang in my empty hall. It is not pure from blood; but it could not save Ora. 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 Ora and Calmar.

When Swaran was bound, our sails rose on the blue waves. The winds gave our banks 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 Ora; the brown chief of Orthour. He was unmatched in war. Peace to thy soul, Ora! 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 Locham shrill around its steel. Hear thy praise, Calmar! it dells on the voice of the mighty. Thy name shames 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."

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

Oh! mighty praeteritus referat si Jupiter anguis. Virgil, Eneid, lib. 8, 500

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

2. Where fancy yet joys to retrace the resemblances Of comrades in friendship and misch'd alloy; How welcome to me your never fading remembrance. Which rests in the bosom, though hope is denied

3. Again I revisit the hills where we sported. The streams where we swam, and the fields where we fought; The school where, fond warm'd by the hell, we resort'd To pore o'er the precepts by pedagogue taught

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

5. I once more view the room with spectators surrounded. Where, as Zanga, I trod on Alouzo o'erthrown!
White to swell my young pride such applause romnanded.
I fancied that Mospop himself was outshone:

6. Or, as Lear, I poured forth the deep imprecation, By my daughters of kingdom and reason deprived;
Till, fired by bard plaudit and self-adulation, I regarded myself as a Garrick revived.

7. Ye dreams of my boyhood, how much I regret you! Unfaded your memory dwells in my breast; Though sad and deserted, I never can forget you; Your pleasures may still be in fancy possest.

8. To Ola fall off any remembrance restore me. While fate shall the shades of the future unroll! Since darkness overshadows the prospect before me, More dear is the beam of the past to my soul.

9. 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 capture the thought shall elate me "Oh! such were the days which my infancy knew!"

1806.

a series of Poems, complete in themselves; but, while the impatience is discovered, the merit of the work remains undisputed, though not without faults, particularly, in some parts tured and homely dams.—The present harm or labours will be pardoned by the admirers of the original, as an attempt, however inferior, which owns an attachment to their favourite author. I Mosspop, a contemporary of Garrick, famous for his performance of Zanga, in Young's tragedy of the Revenge.
TO D.
1. 
Is thee I fondly hope to cap a
A friend, whom death alone could sever;
Till envy, with malignant grasp,
Detach'd thee from my breast for ever.
2. 
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.
3. 
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

TO EDDLESTON.
1. 
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.
2. 
And though unequal is thy fate,
Since title deck'd my higher birth!
Yet envy not this giddy state;
Thine is the pride of modest worth.
3. 
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.

REPLY TO SOME VERSES OF J. M. B. PIGOT, Esq., ON THE CRUELTY OF HIS MISTRESS.
1. 
Why, Pigot, complain
Of this damsel's disdain;
Why thus in despair do you fret?
For mouths you may try,
Yet, believe me, a sigh
Will never obtain a coquette.
2. 
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.
3. 
For such are the airs
Of these fanciful fair,
They think all our homage a debt;
Yet a partial neglect
Soon takes an effect,
And humbles the proudest coquette.
4. 
Dissemble your pain,
And lengthen your chain,
And seem her hater to regret;
If again you shall wish,
She no more will deny
That yours is the rosy coquette.
5. 
If still, from false pride,
Your pangs she deride,
This whimsical virgin forget;

Some other adults:
Who will melt with your fire,
And laugh at the little coquette.
6. 
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.
7. 
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.
8. 
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 27th, 1804

TO THE SIGHING STREPHON.
1. 
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.
2. 
Since your beautiful maid
Your flame has repaid,
No more I your folly regret;
She's now the most divine,
And I bow at the shrine
Of this quickly reformed coquette.
3. 
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.
4. 
Since the balm-breathing kiss
Of this magical miss
Can such wonderful transports produce
Since the "world you forget,
When your joys since have met,"
My counsel will, get out abuse.
5. 
You say when "I rove,
I know nothing of love;"
"This 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.
6. 
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.
BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS

7. 
While my blood is 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.

8. 
And if I should shun,
Every woman for one,
Whose image must fill my whole breast—
Whom I must prefer,
And sigh for her—
What an insult 'twould be to the rest!

9. 
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 MISS PIGOT.

1. 
Eliza, what fools are the Mussulman sect,
Who to women deny the soul's future existence;
Could they see thee, Eliza, they'd own their defect,
And this doctrine would meet with a general resist ance.

2. 
And their prophet possess'd half an atom of sense,
He ne'er would have women from paradise driven:
Instead of his hours, a flimsy pretence,
With women alone he had peopled his heaven.

3. 
Yet still to increase your calamities more,
Not content with depriving your bodies of spirit,
He allot one poor husband to share amongst four!—
With souls you'd dispense; but this lust, who could bear it?

4. 
His religion to please neither party is made;
On husbands 'tis 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."

LINES WRITTEN IN "LETTERS OF AN ITALIAN NUN AND AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN." BY J. J. ROUSSEAU. FOUND 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,—
More 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 polished mirror glance,
Thou'llt there discern that elegance
Which from our envy 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,—it is truth.

July, 1564.

THE CORNELIAN.

1. 
No specious splendour of this stone
Endears it to my memory ever;
With lustre only once it shone,
And blushes modest as the giver.

2. 
Some who can sneer at friendship's ties,
Have for my weakness oft reproved me;
Yet still the simple gift I prize,—
For I am sure the giver loved me.

3. 
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.

4. 
'Tis not the plant updrawn in sloth,
Which beauty shows, and shadest perfume;
The flowers which yield the most of both
In Nature's wild luxuriance bloom.

5. 
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.

6. 
"Tis not the plant updrawn in sloth,
Which beauty shows, and shades perfume;
The flowers which yield the most of both
In Nature's wild luxuriance bloom.

7. 
Had Fortune sided Nature's care,
For once forgetting to be kind,
His would have been an ample share,
If well-proportion'd to his mind.

8. 
But had the goddess clearly seen,
His form had fix'd her fickle breast,
Her countless ears had his have been,
And none remain'd to give the rest.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY
Cousin to the Author, and very dear to him.

1. 
Heav'n are the winds, and still the evening glow
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.

2. 
Within this narrow cell reclines her clay,
That clay where once such anima, on earth,
The King of Terrors seiz'd her as his prey,
Not worth, nor Beauty, have her life redeem'd

3. 
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 his virtues would relate.
HOURS OF IDleness

4.

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

5.

And shall presumptuous mortals heaven arraign
And, naught, godlike providence accuse?
Alas! no, far from me attempts so vain,
I'll never submission to my God refuse.

6.

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

TO EMMA.

1.

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

2.

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

3.

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

4.

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

5.

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;

6.

Whilst I, a-nirling, too remiss,
Forgot to scare the hovering flies,
Yet enviéd every fly the kiss
It dared to give your slumbering eyes;

7.

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.

8.

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?

9.

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.

10.

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

TO M. S. G.

1.

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

2.

When'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.

3.

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.

4.

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?

5.

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.

6.

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.

7.

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.

8.

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.

9.

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.

10.

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

TO CAROLINE.

1.

Think'st thou I saw thy beauteous eyes,
Suffused in tears, implore to stay;
And heard unmoved thy plaintive sighs,
Which said far more than words can say?
TO CAROLINE.

1. 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.  

2. Yet still, this fond bosom regrets while adoring, That love, like the beet, must fall into the sea, That age will come on, when, remembrance, deplo're, Contemplates the scenes of her youth with a tear.  

3. 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.  

4. 'Tis this, my beloved, which spreads gloom o'er my features, Though I never shall presume to arraign the deeree Which God has pronounced as the fate of his creatures, In the death which one day will deprive you of me.  

5. 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.  

6. Yet 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:  

7. Oh then let us drain, while we may, draughts of pleasure, Which from passion like ours may unusually flow; set us pess round the cup of love's bliss to full measure And quaff the contents as our nectar below.  

TO CAROLINE.

1. 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.  

2. From my eye flows no tear, from my lips fall no curses I blast not the friends who have hurt me from bliss; For poor is the soul which bewailing referees Its querulous grief, when in anguish like this.  

3. Was my eye, 'stead of tears, with red fury flashes brightening, Would my lips breathe a flame which no stream could assuage, On our foes should my glance lanch in vengeance its lightning.  

With transport my tongue give a hoose to its rage.  

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

5. Yet still, though we bend with a friend'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.  

6. 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.  

THE FIRST KISS OF LOVE.

"A Βασίλιος έν χαρδηις Εμενον ην ετε ηνον Άναξιον."

1. Away with those fictions of flimsy romance! These tissued of falsehood which folly has woven! Give me the mild beam of the soul-breathing glance, Or the rapture which dwells on the first kiss of love.  

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

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

4. I hate you, ye cold compositions of art: Though prides may condemn me, and bigot errors report I court the effusions that spring from the heart Which throb with delight to the first kiss of love.  

5. Your shepherds, your flocks, those fantastic 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!
May that fair bosom never know
What 'tis to feel the restless woe
Which stings the soul with vain regret,
Of him who never can forget!

TO LESBIA.

1.

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

2.

Your polished brow no cares have creased;
And, Lesbia! we are not much older,
Since trembling first my heart I lost,
Or told my love, with hope, a new holder.

3.

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

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

5.

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

6.

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.

7.

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

8.

Your cheek's soft bloom is unimpaired,
Now beauties still are daily brightening,
Your eye for conquest beams prepared.
The force of love's resistless lightning.

9.

Ard'n'd thus, to make their bosoms bleed,
Many will sigh to see like me, love
More constant they may prove, indeed;
Fonder, alas! they never can be, love!

LINES ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY.

As the author was discharging his pistols in a garden, the 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.

1.

Doubtless, sweet girl, the hissing lead,
Waiting destruction o'er thy charms,
And hurrying o'er thy lovely head,
Has fill'd that breast with fond alarms.
2. 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.

3. 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.

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

5. 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?

6. 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.

7. 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.

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

9. 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.

"Aet 5, ara ut 7a,6ra."

1. The roses of love glad the garden of life,  
Though nurtured 'mid weeds dropping pestilent dew,  
Still Hope, breathing peace through the grief-swollen breast,  
Whisper, "Our meeting we yet may renew,"  
With this dream of dearth half our sorrows represt,  
Not taste we the poison of love's last adieu!

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

3. Sweet lady! why thus doth a tear stea. its wav  
Down a cheek which outrivus thy bosom. in aet?  
Yet why do I ask? to distraction a prey,  
Thy reason has perish'd with love's last adieu!

4. Oh! who is ye 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!

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

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

7. Youth flies, life decays, even hope is o'er cast,  
No more with love's former devotion we sue:  
He spreads his yeung wing, he retires with the blast  
The shroud of affection is love's last adieu!

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

9. 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!

IMITATION OF TIBULLUS.

Sulpicia ad Cerinbum.—Lib. Quart.

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 HORACE.

ODE 3, Lib. 3.

1. The man of firm and noble soul  
No factious clamours can control;  
No threatening 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 ave his fix'd determined mind in vain.

2.

Ay, and the red right arm of Jove,
Hartling his lightnings from above,
With all his terrors then unfurl'd,
He would unmoved, unwav'd 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 daunt ess midst the wreck of earth he'd smile.

FUGITIVE PIECES.

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 an 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?"


CASDON compels me, Beecher! 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 see for pardon, must I sue in vain?
The wise sometimes from Wisdom’s ways depart;
Can youth then blush the dictates of the heart?
Receipts of prudence curb, but can’t control,
The fierce emotions of the flowing soul.
When love’s delirium haunts the glowing mind,
Lament the Decorum linger long behind:
Vainly the dotard mends her prudish pace,
Outstrip and vanquish’d in mental chase.

The young, the old, have worn the chains of love:
Let those who never confirm’d my lay reprove:
Let those whose souls contemn the pleasing power
Their censures on the hapless victim shower.
Oh! how I hate the nerveless, frigid song,
The ceaseless echo of the rhyming throng,
Whose labour’d lines in chilling numbers bow,
To paint a pang the author never 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 disclaims the wanton leer,
Firm in her virtue’s strength, yet not severe—
She whom a conscious grace shall thus refine
Will never be ‘tainted’ by a strain of mine.
But for the nymph whose premature desires
Torment the bosom with unholy fires,
No net to save her willing heart is spread;
She would have fallen, though she never had read
For me, I fear 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 never be proud;
Their warmest plaudits I avoid scarcely prize,
Their sneers or censures I alike despise.

November 26, 1804.

ON A CHANGE OF MASTERS AT A GREAT PUBLIC SCHOOL.

WHERE are those honours, Ida! once your own,
When Probus sitt’d your maest’ry’s throne?
As ancient Rome, fast falling to disgrace,
Hail’d a barbarian in her Caesar’s place,
So you, degenerate, share as hard a fate,
And seat Pompeius where your Probus sate.
Of narrow brain, yet of a narrower son,
Pompous holds you in his harsh control;
Pomposus, by no social virtue swayed,
With florid jargon, and with vain parade;
With noisy nonsense, and new-fangled rules,
Such as were not before enforced in schools,
Mistaking piety for learning’s laws,
He governs, sanctioned but by self-applause.
With him the same dire fate attending Rome,
Ili-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, 1804

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, unfurled, spreads her rosy wing,
And flies with every changing gale of spring.
Not to the aching frame alone confined,
Mournful pangs assails the drooping mind:
What grisly form, the sceptre-train of woe,
Still shadowing Nature shrink beneath the blow,
With Resignation's weight relentless stride.
While Hope retires appall'd and clings to life.
Yet less the pang when through the tedious hour
Remembrance sheds around her genial power,
Casts back the vanishing day to capture 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 finest beams the crystal dews of rain,
And dimly twinkle o'er the watery plain;
Thus, while the future dark and cheerless gleams,
The son 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 occurs, 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, develop'd, 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! best spot, where Science holds her reign,
How joyous once I join'd thy youthful train!
Bright in idea gleams thy lovely 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 ev'ry welcome face;
My wonted haunts, my scenes of joy and woe,
Each early boyish friend or youthful foe,
Our fends dissolved, but not my friendship past:
— I bless the former, and forgive the last.

Hours of my youth! when, nurtured in my breast,
To have a stranger, friendship made me blest:
— Friendship, the dear peculiar bond of youth,
When every artless bosom throbs with truth,
Unfetter'd 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.

N • varnish'd titles the lips of youth repeat,
N • 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 cumbour's path to shrink,
Smoothly to speak, and cautiously to think;
Stil, to assent, and never to deny—
A patron's praise can well toward the lie—

And who, when Fortune's warbling 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 fends to tear the hateful mask;
Let keener bard delight in satiric sting;
My fancy soars not on Detraction's wing:
Once, 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,
Warr'd by some friendly hint, perchance, retir'd,
With this submission all her rage expired.

From drenched pangs that feeble toe to save,
She hasten'd her young resentment, and forgave;
Or, if my muse a pelican's portrait drew,
Pompous' 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 fallings, known to all
Who share the converse of a college hall,
She sometimes tried in a lighter strain, 'Tis past, and thus she will not sin again
Soon must her early song for ever cease,
And all may rial when I shall rest in peace.

Here first remember'd be the jovous band
Who hailed me chief, obedient to command;
Who join'd with me in every boyish sport—
Their first adviser, and their last resort;
Nor shrink beneath the up-tart pelican's frown
Or all the meretricious of his gown:
Who, thus transplanted from his father's school
Unto the nation, 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.
Pompous fills his magisterial chair;
Pompous governs— but, my soul, forbear:
Contempt, in silence, be the pelican's lot;
His name and precepts he like forgot;
No more his mention shall my verse degrade,
To him my tribute is already paid.

Highb, tho' those elms with hoary branches crown'd,
Fair Ida's bowser 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 scattered groups each favour'd haunt pursue;
Repeat old pastimes, and discover new:
Flush'd with his rays, beneath the moonshine glare,
In rival bands between the wickets run,
Drive o'er the award 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 liquid 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 paces in view
HOURS OF IDLENESS.

With frolic quaint their antic jests expose,
And tease the grumbling rustic as he goes;
Nor rest with this, but many a passing fray
Tradition treasures for a future day:

"Twas here the gather'd swains for vengeance fought,
And here we car'd the conquest dearly bought;
Here we feasted, before superior might,
And here restored the wild tumultuous sight."

While thus our souls with early passions swell,
In lingering tones resounds the distant bell;
The alloted 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 name of sire and son—
The one long graved, the other just begun;
These shall survive alike when son and sire
Beneath one common strike 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 rod command'd, and whose voice was law.

And now in turn possess the reins of power,
To rule the little tyrants of an hour;—

Though sometimes with the tale of ancient day
They pass the dreamy wanderer's eye away—
And thus our former rulers stemm'd the title,
And thus they deft the combat side by side;

Just in this place the mouthing wags they scaled,
Nor bolts nor bars against their strength avail'd;
Here Probes came, the rising fray to quell,
And here he foster'd forth his last farewell;

And here one might abroad they dared to roam,
While bold Pompous 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,
To advances to claim his friend with honest joy,
My eyes, my heart proclaimed me still a boy;

The glittering scene, the flitting ring groups around,
Were quite forgotten when my friend was found;
The smile of beauty—(for alms! I've known a
What that 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 bewild'red in the fond surprise,
The words of Ida danced before my eyes;

I saw the sprightly wand'ring pour a stream,
I saw and join'd again the joyous throng;
Panting, again I traced her lofty groves,
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 was there,
Which whispers friendship will be doubly dear
To one who thus for kindred hearts must roam
And seek abroad the love denied at home.

These hearts, dear Inx, have I found in thee—
A home, a world, a paradise to me.

Shrieking death forbad my orphans youth to share
The tender guidance of a father's care:
Can rank, or even a guardian's name, supply
The love which glistens in a father's eye?

For this can wealth or title's sound alone
Made by a parent's early loss my own?
What brother springs a brother's love to seek?
What sister's gentle kiss has prest my cheek?

For me how dull the vacant monument,
To have hewn bosom links by kindred ties!

In the progress of some fleeting dream
Fraternals smiles collected round me seen;

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 must must stray
Alone, though thousand pilgrims fill the way;
While these a thousand kindred wreathes entwine,
I cannot call one single blossom mine:

What then remains? In solitude to roam,
To mix in friendship, or to sigh alone?
Thou must I cling to some enduring hand,
And none more dear than Inx's social band

Alone! 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.

Oho! in the promise of thy early youth,
If hope anticipate the words of truth,
Some latter 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,
Oh! may we drain'd the fond of ancient lore;
Though drinking deep, thirsting still the more.
Yet when confinement's lingering hour was done,
Our sports, our studies, and our souls were one
Together we impelli the flying ball;
Together waited in our tutor's hall;
Together join'd in cricket's ropy toil,
Or shared the produce of the river's spoil;
Or plunging from the green declining shore
Our piant limbs the buoyant billows bore;
In every element, unchanged, the same,
All, that all brothers should be but the name

Nor yet are you forgot, my jocund boy!
Doubtless 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—
Auxilius 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 furious strife
The rustic's musket aimed against my life:
High point'd in air the massive weapon hung
A cry of horror burst from every tongue;
While I, in combat with another foe,
Fought on, unconscious of th' impending blow;
Your arm, brave boy, arrested his career—
Forward you sprang, 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! whence'er my breast forgets the deed,
That instant, Davus, it deserves to bleed.

Lyceus! on me thy claims are justly great:
Thy milder virtues could my muse relate,
To thee alone, unrival'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,
Lyceus! 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
Flow with 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 snares, smiling,
The flow of compliment, the slippery wile,
Would make that breast with indignation burn,
And all the glittering sources to tempt thee spurn.
Domestic happiness will stamp thy fate;
Sacred to love, uncloud'd o'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 speech to cloud the pleasing scene,
No vice degrades that purest soul serene.
On the same day our studies race began,
On the same day our studies 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 concur'd in the classic strife;
As speakers each supports an equal name,
And crowds allow to both a partial fame:

To sooth a youthful riva,'s early pride,
Though Cleon's candour would the palm divide,
Yet candour 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!
Dropping, 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 grants the triumph of my boyish mind
As infant harrods round my head were twined
When Probus' praise repaid my lyric song,
Or placed me higher in the studios throng,
Or when my first harangue received applause,
His sage instruction the primeval cause,
What gratitude to him my soul possess,
While hope of dawning honours fills 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 must 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 stirs me to create your youthful breast;
A fame beyond the glories of the proud,
Or all the plaudit 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 unceasing remain!
Yet let me hum this echo of the past,
This parting song, the dearest and the last;
And broad 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 happy few who glide along,
The feeble veterans of some former throng,
Whose friends, like autumn leaves by temper's 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 toil;
Say if remembrance days like these endear
Beyond the rapture of succeeding years?
Say can ambition's fervid brain bestow
So sweet a balm to soothe your hours of woe?
Can treasures, hoarded for thankless son,
Can royal smiles, or wreaths by slaughter won,
Can stars or emuns, man's master 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! amid 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 chequerd leaf,
And blot with tears the sable lines of grief;
Who're passion o'er the theme her mantle threw,
Or weeping Virtue sight a faint adieu;
But bless the scroll which finer 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.

A ANSWER TO A BEAUTIFUL POEM, WRITTEN BY MONTGOMERY, AUTHOR OF "THE WANDERER IN SWITZERLAND," &c. &c. ENTITLED "THE COMMON LOT."

1
MONTGOMERY! true, the common lot
Of mortals lies in Lothe's wave;
Yet some shall never be forgot
Some shall exist beyond the grave.

2.
"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.

3.
His joy or grief, his weal or woe,
Percussance may scale the page of fame;
Yet nations now unborn will know
The record of his deathless name.

4.
The patriot's and the poet's frame
Must share the common tomb of all:
Their glory will not sleep the same;
That will arise though empires fall.

5.
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.

6.
Once more the speaking eye revives,
Still burning through the lover's strain
For Petrarch's Laurn still survives:
She died, but ne'er will die again.

7.
The rolling seasons pass away,
And Time, unerring, waves his wing:
 Whilst radios flares ne'er decay,
But bloom in fresh unfading spring.

8.
All must sleep in grim repose,
Collected in the silent tomb;
The old and young, with friends and foes,
Fostered alike in shrubs, consume.

TO THE REV. J. T. BECHER.

1.
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.

2.
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

3.
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.

4.
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 fame
With him I would wish to expire in the blaze.

5.
For the life of a Fox, of a Cluniac the death,
What care, 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.

6.
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?

7.
I have tasted the sweets and the bitters of love;
In friendship I early was taught to believe;
My passion the matrons of prudence reproved;
I have found that a friend may profess, yet deceive.

8.
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.

9.
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?
TO MISS CHAWORTH.

1. 
Oh! Irid 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.

2. 
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.

3. 
For once my soul, like thine,
Was pure, and all its rising fires could smother;
And now thy vows no more endure,
Bestow'd by thee upon another.

4. 
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.

5. 
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.

6. 
Then fare thee well, deceitful maid,
'Twere vain and fruitless to regret thee;
Nor Hope, nor Memory, yield their aid,
But Pride may teach me to forget thee.

7. 
Yet all this giddy waste of years,
This tiresome round of pallid pleasures;
These varied loves, these matron's fears,
These thoughtless strains to Passion's measures:

8. 
If thou wert mine, had all been hush'd:
This cheek, now pale from early riot,
With Passion's hectic ne'er had blush'd,
But bloom'd in calm domestic quiet.

9. 
Yes, once the rural scene was sweet,
For Nature seem'd to smile before thee;
And once my breast abhor'd deceit,
For then it beat but to adore thee.

10. 
But now I seek for other joys;
To think would drive my soul to madness;
In thoughtless throes and empty noise
I conquer half my bosom's sadness.

11. 
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.

REMEMBRANCE.

'Tis 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!
CRITIQUE

EXTRACTED FROM THE EDINBURGH
REVIEW, NO. 22, FOR JAN. 1808.

Hours of Idleness; a Series of Poems, original and translated. By GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON, a Minor. 8vo. pp. 200.—Newark, 1807.

The poem of this young Lord belongs to the class which neither gods nor men are said to permit. Indeed, we do not recolector to have seen a quantity of verse with so few deviations in either direction from that exact standard. His effusions are spread over a dead flat, and can no more get above or below the level, than if they were so much stagnant water. As an extenuation of this offence, the noble author is peculiarly forward in pleading minority. We have it in the title-page, and on the very back of the volume; it follows his name like a favourite part of his style. Much stress is laid upon it in the preface, and the poems are connected with this general statement of his case, by particular dates, substantiating the age at which each was written. Now, the law upon the point of minority we hold to be perfectly clear. It is a plea available only to the defendant; no plaintiff can offer it as a supplementary ground of action. Thus, if any suit could be brought against Lord Byron, for the purpose of compelling him to put into court a certain quantity of poetry, and if judgment were given against him, it is highly probable that an exception would be taken were he to deliver for poetry the contents of this volume. To this he might plead minority; but, as he now makes voluntary tender of the article, he hath no right to sue, on that ground, for the price in good current praise, should the goods be unmarketable. This is our view of the law on the point, and we dare to say, so will it be held. Perhaps however, in reality, all that he tells us about his youth is rather with a view to increase our wonder, than to soften our censures. He possibly means to say, "See how a man can write!" This poem was actually composed by a young man of eighteen, and this by one of sixteen!"—But, alas! we all remember the poetry of Cowley at ten, and Pope at twelve; and so far from hearing, with any degree of surprise, that very poor verses were written by a youth from his leaving school to his leaving college, inclusive, we really believe this to be the most common of all occurrences; that it happens in the life of nine men in ten who are educated in England; and that the tenth man writes better verse than Lord Byron.

His other plea of privilege our author rather brings forward in order to waive it. He certainly, however, does abide frequently to his family and ancestors—sometimes in poetry, sometimes in prose; and always giving up his claim on the score of rank, he takes care to remember us of Dr. Johnson's saying, that when a nobleman appears as an author, his merit should be transcendentally acknowledged. In truth, it is this considerate point, that induces us to give Lord Byron's poems a place in our review, beside our desire to counsel him, that he doth with abandon poetry, and turn his talents, which are considerable, and his opportunities, which are great, to better account.

With this view, we must beg leave seriously to assure him, that the mere raving of the final syllable, even when accompanied by the presence of a certain number of feet; may, although (which does not always happen) those feet should scan regularly, and have been all counted accurately upon the fingers,—it is not the whole art of poetry. We would entreat him to believe, that a certain portion of liveliness, somewhat of fancy, is necessary to constitute a poem, and that a poem in the present day, to be read, must contain at least one thought, either in a little degree different from the ideas of former writers, or differently expressed. We put it to his consider, whether there is anything so deserving the name of poetry as verses like the following, written in 1806; and whether, if a youth of eighteen could say anything so mine interesting to his ancestors, a youth of nineteen should publish it:

"Shades of heroes, forever! your descendant, departing From the seat of his ancestors, bids you adieu! Abroad or at home, your remembrance imparts New courage, 'till upon glory and you."

"Though a tear dim his eye at this sad separation, "Is nature not, fear, that earth 'his exalt's? Far distant he goes, with the same emotion; "The fame of his fathers he never can forget."

"That fame, and that memory, still will be cherish, He vows that he never will disown your renown; Like you will be live or like you he will perish."

"When dead I'll may be mimic 'tis dust with your own."

Now we positively doassert, that there is nothing better than these stanzas in the whole compass of the noble minor's volume. Lord Byron should also have a care of attempting what the greatest poets have done before him, for comparisons (as he must have had occasion to see at his writing-master's,) are odious.—Gray's Ode on Eton College should really have kept out the ten hobbling stanzas "On a distant view of the village and school of Harrow."

"Where finer yet joys to retrace the resemblance Of contumacy in infancy and mischief allied; How welcome to me your mistaken encomium, Which rests in the bosom, though hope is denied."

In like manner, the exquisite lines of Mr. Rogers "On a Tear," might have warned the noble author off those premises, and spared us a whole dozen such stanzas as the following:

"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 doesn't to still, With the blight of the gale, Through billows Atlantic to sheer, As he bends o'er the wave, Which may soon be his grave, The green sparkles bright with a Tear."

And so of instances in which former poets had failed. Thus, we do not think Lord Byron was made for translating, during his non-age, Adrian's Address to his Soul, when Pope succeeded so indifferently in the attempt. If our readers, however, are of another opinion, they may look at it:

"Ah! gentle, fleeting, waving sprite, Friend and associate of this clay! To what unknown region borne, Will thou 'saw wing thy distant flight? No more with wonted human care, But pursued, cheerless, and forlorn."

However, be this as it may, we fear us translations and imitations are great favourites with Lord Byron. We have them of all kinds, from Anacreon to Ossian,
and, viewing them as school exercises, they may pass. Only, why put them after they have had their day and served their turn? And why call the thing in p. 78, a translation, where two words (by bow argum) of the original are expanded into four lines, and the other thing in p. 81, where prosymary and stupid, is rendered by means of six holding verses? As to his Os\- anic poetry, we are not very good judges, being, in

ough, so moderately skilled in that species of compo-

sition, that we should, in all probability, be designing

some bit of the genuine Macpherson itself, were we to

express our opinion of Lord Byron's rhapsoodies. If,

then, the following beginning of a "Song of Bards" is

by his Lordship, we venture to object to it, as far as we can

comprehend it. "What form rises on the roar of

clouds, whose dark ghost gleams on the red stream of

tempests? His voice rolls on the thunder; 'tis Orlo,

the brown chief of Oitorna. He was," etc. After detaining

this "brown chief" some time, the bard concludes by
giving him their advice to "raise his fair locks;" then to

spread them on the arch of the rainbow;" and to

smile through the tears of the storm." Of this kind of

thing there are no less than nine pages; and we can so

far venture an opinion in their favour, that they look

very like Macpherson; and we are positive they are

pretty nearly as stupid and tiresome.

It is a sort of privilege of poets to be eulogists; but

they should "use it as not abusing it;' and particu-

larly one who piques himself (though indeed at the

ripe age of nineteen) of being an 'infant bard,'—

"The artless Helicon I boast is youth;'—should either

not know, or should seem not to know, so much about

his own ancestry. Besides a poem above cited, on the

family seat of the Byrons, we have another of eleven

pages, on the same subject, introduced with an

apology, "he certainly had no intention of inserting it," but really "the particular request of some friends," etc., etc. It concludes with five stanzas on himself, "the last and youngest of a noble line." There is a good deal also about his maternal ancestors, in a poem on

Lachin y Gair, a mountain where he spent part of his

youth, and might have learnt that philocorf is not a

bagpipe, any more than deck means a fiddle.

As the author has dedicated so large a part of his

volume to immortalize his employments at school and
college, we cannot possibly dismiss it without present-

ing the reader with a specimen of these ingenions effu-

sions. In an ode with a Greek motto, called Granta, we

have the following magnificent stanza:

"There, in apartments small and damp,

The candidate for college prizes

Stirs poising by the midnight lamp.

Goes late to bed, yet early rises.

Who reads false quantities in Sicle,

Or puzzle o'er the deep triangle,

Drowned of mine in a wholesome meal.

In barbarous Latin drown'd to wrangles.

Renouncing every pleasing page,

From authors of historic use,

Preferring to the letter'd sage

The square of the hypotenuse.

'Still harmless are those occupations,

That hurt none but the lazier student,

Composed with other recreations,

Which bring together the imprudent.'

We are sorry to hear so bad an account of the col-

lege, phlegmatically as is contained in the following Atric

Stanzas:

"Our choir would scarcely be excused

Even as a band of raw beginners;

All notary 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 must never descend:

In furious mood he would have tore 'em!''

But whatever judgment may be passed on the poems

of this noble minor, it seems we must take them as we

find them, and be content; for they are the last we

shall ever have from him. He is, at best, he says, but

an intruder into the groves of Parnassus; he never lived in

a garret, like thorough-bred poets; and "though he

once roved a careless mountaineer in the highlands of

Scotland," he has not of late enjoyed this advantage.

Moreover, he expects no profit from his publication;

and, whether it succeeds or not, "it is highly improba-

ble, from his situation and pursuits hereafter," that he

should again descend to become an author. There-

fore, let us take what we get, and be thankful. What

right have we poor devils to be nice? We are well

off to have got so much from a man of this Lord's station,

who does not live in a garret, but, "has the away," of

Newstead Abbey. Again, we say, let us be thankful;

and, with honest Sancho, bid God bless the giver, nor

look the gift horse in the mouth.

---

English Bards

and

SCOTCH REVIEWERS;

A SATIRE.

I had rather be a kitten, and cry meow!

Than one of these same metre bald-monkeys.  
SHAKESPEARE.

Such nameless Bards we love; and yet, "tis true,

There are no mad, abandoned Critics too.

POPE.

PREFACE. 1

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,

quack, and paper bullets of the brain," I should have

complied with their counsel. But I am not to be ter-

rified by abuse, or bellied by reviewers, with or with-

out 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 in-

ches may judge, and publish his opinion if he please;

and the authors I have endeavoured to commend,

may do by me as I have done by them: I dare say we

will succeed better in condemning their scrubbings 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.

1 This Preface was written for the second edition of this

Poem, and printed with it.
ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS.

The pen! for I must with the mental thrones
Of brains that labour, beg with verse or prose.
Though namespores fade, and critics may deride,
The lover's solace, and the author's pride:
What woe; 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 't was time 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 spin'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 sovereign sway,
And men, through life her willing slaves, obey,
When Folly, frequent harbinger of crime,
Unfolds her motley store to suit the time;
When knaves and fools combined o'er all prevail,
When Justice holds, and Right begins to fail,
E'en then the holiest start from public meers,
A dread of shame, unknown to other arts,
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 o'er 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 school-boy 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 scribblers from an equal grave:
This Lamb may own, since his patriotic name
Fait'd to preserve the spurious force from shame,
A
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 selfsame 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 skil'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 pence per sheet:
Fear not to lie, 't will seem a lucky hit;
Shrink not from blasphemy, 't will pass for Wit:

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

In the first edition of this Satire, published anonymously, fourteen lines on the subject of Bowles's Pep were written 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 poetic persons whose performances are mentioned or alluded to in the following pages, it is presumed by the author that there can be little difference of opinion in the public at large; though, like other sectaries, each has his separate tabernacle of proselytes, by whom his abilities are overrated, his faults overlooked, and his metroical 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. Indecency may be pitted, 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 Massenger, and, in the absence of the regular physician, a country practitioner may, in cases of absolute necessity, be allowed to prescribe his nostrum, to prevent the extension of so deplorable an epidemic, provided there be no quackery in his treatment of the malady. A caustic is here offered, as it is to be feared nothing short of actual cautery can recover the numerous patients afflicted with the present prevalent and distressing rabies for rhyming.—As to the Edinburgh Reviewers, it would indeed require a Hercules to crush the Hyman; but if the author succeeds in merely "brazing one of the heads of the serpent," though his own hand should suffer in the encounter, he will be amply satisfied.

ENGLISH BARDS,
Etc. Etc.

Still must I hear?—shall hoarse FitzGerald bawl
His creaking cymbals in a tavern hall,
And I not sing, lest, haply, Scotch Reviews
Should dub me scribbler, and denounce my Muse?
Prepare for rhyme—I'll 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!

1 Imitation

"Semper ego auditor tarnum? summam nonnam remponam,
Vexatus torquis Thucideide Colm?"—Idyls of the Seated. S. 1.
Mr. FitzGerald, facetiously termed by Collett the "Small Beer Poet," reflects his annual tribute of verse on the "Literary Fund," not content with writing, he spoils in person, after the company have imbued a reasonable quantity of bad port, to enable them to sustain the operation.

1 Cid Hamet Benenada's promise to raise his pen in the last chapter of Don Quijote. Oh! that our voluminous gente would follow the example of Cid Hamet Benenada!
2 This ingenious youth is mentioned more particularly, with his production, in another place.
3 In the Edinburgh Review.
Cure not for feeling—pass your proper jest,
And stand a cait, hated yet caress'd.

And shall we own such judgment?—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 Lamé's Bozian head. 1

To these young tyrants, 2 by themselves misplaced,
Combined usurpers on the throne of Taste,
To these, when authors bend in humble awe,
And haul 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 stum;
Nor know we when to spare, or where to strike,
Our hards and censors are so much alike.

3 Then should you ask me, why I venture o'er
The path which Pope and Gifford trod before;
If not yet sick'd, you can still proceed:
Go on; my rhyme will tell you as you read.

Time was, ere yet in these degenerate days
Ignoble themes obtain'd mistaken praise,
When Sense and Wit with poesy allied,
No fated Graces, flourish'd side by side,
From the same fount their inspiration drew,
And, rear'd by Taste, boomed fairer as they grew.
Then, in this happy age, a Pope's pure strain
Sought the rapt soul to charm, nor sought in vain,
A poet's nation's praise aspired to claim,
And raised the people's, as the poet's fame.
Like him great Davy's 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 feeble hands 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 trilling page,
Survey the precious works that please the age;
True truth at least let Sterne's self allow.
No death of hands can be complain'd of now:
The source I press beneath her labour groans,
And printers' devils shake their weary heads;
While Southey's epics cramp the creekling shelves,
And Little's lyrics shine in hot-press'd twelves.
Thus smite the preacher, 4 "ought beneath the sun
Is new;" yet still from change to change we run:
What varied wonders tempt us as they pass!
The cow-pox, tarrets, gelatine, and gas,
In turns appear, to make the vulgar stare,
Till the soon bubble bursts—and all is air!

1 Moses, Jeffrey and Lamé are the Alpha and Omega, the last and best of the Edinburgh Review: the others are men bound hereafter.
2 "critics are censors, men but ubique
triumphant, persuade pervert charta."—Journals Sat. 1
3 INITIATION.

"Our timely her poetick-citizens decree canpo
Per quern nunc usque Amnium lectis album;
Suum, et placit rationem admitteris, etam."—
Journals Sat. 1

4 Ecclesiastes, Chap. 1

Nor less new schools of poetry arise,
Where dull pretenders grapple for the prize:
O'er Taste awhile these pseudo-bands 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 ledan call—but whom it matters not,
From soaring Southey down to groveling Spott. 5

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 Lay's of Mistrels—may they be the last!
On shining harps the while muses mount to the blast.
While mountain spirits prate to river sponies,
That damas may listen to their sound at night;
And goblin brats, of Gilpin Horner's 6 brood,
Decoy young border-notables 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.
 Dispatch a courier to a wizard's grave,
And fight with honest men to shield a knife.

Next view in state, proud prancing on his roan,
The golden-crested haughty Maurinon,
Now forging scroops, 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.

1 Start, better known in the "Morning Post" by the name of Hafig: This personage is at present the most profound ex plorer of the bathos. I remember, to the common family of Portugal, a grand statue of Master Noah, having this (Scott, Lorntric andc tiberian.)
2 "Primly off-spring of Beazenza,
Ere green flows nice with a stane," etc., etc.
3 Also a sonnet to Rata, well worthy of the subject, and a most thundering ode commencing as follows: "Oh! for a lay! loud as the storm,
That lays Lord Lapland's sunning shore.

Lord have mercy on us! the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" was nothing to this.

2 See the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," passim. Never was any plan so ingeniously and absurd as the arrangements of this production. The culture of Thunder and Lightning progressing to Bayle's tragedy, unfortunately takes away the merit of originality from the dialogue between Messieurs the Spirits of Ireland and Pell, in the first canto. Then we have the amiable William of Dolomano, "a stout musketo," videlicet, a happy compound of poucher, sheep-sticker, and highwayman. The property of his martial lady's ignorance not to read can only be equalled by his ready acknowledgment of his independence of the trammels of spelling, although, to use his own elegant phrase, "I was his scribe—verse at Hazard," etc., &c., &c. with.

3 The Biography of Gilpin Horner, and the marvellous pe destrian page, who travelled twice as fast as his master's horse, without the aid of seven-leaved books, are chiefe charms in the interesting poem. For indeed the horses or the chariots but by no means spring, box on the ear bestowed on the pace, and the entrance of a Knight and Chariser into the castle, under the very natural description of a walk of bay, Mar hone, the hero of the latter romance, is exactly what William of Dolomano would have been, had he been able to read or write. The Poem was manufactured for Messrs. Constable. Murmanly. It was published by disadvantageous 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 patron, but not descry his genius, which is undoubtedly great, by a per tinent of black letter imitations.
Oh! SOUTHAY, SOUTHAY! 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 spate of all the world can say,
Thou still wilt versenard plod thy weary way;
If still in Berkley ballads, most unmerited,
Thou wilt devote old women to the devil.
The babe unborn thy dare intend may rue;
"God help thee," SOUTHEY, and thy readers too.

Next comes the dull disciple of thy school,
That mad apostate from poetic rule.
The simple WORLDWORTH, framer of a lay
As soft as evening in his favourite May;
Who wars his friend "to shake off toil and trouble;" and
Quits his books, for fear of growing drible? "Who, both by precept and example, shows
That prose is verse, and verse is merely prose,
Convincing all, by demonstration plain,
'Epictotic' 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 Fry,
The last born of "an idiot Boy;"
A world-struck silly lad who lost his way,
And, like his bard, confounded midnight day:
So close on each pathetic part he dwells,
And each adventure so sublime tells,
That all who view the "idiot in his glory,"
Conceive the Bard the hero of the story.

Shall gentle COLUMBINE pass unnoticed here,
To toiled ode and turbed 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 fatidy numbers can surpass
The bard who seeks to elevage an ass.
How well the subject suits his noble mind!
"A fellow-feeding makes us wondrous kind!"

O! wonder-working LEWIS! Monk, or Barl,
Who fain would make Parnassus a church-yard!

1 We see Mr. Southey’s pardon: "Made thine the degraded title of epic." See his produce. Why is epic degraded! and why must thou formally curse the Renard of Moxon. Laurence Poe, Oubly, Hoole, and gentle Masters Coles, have not excelled the Erne Muse: but Mr. Southey’s poem "disowns the application," allow us to ask—has he substituted any thing better in its stead? or must he be content to rival Mr. Richard Blackburn, in the quantity as well as quality of his verse.
2 See The Old Woman of Berkley, a Ballad by Mr. Southey, wherein an aged gentleness’s is carried away by Beethoven, on a "high-trotting horse."
3 The last line, "God help thee," is an evident plagiarism from the Anti-Jacobin to Mr. Southey, on his Dactylics; "God help thee, silly one."—Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin, p. 23
4 Lyrical Ballads, page 4. The tables turned. Stanza I
"I’ll, up, my friend, and clear your books—
Way all into toil and trouble! Up, up, my friend, and quit your books,
Surely you’ll grow drible.
Mr. W. M. Thaddeus’s produce, labours right to prove that prose and verse are much the same, and certainly his precepts and practice are strictly conformable:
And this to Betty’s questions he made answer, like a traveller bold,
The cock did crow to who, to who,
And the sun did make we start, etc., etc.,
Lyrical Ballads, page 120.
6 Coleridge’s Poems, page 11. Songs of the Pixies, Devonshire Faries. Page 42, we have, "Lines to Young Lady," and page 52, "Lines to a Young Ass."
BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS.

62

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 glistering spectres hail'd, thy kindred band;
Or racest chaste description on thy page,
To please the females of our modest age,
All hail, M. P. ! 1 from whose infernal brain
His-sheeted phantoms glide, a grisly train;
At whose command, "green women" throng in crowds,
And kings of fire, of water, and of clouds,
With "small gray men," "wild vagers," and what rot,
I do crown with honour thee and WALTER SCOTT:
again, all hail! If tales like thine may please,
St. Luke alone can vanquish the disease;
E'en 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 check by passion flush'd,
Strikes his wild lyre, whilst list'ning dunes are hush'd?
'Tis LITTLE! young Catuhles of his day,
As sweet, but as immortal in his lay!
Grieved to condemn, the Muse must still be just,
Nor spare mendacious advocates of lust.
Pure is the flame which o'er the alter burns;
From grosser incense with disgust she turns
Yet, kind to youth, this expiation o'er,
She bids their "mend thy line and sin no more."

For thee, translator of the tined song,
To whom such glittering ornaments belong,
Hibernia STRANGFORD! with thy eyes of blue,
And boasted locks of red, or auburn hue,
Whose plaintive strain each love-sick Miss admires,
And oft harmonious fustian half expires,
Learn, if thou canst, to yield thine author's sense,
Nor yield thy sonnets on a false pretence.
Think'at thou to gain thy verse a higher place
By dressing Camden's in a suit of lace?
Mendl, STRANGFORD! mend thy morals and thy taste;
Be warm, but pure; be amorous, but be chaste:
Cease to deceive; thy piffer'd harp restore,
Nor teach the Lusian Bard to copy Moore.

In many marble-cover'd volumes view
HAWLEY, in vain attempting something new:
Whether he spin his comedies in rhyme,
Scrawl, as WOOD and BARCLAY walk, 'gainst time,
His style in youth or age is still the same,
For ever fresh 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 luckily Music never triumph'd there.2

1 "For everyone knows little Maitt's an M. P. "—See a letter to M. LEISER, in The Statesman, supposed to be written by Mr. J.BAILL.

2 The reader, who may wish for an explanation of this, may refer to "Strangford's Cowans," page 27, note to page 56, or to the last review of the Edinburgh Review of Strangford's Cowans. It is also to be remarked, that the things given to the public in Poems of Cowans, are no more to be found in the original Poem than in the Song of Solomon.

1 Mr. Graham has poured forth two volumes of cant, under the name of "Sabbath Walks," and Biblical Pictures." 2 See Barlow's Sonnets, etc.—"Sonnet to Oxford," and "Stanzas on hearing the Bells of Oxford.

"Awake a louder, and a loftier strain," 3 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 passing on the road,
The bard sighs forth a gentleman's episode; 4
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 whin, or larger bire
Prompt thy crude brain, and claim thee for a serene,
If chance some bard, though once by dunces fear'd 
Now, prone in dust, can only be revered;
Of POPE, whose fame and genius from the first
Have fail'd the best of critics, needs the worst,
Do thou essay; each fault, each failing seen;
The first of poets was, alas! but man!

Moravians, rise! bestow some meet reward,
On dull Devotion,—lo! the Sabbath Bard,
Sequalchul GRAHAM, pours his notes sublime
In mangled prose, nor o'en aspires to rhyme,
Breaks into blank the Gospel of St. Luke,
And boldly pillors from the Pantalatch;
And, undisturb'd by conscientious quails,
Perverts the Prophets, and purifies the Psalms.

Hail, Sympathy! thy soft idea brings
A thousand visions of a thousand things,
And shows, dissolved in thine own melting tears,
The manlin prince of mournful sonneters,
And art thou lot their prince, harmonious BOWLES?
Those first great oracle of tender souls?
Whether in sighing winds thou seek'st relief,
or consolation in a yellow leaf;
Whether thy use most hamentously tells
What merry sounds proceed from Oxford bells, 2
Or, still in bells delighting, finds a friend,
In every chime that jugled 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 mains of the amorous throng!
With thee our nursery damsels shed their tears,
Ere Miss as yet completes her infant years:
But in her teats thy whining powers are vain:
She quits poor BOWLES for LITTLE's purer strain.
Now so soft themes thou scornest to confine
The lofty numbers of a harp like thine:
"Awake a louder and a loftier strain;" 3
Such as none heard before, or will again;
Where all discoveries jumbled from the flood,
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Rake from each ancient dunghill every pearl,
Consult Lord Fanny, and confide in CULLE1;
Let all the scandals of a former age
Perch on thy pen and folder every page;
After a candid search thou must 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 MALLET2 did for hire.
Oh! halst thou lived in that congenial time,
To rave with DENNIS, and with RALPH to rhyme?
Tir'g'd with the rest around his living head,
Not raised thy hoof against the lion dead,
A meet reward had crown'd thy glorious gains,
And link'd thee to the Dunciad for thy pains.

Another Epic! who indicts again
More books of blank upon the sons of men?
Brooke COTTLE, rich Bristow's boast,
Imports old stories from the Cambrian coast,
And sends his goods to market—all alive!
Lives forty thousand, Cantos twenty-five.
Freshish from Helicon! who'll buy a page
That precious bargain's cheap—in faith not 1.
To much in turtle Bristol's sons delight,
Too much on bowels of rock prolong the night;
If commerce fills the purse, she clogs the brain,
And AMOS COTTELL strikes the Lyre in vain.
In him an author's luckless lot beheld!
Coadjunct to make the books which once he sold.
Oh! AMOS COTTLE!—Phelixus! what a name
To fill the speaking-trump of future fame!—
Oh! AMOS COTTELL for a moment think
What meagre profts spread from pen and ink?
When thus devoted to poetical dreams,
Who will peruse thy prostituted reams?
Oh! pen perverted! paper misapplied!
Had COTTLE still adher'd the counter's side,
Bent o'er the desk, or, born to useful toils,
Been taught to make the paper which he soils,
Proft'd, delvet, 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 MAITREY all his granite weight of leav's:
Smooth, solid monuments of mental pain!
The petrifications of a plodding brain,
That ere they reach the top fall lumbering back again.

1 CULLE is one of the heroes of the Dunceind, and was a book seller.
   Lord Fanny is the poetical name of Lord HERVEY author of "Lines to the imitator of Horace."

2 Lord Bratby'shake hired Mallet to traduce Pope after his decease, because the poet had retained some copies of a work by Lord Bratby'shake (the Patrike King), which that splendid, but unmethodical, had ordered to be destroy'd.

3 Dennis the critic, and Ralph the chemyst.

4 Silence, ye wolves! while Ralph to Cynian howls,

5 See RODGERS's last edition of Pope's works, for which he received 341L. Mr. B. has experienced how much easier it is to profit by the reputation of another, than to elevate his own.

6 Mr. COTTLE, AMAE or Joseph, I don't know which, but one or both, once sellers of books they did not write, and now writers of books that do notsell, have published a pair of Epics: one, "M'r Alfred." (poor Alfred! Pye has been at him too?) and the other, "The Fall of C. Cambria."

7 Mr. MAITREY has manufactured the component parts of a ponderous quarto, upon the beauties of "Richmond Hill," and the like—also takes in a charming view of Turnham Green, Hammersmith, Brentford, Old and New, and the parts adjacant

With broken lyre and cheek serenely pale,
Lo! and ALCUS wanders down the vale!
Though fair their rose, and might have bloomed at last;
His hopes have perished by the northern blast;
Nipp'd in the bud, by Caledonian gales.
His blossoms wither as the blast prevails.
Over his last works let CLASSI. SHEFFIELD weep;
May no rude hand disturb their early sleep! 4

Yet say! why should the Bard at once resign
His claim to favours 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 bloodhounds back to ARTHUR'S Seat? 5

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 resigned his trust,
And given to 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 to find a flaw.
Since well instructed in the patriot school
To rail at party, though a party too,
Who knows, if chance his patrons should restore
Back to the sway they forlorned before,
His scribbling rolls some reconcentracy 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:
"How to my virtues! man of equal mind!
Skill'd to condemn as to traduce mankind,
This cord receive—for thee reserved with care,
To yield 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 his 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 headless pistol met his eye,
And Bow-street myrmidons stood laughing by? 6
Oh day disastrous! on her firm-set rock,
Dumfries's castle felt a secret shock;
Dark roll'd the sympathetic waves of Firth,
Low ground the startled whirlwinds of the north;
TWEED riuled half his wave to form a tear,
The other half pursued its calm career; 7

1 Poor MONTGOMERY! though praised by every Envelope review, he was but briefly revisited by the Edinburch. After all, the Bard of Shefield is a man of considerable genius. In "Wanderer of Switzerland" is worth a thousand "Lyrics Bullfinches," and at least fifty "dreaded Epics."

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

3 In 1796, Messrs. JEFFREY and MOORE met at Chalk Farm. The duel was preceded by the interference of the magistracy and, on examination, the balls of the pistols, like the collars of the condemnates, were found to have evaporated. This incident gave occasion to much waggery in the daily press.

4 The Tweed here behaved with proper decorum; it would have been highly reprehensible in the English half of the row to have shown the smallest symptom of apprehension.
BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS.

Arthur's steep summit nodded to its base,
The sturdy Tolbooth scarcely kept her place;
The Tolbooth fell—for marble sometimes can,
On such occasions, feel as much as man—
The Tolbooth felt debrained of her charms.
If Shelley died, except within her arms:
Nay, last, not least, on that portentous morn,
The sixteenth storey, where himself was born,
His patrimonial garret fell to ground,
And palæ Edina shudder'd at the sound:
Straw'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 shoid'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 smelt'd the vengeful lead,
And straight restored to her favourite's head:
That head, with greater than magnetic power,
Caught it, as Damæ the golden shower;
And, though the thickening dews will scarce refine,
Augments its ore, and is itself a mine.
"My son," she cried, "ne'er thirst for gore again,
Reign 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 decays on English wit,
So long shall last the munificent reign,
Nor any dare to take thy name in vain.
Behold a chosen band shall aid thy plan,
And own thee chieftain of the chief clan.
First in the ranks illustrious she shot out,
The travel'd Thane! Athenian Aberdeen.
Herbert shall wield'Thorn's hammer,
And sometimes, in gratitude, then praise his rugged rhymes.
Sung Sydney too thy bitter page shall seek,
And classic Hallam, much renown'd for Greek.

This display of sympathy on the part of the Tolbooth (the principle of praise in Edinburgh), which truly seems to have been most affected on this occasion, is much to be commended. It was to be apprehended, that the many unhappy criminals once condemned there might have rendered the edifice more culpable. She is said to be of the softer sex, because her delicacy of feeling on this day was truly feminine, though, like most finer operations of the mind, in a little while.

His lordship has been much abroad, is a member of the Athenian Society, and reviewer of Goldby's Topography of Troy.

Mr. Herbert is a translator of Icelandic and other poetry. One of the principal pieces in it is "Song of the Recovery of Thor's Hammer." The translation is a pleasant chant in the vulgar tongue, and ends thus:

"Instead of money and rings, I wot,
The hammer's horses were her lot;
This Oidhne's son he market got,"

The Rev. Sidney Smith, the reputed author of Peter Plymley's Letters, and many criticisms.

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

The said Hallam is increased, because he is falsely accused, among that he never died at Holland House. If this be true, I am sorry—not for having said so, but on his account, not I understand his lordship's feats are preferable to his compositions. If he did not review Lord Holland's performance, I am glad; because he must have been painful to read, and insomuch to praise it. If Mr. Hallam will tell me who did review it, the real name shall find a place in the text, provided neverthe less he said name be of an orthodox musical syllable, and will some into the verse; till then Hallam must stand for want of a better

Scott may encourage his name and influence lend,
And paltry Pallion shall trample on his friend.
While Thalia's luckless votary, Lambe,
As he himself was damnd, shall try to damn.
Known be thy name, unbounded be thy sway!
Thy Holland's lampsmets shall each toil repay;
While grateful Britain yields the praise she owes
To Holland's hirdings, and to Learning's foes.
Yet mark one caution, ere thy next Review
Spread its light wings of satron and of blue,
Beware lest blazoning Brougham destroy the sae,
Turn beef to banmcek, cuffines to kail.
Thus having said, the killed goddess kist
Her son, and vanish'd in a Scottish mist.
Illustrious Holland hard must be his lot,
His hirdings meeted, and his service lost.
Holland, with Henry Petty at his head,
The whisperer-in and huntsman of the park.
Blest be the lampets spread at Holland House,
Where Scotchmen feed, and critics carouse!
Long, long beneath that hospitable roof,
Shall Grub-street dine, while dums are kept aloft.
See honest Hallam lay aside his fork,
Resume his pen, review his lordship's work,
And, grateful to the founder of the least,
Declare his landlord can translate, at least: 1
Damefin! view thy children with delight,
They write for food, and food because they write:
And lest, when heated with th' usual grape,
Some glowing thought should to the press escape,
And tinged with the female reader's cheek,
My lady skims the cream of each critic;
Breathes o'er the page her purity of soul,
Reforms each error, and refines the whole.

Now to the drama turn: O motley sight!
What precious scenes the wondering eye invites!
Pums, and a prince within a barrel ped,
And Diddin's nonsense, yield complete content.
Though now, thank Heaven! the Roscino mania's o'er
And full-grown actors are catured once more;

1 Pillon is a tutor at Eton.
2 The Hon. G. Lambe reviewed "Beresford's Miseries," and is moreover author of a fine eaxonc with much applause at the Prior's, Snawmure, and dinned with great expec-
dion to see his kind. But it may have suffered the edifice more culp-
able: he is said to be of the softer sex, because her delicacy of feeling on this day was truly feminine, though, like most finer operations of the mind, in a little while.

3 Mr. Brougham, in his No. XXXV. of the Edinburgh Review throughout the article concerning Don Pedro de Cavallies has displayed more politics than poetry, many of the worthy burgesses of Edinburgh being so increased at the influence of the Quarterly to publish their subscriptions. It seems that Mr. Brougham is not a P-l, as I supposed, but a baskett, and his name is pronounced Brown, from Trent to Tay. So be it.

5 After I ought to apologize to the worthy Detties for introducing a new Goddess with short petition to their notions; but alas! what is done is done. I could not say of Mr. Hallam's Geims, that it was being well known there is no Geims to be found from Clark to Austen, or to consult. Yet, without supernatural agency, how was it brought to light in "The national kitchen," etc. Are to use any, and the "Brownies," and "Gude Neath hrs. (Spikes of a good dissolution), refrained to extin-
Ua. A Goddess therefore has been called for the purpose, and crect, and to be the cagte of Jefey, seeing it is the only con-
versation he ever held, or is likely to hold, with any thing heavenly.

7 Lord H. has translated some specimens of Lope de Vega into English, under the direction of the Author; some are begun by his disinterested guest.

6 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 manuscript is submitted to her personal—ah! doubt for correction.

8 In the melodrama of Tchel, that heroic prince is cut into a barrel on the stage—a new vapour for distressed heroes.
Poet her erotic bolles over the town,
To sanction vice and hunt decorum down:
Let wretched strong-arms languish o'er Deshayes,
And bless the promise which his form displays,
While Gayton bounds before the enraptured look
Of hearty marquises and stomping dukes:
Let high-born lechers eye the lively Presle
Twirl her light halos that spurn the needless veil:
Let Anglina bare her breast of snow,
Wave the white arm and point the plain toe:
Colint thrill her love-inspiring song,
Stain her fair neck and charm the listening throng
Raise not your ecstasy, suppressors of our vice!
Refraining saints, so delicately nice!
By whose decrees, our sinful souls to save,
No Sunday tankards form, nor baths bare shave,
And beer undrawn and beards unseen display
Your holy reverence for the salubrit-y day.
Or hail at once the patron and the pile
Of vice and folly, Grenville and Argyle! 1
Where you proud palace, Fashion's hallow'd face,
Spreads wide her portals for the molety train,
Behold the new Petronius of the day,
The arbiter of pleasure and of play!
There the hired emuch, the Hierosolian choir,
The melting late, the soft lascivious lyre,
The soul from Italy, the step from France,
The midnight orgy, and the mazy dance,
The smile of beauty, and the flash of wine,
For tops, fobs, gamesters, knives, and lords combine
Each to his honour,—Comus all allows;
Changeling, die, music, or your neighbour's spouse
Talk so to us, ye striving sons of wit
Of pitious rain, which ourselves have made.
In Pinty's sunshine Fortune's munions bash,
Nor think of Poverty, except "en masque."
When for the night some lately titled ass
Appears the beggar which his grandsire was.
The curtain dropt, the gay balbara o'er,
The audience take their turn upon the floor,
Now round the room the circling dow'gers sweep,
Now in loose waist the thin-chat daughters leap;
The first in lengthened line majestic swim,
The last display the face, unfeard'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 mystical night.
Oh! bliss retreats of infancy and ease!
Where, all forgotten, but the power to please,
Each mind may give a loose to genial thought,
Each swain may teach new systems, or be taught:
There the breeze younger, just return'd from Spain,
Cuts the light pack, or calls the rattling main:

1 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.

2 A scoundrel with whom I am slightly acquainted, lost in the Arcady Rooms several thousand pounds at backgammon. I put but justice to the manager in this instance to say, that some degree of disapprobation was manifest. But why are the unprepared and unskilled allowed a place devoted to the society of both sexes? A pleasant thing for the wives and daughters of those who are base or cursed with such connections, to hear the bilard-tables rattled in one room, and the dice in an other! This the man himself can boast, as a late unsparing 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 instantation for vicious behavior.

3 P. Tom, "after elevantium'" to Nero, 'am a very pretty fellow in his day,' as Mr. Congreve's cold Bachelor v

Yet what avail their vain attempts to please,
While British critics suffer scenes like these?
While Reynolds vents his "dammers," "poosy," and "jive."
And common-place, and common sense confounds?
While Kenny's World, just suffer'd to proceed,
Proclaims the audience very kind indeed?
And Beaumont's pilfer'd Carat cach affords
A tragedy complete in all but words?
Who but must mourn while these are all the rage,
The degradation of our vanted stage?
Heavens! is all sense of shame and talent gone?
Have we no living bard of merit—none?
Awake, George Colman, Cumberland, awake!
Ring the alarm-bell, let folly quake!
Oh Sheridan! if aught can move thy pen,
Let comedy resume her throne again,
Abuse the manufacture of German schools,
Leave new Pickaros to translating fools;
Give, as thy last memorial to the age,
One classic Drama, and reform the stage.
Golds! o'er those boards shall Folio rear her head
Where Garrick trod, and Kemble lives to tread?
On those shall Farce display Buffonbury's mask,
And Hooke conceal his heroes in a cask?
Shall sagacious managers new scenes produce
From Cherry, Skeffington, and Mother Goose?
While Shakespeare, Otway, Massinger, forgot,
On stalls must moan, 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 praise,
And sure great Skeffington must claim our praise.
For skittish coats and skeletons of plays
Remond's alike; whose genius mere confines
Her flight to garnish Greenwood's gay designs;
Nor sleeps with "Sleeping Beauties," but anon
In five function acts comes thundering on,
While poor John Bull, bewilderd 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.

1 All these are favourite expressions of Mr. R. and prominent in his Comedies, living and dead.

2 Mr. T. Sheridan, the new Manager of Drury-lane Theatre, treated the Tragedy of Bondoni of the diabolical, and exhibited the proems as the spectacles of Caracaus. Was this worthy of his age, or of himself?

3 Mr. G. was so much indebted to him.

4 Mr. S. is the illustrious author of the "Sleeping Beauty," an ancient Comedie, particularly "Masks and Balladsons," &c., where he has written his name in the best light.

5 Mr. S. and Colman are rather little noticed, for the visage of the one, and the story of the other, will enable us to use our collection these amusing and worthwhiles, besides, we are still backish and blind from the sneeze on the first night of the lady's appearance in the works.
The jovial caster's see, and seven's the nick, 
Or—done!—a thousand on the coming trick! 
If mad with loss, existence 'gins to tire,
And all your hope or wish is to expire,
Here's Powell's pistol ready for your life,
And, kinder still, a PIGET for your wife.

Fit consummation of an earthly race
Began in folly, ended in disgrace,
While none but monks o'er the bed of death,
Wish thy red wounds, or watch thy wakening breeze:

Traced by tears, and forgot by all,
The mangled victim of a drunken brawl,
To live like CLODIES,1 and like FALKLAND2 fall.

'Troid! curse some genuine bard and guide his hand,
To drive this pestilence from out the land.

Even I—least thinking of a thoughtless throng,
Just said't to know the right and choose the wrong,
Frail 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;
Alas! some kind, censorious friend will say,
"What art thou better, meddling fool, than they?"
And every brother rake will smile to see
That miracle, a moralist, in me.

No matter—when some hard, in virtue strong,
Gifford perchance, shall raise the chasting 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 HAYLE3 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 scribble in verse) from Bond-street, or the Square?
If things of ton their harmless lays insinuate,
Most wisely do'd to shun the public sight,
What harm? in spite of every critic clif,
Sir T. may read his stanzas to himself;
MILES ANDREWS still his strength in complete try,
And live in prologues, though his drams die.

Lords too are bard's; such things at times befall,
And 'tis some praise in peers to write at all.

Yet, did or taste or reason sway the times,
All! who would take their titles with their rhymes?

ROSCOMMON! STEFFEN! with your spirits fled,
No future barrels deck a noble head:
No muse will cheer, with renovating smile,
The paralytic piling of CARLISLE:
The puny school-boy and his early lay
Men pardon, if his follies pass away;

1 Musto nomine de se to Fabian narratur.

But who forgives the senior's ceaseless verse,
Whose hairs grow hoary as his rhymes grow worse?
What heterogeneous honours deck the peer?
Lord, the anchor, petit-maitre, pamphleteer!3
So dull in youth, so exulting in his age,
His scenes alone had damn'd our sitting stage:
But managers for once cried "hold, enough!"
Nor drugg'd their audience with the trite stuff.
Yet at their judgment let his lordship laugh,
And ease his volumes in congenial call:
Yes! doff that covering where morocco shines,
And hang a calf-skin2 on those recessant 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 bard.
On "all the talents" vent your vocal spleen.
Let your offences, let pity be your screen.

Let your offences, let pity be your screen.

When some brisk youth, the tenant of a stall,
Employ a pen less pointed than his a v,
Leaves his snug shop, forsakes his store of shoes,
St. Cripin quits, and cobbles for the Muse,
Heaven's! how the vulgar stare! how crowds applau,
How ladies read, and literati! said,
If chance some wicked wag should pass his jest.
'Tis sheer ill-nature, don't the world know best?
Genius must guide when wits abuse the rhyme,
And God must guard when it proclaims it own sublime.

Hear, then, ye happy sons of needless trade!
Swains! quit the plough, resign the useless spade:

1 The Earl of Carlisle has lately published an eighteen-pence pamphlet on the state of the stage, and offers his plan for building a new theatre: it is to be hoped his leap will be permitted to bring any thing for the stage except his own tragedies.
2 "Doff that lion's bade.

3 When the subject of Petmore's American, 
H. B. could rise from his spinod almeither at Silver, 
where he resided with South and Saith, the Oriental Homer 
and Cato, and he bore his name secured by one statt of 
Dromos, the most important and entertaining of literary pieces.
4 The Earl of Carlisle has lately published an eighteen-pence pamphlet on the state of the stage, and offers his plan for building a new theatre: it is to be hoped his leap will be permitted to bring any thing for the stage except his own tragedies.
5 These are the signatures of various worthies who frequent in the poetical departments of the newspapers.

6 d. (Appd. Left), Etc., the Mourners of Shawmakers, and Preference writer general to distress'd verses; a kind of state mourn to those who wish to be delivered of rhyme, but do not know how to bring it forth.
Let! 
BURNEs AND BLOOMFIELD, | may, 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.

The Gossiper，则 no more? if Phoebus of his own,
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 boar can seek his last abode,
No common be enclosed, without an ace.

Oh! since increased refinement deigns to smile
On Britain's sons, and bless our humble pride.

Let Poesy go forth, pervade the whole,
Like the rustic and mechanic soul:
Ye! fruitful cabbies! still your notes prolong,
Censure at once a slumber and a song;
So shall the fair your handwork permuse;
Your merits sure shall please—perhaps your shoes.

Max Moorland! weavers boast Pandarlic skill,
And tailors' laces be longer than their bill;
While puny wantons reward the grateful notes,
And pay for poems—when they pay for costs.

To the fame I throw now past the tribute due,
Next to Genius let our turn come true.
Come forth, Oh Campbell! give thy talents scope;
Who's dares aspire if thou must cease to hope?
And thou, imitators Rogers! rise at last,
Recall the pleasing memory of the past;
Arise! let blast remembrance still inspire,
And strike to wondred tones thy hallow'd lyre!

Restore Apollo to his vacant throne,
Assist thy country's honour and thine own,
What must deserted Poesy still weep
Where her last hopes with pious Cowper sleep?

Unless, perchance, from his cold bier she turns,
To beck the turf that wraps her minister, Runcy!

No! though contempt hath mark'd the spurious brood,
The race who rhyme from folly, or for food;
Yet still some genuine sons, 'tis here's to boast,
Who, least affecting, still effect the most;
As ed as they write, and write as they feel—

Bears witness, Gifford, Sotherby, Macneill, &c.

Why numbers Gifford? once was ask'd in vain:
Why numbers Gifford? let us ask again:
Are there no gallies for his pen to purge
Are there no hacknels whose backs demand the scourge?
Are there no sins for Sutro's Bard to greet?
Stalks not gigantic Vice in every street?
Shall peers or princes treat Pollution's path,
And scape alike the law's and Muse's wrath?
Nor blaze with guilty glare through future time,
Eternal heavens of consummate crime?

1 S. W. Nathaniel and Emanuel's case, delyc, or what yer lie in any one else's cases to call it, on the inclosure of "Bousing and Green."

2 Vide "Recollections of a Weaver in the Moorlands of Suffolk."

3 It would be superfluous to recite the whole of the author 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 the parts which have started up, that even the name of Campbell and Rogers are become strange.

4 Gifford, author of the Revival and Movado, the first writers of the day, and translator of "Retrospect."

Sothern, translator of "Childe's Obor and Virgil's Geologies, and author of Saul, an epic poem.

Mcnow, whose poems are observed by others: particularly "Scotland South," on the War of 1815, of which ten thousand copies were sold in one month.

5 Mr. Gifford pronounced publicly that the Revival and Movado need not be his last original works: let him remember "now in redundant names."

6 Rookes Kirke was a natural death at Cambridge, in October 1806, in consequence of too much exertion in the pursuit of studies, that would have nurtured a mind which disease and poverty could not impair, and which Death itself destroy'd rather than subdued. His poems appeared in such numbers as must impress the reader with the lividest regret that so short a period was allotted to talents which would have already discriminated the most connectioned, and thereby roused the sacred me; and the sacred name of Art.

7 Mr. Wright, Late Consul General for the Seven Islands, is author of a very beautiful poem just published, "Retrospect." "Hera, Homer," and is descriptive of the Isles and the adjacent coast of Greece.

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

Aroze thee, Gifford! be thy promise claim'd,
Make bad men better, or at least ashamed.

Unhappy White! while life was in its spring,
And thy young muse just waved her joyous wing,
The spoiler came, and all thy promise fair
Has sought the grave, to sleep for ever there.
Oh! what a noble heart was here unstained,
When Science! self destroy'd her favourite son!
Yes! she too much indulged thy fond person,
She sov'd the seeds, but death has rippl'd the fruit.
'Twas then thine own genius gave the final blow,
And help'd to paint the wound that laid thee low:
So 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 wond'r'd the shaft that quiver'd in his heart:
Khew were his pangs, but keener far to feel
To 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 he who say in these enlightened days
That splendid lies all the poet's praise;
That strain'd invention, ever on the wing,
Alone impels the modern bard to sing:
'Tis true that all who rhyme, may, all who write,
Shrink from that final word to genius—rite;
Yet truth sometimes will lend her noblest fires,
And descend the verse herself! inspires;

This fact in virtue's name let Greave attest—

Though Nature's sternest painter, yet the best.

And here let Saxe 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 dully merited attend
The poet's rival, but the painter's friend.

Rest is the man who dares approach the bower
Where dwell the Muses at their eteral hour;
Whose steps have pres'd, whose eye has marked afar
The clime that nurs'd the sons of song and war,
The scenes which glory still must hover o'er,
Her place of birth, her own Achetian shore:
But doubly blest is he whose heart expands
With hallow'd feelings for those classic lands;
Who reads the veil of ages long gone by,
And views the remains with a poet's eye!

Wright! I view the happy lot at once to view
Those shores of glory, and to sing them too;
And sure my common muse inspired thy pen
To gild the land of gods and godlike men.

And you, associate Bard! who snatch't to light
Those gems too long withhold from modern sight;
Whose nipping taste combined to call the wreath
Where Attic flowers Aonian odours breathe,
And all their renovated fragrance bring
To grace the beauties of your native tongue.
Now let those minds that nobly could transmute
The glorious spirit of the Grecean muse,
Though soft the echo, soon a borrowed tune
Resign Aehara's lyre, and strike your own.

Let these, or such as these, with just applause,
Relate the Muse's violated laws:
But not in vain Darwin's pompous chime,
That mighty master of unmeaning rhyme;
We have gilded cylinders, more adored than clear,
The eye delighted, but fatigued the ear.

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:1
Let them—but hold, my muse, nor dare to teach
A strain far, far beyond thy humble reach:
The native genius with their feeling given
Will point the path, and peal their notes to heaven.

And thou, too, Scott:2 resign to minstrels rude
The wilder slogan of a Border lend;
Let others spin their meagre lines for hire—
Enough for genius if itself inspire!
Let Southey sing, although his teeming muse,
Prolific every string, be too profuse,
Let simple Wordsworth chime his childish verse,
And brother Coleridge lift the babe at nurse.

Let spectro-mongering Westlake aim at most
To raise the galleries, or to raise a ghost;
Let Moore be led; let Strangford steal from Moore,
And swear that Camoens sang such notes of yore:
Let Hayley hobble on, Montgomery rave,
And gaily Graham chant the stupid stave;
Let somnambulating Bowles his strains refine,
And whine and whimper to the fourteenth line.

Let Scott, Carlyle,4 Matilda, and the rest
Of Grub-street, and of Grosvenor-Place the best,

1 The neglect of the "Botanic Garden" is some proof of a return to his own recommendation.
2 See Notes. Lamb and Lloyd, the most ignoble followers of Byron and Co.
3 By the bye, I hope that in Mr. Scott's next poem his hero or heroine will be less addicted to "grammery," and more grammar, than is the Lady of the Lay, and her brave, William of Orange.
4 It may be asked why I have esteemed the Earl of Carlisle, my guardian and relative, to whom I dedicated a volume of poetry about five years ago. The guardianship was nominal, at least as far as I have been able to discover: the relation 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 not act as a preventive, when the author, noble or trivial, has for a series of years incurred a "discouraging public" (as the advertisements have it) with divers reams of most orthodox, and much-mockable verse. Besides, I do not care to vindicate the Earl:—no:—his works come fairly in rivalry with those of other patriotic benefactors. If before I escaped from my teens, I had any thing in favour of his horrid paper books, it was in

Scrawl on, till death release us from the stram
Or common sense assert her rights again;
But thou, with powers that mock the aid of praise,
Should'st leave to humber hards 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 noble field,
That's the forny of a plundering clan,
Whose proudest deeds disgrace the name of man?
Or Martin's acts of darkness, fitter food
For outlaw'd Sherwood's tales of Robin Hood?
Scotland! still proudly claim thy native bard,
And be thy praise his first, his best reward!
Yet not with thee alone his name should live,
But own the vast renown a world can give;
Be known, perenchance, 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 ascending skies:
A few brief generations then along,
Whose song forget the poet and his song:
Even now what once-servile minstrels scarce may claim
The transient mention of a dubious name!
When Paine's loud trumpet hath blown its noblest blast,
Though long the sound, the echo sleeps at last,
And glory, like the phœnix must her fires,
Exhales her odours, blazes, and expires.

Shall hoary Granta call her sable sons,
Expert in science, more expert at songs?
Shall these approach the muse? ah, not! she flies,
And even spurns the great Scotoonian prince,
Though printers condescend the press to soil
With rhyme by Hoare, and epic blank by Hoyt?
Not him whose page, if still upheld by whist,
Requires no sacred theme to bid us sist.2
Ye, who in Granta's honours would surpass,
Must mount her Pegasus, a full-grown ass—
A fool well worthy of her ancient dun,
Who Helicon is diller than her Cam.
There Clarke, still striving pitiously to please,
Forgetting dogged leads not to degrees,
A would-be satirist, a hired buffoon,
A monthly scribbler of some low lampoon;
Condemn'd to drudge the moment of the mean,
And furnish falsehoods for a magazine,

1 The way of dutiful dedication, and more from the advice of others than my own judgment, and I seem the first opponent of pronouncing my sincere recommendation. I have heard that some persons conceive me to be under obligations to Lord Carlisle &c. 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 thms, I am prepared to support, if necessary, by quotations from elcctes, odes, epistles, odeis, and other manuscripts, and certain instances of dainty rancy, bearing his name and mark:
What can ennoble knives, or foals, or cows?
Aye! not all the blood of all the Hibernians.
So says Pope. Amen.
1 "Tellare huncus, victorimum virum volatete per mar," — Virgil.
2 The "Gumes of Hope," well known to the natives a worst, class, etc., are not to be suspected by the vague or his poetical mansion, whose poem composed, &c. is expressly stated in the advertisement, all the "Phrases of Keats."
devotes to scandal his congenial mind.—
Himself a living lieb on mankind.  1
Oh, dark asylum of a Vandal race!  2
As once the boast of learning, and disgrace;
So sank in chides and so lost in shame
That Smythe and Hodgson 3 scarce redeem thy fame!
But where that Isis rolls her purer wave,
The partial muse delighted loves to have;
On her green banks a greener wreath is woven,
To crown the bards that haunt her classic grove,
Where Richards wakes a genuine poet's fires,
And modern Britons justly praise their sires.  4

For me, who thus unmask'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 honoured name shall lose,
As first in freedom, dearest to the muse.
Oh, would thy bards but emulate thy fame,
And rise more worthy, Albinus, of thy name!
What Athens was in science, Rome in power,
What Tyre appeared in her meridian hour,
'Tis thine at once, fair Albion, to have been,
Earth's chief director, Ocean's mighty queen:
But Rome decay'd, and Athens strew'd the plain,
And Tyre's proud piers he shattered in the main:
Like these thy strength may sink in ruin hur'd,
And Britain fall, the bulwark of the world.
But let me cease, and dread Cassandra's fate,
With warning ever scoff'd at, 'tis too late too;
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 last!
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 5 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 6 adverse height,
And Stamboul's 7 minarets must greet my sight:
Thence shall I stray through beauty's 8 native clinic,
Where Kaff 9 is clad in rocks, and crow'd with snows sublime.

1 This person, who has lately betrayed the most rapid symptoms of confirmed authorship, is writer of a poem denominated the "Art of Pleasing," as "focus non lucendo," containing little pleasantry, and less poetry. He also writes as monthly signatory and collector of columns for the Scintist. If this unfortunate young man would exchange the magazines for the mathematicians, and endeavour to take a recent degree in his university, it might eventually prove more serviceable than his present study.
2 "Into Cambridgeshire the Emperor Probus transported a considerable body of Vandals."—Gibbon's Decline and Fall, page 53, vol. 2. There is no reason to doubt the truth of this assertion—the breed is still in high perfection.
3 This gentleman's name requires no praise: the man who in translation displays unmeasurable genius, may well be expected to excel in original composition, of which it is to be hoped we shall soon see a splendid specimen.
4 The "Aboriginal Britons," an excellent poem by Rich ard.
5 A friend of mine being asked why his Grace of P. was akin to an old woman I replied, "he supposed it was because he was past bearing."
6 Calpe is the ancient name of Gibraltar.
7 Stamboul is the Turkish word for Constantinople.
8 Georgia remarka de for the beauty of its inhabitants.
9 Mount Caucasus.
POSTSCRIPT.

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 vehemnet critique on my poor, gentle, interesting muse, whom they have already so belied with their ungodly ribaldry:

"Tantane anima celostios ira!"

I suppose I must say of JEFFREY as Sir ANDREW ARCHBISHOP says, "Am 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 Bosporus, as before the next number has passed the Tweed. But yet I hope to light my pipe with it in Persia.

My northern friends have received 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 fed "by lying and slanderizing," and shake their thirst by "evil-speaking?"

I have added 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 sensed there "persons of honour and wit about town;" but I am coming back again, and their vengeance will keep hot till my return. Those who know me can testify that my motives for leaving England are very different from theirs, 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 yeget Hewson Clarke (subail, Esq.), 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 Saturist, 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 it was coupled with the Saturist. He has, therefore, no reason to complain, and I dare say that, the Sir Fredal Plauntry, 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 Saturist, 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. JUNNINGHAM is about to take up the cudgels for his Murcians, Lord Carlyle: 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 thanks to my readers, purchasers, and publisher; and, in the words of Scott, I wish

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

Published to the Second Edition.

THE COrUSE OF MINERVA.

A POEM.

1 Mr. FitzGerald is in the habit of reprinting his own poetry—See note to English Bards, p. 140.
Not yet—no ye—Silence pauses on the hill—
The precious hour of parting fingers still;
But said his light to agonying eyes,
And dark the mountain's once delightful dyes;
Glowed o'er the lovely land he seemed to pour,
The land where Phoebus never judged before;
But ere he sunk below Citharon's head,
The cup of woes was quaff'd—the spirit fled;
The soul of him that seemed to fear or fly—
Who lived and died as none can live or die!

But, lo! from high Hymenus to the plain,
The queen of a Sight awears her silent reign. 2
No murk yarip, herald of the storm,
Hides her face fair, nor girds her glowing form,
With cornice glimmering as the moon-beams play,
There the white column geets her grateful ray,
And bright around, with querying beams beset,
Her emblem sparkles o'er the mountain:
The groves of olive scatter'd dark and wide
Where mock Cepheus sheds his scanty tide,
The cypress saddening by the sacred mosque,
The gleaning turret of the gay Kiosk, 3
And, don and sombre 'mid the holy calm,
Near 'Episcos' fame you solitary palm,
All ringed with varied hues, arrest the eye—
And dull were his that pass'd them heedless by.
Again the Egean, heard no more afar,
Licks his chafed breast from elemental war;
Again his waves in thunderous 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.
As thus within the walls of Pallas' fane
Imark'd the beauties of the land and main,
Alone and friendless, on the magic shore
Whose arts and arms but live in poet's lore,
Of 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 line beyond her Greece.
Hours roll'd along, and Dion's orb on high
Had gain'd the centre of her distant sky,
And yet unweary'd still my footsteps trod
O'er the vain shrine of many a vanish'd god;
But chival, Pallas! thine, when Hecate's glare,
Cock'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 measured every trace
The wreck of Greece recorded of her race,
When, lo! a giant form before me strode,
And Pallas hid'd me in her own abode.
Yes, 'twas Minervae, ah! how changed
Since o'er the Dardan field in arms she range'd!
Not such as erst, by her divine command,
Her form appear'd from Phidias' plastic hand;
Gone were the terrors of her awful brow,
Her idle Eger bore no gorgon now;
Her helm was deep indented, and her lance
Seem'd weak and shafless, even to mortal glance;
The olive branch, which still she deign'd to clasp,
Shrink from her touch and wither'd in her grasp;
And, ah! though still the brightest of the sky,
Celestial tears bedim'd her large blue eye;
Round the rent casque her owlet circled slow,
And mournd his mistress with a shriek of woe,
"Mortal!" (I was thus she spake) "that blush of shame
Proclaims thee Briton—once a noble name—
First of the mighty, foremost of the free,
Now honoured less by all—and least by me:
Chief of thy foes shall Pallas still be found:
Seek'st thou the cause? O mortal, look around!
Lo! here, despite of war and wasting fire,
I saw successive tyrannies expire;
"Scaped from the ravage of the Turk and Goth,
This country sends a spoiler worse than both!"
Survey this vacant violated face:
Risom't the relics torn that yet remain;
These Cecropes placed—his Pride adorns—
That Hadrian weard when drooping Science mournd.
What more I owe let gratitude attest—
Know, Alaric and Elgin did the rest.
That all may learn from whence the plunder came,
The insulted world sustains his hated name; 4
For Elgin's fame thus grateful Pallas pleads;
Below, his name—above, beheld his deeds!
Be ever half'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 prov'd the wolf—the filthy Jack'd last;
Pleas, limbs, and blood, the former make their own;
The last bare brute securely gages the bone.
Yet still the gods are just, and crimes are cross—
See here what Elgin won, and what he lost!
Another name with his pollutes my shrine,
Behold where Dion's beams disdain to shine!
Some retribution still might Pallas claim,
When Venus half avenged Minerva's shame. 5 6

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! the plunderer was a Scot!
Ask then the difference! From fair Phyle's towers
Survey Bocotia—Caledonia's ours,
And well I know with what base land
Hath wisdom's goddess never held communion;
A barren soil, where nature's germ's, contumct,
To stern sterility can stum 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 barren soil, where nature's germ's, contumct,
To stern sterility can stum the mind;
Whose thistle well betrays the niggard earth,
Emblem of all to whom the land gives birth.
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Each genial influence nurtured to resist,
A barren soil, where nature's germ's, contumct,
To stern sterility can stum the mind;
Whose thistle well betrays the niggard earth,
Emblem of all to whom the land gives birth.
Each genial influence nurtured to resist,
Still longer, and in the pace of her flight,
No fainting heart—her pace is as fire.

Thus sets his pillow to rest, and
In a dream's eye, the world's last, and
On the brink of a sip, and
And in a glance of a star, and
So pass their weight and gold of the mind.

White 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
Reclaimed those long Olympus's of defeat?
Look last at home—ye love not to look there,
On the grim snuff of comfortless despair;
Your city sudden, loud though revel bows,
Here fawne fault, and yonder rape propriety.
See all alike of more or less here—
No misers tremble when there's nothing left,
Blest paper credit! who shall dare to sing?
It clogs like lead corruption's weary wing.
Yet Pallas plucked each Premier by the ear.
Who gods and men alike disdain'd to hear;
But one, repentant o'er a bankrupt state,
On Pallas calls, but calls, alas! too late!
Then raves for this, and this for that Mentor bends,
Though he and Pallas never yet were friends;
He summons her whom never yet they heard, Contemplous 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 patriotic clod,
As Egypt chose an onion for a god.

"Now fare ye well, enjoy your little hour, Go, grasp the shadow of your vanished power, Gloss o'er the failure of each fondest scheme, Your strength a name, your blotted 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 sile merchant on the useless quay Drowns o'er the bales no lark may bear away, Or, back returning, sees rejected stores, Rot piecemeal on his own cucumber'd shores; The starved mechanic breaks his rustic loom, And, desperate, stands him gainst the common doom. Then in the senate of your sinking state, Show me the man whose counsels may have weight, Vain is each voice whose tones could once command; Even factions cease to charm a faction's heart; While jarring sects convulse a sister isle, And light with muddling hands the mutual pile."

"Tis done, tis past, since Pallas warns in vain, The Furies seize her abated 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 Albinour 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 far defiance o'er they come; The hero bounding at his country's call, The glorious death that devours his fear, Swell the young heart with visionary charms, And bid it emulate 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 ve yet know but by name—
The slaughter'd peasant and the ravish'd dame,
The tilled mansion and the toe-reap’d field,
Ill suit with souls at home untainted to yield.
Say with what eyes, along the distant down,
Would flying burglars mark the blazing town?
How view the column of ascending flame?
Shake his red shadow o’er the startled Thames?
Nay, Irown not, Albion! for the torch was thine
That lit such pyres from Tagus to the Rhine;
Now should they burn on thy devoted coast,
Giov 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.

NOTES.

Note 1.
How watch’d thy better sons his farewell ray,
That closed their murder’d sage’s latest day!
Socrates drank the hemlock a short time before sun set (the hour of execution), notwithstanding the entreaty of his disciples to wait till the sun went down.

Note 2.
The queen of night asserts her silent reign.
The twilight in Greece is much shorter than in our country; the days in winter are longer, but in summer of less duration.

Note 3.
The glowing 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’s stream is indeed scanty, and Hasus has no stream at all.

Note 4.
Three sects placed the Parthenon adorn’d.
This is spoken of the city in general, and not of the Acropolis in particular. The temple of Jupiter Olympos, by some supposed the Pantheon, was finished by Hadrian; sixteen columns are standing, of the most beautiful marble and style of architecture.

Note 5.
The inscribed wall contains his hallowed name.
It is stated by a late oriental traveller, that when the wholesale spoliator visited Athens, he caused his own name, with that of his wife, to be inscribed on a pillar of one of the principal temples. This inscription was executed in a very conspicuous manner, and deeply engraved in the marble, at a very considerable elevation. Notwithstanding which precautions, some person (doubtless inspired by the Patron Goddess), has been at the pains to get himself raised up to the requisite height, and has obliterated the name of the lord, but left that of the lady untouched. The traveller in question accompanied this story by a remark, that it must have cost some labour and contrivance to get at the place, and could only have been effected by much zeal and determination.

Note 6.
When Venus half avenged Minerva’s shame.
His holy’s name, and that of one who no longer bears it, are carved conspicuously on the Parthenon above; in a part not far distant are the torn remnants of the baso-relieves, destroyed in a vain attempt to remove them.

Note 7.
Proven not on England—England owns him not—Athens, not; the plunderer was a Scot!
The plaster wall on the west side of the temple of

Minerva Polias bears the following inscription, cut in very deep characters:
Quod non frenum morti
Hic fenrem Scott.
Habroon’s Travels in Greece, etc., p. 45.

Note 8.
And well I know within that haunted land.
Irish bastards, according to Sir Galahagh O’Brady-McBride.

Note 9.
With pulsed hand shall turn each model o’er,
And own himself an infant of fourscore.
Mr. West, on seeing “the Elgin collection” (I suppose we shall hear of the Abershaw’s and Jack Shephard’s collection next), declared himself a mere Tyro in Art.

Note 10.
While howry brutes in stupid wonder stare.
And marvel at his lordship’s stone shop there.
Poor Crito was sadly puzzled when exhibited at Elgin house; he asked if it was not a “stone-shop”; he was right,—it is a shop.

Note 11.
And, last of all, amidst the gaping crew
Some calm spectator, as he takes his view.
“Alas! all the monuments of Roman magnificence, all the remains of Grecian taste, so dear to the artist, the historian, the antiquary, all depend on the will of an arbitrary sovereign; and that will is influenced too often by interest or vanity, by a nephew or a syrophant. Is a new palace to be erected (at Rome) for an upset family? the Coliseum is stripped to furnish materials. Does a foreign minister wish to adorn the bleak walls of a northern castle with antiquities? the temples of Theseus or Minerva must be dismantled, and the works of Phidias or Praxiteles be torn from the shattered frame. That a decrepit uncle, wrapp’d up in the religious duties of his age and station, should listen to the suggestions of an interested nephew, is natural; and that an oriental despot should undervalue the masterpieces of Grecian art, is to be expected; though in both cases the consequences of such weakness are much to be lamented—but that the minister of a nation, fain’d for its knowledge of the language, and its generation for the monuments of ancient Greece, should have been the purveyor and the instrument of these destructions, is almost incredible. Such rapacity is a crime against all ages and all generations; it deprives the past of the triumphs of their genius and the title-deeds of their fame; the present, of the strongest inducements to exertion, the noblest exhibitions that curiosity can contemplate; the future, of the masterpieces of art, the models of imitation. To guard against the repetition of such depredations is the wish of every man of genius, the duty of every man in power, and the common interest of every civilized nation.”—Eastick’s Ciceronis, Transact. p. 269.

This attempt to transplant the temple of Venice from Italy to England, may, perhaps, do honour to the late Lord Byron’s patriotism or to his magnificence; but it cannot be considered as an indication of either taste or judgment.”—Ibid. p. 410.

Note 12.
Fix paper credit, who shall dare to sing?
Yet paper credit, last and best supply.
That would corruption lighter wings to fly.—Pope.

Note 13.
Their ravels for * * *
The Deal and Dover trafficers in specie.

Note 14.
Gone is that gold, the mar’l of mankind.
And pirates barter all that’s oft behind.
See the preceding note.
THE

Prophecy of Dante.

'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical long,
And coming events cast their shadows before.

Campbell

DEDICATION.

Lady! if for the cold and cloudy clime
Where I was born, but where I would not die,
Of one great poet-sire of Italy
I dare to build the imitative rhyme,
Harsh Ronic copy of the South's sublime,
Throw art the cause; and, howsoe'er I
Full short of his immortal harmony,
Thy gentle heart will pardon me the crime.
Then, in the pride of beauty and of youth,
Spakest; and for thee to speak and be obey'd
Are one; but only in the sunny South
Such sounds are utter'd, and such charms display'd,
So sweet a language from so fair a mouth.

Ahh! to what effort would it not persuade?

Ravenna, June 21, 1819.

PREFAE.

In the course of a visit to the city of Ravenna, in the summer of 1819, it was suggested to the author that, having composed something on the subject of Tasso's sublime, he should do the same on Dante's—i.e. the tomb of the poet forming one of the principal objects of interest in that city, both to the native and to the stranger.

"On this hint I spake," and the result has been the following four cantos, in terza rima, now offered to the reader. If they are understood and approved, it is my purpose to continue the poem in various other cantos to its natural conclusion in the present age. The reader is requested to suppose that Dante addresses him in the interval between the conclusion of the Divina Commedia and his death, and shortly before the latter event, foretelling the fortunes of Italy in general in the ensuing centuries. In adopting this plan, I have had in my mind the Cassandra of Lyceophone, and the Prophecy of Nereus by Horace, as well as the Prophecies of Holy Writ. The measure adopted is the terza rima of Dante, which I am not aware to have seen hitherto used in our language, except it may be by Mr. Hayley, of whose translation I never saw but one extract, quoted in the notes of Caliph Vathek; so that—if I do not err—this poem may be considered as a metrical experiment. The cantos are short, and about the same length of those of the poet whose name I have borrowed, and most probably taken in vain.

Amongst the inconveniences of authors in the present day, it is difficult for any who have a name, good or bad, to escape translation. I have had the fortune to see the fourth canto of Childs Harold translated into Italian versi sciolli—that is, a poem written in the Spenserian stanza into Dante verse, without regard to the natural divisions of the stanza, or of the sense. If the present poem, being on a national topic, should chance to undergo the same fate, I would request the Italian reader to remember, that when I have failed in the imitation of his great "Padre Alighier," I have failed in imitating that which all study and few understand, since to this very day it is not yet settled what was the meaning of the allegory in the first canto of the Inferno, unless Count Marchetti's ingenious and probable conjecture may be considered as having decided the question.

He may also pardon my failure the more, as I am not quite sure that he would be pleased with my success, since the Italians, with a pardonable national jealousy, are particularly jealous of all that is left them as a nation—their literature; and, in the present bitterness of the classic and romantic war, are but ill disposed to permit a foreigner even to approve or imitate them, without finding some fault with his untamontane presumption. I can easily enter into all this, knowing what would be thought in England of an Italian imitator of Milton, or if a translation of Monti, or Pinilemo, or Arieri, should be held up to the rising generation, as a model for their future poetical essays. But I perceive that I am deviating into an address to the Italian reader, when my business is with the English one, and, be they few or many, I must take my leave of both.

THE

PROPHETY OF DANTE.

CANTO I.

Once more a man's frail world! which I had left
So long that 't was forgotten; and I feel
The weight of clay again—too soon bereft
Of the immortal vision which could heal
My earthly sorrows, and to God's own skies
Lift me from that deep gulf without repeal,
Where late my ears ring with the damned cries
Of souls in hopeless bale; and from that place
Of lesser torment, whence men may arise
Pure from the fire to join the angelic race;
'Midst whom my own bright Beatrice bless'd me,
My spirit with her light; and to the base
Of the Eternal Triad! first, last, best,
Mysterious, three, sole, infinite, great God!
Soul universal! led the mortal guest,
Unblasted by the glory, though he trod
From star to star to reach the Almighty throne.
Oh Beatrice! whose sweet limbs the soul
So long hath press'd, and the cold marble stone,
Thou sole pure sereph of my earliest love,
Love so ineffable, and so sublime
That sought on earth could more my bosom move,
And meeting thee in heaven was but to meet
That without which my soul, like thearkless dove,
Had wander'd still in search of, nor her feet
Reliev'd her wing till found; without thy light
My paradise had still been incomplete.
I feel some fonder yearnings, and for thine,
My own Beatrice, I would hardly take
Vengeance upon the land whel; once was mine,
And still is hallowed by thy dust’s return,
Which would protect the murderer less as a shrine,
And save from thousand of foes by thy sole urn.
Though, like old Marius from Minerva’s mareb
And Carthage’s ruins, my lone breast may burn
At times with evil feelings hot and harsh,
And sometimes the last pangs of a vile foe
Writte in a dream before me, and o’er-arch
My brow with hopes of triumph,—let them go!
Such are the last infirmities of those
Who long have suffer’d more than mortal woe,
And yet, being mortal still, have no repose
But on the pillow of Revenge—Revenge,
Who sleeps to dream of blood, and waking glows
With the oft-bafiled, slaveless thrust of change,
When we shall mount again, and they that trod
Be trampled on, while Death and Até range
O’er humbled heads and sever’d necks—Great God!
Take these thoughts from me—to thy hands I yield
My many wrongs, and thine almighty rod
Will fall on those who smote me,—be my shield
As thou hast been in peril, and in pain,
In turbulent cities, and the tented field—
In toil, and many troubles borne in vain
For Florence,—I appeal from her to Thee!
Thee, whom I late saw in thy loftiest reign,
Even in that glorious vision, which to see
And live was never granted until now,
And yet thou hast permitted this to me.
Ah! what a weight upon my brow
The sense of earth and earthly things comes back,
Corrosive passions, feelings dull and low,
The heart’s quick throbb upon the mental rack,
Long day, and dreary night; the retrospect
Of half a century bloody and black,
And the frail few years I may yet expect
Hoary and hopeless, but less hard to bear;
For I have been too long and deeply wret’d
On the lone rock of desolate despair
To lift my eyes more to the passing sail
Which shruns that reef so horrible and bare;
Nor raise my voice—for who would heed my wail?
I am not of this people, nor this age,
And yet my harpings will unfold a tale
Which shall preserve these times, when not a page
Of their perturbed annals could attract
An eye to gaze upon their civil rage,
Did not my verse embalm full many an act
Worthless as they who wrought it: 't is the doom
Of spirits of my order to be rack’d
In life, to wear their hearts out, and consume
Their days in endless strife, and die alone;
Then future thousands crowd around their tomb,
And pilgrims come from climes where they have known
The name of him—who now is but a name;
And wasting homage o’er the sullen stone
Spread his—by him unheard, unheeded—fame;
And mine at least hast met me death to die
Is nothing; but to wiser thus—to tame
My mind down from its own infinitly—
To live in narrow ways with little men,
A common sight to every common eye,
A wanderer, while even wolves can find a den.
Ripp’d from all kin’dred, from all home, all things
That make communion sweet, and soften pain—
To feel me in the solitude of kings,
Without the power that makes them bear a crown—
To envy ever done his nest and wings.
CANTO II.

The spirit of the fervent days of old,
When words were things that came to pass, and thought
Flash'd o'er the future, bidding men behold
Their children's children's doom already brought
Porth from the abyss of time which is to be,
The chaos of events, where lie half-wrought
Shapes that must undergo mortality;
What the great seers of Israel wore within,
That spirit was on them, and is on me,
And if, Cassandra-like, amidst the din
Of conflict none will hear, or hearing heed,
This voice from out the whiteness, the sin
Be theirs, and my own feelings be my need,
The only guardian I have ever known.
Hast thou not bled? and hast thou still to bleed,
Italia? Ah! to me such things, forshown
With divine sepulchral light, did me forget
In three insepulchral wrongs my own;
We can have but one country, and even yet
Thou 'rt mine—my homes shall be within thy breast,
My son within thy language, which once set
With our old Roman sway in the wide west;
But I will make another tongue arise
As lofty and more sweet, in which express
The hero's ardor, or the lover's sighs,
Shall find alike such sounds for every theme
That every word, as brilliant as thy skies,
Shall realize a poet's proudest dream,
And make thee Europe's nightingale of song;
So that all present speech to thine shall seem
The voice of manner birds, and every tongue
Confused to barbarism when compared with thine.
This shall then owe to him thou didst so wrong,
Thy Tuscan bard, the banished Gibelline.
Woe! woe! the veil of coming centuries
Is rent,—a thousand years, which yet suppose
Lie like the ocean waves ere winds arise,
Heaving in dark and sullen undulation,
Float from eternity into these eyes;
The storms yet sleep, the clouds still keep their station,
The uncarbon earthquake yet is in the womb,
The bloody chaos yet expects creation,
But all things are disposing for thy doom;
The elements await but for the word
"Let them be drowned!" and then growest a tomb!
Veil them, so beautiful, shall feel the sword,
Then, Italy! so fair that paradise,
Revived in thee, blooms forth to man restored:
Ah! must the sons of Adam lose it twice?
Then, Italy! whose ever-golden fields,
Pouched by the sunbeams solely, would suffice
For the world's granary; thou whose sky heaven gilds
With brighter stars, and rivers of deeper blue;
Then, in whose pleasant places summer builds
Her palaces, in whose cradle empire grew
And form'd the eternal city's ornaments
From spoils of kings whom freeman once carchew;

Bird-place of heroes, sanctuary of saints,
Where earthly first, then heavenly glory made
Her home; thou, all which fourest fancy paints
And finds her prior vision but portrait'd
In seckle colours, when the eye—how the Alp
Of horrid show, and rock and shaggy shade
Of troubles from whose emerald, whose evergreen scalp
Nods to the storms—dilates and doth o'er them.
And wistfully implores, as 'twere, for help
To see thy sunny holds, my Italy,
Nearer and nearer yet, and dearer still
The more approach'd, and dearest were they free,
Thus thou must wiser to each tyrant's will:
The Goth hath been, the German, Frank, and Han
Are yet to come,—an on the Imperial hill
Ruin, already proud of new deeds done
By the old barbarians, there awaits the new.
Throned on the Parnaso, while, lost and won,
Rome at her feet has bleeding; and the bow
Of human sacrifice and Roman slaughter
Troubles the cobbled air, of late so blue,
And deepens into red the sulfur water
Of Tiber, thick with dead; the helpless priest,
And still more helpless not less holy daughter
Vow'd to their god, have shrieking fled, and ceased
Their minstry: the nations take their prey,
Iberian, Almain, Lombard, and the beast
And bird, wolf, vulture, more humane than they
Are; those but gorge the flesh and lay the gore
Of the departed, and then go their way;
But those, the human savages, explore
All paths of torture, and resist not yet
With Ugolino hunger proud for more;
Nine moons shall rise o'er scenes like this and set; this
The throes of death of the dead which late
Beneath the traitor prince's heather mound,
Hath left its leader's ashes at the gate;
Had but the royal rebel lived, perchance
Thou hast been spared, but his involved thy fate
Oh! Rome, the spoiler of the spoil of France,
From Breminus to the Bourbon, never, never
Shall foreign standard to thy walls advance,
But Tiber shall become a mournful river.
Oh! when the strangers pass the Alps and Pe
Crush them, ye rocks! floods, whirlin them, and for ever
Why sleep the idle avalanches so,
To teethe on the lonely pilgrim's head?
Why doth Ermains but over flow
The peasant's harvest from his turbid bed?
Were not each barbarian horde a nobler prey?
Over Caesalybes' host the desert spread
Her sandy oceans, and the sea-sweats' way
Roll'd o'er Pharaoh and his thousands,—why,
Mountains and waters, do ye not as they?
And ye, ye men! Romans, who dare not die,
Sons of the conquerors who overthrew
Those who o'erthrew proud Nerox, where yet ease
The dead whose tomb oblivion never knew,
Are the Alps weaker than Thermopylae?
Their passes more alluring to the view
Of Thersites? is it they, or ye
That to each host the mountain-gate unbar.
And leave the march in peace, the passage free.

Why, Nature's self detains the victor's car,
And makes your land impregnable, if earth
Could be so; but alone she will not war,
Yet aids the warrior worthy of his birth,
In a soil where the mothers bring forth men
Not so with those whose sons are able worth;
For them no fortress can avail,—the sea.
Of the poor reptile which preserves its sting
Is more secure than walls of adamant, when
The hearts of those within are quivering.
Are ye not brave? Yes, yet the Ausonian soil
Hath hearts and hands, and arms to hosts it bring
Against oppression; but how vain the toil,
While vast divisions sow the seeds of woe
And weakness, till the stranger reaps the spoil.
O! my own beauteous land! so long laid low,
So long the grave of thy own children's hopes,
When there is but required a single blow
To break the chain, yet—yet the avenger stops,
And doubt and disard 2tep't twixt time and thee,
And join their strength to that which with thee copes:
What is there wanting then to thee free,
And show thy beauty in its fullest light?
To make the Alps impassable; and we,
Her sons, may do this with one deed—Unite!

CANTO III.

From yet the mass of never-dying ill,
The plague, the prince, the stranger, and the sword,
Vis's of wrath but emptied to reall
And flow again, I cannot accord
That crowds on my prophetic eye: the earth
And ocean written o'er would not afford
Space for the annual, yet it shall go forth;
Yes, all, though not by human pen, is grave,
There where the farthest suns and stars have birth.
Spread like a banner at the gate of heaven,
The bloody scroll of our millennial wrongs
Waves, and the echo of our groans is driven
Athwart the sound of archangelic songs;
And Italy, the martyr'd nation's gore,
Will not in vain arise to where belongs
Omnipotence and mercy evermore;
Like to a harrow-stricken by the wind,
The sound of her lament: shall, rising o'er
The seraph voices, touch the Almighty Mind.
Meantime, I, humblest of thy sons, and of
Earth's dust by immortality refined
To sense and suffering, though the vain may scoff,
And tyrants threaten, and meeker victims bow
Before the storm because its breath is rough,
To thee, my country! whom before, as now,
I loved and love, devote the mournful lyre
And melancholy gift high powers allow
To read the future; and if now my fire
Is not as once it shone o'er thee, forgive!
I but forestall thy fortunes—then expire;
Think not that I would look on them and live.
A spirit forces me to see and speak,
And for my guerdon grants not to survive;
My heart shall be pour'd over thee and break:
Yet for a moment, ere I must resume
Thy sable web of sorrow, let me take,
Over the gleams that thalathwart thy gloom,
A softer glimpse; some stars shine through thy mists,
And many meteors, and above thy tomb
Leans sculptured beauty, which death cannot bight;
And from thine ashes boundless spirits rise
To give thee honour and the earth delight;
Thy soul shall still be pregnant with the wise,
The gay, the learn'd, the generous, and the brave,
Native to thee as summer to thy skies,
Conquerors on foreign shores and the far wave,
Discoverers of new worlds, which take their name;
For thee alone they have no arm to save,
And all thy recompense is in their fame,
A noble one to them, but not to thee:
Shall they be glorious, and thou still the same?
Oh! more than these illustrious far shall be
The being—and even yet he may be born—
The mortal savour who shall set thee free,
And see thy diadem, so changed and worn
By fresh barbarians, on thy brow replaced;
And the sweet sun replenishing thy morn,
Thy moral morn, too long with clouds defaced
And noxious vapours from Avernus risen,
Such as all they must breathe who are debased
By servitude, and have the mind in prison.
Yet through this centuryd eclipse of woe
Some voices shall be heard, and earth shall listen;
Poets shall follow in the path I show,
And make it broader; the same brilliant sky
Which cheers the birds to song shall bid their glow
And raise their notes as natural and high;
Tuneful shall be their numbers: they shall sing
Many of love, and some of liberty;
But few shall pour upon that eagle's wing,
And look in the sun's face with eagle's gaze
All free and fearless as the feathered king,
But fly more near the earth: how many a phrase
Sublime shall lavish'd be on some small prince
In all the prodigality of praise!
And language, eloquently false, evince
The harlotry of genius, which, like beauty,
Too oft forgets its own self-reverence,
And looks on prostitution as a duty;
He who worre entwined in a tyrant's hair?
As guest is slave, his thoughts become a booty
And the first day which se the chain enthrall
A captive sees his half of manhood gone—
The soul's exultation saddens all
His spirit; thus the bard too near the throne
Quails from his inspiration, bound to please,
How servile is the task to please alone!
To smooth the verse a suit the sovereign's eye
And royal leisure, no too much prolong
Aught save his eulogy, and find, and seize;
Or force or forge fit argument of song.
Thus trammeled, thus confounded to Battery's troubles,
He toss through all, still trembling to be wrong:
For fear some noble thoughts, like heavenly rebels,
Should rise up in high treason to his brain,
He sings, as the Athenian spoke, with pobbles
In his mouth, lest truth should stain his stream
But out of the long file of sometexterns
There shall be some who will not sing in vain,
And he, their prince, shall rank among my peers,4
And love shall be his torment; but his grief
 Shall make an immortality of tears,
And Italy shall hail him as the chief
Of poet lovers, and his higher song
Of freedom wreathed him with as green a leaf
But in a further age shall rise again
The songs of Po two greater still than he:
The world which smiled on him shall do them wrong
Till they are ashes and repose with me.
The first will make an epoch with his lyre,
And fill the earth with blasts of chirality;
His fancy like a rainbow, and his fire
Like that of heaven, immortal, and his thought
Borne onward with a wing that cannot tire:
Pleasure shall, like a butterfly new caught,
Flutter her lovely pinions over his theme,
And art itself seem into nature wrought
By the transparency of his bright dream—
The second, of a tenderer, sadder mood,
Shall pour his soul out o'er Jerusalem:
BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS.

Shines for a night of terror, then repels
Its fire back to the hell from whence it sprung,
The hell which in its entrails ever dwells.

CANTO IV.

MANY are poets who have never pent'd
Their inspiration, and perish the best:
They felt, and loved, and died, but would not lend
Their thoughts to meaner beings; they compressed
The god within them, and rejoined the stars
Undecree'd upon earth, but far more blest
Than those who are degraded by the furs
Of passion, and their frailties link'd to fame,
Conquerors of high renown, but full of scars.
Many are poets, but without the name;
For what is poesy but to create
From overfeeling good or ill; and aim
At an external life beyond our fate,
And be the new Prometheans of new men,
Bestowing fire from heaven, and then, too late,
Finding the pleasure given repaid with pain,
And vultures to the heart of the bestower,
Who, having lavish'd his high gift in vain,
Lies chain'd to his lone rock by the sea-shore.
So be it; we can bear.—But thus all they,
Whose intellect is an overmastering power,
Which still recoils from its encumbering clay,
Or lightens it to spirit, whatsoever
The form which their creations may essay,
Are bards; the kindled marble's last may wear
More poesy upon its speaking brow
Than ought less than the Homer of page may bear.
One noble stroke with a whole life may glow,
Or defy the canvas till it shine
With beauty so surpassing all below,
That they who kneel to idols so divine
Break no commandment, for high heaven is there
Transfixed, transfigur'd; and the line
Of poesy which peoples but the air
With thought and beings of our thought reflected
Can do no more: then let the artist share
The palm, he shares the peril, and deserted
Points over the labour unapproved,—Alas!
Despair and genius are too oft connected.
Within the ages which before me pass,
Art shall resume and equal even the sway
Which with Apeles and old Phidias
She held in Hellas' unforgett'd day.
Ye shall be taught by ruin to revive
The Grecian forms at least from their decay,
And Roman souls at last again shall live
In Roman works wrought by Italian hands,
And temples loftier than the old temples give
New wonders to the world; and while still stands
The austere Pantheon, into heaven shall soar
A dome,11 its image, while the base expands
Into a face surpassing all before,
Such as all flesh should flock to kneel in; nor
Such sight hath been unfolded by a door
As this, to which all nations shall repair,
And lay their sins at this huge gate of heaven.
And the bold architect unto whose care
The daring charge to raise it shall be given,
Whom all arts shall acknowledge as their lord,
Whether into the marble chaos driven
His chieft bid the Hebrews,12 at whose word
Israel left Egypt, stop the waves in stone,
Or itself hell be by his pencil pour'd
Over the damned before the Judgment throne.13

He, too, shall sing of arms, and Christian blood
Shed where Christ bled for man; and his high warp
Shall, by the willow over Jordan's flood,
Revive a song of Sion, and the sharp
Conflict, and final triumph of the brave
And pious, and the strife of hell to warp
Their hearts from their great purpose, until wave
The red-cross banners where the first red cross
Was crimson'd from his veins who died to save,
Shall be his sacred argument; the loss
Of years, of favour, freedom, even of fame
Contested for a time, while the smooth glass
Of courts would slide o'er his forgotten name,
And call captivity a kindness, meant
To shield him from insanity or shame:
Such shall be his meet guardion! who was sent
To be Christ's laureate—they reward him well!
Florence dooms me but death or banishment,
Ferrara him aittance and a cell,
Harder to bear and less deserved, for I
Had stung the fictions which I strove to quell;
But this meek man, who with a lover's eye
Will look on earth and heaven, and who will deign
To meditate with his celestial flattery
As poor a thing as e'er was span'd to reign,
What will he do to merit such a doom?
Perhaps he'll love,—and is not love in vain
Torture enough without a living tomb?
Yet it will be so—he and his conquer,
The Bard of Chivalry, will both consume
In penury and pain too many a year,
And, dying in despondency, bequeath
To the kind world, which scarce will yield a tear,
A heritage enriching all who breathe
With the wealth of a genuine poet's soul,
And to his country a redoubled wreath,
Jummacl'd by time; but Hellas can unroll
Through her Olympiads two such names, though one
Of hers be mighty;—and is this the whole
Of such men's destiny beneath the sun?
Must all the finer thoughts, the thrilling sense,
The electric blood with which their arteries run,
Their body's self turn'd soul with the intense
Feeling of that which is, and fancy of
That which should be, to such a recompense
Command? shall their bright plumage on the rough
Storm be still scatter'd? Yes, and it must be.
For, form'd of far too penetrable stuff,
These birds of paradise but long to flee
Back to their native mansion, soon they find
Earth's mist with their pure pinions not agree,
And die, or are degraded, for the mind
Succumbs to long infection, and despair,
And vulture passions, flying close behind,
Await the moment to assail and tear;
And when at length the winged wanderers stoop,
Then is the prey—birds' triumph, then they share
The spoil, o'erpower'd at length by one fell swoop.
Yet some have been untouch'd, who learn'd to bear,
Some whom no power could ever force to drop,
Who could resist themselves even, hardest care!
And task most hopeless; but some such have been,
And if my name amongst the number were,
That destiny amnest, and yet serene,
Were ponder'd them more dazzling flame nimbler
The Alp's snowy summit nearer heaven is seen
Than the volcano's fierce eruptive crest,
Whose splendour from the black abyss is flung,
While the scorched mountain, from whose burning breast
A temporary torturing flame is wrung.
THE PROPHECY OF DANTE.

Such as I saw them, such as all shall see,
Or fanes be built of grandeur yet unknown,
The stream of his great thoughts shall spring from me,
The Ghibelines, who traversed the three realms
Which form the empire of eternity.

And amidst the clash of swords and clang of helms,
The age which I anticipate, no less
Shall be the age of beauty, and while whelm's
Calamity the nations with distress,
The genius of my country shall arise,
A cedar towering o'er the wilderness.

Lovely in all its branches to all eyes,
Frangent as fair, and recognized afar,
Waiting its native increase through the skies.

Sovereigns shall pause amid their sport of war,
With an hour from blood, to turn and gaze
On canvas or on stone; and they who mar
All beauty upon earth, compell'd to praise,
Shall feel the power of that which they destroy;
And art's mistaken gratitude shall raise
To tyrants who but take her for a toy.

Embodiments and monuments, and prowess;
Her charms to pontiffs proud, who but employ
The man of genius as the meanest men,
To bear a burden, and to serve a need,
To sell his labors, and his soul to boot;
Who tells for nations may be poor indeed,
But free; who sweats for monarchs is no more
Than the glib chamberlain, who, clothed and feod'd,
Stands sleek and slavish bowing at his door.
Oh, Pater that rulest and inspirist! how
Is it that they on earth, whose earthly power
Is likest thine in heaven in outward show,
Least like to thee in attributes divine,
Tread on the universal rocks that bow,
And then assure us that their rights are thine?
And how is it that they, the sons of fame,
Whose inspiration seems fit them to shine
From high, they whom the nations oft call name,
Must pass their days in penury or pain,
Or step to grandeur through the paths of shame,
And wear a deeper brand and gaudier chain?
Or if their destiny be borne aloft
From lowliness, or tempted thence in vain,
In their own souls sustain a harder proof,
The inner war of passions deep and fierce?
Florence! when thy harsh sentence raged my roof,
Loved thee, but the vengeance of my verse,
The hate of injuries, which every year
Made me greater and accumulates my curse,
Shall live, outliving all thou holdest dear,
Thy pride, thy wealth, thy freemess, and even that,
The most infernal of all evils here,
The sway of petty tyrants in a state;
For such sway is not limited to kings,
And demonogues yield to them but in date
As swept off sooner; in all deadly things
Which make men hate themselves and one another
In discord, cowardice, cruelty, all that springs
From Death, the Sin-born's incest with his mother,
In rank oppression in its rudest shape,
The faction chief is but the sultan's brother,
And the worst despot's far less human ape:
Florence! when this lone spirit so long
Yearn'd as the captive toiling to escape,
To fly back to thee in despite of wrong,
An exile, saddest of all prisoners,
Who has the whole world for a dungeon strong,
Sands, mountains, and the horizon's verge for ears,
Which shut him from the sole small spot of earth
Where, whatsoever his fate—he still were hers
His country's, and might die where he had birth—
Florence! when this lone spirit shall return
To kindred spirits, thou wilt feel my worth,
And seek to honour with an empty urn
The ashes thou shalt ne'er obtain—Alas!

"What have I done to thee, my people?"—stern
Are all thy dealings, but in this they pass
The limits of man's common malice, for
All that a citizen could be I was:
Raised by thy will, all thine in peace or war,
And for this thou hast ward'd with me.—'T is done
I may not recover the eternal throne.

Built up between us, and will die alone,
Beholding, with the dark eye of a seer,
The evil days to give; souls forebown,
Foretelling them to those who will not hear,
As in the old time, till the hour be come
When truth shall strike their eyes through many a tear
And make them own the prophet in his tomb.

NOTES.

Note 1.
"Milet whom my own bright Beatrice bless'd.
The reader is requested to adopt the Italian pronunciation of Beatrice, sounding all the syllables.

Note 2.
My paradise had still been incomplete.
"Che sol per la belle apra,
Tol's in Cielo il sole e l' altre stelle
Dentro d'il si crede il Paradiso,
Così se guardi fesso
Penet her dei ch'agai terren' piaccre."
Canzone, in which Dante describes the person of Beatrice,草莓 third.

Note 3.
"I would have had my Florence great and fiao.
"L'elio che m'è dato onor mi tegno.
"Cader tu' buoni è pur di lode degno."
Sonnet of Dante,
in which he represents Right, Generosity, and Temperance, as banished from among men, and seeking refuge from Love, who inhabits his bosom.

Note 4.
The dust she dooms to scatter.
"Ut si quis predictorum ullo tempore in fortiam dicti communis pervertem, tales pervencies igne con

Second sentence of Florence against Dante and the fourteen accused with him.—The Latin is worthy of the sentence.

Note 5.
Where yet my boys are, and that fatal she.
This lady, whose name was Gemma, sprung from one of the most powerful Guelph families, named Donati.
Corso Donati was the principal adversary of the Ghibelines, she is described as being "Admodum morosa,
ut de Xantype Sorceri philoophi conjuje scriptum esse legens, according to Giovanni Mutilini. But
Lionardo Arciino is scandalized with Boccaccio, in his life of Dante, for saying that literary men should not marry.
"Quo il Boccaccio non ha pazienza, e dice, die megli esser contrarie agli studi ; e non si ricorda che
Socrate il più noble filosofo che mai fosse, ebe foglie e figliuoli e uffici della Repubblica nella sua Città
Aristotele che, etc., etc. ebbe due mogli in vari tempi, ed ebbe figliuoli, e ricevute assai.—E. Marco Tolli—
e Catone—e Varrone—e Seneca—ebbero meglio, etc., etc.
It is odd that honest Lionardo's examples, with the exception of Seneca, and, for any thing I know of
Aristotle, are not the most felicitous. Tully's Terentia, and Socrates' Xantippe, by no means contributed to their husbands' happiness, whatever they might do to their philosophy—Cato gave away his wife—of Varro's we know nothing—and of Seneca's, only that she was disposed to die with him, but recovered, and lived several years afterwards. But, says Leonardo, "L'uomo è animale civile, secondo piace a tutti i filosofi." And thence concludes that the greatest proof of the animal's covision is "la prima congiunzione, dalla quale moltiplicata nasce la Città."

Note 6.
Nine moons shall rise o'er scenes like this and that.
See "Sacco di Roma," generally attributed to Guicciardini. There's another written by a Jacopo Buonaparte, Gentiluomo Samminiatese che vi si trovò presente.

Note 7.
Conquerors on foreign shores and the far wave.
Alexander of Parma, Spinola, Pascara, Eugene of Savoy, A montecucco.

Note 8.
Discoverers of new worlds, which take their name.
Columbus, Americus Vespuccius, Sebastian Cabot.

Note 9.
He who once enters in a tyrant's hall, etc.
A verse from the Greek tragedians, with which Pope

took leave of Coreelia on entering the boat in which he was slain.

Note 10.
And the first day which sees the chain entwined, etc.
be verse and sentiment are taken from Homer.

Note 11.
And he their prince shall rank among my peers
Petrarch.

Note 12.
A dome, its image.
The cupola of St. Peter's.
THE AGE OF BRONZE;  
OR,  
CARMEN SECULARE ET ANONUS  
HAUD MIRABILIS.  

"Imper Congressus Achillii."  

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 grander 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 deemed him such.  
We, we have seen the intellectual race  
Of giants stand, like Tatanus, face to face—  
Athos and Isla, with a dashing sea  
Of enmity between, which flow'd all free  
As the deep billows of the Egean roar  
Borex in the Helicon and Purgian shore,  
But where are they—the rivals?—a few feet  
Of sullen earth divide each wounding 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 a dust to dust," but half its tale untold.  
Time tempers not its terrors—still the worm  
Winds its cold colds, 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 went to conquer, though unknown—  
How vain, how worse than vain, at length appear  
The madman's wish, the Macedonian's tear.  
He went 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 Scoto's, whose unharnessed kings,  
Freed from the bit, believe themselves with wings;  
Aren't spurn the dust or which they craved'd of late,  
Chained to the chariot of the charioteer'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 you 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 realms;  
Weep to perceive him mourning, as he dines,  
O'er curial'd dishes and o'er stinted wines;  
O'er petty quarrels upon petty things—  
Is it the man who secur'd or foisted kings?  
Behold the scales in which his fortune hangs,  
A surgeon's statement and an earl's harangue.  
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 jailor and the prying spy,  
The staring stranger with his notebook night?  
Plung'd 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 crime  
So free from homicides—towards a crime;  
And the stiff surgeon, who maintained his cause,  
Hast 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 never embrace,  
None stand by his low bed—though even the mind  
Be wavering, which long averted and awes mankind,—  
Smile—for theetter's eagle breaks his chain,  
And higher worlds than these his arc 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 fate escape  
From chains, would gladly be their tyrant's ape.  
How must he smile, and turn to you lone grave,  
The proudest sea-mark that o'ertops the wave!  
What though his jailor, dutious to the last,  
Scarce deem'd the coffin's lead could keep him fast  
Refusing one poor line along the lid  
To claim the birth and death of all it hid,  
That name shall hollow 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 defiles,  
But what are these to him? Can glory's lust  
Touch the freewill spirit of the litter'd dust?  
Small care hath he of what his tomb consists,  
Nought if he weeps—nor more if he exists:  
Alike the better-saving shade will smile  
On the rude cavern of the rocky isle,  

THE AGE OF BRONZE.
As if his ashes found their latest home
In Rome's Pantheon, or Gauñi's minstic dome.
He want's 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 amid a pyramid of throngs;
Or car'ried o'er, in the battle's van,
To form, like Guesclin's dust, her talisman.
But be 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 unflagging eagle clip his shell!
Ye Alps, which view'd him in his dawning flights
Hover the victor of a hundred fights!
Thou Rome, who saw'st thy Caesar's deeds outdone!
Alas! why pass'd he too the Rubicon!
The Rubicon of man's awaken'd rights,
To head with vulgar kings and primitives?
Egypt! from whose all dateless tombs arose
Forgetten Pharaohs from their long repose,
And shook within her pyramids to hear
A new Cumbythys 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!
Sj in! which, a moment mindless of the Cid,
Behold his banner fluttering thy Madrid!
And thus! which saw thy twice-to'on capital
Furce spared, to be the trappass 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 Kossinius dwelt, remembering yet
The unpaid amount of Catherina'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:
Kosinius! on—on—on—the thirst of war
Gaspe for the gare of scorp and of their car;
The half-barbaric Moscow's murrains
Gl aim in the sun, but 'tis a sun that sets!
Moscow! thou limit of his long career,
For whichルー Charles had wept his frozen tear
To see in vain—he saw thee—how! with spire
And palace fled 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 volcanoes! Elms's flame
Pales before thine, and quenchless Ho迦's flame
Veins runs shows his blue, an usual sight
For gazing tourists, from his harkney'd height;
Flow stand'st alone unrival'd, till the fire.
To come, in which all empires shall expire,
Thou other element! as strong and stern
To teach a lesson conquerors will not learn.

Whose icy wing flipp'd o'er the faltering foe,
Till fell a hero with eachflake of snow;
How did thy numbing break and silent fang
Pierce, till hosts perish'd with a single pang!
In vain shall Sene look up along his ranks,
For the gay thousands of his dashing ranks;
In vain shall France recall beneath her vines
Her youth—their blood flows faster than her vines,
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 despoits fly once more
Before their sovereign,—sovereign, as before;
But there exhausted Fortune quits their field,
And Leipsic's trebou bits the unvanquish'd yield;
The Saxon jackal leaves the lion's side
To turn the bear's, and wolf's, and fox's guide;
And backward to the den of his despair
The forest monarch shrinks, but finds no lair!
Oh 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 see'st Etruria from thy ramparts smile,
The momentary shelter of his pride,
Till, wo'd by danger, his yet weeping bride;
Oh, France! I retaken by a single march,
Whose path was through one long triumphal arch!
Oh, bloody and most hostess Waterloo,
Which proves how fools may have their fortune too,
Won, half by blunder, half by treachery;
Oh, dull Saint Helen! with thy juler sigh—
Hear! hear! Prometheus' from his rock appeal
To earth, air, ocean, all that felt or feel
His power and glory, all who yet shall hear
A name eternal as the rolling year;
He teaches them the lesson taught so long,
So oft, so vainly—learn to do no wrong!
A single step into the right had made
This man the Washington of worlds betray'd;
A single step into the wrong has given
His name a doubt to all the winds of heaven;
The reed of fortune and of thrones the rod,
Of fame the Moloch or the demi-god;
His country's Caesar, 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 clumbs 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 watch-word, such as never Shall so while there's an echo left to air:
While even the Spaniard's throst of gold and war
Forgets Pizarro to shout Bolivar!
Ahas! why must the same Atlantic wave
Which wafted freedom gird a tyrant's grave,—
The king of kings, and yet of slaves the slave,

I refer the reader to the first address of Prometheus, in Jocelyn, where he is left alone by his attendant, and before the arrival of the Chorus of Sea-nymphs.
VI.

But 'tis win not be—the spark's awaken'd—no! ?
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 awaning clime Where Spain was once synonymous with crime, Where Cortes' and Pinaturost batter flew; The infant world redleans her name of "New."—

"Tis 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 Aesdes' and on Athos' peaks murther'd, The self-same standard streams o'er either world; The Athenian wears again Harmoise's sword; The Chili chief' abjures his foreign lord; The Spartan knows himself once more a Greek; Young Freedom plumes the crest of each Cassaque; Debating despoits, hem'd on either shore, Sirenik vainly from the ransed Atlantic's roar: Through Culpe's strait the rolling tides advance, Sweep lightly by the half-timbed land of France, Dash o'er the old Spaniard's cradle, and would fain Unite Ansonia to the mighty main: But driven from thence awak'd, yet not for aye, Break o'er the Ægean, mindful of the day Of Salamis—there, there the waves arise, Not to be hurl'd by tyrant victories, Lone, lost, abandoned in their utmost need By Christians unto whom they gave their creed, The desolated lands, the ravaged isle, The foster'd felt 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 intractate 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 souls, and set the nation free? Better far, the haughty Musulmain, Than swell the Cassaque'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 courier in the czar's regard; While their immediate owner never tastes His sleep, sous dreaming of Siberia's wastes; Better succumb even to their own despair, And drive the camel than purge the bear.

VII.

But not alone within the hoariest clime, Where freedom etes her birth with that of time; Nor alone where plunged in night, a crowd Of incas darcon to a dubious cloud, The dawn revives; renown'd, romantic Spain Holds back the invader from her soul again, Not now the Roman i.e. nor Punic horse, Dom'd her fields as lists to prove the sword; Not now the Vandal or the Visigoth Pollute the plains, alike abhorring both.

Not old Pelayo on his mountain rears The warlike fathers of a thousand years. That seed is sown and reap'd as oft the Moor Sights to remember on his dusky shore. Long in the peasant's song or poet's page Has dwelt the memory of Abencerrage, The Zegris, and the captive victors, thine Back to the barbarous realm from whence they spring 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 "uomo," fed with human fuel, While sat the Catholick Moibi, calmly cruel, Enjoying, with inexorable eye, That fery festival of agony! The stern or facile 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 impoopled realm; The once proud nay which forget the helm; The once impervious phalanx disarray'd; The she targe that form'd Toledo's blade; The foreign wealth that flow'd on every shore, Save hers who earn'd it with the natives' gore. The very language, which might vie with Rome's, And once was known to nations like their homes, Neglected or forgotten:—such was Spain; But such she is not, nor shall be again. These worst, these home invaders, felt and feel The new Numantine soul of old Castile, Up! up again! unblamed Tarredor! The bull of Philaris renew's his war Mount, chivalrous Hidalgo! not in vain Revive the cry—"Ingoi! 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 slam; 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 Waxing her more than Amazonian blade; The knife of Aragon, 'Toledo's steel; The famous lance of chivalrous Castile; The menacing rife 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 our own 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-bom Demosthenes, Whose thunder shook the Philip of the seas; And stoic Franklin's energetic shade, Robed in the lightnings which his hand ally'd:

1 "See Ingoi! and close Spain!"—the old Spanish war cry.
2 The Aragonians are peculiarly dextrous in the use of this weapon, and displayed it particularly in former French wars.
And Washington, the tyrant-tamer, wake,
To bid us blush for these old chains, or break.
But toa 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 bless'd alliance which says three are all!
An earthly trinity! which wears the shape
Of Hea'n's, as man is mimicked by the ape.
A pious unity! in purpose one,
To melt three souls to a Napoleon.
Why, Egypt's gods were rational to these;
Their dogs and even knew their own degrees,
And, quiet in their kennel or their shed,
Cared little, so that they were duly fed:
But these, more hungry, must have something more—
The power to bark and bite, to toss and gore.
Ah, how much happier were good *Aesop's* frogs
Than we! for ours are animated legs,
With ponderous malice swaying to and fro,
And crushing nations with a stupid blow,
All duly anxious to leave little work
Unto the revolutionary sork.

IX.

Thrice bless'd Verona! since the holy three
With their imperial presence shine on thee;
Honour'd by them, thy treacherous site forgets
The vanted tomb of "all the Capitols;"
Thy Scaligers—for what was "Dog the Great,"
"Can Grandio" (which I venture to translate)
To those sublime days? Thy loaf too,
Aubinches, whose old laurels yield to new;
Thine amphitheatre, where Romans sat;
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 ribonary and stars—
Then gaze upon it through thy dungeon bars;
Chasp thy permitted palms, kind Italy,
For thus much still thy fetter'd hands are free!

X.

Resplendent sight! behold the coxcomb Caesar,
The autocrat of waltzies and of war!
As eager for a plainet as a realm,
And just as fit for flirting as the helm;
A Calmick beauty with a Cassack wit,
And generous spirit when 'tis not froth-bit;
Now half-dissolving to a liberal thaw,
But harden'd back when'er the morning's raw;
With no objection to true liberty,
Except that it would make the nations free.
How well the imperial family praises peace,
How fair, if Greece would be his slaves, free Greece!
How nobly gave he back the Peles 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 giddy person, from the south burg 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 Sceithian was to him of yore,
Find with thy Sceithians on Iberia's shore.
Yet thank 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 'int the lion's toile.
Fate to Gorts 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 Hashikir horse,
Redeem thy realms from slavery and the knout,
Then follow headlong in the fatal route,
To infect the clime, whose skies and laws are pure,
With thy foul legions. Spain wants no monarch;
Her soil is fertile, but she feeds no foe;
Her valour, too, were forged not long ago:
And couldst thou furnish them with fresher prey?
Alas! thou wilt not conquer, but purse.

I am Diogenes, though Russ and Hum
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 Sineque;
Still will he hold his lantern up to scan
The face of monarchs for an "honest man."

XI.

And what doth Gaul, the all-profligate land
Of *ce plus ultra* Ultras and their hand
Of mercenaries? and her noisy Chambers,
And tribunal which each orator first clammers,
Before he finds a voice, and, when 'tis found,
Hears "the lie" echo for his answer round?
Our British Commons sometimes deign to hear;
A Gallic senate hath more tongue than ear;
Eve Constant, their sole master of debate
Most fight next day, his speech to vindicate.
But this costs little to true Franks, who hold 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 inflamed 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
Greens beneath subjegation's heavy debt?
Have revolutionary pat's risen,
And turn'd the royal entrailes to a prison?
Have discontented movements stirr'd the troops?
Or have no movements follow'd transport soaps?
Have Carbonaro cooks not carbonadoed
Each course enough? or doctors dare dissuaded
Repletion? Ah! in thy depeted books
I read all—"'s treason in her cooks!
Good classic wine! Is it, caust thou say,
Desirable to be the "?
Why wouldst thou leave calm —'s green abode
Apian table and Horatian oyl,
To rule a people who will not be ruled,
And love much rather to be scavenged than school'd?
Ah! thine was not the temper or the taste
For thrones—the table sees thee better placed;

1 Tho famous old man of Verona.

1 The dexterity of Catherine extricated Peter (called the Great 'q' courtier) when surrounded by the Muscovites on the banks of the river Pruth.
THE AGE OF BRONZE.

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 poet's, all the gourmand's art;
A scholar always, now and then a wit,
And grateful 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?
"Art—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 noon, the hour where he suspends the world!
And Waterloo—and trade—and—(hush! not yet
A syllable of imports or of debt)—
And o'er (enough) lamented Castlereagh,
Whose pen-knife sit a goose-quill 'tis 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;
Feud 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 thus thy genius, Canning! may permit,
Who, bred a statesman, still was born a wit,
And never, even in that dull house, couldst name
To uncurl'd prose thine own poetic flame;
Our last, our best, our only orator,
Even I can praise thee—Thames do no more,
Nay, not so much;—they hate thee, man, because
Thy spirit less upholds them than it aves—
The hounds will gather to their hunt-man's holo,
And, where he leads, the dunce pack will follow:
But not for love mistake their yelling cry,
Their yelp for game is not an eulogy;
Less faithful: 'er than the four-footed pack,
A dubious scene, 'twould lure the bipeds back.
Thy saddle-girths a'ere not yet quite secure,
Nor royal stallion's feet extremely sure;
The invincible 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 ery of warfare cease,
The first to make a madly 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.
At what yet ye fall with every ear of grain?
Why would you trouble Buonaparte's reign?
He was your great Tripletonus; his voces
Destroy'd but realius, and still maintain'd your prices,
He amplified, to every lord's content,
The grand agrarian alchemy—high rent.
Why did the Tyrant stumble on the Taurards,
And lower wheat to such desponding quarters?

1 "Naso suspendit aduna."—Horace.
The Roman applies it to one who merely was impertious to his accumenutes.

Why did you chain him on your isle so lone?
The man was worth much more upon his throne.
True, blood and treasure boundlessly were split,
But what of that? the Gaul may bear the gout,
But bread was high, thefarmer paid his way,
And acres told upon the appointed day.
But where is now the godly audit ale?
The purse-pleading tenant never known to fail?
The farm which never yet was left on hand?
The maze'd reclaimed to most improving land?
The impatient hope of the expiring lease?
The doubling rent? 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's self-interest groans from shore to shore,
For fear that plenty should attenuate the poor.
Up! up again: ye rents, exalt your notes,
Or else the mini-tryst will lose their votes,
And patriotism, so delicately nice,
Her leaves 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 fr a fortune's equal urn;
Now let their virtue be its own reward,
And share the blessings which themselves prepared,
See these inglorious Cincinnati swarms,
Farmers of war, dictators of the farm!
Their plough-share was the sword in birching hands
Their boils unmoistened by gore of other lands;
Safe in their barns, these sublime 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 malecontent
Of these high-market patriots; war was rent!
Their love of country, millions all mispent,
How reconcile?—by reconciling rent.
And will they not repay the treasures lent?
No: down with every thing, and up with rent!
Their good, ill, health, wealth, joy, or discontent,
Being, end, aim, religion—Brut, rent, rent!
Thou sold'st thy birthright, Esau! for a mess:
Thou shouldst have gotten more or eaten less:
Now thou hast swell'd thy potage, thy demands
Are idle; Israel says the bargain stands.
Such, landlord, was your appetite for war,
And, gorged with blood, you grumble at a scar!
What, would they spread their earthquake even over cash!
And when land crumbles, bid firm paper crash?
So rent may rise, bid bank and nation fall,
And found on "Change a foaming hospital!
Lo, mother church, while all religion writhe,
Like Nobe, weeps o'er her offspring, titles;
The prelates go to—where the saints have gone,
And proud pluralities subsist 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 he 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?

Or turn to sail between those shifting rocks,
The new Symplegades— the crushing Stocks,
Where Midas nought 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 unexhausted ore,
And all her pebbles from Parnassus' 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 shreds) 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 Iudas to the Pole."
The banker—broker—baron—throned, 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-romanced land:
Two Jews keep down the Romans, and uphold
The accursed Hum, 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 unite—
Oh, holy Abraham! dost thou see the sight?
Thy followers mingling with these royal swine
Who spit not "on their Jewish gauderine;"
But honour them as portion of the show—
(Where now, oh, Popo! 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."

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 moody than their heavy kings,
Eves, authors, geniuses, charlatans, combats,
While Europe wanders at the vast design:
There Metternich, power's foremost parasite,
apo's; there Wellington forgets to fight;
There Chateaubriand forms new books of martyrs;
And subtle Greeks intrigue for stupid Tartars;
There Montmorency, the swarm foe to charters,

1 M. Chateaubriand, who has not forgotten the author—the minister, received a handsome compliment from Verona from a literary sovereign: "Ah! M. Chateaubriand, how are you treated in that Chateaubriand who—who—who has written something (wed quodcumque chesci)?" It is said that the Author d'Avala reproached him for a moment of his legimacy

Turns a diplomatist of great clat,
To furnish articles for the "Debats;"
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."

Enough of this—a sight more mournful woes
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 this 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,
Phank'd by her formidable chamberlain;
The martial Argus, whose not hundred eyes
Must watch her through these paltry pagovarianes.
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 minnie court.
But she appears! Verona sees her shorn
Of all her beams—while nations gaze and moan;
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,—thei' embers soon would burst the mould; She comes!—the Andromache (but not Racine);
Nor Homer's); lo! on Pyrrha's 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 Ez-empress grows as Ez a wife!
So much for human ties in royal breasts!
Why spare men's feelings, when their own are pests?

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!
Gauldlinna gives Gael, and echoes with Erse roar,
While all the Common Council cry, "Claymore!"
To see proud Alby's tartans as a belt
Gird the gross sirlion 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.
THE VISION OF JUDGMENT.

BY QUEVEDO REDIVIVUS.

SUGGESTED BY THE COMPOSITION so entituled
BY THE AUTHOR OF "WAT TYLER."

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

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 taken a longer, stronger pull,
And "a pull altogether," as they say
At sea—where drew most souls another way.

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

III.
The guardian seraphs had retired on high,
Finding their charges past all care below;
Terrestrial business 'd ought to fall 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 strip'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 clerks, 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 conquering 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 besmeard'd with blood and dust.

VI.
This by the way; 't is not mine to record
What angels shrift from: even the very devil
On this occasion his own work abhor'd,
So surfeited with the infernal revel:
Though he himself had sharpen'd every sword,
It almost quelled his innate thirst of evil.

(Here Satan's sole good work Jesu's in insertion—
'Tis, that he has both generals in reversion.)

VII.
Let's skip a few short years of hollow peace,
Which peopled earth no better, hell as wont,
And heaven none—they form the tyrant's lease,
With nothing but new names inscribed upon't;
'T will one day finish: meantime they increase,
With seven heads and ten horns, and all in from
Like Saint John's foretold beasts; but ours are born
Less formidable in the head than horn.

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

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

X.
Form'd a sepulchral melo-drame. Of all
The fools who flock'd to swell or see the show,
Who cared about the corpse? The funeral
Made the attraction, and the black the woe.
There throb'd not there a thought which perch'd a pall,
And when the gorgeous coffin was laid low,
It seemed 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 for sooner, were
The natural compound left alone to fight
Its way back into earth, and fire, and air;
But the unnatural balms merely blight
What nature made him at his birth, as bare
As the mere millon'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 scrabble, 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 reignning still,
Except that household virtue, most uncommon,
Of constancy to a bad ugly woman.

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

XIV.
I know this is unpopular; I know
'T is blasphemous; I know one may be damn'd
For hoping no one else may e'er be so;
I know my catechism; I know we are cram'd
XXII.

The angel answered, "Peter! do not fear; 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 one—which is to act as we are bid 'to do.'"

XIII.

While thus they spake, the angelic caravan, arriving like a rush of mighty wind, clearing 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.

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

XXV.

As he drew near, he gazed upon the gate, no'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 pottered with his keys at a great rate; and sweated through his apostolic skin: of course his perspiration was but ichor, or so much other spiritual liquor.

XXVI.

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

XXVII.

As things were in this posture, the gate flew asunder, and the flaming of its hinges flung over space an universal hue of many-colour'd flame, until its tinges reached even our speck of earth, and made a new Aurora borealis spread its fringes o'er the North Pole; the same seen, when ice-bound by Captain Parry's crews, in "Melville's Sound."

XXVIII.

And from the gate thrown open issued beamng a beautiful and mighty thing of light, radiant with glory, like a banner streaming victorious from some world-overthrowing fight my poor comparison 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 fields' leader to the angels' prince. there also are some altar-pieces, though I really can't say that they much excite one's inner notions of immortal spirits; but let the connoisseurs explain their merits.
XXX.
Mied sel love forth in glory and in good;
A goodly work of him from whom as glory
And good arise; the portal pass'd—he stood;
Before him the young cherubs and saint hoary
(I say young, begging to be understood
By looks, not years; and should be very sorry
To state, they were not older than Saint Peter,
But merely that they seemed a little sweeter).

XXXI.
The cherubs and the saint bow'd down before
That arch-angelic hierarchy, the first
Of essences angelical, who wore
The aspect of a god; but this ne'er nursed
Pride in his heavenly bosom, in whose core
No thought, save for his Maker's service, durst
Intrude, however glorified and high;
He knew him but the vicerey 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 theologick tract,
'Tis 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 inside the slightest thought of trick.
'T is ever true 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 orient bow,
Pressing one radiant arm just where below
The heart in good men is supposed to tend.
He turn'd as to an equal, not too low,
But kindly; Satan met his ancient friend
With more hanteur, as might an old Castilian
Or 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 ild
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 faith.
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
Wore 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 thou the servest enye me my lot:
With all the myrids of bright worlds which pass
In worship round him, he may have forgot.
You weak creation of such paltry things;
I think few worth damnation save their kungs,

XLI.
And these but as a kind of quit-rent, to
Assert my right as lord: and even had
I such an inclination, 'twere (as you
Well know) superflous; they are grown so sad.
That hell has nothing better left to do
Than leave them to themselves: so much more ma
And evil be their own internal ease.
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 norm
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 his 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 nation 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 workman 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 Caesar's school,
Take the worst pupil, and produce a reign
More drench'd with gore, more cumber'd with the sain!

XLV.
"He ever war'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 stam'd as his will be
With national and individual vices;
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.
If 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 thekindest can accord;
And this was well for him, but not for those
Millions who found him what oppression chose.

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

XLVIII.
"Five millions of the primitive, who hold
This 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 abhorred
The foe to Catholic participation
In all the license of a Christian nation.

XLI.
"True! he allow'd them to pray God; but, as
A consequence of prayer, refused the law.
When would have placed them upon the same base
With those who did not hold the saints in awe."
But here Saint Peter started from his place,
And cried, "You may the prisoner withdraw:
Ere Heaven shall open her portals to this Guelf,
While I am guard, may I be damn'd myself!"

XL.
"Sooner will I with Cerberus exchange
My office (and his is no secure)"
Than see this royal Bellum biggest range
The azure fields of heaven, of that be sure!"
Saint?" replied Satan, "you do well to avow
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.
He, — 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 stirs'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 are proud of this—as very well they may,
It being a sort of knighthood, or gift key
Stuck in their lions; or like to an "entrée"
Up the back stairs, or such free-masonry:
I borrow my comparisons from clay,
Being clay myself. Let not these spirits be
Offer'd 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; though which, dimly beacon'd.
The while, the weathercock is girt, some three a year,
If that the summer is not too severe:—

LVI.
I say that I can tell—'twas half a minute;
I know the solar beams take up more time
Ere pack'd up for their journey, they begin it;
But then their telegraph is less sublime,
And if they ran a race, they would not win
'Gainst Satan's couriers bound for their own climax.
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 slip 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
Oflocusts numerous as the heaven saw these;
They shadow'd with their myriads space; their loud
And varied cries were like those of wild-geese
(If nations may be liken'd to a goose),
And realized the phrase of "hell broke loose."

LIX.
Here crash'd a stable oath of stout John Bull,
Who damn'd away his eyes as heretofore:
There Paddy broogled "May Israel!"—"What's your will?"
The temperate Scot exclaimed: the French ghosts swore
In certain terms I shan't translate in full,
As the first coachman will; and hush'd the war
The voice of Jonathan was heard to express,
"Our President is going to war, I guess."

LX.
Besides there were the Spaniard, Dutch, and Dane;
In short an universal show'd of shades.
From Otho'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 summoned by this grand "subprena, to
Try if kings may n't be damn'd like me or you."
THE VISION OF JUDGMENT.

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,
A fresh rainbow, or a grand review
Of thirty regiments in red, green, and blue.

Then he address’d himself to Sathan :—"Why—
My good old friend, for such I deem you, though
Our differing 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—"

LXII.
"Why, my dear Lucifer, would you abuse
My call for witnesses? I did not mean
That you should half of earth and hell produce;
"Tis even superfluous, since two honest, clear
True testimonies are enough : we lose
Our time, nay, our eternity, between
The accusation and defence, if we
Hear both, I will stretch our immortality."

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

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

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

LXVII.
The spirit look’d around upon the crowds
Assembled, and exclaimed, "My friends of all
The spheres, we shall catch cold amongst these clouds;
So let’s to business: why this general call? If
Those are freeholders I see in shrouds,
And ’tis for an election that they bawl,
Behold a candidate with untim’d coat!"
Sir! 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 not ; 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 aga not 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 excesses,
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 career ere you fled,
And seem to think it would not be amiss
To grow a whole one on the other side
Of Charon’s ferry; you forget that his
Reign is concluded; whatso’er betide,
He won’t be sovereign more: you’ve lost your labour
For at the best he will but be your neighbour.

LXXIII.
"However, I knew what to think of it,
When I beheld you, in your jesting way,
Flitting and whispering round about the spit
Where Belial, upon duty for the day,
With Fox’s lard was basting William Pitt,
His pupil; I knew what to think, I say:
That fellow even in hell breeds further ill;
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 aural 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 clog, which is sadder.

LXXV.
The shadow came! a tall, thin, gray-hair’d figure,
That look’d as it had been a shade on earth;
Quick in its motions, with an air of vigour,
But nought to mark its breeding or its birth:
Now it was little, then again grew bigger,
With now an air of glooms, 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 seemed puzzl’d 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 oracle, a lawyer, or a priest,
A nabob, a man-millstone, 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 Ceresus would seem—
"Three gentlemen at once" (as usually says
Good Mr. Malaprop); then you might deem
That he was not even one; now many rays
Were flashing round him; and now a thick steam
He'd 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—it is quite my own;
I never let it out till now, for fear
Of doing people harm about the throne,
And marring some minister or peer
On whom the stigma might perhaps be blown;
It is—my gentle public, tend thine ear!—
"It 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
The man 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
Ught 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,"
"Repeal's thou not?" said Michael, "of some past
Evagination? something which may doom
Thyself if false, as nim if true? Thou want
Too bitter—st it not so? in thy gloom
Of passion? a Passion?" cried the phantom dim,
'I loved my country, and I hated him.'

LXXXIV.
'Wilt have I written, I have written: let
The rest be on his head or mine!' So spake
Old "monarch umbra;" and, while speaking yet,
Along he me'd 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 jesting, elbowing, and the aid
Of cherubim appointed to that post,
The devil Asmodeus to the circle made
His way, and look'd as if his journey cost
Some trouble. When his burden down he laid,
"What's this?" cried Michael, "why, 'tis no ghost!"
"I know it," quoth the incubus; "but he
Shall be one, if you leave the affair to me.

LXXXVI.
"Confound the renegade! I have sprain'd
My left wing, he's so heavy; one would think
S me 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 follow 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 siller 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 rambles 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 poems when the tide of rhyme's is in flow;
But stuck fast with his first hexameter,
Not one of all whose gouty feet would stir.

XCI.
But ere the sparrow'd dactyls could be spurr'd
Into recitative, in great dancy
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 Sanders' versus under way,
And cried, "For God's sake stop, my friend! It were best—"
Non di, non homines—'tou know the rest."
The Vision of Judgment.

CII.
A general mystic spread throughout the throng,
Which seemed to hold all verse in detestation;
Its 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, exclaimed "What! what!
Pye come again? No more—no more of that!" 1

CIII.
The tumult grew; as universal cough
Conversed the skies, as during a debate,
When Castlereagh has been up long enough
(Before he was first minister of state, mean—the slaves bear now), some cried "off, off!"
As for a face; till, grown quite desperate,
The bard Saint Peter pray'd to interpose
(Himself an author) only for his prose.

CIV.
The varlet was not an ill-favoured 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." 2

CV.
Then Michael blew his trumpet, and still'd the noise
With one still greater, as is yet the mode
On earth besides; except some grumbling voice,
Which now and then will make a slight inroad
Upon securous silence, few will twice
Let up their lungs when fairly overrow'd;
And now the bard could plead his own bad cause,
With all the attributes of self-applause
CVI.
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 Bleinheim—Waterloo.

CVII.
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 pantomymes 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.

CVIII.
He had sung against all battles, and again
In their high praise and glory; he had call'd
Reviewing "the urgent craft," and then
Become as base a critic as e'er crawf'd—
Fed, paid, and pamper'd by the very men
By whom his muse and morals had been maud'd:
He had written much blank verse, and blanker prose,
And more of both than any body knows.

CIX.
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 an I profuse, all that most allures

1 Set "Life of H. Kirke White"

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." 3

C.
Sathan bow'd, and was silent. "Well, if you,
With amiable modesty, decline
My offer, what says Michael? There are few
Whose memoirs could be render'd more divine.
Mene 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 brass in it, and is as well blown.

CI.
"But talking about trumpets, here's my Vision!
Now you shall judge, all people; yes, you shall
Judge with my judgment, and by my decrees
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 Alonso! 'When I thus see double,
I save the duty some worlds of trouble." 4

CH.
He ceased, and drew forth an MS.; and no
Persuasion on the part of devils, or saints,
Or angels, now could stop the torrent; so
He read the first three lines of the contents;
But at the fourth, the whole spiritual show
Had vanish'd with variety of scents,
Amorosal and sulphurous, as they sprang,
Like lightning, off from his "melodious twang," 5

CHII.
Those grand heroics acted as a spell:
The angels stopt their ears, and pried their pinions
The devils ran howling, dens'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 trumpet—but lo!
His teeth were set on edge,—he could not blow! 6

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 sunk to the bottom—like his works,
But soon rose to the surface—like himself:
For all corrupted things are buoy'd, like corks, 7
By their own rottenness, light as an ell.
Or wisp that this o'er a morass: he lurks,
It may be, still, like dull books on a shelf,
In his own den, to scorawl some "Life" or "Vision,
As Welborn says—"the devil turn'd precision." 8

1 King Alfonso, speaking of the Poloncean system, said,
that "had he been consulted at the creation of the world, he
would have spared the Maker some absurdities." 9
2 See Aubrey's account of the apparition which disappapleut
with a curious perfume and a melodious twang; or see the
Antiquary, vol. I.
3 A drowned body lies at the bottom till rotten; it then
floats, as most people know.

---End of Book Second---
CVI.

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

---

Waltz;

AN APOSTROPHIC HYMN.

Qualis in Eurota ripis, aut per Juga Cynthia,
Excert Diana choris.

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 age (or as they call it, marketable) age, and having besides a chancery suit involuntarily entailed upon the family estate, we came up in our old chariot, of which, by the by, my wife grew so much accustomed 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 Honorable Augustus Tiptoe, her partner.

general and opera-knight. Hearing great praises of Mrs. H.'s dancing (she was famous for birth-night minuets in the latter end of the last century), I unbooted, and went to a ball at the Countess's, expecting to see country dance, or, at most, cotillion, reels, and all the old pieces to the newest tunes. But, judge of my surprise, on arriving, to see poor dear Mrs. Hornem with her arms half round the loins of a huge hussar-looking gentleman I never set eyes on before; and his, to say truth, rather more than half round her waist, turning round, and round, and round, to a 3,—I saw up and down sort of tune, that reminded me of the "black joke," only more "affetuoso," till it made me quite giddy with wondering they were not so. By and by they stopped a bit, and I thought they would sit or fall down:—but, no; with Mrs. H.'s hand on his shoulder, "quam familiariter?" (as Terence said when I was at school), they walked about a minute, and then at it again, like two cock-chafers spitted on the same bodkin. I asked what all this meant, when, with a loud laugh, a child no older than our Wilhelmina (a name I never heard but in the year of Wakefield, though her mother would call her after the Princess of Swappenech), said, "Lord, Mr. Hornem, can you see they are Waltzing," 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 the 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 W. F. Exq., and a few hints from Dr. B. (whose recitations I attend, and am monstrous fond of Master B.'s manner of delivering his father's late successful D. L. address), I composed the following hymn, wherein withal to make my sentiments known to the public, whom, nevertheless, I heartily despise as well as the critics.

I am, Sir, yours, etc., etc.

HORACE HORNEM.

---

WALTZ.

Muse of the many-twinkling feet whose charms
Are now extended up from legs to arms;
Tea-pots' choir,—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 pride;
Mock'd, yet triumphant; sneer'd at, unmudied;
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 boot,
A sight unmatch'd since Orpheus and his brutes:
Hail, spirit-stirring Waltz!—beneath whose banners
A modern hero fought for modish manners;
On Hoamslow's heath to rival Wellessey's fame,
Cock'd—fired—and missed 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 Bysby, or of Friz,
The latter's loyalty, the former's wits,
To energize the object I pursue,
And give both Behal 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—now our living stock.
The head to hock belongs—to the latter art
Intoxicates alone the heartless heart:
Through the full veins the gentler poison swarms,
And wakes to wantonness the willing limbs.

Oh, Germany! how much to thee we owe,
As heaven-born Pat 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 holligences 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 transferred to Buonapartes's fiat,
Back to my theme—O Muses of motion! say,
How first to Alison 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 sleep;
To snowy Gottenburg—was chill'd to sleep;
Or starting from her slumbers, diong'd arise,
Heligolands! to stock thy mart with lies;
White 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 best despatch,
Which Moniteur nor Morning Post can match;
And—almost crust'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;
Menier's four volumes upon woman's life,
Like Layland witches to insure a wind;
Brunck's heaviest tome for ballast, and to back it,
Of Heyne, such as should not sink the packet.
Fraght 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-born Quxote, 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 legs, or more of neck

Than thou, ambrosial Waltz, when first the moon
Beheld thee twining 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 shall wear,
With added ornaments around them—ill'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
Torrents 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
Brow, Irish jig, and ancient rigadoon;
Scotch reels, avanti! and country-dance, forego
Your future claims to each fantastic toe;
Waltz—Waltz alone—both legs and arms demands,
Liberal of foot, 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 chandellier
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.

Obserrvant travellers! of every time;
Ye quartos! publish'd upon every chime.
O say, shall dull Romaika's heavy round
Fandango's wriggle, or Bolero's bound?
Can Egypt's Almas—fantazizing group—
Columbus's eapeters to the warlike whose
Can aught from copy of Kanatschanka 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 droll to that you lost.
No treacherous powder bids conjecture quake;
No stiff starch'd stays make moulding fingers ache;
(Transfer'd to those ambiguous things that ape
Goats in their visage, women in their shape);—
No dainty fants 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;
Wertorer—to decent vice though much inclined,
Yet warm, not wanton; dazzled, but not blind—
Though gentle Genii, in her strike with Stael,
Would even proscrib' thee from a Paris ball;
The fashion hails—from countess 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 cockneyse practise what they can't pronounce.
Gods! how the glorious theme my strain exalt,
And rhymfe finds partner rhyme in praise of "Waltz."

Blest was the time Waltz chose for her début;
The court, the R——, 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 roared 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 succeeded so well,
That most survivors envy those who fell;
New mistresses—no—old—and yet 'tis true,
Though they be old, the thing is something new;
Each new, quite new—(except some ancient tricks 16),
New white-sticks, gold-sticks, broom-sticks, all new sticks!
With vests or ribbands—deck'd alike in hue,
New troopers strut, new turncoats blush in blue:
So smit the muse—my——11, 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 minutes, 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 K——'s gay grace, or sapient G——'s mien,
Leads forth the ready dame, whose rising blush
Might once have been mistaken for a blush
From where the garb just leaves the bosom free,
That spot where hearts 12 were once supposed to be;
Round all the confines of the yielded waist,
The strongest hand may wander undispersed;
The lady's in return may grace 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 best surnames—vide "Morning Post;" 17
(Or if for that imparted 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?"18
True, honest Mirza—you may trust my rhyme—
Something does follow at a fitter time;
The breast thus publicly resign'd to man,
Private may resist him—if it can.

O ye! who loved our grandmothers of yore,
Fitz—k, Sh——e, and many more!
And thou, my prince, whose sovereign taste and will
Is to love the lovely bellesdram still;
Then, ghost of Q———19 whose judging spire
Satan may spare to peep a single night,
Pronounce—if ever in your days of bliss—
Immodest attack 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-assembled 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 low'd grasp, and lawless contact warm?
At once love's most enduring 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 taunt;
If such thou lovest—love her then no more,
Or give—like her—careless to a score;
Her mind with these is gone, and with it go
The little left behind to bestow.

Voluptuous Waltz! and dare I thus blaspheme?
Thy bard forgot thy praises were his theme,
	eref-shihore forgave!—at every ball
My wife now waltzes—and my daughters shall;
My son (or stop—')tis needless to inquire—
These little accidents should ne'er transpire—
Some ages hence our genealogic tree
Will wear as green a bough for him as me,
Waltzing shall rear, to make our name amends,
Grandsons for me—in heirs to all his friends.

NOTES.

Note 1.
State of the poll (last day) 5.
Note 2.
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 Pereceval, and "No Popery!" and quite regretting the downfall of the Pope, because we can't burn him any more.

Note 3.
"Glance their many-twinking feet."—Gray.
Note 4.
To rival Lord W.'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 any thing 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 Deum" 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 grizzins of the stubborn plain, Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain!"
The Lord Peterborough conquered continents in a summer; we do more—we contrive both to conquer and lose them in a shorter season. If the "great Lord's" Cincinnati progress in agriculture be no speedier
Jnn the prohontional 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
\footnote{Note then if, for, attained the if whiskered, certain
nibal and aides. able. valour had gratis.}

\footnote{It whiskers;" what colour'd beard comes next by the
window?}

\footnote{Adriana. A black man's, I think.}

\footnote{Tuffita. I think not so: I think a red, for that is
most in fashion.}

\footnote{There is "nothing now under the sun," but red,
then a favourite, has now subsided into a favourite's
colour.}

\footnote{An anarchonism—Waltz, and the battle of Austerlitz
are before said to have opened the ball together: the
hard means (if he means any thing), Waltz was not so
much in vogue till the R— attained the acme of his
popularity. Waltz, the comet, whiskers, and the new
government, illuminated heaven and earth, in all
glorious, much about the same time; of those the
comet only has disappeared; the other three continue
to astonish us still.—PRINTER'S DEVIL.}

\footnote{Amongst others, a new moneyness—a creditable coin
now forthcoming, worth a pound, in pape, at the fairest
calculation.}

\footnote{Oh that right should thus overcome might? Who
does not remember the "delicate investigation" in the
"Merry Wives of Windsor"?}

\footnote{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?}

\footnote{Mrs. Ford. What have you to do whither they bea
it?—you were best meddle with buck-washing.}

\footnote{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 R——'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
once.}

\footnote{We have changed all that," says the Mock Doctor.
"it is all gone—Asmodeus knows where. After all, it
is of no great importance how women's hearts are dis-
posed 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 load in the centre, lively,
and with the reputation of being venomous."}

\footnote{In Turkey, a pertinent—here, an impertinent and
superfluous question—literally put, as in the text, 99 a
Persian to Morier, on seeing a Waltz in Peru. — Vide
Morier's Trave 2.}
THE LAMENT OF TASSO.

I.
Long years!—It tries the thrilling frame to bear
And eagle-spirit of a child of song—
Long years of outrage, calumny, and wrong;
Imputed madness, prison'd solitude,
And the mind's canker in its savage mood,
When the impatient thirst of light and air
Parches the heart; and the abhorred gate,
Marring the sunbeams with its hideous shade,
Works through the throbbing eye-ball to the brain
With a hot sense of heaviness and pain;
And bare, at once, captivity display'd
Stands scoffing through the never-open'd gate,
Which nothing through its bars admits, save day
And tasteless food, which I have eat alone
Till its unsoal bitterness is gone;
And I can banquet like a beast of prey,
Sullenly and lonely, coughing in the cave.
Which is my hair, and—it may be—my grave.
All this hath somewhat worn me, and may wear,
But must be borne. I stoop not to despair;
For I have battled with mine agony,
And made me wings wherewith to overfly
The narrow circus of my dungeon wall,
And freed the Holy Sepulchre from thrall;
And revel'd among men and things divine,
And pour'd my spirit over Palestine,
In honour of the sacred war for him,
The God who was on earth and is in heaven,
For he hath strengthen'd me in heart and limb.
That through this sultrace I might be forgiv'n,
Have employ'd my penance to record
How Salem's shrine was won, and how adored.

II.
But this is o'er—my pleasant task is done:
My long-sustaining friend of many years!
If I do blot thy final page with tears,
Know that my sorrows have wrung from me none.
But thou, my young creation! my soul's child!
Which ever playing round me came and smiled,
And woo'd me from myself with thy sweet sigh,
Thou art gone—and so is my delight:

And therefore do I weep and myl bleed
With this last bruise upon a broken reed.
Thou too art ended—what is left me now?
For I have anguish yet to bear—and how?
I know not that—but in the innate force
Of my own spirit shall be found resource.
I have not sunk, for I had no remorse,
Nor cause for such: they call'd me mad—and why?
Oh Leonora! wilt thou not reply?
I was indeed delirious in my heart
To lift my love so lofty as thou art;
But still my frenzy was not of the mind;
I knew my fault, and feel my punishment
Not less because I suffer it unent.
That thou wert beautiful, and I not blind,
Hath been the sin which shuts me from mankind,
But let them go, or torture as they will,
My heart can multiply thine image still;
Successful love may satiate itself away,
The wretched are the faithful; 't is their fate
To have all feeling save the one decay,
And every passion into one dilate,
As rapid rivers into ocean pour;
But ours is fathomless, and hath no shore.

III.
Above me, har! the long and maniac cry
Of minds and bodies in captivity,
And har! the lash and the increasing howl,
And the half-articulate blasphemy!
There be some here with worse than frenzy foul,
Some who do still goad on the o'er-labour'd mina,
And dim the little light that's left behind
With needless torture, as their tyrant will
Is wound up to the lust of doing ill;
With these and with their victims am I class'd,
'Mid sounds and sights like these long years have pass'd
'Mid sights and sounds like these my life may close
So let it be—for then shall I repose.

IV.
I have been patient, let me be so yet;
I had forgotten half I would go get,
But it revives—oh! would it were my lot
To be forgetful as I am forget—
Feel I not wroth with those who bade me dwell
In this vast lazzy-house of many woes?
Where laughter is not mirth, nor thought the mind,
Nor words a language, nor ev'n men mankind;
Where cries reply to curses, shrieks to blows,
And each is tortured in his separate cell—
For we are crowded in our solitude—
Many, but each divided by the wall,
Which echoes Madness in her babbling moods;
—While all can hear, none heed his neighbour's call—
None! save that One, the verest wretch of all,
Who was not made to be the mate of these,
Nor bound between distraction and distress.
Feel I not wroth with those who place me here?
Who have debased me in the minds of men,
Deharring me the usage of my own,
Blighting my life in best of its career,
Branding my thoughts as things to shun and fear?
Would I not pay them back those oars again,
And teach them inward sorrow's stiffed groan?
The struggle to be calm, and cold distress
Which undermines our stical success?
No!—still too proud to be vindictive—
Have pardon'd princes' insults, and would die.
Yes, sister of my sovereign! for thy sake
I weep all bitterness from out my breast,
It hath no business where thou art a guest;
Thy brother hates—but I can not detest,
Thou pistes not—but I can not forsake.

V.

Look on a love which knows not to despair,
But all unquench'd is still my better part,
Dwelling deep in my shut and silent heart
As dwells the gather'd lightning in its cloud,
Encumbr'd with its dark and rolling shroud,
Till struck,—forth flies the all-terreal dart!
And thus at the collision of thy name
The vivid thought still flashes through my frame,
And for a moment all things as they were
Flit by me;—they are gone— I am the same.

And yet my love without ambition grew;
I knew thy state, my station, and I knew
A princess was no love-mate for a bard;
I told it not, I breathed it not, it was
Sufficient to itself, its own reward;
And if my eyes reveal'd it, they, alas! were
Pursu'd by the silhettess of thing,
And yet I did not venture to repine.
Then went to me a crystal-girdled shrine,
Worshipp'd at holy distance, and around
Hallow'd and meekly kiss'd the saintly ground;
Not for thou wert a princess, but that love
Had rob'd thee with a glory, and array'd
Thy lineaments in beauty that dismay'd—
Oh! not dismay'd—but awed, like One above;
And in that sweet severity there was
A something which all softness did surpass—
I know not how—thy genius master'd mine
My star stood still before thee:—if it were
Presumptuous thus to love without design,
That sad mortality hast cost me dear;
But thou art dearest still, and I should be
Fit for this cell, which wrongs me, but for thee.
The very love which lock'd me to my chain
Hath lighten'd half its weight; and for the rest,
Though heavy, lent me vigour to sustain,
And look to thee with undivided breast,
And soff the ingenuity of pain.

VI.

It is no marvel—from my very birth
My soul was drunk with love, which did pervade
And mingle with what'er I saw on earth;
Of objects all inanimate I made
Idols, and out of wild and lonely flowers,
And rocks, whereby they grew, a paradise,
Where I did lay me down within the shade
Of waving trees, and dream'd uncounted hours,
Though I was chid for wandering; and the wise
Shook their white aged heads o'er me, and said
Of such materials wretched men were made,
And such a truant boy would end in woe,
And that the only lesson was a blow;
And then they smote me, and I did not weep,
But cursed them in my heart, and to my hair
Return'd and wept alone, and dream'd again.
The visions which arise without a sleep,
And with my years my soul began to pant
With feelings of strange tumult and soft pain;
And the whole heart exulted into one want,
But undefined, and wandering, till the day
I found the thing I sought—and that was thee;
And then I lost my being all to be
Absorb'd in thine—the world was past away—
Thou didest annihilate the earth to me!

VII.

I loved all solitude—but little though
To spend I know not what of life, remote
From all communon with existence, save
The maniac and his tyrant; had I been
Their fellow, many years ere this had seen
My mind like theirs corrupted to its grave;
But who hath seen me writhe, or heard me rave?
Perchance in such a cell we suffer more
Than the wreck'sd sailor on his desert shore;
The world is all before him—nine is here,
Scarce twice the space they must accord my bier
What though he perish, he may lift his eye
And with a dying glance behold the sky—
I will not raise my own in such reproof,
Although 'tis clouded by my dungeon roof.

VIII.

Yet do I feel at times my mind decline,
But with a sense of its decay:—I see
Unwonted lights along my prison shine,
And a strange demon, who is vexing me
With pilfering pranks and petty pains, below
The feeling of the heartful and the free;
But much to one, who long hath suffer'd so,
Sickness of heart, and narrowness of place,
And all that may be borne, or can deceive.
I thought mine enemies had been but man,
But spirits may be leagued with them—all earth
Abandoned—Heaven forgets me;—in the dearth
Of such defence the powers of evil can,
It may be, 'tis temerity, and prevail
Against the outworn creature they assail,
Why in this furnace is my spirit proved
Like steel in tempering fire? because I loved!
Because I loved what not to love, and see,
Was more or less than mortal, and than me.

IX.

I once was quick in feeling—that is o'er;—
My scars are callous, or I should have dash'd
My brain against these bars as the sun flash'd
In mockery through them;—if I bear and bore
The much I have recounted, and the more
Which hath no words, 'tis that I would not the
And sanction with self-slaughter the dull lie
Which snared me here, and with the brand of shame
Stamp madness deep into my memory,
And wo compassion to a blighted name,
Sealing the sentence which my foes proclaim.
No—it shall be immortall!—and I make
A future temple of my present cell,
Which nations yet shall visit for my sake.
While thou, Ferrara! when no longer dwell
The ducal chiefs within thee, shunt fall down,
And crumbling piececeous view th'hearth ess hails,
A poet's wreath shall be thine only crown,
A poet's dungeon thy most far renown,
While strangers wonder o'er thy unpopped walls!
And thou, Leonora! thou—who wert exalted
That such as I could once—whos canst not hear
To less than monamines that thou contest be dear,
Go! tell thy brother that my heart, untamed
By grief, years, weariness—and it may be
A tant of that he would impute to me,
From long infection of a den like this,
Where the mind rots congenial with the abyes,—
Adores thee still;—and add—that when the towers
And battlements which guard his joyous hours
Of banquet, dance, and revel, are forgot,
Or left intended in a dull repose,
This—this shall be a consecrated spot!
But thou—when all that birth and beauty throws
Of magic round thee is extinct—shall have
One half the laurel which o'ershades my grave.
No power in death can tear our names apart,
As none in life could rend thee from my heart.
Yes, Leonora! it shall be our fate
To be entwined for ever—but too late!

THE HARP THE MONARCH MINSTREL SWEPT.

The harp the monarch minstrel swept,
The king of men, the loved of Heaven,
Which Music hollow'd while she wept
O'er tones her heart of hearts had given.
Redoubled be her tears, its chords are riven
It when'd men of iron wound,
It gave them virtues not their own;
No ear so dull, no soul so cold,
That felt not, fired not to the tone,
Till David's lyre grew mightier than his throne.

It told the triumphs of our king,
It wafted our glory to our God;
It made our gladdened' valleys ring,
The cedars bow, the mountains nod;
Its sound aspired to heaven, and there abode
Since then, though heard on earth no more,
Devotion and her daughter Love
Still bid the bursting spirit soar
To sounds that seem as from above,
In dreams that day's broad light can't remove

IF THAT HIGH WORLD.

If that high world, which lies beyond
Our own, surviving love endures;
If there the cherished heart be fond,
The eye the same, except in tears—
How welcome those untrodden spheres
How sweet this very hour to die!
To soar from earth, and find all tears
Lost in thy light—Eternity!

It must be so: 't is not for self
That we so tremble on the brink;
And striving to o'erleap the gulf,
Yet cling to being's severing link.
Oh! in that future let us think
To hold each heart the heart that shares
With them the immortal waters drink,
And soul in soul grow deathless theirs.

THE WILD GAZELLE.

The wild gazelle on Judah's hills
Exulting yet may bound,
And drink from all the living ribs
That gush on holy ground;
Its airy step and glorious eye
May glance in nameless transport by:
A step as fleet, an eye more bright,
Hath Judah witnessed there;
And o'er her scenes of oat delight
Inhabitants more fair.
The cedar wave on Lebanon,
But Judah's statelier maids are gone.
More blest each palm that shades those plains,
Than Israel's scattered race;
For, taking root, it there remains
In solitary grace;
I cannot quash a pace of birth
It will not live in other earth.
But we must wander wander
In other lands to die;
And where our fathers' ashes be,
Our own may never lie:
Our temple hath not left a stone,
And Mockery sits on Salem's throne.
HEBREW MELODIES.

91

OH! WEEP FOR THOSE.

On! weep for those that wept by Babel's stream,
Whose shrines are desolate, whose land a dream;
Weep for the harp of Judah's broken shell:
Mourn—where their God hath dwelt the godless dwell!

And where shall Israel save her bleeding feet?
And when shall Zion's songs again seem sweet?
And Judah's melody once more rejoice
The hearts that leap'd before its heavenly voice?

Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast,
How shall ye flee away and be at rest?
The wild-love hath her nest, the fox his cave,
Mankind their country—Israel but the grave!

ON JORDAN'S BANKS.

On Jordan's banks the Arab's camels stray,
On Sion's hill the false One's votaries pray,
The Ban-scorer bows on Sion's steep—
Yet there—even there—Oh God! thy thunders sleep:

There—where thy finger scorched the tablet stone!
There—where thy shadow to thy people shone!
Thy glory shrouded in its garb of fire:
Thy soul—none knew see and not expire!

Oh! in the lightning let thy glance appear!
Sweep from his slumber he hand the oppressor's spear:
How long by tyrants shall thy hand be trod?
How long thy temple worshipless, Oh God?

JEPHTHAN'S DAUGHTER.

Since our country, our God—Oh! my sire!
Demand that thy daughter expire;
Since thy triumph was bought by thy vow
Strike the bosom that's bared for thee now!

And the voice of my mourning is o'er,
And the mountains behold me no more:
If the hand that I love lay me low,
There cannot be pain in the blow!

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

Though the virgins of Salem lament,
Be the judge and the hero unbound!
I have won the great battle for thee,
And my father and country are free!

When this blood of thy giving hath gush'd,
When the voice that thou lovest is hush'd,
Let my memory still be thy pride,
And forgive not I smiled as I died!

OH! SNATCH'D AWAY IN BEAUTY'S BLOOM.

On! snatch'd away in beauty's noon
On thee shall press no po'crorous tomb;
But on thy turf shall roses rear
Their leaves, the earliest of the year;
And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom:

And oft by yon blue gushing stream
Shall sorrow lean her drooping head,
And feed deep thought with many a dream,
And lingering pause and lightly tread:
Fond wretch! as if her step disturb'd the dead!

Away! we know that tears are vain,
That death nor hoods nor hears distress.
Will this unteach us to complain?
Or make one mourner weep the less?
And thou—who tell'st me to forget,
Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

MY SOUL IS DARK.

My soul is dark—Oh! quickly string
The harp I yet can brook to hear;
And let thy gentle fingers fling
Its melting murmurs o'er mine ear.

If in this heart a hope he dear,
That sound shall charm it forth again;
In these eyes there lurk a tear,
"T'will flow, and cease to burn my brain.

But bid the strain be wild and deep,
Nor let thy notes of joy be first:
I tell thee, minstrel, I must weep,
Or else this heavy heart will burst;
For it hath been by sorrow marst,
And ached in sleepless silence long;
And now 't is done! to know the worst,
And break at once—or yield to song.

I SAW THEE WEEP.

I saw thee weep—the big bright tear
Came o'er that eye of blue;
And then methought it did appear
A violet drooping dew;
I saw thee smile—the sapphire's blaze
Beside thee ceased to shine,
It could not match the living rays
That fill'd that glance of thine.

As clouds from yonder sun receive
A deep and mellow die,
Which scarce the shade of coming eve
Can banish from the sky,
These smiles onto the moodiest mind
Their own pure joy impart;
Their sunshine leaves a glow behind
That lightens o'er the heart.

THY DAYS ARE DONE.

Thy days are done, thy fame begun;
Thy country's strains record
The triumphs of her chosen son,
The slaughters of his sword;
The deeds he did, the fields he won
The freedom he restored!

Though thou art fall'n, while we are free
Thou shalt not taste of death!
The generous blood that flow'd from thee
Disdain'd to sink beneath:
Within our veins its currents be,
Thy spirit on our breath.
BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS.

I strive to number o'er what days
Remembrance can discover,
Which all that life or earth displays
Would lure me to live over.
There rose no day, there roll'd no hour
Of pleasure unembitter'd;
And not a trapping deck'd my power
That gall'd not while it glitter'd.
The serpent of the field, by art
And spells, is won from harming;
But that when coils around the heart,
Oh! who hath power of charming?
It will not list to wisdom's lore,
Nor music's voice can lure it;
But there it stings for evermore
The soul that must endure it.

WHEN COLDNESS WRAPS THIS SUFFERING CLAY.

When coldness wraps this suffering clay,
Ah, whither strays the immortal mind?
It cannot die, it cannot stay,
But leaves its darker dust behind.
Then, unpembodied, doth it trace
By steps each planet's heavenly way?
Or fill at once the realms of space,
A thing of eyes, that all survey?

Eternal, boundless, uncay'd,
A thought unseen, but seeming all,
All, all in earth, or skies display'd,
Shall it survey, shall it recall?
Each finiter trace that memory holds,
So darkly of departed years,
In one broad glance the soul beholds,
And all, that was, at once appears.

Before creation peopled earth,
Its eye shall roll through chaos back;
And where the furthest heaven had birth,
The spirit trace its rising track.
And where the future mists or makes,
Its glance dilate o'er all to be,
While sun is quench'd or system breaks,
Fix'd in its own eternity.

Above or love, hope, hate, or fear,
It lives all passionless and pure:
An age shall fleet like earthly year;
Its years as moments shall endure.
Away, away, without a wing,
O'er all, through all, its thoughts shall fly,
A nameless and eternal thing,
Forgotten what it was to die.

VISION OF BELSHAZZAR.

The king was on his throne,
The satraps throng'd the hall;
A thousand bright lamps shone
O'er that high festival.
A thousand cups of gold,
In Judah deem'd divine—
Jehovah's vessels hold
The godless heathen's wine!

In that same hour and hall,
The figgers of a hand
Came forth against the wall,
And wrote as if on sand:

A ALL IS VANITY, SAITH THE PREACHER.

Fame, wisdom, love, and power were mine,
And health: and youth possess'd me;
My gold strok'd from every vine,
And lovely forms caress'd me;
I sma'ld my heart in beauty's eyes,
And felt my soul grow tender;
All earth's salve, or mortal prize,
Was none of regal splendour.

Thy name, our charg'ng hosts along,
Shall be the battle-word!
Thy fall, the theme of choral song
From virgin voices pour'd!
To weep would do thy glory wrong;
Thou shalt not be deplor'd.

SONG OF SAUL BEFORE HIS LAST BATTLE.

Warriors and chiefs: should the shaft or the sword
Pierce me in leading the host of the Lord,
Howl not the corse, though a king's, in your path:
Bury your steel in the bosoms of Gath!
Thou who art bearing my buckler and bow,
Should the soldiers of Saul look away from the foe,
Stretch me that moment in blood at thy feet!
Mine be the doom which they dared not to meet.

Farewell to others, but never we part,
Heir to my royalty, son of my heart!
Bright is the diadem, boundless the sway,
Or kingly the death, which awaits us to-day!

SAUL.

Thou whose spell can raise the dead,
Bid the prophet's form appear,
"Samuel, raise thy buried head!
King, behold the phantom seer!"

Earn yawn'd; he stood the centre of a cloud:
Light changed its hue, retiring from his shroud:
Death strook all glassy in his fixed eye:
His hand was wither'd and his veins were dry;
His foot, in bony whiteness, glimmer'd there,
Shrunk and sinewless, and ghastly bare:
From lips that moved not and unbreathing frame,
Luke cavern'd winds, the hollow accents came.
Saul saw, and fell to earth, as falls the oak,
At once, and blasted by the thunder-stroke.

"Why is my sleep disquieted?
Who is he that calls the dead?
Is it thou, oh king? Behold,
Bloodless are these limbs, and cold:
Such are mine; and such shall be,
Thine, to-morrow, when with me:
Ere the coming day is done,
Such shalt thou be, such thy son.
 fare thee well, but for a day;
Then we mix our mouldering clay.
Thou, thy race, is pale and low,
Pierce by shafts of many a bow:
And the fiction by thy side:
To thy heart thy hand shall guide:
Crawless, oreathless, headless fall,
Son and sire, the house of Saul!"

"ALL IS VANITY, SAITH THE PREACHER."
The fingers of a man:—
A solitary hand
Along the letters ran,
And traced them like a wand.

The monarch saw, and shook,
And bade no more rejoice;
All bloodless wax'd his look,
And tremulous his voice.

"Let the men of lore appear,
The wisest of the earth,
And expound the words of fear,
Which mar our royal mirth."

Chaldea's seers are good,
But here they have no skill:
And the unknown letters stood,
Untold and awful still.

And Babel's men of age
Are wise and deep in lore;
But now they were not sage,
They saw—but knew no more.

A captive in the land,
A stranger and a youth,
He heard the king's command,
He saw that writing's truth,
The lamps around were bright,
The prophecy in view;
He read it on that night,—
The morrow proved it true.

"Belshazzar's grave is made,
His kingdom pass'd away,
He in the balance weigh'd,
Is light and worthless clay.
The shrout, his robe of state,
His canpy, the stone;
The Mede is at his gate!
The Persian on his throne!"

SUN OF THE SLEEPLESS!

Sun of the sleepless! melancholy star!
Whose tearful beam glows tremulously far,
That show'st the darkness thou canst not dispel,
How like art thou to joy remember'd well!
So gleams the past, the light of other days,
Which shines, but warms not with its powerless rays;
A night-beam sorrow watcheth to behold,
Distinct, but distant—clear—but, oh how cold!

WERE MY BOSON AS FALSE AS THOU DEEPEST IT TO BE.

Were my bosom as false as thou deem'st it to be,
I need not have wander'd from far Galilee;
It was but abjuring my creed to efface
The curse which, thou say'st, is the crime of my race.

If the bad never triumph, then God is with thee!
If the slave only sin, thou art spotless and free!
If the exile on earth is an outcast on high,
Live on in thy faith, but in mine I will die.

I have lost for that faith more than thou canst bestow,
As the God who permits thee to prosper doth know;
In his hand is my heart and my hope—and in thine
The land and the life which for him I resign.

HEROD'S LAMENT FOR MARIAMNE.

Oh, Marianne! now for thee
The heart for which thou bleed'st is bleeding;
Revenge is lost in agony,
And will remorse to rage succeeding.
Oh, Marianne! where art thou?
Thou canst not hear my bitter pleading:
Ah, couldst thou—thou wouldst pardon now,
Though Heaven were to my prayer unheeding.

And is she dead?—and did they dare
Obey my frenzy's jealous raving?
My wrath but doon'd my own despair:
The sword that smote her's o'er me wav'd.

But thou art cold, my murder'd love!
And this dark heart is vainly craving
For her who soars alone above,
And leaves my soul unworthy saving.

She's gone, who shared my dindem!
She sunk, with her my joys entombing;
I swept that flower from Judah's stem
Whose leaves for me alone were blooming.

And mine's the guilt, and mine the hell,
This bosom's desolation dooming;
And I have earn'd those tortures well,
Which unconsumed are still consuming!

ON THE DAY OF THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM BY TITUS.

From the last hill that looks on thy once holy dome
I beheld thee, oh Sion! when render'd to Rome:
'T was thy last sun went down, and the flames of thy fall
Flash'd back on the last glance I gave to thy wall.

I look'd for thy temple, I look'd for my home,
And forgot for a moment my bondage to cease;
I beheld but the death-fire that fed on thy fane,
And the fast-fetter'd hands that made vengeance in an.

On many an eve, the high spot whence I gazed
Had reflect'd the last beam of day it blaz'd;
While I stood on the height, and beheld the decline
Of the rays from the mountain that shone on thy shrine

And now on that mountain I stood on that day,
But I mark'd not the twilight beam melting away;
Oh! would that the lightning had glare'd in its stead,
And the thunderbolt burst on the conqueror's head!

But the gods of the Pagan shall never profane
The shrine where Jehovah disdain'd not to reign;
And scatter'd and scorn'd as thy people may be,
Our worship, oh Father! is only for thee.

BY THE RIVERS OF BABYLON WE SAT DOWN AND WEEP.

We sat down and wept by the waters
Of Babel, and thought of the day
When our foe, in the hue of his slaughters
Made Salem's high places his prey.

And ye, oh her desolate daughters!
Were scatter'd all weeping away.

While sadly we gazed on the river
Which roll'd on in freedom below,
They demanded the song; but, oh never
That triumph the stranger shall know.

May this right hand be with'i'd for ever,
Ere it string our high harp for the foe!
On the willow that harp is suspended,—
Oh Sion! its sound should be free;
And the hour when thy glories were ended,
But left me that token of thee:
And ne'er shall its soft tones be blended
With the voice of the spoiler by me!

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.
The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.
Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.
For the angel of death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd;
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still.
And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride:
And the foam of his gauzy lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.
And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.
And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail;
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

FROM JOB.
A spirit pass'd before me: I beheld
The face of immortality unveil'd—
Deep sleep came down on every eye save mine—
And there it stood,—all formless—but divine:
Along my bones the creeping flesh did quake;
And as my damp hair stiffen'd, thus it spake:
"Is man more just than God? Is man more pure
Than he who deems even seraphs insecure?
Creatures of clay—vain dwellers in the dust!
The most survives you, and are ye more just?
Things of a day! you wither ere the morn,
Hopeless and blind to wisdom's wasted light!"

Miscellaneous Poems.

ODE TO NAPOLEON BUNOAPARTE.
'Tis done—but yesterday a king!
And arm'd with kings to strive—
And now thou art a nameless thing,
So object—yet alive!
Is this the man of thousand thrones,
Who strov'd our earth with hostile bones?
And can he thus survive?
Since he, miscall'd the morning star,
Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far.
Ill-minded man! why scourge thy kind,
Who bow'd so low the knee?
By gazing on thyself grown blind,
Thou taught'st the rest to see.
With might unquestion'd,—power to save—
Thine only gift hath been the grave
To those that worshipp'd thee;
Nor, till thy fall, could mortals guess
Ambition's less than littleness!
Thanks for that lesson—it will teach
To after-warriors more
Than high philosophy can preach,
And vainly preach'd before.
That spell upon the minds of men
Breaks never to unite again,
That led them to adore
Those pagod things of subro-sway,
With fronts of brass, and feet of clay.
The triumph and the vanity,
The rapture of the strife—
The earthquake shout of Victory,
To thee the breath of life;
The sword, the sceptre, and that sway
Which man seem'd to make but to obey,
With ruinous renown was rife—
All quell'd!—Dark spirit! what must be
The madness of thy memory.
The desolator desolate!
The victor overthrown!
The arbiter of others' fate
A suppliant for his own!

1 Certainius gaudia, the expression of Attila, in his ha
rassme to his army, previous to the battle of Cividin, given
in Cassiodorus.
Is it some yet imperial hope  
That with such change can calmly cope?  
Or dread of death alone?  
To die a prince—or live a slave—  
Thy choice is most ignobly brave!  

He! who of old would rend the oak  
Dream’d not of the rebound;  
Chain’d by the trunk he vainly broke,—  
Alone—how long?—  
Thou, in the sternness of thy strength,  
An equal deed hast done at length,  
And darker fate hast found:  
He fell, the forest-prowlers’ prey;  
But thou must eat thy heart away!  
The Roman, when his burning heart  
Was slaked with blood of Rome,  
Threw down the dagger—dared depart,  
In savage grandeur, home.  
He dared depart, in utter scorn  
Of men that such a yoke had borne,  
Yet left him such a doom!  
His only glory was that hour  
Of self- Upheld abandon’d power.  

The Spaniard, when the lust of sway  
Had lost its quickening spell,  
Cast crowns for rosaries away,  
An empire for a cell;  
A strict accountant of his beads,  
A subtle disputant on creeds,  
His dotage trifled well:  
Yet better had he never known  
A bigot’s shrine, nor despot’s throne.  
But thou—from thy reluctant hand  
The thunderbolt is wrong—  
I’ve late thou leavest the high command  
To which thy weakness clung;  
All evil spirit as thou art,  
It is enough to grieve the heart,  
To see thine own unstrung;  
To think that God’s fair world hath been  
The footstool of a thing so mean;  
And earth hath spilt her blood for him,  
Who thus can hoard his own!  
And monarch bow’d the trembling limb,  
And thank’d him for a throne!  
Fair freedom! we may hold thee dear,  
When thus thy mightiest foes their fear  
In humblest guses have shown.  
Oh! ne’er may tyrant leave behind  
A brighter name to lure mankind!  
Thine evil deeds are writ in gore,  
Nor written thus in vain—  
Thy triumphs tell of fame no more,  
Or deepen every stain.  
If thou hastid dies as honour dies  
Some new Napoleon might arise,  
To shame the word again—  
But who would soar the solar height,  
To set in such a starless night?  
Weigh’d in the balance, hero dust  
Is vile as vulgar clay;  
Thy scales, mortality! are just  
To all that pass away;  
But yet, methought, the living great  
Some higher sparks should animate  
To dazzle and dismay;  
Nor deem’d contempt could thus make mark:  
Of these, the conquerors of the earth.  

And she, proud Austria’s mournful flower,  
Thy still imperial bridle;  
How bears her breast the torturing hour?  
Still clings she to thy side?  
Must she too bend, must she too share  
Thy late repentance, long despair.  
Thou Thoughtless Homicide?  
If still she loves thee, heard that gem,  
’Tis worth thy vanish’d diadem!  

Then haste thee to thy sullen isle,  
And gaze upon the sea;  
That element may meet thy smile,  
If never was ruled by thee!  
Or trace with these all sile hand,  
In loitering mood, upon the sand,  
That earth is now as free!  
That Cornith’s pedagogue hath now  
Transferr’d his by-word to thy brow.  

Thon Timor! in his captive’s cage!  
What thoughts will there be thine,  
While brooding in thy prison’d rage?  
But one—a The world was mine!  
Unless, like he of Babylon,  
All sense is with thy sceptre gone,  
Life will not long confine  
That spirit pour’d so widely for—  
So long obey’d—so little worth!  
Or like the thief of fire from heaven,  
Wilt thou withstand the shock?  
And share with him, the unforgiven,  
His vulture and his rock?  
Foredoom’d by God—by man accurst,  
And that last act, though not thy worst,  
The very fiend’s arch mock?  
He in his full preserved his pride,  
And, if a mortal, had as proudly died!

———

**MONODY ON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HON. R. B. SHERIDAN SPKEN AT DRURY-LANE THEATRE.**

When the last sunshine of expiring day  
In summer’s twilight weeps itself away,  
Who hath not felt the softness of the hour  
Sink on the heart, as dew along the flower?  
With a pure feeling which absorbs and awes  
While Nature makes that melancholy pause,  
Her breathing moment on the bridge where Time  
Of light and darkness forms an arch sublime,  
Who hath not shared that calm so still and deep,  
The voiceless thought which would not speak but weep—  
A holy concord—and a bright regard,  
A glorious sympathy with suns that set?  
’Tis not harsh sorrow—but a tenderer woe,  
Nameless, but dear to gentle hearts below,  
Felt without bitterness—but full and clear,  
A sweet dejection—a transparent tear,

1 The cage of Bajazet, by order of Tamerlane.  
2 Prometheus.  
3 Charles V.  

Shakespeare
If the high spirit must forget to soar,
And stoop to strive with misery at the door,
To soothe indignity and face to face
Meet world rage—and wrestle with disgrace.
To find in hope but the renew'd care,
The serpent-fold of farther faithlessness,
If such may be the ills which men assail,
What marvel if at last the mightiest fail?
Breasts to whom all the strength of feeling given
Bear hearts electric—charged with fire from heaven,
Black with the rude collision, nly torn,
By clouds surrounded, and on whirlwinds borne,
Driven o'er the looming atmosphere that rusts
Thoughts which have turn'd to thunder—schorch—an burst,
But far from us and from our mimic scene
Such things should be—if such have ever been;
Ours be the tender wish, the kinder task,
To give the tribute Glory need not ask,
To mourn the vanish'd beam—and add our mite
Of praise in payment of a long delight.
Ye orators! whom yet our council yields,
Mourn for the veteran hero of your field!
The worthy rival of the wondrous Thrice 1
Whose words were sparks of immortality!
Ye barats! to whom the Dramatic Muse is dear,
He was your master—emuile him here!
Ye men of wit and social eloquence—
He was your brother—hear his ashes hence!
While powers of mind almost of boundless range,
Complete in kind—as various in their change,
While eloquence—wit—poesy—and mirth,
That humblest harmonist of care on earth,
Survive within our souls—while lives our sense
Of pride in merit's proud pre-eminence,
Long shall we seek his likeness—long in vain,
And turn to all of him which may remain,
Sighing that Nature form'd but one such man,
And broke the die—in moulding Sheridan 1.

THE IRISH AVATAR.

Ere the Daughter of Brunswick is cold in her grave,
And her ashes still float to their home o'er the tide,
Lo! George the triumphant speeds over the wave,
To the long-cherish'd Isle which he loved like his—
bride.
True, the great of her bright and brief era are gone,
The rainbow-like epoch where Freedom could pause
For the few little years, out of centuries won,
Which betray'd not, or crush'd not, or wept not her cause.
True, the chains of the Catholic clank o'er his rags,
The castle still stands, and the senates' no more,
And the famine, which dwelt on her freedomless cares
Is extending its steps to her desolate shore.
To her desolate shore—where the emigrant stands
For a moment to gaze ere he flies from his heart;
Tears fall on his cheek, though it drops from his bands,
For the dungeon he quits is the place of his birth.
But he comes! the Messiah of royalty comes!
Like a godly Leviathan roll'd from the waves!
Then receive him as best such an advent becomes,
With a legion of cooks, and an army of slaves!
He comes in the promise and bloom of three-score,
To perform in the pageant the sovereign's part—

1 Fox Pitt, Burke.
But long live the Shamrock which shadows him o'er!
Could the Green in his hat be transferr'd to his heart!
Could that long-wather'd spot but be verdant again,
And a new spring of noble affections arise?
Then might Freedom forgive thee this dance in thy chain,
And his shout of thy slavery which saddles the skies.

Is it madness or meanness which clings to thee now?
Were he God—as he is but the commonest clay,
With scarce fewer wrinkles than sins on his brow—
Such servile devotion might shame him away.

Ay, roar in his train! let thine orators lash
Their fanciful spirits to panther his pride—
Not thus did thy Grattan indignantly flash
His soul o'er the freedom implored and denied.

Ever glorious Grattan! the best of the good!
So simple in heart, so sublime in the rest!
With all which Demosthenes wanted, endued,
And his rival or victor in all he possess'd.

Ere Tully arose in the zenith of Rome,
Though unequal'd, preceded, the task was begun—
But Grattan sprung up like a god from the tomb
Of ages, the first, last, the saviour, the One!

With the skill of an Orpheus to soften the brute;
With the fire of Prometheus to kindle mankind;
Even Tyranny listening sate melted or mute,
And corruption shrank secho'd from the glance of his mind.

But back to our theme! Back to desposts and slaves!
Feasts furnish'd by Fanime! rejoicings by Pain!
True Freedom but welcomes, while slavery still raves,
When a week's Saturnalia hath loosen'd her chain.

Let the poor squallid splendour thy wrench can afford
(As the bankrupt's profusion his ruin would hide)
God o'er the palace, Lo! Erin, thy lord!
Kiss his foot with thy blessings denied!

Or if freedom past hope be extorted at last,
If the Idol of Brass find his feet are of clay,
Must what terror or policy wring forth be class'd
With what monarchs ne'er give, but as wolves yield their prey?

Each brute hath its nature, a king's is to reign,—
To reign! in that word sec, ye ages, comprised,
The cause of the curses all annals contain,
From Caesar the dreaded, to George the despised!

Wear, Fingal, thy trapping! O'Connell, proclaim
His accomplishments! His!!! and thy country convince
Half an age's contempt was an error of Fame,
And that "Hal is the rascalst sweetest young Prince!"

Will thy yard of blue riband, poor Fingal, recall
The fettors from caffions of Catholic limbs?
Or, has it not bound thee the fastest of all
The slaves, who now hail their betrayer with hymns?

Ay! Build him a dwelling! let each give his mite!
Till, like Babel, the new royal dome hath arisen!
I est thy beggars and Helots their pittance unite
And a palace bestow for a poor-house and prison!

Spread—spread, for Vitellius, the royal repast,
Till the glutonous deepot be stuff'd to the gorge!
And the roar of his drunkards proclaim him at last
The Fourth of the fools and oppressors call'd "George!"

Let the tables be loaded with fasses till they groan!
Till they groan like thy people, through ages of woe.
Let the wine flow around the old Racchanal's throne,
Like their blood which has flow'd, and which yet has to flow,

But let not his name be thine idol alone—
On his right hand behold a Sejanus appears!
Thine own Castlereagh! let him still be thine own!
A wretch, never named but with curses and jeers!

Till now, when the Isle which should blush for his birth,
Deep, deep as the gore which he shed on her soil,
Seems proud of the reptile which crawled from her earth,
And for murder repays him with shouts and a smile!

Without one single ray of her genius, without
The fancy, the manhood, the fire of her race—
The miscreant who well might plunge Erin in doubt,
If she ever gave birth to a being so base.

If she did—let her long-boasted proverb be hatch'd
Which proclaims that from Erin no reptile can spring—
See the cold-blooded serpent, with venom full flush'd,
Still warming its folds in the breast of a King!

Shout, drink, feast, and flatter! Oh! Erin, how low
Wert thou sunk by misfortune and tyranny, till
Thy welcome of tyrants hath plunged thee below
The depth of thy deep in a deeper gulf still.

My voice, though but humble, was raised for thy right,
My vote, as a freeman's, still voted thee free,
This hand, though but feeble, would arm, in thy fight,
And this heart, though outworn, had a throb of love for thee!

Yes, I loved thee and thine, though thou art not my land,
I have known noble hearts and great souls in thy sons
And I wept with the world o'er the patriot band
Who are gone, but I weep them no longer as once.

For happy are they now reposing after—
Thy Grattan, thy Curran, thy Sheridan, all
Who, for years, were the chiefs in the eloquent war,
And redeem'd, if they have not retarded, thy fall.

Yes, happy are they in their cold English graves!
Their shades cannot start to thy shouts of to-day—
Nor the steps of enslavers and chain-kissers slaves
Be stamp'd in the turf o'er their fetterless clay.

Till now I had envied thy sons and their shore,
Though their virtues were hinted, their liberties fled,
There was something so warm and sublime in the core
Of an Irishman's heart, that I envy—thy dead!

Or, if aught in my bosom can quench for an hour
My contempt for a nation so servile, though some
Which though trod like the worm will not turn upon Power,
'Tis the glory of Grattan, and genius of Moore
Sept. 16th, 1821.

THE DREAM.

Our life is twofold: sleep hath its own world,
A boundary between the things misnamed
Death and existence; sleep hath its own world,
And a wide realm of wild reality,
And dreams in their development have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy;  
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,  
They take a weight from off our waking toils,  
They do divide our being; they become  
A portion of ourselves as of our time,  
And look like heralds of eternity:  
They pass like spirits of the past,—they speak  
Like sibyls of the future; they have power—  
The tyranny of pleasure and of pain;  
They make us what we were not—what they will,  
And shake us with the vision that’s gone by,  
The dread of vanish’d shadows—Are they so?  
Is not the past all shadow? What are they?  
Creations of the mind!—The mind can make  
Substance, and people plants out of heaven  
With beings bright or dim, and give  
A breath to forms which can outlive all flesh.  
I would recall a vision which I dream’d  
Perchance in sleep—for in itself a thought,  
A slumbering thought, is capable of years,  
And curdles a long life into one hour.  

II.  
I saw two beings in the hues of youth  
Standing upon a hill, a gentle hill,  
Green and of mild declivity, the last  
As ’t were the cape of a long ridge of such,  
Save that there was no sea to have its base,  
But a most living landscape, and the wave  
Of woods and corn-fields, and the abodes of men  
Scattered at intervals, and wreathing smoke  
Aris’d from such rustic roofs;—the hill  
Was crown’d with a peculiar diadem  
Of trees, in circular array, so fix’d,  
Not by the sport of nature, but of man;  
These two, a maiden and a youth, were there  
Gazing—the one on all that was beneath  
Fair as herself—but the boy gazed on her,  
And both were young, and one was beautiful;  
And both were young, yet not alike in youth.  
As the sweet moon on the horizon’s verge,  
The maid was on the eve of womanhood;  
The boy had fewer summers, but his heart  
Had far outgrown his years, and to his eye  
There was but one beloved face on earth,  
And that was shining on him; he had look’d  
Upon it till it could not pass away;  
He had no breath, no being, but in her’s;  
She was his voice; he did not speak to her,  
But trembled on her words; she was his sight,  
For his eye follow’d hers, and saw with hers,  
Which colour’d all his objects;—he had ceased  
To live within himself; she was his life,  
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,  
Which terminated all: upon a tone,  
A touch of hers, his blood would eb and flow,  
And his cheek change tempestuously—his heart  
Unknowing of its cause of agony.  
But she in these fond feelings had no share:  
Her sight were not for him; to her he was  
Even as a brother—but no more;—it was much,  
For brotherless she was, save in the name  
Her infant friendship had bestow’d on him;  
Herself the solitary scorn left  
Of a time-honour’d race.—It was a name  
Which pleased him, and yet pleased him not—and why?  
Time taught him a deep answer—when she loved  
Another; even now she loved another,  
And on the summit of that hill she stood  
Looking afar if yet her lover’s steed  
Knew pace with her expectancy, and flew.

III.  
A change came o’er the spirit of my dream.  
There was an ancient mansion, and before  
Its walls there was a steed caparison’d.  
Within an antique oratory stood  
The boy of whom I spoke;—he was alone,  
And pale, and pacing to and fro; anon  
He sate him down, and seiz’d a pen, and traced  
Words which I could not guess of: then he learn’d  
His bow’d head on his hands, and shook as ’twere  
With a convulsion—then arose again,  
And with his teeth and quivering hands did tear  
What he had written, but he shed no tears.  
And he did calm himself, and fix his brow  
Into a kind of quiet as his countenance;  
The lady of his love enter’d there;  
She was serene and smiling then, and yet  
She knew she was by him beloved,—she knew,  
For quickly comes such knowledge, that his heart  
Was darken’d with her shadow, and she saw  
That he was wretched, but she saw not all.  
He rose, and with a cold and gentle grasp  
He took her hand; a moment o’er his face  
A tablet of unutterable thoughts  
Was traced, and then it faded as it came;  
He drop’d the hand he held, and with slow steps  
Retired, but not as biding her athen.  
For they did part with mutual smiles, he pass’d  
Forth at the massive gate of that old hall  
And mounting on his steed he went in way,  
And never repass’d that hoary threshold more.

IV.  
A change came o’er the spirit of my dream.  
The boy was spring to manhood; in the wilds  
Of far climes he made himself a home,  
And his soul drank their sublimes; he was great  
With strange and dusky aspects; he was not  
Himself like what he had been; on the sea  
And on the shore he was a wamerer.  
There was a mass of many images  
Crowded like waves upon me, but he was  
A part of all; and in the last he lay  
Reposing from the noontide slumberless,  
Conch’d among fallen columns, in the shade  
Of ruin’d walls that had survived the names  
of those who rear’d them; by his sleeping side  
Stood canals grazing, and some glean’d steeds  
Were fasten’d near a fountain, and a man  
Glad in a flowing garb did watch the while  
While many of his tribe slumber’d around;  
And they were canopied by the blue sky,  
So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,  
That God alone was to be seen in heaven.

V.  
A change came o’er the spirit of my dream.  
The lady of his love was wed with one  
Who did not love her better: in her home,  
A thousand leagues from his,—her native home,  
She dwelt, begirt with growing infancy,  
Daughters and sons of beauty,—but behold!  
Upon her face there was the tint of grief,  
The settle’d shadow of an inward strife,  
And an unquenched drooping of the eye,  
As if its lid were charg’d with mirthless tears.  
What could her grief be?—she had all she loved,  
And he who had so loved her was not there  
To trouble with new hopes, or evil wish.  
Or ill-repro’d affliction, her pure thoughts.  
What could her grief be?—she had loved him not.  
Nor given him cause to deem himself beloved.
Not could he be a part of that which prey'd
Upon her mind—a spectre of the past.

VI.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The wanderer was return'd.—I saw him stand
Before an altar—with a gentle bride;
Her face was fair, but was not that which made
The star-light of his boyhood;—as he stood
Even at the altar, o'er his brow there came
The self-same aspect, and the quivering shock
That in the antique oratory shook
His bosom in its solitude; and then—
As in that hour—a moment o'er his face;
The tablet of unutterable sights
Was traced,—and then it faded as it came,
And he stood calm and quiet, and he spoke
The tithing-vows, but heard not his own words;
And all things red'd around him; he could see
Not that which was, nor that which should have been—
But the old mansion, and the accustom'd hall,
And the remember'd chambers, and the place,
The day, the hour, the sunshine and the shade,
All things pertaining to that place and hour,
And her who was his destiny came back,
And thrust themselves between him and the light:
What business had they there at such a time?

VII.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The lady of his love:—oh! she was changed
As by the sickness of the soul; her mind
Had wand'red from its dwelling, and her eyes,
They had not their own lustre, but the look
Which is not of the earth; she was become
The queen of a fantastic realm; her thoughts
Were combinations of disjointed things;
And forms, impalpable and unperceived
Of others' sight, familiar were to hers.
And this the world calls frenzy; but the case
Have a far deeper madness, and the glance
Of melanchofy is a fearful gift;
What is it but the telescope of truth?
Which strips the distance of its phantasies,
And brings life near in utter nakedness,
Making the cold reality too real!

VIII.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The wanderer was alone as heretofore,
The beings which surround'd him were gone,
Or were at war with him; he was a mark
For blight and desolation, compass'd round
With hatred and contention; pain was mix'd
in all which was serv'd up to him, until,
Like to the Pontic monarch of old days,1
He fed on poisons, and they had no power,
But were a kind of nutriment; he lived
Through that which had been death to many men,
And made him friends of mountains; with the stars
And the quick spirit of the universe
He nedd his dialoguees; and they did teach
To him the magic of their mysteries;
To him the boos of night was open'd wide,
And voices from the deep abyss reveal'd
A marvel and a secret—Be it so.

IX.

My dream was past; it had no further change.
It was of a strange color, that the doom
Of these two creatures should be thus traced out
Almost like a reality—the one
To end in madness—both in misery.

ODE.

I.

Oft Venice! Venice! when thy marble walls
Are level with the waters, there shall be
A cry of nations o'er thy sunken halls,
A loud lament along the sweeping sea!
If I, a northern wanderer, weep for thee,
What should thy sons do?—any thing but weep:
And yet they only murmur in their sleep.

In contrast with their fathers—as the same,
The dull green oeze of the receding deep,
Is with the dashing of the spring-side foam,
That drives the sailor shipless to his home,
Are those that were once—; and thus they creep,
Crouching and crab-like, through their sapping streets:
Oh! ago—thats centuries should reap
No meadow harvest! Thirteen hundred years
Of wealth and glory turn'd to dust and tears;
And every monument the stranger meets,
Church, palace, pillar, as a mourner greets;
And even the Lion all subdued appears,
And the harsh sound of the barbarian drum,
With dull and daily dissonance, repeats
The echo of thy tyrant's voice along
The soft waves, once all musical to song,
That heaved beneath the moonlight with the throng
Of gondolas—and to the busy hum
Of cheerful creatures, whose most sinful deeds
Were but the overbearing of the heart,
And flow of too much happiness, which needs
The aid of age to turn its course apart
From the luxuriant and voluptuous flood
Of sweet sensations battling with the blood.
But these are better than the gloomy errors,
The weeds of nations in their last decay,
When vice walks forth with her unscolded terror,
And mirth is madness, but smiles to say;
And hope is nothing but a false delay,
The sick man's lightning half an hour ere death,
When fairness, the last mortal birth of pain,
And apathy of hubs, the dull beginning
Of the cold staggering race which death is winning
Steals vein by vein and pulse by pulse away;
Yet so relieving the o'er tortured clay,
To him appears renewal of his breath,
And freedom the mere numbness of his chain;
And then he talks of life, and how again
He feels his spirit soaring—albeit weak,
And of the fresher air, which he would seek;
And as he whispers knows not that he gasps,
That his thin finger feels not what it clasp's,
And so the film comes o'er him—and the dizzy
Chamber swins round and round—and shadows but y,
At which he vainly catches, fit and glam,
Till the last rattle chokes the strangled scream,
And all is ice and blackness,—and the earth.
That which it was the moment ere our birth.

II.

There is no hope for nations! Search the page
Of many thousand years—the daily scene,
The flow and ebb of each recurring age,
The everlasting to be which hath been,
Hath taught us nought or little: still we lean
On things that rot beneath our weight, and wear
Our strength away in wrestling with the air,
For 'tis our nature strikes us down: the beasts
Slaughter'd in hourly hecatombs for feasts
Are of as high an order—they must go
Even where their driver goads them, though to slaug't or
Ye men, who pour your blood as king as water.

1 Mithridates of Pontus.
What have they given your children in return?  
A heritage of servitude and woes,  
A blindfold bondage where your hire is blows.  
What? do not yet the red-hot ploughshares burn,  
O'er which you stumble in a stable ordeal,  
And deem this proof of loyalty the real;  
Kissing the hand that guides you to your scars,  
And glorying as you tread the glowing bars?  
All that your sires have left you, all that time  
Bequeathed of free, and history of sublime,  
Sprung from a different theme!—Ye see and read,  
Admire and sigh, and then succumb and bleed!  
Save the few spirits, who, despite of all,  
And worse than all, the sudden crimes engender'd  
By the down-thundering of the prison-wall,  
And thirst to swallow the sweet waters tender'd,  
Gushing from freedom's fountains—when the crowd,  
Made with centuries of drought, are loud,  
And trample on each other to obtain  
The cup which brings oblivion of a chain  
Heavy and sore,—in which long yoked they plough'd  
The sand,—or if there sprung the yellow grain  'T was not for them, their necks were too much bow'd,  
And their dead palates chew'd the cud of pain:—  
Yes! the few spirits—who, despite of deeds  
Which they abhor, confound not with the cause  
Those momentary starts from Nature's laws,  
Which, like the pestilence and earthquake, smite  
But for a term, then pass, and leave the earth  
With all her seasons to repair the bight  
With a few summers, and again put forth  
Cities and generations—fair, when free—  
For, tyranny, there blooms no bud for thee!  

III.  

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

IV.  

he name of commonwealth is past and gone  
O'er the three fractions of the groaning globe;  
Venice is crush'd, and Holland designs to own  
A sceptre, and endures the purple robe;  
If the free Switzer yet bestrides alone  
Dischained mountains, 'tis but for a time,  
For tyranny of late is cunning grown,  
And in its own good season triumphs down  
The sparkles of our ashes. One great clime,  
Whose vigorous offspring by dividing ocean.  
Are kept apart and nursed in the devotion  
Of freedom, which their fathers fought for, and  
Bequeath'd—a heritage of heart and hand,  
And proud distinction from each other hand,  
Whose sons must bow them at a monarch's motion,  
As if his senseless sceptre were a wan  
Full of the magic of exploded science—  
Still one great clime, in full and free defiance,  
Yet rears her crest, unconquer'd and sublime,  
Above the far Atlantic!—She has taught  
Her Eusa-brethren that the haughty flag,  
The floating lance of Albion's fleeter crog,  
May strike to those whose red right hands have boughg  
Rights cheaply earn'd with blood. Still, still, for ever  
Better, though each man's life-blood were a river,  
That it should flow, and overflow, than creep  
Through thousand lazy channels in our veins,  
Damm'd like the dull canal with locks and chains,  
And moving, as a sick man in his sleep,  
Three paces, and then faltering:—better be  
Where the extinguish'd Spartans still are free,  
In their proud charnel of Thermopylae,  
Than stagnate in our marsh,—or o'er the deep  
Fly, and one current to the ocean add,  
One spirit to the souls our fathers had,  
One freeman more, America, to thee!  

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.  

As o'er the cold sepulchral stone  
Some name arrests the passer-by;  
Thus, when thou view'st this page alone,  
May mine attract thy pensive eye!  
And when by thee that name is read,  
Perchance in some succeeding year,  
Reflect on me as on the dead,  
And think my heart is buried here.  

September 14th, 1809.  

ROMANCE MUY DOLOROSO  
DEL  
SITIO Y TOMA DE ALHAMA,  
EL CUAL DECTA EN ARABIGO ASI  

PASE ABASE el Rey moro  
Por la ciudad de Granada,  
Desde la puerta de Elvira  
Hasta la de Bivarambla.  
Ay de mi, Alhama!  

Cartas le fueron venidas  
Que Alhama era ganada.  
Las cartas echó en el fuego,  
Y al mensagero matara.  
Ay de mi, Alhama!  

Descavalga de una mula,  
Y en un caballo cavalga.  
Por el Zacatin arriba  
Subido se habia al Alhambra.  
Ay de mi, Alhama!  

Como en el Alhambra estuvo,  
Al mismo punto mandaba  
Que se toquen las trompetas  
Con anafles de plata.  
Ay de mi, Alhama!
Y que atamorros de guerra
Aprecia toquen alarma;
Por que lo organ sus Moros,
Los de la Vega y Granada.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

Los Moros que el son oyeron,
Que al sangriento Marte llama,
Uno a uno, y dos a dos,
Un gran escuadron formaban.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

Allí habló un Moro viejo;
De esta manera hablaba:—
"¿Para qué nos llamas, Rey?
¿Para qué es esta llamada?"
Ay de mi, Alhama!

"Habéis de saber, amigos,
Una nueva desdichada:
Que cristianos, con bravura,
Ya nos han tomado Alhama."
Ay de mi, Alhama!

Allí habló un viejo Alfaqui,
De barba crecida y cana:—
"Bien se te emplea, buen Rey;
Buen Rey, bien se te empleaba.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

"Mataste los Benecarrages,
Que eran la flor de Granada;
Cogiste los tornadísimos
De Córdova la nombrada.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

Por eso mereces, Rey,
Una pena bien doblada;
Que te pierdas tú y el reino,
Y que se pierda Granada.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

Si no se respetan leyes,
Es ley que todo se pierda;
Y que se pierda Granada,
Y que te pierdas en ella.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

Fuego por los ojos vierte,
El Rey que esto oyera,
Y como el otro de leyes
De leyes también hablaba.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

Sabe un Rey que no hay leyes
De darle á Reyes disgusto.—
Eso dece el Rey moro
Reinchanando de cólera.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

Moro Alfaqui, Moro Alfaqui,
El de la velada barba,
El Rey te manda prender,
Por la pérdida de Alhama.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

Y cortarte la cabeza,
Y ponerla en el Alhambra,
Por que á ti castigo sea,
Y otros tiemben en miralla.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

Caballeros, hombres buenos,
Decid de mi parte al Rey,
Al Rey moro de Granada,
Como no le debo nada.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

De aberse Alhama perdida
A mí me pesa en el alma;
Que si el Rey perdió su tierra
Otro mucho mas perdió.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

Perdieron hijos padres,
Y casados las casadas:
Las cosas que mas amaran
Perdió uno y otro fama.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

Perdió una hija doncella
Que era la flor de esta tierra;
Cien doblas daba por ella,
No me las estimo en nada.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

Diciendo así al hacien Alfaqui,
Le cortaron la cabeza,
Y la elevan al Alhambra,
Asi como el Rey lo manda.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

Hombres, ninos y mugeres,
Lloran tan grande perdida.
Lloraban todas las damas
Cuantas en Granada habian.
Ay de mi, Alhama.

Por las calles y ventanas
MUCHO INTO parecia;
Llora el Rey como fomenta,
Qu'es mucho lo que perdia.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

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

[The effect of the original ballad (which existed both in
Spanish and Arabic) was such that it was forbidden to be
sung by the Moors, on pain of death, within Granada.]

The Moorish king rides up and down
Through Granada's royal town;
From Elvira's gates to those
Of Bivarambla on he goes.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"And for this, oh king! is sent
On thee a double chastisement,
Thee and thine, thy crown and realm,
One last wreck shall overwhelm.
Woe is me, Alhama!

"He who holds no laws in awe,
He must perish by the law;
And Granada must be won,
And thyself with her undone."
Woe is me, Alhama!

Fire flash'd from out the old Moor's eyes,
The monarch's wrath began to rise,
Because he answer'd, and because
He spake exceeding well of laws.
Woe is me, Alhama!

"There is no law to say such things
As may disgust the ear of kings?"
Thus, snorting with his choler, said
The Moorish king, and doom'd him dead.
Woe is me, Alhama!

Moor Alfiqui! Moor Alfiqui!
Though thy beard so hoary be,
The king hath sent to have thee seiz'd,
For Alhama's loss displeased.
Woe is me, Alhama!

And to fix thy head upon
High Alhambra's loftiest stone;
That this for thee should be the law,
And others tremble when they saw.
Woe is me, Alhama!

"Cavalier! and man of worth!
Let these words of mine go forth;
Let the Moorish monarch know,
That to him I nothing owe:
Woe is me, Alhama!

"But on my soul Alhama weeps,
And on my inmost spiritayan;
And if the king his land hath lost,
Yet others may have lost the most.
Woe is me, Alhama!

"Sires have lost their children, wives
Their lords, and valiant men their lives;
One what best his love might claim
Hath lost, another wealth or fame.
Woe is me, Alhama!

"I lost a damsel in that hour,
Of all the land the lowliest flower;
Don't lose a hundred! I would pay,
And think her ransom cheap that day."
Woe is me, Alhama!

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

And men and infants therein weep
Their loss, so heavy and so deep;
Granada's ladies, all she wears
Within her walls, burst into tears.
Woe is me, Alhama!

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

SONETTO DI VITTORELLI
PER MONACA.

Sonetto composto in nome di un cunto, a cui era omerta
poco innanzi una figlia appena maritata: e diretto al genere
della sera aperta.

Di due viglie donzelle, oneste, accorte
Lieti e inseri padri il ciel ne feci;
Il ciel, che degne di più nobil sorte,
L'un e l'altra veggendo, ambo chioce
La mia fu tolta da veloce morte
A le funnanti tede d' Imenico:
La tua, Francesco, in seguitate parte
Eterna prigione o si rende.
Ma tu attento potrai de la gelosa
Ireneocabil soglia, ove s' asconde
La sua terrena udir voce pietosa.
Io verso un'urne d' amarissimi o'nda
Corro a quel marino in cui la tiglio od orsa,
Batto e ribatto, ma nessun risponde.

TRANSLATION FROM VITTORELLI
ON A NUN.

Sonnet composed in the name of a father, whose daughter
had recently died shortly after her marriage, and addressed
to the father of her who had lately taken the veil.

Of two fair virgins, modest though admired,
Heaven made us happy, and now, wretched sires,
Heaven for a nobler doom their worth desires,
And gazing upon either, both required.
STANZAS,
WRITTEN IN PASSING THE AMBRACIAN GULF,
NOVEMBER 14, 1809.

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

And now upon the scene I look,
The azure grave of many a Roman;
Where stern Ambition once forsook
His waving crown to follow woman.

Florence! whom I will love as well
As ever yet was said or sung
(Since Orpheus sang his spouse from hell),
Whilst thou art fair and I am young;
Sweet Florence! those were pleasant times,
When worlds were staked for ladies' eyes:
Had harsms as many reams as rhymes,
Thy charms might raise new Antonies.

Though Fate forbids such things to be,
Yet, by thine eyes and ringlets curl'd!
I cannot lose a world for thee,
But would not lose thee for a world.

STANZAS,
Composed October 11th, 1809, during the night, in a thunder-storm, when the guides had lost the road to Zitra, near the range of mountains formerly called Pindus, in Albania.

Chill and mirk is the nightly blast,
Where Pindus' mountains rise,
And angry clouds are pouring fast
The vengeance of the skies.

Our guides are gone, our hope is lost,
And lightning, as they play,
But show where rocks our path have cross'd,
Or gild the torrent's spray.

Is yon a cot I saw, though low?
When lightning broke the gloom—
How welcome were its shade!—ah! no!
'T was but a Turkish tomb.

Through sounds of foaming water-falls,
I hear a voice exclaim—
My way-worn countryman, who call'd
On distant England's name.

A shot is fired—by foe or friend?
Another—'t is to tell
The mountain peasants to descend,
And lead us where they dwell.

Oh! who in such a night will dare
To tempt the wilderness?
And who 'mid thunder-peals can hear
Our signal of distress?
And who that heard our shouts would rise
To try the doubtful road?
Nor rather deem from nightly cries
That outlaws were abroad.

Clouds burst, skies flash, oh, dreadfull hour!
More fiercely pours the storm!
Yet here one thought has still the power
To keep my bosom warm.

While wandering through each broken path,
O'er brake and craggy brow:
While elements exhaust their wrath,
Sweet Florence, where art thou?

Not on the sea, not on the sea,—
Thy bark hath long been gone:
Oh, may the storm that pours on me
Bow down my head alone!

Full swiftly blew the swift Siroc
When last I press'd thy lip;
And long ere now, with foaming shock,
Impelled thy gallant ship.
Now thou art safe; nay, long ere now
Hast trod the shore of Spain:
'T were hard if aught so fair as thou
Should linger on the main.

And since I now remember thee,
In darkness and in dread,
As in those hours of revelry
Which mirth and music sped;
Do thou amidst the fair white walls,
If Cadiz yet be free,
At times from out her latticed halls
Look o'er the dark-blue sea;

Then think upon Calypso's isles,
Endear'd by days gone by;
To others give a thousand smiles,
To me a single sigh.

And when the admiring circle mark
The paleness of thy face,
A half-form'd tear, a transient spark
Of melancholy grace,
Again thou 't smile, and blushing shun
Some coxcomb's railing;
Nor own for once thou thought'st of one
Who ever thinks on thee.

Though smile and sigh alike are vain,
When sever'd hearts repine;
My spirit flies o'er mount and main,
And mourns in search of thine.

TO ** *

Oh Lady! when I left the shore,
The distant shore which gave me birth,
I hardly thought to grieve once more,
To quit another spot on earth:
Yet here, amidst this barren isle,
Where panting nature droops the head,
Where only thou art seen to smile,
I view my parting hour with dread.
Thuogh far from Albin's craggy shore,
Divided by the dark-blue main;
A few, brief, rolling seasons o'er,
Perchance I view her cliffs again
But wheresoe'er I now may roam,
Through searching chine and varied sea,
Though more roisters meet my home,
I ne'er shall bend mine eyes or thee:
On thee, in whom at once conspire
All charms which heedless hearts can move,
Whom but to see is to admire,
And, oh! forgive the word—to love.
Forgive the word, in one who ne'er
With such a word can more offend;
And since thy heart I cannot share,
Believe me, what I am, thy friend.
And who so cold as look on thee,
Thou lovely wanderer, and be less?
Nor be, what man should ever be,
The friend of beauty in distress?
Ah! who would think that form had past
Through danger's most destructive path,
Had braved the death-wing'd tempest's blast,
And leaped a tyrant's fiercer wrath!
Lady! when I shall view the walls
Where free Byzantium once arose;
And Stamboul's oriental halls
The Turkish tyrants now enclose;
Though migi-fest in the lists of fame,
That glorious city still shall be;
On me 't will hold a dearer claim
As spot of thy nativity:
And though I bid thee now farewell,
When I behold that wondrous scene,
Since where thou art I may not dwell,
'Twill soothe to be where thou hast been.

September, 1809.

WRITTEN AT ATHENS,
JANUARY 16, 1810.

The spell is broke, the charm is flown!
Thus is it with life's fatal fever!
We madly smile when we should groan;
Delirium is our best deceiver.

Each lucid interval of thought
Recalls the woes of Nature's charter,
And he that acts as wise men ought,
But lives, as saints have died, a martyr.

WRITTEN BENEATH A PICTURE.

DEAR object of defeated care!
Though now of love and thee bereft,
To reconcile me with despair
Time image and my tears are left.
'Tis sad with sorrow time can cope;
But this, I feel, can ne'er be true:
For by the death-blow of my hope,
My memory immortal grew.

WRITTEN AFTER SWIMMING FROM SOSTOS
TO ABYDOS, May 9, 1810.

If, in the month of dark December,
Leander, who was nightly wont
(What maid will not the tale remember?)
To cross thy stream, broad Hellespont?
If, when the wintry tempest roared,
He sped to Hero, nothing lost,
And thus of old thy current pined,
Fair Venus! how I pity both!
For me, degenerate modern braggart,
Though in the genial month of May,
My dripping limbs I singly stretch,
And think I've done a feat to-day.

But since he cross'd the rapid tide,
According to the doubtful story,
To wood,—and—Lord knows what beside,
And swam for love, as I for glory;
'Twere hard to say who fared the best:
Sad mortals! thus the gods still plague you
He lost his labour, I my jest,
For he was drown'd, and I the ague.

Zon pei, e<3 αύριων.

ATHENS, 1810.

MAID of Athens, ere we part,
Giv'n, oh, give me back my heart!
Or, since that has left my breast,
Keep it now, and take the rest!
Hear my vow before I go,
Zon pei, e<3 αύριων.

1 On the 30th of May, 1810, while the Salsette (Captain Bathury) was lying in the Dardanelles, Lieutenant Ekenhed of that frigate and the writer of these rhymes swam from the European shore to the Asiatic—by-the-by, from Abydos to Sostos would have been more correct. The whole distance from the place where we started to our landing on the other side, including the length we were carried by the current, was computed by those on board the frigate at upwards of four English miles; though the actual breadth is barely one. The rapidity of the current is such that no boat can now directly across, and it may in some measure be estimated from the circumstance of the whole distance being accomplished by one of the parties in an hour and five, and by the other in an hour and ten minutes. The water was extremely cold from the morning of the mountains. About three weeks before, in April, we had made an attempt, but having ridden all the way from the Troad the same morning, and the water being of an icy chilliness, we found it necessary to postpone the completion till the frigate anchored below the castles, when we swam the strain, as just stated, entering a considerable way above the European, and landing below the Asiatic fort.

2 Zon pei, e<3 αύριοι, or Zon pei, e<3 αύριων, a Roman expression of tenderness: if I translate it I shall affront the gentlemen, as it may seem that I supposed they could not; and if I do not, I may affront the ladies. For fear of any misconstruction on the part of the latter, I shall do so, begging pardon of the learned. It means, “My life, I love you!” which sounds very prettily in all languages, and is as much in fashion in Greece at this day as Jove told us, the “twelvest words were amongst the Roman ladies, whose rustik expressions were all Hollenzoided.”
Leonidas recollecting,
That chief of ancient song,
Who saved ye once from falling,
The terrible, the strong!
Who made that bold diversion
In old Thermopyles,
And warring with the Persian
To keep his country free;
With his three hundred waging
The battle, long he stood,
And, like a lion raging,
Expiated in seas of blood,
Sons of Greeks, etc.

TRANSLATION OF THE ROMAIC SONG,

Leonidas recollecting,
That chief of ancient song,
Who saved ye once from falling,
The terrible, the strong!
Who made that bold diversion
In old Thermopyles,
And warring with the Persian
To keep his country free;
With his three hundred waging
The battle, long he stood,
And, like a lion raging,
Expiated in seas of blood,
Sons of Greeks, etc.

TRANSLATION OF THE FAMOUS GREEK WAR-SONG,

Δέκτε παίδες ταύ' Ελλήνων,
Written by Riza, who perished in the attempt to revolutionize Greece. The following translation is as literal as the author could make it in verse; it is of the same measure as that of the original.

Sons of the Greeks arise!
The glorious hour's gone forth,
And, worthy of such ties,
Display who gave us birth.

CHORUS.

Sons of Greeks, let us go
In arms against the foe,
Till their hated blood shall flow
In a river past our foe.

Then manfully despising
The Turkish tyrant's yoke,
Let your country see you rising,
And all her chains are broke.

Brave shades of chiefs and sages,
Behold the coming strife!
Hellenes of past ages,
Oh, start again to life!
At the sound of my trumpet, breaking
Your sleep, oh, join with me!
And the seven-hill'd city seeking,
Fight, conquer, till we're free.

Sons of Greeks, etc.

Sparta, Sparta, why in slumbers
Lethargic dost thou lie?
Awake, and join thy numbers
With Athens, old ally!

1 In the East (where leaves are not taught to write, but they should scribble ammonitions, flowers, elders, pebbles, etc.,) convey the sentiments of the parties by that universal deputy of Mercury—an old woman. A reader says, "I burn for thee; a bunch of flowers tied with hair, "Take me and fly," but a pebble declines—what nothing else can 2 Constantineople. "Επίλοφορος."
I ask no pledge to make me blest,
In gazing when alone;
Nor one memorial for a breast,
Whose thoughts are all thine own.

Nor need I write—to tell the tale
My pen were doubly weak;
Oh! what can idle words avail,
Unless the heart could speak?

By day or night, in weal or woe,
That heart, no longer free,
Must bear the love it cannot show,
And silent ache for thee.

TO THYRZA.

WITHOUT a stone to mark the spot,
And say, what truth might well have said,
By all, save one, per chance forgot,
Ah, wherefore art thou lovely laid?
By many a shore and many a sea
Divided, yet beloved in vain;
The past, the future fled to thee
To bid us meet—no—ne'er again!
Could this have been—a word, a look,
That softly said, "We part in peace,"
Had taught my bosom how to brook,
With fainter sighs, thy soul's release.
And didst thou not, since death for thee
Prepared a light and painless dart,
Once long for him thou ne'er shalt see,
Who held, and holds thee in his heart?
Oh! who like him had watch'd thee here?
Or sadly mark'd thy glancing eye,
In that dread hour ere death appear,
When silent sorrow fears to sigh,
Thou all was past? But when no more
Was thine to rock of human woe,
Affection's heart-drops, gushing o'er,
Had flow'd as fast—as now they flow.
Shall they not flow, when many a day
In these, to me, deserted towers,
Ere call'd but for a time away,
Affection's mingling tears were ours?
Ours too the glance none saw beside;
The smile none else might understand;
The whisper'd thought of hearts allied,
The pressure of the thrilling hand;
The kiss so guiltless and refined,
That love each warmer wish forborne;
Those eyes proclaim'd so pure a mind,
Even passion blush'd to plead for more.
The tone, that taught me to rejoice,
When prone, unlike them, to repine;
The song celestial from thy voice,
But sweet to me from none but thine;
The pledge we wore—I wear it still,
But where is thine?—oh, where art thou?

I have borne the weight of ill,
But never bent beneath till now!
Well hast thou left in life's best bloom
The cup of woe for me to drain.
If rest alone be in the tomb,
I would not wish thee here again;
But if in worlds more blest than this
Thy virtues seek a'mother sphere,
Impart some portion of thy bliss,
To wean me from mine anguish here.

Teach me—to early taught by thee;
To bear, forgiving and forgiven.
On earth thy love was such to me,
It fain would form my hope in heaven.

STANZAS.

Away, away, ye notes of woe!
Be silent, thou once soothing strain,
Or I must flee from hence, for, oh!
I dare not trust those sounds again.
To me they speak of brighter days—
But full the chords, for now, alas!
I must not think, I may not gaze
On what I am, on what I was.

The voice that made those sounds more sweet,
Is hush'd, and all their charms are fled;
And now their softest notes repeat
A dirge, an anthem 'er the dead!
Yes, Thyrsa: yes, they breathe of thee,
Beloved dust! since dust thou art;
And all that once was harmony
Is worse than discord to my heart!

'T is silent all!—but on my ear
The well-remembered echoes thrill;
I hear a voice I would not hear,
A voice that now might well be still;
Yet o'er the doubting soul 't will shackle
Even slumber owns its gentle tone,
Till consciousness will vainly wake
To listen, though the dream be flown.

Sweet Thyrsa! waking as in sleep,
Thou art but now a lovely dream;
A star that trembled o'er the deep,
Then turn'd from earth its tender beam.
But he who through life's dreary way
Must pass, when heaven is veil'd in wrath
Will long lament the vanished ray
That scatter'd gladness o'er his path.

TO THYRZA.

One struggle more, and I am free
From pangs that rend my heart in twain,
One hast long sigh to love and thee,
Then back to busy life again.
It suits me well to mingle now
With things that never pleased before:
Though every joy is fled below,
What future grief can touch me more?

Then bring me wine, the banquet bring;
Man was not form'd to live alone:
I'll be that light unmeaning thing
That smiles with all and weeps with none
It was not thus in days more near,
It never would have been, but thou
Hast felt, and left me lonely here;
Thou 'rt nothing, all are nothing now.

In vain my lyre would lightly breathe!
The smile that sorrow fain would wear
But mocks the woe that lurk's beneath,
Like roses o'er a sepulchre.
Then lonely be my latest hour,
Without regret, without a groan.
For thousands death hath ceased to lour,
And pain been transient or unknown.

"Ay, bit to die, and go," alas!
Where all have gone, and all must go!
To be the nothing that I was
Ere born to life and living woe!

Count o'er the joys thine hours have seen,
Count o'er thy days from anguish free,
And know, whatever thou hast been,
"T is something better not to be."

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STANZAS.

"He or she may give us sound or music, verse or sound unknown? And thou art dead, yet young and fair As aught of mortal birth; And form so soft, and charm so rare, Too soon return'd to earth! Though Earth received them in her bed, And o'er the spot the crowd may tread In carelessness or mirth, There is an eye which could not brook A moment on that grave to look. I will not ask where thou liest low, Nor gaze upon the spot; There flowers or weeds at will may grow So I beheld them not: It is enough for me to prove That what I loved, and long must love, Like common earth unsew To me there needs no stone to tell, T is nothing that I loved so well. Yet did I love thee to the last As fervently as thou, Who didst not change through all the past And cannot not alter now. The love where death has set its seal, Nor age can chill, nor rival steal, Nor falsehood disavow: And what were worse, thou canst not see Or wrong, or change, or fault in me. The better days of life were ours; The worst can be but mine. The sun that cheers, the storm that lours, Shall never more be thine. The silence of that dreamless sleep I envy now too much to weep; Nor need I to repine That all those charms have pass'd away, I might have watch'd through long decay. The flower in ripen'd bloom unmatch'd Must fall the earliest prey; Though by no hand untimely snatch'd, The leaves must drop away: And yet it were a greater grief To watch it withering, leaf by leaf, Than see it pluck'd to-day; Since earthily eye but ill can bear To trace the change to feel from fair.

I know not if I could have borne To see thy beauties fade; The night that follow'd such a morn Had worn a deeper shade:

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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.
BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS.

ON A CORNELIAN HEART WHICH WAS BROKEN.

ILL-FATED heart! and can it be
That thou shouldst thus be rent in twain?
Have years of care for thee and thee
Alike been all employ'd in vain?

Yet precious seems each shattered part,
And every fragment dearer grown,
Since he who wears thee feels thou art
A litter emblem of his own.

TO A YOUTHFUL FRIEND.

[This poem and the following were written some years ago.]

FEW years have pass'd since thou and I
Were firmest friends, at least in name,
And childhood's gay sincerity
Preserved our feelings long the same.

But now, like me, too well thou know'st
What trifles oft the heart recall;
And those who once have loved the most
Too soon forget they o'er at all.

And such the change the heart displays,
So frail is early friendship's reign,
A month's brief lapse, perhaps a day's,
Will view thy mind estranged again.

If so, it never shall be mine
To mourn the loss of such a heart;
The fault was Nature's fault, not thine,
Which made thee fickle as thou art.

As rolls the ocean's changing tide,
So human feelings ebb and flow;
And who would in a breast confide
Where stormy passions ever glow?

It boots not that, together bred,
Our childish days were days of joy;
My spring of life has quickly fled;
Thou, too, hast ceased to be a boy.

And when we bid adieu to youth,
Slaves to the precious world's control,
We sigh a long farewell to truth;
That world corrupts the noblest soul.

Ah, joyous season! when the mind
Dares all things boldly but to lie;
When thought, ere spoke, is unconfined,
And sparkles in the placid eye.

Not so in man's maturing years,
When man himself is but a tool;
When interest aways our hopes and fears,
And all must love or hate by rule.

With feels in kindred vice the same,
We learn at length our faults to blend,
And those, and those alone, may claim
The prostituted name of friend.

Such is the common lot of man;
Can we then escape from folly free?
Can we reverse the general plan,
Nor be what all in turn must be?

No, for myself, so dark my fate
Through every turn of life hath been;
Man and the world so much hate,
I care not when I quit the scene.
But thou, with spirit frail and light,
Wilt shine awhile, and pass away;
As glow-worms sparkle through the night,
But dare not taint the rest of day.
Alas! whenever folly calls
Where parasites and princes meet,
(For cherish'd first in royal halls,
The welcome vices kindly greet),
Even now thou 'rt nightly seen to add
One insect to the fluttering crowd;
And still thy traiting heart is glad,
To join the vain and court the proud.
There dost thou glide from fair to fair,
Still simpering on with eager haste,
As flies along the gay parterre,
That taint the flowers they scarcely taste.
But say, what nymph will prize the flame
Which seems, as marshy vapours move,
To flit along from dame to dame,
An ignis-fatuus gleam of love?
What friend for thee, howe'er inclined,
Will deign to own a kindred care?
Who will debase his manly mind,
For friendship every fool may share?
In time forlorn; amidst the throng
No more so base a thing be seen;
No more so idly pass along:
Be something, any thing, but—mean.

TO *****

Well! thou art happy, and I feel
That I should be happy too;
For still my heart regards thy weal
Warmly, as it was wont to do.
Thy husband's blest—and 't will impart
Some pangs to view his happier lot:
But let them pass—Oh! how my heart
Would hate him, if he loved thee not!
When late I saw thy favourite child,
I thought my jealous heart would break;
But when the unconscious infant smiled,
I kiss'd it, for its mother's sake.
I kiss'd it, and repress'd my sighs,
Its father in its face to see;
But then it had its mother's eyes,
And they were all to love and me.
Mary, adieu! I must away:
While thou art blest, I'll not repine;
But near thee I can never stay;
My heart would soon again be thine.
I deem'd that time, I deem'd that pride
Had quench'd at length my boyish flame;
Nor knew, till seated by thy side,
My heart in all, save hope, the same.
Yet was I calm: I knew the time
My breast would thrill before thy look;
But now to tremble were a crime—
We met, and not a nerve was shook.

I saw thee gaze upon my face,
Yet meet with no confusion there:
One only feeling couldst thou trace—
The sullen calmness of despair.
Away! away! my early dream
Remembrance never must awake:
Oh! where is Lething's fabled stream?
My foolish heart be still, or break.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE.

In moments to delight devoted,
"My life!" with tenderest tone, you cry;
Dear words on which my heart had doted,
If youth could neither fade nor die.
To death even hours like these must roll;
Ah! then repeat those accents never;
Or change "my life!" into "my soul!"
Which, like my love, exists for ever.

IMPROPTU, IN REPLY TO A FRIEND

When from the heart where Sorrow sits,
Her dusky shadow mounts too high,
And o'er the changing aspect sits,
And clouds the brow, or fills the eye;
Heed not that gloom, which soon shall sink,
My thoughts their dungeon know too well;
Back to my breast the wanderers shrink,
And drop within their silent cell.

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

In one dread night our city saw, and sigh'd,
Bowed to the dust, the Drama's tower of pride:
In one short hour beheld the disdaining fans,
Apollo sink, and Shakespeare cease to reign.
Ye who beheld, (oh! sight admired and mourn'd)
Whose radiance mock'd the ruin it adorn'd!
Through clouds of fire, the massy fragments riven
Like Israel's pillar, chase the night from heaven;
Saw the long column of revolving flames
Shake its dark shadow o'er the startled Thames,
While thousands, throng'd around the burning dome
Shrank back appall'd, and tremble'd for their home,
As glared the volumed blaze, and check'd the shine
The skies with lightnings awful as their own,
Till blackening ashes and the lovely wall
Shrump'd the Muse's realm, and mock'd her fall,
Say—shall this new, nor less aspiring pile,
Rise where once rose the mightiest in our isle,
Know the same favour which the trimmer knew,
A shrine for Shakespeare—worthily him and you?
Yes—it shall be—the magic of that name
Dothes the sky with time, the torch of flame;
On the same spot still consecrates the scene,
And bids the Drama be where she hath been.
This fabric's birth attests the potent spell—
Indulge our honest pride, and say, How we'd!
As soars this flame to emulate the last,
Oh! might we draw our omens from the past,
Some hour propitius to our prayers may boast
Names such as hallow still the dome we lost.
On Dury first your Siddons' thrilling art
O'erwhelm'd the gentlest, storm'd the sternest heart;
On Dury, Garrick's latest laurels grew;
Here your last tears retiring Roscius drew,
Sigh'd his last thanks, and wept his last adieu:
But still for living wit the wreaths may bloom
That only waste their odours o'er the tomb.
Such Dury claim'd and claims—nor you refuse
One tribute to revive his shivering muse;
With garlands deck your own Memnon's head!
Nor hoard your honours idly for the dead!
Dear are the days which made our annals bright,
Ere Garrick fled, or Brinley ceased to write,
Heirs to their labours, like all high-born heirs,
Vain of our ancestry, as they of theirs;
While thus remembrance borrows Hamnoon's glass.
To claim the sceptred shadows as they pass,
And we the mirror hold, where imaged shine
Immortal names, enblazon'd on our line,
Pause—ere their feebler offspring you condemn,
Reflect how hard the task to rival them!

Friends of the stage! to whom both players and plays
Must sue alike for pardon or for praise,
Whose judging voice and eye alone direct
The boundless power to cherish or reject;
If e'er frivolity has led to fame,
And made us blush that you forborne to blame;
If e'er the sinking stage could descend
To soothe the sickly taste it dare not mend,
All past reproach may present scenes refute,
And censure, wisely loud, be justly mute!
Oh! since your flat stamps the drama's laws,
Forbear to mock us with misplaced applause;
So prole shall doubly nerve the actor's powers,
And reason's voice be echo'd back by ours!
This greeting o'er, the ancient rule obv'd,
The Drama's homage by her herald paid,
Receive our welcome too, whose every tone
Springs from our hearts, and fain would win your own.
The curtain rises—may our stage unfold
Scenes not unworthy Dury's days of old!
Britons our judges, Nature for our guide,
Still may we please—long, long may you preside!

TO TIME.

Time! on whose arbitrary wing
The varying hours must flag or fly,
Whose tardy winter, fleeting spring,
But drag or drive us on to die—
Hail thou! who on my birth bestow'd
Those boms to all that know thee known;
Yet better I sustain thy load,
For now I bear the weight alone.
I would not one fond heart should share
The bitter moments thou hast given;
And pardon thee, since thou canst spare
All that I loved, to peace or heaven.
To them be joy or rest, on me
Thy future days shall press in vain;
I nothing owe but years to live,
A debt already paid in pain.
Yet when that pain was some relief
It felt, but still forgot thy power;
The active agony of grief
Retards, but never counts the hour,
In joy I've sigh'd to think thy flight
Would soon subsist from swift to slow
Thy cloud could overcast the light,
But could not add aught to woe;
A SONG.

I know art not false, but thou art false.
To these thyself so fondly sought;
The tears that thou hast forced to trickle
Are doubly bitter from that thought:
'Tis this which breaks the heart thou grievest,
Too well thou lovest—too soon thou leavest.
The wholly false the heart despises,
And spares deceiver and deceit;
But she who not a thought disguises,
Whose love is as sincere as sweet,—
When she can change who loved so truly,
It feels what mine has felt so newly.

To dream of joy and wake to sorrow
Is doom'd to all who love or live;
And if, when conscious on the morrow,
We scarce our fancy can forgive,
That cheated us in slumber only,
To leave the waking soul more lonely.

What must they feel whom no false vision,
But true, tenderest passion warm'd?
Sincere, but swift in sad transition,
As if a dream alone had harm'd?
Ah! sure such grief is fancy's scheming,
And all thy change can be but dreaming!

ON BEING ASKED WHAT WAS THE
"ORIGIN OF LOVE?"

The "Origin of Love"!—Ah, why
That cruel question ask of me,
When thou may'st read in many an eye
He starts to life on seeing thee?
And shouldst thou seek his end to know:
My heart forebodes, my fears foresee,
He'll linger long in silent woe;
But live—until I cease to be.

REMEMBER HIM, ETC.

Remember him, whom passion's power
Severely, deeply, vainly proved:
Remember thou that dangerous hour
When neither fall, though both were loved.

That yielding breast, that melting eye,
Too much invited to be blest:
That gentle prayer, that pleaing sigh,
The wilder wish reproved, represt.

Oh! let me feel that all I lost,
But saved thee all that conscience fears;
And blush for every pang it cost
To spare the vain remorse of years.

Yet think of this when many a tongue,
Whose busy accents whisper blame,
Would do the heart that loved thee wrong,
And brand a nearly blighted name.

Think that, what'er to others thou
Hast seen each selfish thought subdued,
I bless thy purer soul even now,
Even now, in midnight solitude.

Oh, God! that we had met in time,
Our hearts as fond, thy hand more free;
When thou hadst loved without a crime,
And I been less unworthy thee!

Far may thy days, as heretofore,
From this our guilty world be past!
And, that too bitter moment o'er,
Oft! may such trial be thy last!

This heart, alas! perverted long,
Itself destroy'd might there destroy;
To meet thee in the gluttering throng,
Would wake presumption's hope of joy.

Then to the things whose bliss or woe,
Like mine, is wild and worthless all,
That world resign—such scenes forgone,
Where those who feel must surely fall.

Thy youth, thy charms, thy tenderness,
Thy soul from long seclusion pure,
From what even here hath past, may guess,
What there thy bosom must endure.

Oh! pardon that imploring tear,
Since not by virtue seal in vain,
My frenzy drew from eyes so dear;
For me they shall not weep again.

Though long and mournful must it be,
The thought that we no more may meet:
Yet I deserve the stern decree,
And almost deem the sentence sweet.

Still, had I loved thee less, my heart
Had then less sacrificed to thine;
It felt not half so much to part,
As if its guilt had made thee mine.

LINES

INSCRIBED UPON A CUP FORMED FROM A SKULL

Start not—nor deem my spirit fled:
In me behold the only skull
From which, unlike a living head,
Whatever flows is never dull.

I loved, I loved, I quaff'd, like thee;
I died; let earth my bones resign;
Fill up—thou canst not injure me;
The worm hath fouler lips than thine.

Better to hold the sparkling grape,
Than muse the earth-worn's slimy brood;
And circle in the goblet's shape
The drink of gods, than reptiles' food.

Where once my wit, perchance, hath shone,
In aid of others' let me shine;
And when, alas! our brains are gone,
What nobler substitute than wine?

Quaff' while thou canst—another race,
When thou and thine like me are sped,
May rescue thee from earth's embrace,
And rhyme and revel with the dead.

Why not? since through life's little day
Our heads such sad effects produce;
Redeem'd from worms and wasting clay,
This chance is theirs, to be of use.

Newstead Abbey, 1808.
ON THE DEATH OF SIR PETER PARKER, BART.

There is a tear for all that die,
A mourner o'er the humblest grave;
But nations swell the funeral cry,
And triumph weeps above the brave.

For them is sorrow's purest sigh
O'er ocean's heaving bosom sent:
In vain their bones unburied lie,
All earth becomes their monument!

A tomb is theirs on every page,
An epitaph on every tongue.
The present hours, the future age,
For them bewail, to them belong.

For them the voice of festal mirth
Grows hush'd, their name the only sound
While deep remembrance pours to worth
The goblin's tributary round.

A theme to crowds that knew them not,
Lamented by admiring foes,
Who would not share their glorious lot?
Who would not die the death they chose?

And, gallant Parker! thus enshrined
Thy life, thy fall, thy fame shall be;
And early valour, glowing, find
A model in thy memory.

But there are breasts that bleed with thee
In woe, that glory cannot quell;
And shuddering hear of victory,
Where one so dear, so dauntless,fell.

Where shall they turn to mourn thee less?
When cease to hear thy cherished name?
Time cannot teach forgetfulness,
While grief's full heart is fed by fate.

Alas! for them, though not for thee,
They cannot choose but weep the more;
Deep for the dead the grief must be
Who ne'er gave cause to mourn before.

TO A LADY WEEPING.

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

Weep—for thy tears are virtue's tears—
Auscious to these suffering isles;
And be each drop, in future years,
Repaid thee by thy people's smiles!
March, 1812.

FROM THE TURKISH.

The chain I gave was fair to view,
The litre, I added sweet in sound,
The heart that offer'd both was true,
And ill deserved the fate it found.

These gifts were charm'd by secret spell
Thy truth in absence to divine;
And they have done their duty well,
Alas! they could not teach thee thine.

That chain was firm in every link,
But not to bear a stranger's touch;
Thou late was sweet—till thou couldst think
In other hands its notes were such.

Let him, who from thy neck unbound
The chain which shiver'd in his grasp,
Who saw that fate refuse to sound,
Restring the chords, renew the clasp.

When thouwert changed, they alter'd too,
The chain is broke, the music mute:
"P'Tis past—to thee and them adieu—
False heart, frail chain, and silent lute.

SONNET.
TO GENEVA.

Thine eyes' blue tenderness, thy long fair hair,
And the wan lustre of thy features—caught
From contemplation—where serenely wrought,
Seems sorrow's softness charmed from its despair—
Have thrown such speaking sadness in thine air.
That—but I know thy blessed bosom fraught
With mines of unialloy'd and stainless worth.
I should have deemed thee doom'd to earthly care
With such an aspect, by his colours blent,
When from his beauty-breathing pencil born,
(Except that thou hast nothing to repent)
The Magdalen of Guido saw the morn—
Such seem'st thou—but how much more excellent
With nought remorse can claim—nor virtuous scorn.

SONNET.
TO GENEVA.

Thy cheek is pale with thought, but not from woe,
And yet so lovely, that if mirth could flush
Its rose of whiteness with the brightest bloom
My heart would wish away that wondering glow—
And dazzle not thy deep-blue eyes—by oh!
While gazing on them stern eyes will gush,
And into mine my mother's weakness rush,
Soft as the last drops round heaven's airy bow.
For, through thy long dark lashes low depending,
The soul of melancholy gentleness
Gleams like a seraph from the sky descending,
Above all pain, yet pitying all distress;
At once such majesty with sweetness blending,
I worship more, but cannot love thee less.

INSCRIPTION
ON THE MONUMENT OF A NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

When some proud son of man returns to earth,
Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,
The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,
And storied urns record who rests below;
When all is done, upon the tomb is seen,
Not what he was, but what he should have been;
But the poor dog, in life the nearest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labours, fights, lives, breathes for him alone,
Unhonour'd falls, unnoticed all his worth,
Denied in heaven, the soul he held on earth;
While man, vain imitator hopes to be forgiven,
And claims himself a sole exclusive heaven.
Oh man! thou feeble tenant of an hour,
Debased by slavery, or corrupt by power,
Who knows thee well must quit thee with disgust,
Degraded mass of animated dust!
Thy love is lust, thy friendship all a cheat,
Thy smiles hypocrisy, thy words deceit!
By nature vile, ennobled but by name,
Each kindred brute might bid thee blase for shame.
CDE.

[FROM THE FRENCH.]  

We do not curse thee, Waterloo!  
Though freedom's blood thy plain bedew;  
There's sied, but is not sunk—  
Rising from each gory trunk,  
Like the water-spent from ocean,  
With a strong and growing motion—  
It soars and rangles in the air,  
With that of lost LABIOYER—  
With that of him whose honour'd grave  
Contains the "bravest of the brave."

A crimson cloud it spreads and glows,  
But shall return to whence it rose;  
When 'tis full, 'twill burst asunder—  
Yet was heard such thunder  
As then shall shake the world with wonder—  
Never yet was seen such lightning,  
As o'er heaven shall then be bright'nng!  
Like the Wormwood star, foretold  
By the painted seer of old,  
Showering down a fiery flood,  
Turning rivers into blood.  

The chief has fallen, but not by you,  
Vanquishers of Waterloo!  
When the soldier citizen  
Sway'd not o'er his fellow-men—  
Save in deeds that led them on  
Where glory smiled on freedom's son—  
Who, of all the despos banded,  
With that youthful chief competed?  
Who could boast o'er France defeated,  
In lone tyranny command'd?  
Till, goaded by ambition's sting,  
The hero sunk into the king?  
Then he fell;—so perish all,  
Who would men by main enthrall!  
And thou of the snow-white plume!  
Whose realm refused thee even a tomb?  
Better hadst thou still been leading  
France o'er hosts of hirelings bleeding  
Than sold thyself to death and shame  
For a meanly royal name;  
Such as he of Naples wears,  
Who thy blood-bought title bears.  
Little dist in death, when dashing  
On thy war-horse through the ranks,  
Like a stream which burst its banks,  
While helmets clack, and sabres clashing,  
Shone and shivered fast around thee—  
Of the fate at last which found thee:  
Was that haughty plume laid low  
By a brave's dishonest bow?  
Once as the moon sways o'er the tide,  
It roind in air, the warrior's guide;

Through the smoke-created night  
Of the black and sulphurous fight,  
The soldier raised his seeking eye  
To catch that crest's ascendency,—  
And as he upward rolling rose  
So moved his heart upon our foes.  
There, where death's brief pang was quickest,  
And the battle's wreck lay thickest,  
Srove'd beneath the advancing banner  
Of the eagle's burning crest—  
(There, with thunder-clouds to fan her,  
Who could then her wing arrest—  
Victory bidden from her breast?)  
While the broken line enlarging  
Fell, or fled along the plain:  
There be sure was MURAT charging!  
There he ne'er shall charge again!  
O'er glories gone the invaders march,  
Weeps triumph o'er each level'd arch—  
But let Freedom rejoice,  
With her heart in her voice;  
Put her hand on her sword,  
Doubly shall she be adored;  
France hath twice too well been taught  
The "moral lesson" dearly bought—  
Her safety sits not on a throne,  
With GASPARD NAPOLEON!  
But in equal rights and laws,  
Hearts and hands in one great cause—  
Freedom, such as God hath given  
Unto all beneath his heaven.  
With their breath, and from their birth,  
Though guilt would sweep it from the earth;  
With a fierce and lavish hand  
Scattering nations' wealth like sand;  
Pouring nations' blood like water,  
In imperial seas of slaughter!  

But the heart and the mind,  
And the voice of mankind,  
Shall arise in communion—  
And who shall resist that bound union?  
The time is past when swords subdued—  
Man may die—the soul's renew'd;  
Even in this low world of care,  
Freedom never shall want an heir;  
Millions breathe but to inherit  
Her for-ever bounding spirit—  
When once more her hosts assemble,  
Tyrants shall believe and tremble—  
Smile they at this idle threat?  
Crimson tears will follow yet.

[FROM THE FRENCH.]

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

"Must thou go, my generous chief,  
Seven'd from thy faithful few?  
Who can tell thy warrior's grief,  
Maddening o'er that long adieu?  
Woman's love and friendship's zeal—  
Dear as both have been to me—  
What are they to all I feel,  
With a soldier's faith, for thou?"
BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS.

One tint was of the sunbeam's dyes;
One, the blue depth of seraphs' eyes,
One, the pure spirit's veil of white
Had robed in radiance of its light.
The three so mingled did beseech
The texture of a heavenly dream.

Star of the brave! thy ray is pale,
And darkness must again prevail!
But, oh thou rainbow of the free!
Our tears and blood must flow for thee.
When thy bright promise fades away,
Our life is but a load of clay.

And freedom hallows with her tread
The silent cities of the dead;
For beautiful in death are they
Who proudly fall in her array;
And soon, oh goddess! may we be
For evermore with them or thee!

NAPOLEON'S FAREWELL.

[FROM THE FRENCH.]

FAREWELL to the land where the gloom of my glory
Arose and o'ershadow'd the earth with her name—
She abandons me now,—but the vague of her story,
The brightest or blackest, is fill'd with my fame.
I have war'd with a world which vanquish'd me on;
Then the meteor of commutest attire me too far;
I have copied with the nations which dreads me thus alone,
The last single captive to millions in war!

Farewell to thee, France! when thy diadem crown'd me,
I made thee the gem and the wonder of earth, —
But thy weakness decrees I should leave as I found thee,
Decay'd in thy glory and sunk in thy worth.
Oh! for the veterans hearts that were wasted
In strife with the storm, when their battles were won—
Then the eagle, whose gaze in that moment was blasted,
Had still soar'd with eyes fix'd on Victory's sun!

Farewell to thee, France! — but when liberty rallies
Once more in thy regions, remember me then—
The violet still grows in the depth of thy valleys;
Though wither'd, thy tears will unfold it again;
Yet, yet I may baffle the hosts that surround us,
And yet may thy heart leap awake to my voice—
There are links which must break in the chain that has bound us,
Then turn thee, and call on the chief of thy choice!

SONNET.

ROUSSEAU—Voltaire—our Gibbon—and de Stael
Leaman! these names are worthy of thy shore,
Thy shore of names like these; were thou no more
Their memory thy remembrance would recall;
To them thy banks were lovely as to all;
But they have made them lovely, for the lore
Of mighty minds doth hollow in the core
Of human hearts the ruin of a wall
Where dwelt the wise and wondrous, out by thee
How much more, Lake of Beauty! do we feel,
In sweetly gliding o'er thy crystal sea,
The wild glow of that not urgent zeal;
Which of the heirs of immortality
Is proud, and makes the breath of glory real.

1 Geneva, Ferney, Coppet, Lausanne.

ON THE STAR OF "THE LEGION OF HONOUR." [FROM THE FRENCH.]

STAR of the brave!—whose beam hath shed
Such glory o'er the quick and dead—
Thou radiant and adored deceit!
Which millions rush'd in arms to greet, —
Wild meteor of immortal birth!
Why rise in heaven to set on earth?
Souls of slain heroes form'd thy rays;
Eternity flash'd through thy blaze!
The music of thy martial sphere
Was fame on high and honour here;
And thy light broke on human eyes
Like a volcano of the skies.
Like lava roll'd thy stream of blood,
And swept down empires with its flood;
Earth rock'd beneath thee to her base,
As thou didst lighten through all space;
And the sorn sun grew dim in air,
And set while thou wert dwelling there.
Before thee rose, and with thee grew,
A rainbow of the loveliest hue,
Of three bright colours, each divine,
And fit for that celestial sign;
For freedom's hunt had blend'd them
Like tints in an immortal gem.

1 At Waterloo, one man was seen, whose left arm was shot
by a cannon-ball, to wrench it off with the other, and
throwing it up in the air, exclaimed to his comrades, ' Vive
Empereur jusqu'a la mort.' There were many other in-
stances of the like; this you may, however, depend on as
true! A private Letter from Brussels
2 The tri-colour
WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF "THE 
PLEASURES OF MEMORY."

Absent or present, still to thee,
My friend, what magic spells belong!
As all can tell, who share, like me,
In turn, thy converse and thy song.
But when the dreaded hour shall come,
By friendship ever deem'd too high,
And "Memory" o'er her Druid's tomb
Shall weep that want of thee can die,
How fondly will she then repay
The homage offer'd at her shrine,
And blend, while ages roll away,
Her name immortally with thine!

April 19, 1812.

STANZAS TO **

Though the day of my destiny's over,
And the star of my fate hath declined,
The soft heart refused to discover
The faults which so many could find;
Though thy soul with my grief was acquainted,
It shrink'd not to share it with me,
And the love which my spirit hath painted
It never hath found but in thee.

Then when nature around me is smiling
The last smile which answers to mine,
I do not believe it beginning,
Because it reminds me of thine;
And when winds are at war with the ocean,
As the breasts I believed in with me,
If their billows excite an emotion,
It is that they bear me from thee.

Though the rock of my last hope is shiver'd,
And its fragments are sunk in the wave,
Though I feel that my soul is deliver'd
To pain—it shall not be its slave.
There is many a pang to pursue me:
They may crush, but they shall not contaminate;
They may torture, but shall not subdue me—
'Tis of thee that I think—not of them.

Though human, thou didst not deceive me,
Though woman, thou didst not forsake;
Though loved, thou forbearest to grieve me,
Though slander'd, thou never conteste'st shame,
Though trusted, thou didst not disdain me,
Though parted, it was not to fly,
Though watchful, 'twas not to defame me,
Nor mute, that the world might believe.

Yet I blame not the world, nor despise it,
Nor the war of the many with one—
If my soul was not fitted to prize it,
'Twas folly not sooner to shun.
And if dearly that error hath cost me,
And more than I once could foresee,
I have found that, whatever it lost me,
It could not deprive me of thee.

From the wreck of the past, which hath perish'd,
Thus much I at least may recall,
It hath taught me that what I most cherish'd
Deserved to be dearest of all:
In the desert a fountain is springing,
In the wide waste there still is a tree,
And a bird in the solitude singing,
Which speaks to my spirit of thee.

DARKNESS.

I had a dream, which was not all a dream.
The bright sun was extinguish'd, and the stars
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
Rayless, and pathless, and the icy earth
Sung blind and blackening in the moonless air;
Morn came, and went—and came, and brought no day,
And men forgot their passions in the dread
Of this their desolation; and all hearts
Were chill'd into a selfish prayer for light:
And they did live by watch-fires—and the thrones,
The palaces of crowned kings—the huts,
The habitations of all things which dwell,
Were burnt for beacons; cities were consumed,
And men were gather'd round their blazing homes
To look once more into each other's face:
Happy were those who dwelt within the eye
Of the volcanos and their mountain-torch;
A fearful hope was all the world contain'd;
Forests were set on fire—but hour by hour
They fell and faded—and the cracking trunks
Extinguish'd with a crash—and all was black.
The brows of men by the despairing light
Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits
The flashes fell upon them; some lay down
And hid their eyes and wept; and some did rest
Their chins upon their clenched hands, and smiled;
And others hurried to and fro, and fed
Their funeral piles with fuel, and look'd up
With mad disquietude on the dull sky,
The pall of a past world: and then again
With curses cast them down up.n the dust,
And guav'd their teeth and howl'd: the wild birds
Shriek'd, and, terrified, did flutter on the ground,
And flap their useless wings; the wildest brutes
Came tame and tremulous; and vipers crawl'd
And twined themselves among the multitude,
Hissing, but stingless—they were shun for food:
And war, which for a moment was no more,
Did glut himself again—a meal was bought
With blood, and each sate sullenly apart,
Gorging himself in gloom: no love was left;
All earth was but one thought—and that was death,
Immediate and inglorious; and the pang
Of famine fed upon all entrails—men
Died, and their bones were tombless as their flesh;
The meagre by the meagre were devour'd,
Even dogs assaul'd their masters, all save one,
And he was faithful to a corpse and kept
The birds and beasts and famish'd men at bay,
Till hunger chang them, or the dropping dead
Lored their lack jaws; himself sought out no food,
But with a pitious and perpetual moan
And a quick and doleful cry, becking the hand
Which answer'd not with a caress—he die'd.
The crowd was famish'd by degrees; but two
Of an enormous city did survive,
And they were enemies; they met beside
The flying embers of an altar-place,
Where had been heap'd a mass of holy things
For an unholy usage; they raked up,
And shivering scraped with their cold skeleton hands
The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath
Blow for a little life, and made a flame
Which was a mockery; then they lifted up
Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld
Each others' aspects—saw, and shriek'd, and died—
Even of their mutual lethness they died,
Unknowning who he was upon whose brow
Famine had written fiend. The world was void,
The populous and the powerful was a lump,
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless—
A lump of death—a chaos of hard clay.
The rivers, lakes, and ocean, all stood still,
And nothing stirs'd within their silent depths;
Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,
And their masts fell down picewise; as they dropp'd,
They slept on the abyss without a surge—
The waves were dead; the tides were in their grave
The moon their mistress had expired before;
The winds were wither'd in the stagnant air,
And the clouds perish'd; darkness had no need
Of aid from them—she was the universe.

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CHURCHILL'S GRAVE.
A FACT LITERALLY RENDERED.

I stood beside the grave of him who blazed
The comet of a season, and I saw
The humblest of all sepulchres, and gazed
With not the less of sorrow than of awe
On that neglected turf and quiet stone,
With none no clearer than the names unknown,
Which lay unread around it; and I ask'd
The gardener of that ground, why it might be
That for this plant strangers his memory task'd
Through the thick deaths of half a century;
And thus he answer'd:—"Well, I do not know
Why frequent travellers turn to pilgrims so;
He died before my day of sextonship,
And I had not the digging of this grave."
And is this all? I thought,—and do we rip
The veil of immortality, and grave
It knew not what of honour and of light
Through unison ages, to endure this blight?
So soon and so successless? As I said,
The architect of all on which we tread,
For earth is but a tombstone, did essay
To extricate remembrance from the clay,
Whose minglings might confuse a Newton's thought,
Were it not that all life must end in one,
Of which we are but dreamers;—as he caught
As 'twere the twilight of a former sun,
This spoke he,—"I believe the man of whom
You wot, who lies in this selected tomb,
Was a most famous writer in his day,
And therefore travellers step from out their way
To pay him honour,—and myself whate'er
Your honour pleases"—then most pleased I shook
From out my pocket's avocarious nook
Some certain coins of silver, which as 'twere
Perforce I gave this man, though I could spare
So much but inconveniently;—ye smile,
I see ye, ye profane ones! all the while,
Because my homely phrase the truth would tell.
You are the fools, not I—for I did dwell
With a deep thought, and with a soften'd eye,
On that old sexton's natural homily,
In which there was obscurity and fame,
The glory and the nothing of a name.

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PROMETHEUS.

TITAN, to whose immortal eyes
The sufferings of mortality,
Seen in their sad reality,
Were not as things that gods despise;

What was thy pity's recompense?
A silent suffering, and intense;
The rock, the vulture, and the chain,
All that the proud can feel of pain,
The agony they do not show,
The suffocating sense of woes,
Which speaks but in its loneliness
And then is jealous lest the sky
Should have a listener, nor will sigh
Until its voice is echoesless.

TITAN! to thee the strife was given,
Between the suffering and the will,
Which torture where they cannot kill;
And the inexorable heaven,
And the deaf tyranny of fate,
The ruling principle of hate,
Which for its pleasure doth create
The things it may annihilate,
Refused thee even the boon to die:
The wretched gift eternity
Was thine—and thou hast borne it well.
All that the Thunderer wrong from thee
Was but the menace which flung back
On him the torrent of thy rack;
The fate thou didst so well foresee,
But would not to appease him tell:
And in thy silence was his sentence,
And in his soul a vain repetition,
And evil dread so ill dissembled
That in his hand the lightnings trembled.

Thy godlike crime was to be kind,
To render with thy precepts less
The sum of human wretchedness,
And strengthen man with his own mind;
But baffled as thou wert from high,
Still in thy patient energy,
In the endurance, and repulse
Of thine impenetrable spirit,
Which earth and heaven could not consume.
A mighty lesson we inherit:
Thou art a symbol and a sign
To mortals of their fate and force;
Like thee, man is in par. divine,
A troubled stream from a pure source;
And man in portions can foresee
His own funereal destiny;
His wretchedness, and his resistance,
And his sad unalld existence;
To which his spirit may oppose
Itself—an equal to all woes,
And a firm will, and a deep sense,
Which even in torture can descry
Its own concentrated recompense,
Triumphant where it dares defy,
And making death a victory.

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ODE.

Oh shame to thee, land of the Gaul!
Oh shame to thy children and thee!
Unwise in thy glory, and base in thy fall,
How wretched thy portion shall be!
Destruction shall strike thee forlorn,
A mockery that never shall die;
The curses of hate, and the hisses of scorn,
Shall burden the winds of thy sky;
And proud o'er thy ruin for ever be hurld
The laughter of triumph, the jeers of the world.
Oh, where is thy spirit of yore,  
The spirit that breathed in thy dead,  
When gallantry's star was the beacon before,  
And honour the passion that led?  
Thy storms have awaken'd their sleep,  
They green from the place of their rest,  
And wrathfully murmur, and solemnly weep,  
To see the soil stain on thy breast;  
For where is the glory they left thee in trust?  
'Tis scatter'd in darkness, 'tis trampled in dust!  
Go, look to the kingdoms of earth,  
From Indus all round to the pole,  
And something of goodness, of honour, and worth,  
Shall brighten the size of the soul.  
But thou art done in thy shame,  
The world cannot liken thee there;  
Abhorrence and vice have disfigured thy name  
Beyond the low reach of compare;  
Stupendous in guilt, thou shalt lead us through time  
A proverb, a by-word, for treachery and crime!  
While conquest illumined his sword,  
While yet in his prowess he stood,  
Thy praises still follow'd the steps of thy lord,  
And welcomed the torrent of blood;  
Though tyranny sat on, his crown,  
And wither'd the nations afar,  
Yet bright in thy view was that despot's renown,  
Till fortune deserted his car;  
Then back from the chieftain thou slunkest away,  
The foremost to insult, the first to betray!  
Forgot were the feats he had done,  
The toils he had borne in thy cause;  
Thou turn'dst to worship a new rising sun,  
And wall other songs of applause.  
But the storm was beginning to pour,  
Adversity clouded his beam;  
And honour and faith were the brag of an hour,  
And loyalty's self but a dream:—  
To him thou hadst bann'd thy vows were restored,  
And the first that had scoff'd were the first that adored.  
What tumult thus barthens the air?  
What throng thus encircles his throne?  
I's the shout of delight, 'tis the millions that swear  
His sceptre shall rule them alone.  
Reverses shall brighten their zeal,  
Misfortune shall hallow his name,  
And the world that pursues him shall mournfully feel  
How quenchless the spirit and flame  
That Frenchmen will breathe, when their hearts  
are on fire,  
For the hero they love, and the chief they admire!  
Their hero has rush'd to the field;  
His laurels are cover'd with shade—  
But where is the spirit that never should yield,  
The loyalty never to fade?  
In a moment desertion and guile  
Abandon'd him up to the foe;  
The dastards that flourish'd and grew in his smile  
Forsook and renounced him in wo;  
And the millions that swore they would perish to save,  
Behold him a fugitive, captive, and slave!  
The savage, all wild in his gleam,  
Is nobler and better than thou;  
Thou standst a wonder, a marvel to men,  
Such perfidy blackens thy brow!  
If thou wert the place of my birth,  
At once from thy arms would I savor;  
I'd fly to the uttermost parts of the earth,  
And quit thee for ever and ever;  
And thinking of thee In my song after-years,  
Should but kindle my blusnes and waken my tears  
Oh, shame to thee, land of the Gaul!  
Oh, shame to thy children and thee,  
Unwise in thy glory, and base in thy fall,  
How wretched thy portion shall be!  
Derision shall strike thee forlorn,  
And mockery that never shall die;  
The curses of hate, and the hisses of scorn,  
Shall barthen the winds of thy sky;  
And proud o'er thy ruin for ever be hurl'd  
The laughter of triumph, the jeers of the world! —

WINDSOR POETICS.

Lines composed on the occasion of H. R. H. the P—— R——I, being soon standing between the coins of Henry VIII and Charles I, in the royal vault at Windsor.

FAME, for contemptuous breach of sacred ties,  
By headless Charles, see heartless Henry lies;  
Between them stands another sceptred thing—  
It moves, it reigns—in all but name, a king:  
Charles to his people, Henry to his wife—  
In him the double tyrant starts to life:  
Justice and death have mix'd their dust in vain,  
Each royal vampyre wakes to life again:  
Ah! what can tombs avail—since these disgorge  
The blood and dust of both—to mould a G...ge.  
1913.

A SKETCH FROM PRIVATE LIFE

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

Born in the garret, in the kitchen bred,  
Promoted thence to deck her mistress' head;  
Next—for some gracious service unexpressed,  
And from its wages only to be guess'd—  
Raised from the toilet to the table, where  
Her wondering betterers wait behind her chair;  
With eye unmoved, and forehead mahal'd,  
She dines from off the plate she lately wash'd;  
Quick with the tale, and ready with the lie,  
The genial confidante and general spy;  
Who could, ye gods! her next employment guess?  
An only infant's earliest governess!  
She taught the child to read, and taught so well,  
That she herself, by teaching, learn'd to spell.  
An adept next in pensmanship she grows,  
As many a nameless stammer defly shows;  
What she had made the pupil of her art,  
None know—but that high soul sneared too heart,  
And panted for the truth it could not hear,  
With longing breast and unrelieved ear.  

Foil'd was perversion by that youth's mind,  
Which flattery fool'd not, baseness could not bow  
Deceit infect not, near contagion soul,  
Indulgence weaken, nor example fail,  
Nor master's science tempt her to back down  
On humbler talents with a pitying frown,  
Nor genius swell, nor beauty render vain,  
Nor envy ruffle to retaliate pain,  
Nor fortune change, pride raise, nor passion low  
Nor virtue teach austerity—till now.
BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS.

Serenely purest of her sex that live,
But wanting one sweet weakness—to forgive;
Too shock'd at faults her soul can never know,
She deems that all could be like her below:
For all vice, yet hardly virtue's friend—
For virtue pardons those she would condemn.

But to the theme—now laid aside too long,
The baleful burchen of this honest song—
Though all her former functions are no more,
She rules the circle which she served before.
If mothers—none know why—before her shriek,
If daughters dread her for the mother's sake;
If early habits—those false links which bind,
At times, the loftiest to the meanest mind—
Have given her power too deeply to instil
The angry essence of her deadly will;
If like a snake she steal within your walls,
Till the black slime betray her as she crawls;
If like a viper to the heart she sink,
And leave the venom there she did not find;
What marvel that this bag of hatred works
Eternal evil latent as she lurked.

To make a Pandemonium where she dwells,
And reign the Hecate of domestic hells!

Skill'd by a touch to deepen scandal's tints,
With all the kind mendacity of hints,
While mingling truth with falsehood, smears with smiles,
A thread of candour with a web of wiles;
A plain blunt show of briefly-spoken seeming,
To hide her bloodless heart's soul-harden'd scheming;
A lip of lies, a face form'd to conceal,
And, without feeling, mock at all who feel;
With a vile mask the Gorgon would disown,
A check of parchment, and an eye of stone.

Mark how the channels of her yellow blood
Ooze to her skin, and stagnate there to mud,
Cased like the centipede in saffron mail,
Or darker greenness of the scorpion's scale,
[For drawn from reptiles only may we trace Conjugal colours in that soul or face].
Look on her features! and behold her mind,
As in the mirror of itself defined;
Look on the picture! deem it not o'ercharged—
There is no trait which might not be enlarged;
Yet true to "Nature's journeymen," who made
This monster when their mistress left off trade,—
This female dog-star of her little sky,
Where all beneath her influence droop or die.

Oh! wretch without a tear—without a thought,
Save joy above the ruin thou hast wrought—
The time shall come, nor long remote, when thou
Shalt feel far more than thou inflictest now;
Feel for thy vile self-loving self in vain,
And turn thee howling in unpitied pain.
May the strong curse of crush'd affections light
Back on thy bosom with reflected light!
And make thee, in thy leprous mind,
As louthsome to thyself as to mankind!
I'll all thy self-thoughts cuttle into hate,
Black as thy will for others would create;
I'll thy hard heart be calemied into dust,
And thy soul welter in its hideous crust.
Oh, may thy grave be sleepless as the bed,
The widow's couch of fire, that thou hast spread!
Then, when thou face'st weary Heaven with prayer,
Look on thine earthly victims—despair!
Down to the dust!—and, as thou rov'dst away,
Even worms shall perish on thy monomous clay.

But for the love I bore, and still my tear,
To her thy malice from all lies would tear,
Thy name—th' human name—to every eye
The climax of all scorn, should hang on high,
Exitd o'er thy less abhor'd companions,
And festering in the infamy of years.

March 30, 1816.

CARMINA BYRONIS IN C. ELGIN.

Aspice, quos Scoote Pallas concedit honoros,
Sihter stat nomen, facta superque vide.
Scoote miser! quamvis noceasti Palladis aed,
Infandum facimus vinculat ipsa Venus.
Pygmali statum pro sponsa arsissere refulger,
In statuan rapits, Scoete sod uxor absit.

LINES TO MR. MOORE.

The following lines were addressed extemporary by Lord Byron to his friend Mr. Moore, on the latter's last visit to Italy:

My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea;
But, before I go, Tom Moore,
Here's a double health to thee.
Here's a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate me;
And, whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for every fate.

Though the ocean roar around me,
Yet it shall bear me on;
Though a desert should surround me,
It hath springs that may be won.
We'll the last drop in the well,
And I gasping on the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fall,
'Tis to thee that I would drink.

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

"ON THIS DAY I COMPLETE MY THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR."

January 22, 1824, Missohngi.

'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,
Since others it hath ceased to move;
Yet though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love.

My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone!

The fire that on my bosom prey's
Is lone as some volcanic isle;
No torch is kindled at its blaze—
A funeral pile!

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
The exalted portion of the pain
And power of love, I cannot share,
But wear the chain.

But 'tis not thus, and 'tis not here
Such thoughts should shake my soul; nor now
Where glory decks the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow.
The sword, the banner, and the field,  
Glory and Greece around me see!  
The Spartan, borne upon his shield,  
Was not more free.  
Awake! (not Greece,—she is awake!)  
Awake, my spirit! think through whom  
Try life-blood tracks its parent lake,  
And then strike home!  
Tread those reviving passions down,  
Unworthy manhood! Unto thee,  
Indifferent should the smile or frown  
Of beauty be.  
If thou regret'tst thy youth, why live?  
The land of honourable death  
Is here—up to the field, and give  
Away thy breath!  
Seek out, less often sought than found,  
A soldier's grave—for thee the best;  
Then look around, and choose thy ground,  
And take thy rest.

But it is well to have known it, though but once  
It hath enlarged my thoughts with a new sense,  
And I within my table, s would note down  
That there is such a feeling. Who is there?  
Re-enter HERMAN.

HER. My lord, the Abbot of St. Maurice craves  
To greet your presence.

* Enter the Abbot of St. Maurice.

Abbot. Peace be with Count Manfred  
Man. Thanks, holy father! welcome to these walls;  
Thy presence honours them, and blesses those  
Who dwell within them.  
Abbot. Would it were so, Count;  
But I would win comfort with thee alone.  
Man. Herman, retire. What would my revered guest?  
[Exit Herman.

Abbot. Thus, without preamble;—Age and zeal, my  
office,  
And good intent, must plead my privilege;  
Our near, though not acquainted, neighbourhood,  
May also be my herald. Rumnous strange,  
And of unholy nature, are abroad,  
And busy with thy name—a notable name  
For centuries; may he who bears it now  
Transmit it unimpaired!  
Man. Proceed,—I listen.  
Abbot. 'Tis said thou holdest converse with the things  
Which are forbidden to the search of man;  
That with the dwellers of the dark abodes,  
The many evil and unhallow'd spirits  
Which walk the valley of the shade of death,  
Thou communest. I know that with mankind,  
Thy fellows in creation, thou dost rarely  
Exchange thy thoughts, and that thy solitude  
Is as an anchorite's, were it but holy.  
Man. And what are they who do converse these things?  
Abbot. My pious brethren—the sacred penury—  
Even thy own vassals—who do look on thee  
With most unquiet eyes. Thy life's in peril!  
Man. Take it.  
Abbot. I come to save, and not destroy.  
I would not pry into thy secret soul;  
But if these things be sooth, there still is time  
For penitence and pity: reconcile thee  
With the true church, and through the church to heaven  
Man. I hear thee. This is my reply: whatever  
I may have been, or am, doth rest between  
Heaven and myself.—I shall not choose a mortal  
To be my mediator. Have I still'd  
Against your ordinances? prove and punish!  
Abbot. Then, hear and tremble! For the headstrong  
wrath,  
Who in the mill of innate hardness  
Would shield himself, and battle for his sins  
There is the stake on earth, and beyond earth eternal—  
Man. Charity, most revered father,  
Becomes thy lips so much more than this menace  
That I would call thee back to it; but say,  
What wouldst thou with me?  
Abbot. It may be there are  
Things that would shake thee—but I keep them back,  
And give thee till to-morrow to repent.  
Then if thou dost not all devote thyself  
To penance, and with gift of all thy lands  
To the monastery—

I It will be perceived that, as far as this, the original matter  
of the Third Act has been retained.
BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS.

[Manfred advances to the window of the wal]

Glorious orb! the idol
Of early nature, and the vigorous race
Of undisposed mankind, the giant sons
Of the embrace of angels, with a sex
More beautiful than they, which did draw down
The erring spirits who can never return.—
Most glorious orb! that wert a worship, ere
The mystery of thy making was revealed!
Then earliest minister of the Almighty,
Which giddied, on their mountain tops, the hearts
Of the Chaldean shepherds, till they poured
Themselves in orisons! then material God!
And representative of the Unknown—
Who chose thee for his shadow! then chief sta.
Centre of many stars! which mak'st our earth
Endurable, and temperest the laws
And hearts of all who walk within thy rays!
Sirv. of the seasons! Monarch of the climes,
And those who dwell in them! for, near or far,
Our inborn spirits have a tint of thee,
Even as our outward aspects; thou dost rise,
And shine, and set in glory. Face thee well!
I never shall see thee more. As my first glance
Of love and wonder was for thee, then take
My latest look, thou wilt not beam on one
To whom the gifts of life and warmth have been
Of a more fatal nature. He is gone:
I follow:

[Erin Manfred]

MANFRED


HERMAN, MANUEL, and other Dependants of MANFRED.

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

Manuel. 'T were dangerous;
Content thyself with what thou knowest already.

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

Manuel. Ere Count Manfred's birth
I served his father, whom he taught resembling.

Her. There be more sons in like predicament,
But wherein do they differ?

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

Her. Bedrew the hour,
But these were jovial times! I would that such
Would visit the old watts again; they look
As if they had forgotten them.

1 "Raven stone. (Rahenstein,) a translation of the German
word for the gibbet, which in Germany and Switzerland is
permanent, and made of stone."

Men. I understand thee, well

Abbot. Expect no mercy; I have warn'd thee.

Man. (opening the casket.)

Stop—

There is a gift for thee within this casket.

[Manfred opens the casket, strikes a light, and
burns some incense.

H! Ashtaroth!

The Demon Ashtaroth appears, singing as follows:

The raven sits
On the raven stone,
And his black wing falls
O'er the milk-white bone;
To and fro, as the night winds blow,
The carcas of the assassin swings;
And there alone, on the raven stone,1
The raven flaps his dusky wings.

The fowlers creak—and his own beak
Creaks to the close of the hollow sound;
And this is the time by the light of the moon
To which the witches dance their round,
Merrily, merrily, cherily, cherily,
Merrily, merrily, speeds the ball:
The dead in their shrouds, and the demons in clouds,
Flock to the witches' carnival.

Abbot. I fear thee not—hence—hence—
Away thee, evil one!—help, ho! without there!

Man. Convey this man to the Shreikhorn—to its peak—

To its extremest peak—watch with him there
From now till sunrise; let him gazo, and know
He ne'er again will be so near to heaven.

Abbot. Had I not better bring his brethren too,
Convent and all, to bear him company?

Man. No, this will serve for the present. Take him up
Abbot. Come, friar! now an exorcism or two,
And we shall fly the lighter.

Ashtaroth disappears with the Abbot, singing as
follows:

A prodigal son and a maid undone,
And a widow re-wedded within the year;
And a worldly monk and a pregnant nun,
Are things which every day appear.

Manfred alone.

Man. Why wouldst this fool break in on me, and force
My art to pranks fantastical?—no matter,
It was not of my seeking. My heart sickens
And weighs a fixed foreboding on my soul;
But it is calm — calm as a sullen sea
After the hurricane: the winds are still,
But the cold waves swell high and heavily,
And there is danger in them. Such a rest
Is no reposè. My life hath been a combat,
An every thought a wound, till I am scar'd
In the immortal part of me.—What now?

Re-enter Herman.

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

Man. I will look on him.

1""
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Mrama

These walls
Must change their chieftain first. Oh! I have seen
Some strange things in those few years!

Her.
Come, be friendly.

Relate me some, to while away our watch;
I've heard thee darkly speak of an event
Which happened--beaubois, by this same tower.

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

Her. Look—look—the tower—
The tower's on fire. Oh, heaven's and earth! what sound,
What dreadful sound is that? [A crack like thunder.

Manel. Help, help, there!—to the rescue of the
Count—
The Count's in danger,—what hope! there approach!
[The Servants, Vassals, and Peasantry approach
stupified with terror,
If there be any of you who have heart
And love of human kind, and will to aid
Those in distress—pause not—but follow me—
The portal's open, follow. [MAN EL goes in.

Her. Come—who follows?
What, none of ye?—ye recreant! shiver then
Without. I will not see old Manuel rich
His few remaining years unaided. [HERMAN goes in.
Vassal. Hark!—
No—all is silent—no breath—the flame
Which shot forth such a blaze is also gone;
What may this mean? let's enter?

Peasant. Faith, not I,—
Not that, if one, or two, or more, will join,
I then will stay behind; but, for my part,
I do not see precisely to what end.
Vassal. Cease your vain prating—come,
Manuel. (speaking within.) 'Tis all in vain—
He's dead.

Her. (within.) Not so—even now methought he moved.
But it is dark—so bear him gently out—
Softly—how cold he is! take care of his temples
In winding down the staircase.

Reneter Manuel and Herman, bearing Manelfd in
their arms.

Manuel. He to the castle, some of ye, and bring
What aid you can. Saddle the barb, and speed
For the leech to the city—quick! some water there!
Her. His cheek is black—but there is a faint beat
Still lingering about the heart. Some water.

[They sprinkle Manfred with water; after a pause
he gives some signs of life.

Manuel. He seems to strive to speak—come—cheerly,
Count!
He moves his lips—canst hear him? I am old
And cannot catch faint sounds.

I altered, in the present form, to "Some strange things in

[HERMAN inclining his head and listening
Her. I hear a word
Or two—but indistinctly—what is next?

What's to be done? let's hear him to the castle.

Manfred. Canst not remove him?
Manuel. He disapproves—and 't were of no avail—
He changes rapidly.

Her. 'T will soon be over.

Manuel. Oh! what a death is this! that I should live
To shake my gray hairs over the last chief
Of the house of Sigismund—And such a death!

Alone—we know not how—unshried—untended—
With strange accompaniments and fearful signs
I shudder at the sight—bu must not leave him.

Manfred. (speaking faintly and slowly.) Old man!
'T is not so difficult to die.

Manfred, having said this, expires
Her. His eyes are fix'd and lifeless.—He is gone.

Manuel. Close them.—My old hand quivers.—He de-
parts—

Whither? I dread to think—But he is gone!

TO MY DEAR MARY ANNE.

[The following lines are the earliest written by
Lord Byron. They were addressed to Miss Chaworth, Afterwards Mrs. Musters, in 1804, about
a year before her marriage.]

Abed to sweet Mary for ever!
From her I must quickly depart:
Though the fates us from each other sever,
Still her image will dwell in my heart.
The flame that within my heart burns
If unlike what in lovers' hearts glows
The love which for Mary I feel
Is far purer than Cupid bestows.
I wish not your peace to disturb,
I wish not your joys to molest;
Mistake not my passion for love,
'Tis your friendship alone I request.
Not ten thousand lovers could feel
The friendship my bosom contains;
It will ever within my heart dwell,
While the warm blood flows through my veins.
May the Ruler of Heaven look down,
And my Mary from evil defend!
May she never know adversity's frown,
May her happiness ne'er have an end!
Once more, my sweet Mary, adieu!
Farewell! I with anguish repeat,
For ever I'll think upon you,
While this heart in my bosom shall beat.

TO MISS CHAWORTH.

On memory, torture me no more,
The present's all o'er cast;
My hopes of future bliss are c'er
In mercy veil the past.
Why bring those images to view
I henceforth must resign?
Ah! why those happy hours renew
That never can be mine?
BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS.

Past pleas e doubles present pain,
To sorrow adds regret,
Regret and hope are both in vain,
I ask but to—forget.

FRAGMENT.

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

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

THE PRAYER OF NATURE.

FATHER of Light! great God of Heaven!
Hearsthou the accents of despair?
Can guilt like man's be ever forgiven?
Can vice atone for crimes by prayer?
Father of Light, on thee I call!
Thou seest my soul is dark within;
Thou who can'st mark the swallow's fall,
Avert from me the death of sin.
No shirne I seek to seats unknown;
Oh point to me the path of truth!
Thy dear omnipotence I own;
Spare, yet amend, the faults of youth
Let bigots rear a gloomy shrine,
Let superstition hail the pile,
Let priests, to spread their sable reign,
With tales of mystic rites beguile.
Shall man confound 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 confound his race to hell
Unless they bend in pious 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 crocs 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 regions of ether's space;
Who calmly set the elemental war,
Whose hand from pole to pole I trace—
Thou, wis in wisdom placed me here,
Who, when thou wilt, can take me hence,

Ah! whilst I treat this earthy sphere,
Extend to me thy wide defense,
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 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 breaths 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.

With Dec. 1806.

ON REVISITING HARROW.

[Some years ago, when at Harrow, a friend of the author engraved on a particular spot the name of both, with a few additional words, as a memorial. Afterwards, on receiving some real or imagined injury, the Author destroyed the fatal record before he left Harrow. On revisiting the place in 1807 he wrote under it the following stanzas.]

1. Here once engaged the stranger's view
Young Friendship's record, simply traced;
Few were her words,—but yet, though few,
Revisitings hand the line defaced.

2. Deeply she cut—but, not erased,
The characters were still so plain,
That Friendship once returned and gazed,
Till memory had the words again.

3. Repentance placed them as before;
Forgiveness joined her gentle name;
So fair the inscription seem'd once more,
That Friendship thought it still the same.

4. Thus might the Record now have been;
But, ah, in spite of Hope's endeavour,
Or Friendship's tears, Pride rush'd between
And blotted out the line for ever!

L'AMITIE EST L'AMOUR SANS AILES.

1. Way 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 breviss, to the seat,
Where first my heart responsive beat—
"Friendship is Love without his wings!"

2. Though few, but deeply cheri'd years,
What moments have been mine!
Now, half obscured by clouds of tears,
Now, bright in rays divine;

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From smooth deceit and terror sprung,
With aspect fair and honey'd tongue,
Let adulation wait on kings.
With joy clave, by snares beset,
We, we, my friends, can ne'er forget
“Friendship is Love without his wings.”

9.
Fictions and dreams inspire the bard
Who rolls the epic song;
Friendship and truth be my reward,
To me no boys belong;
If laurel’d Fame but dwells with lies,
Me the enchantress ever lures,
Whose heart and not whose fancy sings:
Simple and young, I dare not fain,
Mine be the rude yet heartfelt strain,
“Friendship is Love without his wings!”

December, 1808

TO MY SON.

1.
Those flaxen locks, those eyes of blue,
Bright as thy mother’s in their hue;
Those rosy lips, whose dimples play,
And smile to steal the heart away,
Recall a scene of former joy,
And touch thy Father’s heart, my Boy!

2.
And thou canst lisp a father’s name—
Ah, William, were thine own the same,
No self-reproach—but, let me cease—
My care for thee shall purchase peace;
Thy mother’s shade shall smile in joy,
And pardon all the past, my Boy.

3.
Her lowly grave the turf has prest,
And thou hast known a stranger’s breast.
Derision sneers upon thy birth,
And yields thee scarce a name on earth;
Yet shall not these one hope destroy,—
A Father’s heart is thine, my Boy!

4.
Why, let the world unfeeling frown,
Must I fond Nature’s claim disown?
Ah, no—though moralists reprove,
I hail thee, dearest child of love,
Fair cherub, pledge of youth and joy—
A father guards thy birth, my Boy!

5.
Oh, ‘t will be sweet in thee to trace
Ere age has wrinkled o’er my face,
Ere half my glass of life is run,
At once a brother and a son;
And all my wane of years employ
In justice done to thee, my Boy!

6.
Although so young thy heedless sire,
Youth will not damp parental love;
And, wert thou still less dear to me,
While Helen’s form revives in thee,
The breast, which bent to former joy,
Will ne’er desert its pledge, my Boy!

[567]
FRAGMENT.

[The following lines form the conclusion of a poem written by Lord Byron under the melancholy impression that he should soon die.]

Forget this world, my restless sprite,
Turn, turn thy thoughts to heaven:
There must thou soon direct thy flight,
If errors are forgiven.
To bigot and to sects unknown,
Bow down beneath th' Almighty's Throne,—
To him address thy trembling prayer:
He, who is merciful and just,
Will not reject a child of dust,
Although his meanest care.
Father of Light! to thee I call,
My soul is dark within;
Thou, who canst mark the sparrow fall,
Avert the depth of sin.
Thou, who canst guide the wandering star,
Who calm'st the elemental war,
Whose mantle is yon boundless sky,
My thoughts, my words, my crimes forgive;
And, since I soon must cease to live,
Instruct me how to die.

TO MRS. ***.

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

When man, expell'd from Eden's bowers,
A moment linger'd near the gate,
Each scene recall'd the vanished hours,
And bade him curse his future fate.
But wandering on through distant climes,
He learnt to bear his load of grief;
Just gave a sigh to other times,
And found in busier scenes relief.
Thus, Mary, will it be with me,
And I must view thy charms no more;
For, while I linger near to thee,
I sigh for all I knew before.
In flight I shall be surely wise,
Escaping from temptation's snare;
I cannot view my paradise
Without the wish of dwelling there.

A LOVE-SONG.

TO ***.

Remind me not, remind me not,
Of those beloved, those vanish'd hours
When all my soul was given to thee:
Hours that may never be forgot,
Till time unnerve our vital powers,
And thou and I shall cease to be.

Can I forget—canst thou forget,
When playing with thy golden hair,
How quick thy fluttering heart did move?
Oh, by my soul, I see thee yet,
With eyes so languid, breast so fair,
And lips, though silent, breathing love.

When thus reclining on my breast,
Those eyes threw back a glance so sweet,
As half reproach'd yet raised desire,
And still we near and nearer prest,
And still our glowing lips would meet,
As if in kisses to expire.

And then those pensive eyes would close
And bid their lids each other seek,
Veiling the azure orbs below;
While their long lashes' darkening gloss
Seem'd stealing o'er thy brilliant cheek,
Like raven's pinnae smooth'd on snow.

I dreamt last night our love return'd,
And, sooth to say, that very dream
Was sweeter in its phantasy
Than if for other hearts I barn'd,
For eyes that ne'er like thine could beam
In rapture's wild reality.

Then tell me not, remind me not,
Of hours which, though for ever gone,
Can still a pleasing dream restore,
Till thou and I shall be forgot.
And senseless as the mouldering stone
Which tells that we shall be no more.

STANZAS

TO ***.

There was a time, I need not name,
Since it will ne'er forgotten be,
When all our feelings were the same
As still my soul hath been to thee.

And from that hour when first thy tongue
Confess'd a love which equal'd mine,
Though many a grief my heart hath wrung
Unknown and thus unfelt by thine.

None, none hath sunk so deep as this—
To think how all that love hath flown;
Transient as every transient kiss,
But transient in thy breast alone.

And yet my heart some solace knew,
When late I heard thy lips declare,
In accents once imagined true,
Remembrance of the days that were.

Yes! my adored, yet most unkind
Though thou wilt never love again,
To me 'tis doubly sweet to find
Remembrance of that love remain.

Yes! 't is a glorious thought to me,
Nor longer shall my soul repine,
Whatever thou art or ever shalt be,
Thou hast been dearly, solely mine.
TO ** ***.

Aye wilt thou weep when I am low?
Sweet lady! speak those words again!
Yet if they grieve thee, say not so—
I would not give that bosom pain.

My heart is sad, my hopes are gone,
My blood runs coldly through my breast;
And when I perish, thou alone
Wilt sigh above my place of rest.

And yet, methinks, a gleam of peace
Doth through my cloud of anguish shine;
And for awhile my sorrows cease,
To know thy heart hath felt for mine.

Oh lady! blessed be that tear—
It falls for one who cannot weep:
Such precious drops are doubly dear
To those whose eyes no tear can steep.

Sweet lady! once my heart was warm
With every feeling soft as thine;
But beauty's self hath ceased to charm
A wretch created to repine.

Yet wilt thou weep when I am low?
Sweet lady! speak those words again
Yet if they grieve thee, say not so—
I would not give that bosom pain.

When the box of Pandora was open'd on earth,
And Misery's triumph commenced over Mirth,
Hope was left, was she not?—but the goblet we kiss.
And care not for hope, who are certain of bliss.

Long life to the grape! for when summer is flown,
The age of our nectar shall gladden our own:
We must die—who shall not?—May our sins be forgiven,
And Hebe shall never be idle in heaven.

STANZAS

TO ** ***, ON LEAVING ENGLAND.

'Tis done—and shivering in the gale
The dark mufîrils her snowy sail;
And whistling o'er the bending mast,
Loud sung on high the fresh'ning blast;
And I must from this land be gone,
Because I cannot love but one.

But could I be what I have been,
And could I see what I have seen—
Could I repose upon the breast
Which once my warmest wishes blest—
I should not seek another zone,
Because I cannot love but one.

'Tis long since I beheld that eye
Which gave me bliss or misery;
And I have striven, but in vain,
Never to think of it again;
For though I fly from Albion,
I still can only love but one.

As some lone bird, without a mate,
My weary heart is desolate;
I look around, and cannot trace
One friendly smile or welcome face,
And even in crowds am still alone,
Because I cannot love but one.

And I will cross the whitening foam,
And I will seek a foreign home;
Till I forget a false fair face,
I ne'er shall find a resting-place;
My own dark thoughts I cannot shun,
But ever love, and love but one.

The poorest veriest wretch on earth
Still finds some hospitable heart,
Where friendship's or love's softer glow
May smile in joy or soothe in woe;
But friend or lover I have none,
Because I cannot love but one.

I go—but wheresoe'er I go,
There's not an eye will weep for me;
There's not a kind congenial heart,
Where I can claim the nearest part;
Nor thou, who hast my hopes undone,
Wilt sigh, although I love but one.

To think of every early scene,
Of what we are, and what we've been,
Would whelm some softer hearts with woe—
But mine, alas! has stood the blow,
Yet still beats on as it begun
And never truly loves but one.
And who that dear loved one may be,  
Is not for vulgar eyes to see,  
And why that early love was crost,  
Thou know'st the best, I feel the most;  
But few that dwell beneath the sun  
Have loved so long, and loved but one.  
I've tried another's letter too,  
With charms perchance as fair to view;  
And I would fain have loved as well,  
But some unconquerable spell  
Forbade my bleeding breast to own  
A kindred care for aught but one.  
'Twould sooth to take one lingering view,  
And bless thee in my last adieu;  
Yet wish I not those eyes to weep  
For him that wanders o'er the deep;  
His home, his hope, his youth are gone,  
Yet still he loves, and loves but one.

—

**LINES TO MR. HODGSON.**

Falmouth Roads, June 30th, 1809.

1.  
**HEEZA!** Hodgson we are going,  
Our embargo's off at last,  
Pavourable breezes blowing  
Bend the canvas o'er the mast.  
From aloft the signal's streaming,  
**Hark!** the farewell gun is fired:  
Women screeching, tars blaspheming  
Tell us that our time's expired.  
Here's a rascal  
Come to task all,  
Prying from the custom-house;  
Trunks unpacking,  
Cases cracking,  
Not a corner for a mouse  
'Scapes unsearch'd amid the racket,  
Ere we sail on board the Packet.

2.  
Now our boatmen quit their mooring,  
And all hands must ply the oar;  
Baggage from the quay is lowering,  
We're impatient—push from shore.  
"Have a care! that case holds liquor—  
Stop the boat—'tis sick—oh Lord!"  
"Sick, ma'am, damme, you'll be sicker  
Ere you've been an hour on board."

Thus are screaming  
Men and women,  
Gemmen, ladies, servants, Jacks;  
Here entangling,  
All are wrangling,  
Stuck together close as wax.—  
Such the general noise and racket,  
Ere we reach the Lisbon Packet.

3.  
Now we've reach'd her, lo! the captain,  
Gallant Kild, commands the crew,  
Passengers their berths are clapt in,  
Some to grumble, some to spew.

"Heyday! call you that a cabin?  
Why, 't is hardly three feet square.'  
Not enough to stowy queen Mat in—  
Who the deuce can harbour there?"  
"Who, sir? pleaty—  
Nobles twenty  
Did at once my vessel fill."—  
"Did they? Jews—  
How you squeeze us!  
Would to God they did so still:  
Then I'd 'scape the heat and racket  
Of the good ship Lisbon Packet."

4.  
Fletcher! Murray! Boh! where are ye  
Stretch'd along the deck like logs—  
Bear a hand, you jolly tar, you!  
Here's a rope's-end for the dogs.  
Hobhouse muttering fearful curses,  
As the hatchway down he rolls,  
Now his breakfast, now his verses,  
Vomits forth—and damn's our soul  
Here's a stanza  
On Braganza—  
"Help!"—"a couple P?"—"No, a cup  
Of warm water—"  
"What's the matter?  
"Zounds! my liver's coming up;  
I shall not survive the racket  
Of this brutal Lisbon Packet."  

5.  
Now at length we're off for Turkey,  
Lord knows when we shall come back  
Pavourable seas and tempests murky  
May un-ship us in a crack.  
But, since life at most a jest is  
As philosophers allow,  
Still to laugh by far the best is:  
Then laugh on—as I do now  
Laugh at all things,  
Great and small things,  
Sick or well, at sea or shore;  
While we're quaffing,  
Let's have laughing—  
Who the devil cares for more?  
Some good wine! and who would lack it,  
Even on board the Lisbon Packet?

—

**LINES IN THE TRAVELLER'S BOOK AT ORCHOMENUS.**

In this book a Traveller had written:—

"Fair Albion, smiling, sees her son depart  
To trace the birth and nursery of art:  
Noble his object, glorious is his aim:  
He comes to Athens, and he writes his name."

Beneath which Lord Byron inserted the following reply.

The modest bard, like many a bard unknown,  
Rhymes on our names, but wisely hides his own,  
But yet who'er he be, to say no worse,  
His name would bring more credit than his verse.
ON MOORE'S LAST OPERATIC Farce.
A FARCI PAL EPIGRAM.

Good plays are scarce,
So Moore writes farce;
The poet's fame grows brittle—
We knew before
That Little's Moore,
But now 'tis Moore that's little.

---

EPISTLE TO MR. HODGSON,
IN ANSWER TO SOME LINES EXHORTING HIM TO BE CHEERFUL AND TO "BANISH CARE."

Newstead Abbey, Oct. 11, 1811

'On! banish care'—such ever be
The motto of thy revelry!
Perchance of mine, when wassail nights
Renew those riotous delights,
Wherewith the children of Despair,
Lull the lone heart, and "banish care."
But not in morn's reflecting hour,
When present, past, and future hover,
When all I loved is changed or gone,
Mock with such taunts the woes of one,
Whose every thought—but let them pass,
Thou know'st I am not what I was.
But, above all, if thou wouldst bide
Place in a heart that never was cold,
By all the powers that men revere,
By all unto thy bosom dear,
Thy joys below, thy hopes above,
Speak—speak of anything but love.

'T were long to tell, and vain to hear,
The tale of one who scorches a tear;
And there is little in that tale
Which better bosoms would bewail.
But mine has suffered more than well
'T would suit philosophy to tell.
I've seen my bride another's bride,—
Have seen her seated by his side,—
Have seen the infant, which she bore,
Wear the sweet smile the mother wore
When she and I in youth have smiled
As fond and faultless as her child,—
Have seen her eyes, in cold disdain,
Ask if I felt no secret pain.
And I have acted well my part,
And made my cheek belch my heart,
Return'd the freezing glance she gave,
Yet felt the while that woman's slave;—
Have kiss'd, as if without design,
The babe which ought to have been mine,
And show'd, alas! in each caress
Time had not made me love the less.

But let this pass—I'll whine no more,
Nor seek again an eastern shore;
The world befits a busy brain,—
I'll he me to its haunts again.
But if, in some succeeding year,
When Britain's "May is in the sere."

---

ON LORD THURLOW'S POEMS.
DEDICATED TO MR. ROGERS.

May, '81.

1. When Thurlow this damn'd nonsense sent,
(I hope I am not violent.)

Nor men nor gods knew what he meant.

2. And since not ev'n our Rogers' praise
To common sense his thoughts could raise.

Why would they let him print his lays?

3. * * * * * * *

4. * * * * * * *

5. To me, divine Apollo, grant—O!

Hermilinda's first and second canto,
I'm fitting up a new portmanteau;

6. And thus to furnish decent lining,
My own and others' says I'm twining—
So, gentle Thurlow, throw me thine in.

---

TO LORD THURLOW

"I lay my branch of laurel down,
Then thus to form Apollo's crown
Let every other bring his own."

Lord Thurlow's Lines to Mr. Rogers

1. "I lay my branch of laurel down."
Then lay thy branch of laurel down?"
Why, what thou'st stole is not own;

And, were it lawfully thine own,

Does Rogers want it most, or thou?
Keep to thyself thy wither'd bough,

Or send it back to Doctor Donne—

Were justice done to both, I 'twere,

He'd have but little, and thou—none.

2. "Then thus to form Apollo's crown."
A crown! why, twist it how you will,

Thy chaplet must be floescap still.

When next you visit Delphi's town,

Inquire among your fellow-lodgers,
BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS.

They'll tell you Phæbus gave his crown,
Some years before your birth, to Rogers.

3.

"Let every other bring his own."

When coals to Newcastle are carried,
And owls sent to Athens as wonders,
From his spouse when the Regent's unmarried,
Or Liverpool weeps over his blunders;
When Tories and Whigs cease to quarrel,
When Castlereagh's wife has an heir,
Then Rogers shall ask us for laurel,
And thou shalt have plenty to spare.

TO THOMAS MOORE,

WRITTEN THE EVENING BEFORE HIS VISIT, IN COMPANY

WILL BERTON. TO MR. LEIGH HUNT, IN COLD

BATH FIELDS PRISON, MAY 19, 1813.

Oh you, who in all names can tickle the town,
Anacreon, Tom Little, Tom Moore, or Tom Brown,—
For hang me if I know of which you may most brag,
Your Quarto two-pounds, or your Two-penny Pot Bag.

But now to my letter—to years 'tis an answer—
To-morrow be with me, as soon as you can, sir,
All ready and dress'd for proceeding to spainge on
(According to compact) the wit in the dungeon—
Pray Phæbus at length our political minlre
May not get us lodgings within the same palace!
I suppose that to-night you're engaged with some
colleges,
And for Satchey's Blues have deserted Sam Rogers;
And I, though with cold I have nearly death got,
Must put on my breeches, and wait on the Heathcote.
But to-morrow, at four, we will both play the Scoura,
And you'll be Catullus, the Regent Marmura.

FRAGMENT OF AN EPISTLE TO THOMAS

MOORE.

June 1814.

1.

"What say I?"—not a syllable further in prose;
I'm your man "of all measures," dear Tom,—so, here goes!
Here goes, for a swim on the stream of old Time,
On those buoyant supporters, the bladders of rhyme.
If our weight breaks them down, and we sink in the flood,
We are another'd, at least, in respectable mud,
Where the Divers of Bathy he drown'd in a heap,
And Southerly's last Pean has pillow'd his sleep—
That "Pele de sea" who, half drunk with his malmsey,
Walk'd out of his depth and was lost in a calm sea,
Singing "Glory to God" in a spick and span stanza,
The like (since Tom Sternhold was chok'd) never man saw.

2.

The papers have told you, no doubt, of the fuses,
The fites, and the gangways to get at these Russes,—
Of his Majesty's suite, up from coachman to Hetman,—
And what dignity decks the flat face of the great man.
I saw him, last week, at two balls and a party,—
For a prince, his demeanour was rather too hearty.
You know, we are used to quite different graces,

3.

The Czar's look, I own, was much brighter and brisker
But then he is sadly deficient in whisker;
And wore but a starless blue coat, and in kersey—
Sure breeches which'd wind, in a Waltz with the Jersey,
Who, lovely as ever, seemed just as delighted
With majesty's presence as those she invited

THE DEVIL'S DRIVE.

Of this strange, wild poem, which extends to about two hundred and fifty lines, the only copy that Lord Byron, I believe ever wrote, was presented to Lord Holland. Though with a good deal of vigour and imagination, it is, for the most part, rather clumsily executed, wanting the point and conclusion of those clever verses of Mr. Coleridge which Lord Byron, adopting a notion long prevalent has attributed to Professor Porson. There are, however, some of the stanzas of "The Devil's Drive" well worth preserving.—Moore.

1.

The Devil return'd to hell by two,
And he staid at home till five;
Where he dined on some brocades done in rageout,
And a rebel or so in an Irish stew,
And sausages made of a self-slain Jew,
And he thought himself what next to do;
"And," quoth he, "I'll take a drive.
I walk'd in the morning. I'll ride to-night;
In darkness my children take most delight,
And I'll see how my favourites thrive.

2.

"And what shall I ride in?" quoth the Devil,
"If I followed my taste, indeed,
I should mount in a wagon of wounded men,
And smile to see them bleed.
But these will be furnish'd again and again,
And at present my purpose is speed;
To see my manner as much as I may,
And watch that no soul shall be poni'ed away.

3.

"I have a state-coach at Carlton House,
A chariot in Seymour-place;
But they're lent to two friends, who make me amends
By driving my favourite pace;
And they handle their reins with such a grace,
I have something for both at the end of their race.

4.

"So now for the earth to take my chance,
Then up to the earth sprung he;
And making a jump from Moscow to France,
He stept'd across the sea,
And rested his hoof on a turnpike road,
No very great way from a bishop's abode.

5.

But first as he flew, I forgot to say,
That he hover'd a moment upon his way
To look upon Leipsic plain;
And so sweet to his eye was its sulphur glare
And so soft to his ear was the cry of despair,
That he perch'd on a mountain of slain:
And he gazed with delight from its growing height
Nor often on earth had he seen such a sight.
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Not his work done hail so well:  
For the field ran so red with the blood of the dead,  
That it blush'd like the waves of hell!  
Then loudly, and wildly, and long laugh'd he:  
"Methinks they have here little need of me!"

But the softest note that soothe'd his ear  
Was the sound of a widow sighing;  
And the sweetest sight was the icy tear,  
With a horror froze in the blue eye clear

The Devil first saw, as he thought, the Mail,  
Its coachman and his coat;  
So instead of a pistol he cock'd his tail,  
And seiz'd him by the throat:
"Ah, what have we here?  
'Tis a new barouche, and an ancient peer!"

The Devil was shock'd—and quoth he "I must go,  
For I find we have much better manners below.  
If this he harangues when he passes my border,  
I shall hint to friend Moloch to call him to order"

December, 1813

ADDITIONAL STANZAS, TO THE ODE TO NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

17.  
There was a day—there was an hour,  
While earth was Gaul's—Gaul thine—  
When that immeasurable power  
Unsated to reign  
Had been an act of purer fame  
Than gathers round Marengo's name  
And gilded thy decline,  
Through the long twilight of all time,  
Despite some passing clouds of crime.

18.  
But thou forsworn must be a king  
And don the purple vest,  
As if that foolish robe could wring  
Remembrance from thy breast.  
Where is that faded garment? where  
The gewgaws thou wert fond to wear,  
The star—the string—the crest!  
Vain froward child of empire! say,  
Are all thy playthings snatch'd away?

19.  
Where may the wearie eye repose,  
When gazing on the great;  
Where neither guilty glory glows,  
Nor despicable state?  
Yes—one—the first—the last—the best—  
The Cincinnati of the West,  
Whose envy dared not hate,  
Bequest'd the name of Washington,  
To make man blush there was but one!

April, 1814

TO LADY CAROLINE LAMB.

And say'st thou that I have not felt,  
Whilst thou wert thus estranged from me?  
Nor know'st how dearly I have dwelt  
On one unbroken dream of thee?  
But love like ours must never be,  
And I will learn to prize thee less;  
As thou hast fled, so let me flee,  
And change the heart thou may'st not break.

They'll tell thee, Clara! I have seem'd,  
Of late, another's charms to woo,  
Nor sight'd, nor known'd, as if I decim'd  
That thou wert banish'd from my view.  
Clara! this struggle—to undo  
What thou hast done too well, for me;  
This mask before the babbling crew—  
This treachery—was truth to thee!
I have not wept while thou wert gone,
    Nor worn one look of sullen woe;
But sought, in many, all that one.
    (Ah! need I name her?) could bestow.
It is a duty which I owe
To thee—to thee—to man—to God,
    To crush, to quench this guilty glow,
Ere yet the path of crime be trod.

But since my breast is not so pure,
Since still the vulture tears my heart,
Let me this agony endure,
    Not thee—oh! dearest as thou art!
In mercy, Clara! let us part,
And I will seek, yet know not how,
    To shun, in time, the threatening dart;
Guilt must not aim at such as thou.

But thou must aid me in the task,
And nobly thus exert thy power;
Then spurn me hence—it is all I ask
    Ere time mature a gullet hour;
Ere wrath's impending vials shower
Remorse redoubled on my head;
    Ere fires unquenchably devour
A heart, whose hope has long been dead.

Deceive no more thyself and me,
Deceive not better hearts than mine;
Ah! shouldst thou, whiter wouldst thou see,
    From woe like ours—from shame like thine?
And, if there be a wrath divine,
A pang beyond this fleeting breath,
    Fain now all future hopes resign,
Such thoughts are guilt—such guilt is death.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

1.

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

2.

Too brief for our passion, too long for our peace,
Were those hours—can their joy or their bitterness cease?
We repent—we abjure—we will break from our chain,—
    We will part,—we will fly to—unite it again!

3.

Oh! thine be the gladness, and mine be the guilt!
Forgive me, adored one!—forsake, if thou wilt—
But the heart which is thine shall expire unabased,
    And man shall not break it—whatever thou mayest.

4.

And store to the haughty, but humble to thee,
This, O Lord, in its bitterness blackness, shall be;
    And our days seen as swift, and our moments more sweet,
With thee by my side, than with worlds at our feet.

5.

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

ADDRESS INTENDED TO BE RECITED AT THE CALEDONIAN MEETING.

Who hath not glow'd above the page where fame
Hath fix'd high Caledon's unconquer'd name;
    The mountain-hand which spurn'd the Roman crown
And baffled back the fiery-crazed Dane,
Whose bright claymore and birdliness of hand
No foe could tame—no tyrant could command?
That race is gone—but still their children breathe
And glory crowns them with redoubled wreath:
O'er Gaal and Saxon mingling banners shine,
    And, England! add their stubborn strength to this
The blood which flow'd with Wallace flows as free
But now 'tis only shed for fame and thee!
Oh! pass not by the northern veteran's claim,
    But give support—the world hath given him fame!

The humber ranks, the lowly brave, who bled
While cheerily following where the mighty led,
    While sleep beneath the undistinguish'd sod
Where happier comrades in their triump h trod,
To us bequeath—'tis all their fate allows—
The siresless offspring and the lonely spouse:
She on high Albion's dusky hills may raise
The tearful eye in melancholy gaze,
    Or view, while shadowy auguries disclose
The Highland seer's anticipated woes,
    The bleeding phantom of each martial form
Dim in the cloud, or darkling in the storm;
    While sad, she chants the solitary song
The soft lament for him who tarries long—
For him, whose distant relics vainly crave
The Coronach's wild requiem to the brave.
'Tis Heaven—not man—must charm away the woe
Which bursts when Nature's feelings newly flow;
Yet tenderness and time may rob the tear
Of half its bitterness for one so dear;
A nation's gratitude perchance may spread
A thornless pillow for the widow'd head;
    May lighten well her heart's maternal care,
And wean from penury the soldier's heir.

May, 1814.

ON THE PRINCE REGENT'S RETURNING THE PICTURE OF SARAH, COUNTESS OF JERSEY TO MRS. MEE.

When the vain triumph of the imperial lord,
Whom servile Rome obey'd, and yet abhorred,
Gave to the vulgar gaze each glorious bust,
    That left a likeness of the brave or just;
What most admired each scrutinizing eye
Of all that deck'd that passing pageantry?
What spread from face to face that wondering air?
    The thought of Brutus—for his was not there!
That absence proved his worth,—that absence fix'd
His memory on the longing mind, unmix'd;
    And more decreed his glory to endure,
Than all a gold Colossus could secure.

If thus, fair Jersey, our desired gaze
Search for the form, in vain and mute amaze,
    Amid those pictured charms, whose loveliness,
Bright though they be, thine own had render'd less,
    If he, that vain old man, whom truth admits
Heir of his 'sire 'throne and shattered wits,
TO BELSHAZZAR.

1.
BELSHAZZAR! from the banquet turn,
Nor in thy sensual fullness fall;  
Behold! while yet before thee burn
The graven words, the glowing wall,
Many a despôt men miscall,
Crown'd and exulted on high;
But thou, the weakest, worst of all—
Is it not written, thou must die?

2.
Go! dash the roses from thy brow—  
Gray hairs but poorly wreath with them;  
Youth's garlands misbecome thee now,
More than thy very diadem,
Where thou hast tarnish'd every gem—
Then throw the worthless sabre by,
Which, worn by thee, ev'n slaves contemn;  
And learn like better men to die.

3.
Oh! early in the balance weigh'd,  
And ever light of word and worth,
Whose soul expired ere youth decay'd,
And left thee but a mass of earth.
To see thee moves a sorcerer's might:  
But tears in Hope's averted eye
Lament that even thou hast birth—  
Unit to govern, live, or die.

HEBREW MELODIES.

In the valley of waters we wept over the day  
When the host of the stranger made S'lem his prey  
And our heads on our bosoms all drooping lay,  
And our hearts were so full of the land far away,

The song they demanded in vain—it lay still  
In our souls as the wind that hath died on the hil'  
They call'd for the harp, but our blood they shall spill,  
Ere our right hand shall teach them one tone of them skill.

All stringlessly hung on the willow's sad tree,  
As dead as her dead leaf those mute harps must be;  
Our hands may be fetter'd, our tears still are free,  
For our God and our glory, and Sion! for thee.

October, 1814.

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

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

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

October, 1814.

LINES INTENDED FOR THE OPENING OF "THE SIEGE OF CORINTH."  
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 couched in our rough capote,  
On the rougher plank of our gliding boat,  
Or stretched on the beach, or our saddles spread  
As a pillow beneath the resting head,

Fresh we woke upon the morrow:  
All our thoughts and words had scope,  
We had health, and we had hope,  
Tout and travel, but no sorrow,  
We were of all tongues and creeds;—
Some were those who counted heads,  
Some of mosque, and some of church,  
And some, or I mis-say, of neither;  
Yet through the wide world might ye search,  
Nor find a mother crew nor bither.

But some are dead, and some are gone,  
And some are scatter'd and alone,  
And some are rebels on the hills!

1 The last tidings recently heard of Dervish lore of the Ar-  
mounts who followed my state him to be in revolt upon the  
mountains, at the head of some of the bands common in the  
country in times of trouble.
That look along Epirus' valleys,
Where freedom still at moments rallies,
And pays in blood oppression's ills;
And some are in a far country,
And some all restlessly at home;
But never more, oh! never we
Shall meet to revel and to roam.

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

EXTRACT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

Could I remount the river of my years,
To the first fountain of our smiles and tears,
I would not trace again the stream of hours
Between their outworn banks of wither'd flowers,
But bid it flow as now—until it glides
Into the number of the nameless tides.

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

The absent are the dead—for they are cold,
And never can be what once we did behold;
And they are changed, and cheerless,—or if yet
The unforgotten do not all forget,
Since thus divided—equal must it be
If the deep barrier be of earth, or sea,
It may be both—but one day end it must
In the dark union of insensate dust.

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

TO AUGUSTA.

I.

My sister! my sweet sister! if a name
Dearer and purer were, it should be thine.
Mountains and seas divide us, but I claim
No tears, but tenderness to answer mine.
Go where I will, to me thou art the same—
A loved regret which I would not resign.
There yet are two things in my destiny,—
A world to roam through, and a home with thee.

II.

The first were nothing—had I still the last,
It were the haven of my happiness;
But other claims and other ties thou hast,
And mine is not the wish to make them less.
A strange doom is thy father's son's, and past
Recalling, as it lies beyond repress;
Reversed for him our grandsires' fate of yore,—
He had no rest at sea, nor I on shore.

III.

If my inheritance of storms hath been
In other elements, and on the rocks
Of perils, overlook'd or unforeseen,
I have sustain'd my share of worldly shocks.
The fault was mine; nor do I seek to screen
My errors with defensive paradox;
I have been cunning in mine overthrow,
The careful plot of my proper woe.

IV.

Mine were my faults, and mine be their reward
My whole life was a contest since the day
That gave me being, gave me that which mark'd
The gift,—a fate, or will, that walk'd astray;
And I at times have found the struggle hard,
And thought of shaking off my bonds of clay.
But now I fain would for a time survive,
If but to see what next can well arrive.

V.

Kingdoms and empires in my little day
I have outlived, and yet I am not old;
And when I look on this the petty spray
Of my own years of trouble, which have roil'd
Like a wild bay of breakers, melts away:
Something—I know not what—does still uphold
A spirit of slight patience;—not in vain,
Even for its own sake, do we purchase pain.

VI.

Perhaps the workings of defence stir
Within me,—or perhaps a cold despair,
Brought on when ills habitually recur,—
Perhaps a kinder clime, or purer air,
(For even to this may change of soul refer,
And with light armour we may learn to bear,)  
H ave taught me a strange quiet, which was not
The chief companion of a calmer lot.

1 Admiral Byron was remarkable for never making a voyage without a tempest. He was known to the sailors by the facetious name of "Pold-weather Jack." "But though it were tempest lost, Still his luck could not be lost." He returned safely from the wreck of the Wager, (in August voyaged), and subsequently circumnavigated the world, many years after, as commander of a similar expedition.
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

I. 
I feel almost at times as I have felt
In happy childhood; trees, and flowers, and brooks
Which do remember me of where I dwelt
Are my young mind was sacrificed to books,
Some of yore upon me, and can melt
My heart with recognition of their looks;
And even at moments I could think I see
Me living thing to love—but none like thee.

Here are the Alpine landscapes which create
A fund for contemplation;—to admire
Is a brief feeling of a trivial date;
But something worthier do such scenes inspire:
Here to be lonely is not desolate,
For much I view which I could most desire,
And, above all, a lake I can behold
Lovelier, not dearer, than our own of old.

Oh that thou wert but with me!—but I grow
The fool of my own wishes, and forget
The solitude which I have vaunted so
Has lost its praise in this but one regret;
There may be others which I less may show;
I am not of the plaintive mood, and yet
I feel an obt in my philosophy,
And the tide rising in my alter’d eye.

I did remind thee of our old days, lake; 1
By the old hall which may be mine no more.
Leman’s is fair; but think not I forsake
The sweet remembrance of a dearer shore;
Sad have Time must with my memory make
For that or those can fade these eyes before;
Though, like all things which I have loved, they are
Resign’d for ever, or divided far.

The world is all before me; but I ask
Of Nature that with which she will comply—
It is but in her summer’s sun to bask,
To mingle with the quiet of her sky,
To see her gentle face without a mask,
And never gaze on it with apathy.
She was my early friend, and now shall be
My sister—till I look again on thee.

I can reduce all feelings but this one:
And that I would not—for at length I see
Such scenes as those wherein my life begun,
The earliest—even the only paths for me—
Had I but sooner learnt the crowd to shun,
I had been better than I now can be;
The passions which have torn me would have slept;
Had not suffered, and then hadst not wept.

With false ambition what had I to do?
Little with love, and least of all with fame;
And yet they came unsought, and with me grew,
And made me all which they can make—a name.
Yet this was not the end I did pursue;
Surely I once beheld a nobler aim.
But all is over—I am one the more
To ballet mirths which have gone before.

VII. 
And for the future, this world’s future may
From me demand but little of my care,
I have outlived myself by many a day;
Having survived so many things that were;
My years have been no shamder, but the prey
Of ceaseless vigils; for I had the share
Of life which might have filled a century,
Before its fourth in time had pass’d me by.

And for the remnant which may be to come
I am content; and for the past I feel
Not thankless,—for within the crowded sum
Of struggles, happiness at times would steal,
And for the present I would not bend my feelings—Nor shall I conceal
That with all this I still can look around
And worship Nature with a thought profound.

For thee, my own sweet sister, in thy heart
I know myself secure, as thou in mine;
We were and are—I am, even as thou art—
Beings who ne’er each other can resign;
It is the same, together or apart.
From life’s commencement to its slow decline
We are entrined—let death come slow or fast
The tie which bound the first endures the last.

October, 1818

TO THOMAS MOORE.

1. 
My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea;
But, before I go, Tom Moore,
Here’s a double health to thee!

2. 
Here’s a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate;
And, whatever sky’s above me,
Here’s a heart for every fate.

3. 
Though the ocean roar around me,
Yet it still shall bear me on;
Though a desert should surround me,
It hath springs that may be won.

4. 
Were’t the last drop in the well,
As I gasp’d upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell,
’Tis to thee that I would drink.

5. 
With that water as this wine,
The libation I would pour
Should be—peace with thine and mine,
And a health to thee, Tom Moore.

July, 1817
STANZAS TO THE RIVER PO.

1.
River, that rollest by the ancient walls
Where dwells the lady of my love, when she
Walks by the brink, and there perchance recalls
A fair and fleeting memory of me;

2.
What if thy deep and ample stream should be
A mirror of my heart, where she may read
The thousand thoughts I now betray to thee,
Wild as thy wave, and headlong as thy speed?

3.
What do I say?—a mirror of my heart!
Are not thy waters sweeping, dark and strong?
Such as my feelings were and are, thou art;
And such as thou art were my passions long.

4.
Time may have somewhat tamed them,—not for ever
Thou overflow'st thy banks, and not for aye
Thy bosom overboils, congenial river!
Thy floods subside, and mine have sunk away,

5.
But left long wrecks behind, and now again,
Borne in our old unchanged career, we move;
Thou tendest wildly outwards to the main,
And I—to loving one I should not love.

6.
The current I behold will sweep beneath
Her native walls, and murmur at her feet;
Her eyes will look on thee, when she shall breathe
The twilight air, unharmed by summer's heat.

7.
She will look on thee,—I have look'd on thee,
Full of that thought; and, from that moment, ne'er
Thy waters could I dream of, name, or see,
Without the inseparable sigh for her!

8.
Her bright eyes will be imaged in thy stream,—
Yes! they will meet the wave I gaze on now;
Mine cannot witness, even in a dream,
That happy wave repass me in its flow!

9.
The wave that bears my tears returns no more:
Will she return by whom that wave shall sweep?—
Both tend thy banks, both wander on thy shore,
'Tis by thy source, she by the dark-blue deep.

10.
But that which keepeth us apart is not
Distance, nor depth of wave, nor space of earth;
But the distraction of a various lot,
As various as the climate of our birth.

11.
A stranger loves the lady of the land,
Boys far beyond the mountains but his blood
Is all meridian, as if never land'd
By the bleak wind that chills the polar flood.

12.
My mood is all meridian; were it not,
I had not left my clime, nor should I be,
In spite of tortures ne'er to be forgot,
A slave again of love,—at least of thee.

13.
'Tis vain to struggle—let me perish young—
Live as I lived, and love as I have loved;
To dust if I return, from dust I sprung,
And then, at least, my heart can ne'er be moved.

June, 1819

SONNET TO GEORGE THE FOURTH,
ON THE REPEAL OF LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD'S FORFEITURE.

To be the father of the fatherless,
To stretch the hand from the throne's height, and raise
His offspring, who expired in other days
To make thy sire's way by a kingdom less,—
This is to be a monarch, and repress
Every into unutterable praise
Dismiss thy guard, and trust thee to such traits,
For who would lift a hand, except to bless?
Were it not easy, sire? and is not sweet
To make thyself beloved, and to be
Omnipotent by mercy's means? for thus
Thy sovereignty would grow but more complete;
A despot thou, and yet thy people free,
And by the heart, not hand, enslaving us.

August, 1819

FRANCESCA OF RIMINI.
TRANSLATION FROM THE INFERNO OF DANTÉ, CANTO FIFTH.

"The land where I was born sits by the seas,
Upon that shore to which the Po descends,
With all his followers, in search of peace.
Love, which the gentle heart soon apprehends,
Seized him for the fair person which was ta'en
From me, and me even yet the mode offenders.
Love, who to none beloved to love again
Remits, seized me with wish to please, so strong,
That, as thou seest, yet, yet it doth remain.
Love to one death conducted us along,
But Caina waits for him our life who ended:"
These were the accents uttered by her tongue.

Since first I listen'd to these souls offended,
I bow'd my visage and so kept it till—
"What think'st thou?" said the bard; when I ut
hended,
And recommenced: "Ails! unto such ill
How many sweet thoughts, what strange ecstasy
Led these their evil fortune to fulfill"?

And then I turn'd unto their side my eyes,
And said, "Francesca, thy sad destinies
Have made me sorrow till the tears arise.
But tell me, in the season of sweet sighs,
By what and how thy love to passion rose,
So as his dim desires to recognize?"
Then she to me: "The greatest of all woes
Is to remind us of our happy days
In nesery, and that thy teacher knows.
But if to learn our passion's first root prays
Upon thy ear with such sympathy,
I will do* even as he who weeps and says,—

We read one day for passeme, seated nigh,
Of Lancelot, how love enchant'd him too.
We were alone, quite unappreciably,
But of our eyes met, and our cheeks in hue
All o'er discoul'd by that reading were;
But one point only wholly us o'erthrew—
When we read the long-sigh'd for smile of her,
To be thus kis'd by such devoted lover,
He who from me can be divided ne'er
Kis'd my mouth, trembling in the act all over.

Accused was the book and he who wrote!
That day we did no further leaf uncover.—
While thus one spirit told us of their lot,
The other wept, so that pitty's thrills
I swooned as 'if by death I had been smote,
And fell down even as a dead body falls."  

March, 1830.

STANZAS,
TO HER WHO BEST CAN UNDERSTAND THEM.
Be it so! we part for ever!
Let the past as nothing be;—
Had I only loved thee, never
Hadst thou been thus dear to me.
Had I loved and thus been slighted,
That I better could have borne;—
Love is quell'd, when unrequited,
By the rising pulse of scorn.
Pride may cool what passion heated,
Time will tame the wayward will;
But the heart in friendship cheated
Throbs with woe's most maddening thrill.

Had I loved, I now might hate thee,
In that hatred solace seek,
Might exult to execute thee,
And in words, my vengeance wreak.

But there is a silent sorrow,
Which can find no vent in speech,
Which disdains relief to borrow
From the heights that song can reach.

Like a clankless chain enthralling,—
Like the sleepless dreams that mock,—
Like the frigid ice-drops falling
From the surf-surrounded rock.

Such the cold and sickening feeling
Thou hast caused this heart to know,
Stab'd the deeper by concealing
From the world its bitter woe.

Once it fondly, proudly, deem'd thee
All that fancy's self could paint,
Once it honour'd and esteem'd thee,
As its idol and its saint!

More than woman thou wast to me;
Not as man I look'd on thee;—
Why like woman then undo me!
Why "heap man's worst curse on me?"  

* In some of the editions, it is "dieu," in others "fire;"—
an essential difference between "sayme" and "done," which
know not how to decide. Ask Luscilla Thd-d editions
drive me mad.

Wast thou but a friend, assuming
Friendship's smile, and woman's art,
And in borrow'd beauty blooming
Treading with a trusted heart!

By that eye which once could glisten
With opposing glance to me;
By that ear which once could listen
To each tale I told to thee:—

By that lip, its smile bestowing,
Which could soften sorrow's gush—
By that cheek, once brightly glowing
With pure friendship's well-forg'n blush:

By all those false charms united,—
Thou hast wrought thy wan toy will,
And, without compunction, blighted
What "thou wouldst not kindly kill."

Yet I curse thee not in sadness,
Still, I feel how dear thou wert;
Oh! I could not—'ven in madness—
Doom thee to thy just desert!

Live! and when my life is over,
Should thine own be lengthen'd long
Then may'st then, too late, discover
By thy feelings, all my wrong.

When thy beauties all are faded,—
When thy flatterers fawn no more,—
Ere the solemn strand hath shaded
Some regardless reptile's store,—

Ere that hour, false syren, hear me! Thou may'st feel what I do now,
While my spirit, hovering near thee,
Whispers friendship's broken vow.

But 't is useless to upbraid thee
With thy past or present state;
What thou wast, my fancy made thee,
What thou art, I know too late.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON

1.
You have ask'd for a verse:—the request
In a rhymer 't were strange to deny;
But my Hippocrene was but my breast,
And my feelings (its fountain) are dry.

2.
Were I now as I was, I had sung
What Lawrence has painted so well;
But the strain would expire on my tongue,
And the theme is too soft for my shell.

3.
I am ashes where once I was fire
And the hard in my bosom is dead;
What I loved I see merely annul,
And my heart is as gray as my head.
4.
My life is not dated by years—
There are moments which act as a plough,
And there is not a furrow appears
But is deep in my soul as my brow.

5.
Let the young and the brilliant aspire
To sing what I gaze on in vain;
For sorrow has torn from my lyre
The string which was worthy the strain

April, 1823.

STANZAS
WRITTEN ON THE ROAD BETWEEN FLORENCE AND PISA.

1.
On, talk not to me of a name great in story;
The days of our youth are the days of our glory;
And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-twenty
Are worth all your laurels, though ever so plenty

2.
What are garlands and crowns to the brow that is
wrinkled?
'Tis but as a dical flower with May-dew besprinkled.
Then away with all such from the head that is hoary!
What care I for the wreaths that can only give glory?

3.
Oh Fame! if I e'er took delight in thy praises,
'T was less for the sake of thy high-sounding phrases,
Than to see the bright eyes of the dear one discover
She thought that I was not unworthy to love her.

4.
There chiefly I sought thee, there only I found thee;
Her glance was the best of the rays that surround thee;
When it sparkled e'er aught that was bright in my story,
I knew it was love, and I felt it was glory.

December, 1821.

IMPROPTU
ON LADY BLESSINGTON EXPRESSING HER INTENTION OF
TAKING THE VILLA CALLED "IL PARADISO,"
NEAR GENOA.

Beneath Blessington's eyes
The reclaim'd Paradise
Should be free as the former from evil;
But if the new Eve
For an apple should grieve,
What mortal would not play the Devil?

April, 1823.

TO A VAIN LADY.

Ah, heedless girl! why thus disclose
What ne'er was meant for other ears?
Why thus destroy thine own repose,
And dig the source of future tears?

* The Genoese wits had already applied this threadbare jest to himself. Taking it into their heads that this villa had been fixed on for his own residence, they said, "Il Diavolo e an-

zyma cotato in Paradiso." — Moore

Oh, thou wilt weep, imprudent maid,
While lurking envy's eyes will smile.
For all the follies thou hast said
Of those who spoke but to beguile.

Vain girl! thy lingering woes are nigh
If thou believest what striplings say:
Oh, from the deep temptation fly,
Nor fall the specious spoiler's prey.

Dost thou repeat, in childish boast,
The words man utters to deceive?
The peace, thy hope, thy all is lost,
If thou canst venture to believe.

While now amongst thy female peers
There's but the soothing tale canst thou not mark the rising sneer
Duplicity in vain would veil?

These tales in secret silence hush,
Nor make thyself the public gaze;
What modest maid without a blush
Recounts a flattering coxcomb's praise?

Will not the laughing boy despise
Her who relates each fond conceit?
Who, thinking Heaven is in her eye,
Yet cannot see the slight deceit?

For she who takes a soft delight
These amorous nothings in rare ring,
Most credit all we say or write,
While vanity proceeds conceal.

Cease, if you prize your beauty's reign!
No jealousy bids me reprove;
One, who is thus from nature v-n,
I pity, but I cannot love.

J o a n J o r d a n, 1807.

FAREWELL TO THE MUSE.

Thou Power! who hast ruled me through infancy's days,
Young offspring of Fancy, 't is time we should part;
Then rise on the gale this the last of my lays,
The coldest effusion which springs from my heart.

This bosom, responsive to rapture no more,
Shall hush thy wild notes, nor implore thee to sing;
The feelings of childhood, which taught thee to soar,
Are wafted far distant on Apathy's wing.

Though simple the themes of my rude flowing Lyre,
Yet even these themes are departed for ever;
No more beam the eyes which my dream could inspire,
My visions are flown, to return,—alas, never!

When drain'd is the nectar which gladdens the bowl,
How vain is the effort delight to prolong?
When cold is the beauty which dwelt in my soul,
What magic of Fancy can lengthen my song?

Can the lips sing of Love in the desert alone,
Of kisses and smiles which they now must resign?
Or dwell with delight on the hours that are flown?
Ah, no! for these hours can no longer be mine.
TO AN OAK AT NEWSTEAD.

Young Oak! when I planted thee deep in the ground
I hoped that thy days would be longer than mine;
That thy dark-waving branches would flourish around
And ivy thy trunk with its mantle entwine.

I Lord Byron, on his first arrival at Newstead, in 1808
planted an oak in the garden, and nourished the fancy, that
as the tree flourished so should be. On revisiting the abbey
during Lord Grey de Ruthven's residence there, he found the
oak choked up by weeds, and almost destroyed,—hence these
lines. Shortly after Colonel Wildman, the present proprietor,
took possession, he one day noticed it, and said to the servant
who was with him, "Here is a fine young oak; but it must be
cut down, as it grows in an improper place."—"I hope not, sir,"
replied the man; "for it's the one that my lord was so
fond of, because he set it himself." The Colonel has, I
course, taken every possible care of it. It is already admired
after strangers, as "The Byron Oak," and promises to
share, in after times, the celebrity of Shakespeare's mulberry
and Pope's willow.—Moore
Such, such was my hope, when, in infancy's years,
On the kind of my fathers I rear'd thee with pride;
They are past, and I water thy stem with my tears,—
Thy decay not the seeds that surround thee can hide.

I left thee, my Oak, and, since that fatal hour,
A stranger has dwelt in the hall of my sire;
Till mannaed shall crown me, not mine is the power,
But his, whose neglect may have bade thee expire.

Oh! hardly thee worth—even now little care
Might revive thy young head and thy wounds gently heal;
But thou wert not pained affection to share—
For who could suppose that a stranger would feel?

Ah, droop not, my Oak! lift thy head for awhile;
Ere twice round you Glory this planet shall run,
The hand of thy Master will teach thee to smile,
When Infancy's years of probation are done.

Oh, live then, my Oak! tow'r not aloft from the weeds,
That clog thy young growth, and assist thy decay,
For still in thy bosom are life's early seeds,
And still may thy branches their beauty display.

Oh! yet, if maturity's years may be thine,
Though I shall lie low in the cavern of death,
On thy leaves yet the day-beam of ages may shine,
Uninjured by time, or the rude winter's breath.

For centuries still may thy boughs lightly wave
Over the corse of thy lord in thy canopy laid;
While the branches thus gratefully shelter his grave,
The chief who survives may recline in thy shade.

And as he, with his boys, shall revisit this spot,
He will tell them in whispers more softly to tread;
Oh! surely, by these I shall ne'er be forgot:
Remembrance still hallow's the dust of the dead.

And here, will they say, when in life's glowing prime,
Perhaps he has pour'd forth his young simple lay,
And here must he sleep, till the moments of time
Are lost in the hours of Eternity's day.

DEDICATION TO DON JUAN.

I.
Bob Southey! you're a poet—Poet-larurate,
And representative of all the race,
Although 't is true that you turn'd out a Tory at last,
Yourrs has lately been a common case.—

And now, my Epic Renegade! what are ye at?
With all the Lakeds, in and out of place! a
A nest of tuneful persons, to my eye
Like four and twenty blackbirds in a pye;

In.
Which pye being open'd, they began to sing,
(This old song and new simile holds good.)
A dainty dish to set before the King,
Or Regent, who admires such kind of food;—

And Coleridge, too, has lately taken wing.
But like a hawk cumber'd with his hood,
Explaining metaphysics to the nation—
I wish he would explain his explanation.

III.
You, Bob! are rather insolent, you know,
At being disappointed in your wish
To supersede all warblers here below,
And be the only Blackbird in the dish,
And then you overstrain yourself, or so,
And tumble downward like the flying fish
Gasping on deck, because you soar too high,
Bob and fall, for lack of moisture quite a dry, Bob.

IV. And Wordworth, in a rather long "Excursion,"
(I think the quarto holds five hundred pages)
Has given a sample from the vasty version
Of his new system to perplex the sages;
'T is poetry—at least by his assertion,
And may appear so when the dog-star rages—
And he who understands it would be able
To add a story to the Tower of Babel.

V.
You—Get thence! by dint of long seclusion
From better company, have kept your own
At Keswick, and, through still continued fusion
Of one another's minds, at last have grown
To deem as a most logical conclusion,
That Poesy has wreaths for you alone:
There is a narrowness in such a notion,
Which makes me wish you'd change your lakes for ocean.

VI.
I would not imitate the petty thought,
Nor coin my self-love to so base a vice,
For all the glory your conversion brought,
Since gold alone should not have been its price.
You have your salary; wasn't for that you wrought?
And Wordworth has his place in the Excise.

You're slantly fellows—true—but poets still,
And duly seated on the immortal hill.

VII.
Your bays may hide the boldness of your brow—
Perhaps some virtuous blushes;—let them go—
To you I envy neither fruit nor boughs—
And for the fame you would engross below,
The field is universal, and allows
Scope to all such as feel the inherent glow:
Scott, Rogers, Campbell, Moore, and Crabbe, will try
Against you the question with posterity.

VIII.
For me, who, wandering with pedestrian Muse,
Content not with you on the winged steed,
I wish your fate may yield yo, when she chooses,
The fame you envy, and the skill you need;
And recollect a poet nothing loses
In giving to his brethren their full meed
Of merit, and complaint of present days.
Is not the certain path to future praise.

* Wordsworth's place may be in the Custome—it is. I think so that or the Excise—besides another at Lord Lansdale's table, where this poetical chumah and political parasite picks up the crumbs with a hardened alacrity; the converted Jacobin having long subsided into the clownish sycothum of the worst prejudices of the arborocracy.

1 This "Dedication" was suppressed, in 1818, with Lord Byron's reluctant consent; but, shortly after his death, its existence became notorious, in consequence of an article in the Westminster Review, generally ascribed to Sir John Hain-son; and, for several years, the verses have been selling in the streets as a broadside. It could, therefore, serve no purpose to exclude them on the present occasion.—Moore.
IX.
Be that reserves his laurels for posterity
(Who does not often claim the bright reversion)
Has generally no great crop to spare it, he
Being only injured by his own assertion;
And although here and there some glorious rarity
Arise like Titan from the sea's immensity,
The major part of such appellants go
To—God knows where—for no one else can know.

X.
If, fallen in evil days on evil tongues,
Milton appeal'd to the Avenger, Time,
If Time, the Avenger, executes his wrongs,
And makes the word "Miltonic" mean "sublime,
He drugg'd not to relieve his soul in songs,
Nor turn his very talent to a crime;
He did not lose the Sire to land the Son,
But closed the tyrant-hater he began.

XI.
Think'at then, could he—the blind Old Man—arise
Like Samael from the grave, to freeze once more
The blood of monarchs with his prophecies,
Or be alive again—again all hear
With time and trials, and those helpless eyes,
And heartless daughters—worn—and pale—* and poor;
Would he advise a sultan? he obey
The intellectual cumsh Castlereagh?†

XII.
Cold-modest, smooth-faced, placid miscreant!
Dabbling its sleek young hands in Erin's gore,
And thus for wider carnage taught to pant,
Transferr'd to gorge upon a sister shore,
The vulgarst tool that tyranny could want,
With just enough of talent, and no more,
To lengthen fettors by another fix'd,
And offer poison long already mix'd.

XIII.
An orator of such set trash of phrase
Ineptly—legimately vile,
That even its grossest flatterers dare not praise,
Nor foes—all nations—condescend to smile,—
Not even a sprightly blunder's spark can blaze
From that Ixon grindstone's ceaseless toil,
That turns and turns to give the world a notion
Of endless torments and perpetual motion.

XIV.
A bungler even in its disgusting trade,
And buttering, patching, leaving still behind

* "Pall, but not endangerous;"—Milton's two elder daughters are said to have robbed him of his books, besides chastising and plagueing him in the economy of his house, &c. &c. His friends on such an outrage, both as a parent and a scholar, must have been singularly painful. Hayley compares him to Luc. See part third, Life of Milton, by W. Hayley. Or Hervey's as well in the edition before me.

† Or.—
Would he advise a duchy Laureate—
A scribbling, self sold, soul hued, second buckled?—
doubt if "Laureate" and "laicado" be good rhymes, but must say, as Ben Jonson did to Sylvestor, who challenged Von to rhyme with—

"1. John Sylvester,
Lay with your squire?"

Jonson answered.—"1, Ben Jonson, lay with your wife."

Sylvester, answered.—"That is not rhyme."—"No," and Ben Jonson, "but it is true."

Something of which its masters are afraid,
States to be curb'd, and thoughts to be confine'd,
Conspiracy or Congress to be made—
Cobbling at muslins for all mankind—
A tinkering slave-maker, who mends old chains,
With God and man's abhorrence for its gains.

XV.
If we may judge of matter by the mind,
Emasculated to the narrow R
Hath but two objects, how to serve, and bind,
Deeming the chain it wears even men may fit,
Entupius of its many masters—blind
To worth as freedom, wisdom as to wit,
Fearless—because no feeling dwells in ice,
Its very courage stagnates to a vice.

XVI.
Where shall I turn me not to rive its bonds,
For I will never feel them—Italy!
Thy late reviving Roman soul despends
Beneath the lie this State-thing breathed o'er thee—
Thy clanking chain, and Erin's yet green wounds,
Have voices—tongues to cry aloud for me.
Europe has slaves—allies—kings—armes still,
And Southey lives to sing them very ill.

XVII.
Meantime—Sir Laureate—I proceed to dedicate,
In honest simple verse, this song to you,
And, if in flattering strains I do not predicate,
"Tis that I still retain my "buff and blue;"
My politics as yet are all to educate:
Apynasty's so fashionable, too,
To keep one creel's a task grown quite Herculean;
Is it not so, my Tory, ultra Julian?

Fenices, September 16, 1818.

FRAGMENT
ON THE BACK OF THE POET'S MS. OF CANTO I. OF DON JUAN.

I would to heaven that I were so much clay,
As I am blood, bone, marrow, passion, feeling—
Because at least the past were pass'd away—
And for the future—but I write this recking,
Having got drunk exceedingly to-day,
So that I seem to stand upon the ceiling)
I say—the future is a serious matter—
And so—for God's sake—hock and soda-water.

PARENTHELITICAL ADDRESS,†
BY DR. PALGRAVE.
Half stolen, with acknowledgments, to be spoken in an magnificent voice by Master P. at the opening of the next new theatre.—Stolen parts marked with the inverted roman quotation—thus "—".

"When energizing objects men pursue,"
Then Lord knows what is write by Lord knows who.

* I allude not to our friend Landor's hero, the traitor Cen Julian, but to Gibbon's hero vulgarly called "The Apostle.
† Among the addresses seen in to the Drury Lane Committee, was one by Dr. Bushby, entitled "A Monologue," to which the above is a parody.—Shore
BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS.

"A modest monologue you here survey,"
"Ise'd from the theatre the "other day,"
As if Sir Festful wrote "the slumberous" verse
And gave his son "the rubbish" to rehearse.
"Yet at the thing you'd never be amazed,"
Knew you the rumpus which the author raised;
"Nor even here your smiles would be requit,"
Knew you these lines—the badness of the best.

"Flame! fire! and flame!!" (words borrowed from Lu cretius.)

Dread metaphors which open wounds" like issues
And sleeping pangs awake—and but away
(Confound me if I know what next to say.)
"Lo! Hope reviving re-expands her wings;"
And Master G— recites what Doctor Bushy sings!—
"If mighty things with small we may compare,"
(Translated from the grammar for the fair!)

Dramatic "spirit drives a conquering car,
And burn'd poor Moscow like a tub of "tar,"
"This spirit Wellington has shown in Spain,"
To furnish melodramas for Drury Lane.
"Another Marlborough points to Blenheim's story,"
And George and I will dramatize it for ye.

"In arts and sciences our Isle hath shone"
(This deep discovery is mine alone.)

"Oh British poets, whose powers inspire"
My verse—or I'm a fool—and Fame's a liar,
"These we invoke, your sister arts implore"
With "smiles," and "lyres," and "pencils," and much more.

These, if we win the Graces, too, we gain
Disgraces, too, "inseparable train"!
"Three who have stolen their witching airs from Cupid"
(You all know what I mean, unless you're stupid)
"Harmonious throng" that I have kept in petto,
Now to produce in a "divine setetlo!"

"While Poesy, with these delightful doxies,
Sustains her part" in all the "upper" boxes!
"Thus lifted gloriously, you'll soar along,"
Borne in the vast balloon of Bushy's song;
"Shine in your farce, masque, scenery, and play"
(For this last fine George had a holiday.)

"Old Drury never, never soar'd so high,"
So says the manager, and so says I.

"But hold, you say, this self-complacent boast?"
Is this the poem which the public lost?
"True—true—that lowers at once our mounting pride;"
But lo! the papers print what you decry.
"'Tis ours to look on—you you hold the prize;"
"This twenty guineas, as they advertise!"
"A double blessing your rewards impart—"
I wish I had them, then, with all my heart.
"Our twofold feeling owns its twofold cause;"
Why son and I both beg for your applause.

"When in your fostering breast you bid us live,"
My next subscription list shall say how much you give.

October, 1812.

Although her eye be not of blue,
Nor fair her locks, like English lasses,
How far its wn expressive hue
The languid azure eye surpasses!

2. Prometheus-like, from heaven she stole
The fire, that through those silken lashes
In darkest glances seems to roll,
From eyes that cannot hide their flashes
And as along her bosom steal,
You'd swear each clustering lock could feel,
And curl'd to give her neck caresses.

3. Our English maids are long to woo,
And frigid even in possession;
And if their charms be fair to view,
Their lips are slow at Love's confession:
But born beneath a brighter sun,
For love ordain'd the Spanish maid is,
And who,—when fondly, fairly won,—
Enchants you like the Girl of Cadiz?

4. The Spanish maid is no coquette,
Nor joys to see a lover trouble,
And if she love, or if she hate,
Alike she knows not to dissemble.
Her heart can ne'er be bought or sold—
However it beats, it beats sincerely;
And, though it will not bend to gold,
'Twill love you long and love you dearly.

5. The Spanish girl that meets your love
Ne'er taunts you with a mock denial,
For every thought is heat to prove
Her passion in the hour of trial.
When throning overseas modern Spain,
She dars the deed and shares the danger
And should her lover press the plain,
She burns the spear, her love's avenger.

6. And when, beneath the evening star,
She mingles in the gay Bolero,
Or sings to her attuned guitar
Of Christian knight or Moorish hero,
Or counts her beads with fairy hand
Beneath the twinkling rays of Hesper,
Or joins devotion's choral band,
To chant the sweet and hallow'd vesper:

7. In each her charms the heart must move
Of all who venture to behold her;
Then let not maid's less fair reprove
Because her bosom is not colder:
Through many a clime 'tis mine to roam,
Where many a soft and melting maid is,
But none abroad, and few at home,
May match the dark eyed girl of Cadiz.

FAREWELL TO MALTA.

Adieu, ye joys of La Valette!—
Adieu, cirraco, sun, and sweet!—
Adieu, thou palace rarely enter'd!—
Adieu, ye mansions where—I've ventured!
Adieu, ye cursed streets of stairs!  
How surely he who mounts you swears! 
Adieu, ye merchants often failing! 
Adieu, thou mob for ever failing! 
Adieu ye packets—without letters! 
Adieu ye fools—who ape your betters! 
Adieu, thou damned'ft quarantine, 
That gave me fever, and the spleen! 
Adieu that stage which makes us yawn, Sirs, 
Adieu his Excellency's dancers! 
Adieu to Peter—whom no fault's in, 
But could not teach a colored waitizing; 
Adieu, ye females freighted with graces! 
Adieu red coats, and redder faces! 
Adieu the supercilious air 
Of all that strut " en militaire!" 
I go—but God knows when, or why, 
To smoky towns and cloudy sky, 
To things (the honest truth to say) 
As bad—but in a different way.—

Farewell to these, but not adieu, 
Triumphant sons of truest blue! 
While either Adriatic shore, 
And fallen chiefs, and fleets no more, 
And nightly smile, and daily dinners, 
Proclaim you war and women's winners. 
Pardon my Muse, who apt to prate is, 
And take my rhyme—because 'tis "gratis."

And now I've got to Mrs. Fraser, 
Perhaps you think I mean to praise her— 
And were I vain enough to think 
My praise was worth this drop of ink, 
A line—or two—were no hard matter, 
As here, indeed, I need not flatter: 
But she must be content to shine 
In better praises than in mine, 
With lively air, and open heart, 
And fashion's case, without its art; 
Her hours can gaily glide along, 
Nor ask the aid of idle song—

And now, O Malta! since thou 'st got us, 
Thou little military hothouse! 
I'll not offend with words uncivil, 
And wish thee rudely at the Devil, 
But only stare from out my casement, 
And ask, for what is such a place meant? 
Then, in my solitary nook, 
Return to scribbling, or a book, 
Or take my physic while I'm able, 
(Two spoonfuls hourly by the label,) 
Prefer my nightcap to my beaver, 
And bless the gods—I've got a fever! 

May 26, 1811.

ENDORSEMENT TO THE DEED OF SEPARATION, IN THE APRIL OF 1816.

A year ago you swore fond she! 
'To love, to honour, and so forth; 
Such was the vow you pledged to me, 
And here's exactly what 'tis worth.

TO PENELOPE, JANUARY 2, 1821.

This day, of all our days, has done 
The worst for me and you—
'T is just six years since we were one 
And six since we were two.

Who kill'd John Keats? 
'I, 's says the Quarterly, 
So savage and Tartarly; 
'T was one of his feats.'

Who shot the arrow? 
The poet-priest Milman 
(So ready to kill man,) 
Or Southey or Barrow.

SONG FOR THE LUDDITES.

I. 
As the Liberty lads o'er the sea 
Bought their freedom, and cheaply, with blood, 
So we, boys, we 
Will die fighting, or live free— 
And down with all kings but King Ludd.

II. 
When the web that we weave is complete, 
And the shuttle exchanged for the sword, 
We will fling the winding-sheet 
Over the despots at our feet, 
And dye it deep in the gore he has pour'd.

III. 
Though black as his heart its hue, 
Since his veins are corrupted to mud, 
Yet this is the dew 
Which the tree shall renew 
Of Liberty, planted by Ludd!

THE CHAIN I GAVE.

(From the Turkish.)
The chain I gave was fair to view, 
The hate I added sweet in sound; 
The heart that offer'd both was true, 
And ill deserved the hate it found.

These gifts were charm'd by secret spell 
Thy truth in absence to divine; 
And they have done their duty well,— 
Also! they could not teach thee thine.

That chain was firm in every link, 
But not to bear a stranger's touch; 
That hate was sweet—till thou couldst think 
In other hands its notes were such.

Let him who from thy neck unbound 
The chain which shiver'd in his grasp 
Who saw that hate refuse to sound, 
Restraining the chords, renew the clasp.

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

Kind Reader! take your choice to cry or laugh; Here Harold lies—but where's his Epitaph? If such you seek, try Westminster, and view Yen thousand just as fit for him as you.

Athena.

EPITAPH FOR JOSEPH BLACKETT, LATE POET AND SHOE-MAKER.

Stranger! behold, inter'd together, The souls of learning and of leather. Poor Joe is gone, but left his all: You'll find his relics in a stall. His works were neat, and often found Well stish'd, and with morocco bound. Tread lightly—where the bard is laid He cannot mend the shoe he made; Yet is he happy in his hole, With verse immortal as his sole. But still to business he held fast, And stuck to Robinson to the last. Then who shall say so good a fellow Was only "leather and prunella?" For character—he did not lack it; And if he did, 't were shame to "Black it." —Malta, May 10, 1811

SO WE'LL GO NO MORE A ROVING

I. So we'll go no more a roving So late into the night, Though the heart be still as loving, And the moon be still as bright.

II. For the sword outwears its sheath, And the soul wears out the breast, And the heart must pause to breathe, And love itself have rest.

III. Though the night was made for loving, And the day returns too soon, Yet we'll go no more a roving By the light of the moon.

LINES,

On hearing that lady Byron was ill.

And thou wert sad—yet I was not with thee; And thou wert sick, and yet I was not near; In thought that joy and health alone could be Where I was not—and pain and sorrow here! And is it thus?—it is as I foretold, And shall be so; for the mind recoils Upon itself, and the wreck'd heart lies cold, While heaviness collects the shattered spoils

It is not in the storm nor in the strife We feel humbly, and wish to be no more. But in the after-silence on the shore, When all is lost, except a little life, I am too well avenged!—but 'twas my right; Whate'er my sins might be, thou wert not sent To be the Nemesis who should requite Nor did Heaven choose so near an instrument Mercy is for the merciful—if thou Hast been of such, 'twill be accorded now, Thy nights are banished from the realms of sleep!— Yes! they may fatter thee, but thou shalt feel A hollow agony which will not heal, For thou art pillow'd on a curse too deep; Thou hast sown in my sorrow, and must reap The bitter harvest in a vae eae! I have had many foes, but none like thee; For 'gainst the rest myself I could defend, And be avenged, or turn them into friend; But thou in safe impenetrability Hast naught to dread—in thy own weakness shielded And in my love, which hath but much yielded, And spared, for thy sake, some I should not spare— And thus upon the world—trust in thy truth— And the wild fame of my ungodly youth— On things that were not, and on things that are— Even upon such a basis hast thou built A monument, whose cement hath been guilt! The moral Cynemus or of thy lord, And hew'd down, with an unsuspected sword, Fame, peace, and hope—and all the better life Which, but for this cold treason of thy heart, Might still have risen from out the grave of strife, And found a nobler duty than to part. But of thy virtues didst thou make a vaue, Trafficking with them in a purpose cold, For present anger, and for future gold— And buying others' grief at any price. And thus once enter'd into crooked ways, The early truth, which was thy proper praise, Did not still walk beside thee—but at times, And with a breast unknowing its own crimes Instruct, avarices incompatible, Equivocations, and the thoughts which dwell In Janus-spirits—the significant eye Which learns to lie with silence—the pretext Of Prudence, with advantages annex'd— The aquisitance in all things which tend, No matter how, to the desired end— All found a place in thy philosophy. The means were worthy, and the end is won— I would not do by thee as thou hast done! —September 1216

TO * * *

But once I dared to lift my eyes— To lift my eyes to thee; And since that day, beneath the skies No other sights they see. In vain sleep shuts them in the night— The night grows day to me; Presenting silly to my sight What still a dream must be. A fatal dream—for many a bar Divides thy fate from mine; And still my passions wake and war, But peace be still with thee.
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

MARTIAL, Lib. I. Epig. I.

He est, quem becri, ille, quemque quiris,
Tota notus in orbite Maritiae, &c.

He unto whom thou art so partial,
Oh wonder! is the well-known Martial.
The Epigramma ist: while living,
Give him the time thou would'st be giving;
So shall he hear, and feel, and know it—
Post-obits rarely reach a poet.

---

EPIGRAM.

In digging up your bones, Tom Paine,
Will Cobbett has done well:
You visit him on earth again,
He'll visit you in hell.

---

TO DIVES.

A FRAGMENT.

UNHAPPY DIVES! in an evil hour
Gainst Nature's voice reduced to deeds accurst!
Sure Fortune's minion, now thou feel'st her power;
Wraith's visit on thy lofty head hath burst.
In Wit, in Genius, as in Wealth the first,
How wonderous bright thy blooming morn arose!
But thou wert smitten with th' unhallow'd thirst
Of Crime unnam'd, and thy sad noon must close
To scorn, and solitude unsought, the worst of woes.

1811.

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

When Dryden's feel, "unknowing what he sought",
His hours in whispering spent, "for want of thought,"
This guiltless oat his vacancy of sense
Supply'd, and ample too, by innocence;
Did modern swains, possess'd of Cymon's powers,
In Cymon's manner waste their leisure hours,
Th' offended ghosts would not, with blushing, see
These fair green walks disgraced by infamy,
Severe the fate of modern fools, alas!
When vice and folly mark them as they pass.
Like nervous reptiles over the whiten'd wall,
The fifth they leave still points out where they crawl.

---

FROM THE FRENCH.

Eve, beauty and poet, has two little crimes;
She makes her own face, and does not make her rhymes.

---

NEW DUET.

To the tune of "Why, how now, saucy jade?"

Why, how now, saucy Tom?
If you thus must ramble,
I will publish some
Remarks on Mister Campbell.

ANSWER.

Why, now now, Parson Bowles?
Sure the priest is madman!
(To the public) How can you, d—n your souls.
Listen to his twaddling?

---

EPIGRAMS.

Oh, Castlereagh! thou art a patriot now
Cato died for his country, so didst thou:
He perish'd rather than see Rome enslaved,
Thou canst thy threat that Britain may be saved!
So Castlereagh has cut his throat!—The worst
Of this is,—that his own was not the first.

So he has cut his throat at last!—He! Who?
The man who cut his country's long ago.

---

THE CONQUEST.

I.

The Son of Love and Lord of War I sing;
Him who made England bow to Normandy,
And left the name of conqueror more than king
To his unconquerable dynasty.
Not found alone by Victory's fleets wing,
He read's his hold and brilliant throne on high
The Bastard kept, like Bons, his prey fast,
And Britain's bravest victor was the last.

March 8-9, 1822.

VERSICLES.

I read the "Christabel;"
Very well;
I read the "Missionary;"
Pretty—very;
I tried at "Ilerim;"
Ahem!
I read a sheet of "Margaret of Anjou;"
Can you?
I turn'd a page of Scott's "Waterlow;"
Pooch! pooch!
I look'd at Wordsworth's milk-white "Rylstone Dove;"
Hillo!

&c. &c. &c.

---

EPIGRAM.

FROM THE FRENCH OF RICHERIES.

Ir, for silver or for gold,
You could get ten thousand pimply
Into half a dozen simples.
Then your face we might behold,
Looking, doubtless, much more snuggly;
Yet even then 't would be d—d ugly.

---

TO MR. MURRAY.

To hook the reader, you, John Murray,
Have published "Anjou's Margaret;"
Which won't be sold off in a hurry.
(At least, it has not been as yet)
And then, still farther to bewilder 'em,
Without remorse you set up "Ilerim;"
So mind you don't get into debt,
Because as now, if you obli'ed fall,
These books would be bey 'd added bail.
And mind you do not let escape
These rhymes to Morning Post or Perry,
Which would be very treacherous — very,
And get me into such a scrape!
For, firstly, I should have to sally,
All in my little boat, against a Galley;
And, should I chance to slay the Assyrian wight,
Have next to combat with the female knight.

March 25, 1817.

EPISTLE FROM MR. MURRAY TO
DR. POLIDORI.

DEAR Doctor, I have read your play,
Which is a good one in its way,—
Purges the eyes and moves the bowels,
And drenches handkerchiefs like towels
With tears, that, in a flux of grief,
Afford hysterical relief
To shatter'd nerves and quicken'd pulses,
Which your catastrophe convulses.

I like your moral and machinery;
Your plot, too, has such scope for scenery;
Your dialogue is apt and smart;
The play's conception full of art;
Your hero raves, your heroine cries,
All stab, and every body dies.
In short, your tragedy would be
The very thing to hear and see;
And for a piece of publication,
I'd define on this occasion,
It is not that I am not sensible
To merits in themselves ostensible;
But — and I grudge to speak it — plays
Are drugs — mere drugs, sir — now-a-days.
I had a heavy loss by "Manuel,"
Too lucky if it prove not annual,—
And such, with his "Cretes."
(Which, by the by, the author's best is.)
Has been so very long on hand,
That I despair of all demand.
I've advertised, but see my books,
Or only watch my shopman's looks:—
Still Ivan, Iha, and such lumber,
My back-shop glut, my shelves cucumber.

There's Byron too, who once did better,
Has sent me, folded in a letter,
A sort of — it's no more a drama
Than Darnley, Ivan, or Othello;
So after'd since last year his pen is,
I think he's lost his wits at Venice.
In short, sir, what with one and t'other,
I dare not venture on another.
I write to haste; excuse each blunder;
The coach's through the streets so thunder!
My room's so full — we've Gifford here
Reading Ms., with Hookman Freer,
 Pronouncing on the nouns and particles
Of some of our forthcoming Articles.

The Quarterly — Ah, sir, if you
Had but the genius to review —
A smart critique upon St. Helena,
Or if you only would but tell in a
Short compass what — but, to resume:
As I was saving, sir — the room —

The room's so full of wits and bards,
Crabbes, Campbell's, Crokers, Freses, on.
Wards
And others, neither bad nor wits —
My humble tenement admits
All persons in the dress of gent.,
From Mr. Hammond to Dog Dent.

A party dines with me to-day,
All clever men, who make their way;
Crabble, Malcolm, Hamilton, and Chantrey
Are all partakers of my party.
They're at this moment in discussion
On poor De Stail's late dissolution.
Her book, they say, was in advance
Pray Heaven, she tell the truth of France!
Thus run our time and tongues away.—
But, to return, sir, to your play:
Sorry, sir, but I cannot deal,
Unless 't were neted by O'Neil.
My hands so full, my head so busy,
I'm almost dead, and always dizzy;
And so, with endless truth and hurry,
Dear Doctor, I am yours.

JOHN MURRAY.

EPISTLE TO MR. MURRAY.

My dear Mr. Murray,
You're in a damned hurry
To set up this ultimate Cauc;e;
But (if they don't rob us)
You'll see Mr. Holdhouse
Will bring it safe in his portmanteau.
For the Journal you hint of,
As ready to print off,
No doubt you do right to commend it;
But as yet I have writ off
The devil a bit of
Our "Egypt;" — when copied, I'll send it.

Then you're 0** s Tour,—
No great things, to be sure,—
You could hardly begin with a less work;
For the pompous rascallion,
Who don't speak Italian
Nor French, must have scribbled by guess-work.
You can make any loss up
With "Spence" and his gossip,
A work which must surely succeed;
Then Queen Mary's Epistle-craft,
With the new "Fytic" of "Whistledrift,
Must make people purchase and read.
Then you're General Gordon,
Who guided his sword on,
To serve with a Moscovite master
And help him to polish
A nation so unshin.
They thought shaving their beards a disaster.
For the man, "poor and shrewd,"
With whom you'd conclude
A compact without more delay,
Perhaps some such pen is
Still extant in Venice;
But please, sir, to mention your pay.

Venice, January 3, 1818.
TO MR. MURRAY.

STRAINS, Tenison, Lintot of the times.
Patron and publisher of rhymes,
For thee the bard up Pindus climbs,
My Murray.

To thee, with hope and terror dumb,
The unfledged MS. authors come;
Thou printest all—and safest some—
My Murray.

Upon thy table's blaze so green
The last new Quarterly is seen.—
But where is thy new Magazine,
My Murray?

Along thy spiceest book-shelves shine
The works thou deemest most divine—
The "Art of Cookery," and mine,
My Murray.

Tours, Travels, Essays, too, I wist,
And Sermons to thy mill bring grit;
And then thou hast the "Navy List,"
My Murray.

And Heaven forbid I should conclude
Without "the Board of Longitude,"
Although this narrow paper would,
My Murray!

_ Venice, March 25, 1818._

TO THOMAS MOORE.

What are you doing now,
Oh Thomas Moore?
What are you doing now,
Oh Thomas Moore?
Sighing or singing now,
RHYMING or wooling now,
Billing or cawing now,
Which, Thomas Moore?

But the Carnival's coming,
Oh Thomas Moore!
The Carnival's coming,
Oh Thomas Moore!
Masking and humming,
Filing and drumming,
Guitarring and strumming,
Oh Thomas Moore!

STANZAS.
When a man hath no freedom to fight for at home,
Let him combat for that of his neighbours;
Let him think of the glories of Greece and of Rome
And get knocked on the head for his labours.

Do good to mankind is the chivalrous plan,
And is always as nobly requited;
Then battle for freedom wherever you can,
And if not shot or hung'd, you'll get knighted.

EPITAPH FOR WILLIAM PITT.

With death doom'd to grapple
Beneath this cold stone, he
Who lied in the Chapel
Now lies in the Abbey.

ON MY WEDDING-DAY.

Here's a happy new year! but with _spake_
I beg you'll permit me to say—
Wish me easy returns of the season,
But as _few_ as you please of the day

EPIGRAM.

The world is a bundle of hay,
Mankind are the asses who pull:
Each tug in a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull.

THE CHARITY BALL.

[On hearing that Lady Byron had been Patroness of a Ball in
aid of some charity at Hinckley.] What matter the pangs of a husband and father,
If his sorrows in exile be great or be small,
So the Thurtsep's gleeves around her she gather,
And the saint patronizes her "charity ball!"

What matters—a heart which, though faulty, was feeling,
Be driven to excesses which once could appal—
That the sinner should suffer is only fair dealing,
As the saint keeps her charity back for the ball!"—

EPIGRAM,

ON THE BRASHERS' COMPANY HAVING RESOLVED TO SEND
AN ADDRESS TO QUEEN CAROLINE.

The brashers, it seems, are preparing to pass
An address, and present it them 'tis all in brass—
A superfluous pageant—for, by tis—Lord Harry! They'll find where they are going much more than the carry.

TO MR. MURRAY.

For Oxford and for Waldegrave
You give much more than me you gave;
Which is not fairly to behave,
My Murray.

Because if a live dog, 'tis said,
Be worth a hun fairly spelt,
A live lord must be worth too dead,
My Murray.

And if, as the opinion goes,
Verse hath a better sale than prose—
Cerets, I should have more than these,
My Murray.
BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS.

ON THE BIRTH OF JOHN WILLIAM RIZZO HOPPNER.

His father's sense, his mother's grace,
In him, I hope, will always fit so;
With—still to keep him in good case—
The health and appetite of Rizzo.

STANZAS, TO A HINDOO AIR.

[These verses were written by Lord Byron a little before he left Italy for Greece. They were meant to suit the Hindoo air—"Alia Malla Punca," which the Countess Guiccioli was fond of singing.]

Oh!—my lonely—lonely—lonely—Pillow! Where is my lover? where is my lover? Is it his bark which my dreamy dreams discover? Far—far away! and alone along the billow?

Oh! my lonely—lonely—lonely—Pillow! Why must my head ache where his gentle brow lay? How the long night flags lovelessly and slowly, And my head droops over thee like the willow.—

Oh! thou, my sad and solitary Pillow! Send me kind dreams to keep my heart from breaking, In return for the tears I shed upon thee waking; Let me not die till he comes back over the billow.—

Then, if thou wilt—no more my lonely Pillow, in one embrace let these arms again enfold him, And then expire of the joy—but to be'told him! Oh! my lone bosom!—Oh! my lonely Pillow!

STANZAS.

["COULD LOVE FOR EVER."]

I.

COULD Love for ever
Run like a river,
And Time's endeavour
Be tried in vain—
No other pleasure
With this could measure;
And like a treasure
We'd lay the chain,
But since our sighing
Ends in dying,
And found for flying
Love plumes his wing;
Then for this reason
Let's love a season;
But let that season be only Spring.

II.

When lovers parted
Feel broken-hearted,
And, till hope thwarted,
Expect to die;

A few years older,
Ah! how much colder
They might behold her
For whom they sigh!
When link'd together,
In every weather,
They pluck Love's feathers
From out his wing—
He'll stay for ever,
But sadly shiver
Without his plumage, when past the Spring

III.

Like Chiefs of Faction,
His life is action—
A formal passion
That curbs his reign,
Obscures his glory,
Despot no more, he
Such territory
Quits with disdain.
Still, still advancing,
With banners glancing,
His power enhancing,
He must move on—
Repose but cloy him,
Retreat destroys him,
Love brooks not a degraded throne.

IV.

Wait not, fond lover!
Till years are over,
And then recover,
As from a dream.
While each, bewailing
The other's failing,
With wrath and railing,
All hideous seem—
While first decreasing,
Yet not quite ceasing,
Wait not to tease
All passion's height:
If once diminish'd,
Love's reign is finish'd—
Then part in friendship,—and bid good-night.

V.

So shall Affection
To recollection
The dear connexion
Bring back with joy:
You had not waited
Till, tired or hated,
Your passions sated
Began to cloy.
Your last embraces
Leave no cold traces—
The same fond faces
As through the past;
And eyes, the mirrors
Of your sweet errors,
Reflect but rapture—not least, though last

VI.

True, separations
Ask more than patience;
What despirations
From such have risen!
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE BLUES.
A LITERARY ECLOGUE.

"Nimium ne crede colori."—Virgil.

O trust not, ye beautiful creatures, to love,
Though your hair were as red as your stockings are blue.

ECLOGUE FIRST.

London.—Before the Door of a Lecture Room.

Enter TRACT, meeting INKEL.

INK. You're too late.

TRACT. 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.
TRACT I know it too well, and have worn out my patience
With studying to study your new publications.
There's Vamp, Scamp, and Mousy, and Wordswords and Co.

With this damnable—

INK. Hold, my good friend, do you know

WHOM you speak to?

TRACT. 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?

TRACT. Excuse me; I meant no offence

To the Nine; though the number who make some presence

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—had just got such
a threshing,

That is, as the phrase goes, extremely "refreshing."

What a beautiful word!

INK. Very true; 'tis so soft

And so cooling—they use it a little too oft;
And the papers have got it at last—but no matter,
So they've cut up our friend then?

TRACT. 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?

TRACT. 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 impis,
And on fire with impatience to get the next glimpses

INK. Let us join them.

TRACT. 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 today so absurd—

TRACT. 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, so less than the heat.

TRACT. 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, disgorge'd with such a bour,

That—come—do not make me speak ill of one's neighbour.

TRACT. I make you!

INK. Yes, you! I said nothing until

You compel'd me, by speaking the truth—

TRACT. To speak 22?

Is that your deduction?

INK. What speaking of Scamp, ill

I certainly follow, not set, an example.
That fellow 's a fool, an impostor, a zany.

TRACT. And the crowd of to-day shows that one foot

But we two will be wise.

TRACT. I would, but—

INK. Pray, then, let us retire
Ink. There must be attraction much higher
Than Scamp, or the Jews’-harp he nicknames his lyre,
To call you to this hothed.

Tra. I own it — I is true —

A fair lady —

Ink. A spinner?

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 nunnum 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 revision; 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 those 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 as 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 wr it but prithee, compose me the song.

Ink ạ sublime!!

Tra But I 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 — who
Can I say to you more?

Ink. I see what you’d be at:

You disparage my parts with insidious abuse,

Tell 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 Renegades’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
teretical work of our Jesuits at home.

Have you never yet seen it?

Ink.

Tra. Make haste then.

Ink. Why no?

I have heard people say

That it threaten’d to give up the ghost t’other day.

Ink. Well, that is a sign of some spirit.

Tra. No doubt

Shall you be at the Countess of Fiddlecome’s rout?

Ink. I’ve a card, and shall go; but at present, as soon

As friend Scamp shall be pleased to step down from the
moon,

(Where he seems to be soaring in search of his wits.)

And an interval grants from his lecturing fits,

I’m engaged to the Lady Bluebottle’s collation,

To partake of a luncheon and learn’d conversation:

’Tis a sort of reunion for Scamp, on the days

Of his lecture, to treat him with cold tongue and praise

And I own, for my own part, that ’tis not unpleasant

Will you go? There’s Miss Lilac will also be present.

Ink. 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 levy,

On the rack of cross questions, by all the blue bevy.

Hark! Sounds, they’ll be on us; I know by the drone

Of old Botherby’s spoouting, ex cathedra tone.

Ay! there he is at it. Poor Scamp! better join

Your friends, or he’ll pay you back in your own coin.

Tra. All fair; ’tis but lecture for lecture.

Ink. That’s clear

But for God’s sake let ‘s go, or the bore will be here.

Come, come; say, I’m off. [Exit Inkel.

Tra. You are right, and I’ll follow

’Tis high time for a “Se me servarti Apello.”
An, yet we shall have the whole crew on our kibes,
Blues, dandies, and dowagers, and second-hand scribes,
All flocking to moisten their exquisite throitties
With a glass of Madeira at Lady Bluebottle's.

[Exit TRACY]

ECLOGUE SECOND

An Apartment in the House of Lady BLUEBOTTLE.—
A Table prepared.

SIR RICHARD BLUEBOTTLE solos.

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, he 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
smiling,
In science and art, I'll be sure 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 that proclaims us eternally one.
But the thing of all things which distresses me more
Than the bills of the week (though they trouble me
sure)
Is the numerous, humorous, backbiting crew
Of scribblers, vites, 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 adorns my brains—
A smatter and chatter, glean'd out of reviews,
my 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 BLUEBOTTLE, MR. BOTHERBY, INKEL, TRACY, MISS MAZA RINE, and others, with Scamp the Lecturer, &c. &c.

LADY BLUES. Ah! Sir Richard, good morning; I've brought you some friends.

SIR RICH. (bows, and afterwards aside.) If friends, they're the first.

LADY BLUES. But the luncheon attends.

SIR RICH. (aside.) If he does, his fatigue is to come.

LADY BLUES. Mr. Tracy.

LADY BLUEBOTTLE—MISS LILAC—be pleased, pray, to place ye;
and you, Mr. Botherby—

BOTH. Oh, my dear Lady, obey.

LADY BLUES. 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 BLUES. To be sure it was bracing; but then
You have lost such a lecture!

BOTH. The best of the ten.

INK. How can you know that? there are two more
But.

[LB. 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 LILAC. No more, Sir, I thank you. Who lectures
next spring?

BOTH. Dick Dunder.

INK. That is, if he lives.

MISS LILAC. And why not?

INK. No reason whatever, save that he's a soot.

LADY BLUEBOTTLE. A glass of Madeira?
Lady Blues. With pleasure.

INK. Does he stick to his lakes, like the heeches he sings,
And their gatherers, as Homer sung warriors and
kings?

LADY BLUES. He has just got a place.

INK. As a footman?

LADY BLUES. For shame!

Nor profane with your snares 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
cost.

LADY BLUES. For shame! I repeat. If Sir George
could but hear—

LADY BLUES. 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 BLUES. Excuse me—'t is one in "the Stamps."

He is made a collector.

TRAY. Collector!

SIR RICH. How?

MISS LILAC. What?

INK. I shall think of him oft when I buy a new hat.

There his works will appear—

LADY BLUES. Sir, they reach to the Ganges.

INK. I shan't go so far—I can have them at Granges.

LADY BLUES. Oh fie!

MISS LILAC. And for shame!

LADY BLUES. You're too bad.

BOTH. Very good!

LADY BLUES. How goo?'

LADY BLUES. He means ought—'t is his phrase.

LADY BLUES. He grows rude.

LADY BLUES. He means nothing; nay, ask him.

LADY BLUES. 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.

APRICE—Is your play then accepted at last?

INK. Why I thought—that's to say—there had past
A few green-room whispers, which hinted—you know
That the taste of the actors at best is so so.

* Grange is or was a famous pastry-cook and fancier of Piccalilli.
Byron's Poetical Works.

Sir, the green-rom 's in rapture, and so 's the committee.

Ay—yours are the plays for exciting our "pity
And fear," as the Greek says: for "purging the mind,"
doubt if you 'll leave us an equal behind.

I have written the prologue, and meant to have
prayed
For a space of your wit in an epilogue's aid.

Well, time enough yet, when the play's to be
played,
Is it cast yet ?

The actors are fighting for parts,
As is usual in that most litigious of arts.

We 'll all make a party, and go the first
night.

And you promised the epilogue, Inked.

Not quite.

However, to save my friend Botherby trouble,
'll do what I can, though my pains must be double.

Why so ?

To do justice to what goes before.

Sir, I 'm happy to say, I 've no fears on that
score.

Your parts, Mr. Inked, are—

Never mind mine,
Stick to those of your play, which is quite your own
line.

You're a fugitive writer, I think, sir,
of rhymes?

Yes, ma'am; and a fugitive reader sometimes.
Wordswords, for instance, I seldom alight.

Or on Murthy, his friend, without taking to flight.

Sir, your taste is too common; but time
and posterity
Will right these great men, and this age's severity
Become its reproof.

I 've no sort of objection,
But I 'm not of the party to take the infection.

Perhaps you have doubts that they ever
will take?

Not at all; on the contrary, those of the lake
Have taken already, and will still continue
To take—what they can, from a great to a guinea,
Of pension or place; but the subject's a bore.

Well, sir, the time's coming.

Scamp! don't you feel sore?

What say you to this?

They have merit, I own;
Enough their system's absurdity keeps it unknown.

Then why not unearth it in one of your lectures?
Scamp. It is only time past which comes under my
strictures.

Come, a truce with all tarnation:—the joy
of my heart
Is to see Nature's triumph over all that is art.

Wild Nature!—Grand Shakespeare!

And down Aristotle.

Sir George thinks exactly with Lady
Bluebottle;

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 assers,
Has found out the way to dispense with Parnassus.

And you, Scamp!

I need not confess I 'm embarrassed.

D 'n't call upon Scamp, who's already so
harassed
With old schools, and new schools, and no schools, and
all schools.

Well one thing is certain, that some must be fools,
I should like to know who.

And I should not be sorry
To know who are not;—it would save us a sore.

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! sympathize!—I
Now feel such a capture, I 'm ready to fly,
I feel so elastic—"so buoyant!—so buoyant!"

Ink. Trace! I open the window.

I wish her much joy on t

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 moun-
tain.

'Tis the source of all sentiment—feeling's true foun-
tain.

The Vision of Heaven upon Earth: 't is the gas
Of the soul: 't is the seating of shades as they pass.
And making them substance: 't is something divine:—
Shall I help you, my friend, to a little more wine ?

Thank you; not any more, sir, till I dine.

Do you dine with Sir Humphrey to day?

I think with Duke Humphrey was more
in your way.

It might be of yore; but we authors now look
To the knight, as a handmaid, much more than the Duke.
The truth is, each writer now quite at his case is,
And (except with his publisher) dines where he pleases
But 't is now nearly five, and I must to the Park.

And I 'll take a turn with you there till 11 is
dark.

And you, Scamp—

Scamp—

Excuse me; I must to my rooms.
For my lecture next week.

He must mind whom he quotes
Out of "Elegant Extracts."

Well, now we break up;
But remember Miss Diddle invites us to sup.

Then at two hours past midnight we 'll all meet
again,
For the sciences, sandwiches, hock, and champagne!

And the sweet lobster salad!

Honour that men.

For 't is then that our feelings meet genuinely—feel.

True; feeling is truest then, far beyond ques-
tion:

I wish to the gods 't was the same with digestion!

Pshaw!—never mind that; for one mo-
ment of feeling
Is worth—God knows what.

'T is at least worth concealing
For itself, or what follows—but here comes your
marriage.

Sir Rich. (aside.) I wish all these people were dead
with my marriage!

* Fact from life, with the word -"s."
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 SCOTTISH REVIEWERS.

"Ego fons iniquus, stultum
Redde quin terram valid. essors ipse reddid."—HOR. Dr. A. 304, 305.

Anhymes are difficult things—they are stubborn things, sir!—FIRLAND'S Aelia, Vol. iii. Book 3. Chap. 3.

Athens. Capuchin Convent, March 12th, 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 simmer join, for show or sale,
A maid of honour to a mermaid's tail?
Or now! Dubost (as once the world has seen)
Degrate God's creatures in his graphic spleen!
Not all that forced politeces, which defends
Fools in their faults, could gag his grinning friends.
Believe me, Moscheus, like that picture seems
The book which, siller than a sick man's dream,
Displays a crowd of figures incomplete,
Poetic nightmares, without head or feet.

Poets and painters, as all artists know,
May show 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 exertion, sometimes tends
Like patriotic speeches) but to paltry ends;
And nausence in a lofty note goes down,
As pertness passes with a leaden gown.

Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinum
Jugundis si velit et variis ludere pluminas,
Undique collatis membris, et turpiter atrum
Desirit in precum uniter formosa superne;
Spectatam adhaerit rismus beneatris, annis?
Credita, Phanes, istic tabulis f得到 librum
Persimium, cujus, velat aere summis, varius
Fingitor species, ut hic pes, hic caput uni
Residuium figuram. Pictoribus atque poetis
Quidlibet audendi semper futur aqua potestas.
Sensus, et hanc venian potinssaque damnae vicis
Sensae.
Sed non ut pulcridus collant immitia; non ut
Serpentes avibus germen, thalasso aqua.
Despicat gravissima plenique et unius profusion
Puurpuris, lute qui splendent, unus et alter.

1 In an English newspaper which finds its way abroad whenever there are E. 2 In an account of this dear dauber's epeope of Mr. H.—and the consequent raven, &c. The circumstance is probably too well known to require further comment.

Thus many a bard describes in pompous strain
The car brook babbling through the giddy plain;
The groves of Granta, and her gothic halls,
King's Coll., Camb's stream, staid'Ind windows, and old walls:
Or, in adventurous numbers, nently aims—
To paint a rainbow, or the river Thames.
You sketch a tree, and so perhaps may shine—
But dash a shipwreck like an alchemist sign;
You plan a case—it dwindles to a poi;
Then glide down Grub-street—fasting and forgot.
Laugh'd into Lute 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, indited 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 heads but into vice;
None are complete, all wanting in some part,
Like certain tailors, limited in art.
For gallagaskins Slowshares is your man,
But costs must claim another artist.
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.

Assalitum panus; cum lucus et ara Diana,
Et prosperatia aqua per amoenos ambitus agros,
At homam Rhenum, ut phavus describat arcus.
Sed none non crant his locis; et fortasse ecupsum
Seis singuli, neque operis quae decus est,
Sed varius, ut frutus, ut fructus excepser.
Navibus, are dato qui pingitur? amphiara caput
Institu: currente rotat are arcus exit?
Denique sit qualvis, simplex dramatur etunion.
Maxima pars vatum, pater, et juvenes patre digno
Dramatur specie recti. Brevis esse laboro,
Obceorum fui; sectandum levia, navi
Definitium unuque: professus grandia, target
Sporum bunam, totum munium, timideque proxelie;
Qui variare capit reus prodigaliert unan,
Dolphinum sylvis appagia fluctibus apram.
In titum duetur culpa fuga, si caret arte.
Alumnus cirum ladina fals-sens et argus
Expropiet, et quidcella immitiat are capillos
Infelix operis summa, quia penere tutum
Necnet. Hunc ego me, si quid componere currem
Non insignie esse vium, quam prave vivere nude
Spectandum miris oculis nigroate capillo.
Summe materiem vestris qui scribitis, equam
Viribus; et versate dia quid forte recusat.

1 "Where pure description held the place of sense. —P. 2. I more common morals were more commonly content with one tailor and with one bill, but the more particular sentiments found it impossible to confine their lower garments to the makers of their body clothes. I speak of the beginning of 150: what reform may have since taken place I cannot know nor desire to know.
But in my 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 him wisely to combine
With future parts the now omitted line;
This shall the author choose, or that reject,
Presume in style, and cautiously select.

Nor slight applause will candid pens afford
To him who furnishes a wanton word.
Then fear not if 'tis needful to produce
Some term unknown, or obsolete in use,
(As Pitt has furnish'd) as a word or two,
Which lexicographers declined to add.)
So you, indeed, with care,—(but be content
to take this license rarely)—may invent.
Now words find credit in these latter days,
If neatly grafted on a Galian phrase.

What Chance, Spencer did, we scarce refuse
To let him or to Pope's materter 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,
Earn'd our island's ill-united tongues;
'Tis 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 these, and ours, alas! are due to time.
And works and words but dwindle to a date.
Though as a monarch nodes, and commerce calls,
Impetuous rivers stagnate in canals;
Though swamps subluded, and marshes drain'd, sustain
The heavy ploughshare and the yellow grain,
And rising parts 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 post.

Quid valent animeri. Cui hea poterteriur res,
Nec famulii deserto nunc nec incipit ordine.

Ordinis hoc variis exit et venient, aut ego fallor,
Ut tunc name diruit, jam nunc debita in diei
Pleraque differat, et presens in tempus omittat.
Hoc amet, hoc spermus promiss carminus auctor.

In verbis etiam tuenis cautius serescripsit:
Dives euripto, notum si omittat verbum
Rediderit junctura novam. Si forte necessa est
Diligere monstrare recidere alia rhetor,
Pinnore cinctas non exaudita Collegia,
Contingit; habentque loco suptima prebeat;
Et nova factaque imper habebant Verba filium
Scripsit, invidior; cum langua Caroiae et Enni
Sermonem patriam dixerat, et nova rerum
Nomina probatur? Licuit, semperque habuit
Hanc imprimatur mutata praebeat nomen.
Ut sit fidei promisum mutatur in annos
Prima cadunt: ita verborum audit interit etas,
Et juvenum ritu frons mortui macta, vitificent.

Dederant mortis nos nostram; sive recinsus
Terra Neptunus classes aquilinias aerei,
Resis opus; stereo his duos, impleto tenei
Versa aures altas, et grave sonnet Catojim;
Sic carsum mutavit iniquum frequentem annis,
Deiit hic melius; mortuam facit perdita
Nobis sermonum isti locis, et gratia vivax,
Multa renascentur, qui jam eccecle; caritute;
Quae nunc sunt in honore vocabula, si velut usus;
Quae pene arbitrator est, et jux, et norma locundia.

1 Mr. Pitt was liberal in his additions to our parliamentary
vocabulary, as may be seen in many publications, particularly in
Edinburgh Review.

True, some decay, yet not a few revive,
Though those shall sink, which now appear to thrive.
As custom arbitrates, whose stock swing away
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.
Which but describes the laurel, rhyme or blank?
Which holds on Helicon the higher rank?
Let squabbling critics by themselves dispute
This point, as puzzling as a Chanuary 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 Almanzer rhymed in Dryden's days,
No song-song hero rants in modern plays,
Though Milton rhymes, and Shakespeare sings.

And what shall we have, indeed, when Addison
Gives us the Bons or Beaumonts show the worse,
Or love one point, because they wrote in verse.
But so Thalia pleases to appear.
Poor virgin! daim'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 grom,
And brisk Thalia takes a serious tone;
Nor unregarded will the act pass by
Where angry Townley lifts his voice on high.
Again, our Shakespeare hunts verse to kings,
When common prose will serve for common things.

Res ostin regumque ducemque et tristia bella,
Quo scribis existes nume mostravist Homerus.

Versibus inceptor junctae quaeque munus princeps;
Post eam inclusa est vesta sententiae compus.

Quin tamem exspecta dux interrogavit auctor,
Grammatuert certat, et haec sub judicio sit est.
Arcanumque proprium gratiam araxis rummo,
Hinc socii cepere pedem grandiscelethauri,
Alterae aequum sermonum, et populiere
Virtutem stimulis, et attonit agitam.

Massa defunctus ille, parvumque deorum
Et pulchrum victimam, et eqnum certamine primum,
Et forum curas et liber vasa virorum,

Descriptam vicis operamque colorum
Car ego, si mihi ignoscas, posta salutari
Car nocere placet prave, quam sicere male?
Versibus exp im frangere res comita non vult
Indigantur item privati, ac prope sacros.


Dignos carminum narrat ventro Thyseste
Singula quaque homin tenent sorta decus;
Interdum tamen et vocem comedea tolit,
Enfratique Chryses tundit delictum ore.

Et tragorum pleureo duidem sermone pedestri,
Telephus et Pelus, cum jam et exul, utique

1 Old ballads, old plays, and old women's stories, are a
peace in as much request as old wine or new specie.
In fact, this is the millennium of black letter: thanks to our
hiers, Wells, and Scrotes!

2 Mac Flecknoe, the Dunce, and all Swift's lampoon
ballads. Whatever their other works may be, these essay
noted in personal feelings, and angry rejoin on unworthy
views; and though the ability of these authors exceeds the
poetical, their panegyric detracts from the personal character
of the writers.

3 With all the vulgar applause and critical admiration
of parts, they have Aristotle on their side, who permits
them to aim at, and gives them consequence by a grave disquisi-
And lovely He resigns heroic "re,
To following Heutpurit" and the scripted sire.

"If not enough, ye bands, with all your art,
To solish poems; they must touch the heart:
Where'er we were to be laid, what's our song,
Still let it hear the heart's soul along;
Command your audience or to smile or weep,
Which'er may please you—any thing but sleep.
The doct claims our tears; but, by his leave,
Before I shud let, me see him grieve.

If banish'd Rome sojourn'd nor sigh nor tear,
Laid by his laugour, I should sleep or sneer.
Sad words, no doubt, become a serious face,
And men look angry in the proper place.
At double meanings folk 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 heart with wrath rise bound,
Raised to the stars, or level'd with the ground;
And for expression's aid, 't is said, or sung,
She gave our minds interpreter—the tongue.

Who, worn with use, of late would fain dispense
(At least in theatres) with common sense;
Overwhelm with sound the boxes, gallery, pit,
And raise a laugh with any thing 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.
'Te draw a "Lying Vael," 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 Wilt's or Wales.

Project amplus, et sesquipedalia verba;
Sicut or spectantis tettigisque quercia.

Non satis est velichra esse peitantia; dulcis sunto,
E quiescansse volent, assimul ausitio agunt.
Ut ridebantur, ut, haud feitinent in cujus
Humani vitis; sive micere delendum est
Praeium ipsi titi; tunc tue me infortunia lredit.

Tegetpul Praeium Penati sole si magna laubiris,
Aut dormituv, aut ridebant; tristia sunt.
Vulna verba decent; raumen pleas maraurum,
Laxa posta, laisse va, sed pusfortens nuclea.

Format-eum natura prae non intus ad omnem
Fortunam habebit: juvat, aut impellit ad iram
Aut omnes magnae grati a diesque dedit argt;
Post eart assimul mutus interpres linguat.

Sicut eratis constans absurda dicta,
Romani tollent equites, petitque olim.

Interim dulcam, Dacieque immersionus aetare,
Maturum sensex, an adue florence juventa
Perduita; an matronis potens, an sedulius matrix.
Necatorum vagus, calviter virentia.

Colonus an Ascripsi; Thecis nutris, an Argis.
Anthum sequers, aut siu conveniuntia utra.
Sergam ilic horum siue, siue, siue, siue, siue, siue
Achiltion; languor, irandol, inesolubilis, aec,
Jura negent siha nata, nihil non arret armis.
Sit Meridiarum amare, spectaculom, niblo.
Perficit lux; in vacua; frustre Cretes;
Si qual in quipsum scors commitatis, et aude
Formam futurum non exorat; secretor ad simul
Quaem siincepto pecoraet, at sima ostet.

Difficile est propriam communis dicere; taque
Sectiones liicrimc carmen deditis in actus,
Quae si proceres truxnt indicat pruma.
Pubibus materi privatis juris cit, si
Nec circa vilium patutunmagur mortalibus erebm;
Nec verba explicantibus, siue, siue, siue,
Integrere, nec desides imitator in acturn
Olim, sed proceres procer poet veret, et operis lex
Nec sit ineptus, ut scriptor Cycnian olim.

1 And in his ear 'I'll hollow, Mortimer!'—Henry IV

Or follow common fame, or forge a pot.
Who cares if mince heroes lived or not?
One preceptor serves to regulate the scene;
Make it appear as if it might have been

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

'Tis hard to venture where our letters fail,
Or lead fresh interest to a twice-told tale;
And yet, perchance, 'tis wiser to prefer
A hackney'd plot, than choose a new, and err;
Yet copy not too closely, but read
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 trouble of the nod on all who read.
Ere your first score of cantans time unrolls,
Beware—for God's sake, don't begin like Bowdler.

"Fortunam Primi cantho, et mobile bellum;
Quid diximus teneo fronte hic promissors inat
Fortunam montes; mea turbae nudosa,y
Quaetis actis luci qui videtur imperat?
"Dic mihi. Musa, virum captis post tempon Troja,
Quis mortem hominum muliebrum visit, et urbes.
Non furorem upa folgivit, nec eum formare lucem
Cognita in spectaculo delineat imitatur,
Antiquum, Selvagia, et cum Cypel Charybdis
Nec recitam Democriti intemini Melancosta,
Nec genu musas Democritum eritis ub socius
Semper ad eventum destinat; et m in radia
Non sese ne ncans, urbanoque rapt, et quae
Deserat tractata ad-score posse, vixquit
Atque in multis, si visse falsa remeet,
Primo ac medium, medius ne decrepit imm.

1 About two years ago, a young man, named Townsend, was announced by a new author, whose name was unknown to the public. He was soon discovered to be the author of Mr. Townsend's future successes. Mr. Cumberland (whose talents I shall not deprecate by the humble tribute of my praise) and Mr. Townsend must not suppose me entitled to unworthy motives in this testimonio. I write the author and the success he can wish him. And shall be truly happy to see epic poetry weighed on his bosom where it lies sunken: with Southey, Cottle, Cowley (Mrs. or Abraham), Gisby, Wilkie, Pye, and all the other poets and poets. Even if he is not a Milton, he may be better than Blackmore; if not a Homer, an Aeneas. I should deem myself presumptuous, as a young man is offering advice, were it not addressed to one still younger. Mr. Townsend had the greatest difficulties to encounter; but in conquering them be will find employment; in havens conquered them, his reward. I know too well "the scribbler's scoff, the critic's contumely," and I am afraid time will not win Mr. Townsend to that higher place. He who succeeds, 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 stars will be from empy—he will soon know mankind was nothing to attempt to express in manner.

The above note was written before the author was approved of Mr. Cumberland's death.
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 tempest'd wranglings of his master lyre—
Soft as the gentle 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 witnessed 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, design to hear
What soothes the many-headed monster's ear;
If your heart triumphs when the hands of all
Applaud in thunder at the curtain's fall,
Deserve those placards—study nature's page,
And sketch the striking traits of every ace;
While varying man and varying years unfold
Life's little tale so oft, so vainly told.
Observe his simple childhood's dawning days,
His pranks, his prate, his playmates, and his plays;
Till time at length the manish tyro weans,
And praisest vice outstrips his tardy tends!
Belohd him freshman! forced no more to groan
Over Virgil's devilish verses and his own,
Prayers are too tedious, lectures too abstruse,
He files from T—v—t's famed to "Fordham's News;" (Unluck T—v—t 1 doomed to daily cares
By pugilistic pupils and by bears?)

Tu, quid ego et populus mecum desideret, audi.
Si piusores ego amara manetis, et usque
Sessae, donec cantor, Vis placuite, dictat;
Statque, qui cepit me novis patris lenius;
Multihibusque decor naturis damus et annis.
Rudores qui voce jans sinit pur, et pecto certo
Praeget humum; aestat patrius cum aqua
Colliant ac ponti temere, et mutatur in horas.

Incipit juvenis, tandem custode remoto,
Cantant crucem eamque, et apriam taurum castri.
Crescit in vitium fecit, monitoribus aequus,
Urbem tardas prosector, prodigus aris.

Convers-studios, atus animisque virilis
Querit opes, et amicitias, invictus honori;
Commossa cavet quod mutare laborat.
Multa sequent conveniant incummoda; vel quod
Querit, et inventis minor abstinat, ac timent uti;
Vel quod res annies timide gelidique ministret,
Dinant, sep turgus, incis, avideus futuri.
Displeas, querulas, landator temporis acti
Se poero, castigator consensum minorum.

Multa formant annis, variantes commodum sequunt,
Multa recognoscit adsumpt. Ne forte sciebat

1 Harvy, 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 topology would probably fling it away also, but rather wish that he had read it, and from the lines dislike to the poet, not a well-famed horror of hexameters. Indeed the public school penance of "long and short" is enough to betake an antiquity to poetry for the residue of a man's life, and perhaps, in some cases, forever.

2. "In louand Regnum, jubes renovare dolebro," I dare say Mr. T—v—t (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, "parusque ipse memini sodi, et quoran pars
magna fuit," at times and terms bear testimony.
A HINTER FROM HORACE

A shelter'd hero: Johnson sought to say—
We saved Irene, but half damn'd the play.
And (Heaven be praised!) our tolerating times
Sunt metamorphoses to pantomimes.
And Lewis' self, with all his sprites, would quake
To change Earl Oswald'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,
Like out your arts, I pray, with mortal man;
Nor call a ghost, unless some cursed scape
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 moralize, in song.
Nail, last memorial of our foreign friends
Which Gaul allows, and still Hesperia lends!
Napoleon's edicts no embargo lay
On whores, spies, singers, witnessing ship'd away.
Our giant capital, whose squares are spread
Where rustics can't, and now may beg, their bread;
In all, iniquity is grown so sordid,
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 "Pop's Alley,"jestled by the beaux,
I teased with his hat, and trembling for his toes;
Scarcely wrestles through the night, nor tastes of ease
Till the drop'dpint 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 enuchs from Ettruscan schools;
Give us but dildoes, 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 pleas'd with morris-mummery and coarse jokes
Improving the years, with things no one knew,
Produced bittie Punch and Merry Madame Joan,
Who still drish on with feats so ashy low,
"This strange Benavolio suffers such a show!"

Ex nato fictam carmen sequar, ut sibi quivis
Speret idem: subit multum, Vastagiae laboret

1 "Irene had to speak two lines with the bowstring round her neck; but the audience cried out 'Muddle!' and she was obliged to be carried off the stage."—Banister's Life of Johnson.

2 In the posseor to the "Castle Spectre" Mr. Lewis tells us, that though blacks were unknown in England at the period of his action, yet he 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!"

3 "The first theatrical representations, entitled 'Mysteries and Moralties,' were generally enacted at Christmas, by masques, (for the only persons who could read,) and byelites, and students of the universities. The dramatic personages were usually Adam, Peter Colban, Faith, Vice," &c. &c.—Vide Watton's History of English Poetry.

4 Benavolio does not hit, but every man who maintains "ace-horses is a promoter of all the contemptible evils of the bust. Avoiding to be a little pharsaleus. Is it an excitation? I think not. I never yet heard a bawd praised for chastity because she herself did not commit fornication.

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 snares,
Arms nor the gown, priests, lawyers, volunteers:
"Alas, poor Yorick?" now for ever mute!
Whoever loves a laugh must sigh for Foote.

We smile, perfurpose, when histrionic scenes
Ape the solemn dialogue of kings and queens,
When "Chrononhotontologos 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 Ecuan clime,
And oft at home, with revelry and rhyme.
Then may Epicures, who sped the past,
Sooth the thy life's scenes, nor leave thee in the lust
But find in thine, like pagan Plato's bed,
Some merry manuscript of minxes, when dead.

Now to the Drama let us bend our eyes,
Where vetter'd by whig Walpole love lies;
Corruption fill'd her, for she fond her glance;
Decorum left her for an opera dancer!
Yet Chesterfield, whose polisht'd pen
Ingrains laughter, sought for freedom to our plays;
Uncheck'd by norigious of patronic brains,
And daunting dullness of lord chamberlains.
Repeat that act! again let Humour roam
Wild o'er the stage—we're time for tears at home.
Let "Archer" plant the horns on "Fielden's" brow,
And "Estifania" gull her "Copper" spouse;
The morals 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 our hat, in want of a villain's skill;
Ay, but Macheath's example—pardon all—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.

Anaes idem: tantum simia juncturque pollicet;
Tantum de mos maiorum accedit honores.
Silvis deducta cantant, me judice, Fauni,
Ne velut multas trivis, ac gene forenses,
Aut minima teneris juvenantur versus unquam
Aut immunda eripit, ignominiosam dicta.
Offendsantur unset, quidis est equus, et pater, et
Vex, si quid fricti eurus probat et minus erat, dictus,
Anquis recipiant animas, donative corona.
Sylvia longa braeci subjecta, veletur lambus
Posit usque: unde etiam praeclarus acrocorius jussus

1 Under Plato's pillow a volume of the Minos of Sophocles was found the day he died.—Vide Bartholin, De Poeta, Ptegnses Lectur, if agreeable. De Faunus calls it a "book,—Cumberland, in his Observer, terms it moral, the singing of "Publicus Syrus.

2 His speech on the licensing act is one of his most eloquent efforts.

3 Michael Perez, the "Capper Captain," in "Rule a Wife and have a Wif.

4 Jerry Collier's controversy with Congreve, &c., on the subject of the drama, is too well known to require further comment.
Then spare our stage, ye methodistic men! 

Nor burn damn'd libery if it rise again.

But why to brain-scord'd bigots thus appeal?

Can heavenly mercy dwell with earthly zeal?

For dotes of fire and forget its hope?

Times dear alike to puritan or pope.

As plius Calvin saw Serucuts blaze,

So would new sects on newer victims gaze.

E'en now the songs of Solyman begin:

Faith can't, perplex'd apologise of sin.

While the Lord's servant changeth not off selected urn,

And Savigan kicks where 'Baxter only' shoves."

Whom nature guides, so writes, that every dence,

Euraptured, thinks to do the same at once;

But after inky thumbs and bitter nails,

And twenty scattered quires, the coxcomb fails.

Let pastoral be dumb: for who can hope

To match the youthful eulogies of our Pope?

Yet bus and Phillips' faults, of different kind,

Far art too rude, for nature too refined,

Instruct, how hard the medium 'tis to hit

'Twixt too much polish and too coarse a wit.

A vulgar scribblers, certes, stands disgraced

In this nice age, when all aspire to taste;

The dirty language, and the noisome jest,

Which picased 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 Huddibras!

Whose author is perhaps the first we meet,

Who from our complect topp'd two final feet;

No 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 skillfully, surpasses far

Heroic rhyme, but most in love and war,

Whose fluctuations, tender or sublime,

Are curl'd too much by long-recurring rhyme.

But many a skilful judge abores to see,

What few admire—irregularity.

This some vouchers to pardon: but 'tis hard

When such a word contains a British bard.

Nomen imbus, cum sono, vociferat lucus,

Prima ad extremum similis sibi: non ita pridem,

Turribis at paulo graviorque venit ad aures,

Sparsus stabilis in jura paterna recepit

Cenmamque et patrum: non ut de sede secundis

Celerat, at quattuoruminitias. Hic et in Aetu

Volubilis totius apparat rarus, et Enni.

Inter seu quodvis magno cum pondere versus,

Annique coloris minimus, euripic currentis,

At ignorant erat artis eterridpe turris.

Non quid visum, invisum immutatam poenata jadex;

Et data Romanis dona est tignaque postus.

Hincresam, silvane, laticum lictor? an vener

Visitam spectante putem mea: nuta, et intra

1 "Baxter's Sketch to heavy and Christian! The verbal title of a book seen in good grave, and likely enough to be true. Mr Simon is the very bulk of beliefs, and ennui of good works." He is ably supported by John Sacks, a labour in the same vineyard:—but I say no more, or according to John King, 'in full congregation, "No, be for horn of dubs"'

And must the hard his glowing thoughts confine

List censure ho'er some fat, ty line?

Remove whate'er a critic may suspect,

To gain the pauly sufrage 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, any thing but chaste

Yet whether right or wrong the ancient rules

It will not do to call our fathers fools!

Though you and I, who emulator know

To separate the elegant and low,

Can also, when a hoblin 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 Shakespeare's days,

There's pomp enough, if little else, in plays;

Nor will Mlopemone ascend her throne

Without high heels, white plume, and Bristol stone.

Old comedies still meet with much applause,

Though too licentious for dramatic laws:

At least, we moderns, wisely, 'tis 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,

Spem veniam caustus? vivi denique culpam,

Non laudem meum. Vos exemplaria Graecia

Noturna versate manu, versate diurna.

At vestri pravii Plautinos et numerous et

Laudavere salus; minus patiinter utrumque,

Nec diecan statu, mirati; si modo ego et vos

Scimus innumeraque epidele sexpare dicta,

Legitimissum sunt quisque calles et aere.

Ignotum tragicas genus invassa Camena,

Dicitur, et laudulis vexisco poenata Thespis,

Quem autem aegroptequam peracta fuerat ora

Post hunc persona pallescet repertor honeste

Aeolus, et medicos instruit pulpitula tignis,

Et debeat omniumque locum, unumque cuthurnam.

Succedit versus his comedias, non sine multa

Lande; sed in vitium libertas excedit, et vim

Dignum legem regi; lex est accepta eorumque

Triumphus obstat, sublate puro ascendi.

Videuntur nostri librare poetae;

Nec minimum merucre docere vestitio Graecia

Agros accepit, et eadem ac domum domesticas factis

Vid qui praexcessit, qui docuerit togatas.

Nec virate forte clarior potens arma.

Quam dogma, Latrum, si non offensur unum

Quaequeque paenularem hominem labor, et mora. Vos,

Populios sagus, carmen reprehendi, quod non

Multa diec et multa fura evocat, ut

Praeclaria dicta non ex servitu ad magna
Who soon detect, and mark where'er we fall,
And prove our marble with too nice a mild
Our critics himself was not so bad;
Yet only thought, but you would make me 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 it turns of helter-skelter juice
Shall ever turn your head to any use;
Write but like Wordsworth, live beside a lake,
And keep your bashy lock a year from Blake;
Then print your book, once more return to town,
And boys shall hunt your lordship up and down.

Am I not wise, if such some poets' plight,
To purge in spring (like Bayes) before I write?
If this precaution soft'en't 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 grinner's wheel,
And, blint myself, give edge to other steel.
Nay, write at all, unless to teach the art
These rhymers aspiring for the poet's part;
From Horace show the pleasing paths of song,
And from my own example, what is wrong.

Though modern practice sometimes differs quite,
'Tis just as well to think before you write;
Let every box that suits your theme he read,
So shall you trace it to the fountain-head.

He who has learnt the duty which he owes
To friend and country, and to parden foes;
Who models his deportment as may best
Accord with his laws, sir, or stranger guest;
Who takes our laws and worship as they are,
As rules of reform for senate, church, and bar;
In practice, rather than loud perempt, wise,
Does not his tongue, but heart, philosophy;
Such is the man the poet should release,
As joint exemplar of his life and verse.

Innumera misera quia fortunatis arte
Credunt, et exaltat sine didicere poetas
Demenus; hos pons muros moneatque poeta,
Scribentur; bos por scripta muros curatur
Non barbarum: secretor petit loca, habitan vitæ.
Nam versus cæns primus mensaque poeta,
Sit clavis Antiquarum inscribat omnium saeclorum
Tonsori liano commissus, Cæsaro levis,
Qui puerus hác sub vermi tempore natus
Non agit; sed facit mettera poëtæ: verum
Nil tantum est: erro furtur vitae coae, acutum
Dacibus et frem tabi, exors ipse sequati;
Museus et ostenta ratio tuncque addo,
Caeli parentur ope, qui dedit formatique poetam
Quid docet, quod non, qui versos, qui factur error.
Serio ad didicta poëta, sub sepropem et font.
Rom tibi Saccarice potest: ostendere chartœ
Quoque provvisum romanum invita sequentur.
Quo dicitur patriæ qui dicit, et quid amīr
Quod sit amare parent, qui frater amandus, et hospes
Quod sit conscripti, quod juvère offension
Quaé facta sunt belli, quisque bene dulce,
Quidque reddere personæ sent convenientia emquete,
Dependent exemplar vitae menigrapho juicio
Omnem imitarentur, et vivas lance dicere voce.

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 tributes, empty, though refined.

Unhappy Greece! thy sons of ancient days
The muse may celebrate with perfect praise,
Whose generous children cannot'not their hearts
With commerce, given alone to arms and arts.
Our boys - our those whom public schools commend
To "long and short" before they're taught to spe.2
From fragrant fathers soon imbibe by vote,
"A penny saved, my lad, a penny got."
Lahke of a city birth! from silence take
Two thirds, how much will the remainder make?—
"A great!"—Ah, brave Dick hath done the sum!
He'll sell my fifty thousand to a plumm.

They whose young souls receive this must bet.mew
"To clear are fit for any thing 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 strange, and unnatural
Make sat! rhymes 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 Iris,s or an Irish mine,3
Two objects always should the poet move
Or one or both, to please or to improve.
Whenever you teach, be brief, if you design
For our remembrance your didactic line;
Redundance places memory on the rack,
For brains may be overcharged, 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 Jonus only springs alive from whales.

Interdictum speciosa locis, moranta recte
Fabula, nullius certo, sine pendere et arte
Vallis obstat populum, meliorque moratur
Quam versus Janeper rerum unicum camera.
Gratis antiquum. Graut dedicat esse retentum
Musa loqui, præter famulam nullius avaris.
Romani poeti longe rationibus semper
Discretum in parte centum didicere dicit
Filii Atheni, si de quænam fama est
Theen, quid superat? bot poterit dividere—Trians. Ex
Rom poterat servare turam. Retit unus: quid fit
Suns. An huc animos arsno et cura peculi
Curn secutus indiget, speramus carissimi
Posse lirumindu et, et servanda cum pepe
Omnis professus pluam de pretore mani.
Filius dupliciti causa, si simplicius versis
Ne, quodcumque volet, pessatis sui habita erudi,
Ne perfidis Lamic vivum poetam extrahat alius.
Christus seum semiparat et sua fragi fruère.
Cæsi poem reatum austerae poëmatæ Rhamnæns.
Omne pulchrum pictum, qui inseruit utile dicet,
Lectorum delectando, particularis memono.

1 I have not the original by me, but the Italian translation runs as follows:—"E una cosa a mio credere molto strana, che ne padre-desideri, o permetta, che fusse fatto colli e varii al mondo questi talenti," &c. &c. &c.
2 "Il primo numero." this is the same bower who boxed with Ugges for a pound of hill's fry, which he lost, and had a dozen teeth besides. —See Odyssey, b. 18.
3 The Irish gold mine of Wicklow, which yields just enough to swear by or gold a bad guinea.
Nor dreads the connassour's fastidious view,
But, ten times scrutinized, is ten times new.

Parthian pigeons! 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 thrive lor;
All are not Erskines who insist the bar:
But poetry between the best and worst
None medium knows; you must be last or first:
For middling poets' miserable volumes,
Are damned alike by gods, and men, and columns.

Again, my Jeffrey!—as that sound inspires,
How wakes my bosom to its unwonted fires!
Fires, such as gentle Caledonian feel,
When Southerns write upon their critic wheel,
Or mild Eclectics, when some worse than Turks,
Would rob poor Faith to decorate "their works."
Such the mental feelings they canst claim,
My falcon flies not at ignoble game.

Mightiest of all Danneiton's heads of chase!
For thee my Pegasus would mend his pace.
Arise, my Jeffrey! or my inkless pen
Shall never linit its edge on meancer men;
Till then or thine mine evil eye discours,
Ains! I cannot "strike at wretched kerns."
Inhuman Saxon! wilt thou then resign
A muse and heart by choice so wholly thine?

Ut gratias inter immens asamitum elgora.

1 To the Eclectic or Christian Reviewers I have to return thanks for the favour 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 rarely from the most revered lips. I refer them to the same pages, where they congratulated themselves on the prospect of a tith 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 "Epistles" which they were kindly preparing to review, I have no peculiar gusto to give them "so joyful a trouble," except, indeed, "upon compulsion, Hol!": but if, as David says in the "Riues," it should come to "bluey sword and gun fire," we "won't run, will we, Sir Louis?"

2 I do not know what I had done to these Eclectic geniuses: my work are their lawful perquisite, to be heaped in pieces like Arag, if it should seem meat unto them; but why they should be in such a hurry to know me, I am ignorant. "The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong!" and now, as these Christians have "smoke me on one chock," I hold them up the other; and in return for their good will, give them an intimation 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 phrasings of Christianity decency might be expected, and if they leave to pleased so illusory a precedent.

3 For the story of Voltaire's tragic dye, see "Davies's Life of Garrick." I believe it to "Reculc", or "Charles the First."—The moment it was known to be his the theatre turned, and the booksellers refused to give the customary sum. 1. the copyright.
HINTS FROM HORACE.

But why this vain advice? once published, books
Can never be recalled—from pastry cooks!

Though "Madoc," with "Punch," "instead of Punch,
May travel back to Quinto on a trunk." 9

Orpheus, we learn from Cynil and Lempiere
Lotl all wild beasts—but women by the car;
And had he ridden at the present hour,
We'd seen the lions walking in the Tower;

Dietus oh how lenito tigres, raubdenque honestes;
Dietus et Amphilcon, Thaliane conditor aures,

by the cry of "one in jeopardy!" he rushed along, collects
A body of Irish lacymen (snipping on buttermilk in an adjacent
paddock), procured those mares, one col-spur, and a landing net, and at last (horresco refugere) pulled up—his own publisher.
The unfortunate man was gone for ever, and so was a large quarto whereon he had taken the leap, which proved, on inquiry, to have been Mr. Southey's last work. Its "aherty of sounding" was so great, that it has never since been heard of; though some maintain that it is at this moment concealed at Alderman Bucii's pastry-patisserie. Can this be this as it may, the coroner's inquest benacht in a verdict of
"Felo de biblologia," against a "quarto unknown;" and circumstantial evidence being since strong against the "Name of Kehama" (of which the above is a first leaf on description), it will be tried by its peers next session, in Grub-street,—Arthur, Alle, Davidic, Richard Cuir de Lion, Exodos, Exoind, Eupnomian, Calvary, Full of Canbra, Siege of Are, Des Rododect, and Tom Thumb, the Great, are the names of the twelve jurors. The judges are Pye, Bowies, and the bellman of St. Scrupiato's. The same advocates, pro and con, will be employed as are now engaged in Sir F. Bartlett's celebrated cause in the Scotch courts. The public anxious await the result, and all free publishers will be subjected as witnesses.

But Mr. Southey has published the "Cause of Kehama," an inviting title to quibblers. By this, by, it is a good deal to near 8:st and Campbell, and not much above Southey, or allow the buoyant Briantyne to entitle them, in the Edinburgh Annual Register (of which, by the by, Southey is editor," the grand poetic triumvirate of the day." But, on second thoughts, it can be no great degree of praise to be the ensnared leaders of the blind, though they might as well keep to the same verse: "Southey's thirty thousand copies sold," which most easily descants on the immortal excellence of the "Lepidus" of this modern triumvirate. I am only surprised to see him at 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 sixteenth motion of Euclid
"Because, in the triangles DBC, ABC, DBC is equal to AC,
and BC common to both: the two sides DB, BC, are equal to the two AC, CB, each to each, and the angle ABC is equal to the angle ACB. Therefore, the base BC is equal to the base AB, and the triangle DBC (Mr. Southey) is equal to the triangle ABC, the less to the greater, which is absurd," &c. —
The editor of the Edinburgh Register will find the rest of the theorem laid by his stilelings: he has only to cross the river.
"Let the first turnpike 'other side'—Pete Aristocracy."

1 Voltaire's "Pufte" is not quite so imbecile as Mr. Southey's "Jean de l'Arc," and yet I am afraid the Frenchman has both more truth and poetry too in his sad—(they rarely go together)—than our patriotic wretched, whose first essay was in praise of a fictitious French smuggler, whose title of which would be enriched with the change of the first letter.

2 Like Sir R. B. Cunninghame's, the tenth book of which I read at Malta, on a trunck of Eres, 19, Cockspur-street. If this be doubted, I shall buy a partizone to quote from

* This Latin has surely puzzled the University of Eyn
burn. Bulfinche said it meant the "Reality of Reason;" 2
but Southey claimed it as half English; Scott swore it was
the "Brig o' Stuich;" he had just passed two King James
and a dozen Doughares over it. At last it was decided by
Jeffrey, that it meant nothing more nor less than the "Cowans of
Arbroth Constables' shop."
The youth who trains to ride or run a race
Must hear the voice of unfrilled 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 fairest flight;
But rhymers tell you neither more nor less,
'’Tis got a pretty poem for the press;”
And that’s enough; then write and print so fast—
Satan take the hindmost, who’s best be fast?

There lives one droll, who prepares in time
Against future feels his poor revenge of rhyme;
Racks his dull memory, and his drier muse,
To publish faults which friendship should excuse.

1. Tum quoque maremarum caput aervorum revolutum,
Gorizia cum medio portu (Eugenia-Helena),
Veiovertis Eurypiden vex ipse, et trigus lineas,
Ah, meum Eurydice! anima unguencot vocabit,
Eurypide tuo creatum luctus, luctus.

Geog. iv. 553.

2. I beg Nathan’s pardon; he is not a cobbler; it is tailor, but begged Capel Loft to sink the profession in his preface to two pairs of pantaloon—poor fellow. Of course, which I wished the public to try on; but the sieve of a patron let it cut, and so far saved the expense of an advertisement to his country customers—Merry’s “Monkfield’s Whine” was nothing to all this. The “Della Cruic-cana” were people of some education and no profession; but the Reckless (“Ascanio ambo” &c.) both send out their most ave nonsense without the smallest a hoy, and leave all the shoes and snuffboxes in the poor unprepared, to patch up Excuses on Enclosures and Pains to Gunpowder. Siting on a shopboard, they descry a field of glory when the only blood they ever saw was shed from the flaxer: and an “Essay on Wine” is produced by the ninth part of a “poet.”

And own that wise such poets made a Tate.

Did Nathan ever read that line of Pope? and if he did, why not take it as his motto?

3. This well-meaning gentleman has spoiled some excellent shoe-makers, and been necessary to the poetical orders of many of the industrious poor. Nathaniel Blossomfield and his brush (if they have set an Somersetshire singing; nor has the newly founded itself to one county. But, too, (who once was very) 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 does not take a poetical twine, and even forth as a force making Suppos, may do well; but the “tragedies” are as risky as if they had been the offspring of an Earl or a Scotoian prize poet. The patterns of this poor lad are certainly answerable for his end, and it ought to be an inducible offence. But this is the least they have done, for, by a refinement of burlesque, they have made the (fake) man pseudonymously fabulous, by printing what he would have lead seem enough never to print himself. Cries these rakers of “Remains” come under the stamp.
Condemn the uncle'surate to recite
Their last dramatic work by candle-light
How would the preacher turn each memorial leaf,
Dull as his sermon, but not half so brief!
Yet, since 'tis 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"
Horse with those praises (which, by flat'try fed,
Dependence hatters for her bitter bread),
He strikes 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 vice will not die!
Nor feels, forsooth, emotion at his heart—
But all dissemblers overact their part.

Ye who aspire to build the lofty rhyme,
Not believe who call your false "sublime"
But if some friend shall hear your work, and say,
"Expane that stanza, 'lop that line away,"

ON SOME MODERN QUACKS AND REFORMISTS.

In tracing of the human mind
Through all its various courses,
Though strange, 'tis true, we often find
It knows not its resources:
And men through life assume a part
For which no talents they possess,
Yet wander that, a 'ih all their art,
They meet no better with success.
'T is thus we see, through life's career,
So few excel in their profession;
Whereas, would each man but appear
In what's within his own possession.

FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

"What means of paper, floods of ink,"

Do some men spend, who never think?
And so perhaps you'll say of me,
In whose your readers may agree.
Still I write on, and tell you why;
Nothing so bad, you can't deny,
But may instruct or entertain.
Without the risk of giving pain,
And should you doubt what I assert,
The name of Camden I insert,
Who never read, and oft maintain'd
He here and there some knowledge gain'd:
Then why not I indulge them,
Though I no fame or profit gain,
Yet may amuse your idle men;
Of whom, though some may be severe,
Others may read without a sneer.
And, after fruitless efforts, you return
Without amusement, and he answers "Burn!"
That instant throw your paper in the fire,
Ask not his thoughts, or follow his desire;
Yet if (true bard!) you scorn to condescend,
And will not alter what you cannot 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 half to passages you think dull by degrees.
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 tritons lead to serious ills,
And furnish food for critics, or their quills.

As the Scotch fiddler, with its touching tune,
Or the salut influence of the angry moon,
All men avoid bad writers' ready tongues,
As yawning waiters fly Fitzwilliam's lungs;
Yet on he mouths—ten minutes—tallons each
As prelate's homily or placeman's speech.
Long as the last years of a lingering lease,
Where passions render rents insipid,
While such a minstrel, muttering fustian, strays
Over hedge and ditch, through unfrequented ways,
If by some chance he walks into a well,
And shouts for someone to stentorian yell,
"A rope! help, Christians, as ye hope for grace!"
Nor woman, man, nor child will stir a pace;
For there are causes he might freely bring
From frenzy, or the humour of the thing.
Though this has happened to more birds 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," leap into the Thames!

Virt burn't, and prudes versus reprehendit incertes:
Culpabil duxque; inepti alis planis struat
Transverso calamo stumina: ambitiosum rected
Ornamenta: parum claris lascivum decori;
Ars nupti antiqua: mutatis notandae
Facistare vivi: non diecit. Car ego aequo
Offendam in nocis? he nuce serio ducet
In mala lex insensui: excitandum sinit.

Hic una quae quemque annum animus arguerat,
Ant funebres error intus maris Dana,
Venenum religie timuit in tumultuo postum.
Quem iniqua: accent poeta, licet sequatur.
Hie dum sublime versum rectat, et creat
Silvis natalis intestus decedit ancipis

1 Burtel de your Buries.—Minerva being the first by Justice's hid-aspects, and a variety of equally unmanly
beautifications upon earth, such as Moxon, &c. &c. &c.
2 A crest for the critics.—Hops, in the Rehearsal.
3 And the "waiters" are the only fortunate people who could
very well from them; all the rest, via, the sad sub-writers to
the Literary Fund, being compelled, by courtesy,
to sit out the reduction, with a hope of excusing
"this" (that is, by choosing Fitz, with bad wine or worse
poetry) "to servavit Apollo."
4 On his table were found these words: "What Cato
laid and Addison approved servavit poetam." But Addi-
son did not approve; and if he had, it would not have
moved the matter. He had invited his scanner
to the Literary Fund, being compelled, by courtesy,
to sit out the collection, with a hope of excusing
"this" (that is, by choosing Fitz, with bad wine or worse
poetry) "to servavit Apollo."

And therefore be it lawful through the town
For such a line, as he answer'd drunk.
Who saves the intended suicide receives
Small thanks from him who touches 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;
Obedience with drab lines in Sunday morning was found,
Or get a child on consecrated ground?
And hence is haunted with a raving rage—
Fear'd like a bear just bursting from his cage.
If free, all fly his versifying fit.
Fated at once to simpleton or wit.
But alas, unhapp'! whom he seizes—him
He flays with ridicule; and when his soul
Frobes to the quick wherever he makes his breach,
And gorges like a lawyer or a leech.

In putum, henceforward, lie all Swearengin, longum
Clamor, to divell; non sit qui tolles curcas.
Si quis curset open ferre, et demittere femum,
Qui sed an prudens haec se decreverit, atque
Servat, Occidens: Sulleniis
Narboris interstitium. Deus immortalis haberi
Dum cupit Eque dieceps, ardente frustulam.
Nixat, ne horribili petre periculum
Invitum qui servat, haec furtum evitabit.
Ne semel hoc felet: nec, si reminuerit ext. jam
Fiet homo, et potentiae mortii amovetur.
November pariet versum versus facturam
Minuavit in patriae chors, et triste ludibil
Messu igne; car certe urbs, mecum
Objecta cavere valuit, si frangere cuperat.

An cottum dictumque fugat recaturn acerbus,
Quem vero avirquit, lector, exstingui legi,
Non minus curat, nied pluma crassos, birula.
Childe Harold's PILGRIMAGE;

A ROMAUNT.

Let lovers ever store the scene, which it attempts to describe. It was begun in Alcania; 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 cartes 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 Water's," "Childe Chisty's," etc., 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 Maturley, 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 of the highest order of English 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 Aristotle, Thomson, and Beattie."

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 a general reception of their eulogists, 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 no casuists. Returning, therefore, to all and each my text thanks for their liberality, on one point alone shall I venture an observation. Amongst the many objections justly urged to the very indolent character of the "Evangil Child" (whom, notwithstanding many limits to the contrary, I still maintain to be a fictitious personage), it has been stated, that, besides the anacronism, he is very unhappily, as the times of the knights were times of love, honour, and so forth. Now, it so happens, that the good old times, when "Pamour du bon vieux temps, l'amour antico," (or rather the most prominent of all possible centuries. Those who have any doubts on this subject, may consult St. Palaye, passions, and more particularly vol. ii. page 63. 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 "Comme d'amour parlemeets d'amour ou de courtoisie et de gentillesse," had much more of love than of courtesy or gentleness.—See Roland on the same subject with St. 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 bye, I fear that Sir Tristan and Sir Laneciot 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 insufficient 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 honours bytes 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 those 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 de more and express less, but he never was intended as an example, rather to show that early perversion of mind and morals leads to satiety of past pleasures and disappointment in new ones, and that even the beauties of nature, and the stimuluses of travel (except ambition, the most powerful of all excitements), cannot for 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 Zelure.
TO IANTHE.

Not in those dimes where I have late been straying,
Thou beauty long hath there been matchless deem'd;
Not in those visions to the heart displaying
Forms which it sighs but to have only dream'd,
Hath aught like thee, in truth or fancy seem'd:
Nor, having seen thee, shall I vainly seek
To paint these 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 unseem the promise of thy spring,
As fair in form, as warm yet pure in heart,
Love's image upon earth without his wings;
And guileless beyond hope's imagining!
And surely she who now so fondly rears
Thy youth, as in thee, this hourly brightening,
Beholds the rainbow of her future years,
Before whose heavenly hues all sorrow disappears.

Young Peri of the West!—it 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 drossy time's eyes assign
To those whose admiration shall succeed,
But mix'd with pangs to love's even loveliest hours decreed.

Oh! let that eye, which, wild as the gazelle's,
Now brightly bold or beautifully shy,
Wins as it wanders, dazzles where it dwells,
Glance o'er this page, nor to my verse deny
That smile for which my breast might vainly sigh
Could I to thee be ever more than friend?
This much, dear maid, accord; nor question why
To one so young, my strain I would commend,
But bid me with my wreath one matchless bly blend.

Such is thy name with this my verse entwined;
And long as kinder eyes a look shall cast
On Harold's page, Ianthie's here enshrined
Shall thus be first beheld, forgotten last:
My days once number'd, should this homage past
Attract thy fairy fingers near the lyre
Of him who hail'd thee, loveliest as thou wast,
Such is the most my memory may desire;
Though more than hope can claim, could friendship less require?

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

A ROMAUNT.

CANTO I.

I.

On, thou! in Hellas deem'd of heavenly birth,
Muse! form'd or fabled at the minstrel's will!
Since shamed full oft by later lyric on earth,
Mute daces not call thee from thy sacred hill:
Yet there I've wander'd by thy valedict roll;
Yes! sight'd o'er Delphi's long-deserted shrine,
Where, save that stately fountain, all is still;
Nor mute my shell awake the weary Nine,
To grace so plain a tale—this lovely 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 smooth,
And vex'd with marth the drossy ear of night.
Ah, me! in sooth he was a shameless wight,
Sore given to revel and muddily gleam;
Few earthly things found favour in his sight
Save combines and carol companion,
And flattering wassailers of high and low degree.

III.

Childe Harold was he hight:—but whence his name?
And image long, it suits me not to say;
Suffice it, that perchance they were of fame,
And had been glorious in another day:
But one soul lovel sois a name for aye,
However mighty in the order time;
Nor all that heralds rake from coffin'd clay,
Nor florid prose, nor homed lies of rhyme,
Can blazon evil deeds, or consecrate a crime.

IV.

Childe Harold bask'd him in the noontide sun,
Disporing 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 fitness of satiety:
Then loath'd he in his native land to dwell,
Which seem'd to him more lone than cremite'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 never be his.
Ah, happy she! to heape from him whose kiss
Had been pollution unto night so elate;
Who soon had lost her charms for vulgar bliss,
And spoil'd her godly hands to gild his waste,
Nor calm domestic peace had ever denied to taste.
VI.
And now Childe Harold was sore sick at heart,
And from his fellow hecchamals would flee;
"Tis said, at times the sullen tear would start,
But pride coul'd not the drop within his eye:
Apart he stalk'd in joyless mien,
And from his native land resolv'd to go,
And visit receding 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 massive side.
Monastic dome! calamity'd to uses vile!
Where Superstition once had made her den
Now Paphian girls were known to sing and smile;
And moody might deem their time was come a'gen,
If ancient tales say true, nor wrong these holy men.

VIII.
Ye, oft-coming in his maddest mournful 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 he was not that open, artless soul,
That feels relief by bidding sorrow flow,
Nor sought he friend to counsel or confide,
Whate'er his grief bete, which he could not control.

IX.
And none did love him—though to hall and bower
He gather'd revellers from far and near,
He knew them flatterers of the festive hour;
The heartless parasites of present cheer.
Ye, none did love him—not his lemans dear—
But pomp and power above are woman's care,
And where these are light Eros finds a rare
Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glore,
And Mammon, wins his way where scruples 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 began:
If friends he had, he bade adieu to none,
Yet deem not thence his breast a breast of steel
Ye who have known what it is to toil 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 dunes 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 move to luxury invite,
Without a sigh he left, to cross the brine,
And traverse Paymini shores, and pass earth's central line.

XII.
The sails were fill'd, and fair the light winds blew,
As glad to walt him from his native home;
And fast the white rocks fled from his view,
And soon were lost in circumambient sea;
And then, it may be, of his wish to roam
Repeate'd 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.
Thus to the elements he pour'd his last "Good Night!"

1.
"Amar, adieu! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue;
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
You 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 sun and skies,
But not my mother earth.
Deserted is my own good hall,
Its heath 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 gate?
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 still, 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 thy guileless bosom bled.  
Muse own would not be dry.

6.  
"Come hither, hither, my staunch yeoman,  
Why dost thou look so pale?  
Or dost thou dread a French scoman?  
Or shiver at the gale?"—  
"Deem'st thou I tremble for my life?  
Sir Childe, I'm not so weak;  
But thinking on an absent wife  
Will blanch a faithful check.

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 eyes  
Of wife or paramour?  
Fresh tears will dry the bright blue eyes  
We hate 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.

10.  
"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 described make every bosom gay;  
And Chinde's most mien crests them on their way,  
And Tagus dashes onward to the deep,  
His fabled golden tribute bent to pay;  
And soon on board the Lusitan pilots leap,  
And steer 'twixt fertile shores where yet few rusticsresp.

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 his wanton hand;  
And when the Almighty lifts his fiercest scourg  
'Gainst those who most transgress his high command,  
With treble vengeance will his hot shafts rage.

Gaul's fondest host, and earth from fairest noemans plucks

XVI.  
What beauties doth Lisbon first unfold?  
Her image floating on that noble tide,  
Which poetics vainly pave with sands of gold,  
But now wherein a thousand keels did ride  
Of mighty strength, since Albion was allied,  
And to the Lusitan did her aid attest:  
A nation swmmed with ignorance and pride,  
Who lack yet bathe the hands that waves the sword  
To save them from the wrath of Gaul's unspiring lord.

XVII.  
But whose entrench within this town?  
That, shewing far, celestial seems to be,  
Disconsolate will wander up and down.  
Mid many things unsightly to strange eye:  
For hut and palace show like filthly;  
The dingy denizens are reared in dirt;  
Ne persomage of high or mean degree  
Doth care for cleanliness of mart or heart;  
Though shent with Egypt's plague, unkempt, unwashed, unshorn.

XVIII.  
Poor, paltry slaves! yet born amidst holiest scenes—  
Wily, Nature, waste thy wonders on such men?  
Lo! Cimbra'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 whose such things the hard relates,  
Who to the awe-struck world unlock'd Elysian's gates?

XIX.  
The horrid crags, by toppling convent crown'd,  
The cork-trees toad that clothe the shaggy steep,  
The mountain-moss by searching skyes uncrownd,  
The sunken glen, whose sunless shrubs must weep,  
The tender azure of the murtrified 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 billet rocks new loveliness survey,  
And rest ye at "our Lady's house of woe,"  
Where fragil monks their little relics show,  
And sundry legends to the stranger tell;  
Here impious men have punished been, and lo!  
Deep in you cave Horrors 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 whereas the shrieking victim bath
Pond its blood beneath the assassin's knife,
Some hand erects a cross of moldering lath;
And weep an a dean with thousand such are rife
Throughout this purple land, where law secures not life.

XXII.

On sloping mounds, as in the vale beneath,
Are domes where white-rose kings did make repair;
But now the wild flowers round them only breathe;
Yet rund their spurn half still is lingering there:
And yonder towers the prince's palace fair:
There thin too, Vathrik! England's wealthiest son,
Once bade the paradise, as not aware
When wanting wealth her mightiest deeds hath done;
Meech peace voluptuous laurel was ever wont to sing.

XXIII.

Here di-lot thou dwell, here schemes of pleasure plan,
Beneath your mountain's ever-bounteous brow:
But now, as if a thing imbeted be man,
This fair dwelling is as lone as thou:
Here giant weeds a passage scarce allow
To hills deserted, portals gaping wide:
Fresh lessons to the thinking bosom, now
Vain are the pleasures on earth supplied;
Sweet with whose eke am of time's ungentle tide.

XXIV.

B hold the hall where chief's were late convened!
Oh! done displeasing unto British eye!
With chambered light bestowed, let! a fiend,
A little head that scoffs necessitate,
There sits in parchment robe array'd, and by
His side is hung a seal and sable scroll,
Whereby h ass'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 fold'd the knights in Marmo's dome:
Of brains (if brains they had) be them beguiled,
And turned a nation's shallow joy to gloom,
Here hectic dast'd to earth the victor's plume,
And policy regard'd what arms had lost:
For chief's like ours in vain may laurels bloom!
Woe to the conquering, not the conquer'd host,
Since baffled triumph drops on Lusitania's coast.

XXVI.

And yeer since that martial yclept met,
Britannia sickens, Cintra! at thy name;
And folk in office at the mention fret,
And fun would blush, if blush they could, for shame.
How will posterior the deal proclaim?
Will not our own and fellow-souls sneer,
To view these champions cheated of their fame,
By foes in light o'erithrown, yet victors here,
Where scorn her finger points through many a coming year?

XXVII.

So deem'd the Childe, as o'er the mountains he
Did take his way in solitary guise:
Sweet was the scene, yet soon he thought to flee,
More restless than the swallow in the skies:
Though here awhile he learned to mortify,
For meditation he'd at times on him:
And conscious reason whisper'd to despise
His early youth, mispent in nobler aims;
But as he gazed on truth, his acting eyes grew dim.

XXVIII.

To horse! to horse! he quits, for ever quits
A scene of peace, though soothing to his soul:
Again he roves from his mapping fits,
But seeks not now the harlot and the bowl:
Onward he flies, nor it'd as yet the goal
Where he shall rest him on his pilgrimage;
And o'er him many changing scenes must roll
Ere toll his thirst for travel can assuage,
Or he shall calm his breast, or learn experience sage.

XXIX.

Yet Maffra shall one moment claim delay,
Where dwelt of yore the Lusitania's luckless queen;
And church and court did mingle their array,
And mass and revel were alternate seen;
Lords and ladies—illsorted I fly were!
But here the Babylonian whose birth 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 gilt.

XXX.

O'er vales that team with fruits, romantic hills,
(Oh, that such hills upheld a freerborn race!) Whereon to gaze the eye with joyous fills,
Childe Harold wanders through many a pleasant place.
Though sluggards deem it but a foolish chase,
And mortal men should quit their easy chairs,
The toilsome way, and long, long league to trace,
Oh! there is sweetness in the mountain air,
And life, that blotted ease can never hope to share.

XXXI.

More bleak to view the hills at length recede,
And, less luxuriant, smoother vales extend;
Immensio horizon-bounded plains succeed!
Far as the eye descents, without an end,
Spain's realms appear whereon her shepherds tend
Flanks, whose rich those right well the trader knows—
Now must the pastor's arm his lambs defend:
For Spain is compass'd by myriads foes,
And all must shield their all, or share subjection's wees.

XXXII.

Where Lusitania and her sister meet,
Doom ye what bounts the rival realms divide?
Or ere the jealous queens of nations glee,
Dost thy interpose his mighty tide?
Or dark Sierras rise in craggy pride?
Or fince of art, like China's vasty wall?
Ne barier wall, ne river deep and wde,
Ne horrible crag, 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 surmoun flow;
For proud each peasant as the noblest duke:
Well doth the Spanish hind the difference know
To war him and Lusian slave, the lowest of the low.

XXXIV.
But ere the musing bounds have far been pass'd,
Dark Guadahna rolls his power along
In sullen billows, murmuring and vast,
So noted ancient roundelay 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 bann's 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 crecent pale,
While Afric's echoes thrill'd with Moorish matrons' wail.

XXXVI.
Teems not each ditty with the glorious tale?
Ah! such, such! the hero's ampest fate!
When granite moulders and when records fail,
A peasant's plaint prolongs his dubious date.
Praise! bend thine eye from heaven to thine estate,
See how the mighty shrinks into a song;
Can volume, pillar, pile, preserve thee great?
Or must thou trust tradition's simple tongue,
When flutter sleeps with thee, and history doth thee wrong?

XXXVII.
Awake! ye sons of Spain! awake! advance!
Lo! Chivalry, your ancient goddess, cries,
But voids not, as of old, her thirsty lance,
Nor shakes her crimson plumeage in the skies:
Now on the smoke of blazing bolts she flies,
And speaks in thunder through thy 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 Andalusa's shore?

XXXVIII.
Hark!—heard ye not those hoofs of dreadful note?
Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath?
Saw ye not when the reeking sabre smote;
Nor saved your brethren ere they sank beneath
Tyrians and tyrants' slaves?—the fires of death,
The bare-fires flash on high—from rock to rock
Each volley tells vast thousands cease to breathe;
Death rides upon the sulphur Stream,
And Battle stamps his foot, and nations feel the shock.

XXXIX.
Lo! where the giant on the mountain stands,
His blood-red tresses deep'ning in the sun,
With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,
And eye that searcheth all it glares upon;
Restless it rolls, now f'ld, 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 he-thar there)
Their rival scars of mix'd embroidery,
Their various arms that glitter in the air!
What gallant wars-bounds rouse them from their lairs,
And punish their fangs, loud yelling for the prey!
All join the chase, but few the triumph share;
The grave shall bear the choicest 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 vict'rn, and the fond ad
That fights for all, yet ever fights in vain,
Are met—as if at house they could not die—
To feel the cross 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 soph'ry! in these behold the tools,
The broken tools, that tyrants cast away
By myriads, when they dare to pare their way
With human hearts—to what?—a dream alone.
Can despots compass nought that hails their sway?
Or call with truth one speck of earth their own,
Save that wherein at last they crumbling bone by bone?

XLIII.
Oh, Albuna! glorious field of grief!
As o'er thy plain the pilgrim pricks his steel,
Who could foresee thee, in a space so brief,
A scene where mangling foes should boast and bleed
Peace to the perishing! may the warrior's need
And tears of triumph their reward prolong!
Till others fall where other chieftains lead;
That name shall circle round the gaping throng,
And shine in worthless lays, the theme of tramp'nt song.

XLIV.
Enough of battle's minions! let them play
Their game of lives, and horser breath for horse;
Fame that will scarce reanimate their clay,
Though thousands fall to deck some single name.
In sooth 'twere sad to thwart their noble aim
Who strike, boast hirelings! for their country's good
And die, that living might have proved her shame;
Perish'd, purchased, in some domestic feud,
Or in a narrower sphere wild rapine's path pursuea
XLV.

Full swiftly Harold wends his lonely way
Where proud Sibylla triumphs unimpaired;
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 fame! “glaunt Fate to strive;
Where desolation plants her finished brood
Is vain, or Iion, Tyre might yet survive,
And virtue vanquish all, and murder cease to thrive.

XLVI.

But all unconcerned of the coming doom,
The feast, the song, the revel here abounds;
Strange muses of merriment the hours consume,
Nor blest these patriots with their country’s wounds;
Not here war’s clarion, but loves rebeck sounds;
Hope folly still his votaries enthrals;
And young-eyed leanness walks her midnight rounds;
Girt with the silent crimines of captives,
Still to the last kind vice clings to the torturing walls.

XLVII.

Not so the rustic—with his trembling mate
He lurks, or casts his heavy eye afar;
Lost he should view his vineyard desolate,
Blasted below the dun hot breath of war.
No more beneath soft eve’s conquering star
Fundu-gó twirls his jocund casquett;
Ah, monarchs! could ye taste the ninth 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 matelot?
Of love, romance, devotions, is his lay,
As whilome he was wont the leagues to cheer,
He quack bells wildly jingling on the way?
No as he speeds, he chants:—“Vivá el Rey!”
And checks his song to execute Godoy,
The royal vittol 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-mark’s dint the wounded ground;
And, seathed by fire, the green sword’s darkened 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 whom soever along the path you meet
Bears in his cap the budge of crimson hue,
Which tells you whom to shun and whom to greet
Woe to the man that 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 cloak,
Could blunt the sabre’s edge, or clear the cannon’s smoke

LI.

At every turn Morera’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’erlook’d,
The station’d bands, the never-vacant watch,
The magazine in rocky durance stow’d,
The holster’d steel beneath the shed of thatch,
The ball-piled pyramid, the ever-blasting match.

LII.

Portend the deeds to come—but he whose nod
Has tam’d fowler despots from their away
A moment panic’d ere he lift the rod;
A little moment deigneth to delay;
Soon will his legions sweep through these their way.
The West must own the conqueror of the world.
Ah, Spain! how sad will be thy reckoning-day,
When sons Gaull’s vulture, with his wings unfurl’d And then shalt view thy sons in crowds to Hades hur’d.

LIII.

And must they fall? the young, the proud, the brave,
To swell one blotted chief’s unworthy 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
Ther doom, nor heed the suppliant’s appeal?
Is all that desperate valor net in vain?
And counsel sages, and patriotic zeal,
The veteran’s skill, youth’s fire, and manhood’s heart of steel?

LIV.

Is it for this the Spanish maid, aroused,
Hangs on the willow her unstrung guitar,
And, all unwield, the anvil hath repose,
Sung the loud song, and dared the deed of war?
And she, whom once the semblance of a scar
Appall’d, and sow’d her heart 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 solear 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,
Hafairy form, with more than female grace,
Scarce would you deem that Saragossa’s tower
Belied 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 rallying host.
Who can appease, like her a lover’s grief?
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,
Foiled by a woman’s hand, before a ladder’d wall?
LVII.
Yet are Spain's maids no race of Amazons,
But found for all the witching arts of love:
Though this is in arms they emulate her sons
And in the heral'd phalanx dare to move,
'Tis but the tender leniteness of the dove,
Pecking the hand that hovers o'er her mate:
In softness as in firmness far above.
Remote 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
Denies how soft that chin which bears his touch!
Her lips, whose kisses part to leave their nest,
Bad man be valiant ere he merit such:
Her glance how wildly beautiful! how much
Hath Pallas weed'd in vain to spoil her cheek,
Which glows yet smoother from his amorous clutch!
With whom the round the north for paler dams would seek?
How poor their forms appear! how languid, wan, and weak!

LIX.
Match me, ye elmes! which poets love to hand;
Match me, ye banner of the land! where now
I strike my strain far distant to applaud
Beauties that ev'n a cynic must adore:
Match me these bowries, whom ye scarse allow
To taste the gale lest love should ride the wind,
With Spum's dark-glancing daughters—be hold to know
There your wise prophet's paradise we find,
His black-eyed maids of heaven, angelically kind.

LX.
Oh, thou Parnassus!13 whom I now survey,
Not in the phrenzy of a dreamer's eye,
Not in the fancied landscape of a lay,
But soaring straw-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 woe thee echoes with his string,
Though from thy heights no more one muse will wave her wing.

LXI.
Of have I dream'd of thee! whose glorious name
Who know not, knows not man's divinest lore:
And now I view thee, 'tis alas! with shun e
That in fittest accents must adore.
When I recount thy worshippers of yore
I tremble, and can only bend the knee;
Nor raise my voice, nor vanity dare to soar,
But gaze beneath thy cloudy canopy
In silent joy to think at last I look on thee!

LXII.
Ha! happier in this than mightiest lands have been,
Whose fate to distant bosses confined their lot,
Shall I unmoved be hold the hollow'd scene,
Which others rave of, though they know it not?
Though here no more Apollo hants his grot,
And there, the massed' seat, art saw their grave,
Some gentle spirit still pervades the spot
Signs in the gale, keep:s silence in the cave,
And glides with glassy foot o'er you melodious wave.

LXIII.
Of thee hereafter.—Even amidst my strain
I turn'd aside to pay my homage here;
Forgot the land, the sons, the maids of Spam;
Her fate, to every freed-born bosom dear,
And ha! I'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 donn'd an idle vaunt.

LXIV.
But ne'er didst thou, fair mount! when Greece was young,
Soo round thy giant base a brighter choir,
Nor e'er did Delphi, when her priestess sung
The Pythian hymn with more than mortal fire,
Beside a trace more fitting to inspire
The song of love, than Anchialus's maids,
Nurse 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;14
But Cadiz, rising on the distant coast,
Cuts forth a sweeter, though ignoble praise.
Ah, vice! how soft are thy voluptuous ways!
While bayish blood is mantling who can 'scape
The fascination of the magic gaze,
A chera hydras round us doth thou gape,
And mould to every taste thy dear delusive shape.

LXVI.
When Paphos fell by time—acnested 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 sojourn else constant, luther deign'd to flee;
And fix'd her shrine within these walls of white
Though not to one dome circumference she
Her worship, but, devoted to her rite,
A thousand altars rise, for ever blazing bright.

LXVII.
From morn till night, from midnight till startled morn
Peeps blosshoug on the revel's laughing crew,
The song is heard, the rose garland worn,
Devices quaint, and fancies ever new,
Tread on each oth'rs kites. A long adieu
He bids to sober joy that here sojourns;
Nought interrupts the rout, 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 inflows it upon this Christian shore?
Lo! it is sacred to a solemn feast:
Hark! heard you not the fathers monarch's roar?
Crashing the lance, he smote the spouting gare
Of man and steel, overthrown beneath his horn;
The throng'd arena shakes with shouts for more
Yells the mad crowd o'er earials freshly torn,
Nor shrinks the female eye, nor even affects to mourn.
CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

LXIX.

The seventh day this; the jubilee of man.
London: right well then know'st the day of prayer:
Then the spence citizen, wash'd and cleaned,
And swung apprentice gulp their weekly air:
Thy coach of Harkness, horse, one-horse chair,
And humblest gig through sun-sick suburbs whirr.
To Hampshead: Berkford, Harrow, make repair;
Till the tired vale the wheel forgets to burn,
Rev. long curious glide 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 send to Ware,
And many to the steep of Highgate lico.
Ask ye, Boetian sheiles! the reason why?
'Tis to the worship of the solemn horn,
Grasped in the holy hand of mystery.
In whose dread name both men and maid's are sworn,
And consecrate the oath with draught and dance till morn.

LXXI.

All have their fashions—not alike are thine,
Fair C灾难, rising o'er the dark-blue sea;
Such as the matutinal proclaimed mine,
The saint-aborers count the rosary:
Much is the Virgin teased to shrive torn free
(Well do I ween the only virgin there)
From crimes as numerous as her head grown be;
Then to the crowded circns forth they file,
Young, old, high, low, at once the same diversion share.

LXXII.

The lists are o'er, the spacious arena clear'd,
Thousands on thousands piled are seated round;
Long ere the first loud trumpet's note is heard,
No vacant space for latest sight is found:
Dare does, grankses, but chiefly dames abound,
Skilled in the agile of a rapish eye,
Yet ever well inclined to heal the wound;
None through their cold disdain are doom'd to die,
As moon-struck hards complain, by love's and ar-berry

LXXIII.

Here'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 loudly hailing to the lists advance;
Dich are their scars, their chargers fleetly prance;
If in the dangerous game they shine to-day,
The crowd's loud shout and ladies' lovely glance,
Best proof of better acts, they bear away,
And all that kings or chief e'er gain their toils repay.

LXXIV.

In costly sheen and gandy clowk array'd,
But all a-foot, the high-brow'd Matador
Stands in the centre, eager to invade
The lord of loving her is: but not before
The ground, with cautious tread, is traversed o'er,
Last unought unseen should luck to thwart his speed:
His arm's a dart, he fights aloof, nor more
Can man achieve without the friendly steel.
Alas! too oft condemn'd! for him to bear and bleed.

LXXV.

Thrice sounds the clarion; lo! the signal falls,
The dean expands, and expectation mute
Gapes round the silent circle's peopled walls.
Bombs with one lashing spring the mighty brute,
And, wildly staring, spurms, with sounding feet.
The sand, nor blindly ruffles on his face
Here, there, he points his threatening front, to sue
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 fixed
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 courser veer;
On forms the bull, but not unSkeletal he goes;
Stream from his flank the crimson torrent clear;
He thro', he arrows, distracted with his thores;
Dare fellows dart; lance, lance; loud bellumors spert
His woes.

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,
Van are his weapons, vaner is his force.
One gallant steed is stretch'd a mangled corpse;
Another, hideous sight! unmade appears,
His gory chest unvels life's panting source,
Though death-struck still his foible frame he rears
Staggering, but stemming all, his lord unarm'd the bears

LXXVIII.

Foild, bleeding, breathless, furious to the last,
Full in the central stands the bull at bay,
Mid wounds and clanging darts, and lances bras,
And foes disabled in the head fray:
And now the Matadores round him play,
Shake the red cloth, and pause the ready brand;
Once more through all he hurse his thunder-way
Vain rage! the mantle quits the conquer hand,
Wraps his fierce eye—his past—he smite upon the sand

LXXIX.

Where his vast seek just mines with the mine,
Smash'd in his form the deadly weapon lies.
He stops—he starts—des pairing to decline;
Shortly he falls, amlet trump, long crack.
Without a groan, without a struggle, dies.
The decorated ear appears—oh high
The corse is laid—sweet sight for vulgar eyes—
Four-steels that snap the reign, as swift as shy,
Hurl the dark bulk along, scarce seem in dashing by.

LXXX.

Such the unequal sport that of braves
The Spanish maid, and cheers the Spanish raven,
Nurtured in blood batimes, his heart's delight.
In vengeance, glowing on another's pain.
What private lends the troubled valiant man?
Though now one phantom'd host should meet the foe.
Enough, alas! in irritable homes remain.
To meditate against friends the secret blow.
For some slight cause of wrath, whences whate'er stream must flow.
LXXXI.
But jealousy has fled; his bars, his bolts, the wretched sentinel, duenna sage!
And all whereat the generous soul revolts,
Which the stern fatal deem'd he could engage,
Have pass'd to darkness with the vanish'd age.
Who late so free as Spanish girls were seen
Ere war rose in his volcanic rage,
With branded tresses bounding o'er the green,
tilt on the gay dance ahone 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 soo'er he seems,
Full from the fount of Joy's delicious springs
One bitter o'er the flowers its bubbling venom flings.16

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 herself to rest, or lies;
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 unceasing 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 sat,
Pain'd forth his unpremeditated lay,
I'c charms as fair as those that sooth'd his happier day.

TO INEZ.

1.
Nay, smile not at my sullen brow,
Ah! I cannot smile again;
Yet Heaven avert that ever thou
Should'st 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, even thou must fial to soothe?

3.
It is not love, it is not hate,
Nor how ambition's honors lost,
That bids me loathe my present state,
And fly from all I once the most;

4.
It is that weariness which springs
From all I meet, or hear, or see;
To me no pleasure beauty brings;
Time 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, wherever I be:
The blight of life—the demon thought.

7.
Yet others rapt in pleasure seem,
And taste of all that I forsake;
Oh! may they still of transport dream,
And ne'er, at least like me, awake!

8.
Through many a clime 'tis mine to go,
With many a retrospection eart;
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 we 'th 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:17
Here all were noble, save nobility;
None hagg'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 chains fell,
True to the veriest slave 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!"18

LXXXVII.
Ye, who would more of Spain and Spaniard know,
Go, read whatever is writ of bloodiest strife;
What'er keen vengeance urged on foreign foe
Can act, is acting there against man's life:
From flaming semic 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 erst oppressor bleed,
So may such foes deserve the most remorseless deed!
LXXXVIII.

Fie on 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 coarse remain;
Albeit unworthy of the prey-bird's maw,
Let their bleached 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 legion-poor advow 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 enchant'd,
Strange retribution! now Columba's case
Repairs the wrongs that Quito's sons sustain'd,
Whilom's parent clime pricks murder unstrain'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-assorted right.
When shall her olive-branch be free from bane?
When shall she breathe her from the blushing coil?
How many a doleful day shall sink in night,
Ere the Frank robber turn him from his soil,
And freedom's stranger-tree grow native of the soil!

XI.

And thou, my friend!—since unwav'd the vow
Bursts from my heart, and mingles with the strain—
Had the sword laid thee with the mighty boy,
Pride might forbid ev'n friendship to proclaim:
Sat thus unmourn'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 mournful crest!
What hast thou done to sink so peaceably to rest?

XCII.

Oh! known the earliest, and esteem'd the most!
Dear to a heart whereought was left so dear!
Though in my hopeless days for ever lost,
In dreams deny me not to see thee here!
And mean in secret shall renew the tear
Of conscienceless awaking to her woes,
And fancy hover o'er thy bloodless hier,
Till I my frail frame return to whence it rose,
And mourn'd and mourned die united in repose.

XCIII.

Here is one fatte of Harold's pilgrimage:
Ye who of him may further seek to know,
Shall find some things in a future page,
If he that rhythm now may scrible prove,
Is this too much? stern critic! why not so?
Patience! and ye shall hear what he beheld
in other lands, where he was deem'd to go:
Lands that contain the monuments of Eld,
Ere Greece and Grecian arts by barbarous hands were quell'd.

CANTO II.

I.

COME, blue-eyed maid of heaven—but thou, shalt
Durst never yet one mortal soul inspire—
Godless of wisdom! here thy temple was,
And is, despite of war and wasting fire, 1
And years, that bade thy worship expire;
But worse than steel, and flame, and ages slow,
Is the dread sceptre and dominion dire
Of men who never felt the sacred glow
Last thoughts of thee and thine on polish'd breasts bestow. 2

II.

Ancient of days! august Athena! where,
Where are thy men of might? thy grand in soul?
Gone, glimmering thro' the dream of things that were;
First in the race that led to glory's goal,
They won, and I pass'd away—is this the whole?
A school-boy's tale, the wonder of an hour!
The warrior's weapon and the sibyl's stole
Are sought in vain, and o'er each moldering tower,
Din with the mist of years, gray fills the shade of power.

III.

Son of the morning, rise! approach you here!
Come—but mostest not you denunciated turn;
Look on this spot—a nation's sanctuary!
Aboile of gods, whose shrines no longer burn.
Even gods must yield—religion take their turn;
'Twas Jove's—Jinn's Mahomet's—an other creeds:
Will rise with other years, till man shall learn
Vainly his incense spoils, his victim bleeds;
Poor child of doubt and death, whose hope is built on reeds.

IV.

Round 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, rockist not to what region,
On earth no more, but mingled with the skies?
Still wilt thou dream on future joy and woe?
Regard and weigh thou dust before it flies,
That little urn hath more than thousand homilies.

V.

Or hast the vanquish'd hero's holy mound;
Far on the solitary shore he sleeps: 3
He fell, and falling nations round around;
But not one of sad-losing thousands weeps
Nor varied word-slinger his vigil keeps
Where demigods appear'd, as records tell,
Remove you shall from out the scatter'd heaps
Is that a temple where a god may dwell?
Why e'en the worm at last disdains her shatter'd shell.

VI.

Look on the broken arch, its ruin'd wall,
Its chambers desolate, and portals foul:
Yes, this was once ambition's nay hall,
The dome of thought, the palace of the soul
Rebuild through each metrical, egressious hole.
The gay recess of wisdom and of wit,
And passion's host, that never brook'd control
Can fill, saint, sage, or sophist ever wit,
Peole this f'ler tower, this temenent rift?
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 has his pang, but foible sufferers groan
With brain-born dreams of evil all their own.
In sue 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 honest men have deem'd, there be
A land of souls beyond that sable shore,
To shame the doctrine of the Sibyls
And sophists, madly vain of dubious lore;
How sweet it were in concert to adore
With those who made our mortal labours bright!
To hear each voice we fear'd to hear no more!
Behold each mighty shade reveal'd to sight,
The Etrurian, 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—
To meet 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 taught 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 favourate throne:
Mightiest of many such: Hence let me trace
The latest grandeur of thy dwelling-place.
It may not be; nor can I fancy's eye
Restore what time hath labour'd to destroy.
Yet these proud pillars claim no passant sigh—
Unmoved the Moslem sits, the light Greek card by.

XI.

But who, of all the plunderers of your fame
On high, where Pallas linger'd, both to live,
The latest relic of her ancient reign?
The last, the worst, dull spoiler, who was he?
Blank, Cælebœnum! such thy son could be!
Em'br'd! I joy no child he was of thine:
Thy licentious sons should spare what once was free;
Yet they could violate each saddening shrine,
And bear these altars o'er the long-releasant brine."

XII.

But meet the modern Pict's grobule boast,
To rave what Goth, and Turk, and time hath spared;
Cold as the crags upon his native coast,
His mind as lurid and his heart as cold,
To 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 despots' chains.

XIII.

What! shall it e'er be said by British tongue,
Athena 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 tears
The last poor plunder from a bleeding land;
Yes, she, whose geniuses aid her name endears,
Tore down these remants with a harpy's hand,
Which curious Eld forsook, and tyrants left to stand

XIV.

Where was thine reign, Pallas! that appall'd
Stern Alaric and havoc on their way? 13
Where Patens' 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 scarce a second robber from his prey?
Folly 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 over the dust they loved;
Dull is the eye that will not weep to see
The walls defaced, thy mem'ring shrines remove;
By British bands, which it had best beloved
To guard those relics n'er to be restored,
Could he the hour when from their isle they roved,
And once again thy hapless bosom gored,
And snatch'd thy shrinking gods to northern climes ab
horr'd!

XVI.

But where is Harold! shall I then forget
To urge the gloomy wanderer o'er the wave?
Lest rock'd he of all that men regard;
No loved-one now in feign'd linear could rave;
No friend the parting hand extended gave.
The cold stranger pass'd to other climes:
Hard is his heart whom charmers may not ensnare;
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 galant frigate teli
Masts, spars, and stand returning to the right,
The glorious main expanding o'er the bow,
The convoy spread like wild swans in their flight,
The dullest sailor weari'g bravely now,
So gally curl the waves before each dashing prow.

XVIII.

And oh, the little arbitrate world within,
The well-reck'd guns, the nettled cavalry;
The howse-corn wind, the busy humming bin,
When, at a word, the topes are mount'd on high,
Hark to the beat-sawuts' call, the clattering eye!
While through the seaman's hand the noble gale
Or school-boy musketeer, that, standing by,
Strains his shrill pipe as good or ill betides,
And well the docile crew that skilful archer guides
XIX.
White in the glassy deck, without a stain,
Where on the watch the staid lieutenant walks
Look on that part which sooth doth remain
For the base chieflain, who majestic stalks
Scent and hear'd by all—not off he talks
With aught beneath him, if he would preserve
That strict restraint, which broken, ever balks
Conquest and fame: but Britons rarely swerve
From law, however stern, which tends their strength to
serve.

XX.
 Blow! sootily blow, thou keel-compelling gale! ’Tis our old
Till the broad sun withdraws his leniseming ray;
Then must the pennant-bearer stanch the sail.
That lagging barks may make their lazy way.
Ah! grievance sore, and listless dull delay,
To waste on shaggy hills the sweetest breeze!
What leagues are lost before the dawn of day,
Thus bickering pensive on the willing seas.
The flapping sail hand’d down to hait for logs like those!

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 maidens believe:
Such be our fate when we return to land!
Meantime some rude Arion’s restless hand
Wakes the brick harmony that sailors love;
A circle there of merry listeners stand,
Or to some well-known measure feebly 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,
Darting rock, and slope, and forest brown,
Distinct, though darkening with her waning phase;
But Mauritania’s giant-shadowsrown,
From mountain-cliff to coast descending sombre down.

XXIII.
’Tis night, when meditation bids us feel
We once have loved, though love is at an end;
The heart, keen measure of its bated seal,
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 minglethings should 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 swaying side,
To gaze on Dana’s wave-reflecting sphere;
The soul forgets her schemes of hope and pride,
And those unconscious o’er each backward year.
None are so desolate but something dear,
Dearer than self, possessors or possessed.
A thought, andclaims the homage of a tear;
A fleeting 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 never, or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flocks that never needs a fold;
Alone o’er steep and leaping falls to lean:
This is not solitude; it is but to hold
Converse with Nature’s charms, and view her stores unroll’d.

XXVI.
But ’midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
And roam along, the world’s tired demon,
With none who bless us, none whom we can bless,
Mourns of splendid shrinking from distress!
None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
If we were not, would seem to smile the loss
Of all — at flutter’d, follow’d, sought, and sued;
This is to be alone; thus, this is solitude!

XXVII.
More blest the life of godly eremite,
Such as on lovely 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 visitful linger on that halow’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 forget.

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;
Crep’d in their winged sea-girt eden;
The fool, the liar, the contrary, the kind,
As breezes rage and fall and lowers swell:
Till on some jocund morn — ho, land! and all is well

XXIX.
But not in silence pass Calypso’s isles,
The sister tenants of the middle deep;
Their revelry with the multitudinous deep;
Thence 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 lower tide:
While thus of both bereft, the nymphs-queen should sigh’d.

XXX.
Her reign is past, her gentle glories gone;
If trust not this; too easy youth, beware!
A mortal sovereign holds her dangerous throne,
And then may’st find a new Calypso the c
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 vanity often last and caught,
But knew him as his worshipper once more,
And never again the boy his bosom sought;
Since now he vainly urged him to adore,
Well deem’d the little god his ancient sway was o’er.

XXXII.
Fair Florence found, in sooth with some amaze,
One who, ’twas said, still sight’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 bardsmen claims:
And much she marvel’d that a youth so raw
Nor felt, nor feign’d at least, the oft-told flames,
Which, though sometimes they frown, yet rarely anger dames.

XXXIII.
Little knew she that seeming marble-heart,
Now mask’d in silence or withheld by pride,
Was not unsalv’d 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 anguish was worthy to pursue;
But Harold on such arts no more relied;
And had he doted on those eyes so blue,
Yet never would he join the lover’s whining crew.

XXXIV.
Not much he kens, I ween, of woman’s breast,
Who thinks that wanton thing is won by sighs;
What careth she for hearts when once possess’d?
Do proper homage to thine idol’s eyes;
But not too humbly, or she will despise
These and thy suite, though told in moving tropes:
Disguise ev’n tenderness, if thou art wise;
Brisk confidence still best with woman cope;
Pique her and soothe in turn, soon passion crowns thy hopes.

XXXV.
’Tis an old lesson ; time approves it true,
And those who know it best, deplor it most;
When all is soon that all desire to woo,
The paucity 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 linger in my song,
For we have many a mountain-path to tread,
And many a varied shore to sail along,
By passive sadness, not by fiction led—
Chimes, fair whal’d as ever mortal head,
Imag’d in its little schemes of thought;
On o’er in new Utopia were read,
To each man what he might be, or he sought;
If thy 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-wea’nd, though not her favour’d child,
Oh! she is fairest in her features wild,
Where nothing polish’d dares point her path:
To me by day or night she ever smiled,
Though I have mark’d her when none other saw,
And sought her more and more, and loved her best wrath.

XXXVIII.
Land of Albania! where Iskander rose,
Theme of the young, and beacon of the wise,
And he, his name-sake, whose oft-baffled foes
Shook from his deeds of chivalrous empire:
Land of Albania! let me bend mine eyes
On thee, then rugged nurse of savage men!
The cross descends, thy murmurs 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 Peneda’s echo’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 immortals save
That breast imbued with such immortals fire?
Could she not live who life eternal gave?
If life eternal may await the lyre,
That only heaven to which earth’s children may aspire.

XL.
’Twas on a Grecian autumn’s gentle eye,
Childe Harold sail’d and Landcavia’s cape afar:
A spot he long’d to see, nor cared to leave;
Oft did he mark the scenes of wo’d war,
Aeolus, Leponia, 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 brave’s trade, and laught’d at mortal wight.

XLI.
But when he saw the evening star above
Landcavia’s far-projecting rock of war,
And hail’d the last resort of fruitless love,
He felt, or deem’d he felt, no common glow;
And as the straitly vessel glistened slow
Beneath the shadow of that ancient mound,
He watch’d the fellows melancholy flow,
And, sunk, be’t in thought as he was wont,
More placid seem’d his eye, and smooth his pulsed brow.

XLII.
Morn dawns; and with it stern Achania’s hills,
Dark Sulis’ rocks, and Phaestus’ inland peak,
Robed half in mist, bedew’d with snowy rills,
Array’d in many a dun and purple stream,
Arise; and, as the clouds along them break,
Disclose the dwelling of the mountaineer;
Here roams the wolf, the eagle whets its beak,
Birds, beasts of prey, and wilder men appear,
And gathering storms around conceive the closing year.
XLIII.

Now Harold felt himself at length alone,
And bade to Ch'Scan tongues a long adieu;
Now he adventur'd on a shore unknown,
Which all who'd, but many dread to view;
His breath was, 'tis said, against fate, his wants were few;
Peril he sought not, but never shrink'd to meet,
The scene was savage, but the scene was new;
This made the ceaseless toil of travel sweet,
Beat back her winter's blast, and welcomed summer's
tide.

XLIV.

Here the red cross, for still the cross is here
Though sadly scotched at by the circumcised,
For' as that pride to pumper'd priesthood dear;
Clothcham and votary alike despised.
Foul superstition! howsoever disregarded,
Idol, saint, virgin, prophet, crescent, cross,
For whatsoever symbol thou art prized,
Thou sacr'dest gain, but general loss!
Who from true worship's gold can separate thy cross?

XLV.

Ambracia's gulf behold, where once was lost
A world for woman, lovely, harmless thing!
In yonder rolling bay, their naval host.
Dul many a Roman chief and Asian king!
To doubtful conflict, certain slaughter bring:
Look where the second Caesar's trophies rose!
Now, like the hands that rear'd them, withering;
Infernal anarchy, doubting human woes!
God! was thy globe ordain'd for such to van and lose?

XLVI.

From the dark barriers of that rugged cline,
Ev'n to the centre of Hyrcan's vale,
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 Temple boast
A charm they know not; loved Parnassus hills,
Though classic ground and consecrated most,
To match some spots that lurk within this lowering coast.

XLVII.

He pass'd bleak Parnes, Acherus'm lake, 17
And left the primal city of the land,
And onwards did his further journey take
To greet Albanum's chief, 18 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
Hur't their defiance far, nor yield, unless to gold. 19

XLVIII.

Monastic Zitra! 20 from the 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 abroad,
And bluest skies that harmonize the whole:
Beneath, the distant torrent's rushing sound
Tells where the volumed cataract doth roll
Between those hanging rocks, that shock yet please the soul.

XLIX.

Amid the grove that crowns you tufted hill,
Which, were't not for many a mountain high
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 calyber, 23 nor rude is he,
Nor niggard of his cheer; the passer-by
Is welcome still; nor heedless with his feet
From hence, if he deight kind nature's sheen to see

LI.

Here in the sulriest 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 fair beneath—oh! let him seize
Pure pleasure while he can; the searching ray
Here pierceth not, impregnate with disease:
Then let his length the loftier pilgrim lay;
And gaze, untired, the morn, the noon, the eve away.

LII.

Dusky and huge, emergent on the sight,
Nature's volcanic amphitheatre,
Chimera's Alps extend from left to right:
Beneath, a living valley seems to stir;
Flocks play, trees wave, streams flow, the mountainair
Nodding above: behind black Acheron! 22
Once consecrated to the shrivell'd
Purs'd if this be hell! I know not,
Close shunned Elysian's gates, my shade shall seek for none!

LIII.

Ne city's towers pollute the lovely view;
Unseen is Yatta, 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 scattered flock,
The little shepherd in his white capote 24
Doth lean his boyish form along the rock,
Or in his cave awaits the tempest's short-lived shoes.

LIV.

Oh! where, Domboa! is thine aged grove,
Prophetic fount, and oracle divine?
What valley echoed the response of Jove?
What trace remaineth of the Thunderer's shrine?
All, all forgotten—and shall man repine
That his frail bonds to fleeting life are broke?
Cease, fool! the fate of gods may well be thine:
Wouldst thou survive the marble or the oak?
When nations, tongues, and worlds must sink beneath
the stroke!

LV.

Epirus' bounds recede, and mountains fail;
Tired of up-spinning still, the wearied eye
Reposes gladly on as smooth a vale
As ever spring yiel'ded in grassy dye;
Even on a plain no humble lovelies lie,
Where some bold river breaks the long exparse,
And woods along the banks are waving high,
Whose shadows in the glassy waters dance.
Or with the moon-beams sleep in midnight's solemn trance.
LV.
The sun had sunk behind vast Tamerit, and
And Laos wide and fierce came roaring by.
The shades of wounded night were gathering yet,
When, down the steep banks winding warily,
Childe Harold saw, like moose or the sky,
The glittering numerals of Tepawen,
Whose walls o'erlook the stream; and drawing sighs,
He heard the busy hum of warrior-men
Scrolling 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,
Saw'd the dwelling of this chief of power,
Where all around proclaimed his high estate.
Amidst no common pomp the despot sat,
While busily preparations 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
Circled the wide-extending court below:
Above, strange groups adorn'd the corridor;
And oft-times through the Area's echoing door
Some high-cap'd Tartar spurr'd his steed away:
The Turk, the Greek, the Albanian, and the Moor,
Here mingled in their many-hued array,
While the deep war-drum's sound announced the close of day.

LVIII.
The wild Albanian kirtled to his knee,
With shawl-girt head and ornamented gun,
And gold-embroider'd garments, fair to see;
The crimson-scarf'd men of Macedon;
The Della with her 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 mock.

LIX.
Are mix'd conspicuous: some recline in groups,
Scanning the moody scene that various sound;
There some grave Moslem to devotion stoops,
And some that smoke, and some that play, are found;
Here the Albanian proudly tracts the ground;
Half whispering there the Greek is heard to prate;
Half from the mosque the nightly solemn sound,
The Muezzin's call doth shake the muzar,
"There's nothing but God—topayer—hol! God is great!"

LX.
Just as the sunset-glow Ramazani's fast
Through the long day its pennon did maintain;
But when the lingering twilight hour was past,
Revel and feast assumed the rule again:
Now all was bustle, and the feudal train
Prepared and spread the plentiful board within;
The vacant gallery now seem'd made in van,
But from the chambers came the mingling din,
As page and slave awoke were pressing out and in.

LXI.
Here woman's voice is never heard; a part,
And scarce permitted, guarded, veil'd, to move,
She yields to one her person and her heart,
Tuned to her cage, nor feels a wish to rove:
For, not unhappy in her master's love,
And joyful in a mother's gentle cares,
Bliss cares! all other feelings far above!
Herself more sweetly bears the babe she bears,
Who never quits the breast no matter passion share.

LXII.
In marble-paved pavilion, where a spring
Of living water from the centre rose,
Whose bubbling did a genial freshness bring,
And soft voluptuous couches breathed repose,
All reclined, a man of war and woe;
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 you hoary lengthening head
Ill suits the passions which belong to youth;
Love conquers age—so Hafiz hath aver'd,
So sings the Tchin, an omen in seed—
But crimes that scorn the tender voice of Ruth,
Beseeching all men ill, but most the man
In years, have mark'd him with a tiger's tooth;
Blood follows blood, and, through their mental 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 spurious seat
Of wealth and wantonness, the choice retreat
Of sated grandeur from the city's noise;
And where it lingers it in sooth was sweet;
But peace ah! howarth artifical joys,
And pleasure, leagued with pomp, the rest 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 troubles 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
Throwing 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 had men hofter press;
But these did shelter him beneath their roof;
When least barbarians would have effect'd him less,
And fellow-countrymen have stood aghast—
In aught that tries the heart how few withstand the proof!
LXVII.
It chanced that adverse winds once drove his bark
Full on the coast of Sulth's sloughy shore,
When all around was desolate and dark;
To land was perilous, to return more;
Yet for a while the mariners forbore,
Doubtful to trust where treachery might lurk;
At length they ventured forth, though doubling sore
That those who loathed alike the Frank and Turk
Vight once again renew their ancient butcher-work.

LXVIII.
Vain fear! the Sulitives stretch'd the welcoming hand,
Led them o'er rocks and past the dangerous swamp.
Kinder than polish'd slaves though not so bland,
And pitied the heathen, 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,
Both lesson happier men, and shame's 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 bard't eggers,
And wasted far and near with blade and brand;
And therefore did he take a trusty band
To traverse Aenarrus's forest wise,
In war well season'd, and with labours trim'd,
Till he did greet white Aeneus' side,
And from his further bark Aetolia's worlds espied.

LXX.
Where were Utrankey forests in a circling cove.
And weary waves retune 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 deep deep's scene.——
Here Harold was received a welcome guest,
Nor did he pass unview'd 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 mauvases had there yegad
Whom gaping wonderment had stared aghast;
For ere night's midnight, still the hour was past,
The native revels of the troop began;
Each pukkar 4 has saber from him cast,
And bonding hand in hand, man link't to man,
Clinging their uncouth dirge, long danced the kirtled clan.

LXXII.
Childe Harold at a little distance stood
And view'd, but not displeased, the revelry,
Nor hated harmless mirth, however rude:
In south, 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,
Fell thus in concert they this lay half sung, half

31 Tambourgi! Tambourgi! thy barum afar
Gives hope to the valiant, and promise of war,
All the sons of the mountains rise at the note,
Chimariot, Illyran, and dark Sulibote!

2. Oh! who is more brave than a dark Sulibote,
In his snowy caresse and his slavag 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 frien, but an enemy live?
Let those guns so mer-c'd such vengeance forged?
What mark is so far 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 scions 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 her covert the captive on shore.

6. I ask not the pleasures that riches supply,
My sabre shall win what the foible 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 burn 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 Proven sa fell;
The shrieks of the conquer'd, the conquerors yell,
The rocks that we fired, and the plunder we shared,
The wealth 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 Pushaw.

10. Dark Muehtar his son to the Danube is sped,
Let the yellow-hair'd 1 l Giaours 2 view his horse-tail 3
With dread;
When his Dolhis 4 come dashing in blood o'er the banks,
How few shall escape from the Muscovite ranks!

11. Sedicat! unleasht our chief's seimitar,
Tambourgi! thy barum gives promise of war
Ye mountains, that see us descend to the shore,
Shall view us as victors, or view us no more!

* Drummer.
1 Yellow is the epithet given to the Russians.
2 l Giaours. 3 Horse-tails are the insignia of a pacha.
4 Dolhis, answering to our forlorn hope.
5 Sword-bearer.
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-accustomed bondage uncreate? Not such thy sons who whilome did await, The hopeless warriors of a willing doom, In blin'd Thermo ybrn's sepulchral strait— Oh! who that galant spirit shall resume, 
From them and their Eurotas' banks, and call thee from the tomb?

LXXIV.
Spirit of freedom! when on Phyle's brow Thou sat'st with Thrasybulus and his train, Couldst thou forbode the dismal hour which now Duns 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 defy in vain, Trembling beneath the scourge of Turkish hand, From birth till death enslaved; in word, in deed unman'd.

LXXV.
In all, save form alone, how changed! and who That marks the fire still sparkling in each eye, Who but would deem their bosoms burn'd anew With thy unquench'd 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 fear 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 Moscovite redress ye? no! True, they may lay your proud despouls low, But not for you will freedom's auras 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 three 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 Walhub'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 luten days begin, That penance which their holy rites prepare To strive from man his weight of mortal sin, By duly abstemious and nightly prayer; But ere his sackcloth garb repentance wear, Some days of joyance are decreed to all, To take of pleasures each his secret share, In motley robe to dance at masking bai, And join the mimic train of merry Carnival.

LXXIX.
And whose more rife with meritment that thine, Oh Stamboul! once the empress of their reign? Though turbains now pollute Sophia's shrine, And Greece her very altars eyes in vain: (Alas! her voice, still pervade my strain!') Gay were her munstrals once, for free her throes, All felt the common joy they now must feign, Nor of I've seen such sight nor heard such song As woe'd the eye, and thrill'd the Bosphorus long.

LXXX.
Load was the lightsome tumult of the shore, Oft music changed, but never ceased her tone, And timely echoed back the measured ear, And rippling waters made a pleasant moan: The queen of tides on high confessing shame, 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 seemed to light the banks they love.

LXXXI.
Gazed many a light calique along the foam, Danced on the shore the daughters of the land, Ne thought had man or maid of rest or home, Whose many a languid and thrilling hand Exchanged the look few bosoms may withstand, Or gently press, 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, Lark there no hearts that throb with secret pain, Ev'n through the closest scumant 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 gamesomc crowd Is source of wayward thought and stern disdain: How do they boast the laughter sily 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 bondman's peace, who sighs for all he lost, Yet with smooth smile his tyrant can accept, 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 race.

LXXXIV.
When riseth Lacedemon's hardbread, When Thbes Epanomantas rear's again, When Athens' children are with hearts enflamed, 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 shattered splendour renovate, Recall its virtues back, and vanquish time and fate?
LXXV.
And yet how bony in thine age of woe,
Laud of lost gods and godlike men, art thou!
Thy tales of ever-green, thy hills of snow
Proclaim thee nature's varied favour now:
Thy fames, thy temples to thy surface bow.
Coneming 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;

LXXVI.
Save where some solitary column mourns
Above its prostrate brethren of the cave,
Save where Triton's airy shrine adorns
Column's cliff, and gleams along the wave;
Save o'er some warrior's half-forgotten grave
Where the gray stones and unmosoled grass
Ages, but not oblivion, feebly brave,
While strangers only not regardless pass,
Lingerling like me, pendance, to gaze, and sigh—"Alas!

LXXVII.
Yet are thy skyes as blue, thy crags as wild;
Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are thy fields,
Thine olive ripe as when Minerva smiled,
And still has honed wealth Hymentus yields;
There the bleat be his fragrant fortress builds,
The freed-born wanderer of thy mountain-air
Apollo still thy song, long summer gilds,
Still in his beam Mendels's marvels glare;
Thy glory, freedom fail, but nature still is fair.

LXXVIII.
Where'er we tread is haunted, holy ground;
No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mo, iid,
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 wild
Defies the power which crush'd thy temples gone:
Age shaks Athena's tower, but spares gray Marathon.

LXXIX.
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 bore,
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 care.

XC.
The flying Mole, 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 hollow'd ground
Recording freedom's smile and Asia's tear?
The rifled urn, the violated mound,
The dust thy courser's lost, rude stranger! spurn'd around.

XCI.
Yet to the remnant of thy splendour, pass,
Shall piaroms, populous, but unwearyed, throng,
Long shall the voyager, with the Ionian blast,
Hail the bright clime of battle and of song;
Long shall thine awnals 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 hands above,
As Pallas and the muse unveil their awful lore.

XCII.
The parted bosom clings to wonted home,
If taught that 's kindred ever the welcome hearth,
He that is lonely hither let him roam,
And gaze complacent on congenial earth.
Greek is no light-song 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 bow defaced!
Not for such purpose were these altars placed
Revere the remains nations once revered;
So may our country's name be undisgraced,
So may'st thou prosper where thy youth was reared,
By every honest joy of love and life endure!d.

XCIV.
For thee, who thus in too prostrated song
Hast soothe the thine idleессe with inglorious lays,
Soon shall thy voice be lost amid the throng
Of 'order minstrels in those later days:
To such resign the strife for facing lays—
Ill may such contest now the spirit move
Which hoeds nor been 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 affection bound to me;
Who did for me what none besides have done,
Nor shrank from one albeit unworthy thee.
What is my being? thou hast ceased to be!
Nor stare 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 living, lovely, and beloved!
How selfish sorrow ponders on the past,
And clings to thoughts now better far removed!
But time shall tear thy shadow from me last.
All thou couldst have of mine, stern Death! thou hast,
The parent, friend, and now the more than friend;
Ne'er yet for one thine arrows hew so fast,
And grief with grief continuing still to blend,
Hath snatch'd the little joy that life had yet to lend.
CANTO III.

"Afin que cette application vous foyet de penser à autre
above, il n'y a en vers de romanc que celou-la et le tems."

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,—

Awakening with a start,
The waters heave 'round me; and on high
The winds lift up their voices: I depart,
Whiter I know not; but the hour's gone by,
When Albion's leasening shores could grieve or glad mine eye.

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, whereas'er it lead!
Though the strain'd mast should quiver as a reed,
And the rent canvas fluttering swerve the gale,
Still must I sail; for I am as a weed,
Plunged from the rock, on ocean's foam, to sail
Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath
prof'd.

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 harrows of long thought, and dried-up tears.
Which, eluding, leave a sterile track behind,
O'er which all heaviness 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 such grief or gladness—so it fling
Forgetfulness around me—it still I deem
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, strive.
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 unimpaired, 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 imagine, ev'n 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' birth.

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, untangled in youth my heart to tame,
My springs of life were poison'd: 'Tis 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 it is past,
And the spell closes with its silent seal.
Long-absent He now re-appears at last;
He of the breast which fain no more would dwell,
Wrong with the wounds which kill not but nec'raul:
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 drugs were wormwood; but he fill'd again,
And from a purer font, on holier ground,
And deem'd its spring perpetual; but in vain!
Still round him clung invisibly a chain
Which soil'd for ever, littering though unseen,
And heavy though it clank'd not; worn with pain,
Which pained although it spoke not, and grew keen,
Entering with every step he took, through many a scene.

X.

So sure in guarded coldness, he had mix'd
Again in fanc'd safety with his kind,
And deem'd his spirit now so firmly liv'd
And exulted with an invulnerable mind,
That, if no joy, no sorrow lurk'd behind;
And he, as one, might wish the many stand
Unheeded, searching through the crowd to find
Fit speculations! 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 be old?
Who can contemplate fame through clouds unfold
The star which rises o'er her steep, or 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 mast unfit
Of men to herd with man; with whom he hold'd
Little in common, naught to admit
His thoughts to others, though his soul was quell'd
In youth by his own thoughts; still unempow'r'd
He would not yield dominion of his mind
To spirits against whom his own rebell'd;
Profound 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, there 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 spoke
A mutual language, clearer than the tone
Of his land's tongue, which he would oft forsake
For nature's pages, gliss'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 height
He had been happy; but this clay will sink
Its spark immortal, vanity the light
To which it mounts, as if to break the link
That keeps us from our heaven which wos us to its brink

XV.

But in man's dwellings he became a thing
Restless and worn, and stern and wearisome,
Drupp'd as a wild-born falcon with clap wing,
To whom the blameless air alone were home:
Then came his fit again, which to o'ercome,
As eagerly the hard spp'ard bird will beat
His breast and beat against his wiyy dome,
Till the blood mingles his plumage, so the heat
Of his impeded soul would throb, his bosom eat.

XVI.

Self-exiled Harold wanders forth again,
With thought 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 smallness assume,
Which, though 't were wild,—as on the plunder'd wreck
When mariners would madly meet their doom
With draughts intertempore on the sinking deck,—
Did yet inspire a cheer, which he forborne to check.

XVII.

Stop!—for thy tread is on an empire's dust!
An earthquake's spout is squelch'd below!
Is the spot mark'd with no colossal bust?
Nor column trophies 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 skills,
The grave of France, the deadly Waterloo!
How in an hour the power which gave annuls
Its gals, transmuring fame as fleeting too!
In "pride of place"! here last the eagle flew,
Then tore with bloody talon the rent pian,
Pierced by the shaft of banded nations through;
Ambitious life and labours all were vain;
He wears the shattered links of the world's broken chain.

XIX.

Fit retribution! Gaul may champ the bit
And foam in letters;—but is earth more free?
Did nations combat to make One Sahib?
Or league to teach all kings true sovereignty?
What! shall reviving thraldom again be
The patch'd-up fold of enlightened 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 frown'd with hot tears
For Europe's flowers long rooted up before
The transplater of her vineyards; in vain years
Of death, depopulation, bondage, tears,
Have all men borne, and broken by the accora
Of round-dup millions; all that most eacuras
Glory, is when the myrtle wreathez the sword,
Such as Harmodius drew on Athens' tyrant lord.
XXI.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgaum's capital had gather'd thence;
Her beauty and her valour, and the light
The lamp's show o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell.

But hush! hush! 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's the cannon's opening roar!

XXIII.

Within a window'd niche of that high hall
Sat Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amid 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 peace was 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! thou and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and trembling of distress,
And checks all paige, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loneliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which never might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon nights 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 Albion's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:
How in the noon of night that thrilling thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipes, 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 raves,
Dearly with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate o'er griefes,
Over the unreturning brave,— alas!—
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall own
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 behold 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, head and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blend.

XXIX.

Their praise is hymn'd by lofter 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 thund'r'd files along,
Even where the thickest of war's tempest lower'd,
They reach'd no 'darker breast than thine, your g. gallant Howard!

XXX.

There have been tears and breaking hearts for thee,
And mine were nothing, hail such to give;
But when I stood beneath the fresh green tree,
Which living waves where thou didst cease to live,
And saw around me the wide field revive
With fruits and fertile promise, and the spring
Come forth her work of gladness to contrive,
With all her reckless birds upon the wing,
I turn'd from all she brought to those she could not bring.*

XXXI.

I turn'd to thee, to thousands, of whom each
And one as all a glairly gap did make
In his own and and kindred, whom to teach
Forgiveness 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, an. be 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 must and sail be torn;
The roof-tree sinks, but moulders on the hall
In mossy hollowness; the ruin's wall
Stands where its wind-worn battlements are gone;
The bars survive the captive they estrild,
The day drives through though storms keep out the sun,
And thus the heart will brook, 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 do which not forsakes,
Lying in shattered guise, and still, and cold,
And bloodless, with its sleepless sorrow aches,
Yet withers on till all is void,
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 4 shore,
All ashes to the taste; did man compute
Existence by enjoyment, and count o'er
Such hours 'gainst years of life,—say, would he name
three-score?

XXXV.

The Psalmist number'd out the years of man:
They are enough; and if thy tale be true,
Thou, wits! didst grudge him ev'n that fleeting span
More than enough, thou great 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 met
One moment of the mightiest, and again
On little objects with like firmness fix'd,
Extreme in all things! hadst thou been betwixt,
Thy throne had still been there, 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 woul'd thee once, thy vassal, and became
The flatterer of thy fierceness, till thou wert
A god unto thyself; nor let the same
To the astonied kingdoms all avert,
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, rebuid,
But govern not thy pettiest passion, nor,
However deeply in men's spirits skill'd,
Look through thine own, or curb the lust of war,
Nor learn that tempted fate will leave the loftiest star.

XXXIX.

Yet well thy soul hath brok'n the turning tide
With that untaught innate philosophy,
Which, be it wisdom, coldness, or deep pride,
Is gail 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 ill upon him piled.

XL.

Sager than in thy fortunes; for in them
Ambition steed'd thee on too far to show
That just habitual scorn which could commenr
Men and their thoughts; it 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 headlong rock,
Thou hast 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 pved thine
thron,
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 cymes 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 sifting 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, bard's, statemen, all unquiet things,
Which stir too strongly the soul's secret springs,
And are themselves the fools to those they fool;
Enraged, yet how unconscious! what stings
Are their's! 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 begot to stride,
That should their days, surviving perils past,
Melt to calm twilight, they feel overcast
With sorrow and supposefulness, and so die;
Even as a flame uved, which runs to waste
With its own flickering, or a sword had by
Which eats into itself, and rusts vigorously.
XLV.

He who ascends to mountain-tops shall find
The loveliest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow;
He who surmounts 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
Wisely he who loves his own creation, or in time
Maternal nature! for who seems like thee,
Thus on the banks of thy majestic Rhine?
There Harold gazes on a work divine,
A blending of all beauties; streams and dells,
Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, corn-field, mountain, vine,
And chiefless castles breathing stern farewells
From gray but leafy walls, where run greenly dwells.

XLVII.

And there they stand, as stands a lofty mina,
Worn, but unstooping to the baser crowd,
All tenacious, save to the ebbing wind,
Or holding dark communion with the cloud.
There was a day when they were young and proud,
Banners on high, and battles passed below,
But they who fought are in a bloody shroud,
And those which waved are shrouded dust ere now,
And the bleak battlements shall bear no future blow.

XLVIII.

Beneath these battlements, within those walls,
Powers dwelt amidst her passions; in proud state
Each roister chief upheld his armed halls,
Dong his evil will, nor less stale
Than mightier heroes of a longer date.
What want these outlaws! 10 conquerors should have,
But history's purchased page to call them great?
A wider space, an ornamented grave!
Their hopes were not less warm, their souls were full
As brave.

XLIX.

In their baronial fields and single fields,
What deeds of process unrecorded die!
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 fiercelessness, and drew on
Keen contest and destruction near allied,
And many a tower for some fair mischief won,
Saw the diseased Rhine beneath his ruin run.

L.

L. A thousand battles have assail'd thy banks,
But these and half their time have pass'd away.
And slaughter heap'd on high his wakering mounds—
Their very graves are gone, and what are they?
The 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 duly said, and pass'd along,
Yet not insensibly 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 taken the place
Of feelings fierer 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 easily gaze
On such as smile upon us; the heart must
Leap kindly back to kindness, though disgust
Hath woul'd it from all forlornings; thus he felt;
For there was soft remembrance, and sweet trust
In one fond breast, to which his own would melt,
And in its tender hour on that his bosom dwelt.

LIV.

And he had learned to love—I know not why,
For this in such as him seems strange and new,
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 need 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 grow.

LV.

And there was one soft breast, as hath been said,
Which unto his was bound by stronger ties
Than the church links within; and, though unmerk,
Tend love was pure, and, far above disguise,
Had stood the test of mortal tumults
Still unimpeach'd, and cemented near
By peril, dreaded most in female eyes;
But this was firm, and from a foreign shore
Well to that heart might he these absent greetings bear.

LVI.

The castled crag of Drachenfels 11
From 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 swell'd a scene, which I should see
With double joy were 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 bounds,
And noble arch in proud decay.

Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers;
But one thing want those banks of Rhine,—
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine!

3.

I send the lyres 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 high,
And know'st them gather'd by the Rhine,
And offer'd from my heart to thine!

4.

The river nobly flows and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round;
The haughtiest breeze its wish might bound
Through life to dwell delighted here;
Nor cold on earth a spot be found
'Th Nature and to me so dear,
Could thy dear eyes in following mine
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine!

LVI.

By Coblenz, on a rise of gentle ground,
There is a small and simple pyramid,
Crowning the summit of the verdant mound;
Beneath its base are heroes' ashes hid,
Our enemy's,—but let not that forbid
Honour to Marceau! o'er whose early tomb
Tears, big tears, rush'd from the rough soldier's lid,
Lamenting and yet envying such a doom,
Failing 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 pity 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 classical which he bestows
On such as wield her weapons; he had kept
The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept.12

LVIII.

Here Ehrenbreitstein,13 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 batter'd foes was watch'd along the plain:
But peace destroy'd what war could never bight,
And laid these 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 do girded
The stranger 'gan would linger on his way!
Thine is a scene nice where souls united
Or lonely contemplation thus might stray;
And could the ceaseless voutes cease to pray
On self-condemning lessons, 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!
'Tis with the thankful glance of parting praise;
More mighty spots may rise—more glowing 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 openess, the white city's sheen,
The rolling stream, the precipice's gown,
The forest's growth, and Gohne walks between,
The wild rocks shaped as they had tarreth been
In mockery of man's art; and these wild
A race of faces happy as the scene,
Whose fertile bounties here extend to all,
Still springing o'er thy banks, though empires near
Them fall.

LXII.

But these recede. Above me are the Alps,
The palaces of nature, whose vast walls
Have pummelled in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned eternity in icy balls
Of cold sublimity, where turns and falls
The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow!
All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
Gather around these summits, as to show
How earth may pierce to heaven, yet leave vain men
below.

LXIII.

But ere these matchless heights I dare to scan,
There is a spot not should be pass'd in vain.—
Morat! the proud, the patriot field! where man
May gaze on glorious trophies of the slam,
New blush for those who compart'd on that plain;
Here Burgundy bequeath'd his tombless host,
A bowy heap, through ages to remain,
Themselves their monument;—the Stygian coast
Unspangled they round'd, and shrink'd each vanguard ghost.14

LXIV.

While Waterloo with Caesar's carnage vies,
Morat and Marathon twin names shall stand;
They were true glory's stainless victors,
Won by the unambitious heart and hand.
Of a proud, brotherly, and civic band,
All unboastful champions in no prince's cause
Of vice-cutiful corruption; they no hand
Doom'd to bewail the blasphemy of laws
Making kingly rights divyne, by some Draconic }% 0
LXVI.

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 beholder's 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,
Loved Aventicum,13 had strewn'd her subject lands.

LXVI.

And there—oh! sweet and sacred be the name!—
Julia—her devoted—gave
Her youth to Heaven; her heart, beneath a claim
Nearer to heaven's, broke o'er a father's grave.
Justice is sworn against 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.16

LXVII.

But these are deeds which should not pass away,
And names that mustnot wither, though the earth
Forgets her emperors 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,17
Superbly pure beyond all things below.

LXVIII.

Lake Leman 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 fair 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 bad, but not less cherished than of old,
Ere mingling with the hard he had pen'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,
Mirth 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 never 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,16
Or the pure bosom of its nursing lake,
Which feeds it as a mother who doth make
A fair but forward infant her own care,
Kissing its tears away as they awake;—
Is it not better thus our lives to wear,
Than join the crushing crowd, doomed 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 shelly 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 was I 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
Existing happiness 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 la't?

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 contem
All objects, if compared with these? and stem
A tale of suffering, rather than forego
Such feelings for the hard and worldly phlegm
Of those whose eyes are only turn'd below,
Gazing upon the ground, with thoughts which dare not glow?

LXXVI.

But this is not my theme; and I return
To that which is immediate, and require
Those who find contemplation in the urn,
To look on One, whose dust was once all fire,
A native of the land where I aspire
The clear air for a while—a passing guest,
Where he became a being,—whose desire
Was to be glorious; it was a foolish quest,
The which to gain and keep, he sacrificed all rest.
LXXVII.
Here the self-torturing sophist, wild Roussean,
The apostle of affliction, who threw
Enchantment over passion, and from woe
Wring 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 enamoured, 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, dissterm'd though it seems.

LXXIX.
This breathed itself to life in Jule, thus
Invested her with all that's wild and sweet;
This hollow'd, too, the memorable kiss
Which every morm his fever'd lip would greet,
From her, 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 perchease more blest,
Than vulgar minds may be with all they seek possesst. 19

LXXX.
His life was one long war with self-sought foes,
Or friends by him self-abanish'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 phrenzied,—wherefore, who may know?
Since cause might be which skill could never find;
But he was phrenzied by disease or woe;
Po 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
How'd to the inborn tyranny of years?
Broken and trembling, to the yoke she bore,
Till by the voice of him and his companions
Gouged up to too much wrath which follows o'ergrown fears?

LXXXII.
They made themselves a fearful monument!
The wreck of old opinions—things which grew
Breathed from the birth of time: the veil they rent,
And what behind it lay, all earth shall view,
But good with ill they also inter threw,
Leaving but ruins, wherewith to rebuild
Upon the same foundation, and renew
Dungeons and thrones, which the same hour re-fil'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 hearts 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 hair
Fix'd passion holds his breath, until the hour
Which shall stone for years; none need despair:
It came, it cometh, and will come,--the power
To punish or forgive,—in one we shall be sk sewer.

LXXXV.
Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake,
With the wild world I dwell m, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring,
This quiet soul is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction; once I loved
Torn seamen's roar, but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice reproved,
That I with stern delights should o'er have been, so more.

LXXXVI.
It is the hush of night, and all between
They margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
Mellow'd and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
Save darker'd Jura, whose crest heights appear
Percipitously steep; and, drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear
Drops the light deep of the suspended oar,
Or chaps the grass-hopper one good-night carol more,

LXXXVII.
He is an evening reveller, who makes
His life and 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 mortand empires,—tis to be forgiven,
That in our aspirations to be great,—
Our destinies o'erbear 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,
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves
a star.
LXXXIX.
All heaven and earth are still—though not in sleep,
But breathless, as we grow when feeling most;
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep:—
All heaven and earth are still: from the high host
Of stars, to the hill'd lake and mountain-coast,
All is consecr'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
External harmony, and sheds a charm,
Like to the fabled Cytherea's zone,
Binding all things with beauty:—'t would warm
The spectre Death, had he had substantial power to harm.

XCI.
Not vainly did the early Persian make
His altar the high places and the peak
Of earth—o'er-gazing mountains, and thus take
A fit and unsw'd'ld temple, there to seek
The spirit, in whose honour shrines are weak,
Untruth of human hands. Come, and compare
Columns and idol-dwellings, Goth or Greek,
With nature's shrines of worship, earth and air,
Nor fix on fond aloes to circumscribe thy prayer!

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! Fair 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 cloud!

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 fit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again't it is black,—and now, the glee
Of the born hills shakers with its mountain-mirth,
As if they did rejoice over a young earthquake's birth.

XCIV.
Now, where the swift Rhone cleaves his way between
Heights which app' ar as lovers who have parted
In hate, whose ming'ing 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 food rage
Which bright'ned their life's bloom, and then departed;
Itself expired, but leaving them an age
Of years all welters,—war within themselves to wage.

XCV.
Now, where the qu.t Rhone thus has debit h.s 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 hand,
The brightest through those parted hills hath fiel'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's.

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 in the soul
Of what in me is sleepless,—if I rest.
But where of ye, oh tempests! is the goal?
Are ye like those within the human breast?
Or do ye feel, at length, like eagles, some high nest?

XCVII.
Could I embody and unbloom now
That which is most within me,—could I wrenk
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 check all bloom.
Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
And living up as ical contain'd no tomb,—
And glowing into day: we may resume
The march of our existence:—and thus I,
Still on thy shores, fair Leman! may find room
And food for meditation, nor pass by
Much that may give us pause, if ponder'd fittingly.

XCVI.
Claren's! sweet Claren's, birth-place of deep love! o
Thine air is the young breath of passionate thought, o
Thy trees take root in love; the snows above o
The very glimmers have their colours caught o
And sunset into rose-luces see them wrung 22 o
By rays which sleep there lovingly: the rocks, o
The permanent crags, tell here of love, who sought o
In them a refuge from the worldly shocks, o
Which air and sing the soul with hope that wons, then mocks.

C
Claren's! by heavenly feet thy paths are trod—
Unleying love's, who here ascends a throne
To which the steps are mountains; where the god
Is a pervading life to height,—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 roam.
Cl.

All things are mere of him; from the black pu es,
Which are his image on high, and the loud roar
Of torrents, where he listeneth, to the vines
Which stop 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 hour,
But light leaves, young as joy, stands where it stood,
Offering to him, and his, a populous solitude.

CII.

A populous solitude of bee and bird,
And fairy-born'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 sweetest thought of beauty, here extend,
Mingling, and made by love, unto one mighty end.

CIII.

He who hath loved not, here would learn that here,
And make his heart a spirit: he who knows
That tender mystery, will love the more.
For this is love's excess, where vain men's woes,
And the world's waste, have driven him far from those
For 'tis his nature to advance or die;
He stands not still, but or deays, 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 portrized beings; 'twas the ground
Where early love his Psyche's zone unbound,
And hallowed it withloveliness: 'tis 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 bequested 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
Thoughts which should call down thought; and the flame
Of Heaven, again assail'd, 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, sages, or wild,—
Historian, bard, philosopher combined;
He multiplied himself among mankind,
The Protons of their talents: but his own
Breathed most in rhymes,—which, as the wind,
Blows where it listeth, living all times prone.
Now to overthrew a fool, and now to shake a throne.

CVII.

The other, deep and slow, exhausting thought,
And hewing wisdom with each studious year,
In meditation dwelt, with learning wrought,
And shaped his weapon with an edge severe,
Stepping a solemn creed with solemn sneer.
The lord of irony,—that master'spell,
Which stag'd his foes to wrath, which grew from man,
And dea'd him to the scallo's ready hull,
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 alay'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 fed,
Until it seems prolonging without end.
The clouds above me to the white Alps tent,
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 power 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 haul of the chieft and sages,
Who glorify thy consecrated pages;
Thou wert the throne and grave of emperors; still,
The fount at which the panting mind assuages
Her thirst of knowledge, quailing there her fill,
Flows from the eternal source of Rome's imperial His

CXI.

Thus far I have 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 those words, thus woven into song,
It may be that they are a harmless wife,—
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 pr
So young as to regard man's brow or smile,
As less or greater of a gracious head;
I stood and stood alone,—remember'd or forgot.
CXLIII.

I have not loved the world, nor the world me;
I have not flatter'd its rank breath, nor bow'd
To its oblataries a paitent knee,—
Nor cou'd my check to smiles,—nor cried aloud
To 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
Of thoughts which were not their thoughts, and still
could,
Had I not felt 24 my mind, which thus itself subdued.

CXLIV.

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
Worls which are things,—hopes which will not de-
ceive,
And virtues which are merciful, nor weave
Snare's for the falling: I would also deem
Our others' griefs that some sincerely grieve; 25
That two, or one, are almost what they seem,—
Can goodness is no name, and happiness no dream.

CV.

My daughter! with thy name this song began—
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 vision blend,
And reach into thy heart,—when mine is cold,—
A token and a tone, even from thy father's mould.

CVI.

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 these lightly on a gentle knee,
And press on thy self catch a parent's kiss,—
Thus, it should seem, was not reserved for me;
Yet thus was in my nature:—as it is,
I know not what is there, yet something like to this.

CVII.

Yet, though dull hate as duty should be taught,
I know that thou wilt love me; though my name
Should be shot from thee, as a spell still fraught
With devolution,—and a broken claim:
Though the grave closed 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 then wouldst love me, still that more than life retain.

CVIII.

The child of love,—though born in bitterness,
And nurtured in conviction. Of thy sire
Thou seest 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 candid numbers! Over the sea,
And from the mountains where I now require,
Fun would I wait such blessings upon thee,
As, with a sigh, I deem thou might'st have been to me!

CANTO IV.

Vista ho Toscano, Lombardia, Romanza,
Quel muro che divide, e quel che serra
India, o un mare e l'ultimo, che la Sagona.
ARIOSTO, Satura Ill.

TO
JOHN HOBHOUSE, ESQ. A.M. F.R.S.

etc. etc. etc.

My dear Hobhouse,

After an interval of eight years between the completion 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 extra-

Cordially the knowledge 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—

not ungrateful—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 pros-

pamer, and firm in my adversity, true in counsel, and trusty in peril—to a friend often tried, and never found wanting:—to you.

In so doing, I recur from fiction to truth, and in dedicating you to its complete, or at least concluded state, a poetical work which is the longest, the most thoughtful, and comprehensivest of my compositions, I wish to do honour to myself by the record of many—years intmacy with a man of learning, of talent, of

steadfastness, and of honour. It is not for minds like ours to give or to receive flattery; yet the praises of satis-

sacry have ever been permitted to the voice of friend-

ship, 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 ad-

vantages which I have derived from your exertions.

Even the recurrence of the date of this letter, the an-

niversary of the most unfortunate day of my past exis-
tence, which cannot pension my future, while I retain the resource of your friendship, and of my own faculties, will henceforth have a more agreeable recollec-
tion for both, unsuited as it will remain 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 vari-

ous 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 pilgrimage, or both, have accompanied me from first to last; and perhaps it may be a pardon-
able vanity which induces me to reflect with compla-

cency on a composition which in some degree connects me with the spot where it was invented, and the ob-

jects it would con describe; and however unworthy it may be deemed of those magical and memorable abodes, however short it may fall of our distant reverins
and immediate impressions, yet as a mark of respect for what is venerable, and a 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 lifelong than in any of the preceding, and that little slightly, if at all, separated from the author speaking in his own person. The fact is, that I had become weary of drawing a line which every one 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 it came to pass that I had drawn a distinction between the author and the poet; and the very anxiety to preserve this difference, and disappointment at finding it unsavory, 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 prevalent tenet of Italian literature, that is to say, the subservience of the syllable. But the text, within the limits I proposed, I soon found hardly sufficient for the labyrinth of external objects and the consequent chronicles; and for the whole of the notes, excepting a few of the shortest, I am indebted to yourself, and these were necessarily metal to the elucidation of the text.

It is also a delicate, and no very grateful task, to dessart upon the literature and manners of a nation so dissimilar; and requires an attention and impartiality which would induce us,—though perhaps no matter for 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 some marks to determine our information. The state of literature, 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 passo tutto possa, che vanta la lingua piu mobile ed unice la piu dolce, di tutte le diverse si posson ben dire, e che con le potenze di Alcibiade e di Monti non hia perduto l'arte viva, in tutte di comune essere la prima." Pisa has great names still—Canova, Monti, Ugo Foscolo, Palmarini, Visconti, Morelli, Cogna, Auer, Novezzi, Mau, Mustozzi, Angichi, and Verza, will set one to the present, the most honor- able place, in most of the departments of art, science, and belles-lettres; and in some the very highest; Europe—"ha lus but one Canova.

It has been somewhere said by Alcibiade, that "La pratica uomo unico piu robusta in Italia che in qubunque altra terra—che gli spiriti stretti delitti che si congiungono non sono mai pura." Without subserving 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 furious than their neighbours, that man must be wildly blind, or ignorantly heedless, who is not struck with the extraordinary capacity of this people, or, if such a word be admissible, their capacities, the facility of their acquisitions, the rapidity of their concepts, 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 non e piu come era prima," it was difficult not to contrast this melancholy dirge with the bacchanaal rear 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 in turba di sante curo amara."  

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 annex and a suspended Helicon's cove- pus; it is enough for them to look at home. For when 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 agree- able return to that country whose real welfare can be derived 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

Venice, January 2, 1818.

I. 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
Aroud me, and a dying glory smiles.
O'er the far more, when many a subject land
Look'd to the winged Lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sate in state, throne on her hundred isles!

II. She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean,
Rising with her tara of proud towers
At airy distance, with majestic motion,
A rule 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 parniok, and down'd their dignity increase.

III. In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,
And silent rows the sonorous 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 fertility
The revel of the earth, the muse of Italy!
BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS

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 dogless city's vanish'd way;
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;
Wattering 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 feeding peoples many a page,
And, may be, that which grows beneath mine eye:
Yet there are things whose strong reality
Ofttimes our fairy-land; in shape and hue
More beautiful than our fantasi.ck sky,
And the strange constellations which the more
Of her wild universe is skillful to diffuse.

VII.

I saw or dream'd of such,—but let them go—
They came like truth, and disappear'd like dreams;
And whatsoever they were—are now but so;
I could replace them if I would, still teems
My mind with many a form which aptly seems
Such as I sought for, and at moments found;
Let these too go—for making 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 hard to make, nor hard to find
A country wiser,—or, without mankind;
Yet was I born where men are proud to be,
No without cause; and should I leave behind
The inovate 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
Cockadoodle choose a sanctuary, I 'sume
My hopes of being remember'd in my line
With my land's language: if too far and far
These aspirations in their scene incline,—
If my fame should be, as my fortunes are,
Of happy go with and bright, 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 symathies, nor need;
The thorns which I have reap'd are of the tree
I planted;—they have torn me,—and I bleed:
I should have known what fruit would spring from such
a seed.

XI.

The spouseless Adriatic mourns her lord:
And, annual marriage now to more renew'd,
The Buronan lies rotting un restores,
Neglected garment of her widowhood!
St. Mark yet sees his lion where he stood
Stand, but in mockery of his wilder'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 Suhian sued, and now the Austrian reigns—
An emperor triumphant where an emperor knelt;
Kingdoms are shrink to provinces, and chains
Clank over sequestred cities: nations melt
From power's high pinnacle, when they have felt
The sunshine for a while, and downward go
Like laurino loosened 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 bristled?—Venice, lost and won,
Her thirteen hundred years of freedom done,
Sink's, like a sea-weed, into whence she rose!
Better be whom'd beneath the waves, and shun,
Even in destruction's depth, her foreign foes,
From whom submission wrings a infamous repose.

XIV.

In youth she was all glory,—a new Tyrus,—
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 against the Orient.
Witness Troy's rival, Carinth! Vouch it, ye
Immortal waves that saw Lepanto's light!
For ye are names no time nor tyranny can blight.

XV.

Statues of glass—all shiver'd—the long lie
Of her dead dogs are declined to dust:
But where they dwelt, the fast and sumptuous blue
Bespeaks the pageant of their splendid quit;
Their sceptres broken, and their sword in rust,
Have yielded to the stranger: voids, empty halls,
Thin streets, and foreign aspects, such as must
Too of rem'd her who and what entitles;
Have thug 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 they 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 life's semicircle
Starts from its birth—he rends his captive's chains,
And bids him thank the hard for freedom and his streams.

XVII.
Thus, Venice, if no stronger claim were thine,
Were all thy proud historic deeds forgot,
Thy choral memory of the hard 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 full
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 Ovaw, Radowif, Schiller, Shakspeare's art,
Hea stamp'd her image in my, and even so,
Although I found her thus, we did not part,
Pereance even dearer in her day of woe,
Than when she was a boast, a marvel, and a show.

XIX.
I can repceople with the past—and of
The present there is still for eye and thought,
And meditation chastened 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! I 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 tanner grow:
Lustiest on loftiest and least shelter'd rocks,
Rooted in barreness, where nothing below
Of soil supports them against the Alpine shocks
Of eddying storms; yet springs the trunk, and mocks
The howling tempest, till its height and frame
Are worthy of the mountains from whose blocks
Of bleak, gray granite, into life it came,
And grow a grant tree;—the mind may grow the same.

XXI.
Existence may be borne, and the deep root
Of life and sufferance make its firm abide
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 example be; if they,
Things of ignoble or of savage mood,
Endure and shrink not, we of nobler clay
May temper it to bear,—'tis 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 abated;
Return to whence they came—with like intent,
And weave their web again; some, bow'd and bare;
Wax gray and ghostly, withering ere their time,
And perish with the reed on which they leant;
Some seek devotion, soil, war, good or crime;
According as their souls were form'd to sink or climb.

XXIII.
But ever and anon of grief 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 song—
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 quickly 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, undisguised,
When least we deem of such, calls up to view
The spectres whom no exorcism can bind,
The cold—the changed—perchance the dead—saw,
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
Fallen states and buried greatness, o'er a land
Which was the mightiest in its old command,
And is the lowliest, and must ever be
The master-mind of nature's heavenly hand,
Wherein we 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!
The 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?
The very weeds are beautiful, thy waste
More rich than other climes' fertility;
Thy wreath 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,
Were the day joins the past eternity;
While, on the other hand, mock Diana'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
You sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains
Roll'd o'er the peak of the far Rucian hill,
As day and night, concealing were, until
Nature re claim'd her order:—gently flows
The deep-dyed Brenta, where their hues instil
The odorous purple of a new-born rose,
Which stream's upon her stream, and glass'd within it,

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 her well-sung woes,
The pilgrims of her genius. He arose
To raise a language, and his land reclaim
From the dull yoke of her barbaric foes:
Watering the tree which bears her 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 single, such as raise
A feeling more accordant with his strain
Than if a pyramid form'd his monumental fame.

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 trebbling brook, whereby,
Clear as its current, glide the sunmering hours
With a cala lungur, which, though to the eye
Illusive it seem, hath its mortality
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—men 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 muddy texture from their earliest day,
And loved to dwell in darkness and dismay,
Dooming themselves to be directed to a doom
Which is not of the plagues that pass away;
Making the sun like blood, the earth a tomb,
The tomb a hell, and hell itself a mariner gloom.

XXXV.
In Ferrara! in the wide and grass-crown streets,
Whose symmetry was not for silence,
There seem 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 the walls, and was of yore
Patron or tyrant, as the changing mean
Of petty power impell'd, of those who wore
The wretch 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 ear'd Torquato's fame,
And where Alfonso hale his poet dwell:
The miserable deepot could not quell
The invold soul he sought to quench, and blend
With the surrounding marines, 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 fostest in his fortunes—nay, as think
Of thy poor malice, naming thee with scorn—
Alfonso! how thy dulcet pagents shrink
From thee! if in another station born,
Scarce fit to be the slave of him thou mad'st to mean.

XXXVIII.
Thou! form'd to eat, and be despas, and die,
Even as the beasts that perish, save that thou
Hadst a more splendid trouch and wider sty:
He! with a glory round his forrow'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 shunn'd his country's crying sire
That whetstone of the teeth—monotany in wire!

XXXIX.
Peace to Torquato's injured shade! 't was his
In life and death to be the mark where Wrong
And'd with her poison'd arrows; but to thee.
Oh, victor unnpunish'd in modern song!
Each year brings forth its millions; but how long
The title of generations shall roll on,
And not the whole combined and countless thron
Composer a mind like thine! though all in me
Condense 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 bands of hero and chivalry: first rose
The Tuscan father's Comedy Divine;
Then, not unequal to the Florentine,
The southern Scot, the minstrel who call'd forth
A new Creation with his magic line,
And, like the Ariosto of the north,
Sang lady-love and war, romance and knightly worth.

XLII.
The lightning rent from Ariosto's lust 19
The iron crown of laurel's mimick'd leaves;
Nor was the ominous element unjust,
For the true laurel-wreath which glory weaves 20
Is of the tree no bolt of thunder cleaves,
And the false semblance but disgraced his brow;
Yet still, if fondly superstition greaves,
Know that the lightning sanctifies below 21
Whatever it strikes;—you head is doubly sacred now.

XLIII.
Italy! oh Italy! thou who hast 32
The fatal gift of beauty, which became
A funeral flower of present woes and past,
On thy sweet brow is sorrow plosg'd by shame,
And anain graved in characters of flame.
Oh God! that thou wert in thy making
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, undepressed
For thy destructive charms; then, still united,
Would not be seen the armed torrents pour'd
Down the deep Alps; nor would the hostile horde
Of arm'm-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, 23
The Roman friend of Rome's least mortal mind,
The friend of Tully: as my bark did skim
The bright blue waters with a flaming wind,
Came Megara before me, and behind
Agea lay, Piramus 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 shattered site,
Which only make more mournful 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 mora, lesson bears, drawn from such pilgrimage.

XLVI.
That page is now before me, and on mine
His country's min added to the mass
Of perish'd states he mourn'd in their decline,
And I in solation: 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, 24
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;
Prevent of our religion! whom the wide
Nations have kneel to for the keys of heaven!
Europe, repant of her particide,
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 Etruscan Athens claims and keeps
A safer feeling for her fairy halls.
Girl by her theatre of hills, she reigns
Her corn, and wine, and oil, and plenty leaws
To laughing life, with her redundant born.
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 fife 21
The air around with beauty; we inhale
The amorous aspect, which, beheld, instills
Part of its immortality; the veil
Of heaven is half undrawn; within the pales
We stand, and in that form and face behold
What mind can make, when nature's self would tan,
And to the fond initiates of old
Envy the innate dash which such a soul could mould

L.
We gazed and turn away, and know not where,
Dazzled and drank with beauty, till the heart
Reels with its fulness; there—for ever there—
Chains'd to the churl 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 galls folly—we have eyes:
Blood—pulse—and breast, confirm the Dardan shepherd's prize.

LI.
Appearance thou not to Paris in this guise?
Or to more deeply basset 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 cleavage! white thy lips are
With liva kisses melting while they burn,
Show'd on his eyelids, brow, and mouth, as from an urn!
II.

Glowing, and circumfused in speechless love,
Their full divinity inadequate
This fecund feeling, 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 statute's form, and look like gods below.

III.

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 creep the stream
Wherein that image shall for ever dwell;
The unrefined mirror of the loveliest dream
That ever left the sky on the deep soul to beam.

IV.

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 weeps;
Are Machiavelli's earth returned to whence it rose.

V.

These are four minds, which, like the elements,
Might furnish forth creation.—Italy!
Time, which hath wrought'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 glides it with revivifying ray;
Such as the great of yore, Canova is to-day.

VI.

But where repose the all Etruscan three—
Dante, and Petrarch, and, scarce less than they,
The Bard of Prose, creative spirit! be
Of the Hundred Tales of love,—where did they lay
Their bones, distinguished from our common clay
In death as life? Are they resolved to dust,
And have their country's marbles nought to say?
Could not her quarries furnish forth one but?
I'd they not to her breast their filial earth entrust?

VII.

Ungrateful Florence! Dante sleeps afar;
Like Scipio, buried by the upbraiding shore;
Thy factions, in their worse than civil war,
Prescribed the bard whose name for evermore
Then children's children would in vain adore
With the remembrance of ages; and the crowns
Which Petrarch's inhuman brow supremely wore,
Unto a far and foreign soil had grown,
His life, his fame, his grave, though rifled—not thine

VIII.

Bocaccio to his parent earth bequeath'd
His dust,—and has it not her great among,
With many a sweet and solemn requiem breathes
O'er him who form'd the Tuscan's siren tongue?
That music in itself, whose sounds are sung,
The poetry of speech? No;—even his tomb
Uptorn, must bear the hymn bigot's wrong,
No more amidst the meaner dead find room,
Nor claim a passing sigh, because it told for whom!

IX.

And Santa Croce wants their mighty dust;
Yet for this want more noted, as of yore
The Caesar's pageant, shorn of Brutus' bust
Did but of Rome's best son remind her more:
Happier Ravenna! on thy heavy shore,
Fortune of falling empire! honi'd sleep
The immortal exile;—Arqua, too, her store
Of tuneful relics proudly claims and keeps,
While Florence vainly begs her banish'd dead and weeps

X.

What is her pyramid of precious stones?
Of porphyry, jasper, agate, and all hues
Of gem and marble, to encrust the bones
Of merchant-dukes? the momentary devs
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 press'd with far more reverent tread
Than ever paced the slab which paves the gemmily becal.

XI.

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 view;
There be more marvels yet—but not for mine;
For I have been accustomed 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

XII.

Is of another temper, and I roam
By Tharsisome's lake, in the delites
Fatal to Roman rashness, more at home;
For there the Carthaginian 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, swollen to rivers with their gore,
Reck through the sultry plain, with legions scatter'd o'er

XIII.

Like to a forest fell'd by mountain winds;
And such the storm of battle on this day,
And such the phrenzy, whose corruption blinds
To all save carcasse, that, beneath the fray,
An earthquake rec'd unmercifully my ay
None felt stern nature roaring 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 vessels; 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-dropping nests; and hollowing herds
Stumble o'er heaving plains, and man's dread bath no
words.

LXV.
Far other scene is Thrasiomen 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 shun
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 Sangametto 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 all the living crystal that was ever
The haunt of river nymph, to gaze and love
Her limbs where nothing hit thee, thou dost rear
Thy gracious banks wherein the milk-white steer
Gazes; the purest sea of gentle waters!
And most serene of aspect, and most clear;
Surely that stream was unsavored 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, keep's,
Upon a mild declivity of hill,
Its memory there; beneath it sweeps
The current's calmness; o'er from out it leaps
The limy darter with the glittering scales,
Who dwells and revels in thy glassy deeps;
While, chance, some scattered 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 breast the freshness of the scene
Sprinkle its coolness, and from the dry dust
Of weary life a moment leave it clean
With Nature's baptism,—it is to him ye must
Ply curses for this suspension of disgust.

LXIX.
The roar of waters!—from the headlong height
Vehemence cleaves the wave worn precipice;
The fall of waters! rapid as the light
The flashing waves bounds shaking the abyss;—
The belt of waters! where thy bowl and kiss,
And bow in endless torture; while the sweat
Of all great agony, wrung out from this
Thy Pileggeneth, curls round the rocks of jet
That gird the gulf around, in pathless 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,
Crashing the cliffs, which, downward worn and rent
With his fierce footsteps, yield in chains 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 thrones
Of a new world, than only thus to be
Parent of rivers, which flow gushingly,
With many windings, through the vale:—look back at
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 eternal surge,
Like hope upon a death-bed, and, unworn
Its stealy 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 reor
The thundering cataracts—might be worship'd
more;
But I have seen the soaring Jungfrau rear
Her never-trodden snow, and seen the hour
Glaciers of bleak Mont-Blanc both far and near,
And in Chimari heard the thunder-hills of fear.

LXXIV.
The Acrocerranian mountains of old name;
And on Parnassus stood the eagles fly
Like spirits of the spot, 'as't were for fame,
For still they soar' under unalterably high;
I've look'd on Ida with a Trojan's eye;
Athos, Olympus, Ætna, Atlas, made
These hills seem things of esser dignity,
All, save the lone Sorente's height, display'd
Not more in snow, which asks the lyric Roman's aid

LXXV.
For our remembrance, and from out the plain
Heaves like a long-swung wave about to break,
And on the curl hangs pouring: not in vain
May he, who will, his recollections wake
And quote in classic rampens, and awake
The hills with Latin echoes; I should'd
Too much, to conjure 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 drag when 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
I - health; but what it then destroied, still abhor.

LXXVIII.

The noble 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; 41
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!

LXXIX.

The God, the Christian, time, war, food, 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; for wide
Temple and tower went down, nor left a site:
Chaos of ruins! who shall trace the void,
O'er the dam fragments cast a lunar light,
And say, "here was, or is," where all is doubly night!

LXXX.

The double night of ages, and of her,
Night's daughter, ignorance, hath wrap't and wrap
All round us; we but f.c. on our way to err:
The ocean hath his 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.

LXXXI.

Ah! the lofty city! and alas!
The treble hundred triumphs! 42 and the day
When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass
The conqueror's sword in bearing fame away!
Ah, 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!

LXXXII.

Oh thou, whose chasit roll'd on fortune's wheel, 44
Triumphant Sulla! 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 views, for thou didst lay down
With an atomic smite a more than earthly crown-

LXXXIII.

The dictatorial wreath, - couldst thou divine
To what would one day dwindle that which made
Thee more than mortal? and that so sublime
By aught than Romans Rome should thus be had? She who was named eternal, and array'd
Her warriors but to conquer - she who reign'd
Earth with her hungry shadow, and display'd,
Until the o'er-cameo'd horizon fail'd,
Her rushing wings - Oh! she who was Almighty half'd

LXXXIV.

Sulla was first of victors; but our own
The sagest of usurpers, Cromwell; be
Too swift off princes while he boud the throne
Down to a block - immortal relief! 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.

LXXXV.

The third of the same moon whose former course
Had all but crown'd him, on the same day
Deposed him gently from his throne of force,
And laid him with the earth's preceding clay. 44
And should not fortune thus her fame and sway,
And all we deem delightful, and consume
Our souls: a 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

LXXXVI.

And thou, dread statue! yet existent in
The austere form of naked majesty, 43
Thou who beheldst, 'tis the assassins' din,
At thy bathed base the bloody Casar 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?
LXXVIII.
And thus, the thunder-striken nurse of Rome! 46
She-wolf! whose brazen-imaged dogs impart
The milk of conquerors 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,
Screch'd by the Roman Jove's ethereal dart,
And thy limbs black with lightning—lost thou yet
Guard thine immortal cubs, nor thy fond charge forget!

LXXIX.
Thou dost;—but all thy foster-babies are dead—
The men of iron; and the world hath rear'd
Cities from out their sepulchres: men did
In imitation of the things they fear'd,
And fought and conquer'd, and the same course steer'd,
At equal 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 Caesar, following him of old
With step unequal; for the Roman's mind
Was model'd in a less terrestrial mould, 47
With passions fiercer, yet a judgment cold,
And an immortal instinct which re-echo'd
The statistics of a heart so soft, yet bold;
Alcides with the distaff now he bend'd,
At Ciscopatra's feet,—and now himself he beam'd,

XCII.
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 framed;
With but one weakest weakness—vaity,
Cosmopolitan in ambition—still he aim'd—
At what? can be 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 it with him the Caesars in his fate,
On whom we tread: for this the conqueror rears
The arch of triumph; and for this the tears
And flood of earth flow on as they have flow'd,
A 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, 48
Life short, and truth a gem which loves the deep,
And all things weigh'd in custom's falsest scale;
Opinion and compeitence,—whose veil
Manuseth the earth with darkness, unto 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 pool in sluggish misery,
Roming from sare to son, and age to age,
Proud of their triumphs, nature, and so die,
Bequeathing their hereditary rage
To the new race of unborn slaves, who wage
War for their chains, and, rather than be free,
Bled gladiator-like, and still engage
Within the same arenas where they see
Their fellows fall before, like leaves of the same tree.

XCVI.
I speak not of men's creeds—they rest between
Man and his Maker—but of things allow'd,
Arrê't, and know, and daily, hourly seen,—
The yoke that is upon us doubly bow'd,
The intent of tyranny awok'd,
The ethic of earth's rulers, who are grown
The apes of him who humbled once the proud,
And shook them from their thrones on the throne
Too glorious, were these all his mighty arm had done.

XCVII.
But France got drunk with blood to vomit crime,
And fatal have her Sarmatia 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
Which nips life's tree, and dooms man's worst—his second fall.

XCVIII.
Yet, freedom! yet the banner, torn, but flying,
Streams like the thunder-storm against the wind:
The trumpet voice, though broken now and dying,
The loudest still the tempest leaves behind;
The tree hath lost its blossoms, and the wind,
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 gable days,*
Firm as a fortress, with its tene of stone,
Such as an army's bailliard 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
BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS.

C.

But who was she, the lady of the dead,
That staid in palace? Was she chaste and fair?
Worthy a king—or more—a Roman's bed?
What race of chiefs and heroes did she hear?
What daughter of her beauties was the heir?

How lived—how loved—how died she? Was she not
So hon'nd—and conspicuously there,
Where meaner relicts must not dare to rot,
Acced to commemo rate a more than mortal lot?

CI.

Was she as those who love their lords, or they
Who love the lords of others? such have been,
Even in the olden time, Rome's annals say.
Was she a matron of Cornelia's men,
Or the light air of Egypt's graceful queen,
Profile of joy—or against it did she war,
Inveanted 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, how'd
With woes far heavier than the pomposous tomb
That weigh'd upon her earthy dust, a cloud
Might gather over her beauty, and a gloom
In her dark eyes, prophetic of the doom
Heaven gives its favours—early death;
Yet shed
A sunset charm around her, and almoe
With a benevolent, the Hesperus of the dead,
Of her consuming cheek the dustlike red.

CIII.

Perchance she died in age—surviving all,
Chains, kindness, 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 above we know—Metella died,
The wdiesthest Roman's wife; behold his love or pride!

CIV.

I know not why—but standing thus by thee
It seems as if I had three amnate known,
Then tombs! and other days come back on me
With recollected muse, though the tone
Is changed and solemn, like the cloudy gtem
Of dying thunder on the distant wind:
Yet could I meet me by this ivied stone
Till I had bathed forth the heated mind
Of the floating wreck which rn 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 has fourm'd that was ever dear;
But could I gather from the wave-worn store
Enough for my rude boat, where should I steer?
There wou'd I roam, nor hope, nor life, save what is here.
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 silence fantastic sleep—
The forum, where the imperial 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 assails
Trod on the trembling senate's slavish mutes,
Or raised the veal voice of base prostitutes.

CXIV.
Then turn we to her latest tribute's name,
From her ten thousand tyrants turn to thee,
Red-ener of dark centuries of shame—
The friend of Petrarch—hope of Italy—
Regent! last of Romans! Whil's the tree
Of freedom's wither'd trunk puts forth a leaf,
Even for thy tomb a garland let it be—
Tis tram'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 thou ideal breast; whatever thou art
Or wert,—a young Aurora of the air,
The nymph-delpepny of some fond despair—
Or, it might be, a beauty of the earth,
Who found a more than common votary there
Too much adoring; whatsoever thy birth,
Thou wert a beautiful thought, and softly bated for.

CXVI.
The moses of thy fountain still are sprinkled
With thine Elysian water-drops; the face
Of thy eye-guarded spring, with years unwrinkled,
Reflects the meek-eyed genius of the place,
Whose green, wild margin now no more erase
Art's works; we must the delicate waters keep,
Preserv'd in marble; bubbling from the base
Of the clot statue, with a gentle leap
Thick runs o'er, and round, form, flowers, and ivy cree.

CXVII.
Fantastically tangled; the green hills
Are clothed with early blossoms, through the grass
The quick-red lizard nestles, and the hills
Of summer-birds sing welcome as ye pass;
Flowers flinch in June, and many in their class,
Imbore the pacing step, and with their dyes
Dance in the soft breeze in a shire 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 emerald cover,
Egeria! thy all-beauteous beam beholding,
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 belief?
This cave was surely shaped out for the greeting
Of an enmity'd goddess, and the evil
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 thou art
Make them indeed immortal, and impart
The purity of heaven to earthly joys,
Expel the venom and not blunt the dart—
The full satiety which all destroys—
And root from out the soul the deadly weed which e'ys
For some celestial fruit forbidden to our wants.

CXX.
Alas! our young affections run to waste,
Or water but the desert; whence arise
But weeds of dark luxuriance, tares of haste,
Rank at the core, though tempting to the eyes,
Flowers whose wild odours breathe but agonies,
And trees whose gums are poison: such the plants
Which spring beneath her steps as passion flies
O'er the world's wilderness, and vainly pants
As banish the unreach'd soul—parc'd—wearied—wring—and riven.

CXXI.
Oh love! no habitant of earth thou art—
An insolent scath, 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 pleased heaven,
Even with its own-desiring phantasies;
And to a thought such shape and surge given,
As banish the unreach'd soul—parc'd—wearied—wring—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 seized?
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 rose
Is bitterer still; as charm by charm unwind
Which robbed our Adams, 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 snare, and still it draws us on,
Reaping the whirlwind from the off-sown winds
The stubborn heart, its alchemy been,
Seems ever near the prize, wealthiest when most un
done.
CXXIV.

We wither from our youth, we gasp away—
Sick—sick; and fond the beam—unmislaked the thirst,
Though to the last, in verge of our decay,
Some phantom horses, such as we sought at first—
But all too late,—so are we doubly curst.
Love, time, ambition, avarice—'tis the same,
Each side—and all ill—and none the worse
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 accidental, blind contact, and the strong
Necessity of loving, have removed
Antipathies—bat to recur, ere long,
Enam'd with irrevocable wrong:
And circumstance, that unspir'tal god
And insensate, makes and helps along
Our coming evils with a cruel-like rod,
Whose touch turns hope to dust—the dust we all have trod.

CXXVI.

Our life is a false nature—'t is not in
The harmony of things,—this hard decree,
This unredemable taint of sin,
This bount'full up, 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, nonage—all the woes we see—
And worse, the woes we see not—which throb through
The immeasurable soul, with heart-aches ever new.

CXXVII.

Yet let us ponder boldly 58—'t is a base
Abomin'ment 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—cabal'd, crilb'd, confined,
And bred in darkness, lest the truth should shine
Too brighton the unprepared mind,
The beam pours in, for time and skill will couch the blind.

CXXVIII.

Arches on arches! as if were that Rome,
Collecting the chief trophies of her line,
Would build up all her triumphs in one dome,
Her Colosseum stands; the moon-beams shine
As if were its natural torches, for divine
Should be the light when streams here, to illum
This long-explored but still exquisites mine,
Of contemplation; and the more gloomy
On an Italian night, where the deep skies assume

CXXIX.

Hues which have words, and speak to ye of heaven,
Float 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 bent
His hand, but broke his syle, there is a power
And magic in the ruined battlement,
For which the future of the present hour
Must yield its pomp, and sent tall ages are its shower.

CXXX.

Oh time! the beautifier of the dead,
Adorer 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 thrall,
Which never losses though it doth refuse—
Time, the avenger! unto thee I lift
My hands, and eyes, and heart, and—rave of thee a gift:

CXXXI.

Amidst this wreck, where thou hast made a shrine
And temple more divinely desolate,
Among thy mighty offerings here are nine,
Ruins of years—though few, yet full of fate:—
If thou hast ever seen me too late,
Hear me not: but if calmly I have borne
Good, and reserved my pride against the hate
Which shall not whelm me, let me not have worn
This iron in my soul in vain—shall they not mourn?

CXXXII.

And thou, who never yet of human wrong
Lost the unbalanced scale, great Nero sis! 58
Here, where the ancient paid these 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 not been from hands less near—in this
Thy former realm, I call thee from the dust!
Dost thou not hear my heart?—Awake! thou shalt, and must.

CXXXIII.

It is not that I may not have incurred
For my ancestral faults or mine the wound
I blest withal, and, had it been conferred
With a just weapon, it had thou'ld be done:
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 shriak from what is suffer'd: let him speak
Who hath beheld decline upon my brow,
Or seen my mind's conversion 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 break
The deep prophetic fulness of this verse,
And pile on human heads the mount, n 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 forgotten?
Have I not had my brain scar'd, my heart riven
Heaves supp'd, name blight'd, life's life lied away
And only not in desperation driven
Because not altogether of such clay
Asrots into the souls of those whom I survey.
CXXXVI.
From mighty wrongs to petty petty prudish,
Have I not seen what human things could do?
From the loud roar of1leaming cabbie
To the small whisper of the us patent few,
And softer venom of the reptile crew.
The Iceland glance of whose significant eye,
Learning to lie with silence, would seem true,
And without utterance, save the stream or sigh,
Deal round to happy told its speechless melody.

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
Torture and time, and breathe when I expire;
Something unceasing, which they deem in de of
Like the remembrancer of a mote, lyre,
Shall on their softer spirits sink, and move
In hearts all rocky now the late remorse of love.

CXXXVIII.
The seal is set.—Now welcome, thou dead 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 stony mantles, and the solemn scene
Derives from thee a sense so deep and clear
That we become a part of what has been,
And creep unto the spot, all-seeing but unseen.

CXXXIX.
And here the buzz of eager nations ran,
Its murmurs, pally, or loud-rear'd applause,
As man was slaughter'd by his fellow man,
And wherefore slaughter'd? wherefore, but because
Such were the bloody Circes' genial faces,
And the imperial pleasure.—Wherefore not?
What matters where we fall to fill the maws
Of worms—on battle-plains or listless spot?
Both are but theatres where the chief actors roar.

CXLI.
I see before me the gladiator lie; 59
He crouches under his hand—his manly brow
Commands to death, but conquers agony,
And his dress'd head sinks gradually low
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gab, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
The arena swims around him—he is gone,
Ever ceased the inhuman shout which hail'd the wretch
Who won.

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 rule hit by the Dangie lay
There were his young barbarian all at play,
There was their Dacian mother—be, her sire,
Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday; 60
All this rush'd with his blood—Shall he expire,
And man evenged?—Arise! ye Gods, 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 speeds;
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—seem 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 of 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! develop'd, opens the decay,
When the colossal fabric's form is near'd:
It will not bear the brightness of the day,
Which streams too much on all years, men, have lost away.

CXLIV.
But when the rising moon begins to climb
Its topmost arch, and gently passes there;
When the stars twinkle through the loops of time,
And the low night-breeze waves along the air
The gaunt-forest, which the gray walls wear,
Like laurels on the hawk first Caesar's head; 63
When the light shines serene but doth not glare,
Then in this magic circle raise the dead:
Heroes have trod this spot—it is on their dust ye tread.

CXLV.
"While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;" 64
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
And when Rome falls—the world." From our own hand
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 imb'd all;
Rome and her ruin past redemption's skill,
The world, the same woe den—of thieves, or what ye will.

CXLVI.
Simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime—
Shrine of all saints, and temple of all gods,
From love to Jesus—spared and blest by time; 65
Looking tranquillity, while falls or nods
Arch, empire, each thing round thee, and man plots
His way through thorns to ashes—glorious dome!
Shall thou not lust? Time's seyde and tyrants' rob
Shiver upon thee—sanctuary and home
Of art and poet—Pantheon!—pride of Rome!

CXLVI.
Relic of nobler days, and noblest arts;
Despair'd yet perfect, with thy circle spreads
A holiness appealing to all hearts—
To art a model: and to him who tends
Rome for the sake of ages, glory sheds
Her light through thy sole aperture: to those
Who worship, here are altars for their heads;
And they who feel for genius more repose
Their eyes on heathen'd forms, whose busts around them close. 66
CXLVIII.

There is a dungeon, in whose dim dear light
What do I gaze on? Nothing: Look again!
Two forms are slowly shadow'd on my sight—
Two insatiate 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 unman'd 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 these warm and lovely veins the fire
Of health and holy feeling can provide
Great Nature's Nile, whose deep stream rises higher
Than Egypt's river:—from that gentle side
Drink, drink and live, old man! Heaven's realm holds
no such tide.

CLI.

The starry tale of the milky way
Has not the 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 Adrian rear'd on high, 65
Imperial name of old Egypt's piles,
Colossal coquet of deformity,
Whose travel'd phantasm 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, 68
To which Dian'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 hymns 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—
Worthyest of God, the holy and the true.
Since Zion's desolation, when that He
Forsook his former city, what could be,
Of earthly structures to his honour piled,
Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,
Power, glory, strength, and beauty, all are asloec
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 Aly, which still doth rise,
Deceived by its gigantic elevation;
Vastness which grows—but grows to harmonize—
All musical in its immensities:
Rich marbles—rather painting—shrines where flame
The lamps of gold—and naughty dome which rises
In air with earth's chief structures, though their frame
Sits on the firm-set ground—and thus 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 gradations, 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 over-shining edifice
Fools our fond gaze, and, greatest of the great
Doles at first our nature's littleness,
Till, growing with its growth, we thus dilute
Our spirits to the size of that they contemplate.

CLIX.

Then pause, and be enlightened; there is more
In such a survey than the sitting 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 place
The fountain of sublimity displays
Its depth, and these 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 ceasing strain
And grip, and deepening of the dragon's grasp,
The old man's clenched; the long-convened chain
Rivets the living links,—the enormous asp
forces pang on pang, and stiles 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 disquiet, and might,
And majesty, dash 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 visage—are express
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,
Star-like, around, until they gather'd to a god!

CLXIII.

And if it be Promethean stole from heaven
The fire which we endure, it was repit.
By him to whom the energy was given
Which this poetic marble hath array'd
With an eternal glory—which, if made
By human hands, is not of human thought;
And Time himself hath hallowed it, or laid
One ringlet in the dust—not hahlt it caught
Ainge of years, but breathes the flame with which
'it was wrought.

CLXIV.

But where is he, the Pilgrim of my song,
The being who upheld it through the past?
Met the links he cometh late and tardies 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
Anght but a phantasm, and could be class'd
With forms which live and suffer—in that pass—
He's shadow fades away into destruction's maze,

CLXV.

War; gathers shadow, substance, life, and all
That we inherit, in its mortal shroud,
And spreads the dim and universal pall
Through which all things grown phantoms; and the cloud
Between us sinks, and all which ever glowed,
Till glory's self is twilight, and displays
A melancholy halo scarce allow'd
To hover on the verge of darkness:—raw
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 zone
Shall be resolved to something less than this
Its wretched essence; and to dream of fame,
And wipe the dust from off the idle name
We never more shall hear,—but never more.
Oh, happier thought! can we be made the same:
It is enough in sooth that once we bore
These fardels of the heart—the heart whose sweat was
gore.

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 immiscible wound;
Through storm and darkness yawning the rending ground
The golf is thick with phantoms, but the eld
Seems royal still, though with her head discern'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?
Pond 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 blest,
The mother of a moment, o'er thy boy,
Death hurl'd that pang for ever: with thee fled
The present happiness and promised joy
Which still'd the imperial isles so full it seem'd to cry.

CLXIX.

Peasants bring forth in safety.—Can it be,
0 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 moan
Her many griefs for Ones; for she had pour'd
Her orisons for thee, and o'er thy head
Beheld her Iris.—Thou, too, lonely lord,
And desolate consort—wretched 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-born daughter of the isles is lost,
The love of millions! How we did mistrust
Futurity to her! and, though it must
Darken above our bosoms, yet solely deemed
Our children should obey her child, and bless'd
Her and her hope's Ideal seed, whose promise seem'd
Like stars to shepherds' eyes:—'t was but a moment beam'd.

CLXXI.

Woe unto us, not her; for she steeps well;
The fields wreath of popular breath, the tongue
Of hollow counsel, the false oracle,
Which from the birth of monarchly bath rung
Its knell in pearly ears, till the ofring
Nations have array'd in madness, the strange fate
Which tumbles mightiest sovereigns,* and hath thing
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 lamb which loved thee so that none could love thee
best.

CLXXIII.
Lo, Nemi! ’tis navel’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 foam against the skies, reluctant spares
The oval mirror of thy glassy lake;
And, calm as cherub’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, Alban’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 reascending star
Rose o’er an empire;—but beneath thy right
Tully repos’d from Rome:—and where thy ban
Of girdling mountains intercepts the sight,
The Sabine farm was still’d, the weary bard’s delight.

But I forget.—My Pilgrim’s shone is won,
His task and mine alike are nearly done;
Yet once more let us look upon the sea;
The mild and ocean breaks on him and me;
And from the Alban Mount we now behold
Our friends 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 gladness’d by the sun,
And reap from earth, sea, joy almost as dear
As :—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 her! I
Ye elements!—in whose tembbling stir
I feel myself exalted—can ye not
Accord me such a being?—Do I err
In deem’ing 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 move 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 never 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.
Steps with the shore;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man’s ravage, save thy own;
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unkind’l, 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 thy seed; the vile strength he weakens
For earth’s destruction thou dost all despise,
Spuming him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send’st him, shivering in thy playful spray
And bowling, to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth:—there let him sally.

CLXXXI.
The armaments which thunder-strike the walls
Of rock-built cities, holding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak levantians, 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 yest’s of waves, which mark
Alone the Armona’s pride, or spoils of Trebilar.

CLXXXII.
Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wasted them 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 main
Dark-beating;—boundless, endless, and sublime
The image of eternity—the throne
Of the invisible; even from out thy shine
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obey’s their; thou guest forth, dread, fathoms deep, alone
CLXXXIV.
And I have loved thee, oecum! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward; from a boy
I wanted with thy breakers — they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror — 'tis 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 extinguished 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 fit
Less palpably before me — and the glow
Which in my spirit dwelt is fluttering, faint, and low.

NOTES.

CANTO I.

Note 1. Stanza i.
Ye! 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 Carrosse, are the remains of squelcherous hewn in and from the rock: "One," said the guide, "of a king who broke his not-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 near a confit-house.

On the other side of Castri stands a Greek monastery; some way above which is the cliff in the rock, with a range of caverns difficult of ascent, and apparently leading to the interior of the mountain, probably to the Cereyan Cavern mentioned by Pausanias. From this part descend the fountain and the "Dews of Castoria."

Note 2. Stanza xx.
And rest ye at "our Lady's house of woe."

The convent of "Our Lady of Punishment," Nossa Senhora de Pena, is on the summit of the rock.

Below, 1 see the publication of this poem I have been informed of the misapprehension of the term Nossa Senhora de Pena. It was owing to the word of the title, or mark over the n, which altered the signification of the word; with it, Pena signifies a rock; without it, Peña has the sense I adopted. I do not think it necessary to alter the passage, as though the common acceptance affected to it is "Our Lady of the Rock," I may well assume the other sense, from the seventies practiced there at some distance, is the Cork Convent, where St. H"ronus dug his den, over which is his epitaph. From the hills, the sea adds to the beauty of the view.

Note 3. Stanza xxi.
Throughout this populous 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 butcheted: and, so far from refrains being obtained, we were requested not to interfere if we perceived any comrade 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 adored a tale instead of telling one. The crime of assassination is not confined to Portugal: in Sicily and Malta we are knocked on the head at a handsome average nightly, and not a Sicilian or Maltese is ever punished!

Note 4. Stanza xxiv.
Behold the hall where chiefs were late convened\.

The convention of Cintra was signed in the palace of the Marchese Marialva. 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.

Note 5. Stanza xxix.
Yet Mafra shall one moment claim delay.

The extent of Mafra is prodigious; it contains a convent, 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 Escurial of Portugal.

Well doth the Spanish hand the difference know
"Twixt him and Latin slave, the lowest of the low.
As I found the Portuguese, so I have characterized them. That they have since improved, at least in courage, is evident.

Note 7. Stanza xxv.
When Oya! the traitor saw first call'd the band
That dyed my mountain streams with Gothic gore!
Count Julian's daughter, the Helen of Spain. Pontius preserved his independence in the fastnesses of the Asturias, and the descendants of his followers, after some centuries, completed their struggle by the conquest of Grenada.

Note 8. Stanza lviii.
Nor as the spend he changes — "Viva el Rey!"
"Viva el Rey Fernando!" — Long live King Ferdinand! is the chorus of most of the Spanish patriotic songs; they are widely in dispair 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, was born at Badajoz, on the frontiers of Portugal, and was originally in the ranks of the Spanish Garris, till his person attracted the queen's eyes, and raised him to the dukedom of Alenfa, etc., etc. It is to this man that the Spaniards universally impute the ruin of their country.

Beer in his cap the bawdy of crimson hue.

Which tells you in your speech and scheme to zreat.

The red cockade, with "Fernand Septimo" in the centre.
Note 10. Stanza li.
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.

Note 11. Stanza lvii.
Poil'd by a woman's hand before a batter'd wall.
Such were the exploits of the Maid of Saragossa. When the author was at Seville she walked daily on the Prado, decorated with medals and orders, by command of the Junta.

Note 12. Stanza lviii.
The seal love's dimpling finger hath impressed
Denotes how soft that chin that bears his touch.
"Signa in mento impressa amoris digitulo
Vestigio demonstrant multitudinem."—Jul. Cels.

Note 13. Stanza lx.
Oh, thou Parnassus!
These Stanzas were written in Castri (Delphos), at the foot of Parnassus, now called Acrope—Lakabra.

Note 14. Stanza lxv.
Fair is proud Seville; let her country boast
Her strength, her wealth, her site of ancient days.
Seville was the Hispalis of the Romans.

Note 15. Stanza lxv.
Ask ye, Boston 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 birth-place of Pindar, but as the capital of Bœotia, where the first raddle was propagated and solved.

Note 16. Stanza lxxxii.
Some bitter over the flowers its bubbling venom flings.
"Medin de fonte leperum
Surgit amari aequum, quod in levis floribus ansat."—Luc.

Note 17. Stanza lxxxv.
A traitor only fell beneath the sword.
Alluding to the conduct and death of Solano, the Governor of Cadiz.

Note 18. Stanza lxxxvi.
"War even to the knife!"
"War to the knife!" Palafox's answer to the French General at the siege of Saragossa.

Note 19. Stanza xci.
And thou, my friend! etc.
The honourable Mr. W**, of the Guards, who died of a fever at Comира. 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.

"Inanimate amber! could not one suffice?"
The shaft flew thrice, and thrice my ship was ship.
And there were thrice my mean may fill'd her horn.

I should have ventur'd a verse to the memory of the late Charles Skinner Matthews, Fellow of Downing College, Cambridge, were not too much above all praise of none. 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 sober qualities live in the recollection of friends who env'd him too well to envy his superiority.

CANTO II.

Note 1. Stanza i.
—despite of war and warring are—

PART of the Acropolis was destroyed by the expiûrs
of a magazine during the Venetian siege.

Note 2. Stanza i.
But worse than steel, and flame, and age slow,
In the dread seizure and dominion they
Of men who never felt the sacred glow
That thought of thee and time on point'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 recital of what Athens was, and the certainty of what she now is. This theatre of contention between mighty factors, of the struggles of orators, the eulogism 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 forces, the oaks 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 panders contest the privilege of plundering the Parthenon, and triumph in turn, according to the tenor of each succeeding firmam? Syria could but punish, Philip subdues, and Xerxes burn Athens; but it remained for the paltry antiquarian, and his despiseful 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 thence sacred to devotion: its violation is a triple sacrilege. But

"Man, vain wvay,
Dost in a little biet immortality
Play such fantastic tricks? 'Tis a high heaven,
As make the angels weep."

Note 3. Stanza vi.
Far on the solitary shore he sleeps.
It was not always the custom of the Greeks to burn their dead; the greater Aës in part was interred entire. Almost all the chieflc 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, etc., and at last even Aminohis, whose death was as honourable as his life was infamous.

Here, son of Saturn! was thy favorite throne.
The temple of Jupiter Olympus, of which sixteen columns entirely of marble yet survive; originally there were 150. These columns, however, are by many supposed to have belonged to the Parthenon.

Note 5. Stanza xii.
And hear these ashes over the heathenish urns
The ship was wrecked in the Archipæago.

Note 6. Stanza xii.
To rave what Gath, and Turk, and time hath curst.
At this moment (January 3, 1809), besides what hat
been already deposited in London, a Hydriot vessel is in the Piraeus to receive every possible relic. Thus, as I heard a young Greek observer, in common with many of his countrymen—for, last as they are, they yet feel on this occasion—thus may Lord Elgin boast of having returned to Greece its national treasures. One man, named Lusieri, is the agent of devastation; and, like the Greek fisher of Verres in Sicily, who followed the same profession, he has proved the able instrument of plunder. Between this artist and the French consul France, who wishes to secure 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, 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 tasteful medals, appreciating cameos, sketching columns, and cheapening gems, their little absurdities are as harmless as insect or fox-hunting, maidens-speeding, barouche-driving, or any such pastime; but when they carry away three or four ship-loads of the most valuable and costly 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 mode which can express Athens, an Italian resembles the first emitters of its bastardy 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 farther than to affix the name of its plunderer to the walls of the Acropolis; while the wanton and needless defacement of the whole range of the basso-relievo, 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 admiral of collections, consequently no rival;

I now Cape Colonna. In all Attica, if we except Athens itself and Marathon, there is no scene more interesting than Cape Colonna. The scenery, the antiquary and artist, sixteen columns are an immovable source of observation; very distinct to the pine-scent, the supposed scene of some of Plato's conversations will not be unavailing; and the traveller will be struck with the beauty of the prospect over "Idea that causes the Aegean deep," but for an Englishman, Colonna has yet an added wonder, as the actual spot of Fielden's Shipwreck. Pallas and Pluto are forgotten in the recollection of Fielden and Cumberland.

It is in the dead of night, by London's steep.

The seaman's cry was heard along the deep.

This temple of Neptune 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 sea. In our second land excursion, we had a narrow escape from a party of Mamelouks, 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 apparent presence of various countersigns, very suspiciously, but falsely, that we had a complete guard of these Armeians at hand, they remained stationary and thus saved our party, which was too small to have escaped a more efficient resistance.

Colonna is no less a resort of painters than of pirates: there

"The hospitable artist points his kitty-ask, And makes the encircled Naturalist participate."

(Sne Haldoon's Lady Jane Grey, etc.)

But these Nature, with the aid of art, has done that for her self; I was unfortunate enough to encounter a most engaging young gentleman, who had just returned from a tour in the country, and hope to renew my acquaintance with this and many other Levantine scenes, by the arrival of his performances.
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 left my last remaining English servant at Athens: my dragoon was as ill as myself; and my poor Aramout nur-sat me with an attentance which would have done honor to civilization.

They had a variety of adventures; for the Moslem Dervish, being a remarkably handsom man, was always squabbling with the husbands of Athens; also much 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 luckily bought however—a thing quite contrary to etiquette.

Basil also was extremely galling amongst his own persuasion, and had the greatest veneration for the church, mixed with the highest contempt of churchmen, whom he ruffled 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. Basil 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. Basil took his with an awkward show of regret at my intended departure, and marched away to his quarters with his bag of bastards. 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 ex-counsel Angelo 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 head in his arms, he threw himself into 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, "Eis papa!"—"He leaves me," Signor Logotheti, who never wept before for anything less than the loss of a para, melted; the padre of the convent, my attendants, my visors—and I verily believe that even "Sterne's foolish fat scullion" would have left her "fish-kettle" to sympathize 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 relations to a nullifier," 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 feigned fidelity is frequent amongst them. One day, on

1 Para, about the fourth of a farthing.
A 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 affright, which produced the following answer:—"I have been a robber, I am a soldier; to Captain ever struck me; you are my master, I have eaten your bread; but by that bread! (a musical air) 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 Romani, 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 breasting the road broken down by the torrents between Delvinauci and Libochabo. Their manner of walking is truly theatrical; but this strat is probably the effect of the cappote, or cloak, depending from one shoulder. Their long hair reminds you of the Spartans, and their courage in desolatory warfare is unquestionable. Though they have some cavalry amongst the Gegies, I never saw a good Armament horseman; my own preferred the English saddles, which, however, they could never keep. But on foot they are not to be subdued by fatigue.

Note 12. Stanza xxxix.

and past'd the barren spot,
Where said Penelope o'erlook'd the wave.

Ithaca.

Note 13. Stanza xi.

Actium, Lepanto, fatal Traflagar.

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.

Note 14. Stanza xii.

And hail'd the last resort of fruitless love.

Lucenadin, now San Maria. From the promontory (the Lover's Leap) Sappho is said to have thrown herself.

Note 15. Stanza xiv.

many a Roman chief and King.

It is said, that on the day previous to the battle of Actium, Anthony had thirteen kings at his levee.


Look where the second Caesar'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.

Note 17. Stanza xvi.

— Achelois's lake.

According to Pouqueville, the Lake of Yannina; but Pouqueville is always out.

Note 18. Stanza xvi.

To greet Albania's chief.

The celebrated Ali Pacha. Of this extraordinary man there is an incorrect account in Pouqueville's Travels.

Note 19. Stanza xlvii.

Yet here and there some during mountain hand

Dread his power, and from their rocky hold

Hurl their defiance far, not yield, unless to gold.

Five thousand Sinnotics, among the rocks and in the castle of Soli, withstood 30,000 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.

Note 20. Stanza xlviii.

Monastie Zatza, etc.

The convent and village of Zatza are four hours' journey from Joannina, or Yanina, the capital of the Pachick. In the valley the river Kalamas (near the Acheron) flows, and not far from Zatza forms a fine cataract. The situation is perhaps the best in Greece, though the approach to Delvinauci and parts of Aetumnus and Etoia may contest the palm. Delphi, Parnassus, and, in Attica, even Cape Colonna and Port Raphit, are very inferior; as also every scene in Ilisia or the Trond: I am almost inclined to add the approach to Constantinople, but, from the different features of the last, a comparison can hardly be made.

Note 21. Stanza xlix.

Here dwells the enjoyer

The Greek monks are so called.

Note 22. Stanza li.

Nature's volcano amphitheatere.

The Chimaean mountains appear to have been volcanoes.

Note 23. Stanza lii.

behind black Acheron.

Now called Kalavas.

Note 24. Stanza liii.

in his white capote—

Albanian cloak.

Note 25. Stanza lv.

The sun had sunk behind vast Tamerit.

Anciently Mount Tomarits.

Note 26. Stanza lv.

And Lass wide and fierce came romance by.

The river Lass was full at the time the author passed it; and, immediately above Tepuleen, was to the eye as wide as the Thames at Westminster; at least in the opinion of the author and his fellow-traveller, Mr. Hobhouse. In the summer it must be much narrower. It certainly is the finest river in the Levant; neither Achelois, Alpheus, Acheron, Scamander, nor Cayster, approached it in breadth or beauty.

Note 27. Stanza lx.

And fellow-countrymen have stood afloat.

Alluding to the wreckers of Cornwall.

Note 28. Stanza lxii.

— the red wine circling fast.

The Albanian Mussulmans do not abstain from wine, and indeed very few of the others.

Note 29. Stanza Ixii.

Each Pulkar his sake from him cast.

Pulkas, shortened when addressed to a single person, from Pulkasa, a general name for a soldier amongst the Greeks and Albanians who speak Romanitic—means properly "a lad."

Note 30. Stanza Ixiii.

While thus in concert, etc.

As a specimen of the Albanian or Arnaout dialect of
BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS.

he 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.

Bo, Bo, Bo, Bo, Bo, Bo, Nacirura, puppos.

Nacirura na cavin

Ha pe udeurn ti hin.

Ha pe ulero escrotini

Ti vin ti mar servetini.

Calirrote me surne

Ea ha pe pse dua tive.

Boo, Boo, Bo, Bo, Bo,

Gi egen spirta esimuro.

Calirrote vu le fande

Edo vete tunde tunde.

Calirrote me surne

Ti mi put e poi mi le.

Si tu puta cini mora

Si mi ri ni veti udo gia.

Va le mi l che cadade

Celo more, more celo.

Plu hari ti tirecte

Plu huron cia pra seti.

Dance lightly, more gently, and gently still.

Make not so much dus, to destroy your embroidered hose.

The last stanza would puzzle a commentator: the men have certainly baskins 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 Armaunt girls are much 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 Armaunt 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.

Ndi sofar la tunde alavossa

Vettini upri vi losa.

Ah vaiisso mi privi lose

Si mi rini mi la vosse.

Uli tosa rola stua

Sitti eve tulout daua.

Roba stinori sainba

Qu mi ini vetti daua.

Quimini dua cavilini

Roba ti surali tili en.

Utara pisa vaiisso me sinn

Rm ni bapu.

E' mi hu a pote sigi gni

Rebro stinso.

1. The Albanese, particularly the women, are frequently termed "Calirrotas" for what reason I inquired in vain.

Udi vura udeurn ziiri ci-

If I have place my name

cova cili mora

on thy bosom, what have

Udorim talti holma u ede

I gained? my hand is

caimom mora.

I believe the two last 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 "Evoiologisti," 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.

Note 31. Song, stanza 1.

Tambour! Tambour! thy harm afar, etc.

These stanzas are partly taken from different Albanian songs, as far as I was able to make them out by the exposition of the Albanians in Romanic and Italian.

Note 32. Song, stanza 8.

Remember the moment when Previna fell.

It was taken by storm from the French.

Note 33. Stanza lxvii.

Fair Greece! sad relic of departed worth, etc.

Some thoughts on this subject will be found in the subjoined papers.

Note 34. Stanza lxxiv.

Spirit of freedom! when on Phyle's brow

Thee sat with Thrasylalus and his train:

Phyle, which commands a beautiful view of Athens

has still considerable remains; it was besieged by Thrasylalus previous to the expulsion of the Thirty.

Note 35. Stanza lxviii.

Receive the holy Frank, her former guest.

When taken by the Latins, and retained for several years. See Gibbon.

Note 37. Stanza lxviii.

The prophet's tomb of all his pious spoil.

Mecca and Medina were taken some time ago by the Wahabees, a sect yearly increasing.

Note 37. Stanza lxviii.

The vales of ever-green, the hills of snow—

On many of the mountains, particularly Lakedaemon, 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.

Note 38. Stanza lxviii.

Save where some solitary column mounds

Above his prostrate brethren of the cave.

Of Mount Penetereus, from whence the marble war dog that constructed the public edifices of Athens. The modern name is Mount Mantle. An immense cave formed by the quarries still remains, and will fill the end of time.

Note 39. Stanza lxviii.

When Marathon became a mere word—

"Siate, victor—heros calcas!" was the epitaph of 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 burrow has recently been opened by Favre, in low or no relief, as vases, etc., were found by the excavator. The plain of Marathon was offered to me for sale at the sum of sixteen thousand piastres, about nine hundred pounds! Alas!—"Expando—spot libras in duco
it may and hut, during and him.

PAPERS REFERRED TO BY NOTE 33.

1.

Before I saw any thing about a city of which every body, traveller or not, has thought it necessary to say something, I will request Miss O'connor, when she next passes an Athenian heroine for her four volumes, to have the goodness to marry her to somebody more of a gentleman than a "Desdier Aga" (who by the by is not an aga), the most impolite of petty officers, the greatest patron of larcony. Athens ever saw (except Lord E.), and the unworthy occupant of the Acropolis, on a handsome annual stipend of £130 pistareis (eight pounds sterling), out of which he has only to pay his janissary, 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 hastmade, and because the said "Desdier" is a turbulent husband, and beats his wife, so that I exhort and beseech Miss O'connor to sue for a separate maintenance in behalf of "Ida." Having promised thus much, on a matter of such import to the readers of her life, 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 superflious to recount, 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, for many hours on horseback; rain is extremely rare, snow rarely lies in the plains, and a cloudly 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 Sir Basil will still be found correct in his description of a Breton winter.

We found at Livadia an "esprit fort" in a Greek bishop, of all free-thinkers! This worthy hypocrite called his own religion with great ingenuity (but not before his face), and talked of a mass as a "cogliocena." It was impossible to think better of him for this: but, for a Breton, he was brisk with all his absurdity. This phenomenon (with the exception indeed of Thibes, the remains of Charronca, the plain of Plata, Orchomenus, Livadia, and its nominal cave of Triphunus,) was the only remarkable thing we saw before we passed Mount Cithaeron.

The fountain of Dree 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 Dree, and any body who thinks it worth while may contract it himself. 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 tang, probably from the snow, though it did not throw us into an epic fever like poor Doctor Chandler.

From Porto Phylae, of which large remains still exist, the Plain of Athens, Pentheus, Hymettus, the Argae, and the Acropolis, burst upon the eye at once: in my opinion, a more glorious prospect than even Cutra or Ismailiah. Not the view from the Trend, with Ida, the Hellespont, and the more distant Mount Atlas, can equal it, though it seem superior in extent.

I heard of the beauty of Arcadia, but, excepting the view from the monastery of Megaspelikon (which is inferior to Zita in a command of country), and the descent from the mountains on the way from Tripoli to Argos, Arcadia has little to recommend it beyond the name.

"Stepulatus, et dulce moribus renissenat 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 Polyneics of Statius, "In melius audit duo littora campus," did actually hear both shores in crossing the ishums of Corinth, he had better ears than have ever been worn in such a journey since.

"Atheus," says a celebrated topographer, "is still the most polished city of Greece." Perhaps it may of Greece, but not of the Greeks; for Joannus, in Jurrus, 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 characterized in that proverb, which classes them with the Jews of Salome, and the Turks of the Negro-port.

Among the various foreigners resident in Athens, French, Italians, Germans, Ragusans, etc., there was never a difference of opinion in their estimate of the Greek character, though on all other topics they disputed with great acumen. M. Pavel, the French consul, who has passed thirty years principally at Athens, and to whose talents as a writer, 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 reproaches.

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 Thimiostos!" an alarming remark to the "Lamade temporis acti." The ancients accused Thimiostos; the moderns cheat Monseigneur Roque: this great man have ever been treated!

In short, all the Franks with their prejudices, and most of the Englishmen, Germans, Danes, etc., 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 harem, and overcharged by his washerwoman.

Certainly it was not a little staggering, when the Sieurs Pavel and Lasiere, 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 redemptionis," of the Greeks in general, and of the Athenians in particular.

For my own humble opinion, I am both to hazard it, knowing, as I do, that there be now in MS. no less than five different rules of the first magnitude and of the most threatening aspect, all in typographical array, by persons of wit, and honour, and regular commandments books: but, if I may say, his without offence, it seems
to me rather hard to declare so positively and pertinaciously, as almost every body has declared, that the Greeks, because they are very bad, will never be better.

Eton and Soumiit have led us astray by their paeans and projects; but, on the other hand, De Peau and Thornton have debased the Greeks beyond their deserving.

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 eneaged 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 minded 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 traveler whose January fogs them, and to the scribbler whose Journal abuses them! This is the amount of their obligations to foreigners.

II.

Franciscan Consent, Athens, January 23, 1811.

Amongst the remains of the barharous policy of the earlier ages, are the truces 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 negligent than they deserve; and while every man of any pretension 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 study 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 great obstacle, except in the unial of the Franks, to their becoming a 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 Moravian desertion in the Morea has never been forgotten. The French they dislike; although the subjagation 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 appears with arms in their hands will be welcome; and when 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 cology, and publishing very curious speculations drafted 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 terms them the "natural allies" of Englishmen; another, no less ingenious, will not allow them to be the allies of any body, and denies their very descent from the ancients; a third, more ingenious than either, builds a Greek empire on a Russian foundation, and realizes (on paper) all the chimeras of Catherine II. Are to the question of their do—on, what can it import whether the Macevites are the present Laconians or not? or the present Athenians as indigenous 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 Wecliman, is afflicted with a desire of being descended from Caracasses?

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 dismiss 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 Peau, Eton and Soumiit; 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 Fanaal; and if Mr. Thornton did not often 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 gentlemen boast of their little personal intercourse with the court, 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 Grot'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, so very laudably dispensing Pauwville 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. Pauwville is as little entitled to that appellation, as Mr. Thornton to his title of "historian of the modern Greeks." The fact is, we are depravedly in want of information on the subject of the Greeks, and in particular their literature; nor is there any probability of our being better supplied, till our intercourse becomes more intimate, or their independence confirmed: the relations of passing travellers are as little to be depended on as the inferences of angry factors; but till something more can be attained, we must content with the little to be acquired from similar sources.

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 Dr. Fauve, who, when he asserts that the British breed of horses is ruined by Newmarket, and that the Spartans were cowards in the shield, 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 sentiments on themselves.

Let us trust, then, in spite of the prophecies of De Fauve, and the doubts of Mr. Thornton, there is a reasonable hope of the redemption of a race of men, whose ancestors, in the very errors of their religion and policy, have been amply punished by three centuries and a half of captivity.

III.

Access, Franciscan Concert, March 17, 1811.

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 Smyrna. In that number, Art. 3, containing the review of a French translation of Strabo,

1 A word, en passant, with Mr. Thornton and Dr. Pauville, who have been guilty between them of sadly clipping the Salmon's Turkish.

Dr. Pauville tells a long story of a Modern who swallowed corrosive sublimate, in such quantities that he acquired the nomenclature of "Salmon Yeus," i.e. quoth the doctor, "Selenoma, the eater of corrosive sublimate," "Ah," thinks Mr. Thornton, fancy the doctor for the fifth time! "I have caught you!"—Then, in a note twice the thickness of the doctor's immediate, he questions the doctor's pronunciation of the Greek words, and has the Brix in his own. "For," observes Mr. Thornton, (after injecting us the tetchy prepositional of a Turkish verb), "it means nothing more than Salmon the eater," and quite caustics the supplement "ei 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 asking of his Samooine acquaintance, he will discover that "Salomon yeus" put together directly mean the "natural user of sublimate," without any "Selenoma" in the case: "Saloma" signifies "corrosives sublimate," and not being a proper name on this occasion, although it is an orthodox name enough with the addition of n. After Mr. Thornton's frequent hints of profound orientalism, he might have foreseen this out before he sung such plains over Dr. Pauville.

After this, think "Travellers versus Factum" shall be our motto, though the above Mr. Thornton has condemned "here gemina and anachronistic in one breath; and Pauville, "Ye Sutor ultra crepalem," "Yo Sutor merchant beyond his bales," N. B. For the benefit of Mr. Thornton "Sutor" is not a proper name.

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 modern Greeks. Coray, the most celebrated of living Greeks, at least among the Franks, was born at Sceo (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 Zobellofim. 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 Hippiocrates "H, a fcior~n, etc., to the regularity and correctness of his language, of the said Gail. To his excursions, literary and patriotic, great praise is undoubtedly due, but a part of that praise ought not to be withheld from the two brothers Zemiac (merchants settled in Leëborn), 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 contrymen equal to some who lived in the two last centuries: more particularly Dorotheus of Mytilene, whose Hellenic writings are so much esteemed by the Greeks, that Meletius terms him, "Ettb · ~',/iocrucMj \~·<• ~\aM,\ Mi'a~td~ ~ad~e, ~\Jko~.~ ~\JkO).(" (P. 224. Eusebius, Life of Constantine.)

Passages of Hesiod, the translator of Pontecelle, and Kamarines, who translated Ocellus Lucanus on the Universe into French, Christodolus, and more particularly Pediada, 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 Polyezius, who is stated by the reviewer to be the only modern except Coray, who has distinguished himself by a knowledge of Hellenics, if he be the Polyezius Lampanotades of Yannia, who has published a number of editions in Romaic, was neither more nor less than an itinerant vendor of books; with the contents of which he had no concern beyond the title gains 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 Polyezius may have edited the Epistles of Aristobulus.

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 Meleutus, Archbishop of Athens, and a multitude of those.

1 I have, in my possession an excellent Lexicon "p~x~uwouo\, which I received in exchanges from S. G. — Esq. for a small gem: my antiquarian friends have never forgotten 1 or 2 of them.

2 In Gall's pamphlet against Coray, he talks of "throwing the insolent Hellenists out of the windows." On this a French critic exclaims, "Ah, my God! throw a Hellenist out of the window! what aheretical! It certainly would be a serious business for those authors who lived in the attics: but I have quoted the passage merely to prove the similarity of style among the controversialists of all published countries London or Edinburgh could surely parallel this Paris ébullition.
logical quarto and poetica, 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 translation between a Russian, English, and French traveller, and the Waywode of Wallachia (or Blackeye, as they term him), an archbishop, a merchant, and Cogia Bachi (or primate), in succession; to all of whom under the Erks 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 "Δίνετε τις θλω σεν Ελληνος." 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 intrested with a commision by a Greek of Athens named Marmarouki, to make arrangements, if possible, for printing in London a translation of Bartholomew's Anarchias in Romieie, 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 Hera-
tonessi; and suppressed at the instigation of Sebastiani; he means Colomies, or, in Turkish, Haiiuvi; 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 Pors, 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 Don, it has been permitted to continue. The principal professor named Venamin (i.e. Benjamin), is stated to be a man of talent, but a free-thinker. 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 continued, on the day it changed masters, as many men of six feet and more, 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 con- nection between moral degradation and national decay.

The reviewer mentions a plan, "we believe," by Potenkin, for the purification of the Romieie, 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. xxxi, of the Edinburgh Review, where those words are occur.—We are told that when the capital of the East yielded to Scipio's sword:—It may be presumed that this last word will, in a future edition, be altered to Mahomet II. The "ladies of Constantinople," it seems, at that period, sate 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, at least, from choice rather in their dialect of expressions, as the whole Attic race are barbarous to a proverb:

"ΟΔΥΣΘΑΝΤΟΣ ΤΟΥ ΘΥΩΡΟΥ "ΤΩΝ ΚΑΤΩΠΡΟΙΝΙΟΙΣ ΦΟΒΟΥ." "

In Gibbon, vol. x. p. 161, is the following sentence:—

"The vulgar dialect of the city was gross and barbarious, 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 Caesar, 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 χρ{ωναι είχεν ΑΛΒΙΜΕΝΕΣ ΑΤΤΙΚΟΒΟΣ. In the Fournal, and in Yanni, the best Greek is spoken: in the latter there is a flourishing school under the direction of Psilidz.

There is now in Athens a pupil of Psilidz, who is making a tour of observation through Greece: i.e. is intel- ligent, and better educated than a fellow countryman of most colleges. I mention this as a proof that the spirit of inquiry is not dormant amongst the Greeks.

The reviewer mentions Mr. Wright, the "editor of the beautiful poems of Veli Jorge;" and remarks on the de- tails of these normal 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 Romaine to approximate nearest to the Hellenic: for the Albanians speak a Romance as notoriously corrupt as the Scotch of Aber- deenshire, or the Italian of Naples. Yanni (where, next to Faud, the Greek is purest), although the capital of Veli Pacha's dominions, is not in Albania bat, Ipsiris; and beyond Delvinach in Albania Prep. up to Argoryiono and Treunde (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 mountaineers, whose mother tongue is Illyric, and I never heard them speak correctly (whom I have seen, not only at home, but to the amount of twenty thousand in the army of Veli 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 Pe'y of Corinth, written to me by Notaras, the Cogia Recha, and others by the dragoon of the Cammac of the Morea (which last governs in Veli Pacha's absence) are said to be favourable specimens of their modern style. I also received some at Constantinople from private persons, written in a most hoibleoal style, but in the true antique character.

The reviewer proceeds, after some rec. arts on the tongue in its past and present state, to a parallel (page 59) on the great mischiefs of the knowledge of his own

—an editorial note by query, "Vas it in Scotoil that the young gentleman of the Edinburgh Review learned that Solomon means Mahomet II; any more than ephesus means ephesus?—but thus it is."

"Corinum impex vicum provinciae erae satita." The mischief seems so completely a lap in the pen (from two great mistakes of the two words, and the false abbr' of recor than the former names of the literary lexicants), that I should have passed it over as in the text, had I not perceived in the Edinburgh I saw much extraordinary exhibition on all such defects, particularly the recent one, where words and syllables are either added or transposed, and the above-mentioned parallel passage in my own e at impressibility propounded me to hunt how much easier it is to be critical than correct. The galeotum, having enjoyed many a trumph or such victorii, will hardly berange me a sulltiusation to the present."
language has done to Coray, who, it seems, is less likely to misunderstand the ancient Greek, because he is a perfect master of the language. This observation follows a paragraph, recommending, in explicit terms, the study of the Homer, as "a powerful auxiliary," not only to the traveller and foreign merchant, but also to the classical scholar; in short, to every body except the only person who can be thoroughly acquainted with its uses: and by a purity of reasoning, our old language is portrayed 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 "Archidef Nys," with or without a grammar or glossary; and to most apprehensions it seems evident, that none but a native can acquire a competent, for less complete, knowledge of our obsolete idioms. We may give the entire credit for his ingenuity, but no more believe him than we do Smollett's Leibowitz, 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. Wallpole, 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, no 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 spite of me in touching upon any part of the Edinburgh Review; not from a wish to congregate 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 resentment with a disposition of the present kind, and more particularly at this distance of time and place.

ADDITIONAL NOTE, ON THE TURKS.

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 almost say for friendship), and much hospitality, to Ali Pacha, his son Veiu Pacha of the Morea, and several others of high rank in the province. Sultan Aga, late Governor of Athens, and now of Thebes, was a bon vivant, and as such a being as ever casse-baguette at a tray or a table. During the carnival, when our English party met, transmigrating, both himself and his successor were more happy to "receive masks" than any dwarver 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 Musslems, I ever found the strictest honour, the highest disinterestedness. In transacting business with them, there are none of those dusty peculations, under the name of interest, difference of exchange, commission, etc., uniformly found in applying to a Greek consul to cash bills, even on the first houses in Peru.

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 Christian Italy; but there does not exist a more honourable friendly, and high-spirited character than the true Turkish province 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 incommode 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'Ollson's French; of their manners, etc., perhaps in Thoroton'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 truculent, 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 devote to their God without an inquisition. Were they driven from St. Sulpit to 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 some times loudly, 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 granado? or an Escudel a Knight of St. Jago? I think not.

I remember Mahmut, 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 Dervan from a College of Dervens; but I am very sure a Spaniard does not. Now little Mahmut, our roundhead, as he had been, entirely by his Turkish nature had learned that there was such a thing as a parliament, it was useless to conjecture, unless we suppose that his instructors did not continue 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
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 traits, 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, screeching 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 any thing but religion. The catalogue alluded to is contained in the twenty-sixth chapter of the fourth volume of Melitius's Ecclesiastical History. From this I subjoin an extract of those who have written on general subjects; which will be followed by some specimens of the Romani.

LIST OF ROMAIC AUTHORS.

Neophitus, Diakonos (the deacon) of the Merae, has published an extensive grammar, and also some pedi-
GREEK WAR SONG.

1. Δέι τε παίδες τῶν Ἑλλήνων, ὁ καρδίᾳ τῆς Μέσης ἠλθέων. 
Δειμένοι αἷμα λειτουργίας 
παῖς πάντων τῶν ἱερών.

2. Οὐδὲν εἶθε τῶν Ἑλλήνων 
τοιοῦτο λάθος, φιλοσόφων; 
Στὸν ἐπιθυμεῖν τὴν πόλιν 
καὶ τὴν εἴρητο τὴν πόλιν.

3. Ὡς καὶ τὰ παλαιά 
τὰ τεχνικά ἕλπις 
καὶ τὰ δεσμέα 
καὶ τὰ τέχνη καὶ τὰ παιδικά.

4. ὅ πως ἐς τὴν θρηματίδα 
παθήσας τὰς στοιχεῖα 
καὶ τὴς Πλήρης ἰδιότητα 
καὶ αὐτῇ κατα-κατη-

ROMAIC EXTRACTS.

ἔφοσος, Ἕλλης, καὶ Γάλλος καμάντρις τὴν περάσας 
τῆς Ἑλλάδος, καὶ δίστατες τὴν άθλων τὴν κατά-
στασις, ἰσέως κατα-χαίρεις ἡμι- ρικός φίλλημα 
καὶ ἄρα οὖς τὴν αἰτίαν, μῆτε ἦλθεν ὁ μυθοπληθύνως, 
αὔτον ἦν ἤθελη, ἐπείτη ἤν μεριμνήτης καὶ τῶν 
προσωπών.

Εἰς μας, ὁ φίλλημα, πάς σφένας τὴν σκῆλον 
καὶ τὴν ἀπογογγοντάς τοῦ Τιτάνοις προσώπων, 
τὰς τὰς ἔσχες καὶ ὑδράτωσας καὶ σφυροφορίας

A translation of this song will be found in vol. ii. p. 95.

The above is the commencement of a long dramatic satire on the Greek priesthood, princes, and gentry; it is contemptible as a composition, but perhaps curious as a specimen of their rhyme; I have the whole in MS., but this extract will be found sufficient. The Roman in this composition is so easy as to render a version an insult to a scholar; but those who do not understand the original will excuse the following bad translation of what is in itself indifferent.

TRANSLATION.

A Russian, an Englishman, and a Frenchman, making the tour of Greece, and observing the miserable state of the country, interrogate, in turn, a Greek patriot, to learn the cause; afterwards an Archbishop, then a Vlackley, a Merchant, and Cogn Buelchi or Primate.

Then friend of thy country! to strangers record
Why bear ye the yoke of the Ottoman lord?
Why bear ye these burdens thus tamely display'd,
The wrongs of the matron, the atrocity, and maid!
The descendants of Helen's race are not ye:
The sons of the sage and the free,
This slave from the blood of the noble and brave,
To visibly exist as the Mussulman slave!
Not such were the fathers: your annals can boast,
Thine empire and died for the freedom you lost!
Not such was your land in her earlier hours.
The isle of nations in wisdom and power!
And call wilt thou thus unreasoning increase.
Oh shame, Oh shame! the darkness of Greece!
Then tell us, beloved Achaim! reveal
The cause of the woes which you cannot conceal.

The reply of the Philhellene I have not translated, as it is no better than the question of the traveling trum-
virate; and the above will sufficiently show with what kind of composition the Greeks are now satisfied.

I trust I have not much injured the original in the few lines given as faithfully, and as near the "Oh, Miss Bailey! unfortunates Miss Bailey!" measure of the Roman, as I could make them. Almost all their pieces, above a song, which aspire to the name of poetry, contain exactly the quantity of feet of

"A captain bold of Halifax who lived in country quarters which is, in fact, the present heroic couplet of the Ro-

1 Vlackley, Prince of Wallachia
SCENE FROM 'O KAFENÉS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF GOLDONI
BY SIRIHDON VLANTI.

BYRON'S KG.

PLATZIDA εἶς τὸν εἴσημον τοῦ γαστού, καὶ αὐτῷ διώκειν.

ΠΑΔ. Δέ θέλεις ἅπαν τὸ περιθεμένον μετὰ τοῦ διακόφτου τὸν εὐθυχόν τὸν αὐτόν καὶ εἶναι τὸν αὐτόν. [Εἰκόνις τινας καὶ οὐκρ. αὐτοῦ τοῦ εὐγενείας.]

ΠΑΔ. Πάρε μου τον πλεύρας τοῦ αὐτοῦ καὶ κατέβας τὴν καθήμενον αὐτός καὶ τὴν κάθηται αὐτῷ τὸν κάθοδον. [ΔΟΥ. ἔπειτα ἐνενόημεν.]

ἈΕΑ. Καὶ ἡ καλὴ τύχη τῶν κήπων ἐγενέτο. [Πλα.]

ΟΛΑΙ. Νά, ζε, καὶ ζε.

ΠΑΔ. Αὐτὸς εἶναι ἄνδρος μου χρήσιμόν ἂν. Καὶ θάνατος, καὶ τὴν χαράν, πάντα συνήθεις ἀπέντυχοι εἰς αὐτούς, τὰς θαλάσσας, πῶς ἔνωσα καὶ τοῖς παῖσιν μεῖν. [Πλα.]

ΠΑΔ. Οὐ, ὡς σοὶ σε (συνηθίσασθαι ὁμολόγων τῶν διακοσμητῶν). [Τὴν ἐμφάνισαν ἀπὸ τὸ ἐργαστήριον τοῦ παιδευτικοῦ.]

ΠΑΔ. Καρπή, καρπή, καρπή, καρπή, καρπή, καρπή, καρπή, τίνα καρπήν τίνα. [Πλα.]

ΒΑΤ. Εὐθυγράμμως τὰς ἀπενθέων. [Συνεχήθη εἰς τὸν λατρευτόν τοῖς ἐπιστήμοναι.]

ΕΥ. ὧνι, ἑπιτηρέ. [ΜΑΡ.]

ΛΕΑ. Σύνεσιν ἔχεις ἀπ' τ' ἔδώ. [ΠΛΑ.]

ΒΑΤ. Βαθείας, βαθείας [κατέβηκεν ἀπὸ τὸν σκάλαν, ἤ Αὐριάνος]. [Εἰς τὸν κοιλωσθόντα ἐπὶ τοὺς παπακοῦς, καὶ ἔκαμεν τοῦ πατρὸς.]

ΤΡΑ. Μὴ ἔριξας πό μάγι τοῦ στίγματος πολλῆς ἀπὸ τὴν σήμαντικήν καὶ χρυσὴς, ἢς καὶ καταφθαρέ.]

ΒΑΤ. Θαυμάζω ἀπὸ τὸ ἐργαστήριον τοῦ παιδευτικοῦ τρόπων τρόπον, καὶ ἔβλεψα εἰς τὸν κόσμον.]

ΤΥ. Μὴ ἐμποτίκα εἰς τὸ κρίτικον ἔκφανον τὴς Πλατίνης, ἑως καὶ οὐκ ἄρα ἕβλεψα τέλος ἐν τῇ καταφθαρέ.]

ΜΑΡ. Εἰς τὸν καρπᾶν παλαιάν ἐκείνην ἐκ τοῦ χαμίου. [Εἰς τὸν Ρεθυμνόν.]

ΑΕΑ. Δόθησε τόπον, ἐξομολογήσω ἵνα ἐμοί νῦν εἰς νῦν ἐμοί τὸν κόσμον τὸν κόσμον τῷ Πλατίνης. [Μὴ συμποτεῖς εἰς τὸ χαμίου, καὶ ἐως τὴν ἀναφοράν.]

ΕΥ. Όγδοον μικρόν ποιεῖτε εἰς τὸς εὐθυγράμμως ἐκείνον τοῦ μικροῦ καὶ καταφθαρέ. [Καταφθάνεις τὸν Διανυσοῦν καὶ τὸν βάζεις καὶ διήρκειαν διπλάνον τῇ μυϊκῇ καταφθαρέ.]

ΑΕΑ. Καὶ καταφθάνεις εἰς τὸν κόσμον τῷ καταφθάνεις τῷ Πλατίνης. [Τοῦ ἀναφέτον τῷ καταφθάνεις τῷ Πλατίνης.] 1

TRANSLATION.

Platizia, from the door of the Hotel, and the Others.

Pls. Oh God! from the window it seemed that I heard my husband's voice. If he is here, I have arrived in time to make him ashamed. [A servant enters from the Shop.] Boy, tell me, pray, who are those ch- m-bers?

Serv. Three Gentleman: one Signor Eugenio; the other Signor Martino, the Neapolitan; and the third, my Lord, the Count Leandro Ardentini.

Pls. Fumino is not amongst these, unless he has changed his name.

Leardo. [Within, drinking.] Long live the good fortune of Signor Eugenio.[The whole company.] Long live, etc. (Literally, Νές ζει, β. Ζει, Μπε λιβρ.)

Pls. Without doubt that is my husband. [To the Serv. ] My good man, do me the favour to accompany me above to those gentlemen: I have some business.

Serv. At your command. [Aside.] The old office of us waiters. [He goes out of the Gunan-house.]

Rifolpo. [To Victoria on another part of the stage.]

Courage, courage, be of good cheer, it is nothing.

Victoria. I feel as if about to die. [Leaving on him as if fainting.]

[From the windows above all within are seen rising from the hole in the confusion: Leander starts at the sight of Platizia, and appears by his gestures to threaten her.]

Eugenia. No, stop—

Martino. Don't attempt—

Leander. Away, fly from hence!

Pls. Help! Help! [Flees down the stairs: Leander attempting to follow with his sword, Eugenia hides him.]

Trappola with a plate of meat leaps over the balcony from the window, and runs into the Coffee-house.

Platizia runs out of the Gunan-house, and take shelter in the Hotel.

Martino steals softly out of the Gunan-house, and goes off exclaiming, "Rumores fugis, The Servants from the Gunan-house enter the Hotel, and shut the door.

[Victoria remains in the Coffee-house assisted by Rifolpo.]

Eugenia to Leander, "sir, approach Eugenia, curdina."

Give way—I will enter that hotel.

Eugenia. No, that shall never be. You are a sconed to your wife, and I will defend her to the last drop of my blood.

Leander. I will give you cause to repent this. [Menacing with his sword.]

Eugenia, I fear you not. [He attacks Leander, and makes him give back so much that, closing the door of the dancing girl's house open, Leander escapes through, and so finishes.]

1 Συνεθεία—"finish"—awkwardly enough, but it is the literal translation of the Romanic. The original of this comedy of Godolfini's I never read, but it does not appear one of his best. "I Ioccubare! is one of the most lively, but I do not think it has been translated into Romanic: it is much "more amusing than any of very "Linii," by Fonte. The character of Leino is better drawn than Yannus Wilding. Godolfini's comedies amount to fifty; some perhaps the best in Europe, and others the worst. He has also one of the best specimens of autography, and, as Goldfin has observed, "more dramatic than any of his plays." The above scenes was selected as containing some of the most Curious Romanic idiom, not for any wit which it display, since they are more done than said, the greater part consisting of stage directions. The original is one of the few comedies by Godolfini which is without the bawdry of the speaking Harlequin.
To ask for any thing.

I pray you, give me if you please.

Bring me.

Lend me.

To seek.

Go to seek.

My dear Sir, do me this favour.

I entreat you.

I assure you.

I ask it of you as a favour.

Oblige me so much.

Affectionate expressions.

My love.

Do not like so much ceremony.

I am not at all ceremonial.

This is better.

So much the better.

You are in the right.

To cffirm, deny, consent,

It is true, it is very true.

To tell you the truth.

Really, it is so.

Who doubts it?

There is no doubt.

I believe it.

I say yes.

I say no.

I wager it.

I wager it is not so.

I swear to you as an honest man.

I swear to you on my honour.

I believe me.

Do you speak seriously?

I speak seriously to you.

And tell you the truth.

I assure you of it.

You have guessed it.

You have hit upon it.

I believe you.

This is not impossible.

Then it is very well.

Well, well.

It is not true.

It is false.
There is nothing of this. It is a falseshood, an impos-
ture. I was in joke. Indeed, It pleases me much. I give my assent. I do not oppose this. I agree.

The reader by the specimens below will be enabled to compare the modern with the ancient tongue.

PARALLEL PASSAGES FROM ST. JOHN'S GOSPEL.

The inscriptions at Orchomenus, from Melitis.

BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS.
The following is the prospectus of a translation of Ammecrates into Romance, by her Roman master, Marcus Manoantius, who wished to publish it in England.

ELISIPE TYPHOGRAPHE.

Προσες τὸν ἐπιλογισμὸν καὶ τὴν έλληνικήν.

Ωσοί εἰς μιᾶν παντοτέλειαν ἐθερμωμένοι δίποτε πάντοτε εἶναι τὸ χρῆσμον τῆς Ἰστορίας, εἰ νὰ ἂν ἐλεύσιται ο ἡμῶν μὲ, ακροβατίζων παλαιότερα, καὶ διαφόρονται ὡς ἐν κατάστασι πολέμους, πιέτετες καὶ ένοπλοι πολέμους ἔλθωσι καὶ μεθυμνόμενοι ὑδάτων καὶ ἑγενήσι τὸν ἐμὸν ἦλθον μὲν, πάλιν πάντες καὶ πάλιν έλθοντες εἰς τὸ τέερεσμα μας, αὐτὸ τὸ θέλησιν καὶ τὸ ἐνέχωσι τῶν τοιούτων. Αὐτὸ ἡ μεταφορὰ, τὰ ἐλεύθερα ἐν τέκνοις καὶ μόνον τοῦ παλαιότερος, μᾶλλον καὶ πολυποθομάς μᾶς διώκοντες αὐτῶν τὸ κτῆσι τῶν προσαγμάτων μας, πάλιν πάντες καὶ πάλιν έλθοντες εἰς τὸ τέερεσμα μας ἑτέρα, τὸ θέλησιν καὶ τὸ ένέχωσι τῶν τοιούτων. Αὐτὸ ἡ μεταφορὰ, τὰ ἐλεύθερα ἐν τέκνοις καὶ μόνον τοῦ παλαιότερος, μᾶλλον καὶ πολυποθομάς μᾶς διώκοντες αὐτῶν τὸ κτῆσι τῶν προσαγμάτων μας, πάλιν πάντες καὶ πάλιν έλθοντες εἰς τὸ τέερεσμα μας, αὐτὸ τὸ θέλησιν καὶ τὸ ένέχωσι τῶν τοιούτων. Αὐτὸ ἡ μεταφορὰ, τὰ ἐλεύθερα ἐν τέκνοις καὶ μόνον τοῦ παλαιότερος, μᾶλλον καὶ πολυποθομάς μᾶς διώκοντες αὐτῶν τὸ κτῆσι τῶν προσαγμάτων μας, πάλιν πάντες καὶ πάλιν έλθοντες εἰς τὸ τέερεσμα μας, αὐτὸ τὸ θέλησιν καὶ τὸ ένέχωσι τῶν τοιούτων.
THE LORD'S PRAYER IN ROMANIC.

THE LORD'S PRAYER IN GREEK.

CANTO III.

Note 1. Stanza xviii.

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 Marshch, etc.

"An eagle towering in his pride o' place.
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd."

Note 2. Stanza xx.

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. Denman:

"With myrtle my sword will I wreath", etc.

Note 3. Stanza xxii.

And all went merry as a marriage-bell.
On the night previous to the action, it is said that a tall was put in at Brussels.

Notes 4 and 3. Stanza xxvii.

And Evan's, Donald a faind rings in each claspment: Sir Evan Cameron, and his descendant Donn d', the "gentle Lochiel" of the "Forty-five."


And Ardenne waves above them her green leaves.
The wood of Soignies is supposed to be a remnant of the "forest of Ardenne," 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 envoys.—I have ventured to adopt the name connected with noble associations than those of mere slaughter.

Note 7. Stanza xxx.

I turn'd from all she brought to those she could not bring.
My guide from Mont St. Jean over the field seems d'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 Pitton 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 soars marked out for the scene of some great action, though this may be more imagination: I have viewed with attention those of Platea, Troy, Muncten, Leuctra, Charonea, and Marthon, and the field around Mont St. Jean and Hougomont appears to want little but a better cause, and that unidealizable 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.

Note 8. Stanza xxiv.

Like to the apples on the Dead Sea's shore.
The (faled) apples on the brink of the lake Asphaltes were said to be fair without, and within ashes.—Vide Tacit. Histor. i. v. 7.

Note 9. Stanza xli.

For ascepted cynosure were far too wide a den.
The great error of Napoleon, "if we have writ our annals true," was a continued obsession 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 thrilling 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 pleasant than Moscow," would probably alienate more favour from his cause than the destruction and reverses which led to the remark.

Note 10. Stanza xlviii.

What want these outlaw conquerors should have?
"What wants that leave
That a king should have?"
was King James's question, on meeting Johnny Arna-
strong and his followers in full accoutrements.—See the Ballad.

Note 11. Song, stanza 1.

The castle gate of Hradcany.

The castle of Hradcany 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 Bomen, 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.

Note 12. Stanza ixi.

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 Alterkichen, 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, HOCHÉ."

This is all, and as it should be. Hoche was esteemed among the first of France's earlier generals, before Bonaparte monopolized her triumphs. —He was the destined commander of the invading army of Ireland.

Note 13. Stanza lix.

Here Ehrenbreitstein, with its shattered 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, and was surprised. 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 he was shown a window at which he is said to have been standing, observing the progress of the siege by moonlight, when a hail struck immediately below it.

Note 14. Stanza lixii.

Unseen—broad they bound, and shivered each wandering mast.

The chapel is destroyed, and the pyramid of bones diminished to a small number by the Burgundian legion in his service of France, who anxiously erected this record of their ancestors' less successful invasions. A few still remain, notwithstanding the pains taken by the Burgundians for ages (if who passed that way moving a bone to their own country) and the less justifiable heresies of the Swiss partisans, who carried them off to sell for knife-handle; a purpose for which the whiteness imbued by the bleeding of years had rendered them in great request. Of these relics I ventured to bring away as much as may have made the 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 use than the careful preservation which I intend for them.

Note 15. Stanza lv.

Levell'd Aventicum, hath strow'd her subject sand.

Aventicum (near Morat) was the Roman capital of Helvetia, where Avenches now stands.

Note 16. Stanza lxvi.

And held within their urn one mind, one heart, one dust.

Julia Alpina, a young Aventian priestess, distant 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 Alpina
Hæc jacet,
Infelicis patris melius proles,
Deo Aventio sacratim.
Hæc patris necum non potuit;
Mae necu in faeite hic erat.
Vixi Anno XXII.

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 so which we turn with a true and healthy tenderness, from the wretched and glittering detail of a confused maze of conquests and battles, with which the mind is ranged for a time to a false and feverish sympathy, from whence it recovers at length with all the manœuvres consequent on such intoxication.

Note 17. Stanza lxvii.

In the man's face, like yonder Alpine snow.

This is written in the eye of Mont Blanc (June 24, 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 cain of the lake, which I was crossing in my boat; the distance of these mountains from their mirror is sixty miles.

Note 18. Stanza lxviii.

By the blue resoling 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.

Note 19. Stanza lxix.

Than vulgar minds may be with all they seek possess.

This refers to the account in his "Confessions" of his passion for the Comtesse d'Homllet (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 expression of love that ever kindled into words; which after all must be felt, from their very force, to be inadequate to the delineation: a painting can give no sufficient idea of the ocean.

Note 20. Stanza lxx.

Of earth o'er-zealous mountains.

It is to be recollected, that the most beautiful an 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 speciments were not pronounced within walls. Demonstrations 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 concurred in, to reflect the difference between what we read of the ennui, noise, and there produced, and those we ourselves experience in the perusal in the closet. It is one thing to read the Idyl at Scamou 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 flat mat (which they carry for the purpose of a bed or eastern 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 of them, they appeared to be of a truly Pagan description, and not very agreeable to a spectator.


The sky is changed—and such a change! Oh night.
The thunder-storms to which these lines refer occurred on the 18th of June, 1816, at night. I have seen among the Acro-Crarian mountains of Chianar several more terrible, but none more beautiful.

Note 22. Stanza xcii.

And seems to rise heaven saw them wrought.

Rousseau's Heloe Lett. 17, part 4, note 1.—These montagnes are si hautes, qu'une demi-heure après le soleil couché, leurs sommets sont encore 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 Veyaz 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 bijoux de mon roman. Je dirais volontiers à ceux qui ont du goû et qui sont sensibles: Allez à Veyaz—visitez le pays, examinez les sites, prononcez-vous sur le lac, et dites si la nature n'a pas fait ce beau pays pour une Julie, pour une Cécile et pour un Saint-Pérez; mais ne les y cherchez pas." I es Confessions, liv. 1v. page 360. Lyon, 1816.

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 imitative 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, Veyaz, Chillon, Béhère, St. Ging, Meillerie, Evian, 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 o 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 love 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. Ging, 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 Walder to Meillerie for shelter during a tempest.

On gaining the shore at St. Ging, I found that the wind had bens sufficiently strong to blow down some fine old chestnut trees on the lower part of the mountains. On the opposite height is a seat called the Château de Cramers. The hills are covered with vine-yards, and interspersed with some small but beautiful woods; one of these was named the "Bosquet de Julie," and 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 inclosed into a vineyard for the miserable drones of an excorable 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 Biosmarie has levelled part of the rocks of Meillerie in improving the road to the Simploin. The reed is an excelent one, but I cannot quite agree with a remark which I heard made, that "La route va mieux que les souvenirs."
CANTO IV.

Note 1. Stanza i.

I stand in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand.

The communication between the Ducal palace and the
rooms of Venice is by a glossy bridge, or covered gal-
ery, high above the water, and divided by a stone wall
into a passage and a cell. The state dungeons, called
"pozzi," or wells, were sunk in the thick walls of the
palace; and the prisoner when taken out to die was
conducted across the gallery to the other side, and being
then led back into the other compartment, or cell, upon
the bridge, was there strangled. The low portal through
which the criminal was taken into this cell is now walls of
up; but the passage is still open, and is still known by
the name of the Bridge of Sighs. The pozzi are under
the flooring of the chamber at the foot of the bridge.
Their columns are twelve, but on the first arrival of the
French, the Venetians hastily blocked or broke up the
dangerous of these dungeons. You may still, however, de-
send by a trap-door, and crawl down through holes,
half choked by rubbish, to the depth of two storeys
below the first range. If you are in want of consolation
for the extinction of patriotic power, perhaps you may
find it there; scarcely a ray of light glimmers into the
narrow gallery which leads to the cells, and the places
of confinement themselves are totally dark. A small hole
in the wall admitted the dump air of the passages, and
served for the introduction of the prisoner's food. A
wooden pallet, raised a foot from the ground, was the
only furniture. The conductors tell you that a light
was not allowed. The cells are about five paces in length,
two and a half in width, and seven feet in height. They
are scarcely seven feet another, and respiration is
somewhat difficult in the lower holes. Only one prisoner
was found when the republicans descended into these
haunts secret, and he is said to have confined sixteen
years. But the inmates of the dungeons beneath
marked traces of their repentance, or of their despair,
which are still visible, and may perhaps owe something
to recent anarchy. Some of the detached appear to
have offended against, and others to have belonged to,
the sacred body, not only from their signatures, but from
the churches and bellies which they have scratched
upon the walls. The reader may not object to see a spec-
nation of the records prompted by so terrible a solitude.
As nearly as they could be copied by more than one
scour, three of them are as follows:

1. NON TI FIDAR AD ALCUNO, PENSA E TACI
SE IT GIOR VELO DI SPIONI INSIDE E LACCI
H. PENTIRI PENTIRI XELLA GIOVA
MA REX VI VALORE T DE LA VERA PROVA

2. UN PARLAR POCO ET
NEGARE PRONTO ET
UN PENSA AL FINE PUO DARE LA VITA
A NOI ALTRI MESCHINI

3. EGO IOHN BAPTISTA AD
ECLECIASAM FORTELLARIUS
DI TI MI FIBO GUARDIAM DIO
DI CHI NON TI FIBO MI GUARDERIO IO
VA, LA STA, CH, KA RRA

The copyist has followed, not corrected, theubberisms;
some of which are however not quite so decided, since the
letters were evidently scratched in the dark. It only
need be observed, that Bestemmia and Magnor may be
read in the first inscription, which was probably
written by a prisoner confined for some act of impiety
committed at a funeral: the Cortellari is the name of a
parish on terra firma, near the sea: and that the last
unitals evidently are put for Vita la Santa Chiesa
Katholik Roman.

Note 2. Stanza ii.

She looks a sea Clyde, fresh from ocean.
Rising with her term of final towers.

An old writer, describing the appearance of Venice,
had made use of the above image, which would not be
poetical were it not true.

"Quo fit ut qui superne urbem contemplatur, terram
telluris in segeo medio occido figuratum se puti in-
spicer.

Note 3. Stanza iii.

In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more

The well-known song of the gondoliers, of alternate
stanzas, from Tasso's Jerusalem, has died with the in-
dependence of Venice. Editions of the poem, with the
original on one column, and the Venetian variations on
the other, as sung by the boatmen, were once common,
and are still to be found. The following extract will serve
to show the difference between the Tuscan epic and the
"Canz di Barcarola."

Original,

Canto l'armi perdite, e 'l campo
Che 'l crin sereno libera di Cima. Muto e si qua ed uno, e 'n la mano, Molto soffr el chiuso acqua.
E in ca' l' inferno a li' auspice, e in vano
S' uomo d' Anim, e di Libio il popol misto,
Che di Ciel se la crece, e crece a suoni
Sang mistero e man compagni eran.

Variation.

L'armi piangono de cantar che voava,
Che di gl'isola e monti adorati.
Che di Chiesa e campo la vista
ei cuor ben spero, e dovera
Del nostro ben e ch'ella nutriva.

Decmo mondo unito, e de quel regno
Mio Padre Patria, se v'era
Dei la nascita, e i compagni amarissimi
Tutti 'l habebbe, e nessun invenne il del Dil.

Some of the elder gondoliers will, however, take up
and continue a stanza of their once familiar bard.

On the 7th of last January, the author of Childe
Harold, and another Englishman, the writer of this
notice, raised to the Lido with two singers, one of whom
was a carpenter, and the other a gondoliere. The former
placed himself at the prow, the latter at the stern of the
boat. A little after leaving the quay of the Piazzetta, they
began to sing, and continued their exercise until we
arrived at the promenade. They gave us, amongst other
essays, the Canto of Orlando, and the palace of Armand;
and did not sing the Venetian, but the Tuscan verses.
The carpenter, however, who was the elevator of the two,
and was frequently obliged to prompt his companion,
told us that he could translate the original. He added,
that we could sing almost three hundred stanzas, but had
not spirits (vorban was the word he used) to learn any
more, or to sing what he already knew: a man must
have idle time on his hands to acquire, or to repeat, and,
said the poor fellow, "look at my clothes and at me. I
am starving." This speech was more affecting than his
performance, which habit alone can make attractive.

1 Mare Antoni Sabelli, de Veneta Urbs atu, miratio, edit
Tarrin. 1527, lib. i. fol. 302.
The recitative was shrill, screaming, and monotonous, and the gondolier behind assisted his voice by holding his hand to one side of his mouth. The carpenter used a quiet action, which he evidently endeavoured to restrain, but was too much interested in his subject altogether to repose. From these men we learnt that singing is not confined to the gondoliers, and that, although the chant is seldom, if ever, voluntary, there are still several amongst the lower classes who are accustomed with a few stanzas.

It does not appear that it is usual for the performers to row and sing at the same time. Although the verses of the Jerusalem are no longer casually heard, there is yet much music upon the Venetian canals; and upon holidays, those strangers who are not near or informed enough to distinguish the words, may fancy that many of the gondoliers still resound with the strains of Tasso. The writer of some remarks which appeared in the Curiosities of Literature must excuse his being twice quoted; for, with the exception of some phrases, little too ambitious and extravagant, he has furnished a very exact, as well as agreeable, description.

"In Venice the gondoliers know by heart long passages from Ariosto and Tasso, and often chant them with a peculiar melody. But this talent seems at present on the decline,—at least, after taking some pains, I could find no more than two persons who delivered to me in this way a passage from Tasso. I must add, that the late Mr. Horace once chanted to me a passage in Tasso in the manner, as he assured me, of the gondoliers.

"Thereafter always two persons, who alternately sing the strophes. We know the melody eventually by Rousseau, to whose songs it is printed; it has properly no melodious movement; and is of a sort of medium between the canto fermo and the canto figurato; it approaches to the former by recitativo declamation, and to the latter by passages and course, by which one syllable is detained and embellished.

"I entered a gondola by moonlight; one singer placed himself forwards, and the other aft, and thus proceeded to St. George. One began the song: when he had ended his strophe, the other took up the lay, and so continued the song alternately. Throughout the whole of it, the same verses invariably returned, but, according to the subject matter of the strophe, they had a greater or a smaller stress, sometimes on one, and sometimes on another note, and indeed I changed the enumeration of the whole strophe as the object of the poem altered.

"On the whole, however, the sounds were shrill and screaming: they seemed, in the manner of all rude uncivilized men, to make the excellence of their singing in the force of their voice: one seemed destined to conquer the other by the strength of his lungs; and so far from receiving delight from this scene (shut up as I was in the box of the gondola), I found myself in a very unpleasant situation.

"My companion, to whom I communicated this circumstance, being very desirous to keep up the credit of his countrymen, assured me that this singing was very delightful when heard at a distance. Accordingly we got upon the shore, leaving one of the singers in the gondola, while the other went to the distance of some hundred paces: They now began to sing against one another, and I kept walking up and down between them both, so as always to leave him who was to begin his part, frequently stood still and hearkened to the one and to the other.

"Here the scene was properly introduced. The strong recitative, and, as it were, shrieking sound, met the shrill from far, and called forth the attention; the quick succession of words, which necessarily required to be sung in a lower tone, seemed like the plaintive strains of passion or of pain. The other, who listened attentively, incommode began where the former left off, answering him in louder or more vehement notes, according as the purpose of the strophe required. The sleepy canals, the lofty buildings, the splendour of the moon, the deep shadows of the few gondolas, that moved like spirits hither and thither, in creased the striking peculiarity of the scene; and, amidst all these circumstances, it was easy to confess the character of this wonderful harmony.

"It suits perfectly well with an idle solitary manner, lying at length in his vessel at rest on some of these canals, waiting for his company, or for a fare, the solemnness of which situation is somewhat alleviated by the songs and poetical stories he has in memory. He often raises his voice as loud as he can, which extends itself to a vast distance over the tranquil mirror, and as all is still around, he is, as it were, in a solitude in the midst of a large and populous town. Here is no rattling of carriages, no noise of foot passengers: a silent gondola glides now and then by him, of which the splashing of the oars is scarcely to be heard.

"At a distance he hears another, perhaps utterly unknown to him. Melody and verse immediately attract the two strangers; he becomes the responsive echo to the former, and exerts himself to be heard as he had heard the other. By a tacit convention they alternate verse for verse; though the song should last the whole night through, they entertain themselves without fatigue: the bearers, who are passing between the two, take part in the amusement.

"This vocal performance sounds best at a great distance, and is then inexpressibly charming, as it only fulfills its design in the sentiment of remoteness. It is plaintive, but not dissolved in its sound, and at times it is scarcely possible to refrain from tears. My companion, who otherwise was not a very delicately organized person, said quite unexpectedly: 'é singolare come quel canto intercesa, e unto puh quando lo cantano meglio.'

"I was told that the women of Lido, the long row of islands that divides the Adriatic from the Lagunam, particularly the women of the extreme districts of Malamocco, use to celebrate, at the manner the works of Tasso to those and similar tones.

"They have the custom, when their husbands are fishing out at sea, to sit along the shore in the evenings and vociferate these songs, and continue to do so with great violence, till each of them can distinguish the responses of her own husband at a distance."

The love of music and of poetry distinguishes all classes of Venetians, even amongst the most unlearned sons of Italy. The city itself can occasionally furnish respectable audiences for two and even three opera-busses at a time; and there are few events in private life that do not call forth a printed and circulated sonnet. Does a physician or a lawyer take his degree, or a clergyman preach his maiden sermon, has a surgeon performed an operation, would a harlequin announce his departure or his benefits are you to be congratulated on a marriage, or a birth, or a law-suit, the Musici are invited to furnish the same number of syllables, and the individual triumphs blaze abroad in virgin white or party-coloured placards on half the corners of the capital. The last curta of a favourite prima donna brings down a shower of poetical tributes from those upper regions, from which, in our theatres,

1 The writer meant Lido, which is not a long row of islands, but a long island—let us, the shore.
nothing but rapids and snow-storms are accustomed to descend. There is a poetry in the very life of a Venetian, which, in its common course, is varied with those surprises and changes so recommendable in fiction, but so different from the sober monotony of northern existence; —amusements are carried into duties, duties are softened into amusements, and every object being considered as equally making a part of the business of life, is announced and performed with the same earnest indifference and gay assiduity. The Venetian gazette constantly closes its columns with the following triple advertisement:

Charade.

Exposition of the most Holy Sacrament in the church of St. —

Theatre.

St. Mark, opera.

St. Benedet, a comedy of characters.

St. Luke, exposition.

When it is recollected what the Catholics believe their consecrated wafer to be, we may perhaps think it worthy of a more respectable niche than between poetry and the playhouse.

Note 4. Stanza x.

Sparla hath many a worthier son than he.

The answer of the mother of Brasidas to the strangers who praised the memory of her son.

Note 5. Stanza xi.

St. Mark yet sees his lion where he stood

Shrew. —

The lion has lost nothing by his journey to the Invincible, but the gospel which supported the paw that is now on a level with the other foot. The horses, also, are returned to the ill-chosen spot whence they set out, and are, as before, half hidden under the porch window of St. Mark's church.

Their history, after a desperate struggle, has been satisfactorily explained. The decisions and doubts of Erizzo and Zanezzi, and lastly, of the Count Leopold Cavagnaro, would have given them a Roman extraction, and a pedigree not more ancient than the reign of Nero. But M. de Schlegel stepped in to teach the Venetians the value of their own treasures, and a Greek vindicated, at last, and for ever, the pretension of his countrymen to this noble production. 1 Mr. Mustozzi has not been left without a reply; but, as yet, he has received no answer. It should seem that the horses are irrevocably Chian, and were transferred to Constantinople by Theodosius. Laplavy writing is a favourite play of the Italians, and has conferred reputation on more than one of their literary characters. One of the best specimens of Bologna's typographia is a respectable volume of inscriptions, all written by his friend Pucciiani. Several were prepared for the recovered heroes; it is to be hoped that the best was not selected, when the following words were ranged in gold letters above the cathedral porch:

QUATUOR, EQUORUM, SIGMA, A, VENETIS, BE-

ZANTIN, CAPTA, AD, TEMP, D, MAR, A, R, S.

MCCIV, PORTA, QUE, HOSTILIS, CUPIDITAS, A.

MBCCHI, ASTEREAT, FRAN, IMP, FACIS.

VR, DATE, TROPHIUM, A, MDCCLX, VICTOR.

GEDUNIT.

Nothing shall be said of the Latin, but it may be permitted to observe, that the injustice of the Venetians in transporting the horses from Constantinople was as great as that of the French in carrying them to Paris, and that it would have been more prudent to have avoide all alliances to either robbery. An apace of violence should have objected to affrangi, over the principal entrance of a metropolitan church, the inscriptions having a reference to any other triumphs than those of religion. Nothing less than the pacification of the world can excuse such a solemnity.

Note 6. Stanza xii.

The Sibyllian word, and now the Austrian reigns —

An emperor triumphs where an emperor knelt.

After many vain efforts on the part of the Italians, entirely to throw off the yoke of Frederic Barbarossa, and as fruitless attempts of the emperor to make himself absolute master throughout the whole of his Cisalpine dominions, the bloody struggles of four-and-twenty years were happily brought to a close in the city of Venice. The articles of a treaty had been previously agreed upon between Pope Alexander III. and Barbarossa, and the former, having received a safe-conduct, had already arrived at Venice from Ferrara, in company with the ambassadors of the king of Sicily and the consuls of the Lombard league. There still remained, however, many points to adjust, and for several days the peace was believed to be impracticable. At this juncture it was suddenly reported that the emperor had arrived at Chioggia, a town fifteen miles from the capital. The Venetians rose tumultuously, and insisted upon immediately conducting him to the city. The Lombards took the alarm, and departed toward Treviso. The Pope himself was apprehensive of some disaster if Frederic should suddenly advance upon him, but was reassured by the prudence and address of Sebastian Ziani, the Doge. Several embassies passed between Chioggia and the capital, until, at last, the emperor relaxing somewhat of his pretensions, "had assuaged his frowning severity, and put on the mildness of the lamb." 2 On Saturday the 23d of July, in the year 1177, six Venetian galleys transferred Frederic, in great pomp, from Chioggia to the island of Lido, a mile from Venice. Early the next morning, the Pope, accompanied by the Sicilian ambassadors, and by the envoys of Lombardy, whom he had recalled from the main land, together with a great concourse of people, repaired from the patriarchal palace to Saint Mark's church, and solemnly absolved the emperor and his partisans from the communication pronounced against him. The chancellor of the empire, on the part of his master, renounced the anti-popes and their schismatic adherents. Immediately the dogs, with a great suite both of the clergy and laity, got on board the galleys, and waiting on Frederic, rowed him in mighty state from the Lido to the capital. The emperor descended from the galley at the quay of the Piazza. The dogs, the patriarch, his bishops and clergy, and the people of Venice, with their crosses and their standards, marched in solemn procession before him to the church of Saint Mark. Alexander was seated before the vestible of the basilica, attended by his bishops and cardinals, by the patriarch of Aquileia, by the archbishops and bishops of Lombardy, all of them in state, and clothed in their church robes. Frederic approached — moved by the Holy Spirit, veneration the Almighty in the person of Alexander,laying aside his imperial dignity, and threw

mg off his mantle, he prostrated himself at full length at the feet of the Pope. Alexander, with tears in his eyes, raised him benignantly from the ground, kissed him, blessed him; and immediately the Germans of the train sang, with a loud voice, 'We praise thee, O Lord.' The emperor then taking the Pope by the right hand, led him to the church, and, having received his benediction, returned to the ducal palace. 8 The ceremony of humiliation was repeated the next day. The Pope, himself, at the request of Frederic, said mass at Saint Mark's. The emperor again laid aside his imperial mantle, and, taking a wand in his hand, officiated as vespers, driving the fable from the choir, and preceding the pontiff to the altar. Alexander, after reciting the gospel, preached to the people. The emperor put himself close to the pulpit in the attitude of listening; and the pontiff, touched by this mark of his attention, for he knew that Frederic did not understand a word he said, commanded the patriarch of Aquileja to translate the Latin discourse into the German tongue. The creed was then chanted. Frederic made his oblation, and kissed the Pope's feet, and, mass being over, led him by the hand to his white horse. He held the stirrup, and would have held the horse's rein to the water side, had not the Pope accepted of the inclination for the performance, and affectionately dismissed him with his benediction. Such is the substance of the account left by the archbishop of Salerno, who was present at the coronation, and whose story is confirmed by every subsequent narration. It would not be worth so minute a record, were it not the triumph of liberty as well as of superstition. The states of Lombardy owed it to the combination of their privileges; and Alexander had reason to thank the Almighty, who had enabled an infirm, unarmed old man to subdue a terrible and potent sovereign. 9

Note 7. Stanza xii.

Oh, for one hour of blind old Dandolo! Th' heterogeneous chief, Byzantium's conqueror be.

The reader will recollect the explanation of the high

hanger, Oh, for one hour of Dandolo! Henry Dandolo, when elected doge, in 1192, was eighty-five years of age. When he commanded the Venetians at the taking of Constantinople, he was consequently ninety-seven years old. At this age he annexed the fourth and a half of the whole empire of Romania, 2 for so the Roman empire was then called, to the title and to the territories of the Venetian Doge. The three-eights of this empire were preserved in the diplomas until the dukedom of Giovanni Dandolo, who made use of the above designation in the year 1357. 3

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Dandolo led the attack on Constantinople in person two ships, the Paradise and the Pilgrim, were tied to gather, and a drawbridge or ladder let down from the higher yards to the walls. The doge was one of the first to enter the city. Then was completed, said the Venetians, the prophecy of the Erythraean sybil. 'A gathering together of the powerful shall be made amidst the waves of the Adriatic, under a blind leader: they shall beset the goat—they shall profane Byzantium—they shall blacken her buildings—her spoils shall be dispersed; a new goat shall blut until they have measured out and run over forty-four feet, nine inches, and a half.'

Dandolo died on the first day of June, 1205, having reigned thirteen years, six months, and five days, and was buried in the church of St. Sophia, at Constantinople. Strangely enough it must sound, that the name of the rebel apostrophe who received the doge's savage, and annihilated the ancient government in 1205, was Dandolo.

Note 8. Stanza xiii.

But is not Dandolo's monastic come to pass? Are they not bellowed?

After the loss of the battle of Pola, and the taking of Chiasso on the 16th of August, 1378, by the united armament of the Genoese and Francesco da Carrara, Signor of Padua, the Venetians were reduced to the utmost despair. An embassy was sent to the conquerors with a blank sheet of paper, praying them to prescribe what terms they pleased, and leave to Venice only her independence. The Prince of Padua was induced to listen to these proposals, but the Genoese, who, after the victory at Pola, had shouted, 'To Venice, to Venice, and long live St. George,' determined to annihilate their rival, and Peter Doria, their commanders-in-chief, returned this answer to the supplicants: 'On God's faith, gentlemen of Venice, ye shall have no peace from the Signor of Padua, nor from our commune of Genoa, until we have first put a rein upon those unbridled horses of yours, that are upon the porch of your evangelist St. Mark. When we have briddled them, we shall keep you quiet. And this is the pleasure of us and of our commune. As for those my brethren of Genoa, that you have been right to give up to sea, and to shame them: take them back; for, in a few days hence, I shall come and let them out of prison myself, both those and all the others.' 1 In fact, the Genoese did advance as far as Malmocca, within five miles of the capital; but their own danger, and the pride of their enemies, gave courage to the Venetians, who made prodigious efforts, and many individual sacrifices, all of them carefully recorded by their historians. Vettor Posani was put at the head of thirty-four galleys. The Genoese broke up from Malmocca, and retired to Chiasso in October; but they again threatened Venice, which was reduced to extremities. At this time, the 1st of January, 1380, arrived Carlo Zeno, who had been cruising

1 In the monument in sans Adriaticus concravens, sive proccavens, Hierusalem, Byzantium prophanatus, adiciae restauraverunt: spolia dispersaruntur, Hierusalem hodiernum non dicatum. namque ibid. 114, vol. i. 19, p. 179. 1905, Parl. prosv. comm. pro. trienn. 24, 1796-7, Paris.
on the Genoese coast with fourteen galleys. The Venetians were now strong enough to besiege the Genoese. Doria was killed on the 22d of January by a stone built a hundred and sixty-five pounds weight, discharged from a bombard called the Trevisan. Chioua was then closely invested; five thousand auxiliaries, amongst whom were some English Conquistadores, commanded by one Captan Cecchi, joined the Venetians. The Genoese, in their turn, praved for conditions, but were not granted, until at last, they surrendered at discretion; and, on the 24th of June, 1550, the Doge Contarini made his triumphal entry into Chioua. Four thousand prisoners, nineteen galleys, many smaller vessels and banks, with all the ammunition and arms, and out of the expedition, fell into the hands of the conquerors, who, had it not been for the meagerable answer of Doria, would have gladly reduced their dominion to the city of Venice. An account of these transactions is found in a work called the War of Chioua, written by Daniel Chiazzo, who was in Venice at the time.


The "Pinner of the Lion."—Plant the Lion—that is, the Lion of St. Mark, the standard of the republic, which is the origin of the word pantaloons—Pantalone, Pantaloon, pantaloons.

Note 10. Stanza xv.

Thin streets, and foreign visitors, such as must Too oft remind her who and what she is.

The population of Venice at the end of the seventeenth century amounted to only two hundred thousand souls. At the last census, taken two years ago, it was no more than about one hundred and three thousand, and it diminishes daily. The commerce and the official employments, which were to be the unexhausted source of Venetian grandeur, have both expired. Most of the patrician mansions are deserted, and would gradually disappear, had not the government, alarmed by the demolition of seventy-two, during the last two years, expressly forbidden this and resource of poverty. Many remnants of the Venetian nobility are now scattered and confounded with the wealthier Jews upon the banks of the Brenta, whose palatial palaces have sunk, or are sinking, in the general decay. Of the "gentil homo Veneto," there are still some remaining, but nothing left of him is but the shadow of his former self, and he is polite and kind. It surely may be pardoned to him if he is questionable. Whatever may have been the vices of the republic, and although the natural term of its existence may be thought by foreigners to have arrived in the due course of mortality, only one sentiment can be expected from the Venetians themselves. At no time were the subjects of the republic so unanimous in their resolution to rally round the standard of St. Mark, as when it was for the last time unfurled; and the cowardice and treachery of the few patriots who recommended the fatal neutrality, were confounded to the persons of the traitors themselves.

The present state cannot be thought to regret the loss of their aristocratical forms, and to despotic government; they think only on their vanished independence. They pine away at the remembrance, and on this subject suggest for a moment their gay good-humour. Venice may be said, in the words of the scripture, "to die daily," and so general and so apparent is the decline, as to become painful to a stranger, not reconciled to the sight of a whole nation expiring, as it were, before his eyes. So artificial a creation, having lost that principle which called it into life and supported its existence, must fall to pieces at once, and sink more rapidly than it rose. The abhorrence of slavery, which drove the Venetians to the sea, has, since their disaster, forced them to the land, where they may be at least overlooked amongst the crowd of dependents, and not present the humiliating spectacle of a whole nation loaded with recent chains. Their liveliness, their affability, and that happy indifference which constitution alone can give, for philosophy aspires to it in vain, have not sunk under circumstances; but many peculiarities of costume and manner have by degrees been lost, and the nobles, with a pride common to all Italians who have been masters, have not been persuaded to parade their insignificance. That splendour which was a proof and a portion of their power, they would not degrade into the trappings of their subjection. They retired from the space which they had occupied by the exercise of this same splendour, on their continuance in which would have been a symptom of acquiescence, and an insult to those who suffered by the common misfortune. Those who remained in the degraded capital might be said rather to haunt the scenes of their departed power, than to live in them. The reflection, "who and what enthral," will hardly bear a comment from one who is, nationally, the friend and the ally of the conqueror. It may, however, be allowed to say thus much, that, to those who wish to recover their independence, any masters must be an object of detestation: and it may be safely foretold that this unprofitable aversion will not have corrected before Venice shall have sunk into the slime of her choked canals.

Note 11. Stanza xvi.

Redemption rose up in the Attic Muse.

The story is told in Plutarch's Life of Nicias.

Note 12. Stanza xvii.

And Orsay, Rudelhue, Schiller, Shakespeare's art.

Venice. Preserved; Mysteries of Udolpho; the Ghost-seer, or Armenian; the Merchant of Venice; Othello.


But from their nature will the tamar grow.
Lest on holiest and least shelter'd rocks.

Tamar is the plural of tamar, 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.


A single star is at her side, and reigns
With her one half the lovely heaven.

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 among the banks of the Brenta near La Mira.

Note 15. Stanza xxx.

Watering the tree which bears his lady's name
With his melodious tears, he gave himself to fame.

Thanks to the critical acumen of a Scotman, we now know as little of Laura as ever.1 The discoveries

1 See A historical and critical Essay on the Life and Character of Petrarch; and A dissertation on a Historical Hypothesis of the Aboles de Sadul: the first appeared about the...
of the Abbé de Sade, his triumphs, his successes, can no longer instil or animé. We must not, however, think that these memoirs are as much a romance as Belisarius or the Incas, although we are told so by Dr. Beattie, a great name, but a little authority. 3 His "labour" has not been in vain, notwithstanding his "love" has, like most other passions, made him ridiculous. 4 The hypothesis which overpowered the struggling Italians, and carried along less interested critics in its current, is run out. We have another proof that we can never be sure that the paradox, the most singular, and therefore having the most agreeable and authentic air, will not give place to the re-established ancient prejudices.

It seems then, first, that Laura was born, lived, died, and was buried, not in Avignon, but in the country. The fountains of the Sorga, the thickets of Cabrières, may resume their pretensions, and the exploded de la Riviére again be heard with complacency. The hypothesis of the Abbé had no stronger props than the puritanic sentiment and medal found on the skeleton of the wife of Hugo de Sade, and the manuscript note to the Virgil of Petrarch, now in the Ambrosian library. If these proofs were both incontestable, the poetry was written, the medal composed, cast, and deposited, within the space of twelve hours; and these deliberate duties were performed round the carcase of one who died of plague, and was buried to the grave on the day of her death. These documents, therefore, are too decisive: they prove, not the fact, but the forgery. Either the sonnet or the Virgilian note must be a falsification. The Abbé cites both as inconceivably true; the consequent deduction is inevitable—they are both evidently false.

Secondly, Laura was never married, and was a haughty virgin rather than that tender and prudent wife who honoured Avignon by making that town the theatre of an honest French passion, and played off for one and twenty years her little machinery of alternate favours and refusals upon the first poet of the age. It was, indeed, rather too unfair that a female should be made responsible for eleven children upon the faith of a miss-interpreted abbreviation, and the decision of a librarian.

Of course, Laura's death has been advanced by the Abbé, in order to quiet the rumours of his own sonnets. 5 The love of Petrarch was neither platonic nor poetical; and, if in one passage of his works he calls it "amo veramente—amor unico ed onesto," he confesses, in a letter to a friend, that it was guilty and perverse, that it absorbed him quite, and mastered his heart.

In this case, however, he was perhaps alarmed for the culpability of his wishes; for the Abbé de Sade himself, who certainly would not have been scrupulously delicate, if he could have proved his descent from Petrarch as well as Laura, is forced into a stout defence of his virtuous grandmother. As far as relates to the poet, we have no security for the innocence, except perhaps in the constancy of his pursuit. He assures us, in his epistle to posterity, that, when arrived at his fortieth year, he not only had in horror, but had lost all recollection and image of any "irregularity." 6 But the birth of his natural daughter cannot be assigned earlier than his thirty-ninth year; and either the memory or the morality of the poet must have failed him, when he forgot or was guilty of this slip. The weakest argument for the genuineness of this sonnet has been drawn from the permanence of effects, which survived the object of his passion. The refection of M. de la Riviére, that virtue alone is capable of making impressions which death cannot efface, is one of those which every vulgar applauses, and every body finds not to be true, the moment he examines his own breast or the records of human feeling. Such apologetics can do nothing for Petrarch or for the cause of morality, except with the very weak and the very young. He that has made even a little progress beyond ignorance and phil_plague, cannot be edified with any thing but truth. What is called vindicating the honour of an individual or a nation, is the most futile, tedious, and unmeaning of all writing; although it will always meet with more applause than the sober criticism, which is attributed to the insatiable desire of reducing a great man to the common standard of humanity. It is, after all, not unlikely, that our historian was right in returning his favourite hypothetic salvo, which secures the author, although it scarcely saves the honour of the still unknown mistress of Petrarch.

40 Note 16. Stanza xxxi.

They keep his dust in Arouas, where he died.

Petrarch retired to Arqua immediately on his return

1 "Palamium, quanto lodarti dei
Doll' immagine tua, se mille volte
N' avessi quel che v' el saol non tocca",
Sonetto 58. Quando giunse a Simon F.
alto concerto. Le Ritir à, par. 1
p. 149, éd. Ven. 1736.

2 See Riflessioni, etc., p. 281.

3 "Quella per veracissima che solo tutto un me vada
pav un recatico nel cura."
Alcune di moralità, aoi his words.

4 "A quella confessione non si era di fare alcuna
ma in una calata d' ele troce." Tirabochi, Stori, etc., loc.
ib. iv par. ii. p. 482.

5 "Il n' a un que la vorte sacle qui soit capable de faire des
moins asoans que la mort m' elective par." M. de Bournel, Béже de la Riviére, in the Mémoires de l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres for 1745 and 1751. See also Riflessioni, etc., p. 263.

6 "Ami, if the virtue or prudence of Laura was inexorable
he exposed, and might boast of enjoying the nymph of poet's
game and Fall, cap. ii. p. 327. Not a little. Probably it is here meant for although."
from the unsuccessful attempt to visit Urban V. at Rome, in the year 1370, and, with the exception of his celebrated visit to Venice in company with Francesco Novello de Carrara, he appears to have passed the four last years of his life between that charming solitude and Padua. For four months previous to his death he was in a state of continual languor, and in the morning of July the 19th, in the year 1374, was found dead in his library chair with his head resting upon a book. The chair is still shown amongst the precious relics of Arqua, which, from the uninterrupted veneration that has been attached to every thing relative to this great man, from the moment of his death to the present hour, have, it may be hoped, a better chance of authenticity than the Shakespearean memorials of Stratford-upon-Avon.

Arqua (for the last syllable is accented in pronunciation, although the analogy of the English language has been observed in the verse), is twelve miles from Padua, and about three miles on the right of the high road to Rovigo, in the bosom of the Euganean hills. After a walk of twenty minutes, across a flat, well-wooded meadow, you come to a little blue lake, clear but fishless, and to the foot of a succession of cypresses and hills, clothed with vineyards and orchards, rich with fir and pomegranate trees, and every sunny fruit-arbor. From the banks of the lake, the road winds into the hills, and the church of Arqua is soon seen between a glean, where two ridges slope towards each other, and nearly inclose the village. The houses are scattered at intervals on the steep sides of these summits; and that of the poet is on the edge of a little knoll overlooking two descents, and commanding a view not only of the glowing gardens in the dales immediately beneath, but of the wide plains, above whose low woods of mulberry and willow thickened into a dark mass by fountains of vines, tall single cypresses, and the spires of towns are seen in the distance, which stretches to the mouths of the Po and the shores of the Adriatic. The climate of these volcanic hills is warmer, and the vintage begins a week sooner than in the plains of Padua. Petrarch is laid, for he cannot be said to be buried, in a sarcophagus of red marble, raised on four pilasters on an elevated base, and preserved from an association with meaner tombs. It stands conspicuously alone, but will be worn presently away, and overshadowed by four lately-plantcd laurels. Petrarch's fountain, for here every thing is Petrarch's, springs and expands itself beneath an arch, a little below the church, and abounds plentifully, in the warm season, with that soft water which was the ancient wealth of the Euganean hills. It would be more attractive, were it not, in some seasons, beset with hornets and wasps. No other coincidence could assimilate the tombs of Petrarch and Archiloche. The revolutions of centuries have spared these sequestered valleys, and the only violence which has been offered to the ashes of Petrarch, was prompted, not by hate, but by veneration. An attempt was made to rob the sarcophagus of its treasures, and one of the arms was stolen by a Florentine, through a rent which is still visible. The injury is not forgotten, but has served to identify the poet with the country where he was born, but where he would not ave. A peasant boy of Arqua being asked who Petrarch was, replied, "that the people of the province knew all about him, but that he only knew that he was a Florentine."

Mr. Forryth 1 was not quite correct in saying, that Petrarch never returned to Tuscany after he had once quitted it when a boy. It appears he did pass through Florence on his way from Parma to Rome, and on his return in the year 1334, and remained there long enough to form some acquaintance with its most distinguished inhabitants. A Florentine gentleman, ashamed of the aversion of the poet for his native country, was eager to point out this trivial error in our accomplished traveller, whom he knew and respected for an extraordinary capacity, extensive erudition, and refined taste, joined to that engaging simplicity of manners which has been so frequently recognised as the surest, though it is certainly not an indispensable, trait of superior genius.

Every footstep of Laura's lover has been anxiously traced and recorded. The house in which he lodged is shown in Venice. The inhabitants of Aresso, in order to decide the ancient controversy between their city and the neighbouring Aecina, where Petrarch was carried when seven months old, and remained until his seventh year, have designated, by a long inscription, the spot where their great fellow-citizen was born. A tablet has been raised to him at Parma, in the chapel of St. Agatha, at the cathedral,1 because he was archdeacon of that society, and was only snatched from his intended sepulchre in their church by a foreign death. Another tablet with a bust has been erected to him at Pavia, on account of his having passed the autumn of 1365 in that city, with his son-in-law Brossano. The political condition which has for ages precluded the Italians from the criticism of the living, has concentrated their attention to the illustration of the dead.

Note 17. Stanza xxiv.

Or, it may be, with demons.

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.

Note 18. Stanza xxviii.

In face of all his foes, the Cusanian quire;
And Boffoun, whose rash envy, etc.

Perhaps the culprit in which Boileau deprecates Tasso, may serve as well as any other specimen to justify the opinion given of the harmony of French verse.

A Malather, a Ravan, prêtre Théophile,
Et le choyant du Tasse a tout l'or du Voltaire.

S. ix. verse 176.

The biographer Sorassi, 1 out of tenderness to the reputation either of the Italian or the French poet, is eager to observe that the satirist recanted "or explained away

1 D. O. M.

Francisco Petrarque
Parami Archidono.
Parnassus archaico geneae perpontuo
Ethics Christianse scripti eximio
Romanus linear resitutio
Franciae princeps.

Africae ob cremen hic in urbe percutit regibus xedic
S. P. Q. R. Iscau donato,
Tanti Voi
Juvenilium juvenis semillium senex
Studentissimus.

Comes Nicolaus Cumanicus Croznatus
Marmorum proximis ara exocta.
Ibnimum condito
Divit Jannaee emento corpore
H. M. I
Succubus

Sed infra meridum Francisce sepulcre
Summa line in sede offerti mandante
Si Parmese secum necem
Extorta levibus nobis creati

1 La vita del Tasso, lib. ii. p. 294, tom. ii. ed. Bergamo. 1790
in Scarsis’s life of the poet. But Trafalchi had before laid that rivalry at rest,1 by showing that between Ariosto and Tasso it is not a question of comparison, but of preference.

Note 19. Stanzas vi.

The lightning rent from Ariosto’s height
That cloud of laurel leaves which fell.

Before the remains of Ariosto were removed from the Benedictine church to the library of Ferrara, his bust, which surmounted the tomb, was struck by lightning and a crown of iron laurels melted away. The poem has been recorded by a writer of the last century.2 The transfer of these sacred ashes on the 6th of June, 1831, was one of the most brilliant spectacles of the short-lived Italian Republic, and to consecrate the memory of the ceremony, the once famous fallen Intrepidi were revived and re-formed in the Ariostean academy. The large public place through which the procession proceeded was then for the first time called Ariosto Square. The author of the Orlando is jealously claimed as the Homer, not of Italy, but Ferrara.3 The mother of Ariosto was of Reggio, and the house in which he was born is carefully distinguished by a tablet with these words: “Qui nacque Ludovico Ariosto il giorno 8 di Settembre dell’anno 1514.” But the Ferrarese make light of the accident by which their poet was born abroad, and claim him exclusively for their own. They possess his bones, they show his arm-chair, and his inkstand, and his autographs.

The house where he lived, the room where he died, are designated by his own replaced memorial,4 and by a recent inscription. The Ferrarese are more zealous of their claims since the annuity of Demna, arising from a cause which their apologists mysteriously limit is not unknown to them, ventured to degrade their soil and climate to a Boeotian incapacity for all spiritual productions. A quarto volume has been called forth by the detraction, and this supplement to Bartelli’s Memoirs of the illustrious Ferrarese, has been considered a triumphant reply to the “Quadro Storico dell’Alta Italia.”5

Note 20. Stanzas xvi.

For the true laurel-wreath which glory weaves
Is of the tree no bolt of thunder cleaves.

The eagle, the sea-calf, the laurel,6 and the white vine,7 were amongst the most approved preservatives against lightning: Jupiter chose the first, Augustus Caesar the second,8 and Tiberius never failed to wear a wreath of the third when the sky threatened a thunder-storm.9 These superstitions may be received without a sneer in a country where the magical properties of the hazel-twigs have been universally admitted; and perhaps the reader may not be much surprised to find that a commentator on Suetonius has taken upon himself gravely

1 Storia della Lett., etc. lib. iii. tom. vii. p. 5 129, sect. 4.
3 “Appassionata ammirazioni ed inviso apologia del’ Opera Ferrari.” The title was first given by Tasso, and is quoted to the confusion of the Tassetti, lib. iii. pp. 202, 965. La Vita di M. L. Ariosto, etc.
4 “Pareri, sed aperte, multo piu sanae, sed non ad profetum sed tamen eae domina.”
5 Aquila, vitibus marinis, et lauras, fulmine non feruntur.
7 Colonna, lib. x.
8 Susten. In Vit. August. cap. xc.
9 Id. In Vit. Tiberii, cap. lxx.
to dispute the ampted virtues of the crown of Tiberius, by mentioning that, a few years before he wore a laurel was actually struck by lightning at Rome. 1

Note 21. Stanza xii.

Know that the lightning sometimes below.

The Curius lake and the Rominal fig-tree in the Forum, having been touched by lightning, were held sacred, and the memory of the accident was preserved by a postel, or altar, resembling the mound of a well, with a little chapel covering the cavity supposed to be made by the thunderbolt. Bodies sacked and persons struck dead were thought to be incorruptible; and a stroke not fatal conferred perpetual dignity upon the man so distinguished by Heaven. 3

Those killed by lightning were wrapped in a white garment, and buried where they fell. The superstition was not confined to the worshippers of Jupiter; the Lombards believed in the omens furnished by lightning, and a Christian priest confesses that by a diabolical skill in interpreting thunder, a seer foretold to Agilulf, duke of Perm, an event which came to pass, and gave him a queen and the empire as a wife. 3 There was an exact equivalence in this sign, which the ancient inhabitants of Rome did not always consider propitious; and as the fears are likely to last longer than the consistlations of superstition, it is not strange that the Romans of the age of Leo X. should have been so much terrified at some misinterpreted storms as to require the exhortations of a senhor, who arrayed all the learning on thunder and lightning to prove the omen favourable; beginning with the flash which struck the walls of Velitrae, and including that which played upon a gate at Florence, and foretold the pontificate of one of its citizens. 4

Note 22. Stanza xiii.

Italia, oh Italy, etc.

The two stanzas, XI. and XII. are, with the exception of a line or two, a translation of the famous sonnet of Filocheja:

"Italia, Italia, O tu cui fo! is sorte."

Note 23. Stanza xiv.

Wandering in youth, I traced the path of him,
Thy Roman friend of Rome's least mortal mind.

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 Aegina towards Megara, I began to contemplate the prospect of the countries around me: Aegina was behind, Megara before me; Piraeus on the right, Corinth on the left; all which towns, once famous and flourishing, now lie overturned and buried in their ruins. Upon this night, I could not but think presently within myself: Alas! how do these 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 cares of so many noble cities lie here exposed before me in one view."

Note 24. Stanza xvi.

It is Poggio, who, looking from the Capitoline hill upon homes Rome, breaks forth into the exclamation.

"Ut nume omni decreto malata, prostrata jacet, insta gigantei cadaveris corrupti atque unique exce.

Note 25. Stanza xix.

There, too, the goddess loves in stone.

The view of the Venus of Medicus justly suggests the lines in the Stesichor, and the comparison of the subject with the description proves, not only the correctness of the portrait, but the peculiar turn of thought, and, if the term may be used, the sexual imagination of the descriptive poet. The same conclusion may be deduced from another hint in the same episode of Musidor; for Thomson's notion of the privileges of favoured love must have been either very primitive, or rather deficient in delivery, when he made his grateful nymph inform her discreet Damon that in some happier moment he might perhaps be the companion of her bath:

"The time may come you need not fly." 7

The reader will recollect the anecdote told in the life of Dr. Johnson. We will not leave the Florentine gallery without a word on the Whiter. It seems strange that the character of that disputed statue should not be entirely described, at least in the mind of any one who has seen a sarcophagus in the vestibule of the Basilica of St. Paul without the walls, at Rome, where the whole group of the fable of Marsyas is seen in tolerable preservation; and the Scythian slave whetting the knife is represented exactly in the same position as this celebrated masterpiece. The slave is not naked: but it is easier to get rid of this difficulty than to suppose the knife in the hand of the Florentine statue an instrument for shaving, which it must be, if, as Lanzo supposes, the man is no other than the barber of Julius Caesar. Winckelmann, illustrating a bas-relief of the same subject, follows the opinion of Leonard Agostini, and his authority might have been thought conclusive, even if the resemblance did not strike the most careless observer. 8

Amongst the bronzes of the same princely collection, is still to be seen the inscribed tablet copied and commented upon by Mr. Gibbon. 9 Our historian found some difficulties, but did not denounce from his illustration: he might be vexed to hear that his criticism has been thrown away on an inscription now generally recognised to be a forgery.

Note 25. Stanza li.

...his eyes to thee upturn,
Feeding on thy sweet cheek.

Oftbambus ictni.

"...Atque oculos pascat utque mane..."—Ovid. Amor, lib. ii.

Note 27. Stanza liv.

In Santa Croce's holy precincts lie.

This name will recall the memory, not only of those whose tombs have raised the Santa Croce into the centre of pilgrimage, the Mecca of Italy, but of her whose eloquence was poured over the illustrious ashes, and whose voice is now as mute as those she sung. CORINNA is no more; and with her should expire the fear, the flattery, and the envy, which threw too dazzling or too dark a cloud round the march of genius.


1 See Musidor, Ant, insul. par. i. cap. v. n. iii. pag. 50; and Storia della arte, etc. lib. xi. cap. i. tom. ii. p. 314, and ii. B

2 Ovid. Fasti, v. 395, edit. oct

and forbid the steady gaze of disinterested criticism. We have her picture embellished or distorted, as friendship or detraction has held the pencil: the imperial portrait was hard to be expected from a contemporary. The immediate voice of her survivors will, it is probable, be far from affecting a just estimate of her singular capacity. The gallantry, the love of wonder, and the hope of associated fame, which blunted the edge of censure, must cease to exist.—The dead have no sex; they can surprise by no new miracles; they can confer no privilege: Corinna has ceased to be a woman—she is only an author: and it may be foreseen that many will repay themselves for former complaisance, by a severity to which the extravagance of previous praises may perhaps give the colour of truth. The latest postscript, for to the latest postscript they will assuredly descend, will have to pronounce upon her various productions; and the longer the vista through which they are seen, the more accurately minute will be the object, the more certain the justice of the decision. She will enter into that existence in which the great writers of all ages and nations are, as 'twere, associated in a world of their own, and from that superior sphere shed their eternal influence for the control and consolation of mankind. But the individual will gradually disappear as the author is more distinctly seen: some one, therefore, of all those whom the charms of involuntary wit, and of easy hospitality, attracted within the friendly circles of Coppel, should rescue from oblivion those virtues which, although they are still to have the shade, are, in fact, more frequently chilled than excited by the domestic cares of private life. Some one should be found to portray the unaffected graces with which she adorned those dearer relationships, the performance of whose duties rather discovered amongst the interior secrets, than seen in the outward management, of family intercourse; and which, indeed, it requires the delicacy of genuine affection to qualify for the eye of an indifferent spectator. Some one should be found, not to celebrate, but to describe, the amiable mistress of an open mansion, the centre of a society, ever varied, and always pleased, the creator of which, divested of the ambition and the arts of public rivalry, shone forth only to give fresh animation to those around her. The mother tenderly affectionate and tenderly beloved, the friend unboundedly generous, but still reserved, the charitable patroness of all distress, cannot be forgotten by those whom she cherished, protected, and fed. Her loss will be mourned the most where she was known the best; and, to the sorrows of very many friends and more dependants, may be offered the disinterested regret of a stranger, who, amidst the sublime scenes of the Leman lake, received his chief satisfaction from contemplating the engaging qualities of the incomparable Corinna.

Note 28. Stanza liv.

Angelo's, Allieri's tombs.

Allieri is the great name of this age. The Italians, without waiting for the fabulous years, consider him as "a poet great in law."—His memory is the more dear as it is the badge of freedom; and heretofore, as such, his tragedies can receive no compensation from any of their successors. They are but very seldom, and not very few of them, allowed to be acted. It was observed by Goethe, that nowhere were the true opinions and feelings of the Romans so clearly shown as at the theatre. In the autumn of 1787, a celebrated impresario exhibited his talents at the Opera-house of Milan. The reading of the theses handed in for the subject of his poetry was received by a very numerous audience, for the most part in silence, or with hasty looks; but when the assistant, unfolding one of the papers, ex-claimed, "The apothecary of Vicer Alberi," the whole theatre burst into a shout, and the applause was continued for some moments. The lot did not fall on Alieri; and the Signor Sgricci had to pour forth his extraordinary commendations upon the bard of Alteri. The choice, indeed, is not left to accident quite so much as might be thought from a first view of the ceremony; and the police not only takes care to look at the papers beforehand, but, in case of any prudential after-thought, steps in to correct the blindness of choice. The proposal for deifying Alieri was received with immediate enthusiasm, the rather because it was conjectured there would be no opportunity of carrying it into effect.

Note 29. Stanza liv.

Here Machiavelli's earth round'd to where itrose.

The affectation of simplicity in sepulchral inscriptions which so often leaves us uncertain whether the structure is an actual depository, or a.com- taph, or a simple memorial pot of the dust but life, has given to the tomb of Machiavelli no information as to the place or time of the birth or death, the age or parentage, of the historian.

TANTO NOMINI AULUM PAR ELOGIO

MICALDI MACHIAVELLI

There seems at least no reason why the name should not have been put above the sentence which alludes to it.

It will readily be imagined that the prejudices which have passed the name of Machiavelli into an epithet provincial of iniquity, exist no longer a Florence. His memory was persecuted as his life had been for an attachment to liberty, incompatible with the new system of despotism, which succeeded the fall of the free governments of Italy. He was put to the torture for being a "patriot" that is, for wishing to restore the public of Florence; and such are the unifying efforts of those who are interested in the perversion not only of the nature of actions, but the meaning of words, that what was once patrioism, has by degrees come to signify debach. We have ourselves outwitted the old meaning of "liberality," which is now another word for treason in one country and for infatuation in all. It seems to have been a strange mistake to accuse the author of the Prince, as being a pandurer to tyranny; and to think that the inquisition would condemn his work for such a delinquency. The fact is, that Machiavelli, as is usual with those against whom no crime can be proved, was suspected of and charged with atheism; and the first and last most violent opposers of the Prince were both Jesuits, one of whom persuaded the inquisition "beneficent tarda," to prohibit the translation.

1 The free expression of their honest sentiments survived their liberties. Titus, the friend of Araby, presented them with verses in the theatre of Pompey. They did not suffer the Free Men to compose and sing there. They would not admit any perorr, trọng than the name of Machiavelli, or the name of Buonarroti, to be mentioned on the public stage, if it was the name of a Catholic. This was the spirit of the American revolution. Whatever is not a Protestant, or a Catholic, is not to be talked of in the public places.
and the other qualified the secretary of the Florentine republic as no better than a fool. The father of the Possevins proved never to have read the book, and the father of the Lincehini not to have understood it. It is clear, however, that such a work, excepted to recover not the slavery of the dogmas, but to the supposed tendency of a lesson which shows how distinct are the interests of a monarch from the happiness of mankind. The laws are re-established in Italy, and the last chapter of the Prince may again call forth a particular refutation, from those who are employed once more in muddling the minds of the rising generation, so as to receive the impressions of despotism. The chapter opens with "Il' Esercitazione liberare la Italia dai Barbari,! and concludes with a liberterie excitement to the future redemption of Italy. "Non si deve adunque lasciare questo osservare, avvisati: la Italia vegga dopo tanto tempo apparire un suo salvatore. Non possa esprire con qual amore si fosse ricercato in tutte quelle province, che hanno patito per queste illusioni esterne, con qual dett di vendetta, che assottinate fate, con che lucrme. Quali potete se li sottereue? Quali popoli li negherebbe la obbligazione? Quale Italiano li negherebbe l'assenza? Ad oggi seun

**Nota 30.** Stanza settanta.

Untroubled Florence: Dante sleeps afar.

Dante was born in Florence in the year 1265. He fought in two battles, was fourteen times ambassador, and once pace of the republic. When the Prince of Anjou triumphed over the Bionchi, he was absent on an embassy to Pope Boniface VIII. and was condemned to two years' banishment, and to a fine of eight thousand lire; on the non-payment of which he was further punished by the sequestration of all his property. The republic, however, was not content with this satisfaction, for in 1772 was discovered in the archives of Florence a sentence in which Dante is the eleventh of a list of fifteen condemned in 1302 to be burnt alive; Tale perennis igne conflagratur sic quod mortorit. The protest for this judgment was a proof of unfair hatred, extremity, and illicit gains: Barocheirimus utpaxurum, extorsionum, et illicitorum lucrum, and with such an accusation it is not strange that Dante should have always protested his innocence, and the injustice of his fellow-citizens. His appeal to Florence was accompanied by another to the Emperor Henry, and the death of the sovereign, in 1313, was the signal for a sentence of irrecoverable banishment. He had before lingered near Tuscany, with hopes of recall, then travelled into the north of Italy, where Verona had to house of his longest residence, and he finally settled at Ravenna, which was his ordinary but not constant abode until his death. The refusal of the Venetians to grant him a public audience, on the part of Guido Novello da Polenta, his protector, is said to have been the principal cause of this event, which happened in 1321. He was buried ("in sacro minimum seco,") at Ravenna, in a handsome tomb, which was erected by Guido, restored by Bernardo Benso in 1485, prior for that republic which had refused to hear him, again restored by Cardinal Corso in 1682, and replaced by a more magnificent sepulchre, constructed in 1780 at the expense of the Cardinal Luigi Valentini. The Allearce of misfortune of Dante was an attachment to a defeated party, and, as his least favourite, hislegate against him, too great a freedom of speech and highness of manner. But the next age paid honours almost divine to the exile. The Florentines, having in vain and frequently attempted to recover his body, crowned his image in a church, and his picture is still one of the tables of their cathedral. They struck medals, they raised statues to him. The cities of Italy, not being able to dispute about his own birth, contended for that of his great poem, and the Florentines thought it for their honour to prove that he had finished the seventh Canto, before they drove him from his native city. Fifty-one years after his death, they endowed a professional chair for the expounding of his verses, and Boccaccio was appointed to this patriotic employment. The example was imitated by Bologna and Pisa, and the commentators, if they performed but little service to literature, augmented the veneration which beheld a sacred or moral allegory in all the images of his mystic muse. His birth and his infancy were discovered to have been distinguished above those of ordinary men; the author of the Decameron, his earliest biographer, relates that his mother was warned in a dream of the importance of her pregnancy; and it was found, by others, that at ten years of age he had manifested his precocious passion for that wisdom or theology which, under the name of Beutrice, had been so mistaken for a substantial mistress. When the Divine Comedy had been recognised as a mere mortal production, one of the distance of two centuries, when criticism and competition had sobered the judgment of Italians, Dante was seriously declared superior to Homer, and though the preference appeared to some casual a heretical blasphemy worthy of the churches, it was secretly and cautiously maintained for nearly fifty years. In later times, it was made a question which of the lords of Verona could boast of having patronized him, and the jealous scepticism of one writer would not allow Ravenna the unbounded possession of his bones. Even the critical Tiraboschi was inclined to believe that the poet had foreseen and foretold one of the disasters of Galileo. Like the great originals of other nations, his popularity has not always maintained the same level. The last age seemed inclined to undervalue him as a model and a study; and Bettinelli once declared his pupil Monti, for purging over the harsh and obsolete extravagancies of the Commedia. The present generation, having recovered from the Galilean ebulliories of Ceraotti, has returned to the ancient worship, and the Danteuggare of the northern Italians is thought even indissoluble by the more modern Tuscan.

There is still much curious information relative to the life and writings of this great poet, which has not as yet been collected even by the Italians, but the celebrated Ugo Foscolo meditates to supply this defect; and it is not to be regretted that his national work has been reserved for one so devoted to his country and the cause of truth.

**Nota 31.** Stanza lietta.

Like Scipio, buried by the upholding shore
This tomb, in their worse than civil war,
Preserved, etc.

The elder Scipio Africanus had a tomb, if he was not burned, at Latium, whether he had retired to voluntary banishment. This tomb was near the sea-shore, and the story of an inscription upon it, Ingrata Patria,

1) [Il Pratoloppe di Nicolò Machiavelli, etc., con la prefazione de la note storiche e politiche di M. Animini de la Hassenne, e con una confituzione del commento, Cosmopoli, 1789]

2) [Saggio della Lett. Ital., vol. vi. lib. iii. par. 2, p. 448. Tira-boschi, La devozione de la statue de les trois cieux contre Dante are A. D. 1265, 1273, and 1316.]

3) [See Ricci, Le Scipioni, p. 425.]

4) [See V. e C. Vol. viii. p. 488. The controversy continues from 1570 to 1616. See Sottn, etc., tom. vii. lib. ibid. par. 16 p. 120-9.]

5) [Gio. Inacio Dominia comenzo di Verona. Serie di Anno dito, n. 2; See Sottn, etc., tom. vi. lib. ii. par. 1. p. 141.]
having given a name to a modern tower, is, if not true, an agreeable fiction. If he was not buried, he certainly lived there. 1

In a vast and solitary villa
Era 'grand' nano ch' Africa s'appella
Pacirne prima et terra al vir probus? 2

Ingratitude is generally supposed the vice peculiar to republics; and it seems to be forgotten, that, for one instance of popular meanness, we have a hundred examples of the fall of courtly favour. Besides, a people have often repented—a monarch seldom or ever. Leaving apart many familiar proofs of this fact, a short story may show the difference between an aristocracy and the multitude.

Vetor Pisani, having been defeated in 1354 at Porto-
longo, and many years afterwards in the more decisive action of Pola, by the Genoese, was recalled by the Venetian government, and thrown into chains. The Avogador proposed to behead him, but the supreme tribunal was content with the sentence of imprisonment. Whilst Pisani was suffering this unmerited disgrace, he applied for the assistance of the signoric. The 

in the hands of Pietro Doria. At the intelligence of this disaster, the great bell of St. Mark's tower tolled to arms, and the people and the soldiery of the galleys were summoned to the repulse of the approaching enemy; but they protested they would not move a step, unless Pisani were liberated, and placed at their head. The great council was instantly assembled; the prisoner was called before them, and the Doge, Andrea Contarini, informed him of the demands of the people and the necessities of the state, whose only hope of safety was reposed on his efforts, and who implored him to forgive the indignities he had endured in his service. "I have submitted," replied the magnanimous republican, "I have submitted to your deliberations without complaint; I have supported patiently the pain of imprisonment, for they were inflicted at your command; this is no time to inquire whether I deserved them—the good of the republic may have seemed to require it, and that which the republic resolves is always resolved wisely. Behold me ready to lay down my life for the preservation of my country." Pisani was appointed generalissimo, and, by his exertions, in conjunction with those of Carlo Zeno, the Venetians soon recovered the ascendancy over their maritime rivals.

The Italian communions were no less unjust to their citizens than the Greek republics. Liberty, both with the one and the other, seems to have been a national, not an individual object: and, notwithstanding the boasted equality before the laws, which an ancient Greek writer considered the great distinctive mark between his countrymen and the barbarians, the mutual rights of fellow-citizens seem never to have been the principal scope of the old democracies. The world may have not yet seen an essay by the author of the Italian Republics, in which the distinction between the liberty of republics, and the signification attached to that word by the happier constitution of England, is ingeniously developed. The Italians, however, when they had ceased to be free, still looked back with a sigh upon those times of turbulence, when every citizen might rise to a share of sovereign power, and have never been taught fully to appreciate the repose of a monarchy. Sperone Speroni, when Francesca Maria II. Duke of Rovere proposed the question, "which was preferable, the republic or the principality—the perfect and not durable, or the less perfect and not so liable to change," replied, "that our happiness is to be measured by its quality, not by its duration; and that he preferred to live for one day like a man, than for a hundred years like a brute, a stock, or a stone." This was thought, and called, a magnificent answer, down to the last days of the Italian servitude. 3

Byron's Poetical Works.

Note 31. Stanza livi.

Which Petrarch's laurels have supremely worn, Upon a far and foreign soil had grown.

The Florence, which have not the opportunity of Petrarch's short visit to their city, in 1359, to revoke the decree which confiscated the property of his father, who had been banished shortly after the exile of Dante, his crown did not dazzle them; but when, in the next year, they were in want of his assistance in the formation of their university, they repented of their injustice, and Boccaccio was sent to Padua to extort the laurel to conclude his wanderings in the bosom of his native country, where he might finish his immortal Africa, and enjoy, with his recovered possessions, the esteem of all classes of his fellow-citizens. They gave him the option of the book, and the science he might condescend to expend: they called him the glory of his country, who was dear, and would be dearer to them; and they added, that if there was any thing displeasing in their letter, he ought to return amongst them, were it only to correct their style. Petrarch seemed at first to listen to the latter and to the entreaties of his friend, but he did not return to Florence, and preferred a pilgrimage to the tomb of Laura and the shades of Vancluse.

Note 32. Stanza lxx.

Boccaccio to his parent earth bequest his dust.

Boccaccio was buried in the church of St. Michael and St. James, at Certaldo, a small town in the Valdarno, which was by some supposed the place of his birth. There he passed the latter part of his life in a course of laborious study, which shortened his existence; and there might his ashes have been secure, if not of honour, at least of repose. But the "Hyena bipus" of Certaldo tore up the tombstone of Boccaccio, and ejected it from the holy precincts of St. Michael and St. James. The occasion, and it may be hoped, the excuse of this ejectment, was the making of a new floor for the church; but the fact is, that the tombstone was taken up and thrown aside at the bottom of the building. Ignorance may share the sin with bigotry. It would be painful to relate such an exception to the devotion of the Italians for their great names, could it not be accompanied by a trait more happily conformable to the general character of the nation. The principal feature of the district, the last branch of the house of Medici, afforded that protection to the memory of the insulted dead which her best ancestors had dispensed upon all contemporary merit. The Marchesani Lenziou rescued the tombstone of Boccaccio from the neglect in which it had some time lain, and found for it an honourable elevation in its own

1 Vitro Libero veni am nicolor urbis. See T. Liv. Hist. de. xvi. Livy reports that some and he was buried at Litumum, others at Rome. Lib. cap. xlv.
2 Tristia della Castalia.
3 Infinito alla natura riposta, etc. Sesterti, Vita del Tasso, lib. iv. p. 419, tom. ii. edit. 2, Bergamo.
4 Accrimenti imbaria, etc. Privato del'editore, in mon. Propugnavit illustrissimo... So misero, che d'un momento a nostro sile come essa di donna, ebbi essere un altro morto ad esibir dei dei deiva natura. Storia della Lett. Libr. tom. v. par. 1, lib. 1, pag. 76.
not the place to undertake the defence of Boccaccio; but the man who exhausted his little patrimony in the acquirement of learning, who was amongst the first, if not the first, to allure the science and the poetry of Greece to the bosom of Italy—who not only invented a new style, but founded, or certainly fixed, a new language; who resides the souls of every polite court of Europe, was thought worthy of employment by the predominant republic of his own country, and, what is more, of the friendship of Petrarch, who lived the life of a philosopher and a freeman, and who died in the pursuit of knowledge,—such a man might have found more consideration than he has met with from the priest of Certaldo, and from a late English traveller, who strikes off his portrait as an odious, contemptible, fictitious writer, whose impure remains should be served to rot without a record. 1 That English traveller, unfortunately for those who have to deplore the loss of a very estimable person, is beyond all criticism; but the mortality which did not protect Boccaccio from Mr. Enstace, must not defend Mr. Enstace from the impartial judgment of his successors. Death may canonize his virtues, but his errors; and it may be prejudiced by proclaiming that he transcended, not only as an author, but as a man, when he evoked the shade of Boccaccio in company with that of Arctino, amidst the sepulchres of Santa Croce, merely to dismiss it with indignity. As far as respects

"Il fiorello de' Principi.
Il divin Pietro Arctino,"
it is of little import what censure is passed upon a cobbler who owes his present existence to the above barbary character given to him by the poet whose amiable and preserved many other grains and worms; but to classify Boccaccio with such a person, and to excommunicate his very ashes, must of itself make us doubt of the qualification of the classical tourist for writing upon Italian, or, indeed, upon any other literature; for ignorance on one point may incapacitate an author merely for that particular topic, but subscription to a professional prejudice must render him an unsuitable director on all occasions. Any perversion and injustice may be made what is vulgarly called "a case of conscience," and this poor excuse is all that can be offered for the priest of Certaldo, or the author of the Classical Tour. It would have answered the purpose to confine the encomium to the Classical Tour, but if we are to be made to suffer for the defence of another blunder respecting the burial-place of Arctino, whose tomb was in the church of St. Luke at Venice, and gave rise to the famous controversy of which those rather relatives of Boccaccio who have since written a polemic treatise at Rome. Now the words of Mr. Enstace would lead us to think the tomb was at Florence, or at least was to be somewhere recognised. Whether the inscription so much disputed was ever written on the tomb cannot now be determined; and if, for the sake of all impartial men, this author has disapproved from the church of St. Luke, which is now changed for a lamp warehouse.

1 Classical Tour, cap. ix. vol. ii. p. 253. edit. 3d. of Boccaccio, the modern Petrasmus, we say nothing: the abuse of genius is more odious and more contemptible than its abuse; and it imports little where the impure remains of a fiendish author have extended so that somewhat wrong reason the traveller may pass unnoticed the tomb of the meritorious Arctino."

This infamous phrase is hardly enough to serve the purpose for a museum of another blunter respecting the burial-place of Arctino, whose tomb was in the church of St. Luke at Venice, and gave rise to the famous controversy of which those rather relatives of Boccaccio who have since written a polemic treatise at Rome. Now the words of Mr. Enstace would lead us to think the tomb was at Florence, or at least was to be somewhere recognised. Whether the inscription so much disputed was ever written on the tomb cannot now be determined; and if, for the sake of all impartial men, this author has disapproved from the church of St. Luke, which is now changed for a lamp warehouse.
when they make us a present of truth, a more acceptable contrast with the proscription of the body, soul, and muse of Boccaccio may be found in a few words from the righteous, the patriotic contemporary, who thought one of the tales of this impure writer worthy a Latin version from his own pen. "I have remarked elsewhere, in writing on Boccaccio, that he took itself has been worried by certain dogs, but stoutly defended by your staff and voice. Nor was I astonished, for I have had proof of the vigour of your mind, and I knew you have fallen on that unaccommodating insupportable rate of mortals who, whatever they either like not, or know not, or cannot do, are sure to reprehend in others, and on those occasions only put on a show of learning and eloquence, but otherwise are entirely bold."

It is satisfactory to find that all the priesthood do not resemble those of Cælulid, and that one of them who did not possess the bones of Boccaccio would not lose the opportunity of raising a cenotaph to his memory. Bevius, canon of Paulina, at the beginning of the 15th century, erected at Arqua, opposite to the tomb of the benefactor, a tablet, in which he associated Boccaccio to the equal honours of Dante and Petrarch.

Note 31. Stanza ix.

What is her pyramid of precious stones?

Our generation for the Medici begins with Cosimo, and expires with his grandson; that stream is pure only at the source; and it is in search of some memorial of the various republicans of the family, that we visit the church of St. Lorenzo at Florence. The twaddore, glaring, unfeigned chapels in that church, designed for the mausoleum of the Dukes of Tuscany, set round with columns and coffins, gives birth to no emotions but those of contempt for the lavish vanity of a race of despots, whilst the pavement slab, simply inscribed to the Father of his Country, reconciles us to the name of Medicis. It was very natural for Corinna to suppose that the statue raised to the Duke of Urban in the capella de sinestri, was intended for his great namesake; but the magnificence of Lorenzo was the sharer of a renown hidden in a name of the sanctity. The decay of Tuscany dates from the sovereignty of the Medicis. Of the sepulchral peace which succeeded to the establishment of the reigning families in Italy, our own Sidney has given us a glowing, but a faithful picture. "Notwithstanding all the solicitudes of Florence, and other cities of Tuscany, the horrid factions of Gueldres and Gladimers, Neri and Bianchi, nobles and commons, they continued populous, strong, and exceeding rich; but in the space of less than a hundred and fifty years, the peaceable reign of the Medicis is thought to have destroyed nine parts in ten of the people of that province. Amongst other things it is remarkable, that when Philip the Second of Spain gave Scars to the Duke of Florence, his ambassador then at Rome sent him word, that he had given away more than 650,000 subjects; and it is not believed there are now 20,000 souls inhabiting that city and territory. Pisa, Pistoia, Arezzo, Cortona, and other towns, that were then good and populous, are in the like proportion diminished, and Florence more than any. When that city had been long troubled with seditions,"

* * *

* Ammaugverti multa tuisque operum omnium devota in bonam et laudabile remissio in basi duodecim versuum versus defensionem. Non minus sua, nam et vix sic incipit unus, et scelera infrare hominum gentis mundi et urbis turbae cuncta, permagnati se soli mutuo, vel ansento, vel nunc postero, in simia reprobatione, ut hactenus, sub suo munere, utrumque item, soli mutuo mutuus. Non sequuntur minus, quibus innumeris multis, urbis et urbis et urbis mundi et urbis urbis mundi urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbis urbi..."}

1. Byron's Poetical Works.
into the marshes near to this tower. Lower than the road, down to the right amidst these woody hillocks, Hannibal placed his horse, in the jaws of or rather above the pass, which was between the lake and the present road, and most probably close to Borgeotto, just under the forest of the "isola sanquirico." On a summant to the left, above the road, is an old circular ruin which the peasants call "the Tower of Hannibal the Carthaginian." 2

Arrived at the highest point of the road, the traveller has a partial view of the flat plain, which opens fully upon him as he descends the Guarniera. He soon finds himself in a vale inclosed to the left and in front and behind him by the Guarniera hills, bending round in a segment larger than a semicircle, and running down at each end to the lake, which obliquely to the right, and forms the chord of this mountain arc. The position cannot be guessed at from the plains of Cortona, nor appears to be so completely inclosed unless to one who is fairly within the hills. It then, indeed, appears a "place made as it were on purpose for a snare," 3 "Mons inuexus ita nat," Borgeotto is then found to stand in a narrow marshy pass close to the opposite turn of the mountains than through the little town of Pasigiano, which is pushed into the water by the foot of a high rocky acclivity. 4

There is a woody eminence branching down from the mountains into the upper end of the plain nearer to the side of Pasigiano, and on this stands a white village called Torre. Polybius seems to allude to this eminence as the one on which Hannibal encamped, and drew out his heavy-armed African and Spaniards in a conspicuous position. 5 From this spot he despatched his Balaure and light-armed troops round through the Guarniera heights to the right, so as to arrive unseen, and form an ambush amongst the broken acclivities which the road now passes, and to be ready to act upon the left flank and above the enemy, whilst the horse shut up for pass behind. Hannibal came to the lake near Borgeotto at sunset; and, without sending any spies before him, marched through the pass the next morning before the day had quite broken, so that he perceived neither of the horse and light troops above and about him, and saw only the heavy-armed Carthaginians in front on the hill of Torre. 6 The council began to draw out his army in the flat, and in the mean time the horse in ambush occupied the pass behind him at Borgeotto. Thus the Romans were completely inclosed, having the lake on the right, the main army on the hill of Torre in front, the Guarniera hills filled with the light-armed on their left flank, and being prevented from receding by the cavalry, who, the farther they advanced, stopped up all the outlets in the rear. A fog rising from the lake now spread itself over the army of the consul, but the high lands were in the sunshine, and all the different corps in ambush looked towards the hill of Torre for the order of attack. Hannibal gave the signal, and moved down from his post on the height. At the same moment all his troops on the eminences behind and in the flank of Flamininus, rushed forward as it were with one accord into the plain. The Romans, who were forming then array in the mist, suddenly heard the shouts of the enemy amongst them, on every side, and, before they could fall into their ranks, or draw their swords, or see by whom they were attacked, felt at once that they were surrounded and held back.

There are two little rivulets which run from the Guarniera into the lake. The traveller crosses the first of these at about a mile after he comes into the plain, and this divides the Tuscan from the Papal territories. The second, about a quarter of a mile further on, is called "the bloody rivulet," and the peasants point out an open spot to the left between the "Sangunnetto" and the hills, which, they say, was the principal scene of slaughter. The other part of the plain is covered with thick-set olive trees in corn-grounds, and is nowhere quite level except near the edge of the lake. It is, indeed, most probable that the battle was fought near this rivulet, and the lake, the marsh about Borgeotto, but chiefly the plain of the Sangunnetto and the passes of the Guarniera, were strewed with dead. Near some old walls on a bleak ridge to the left above the rivulet, many human bones have been repeatedly found, and this has confirmed the traditions and the name of the "stream of blood." 6

Every district of Italy has its hero. In the north some palmer is the usual genius of the place, and the foreign Julio Romano more than divides Mantua with her native Virgil. 7 To the south we hear of Roman names. Near Thrasimene tradition is still faithful to the fame of an enemy, and Hannibal the Carthaginian is the only ancient name remembered on the banks of the Perugian lake. Flamininus is unknown; but the positions on that road have been shown to the very spot where il Consul Romano was slain. Of all who fought and fell in the battle of Thrasimene, the historian himself has, besides the generals and Maharbal, preserved indeed only a single name. You overtake the Carthaginian again on the same road to Rome. The antiquary, that is, the hostler of the post-house at Spoleto, tells you that his town repulsed the victorious enemy, and shows you the gate still called Porta di Annibale. It is hardly worth while to remark that a French travel-writer, well known by the name of the President Dupaty, saw Thrasimene in the lake of Bolsena, which lay conveniently on his way from Sienna to Rome.

Note 36. Stanza Lvi.

But then, Citlumus!

No book of travels has omitted to expatiate on the temple of the Citlumus, between Foligno and Spoleto; and no site, or scenery, even in Italy, is more worthy a description. For an account of the dilapidation of this temple, the reader is referred to Historical Illustrations of the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold.


2 "Ubique montes Cotumosae Thrasimonom subit, 3 "Hie edes assurgent." Tit. Lib. lib. xxii. cap. iv.


4 "Thrasimonom in hortis Afrorum sagittis. Dux eleemosynis effusus inter arma per se ferreus exspectit raptaces, qui in orbe, Attonis in orbe, Atoniis exspectavit." Hist. lib. lib. cap. viii. 5 "Acqui-" in the poet's surname. Acquis, Acquas, &c. are named with the accented form in the text, as Ac-qui-si-ti-um, Ac-qui-si-tio-nem, &c. Hist. lib. lib. cap. viii. 6 The account in Polybius is not so easily reconcilable with present circumstances as that in Livy: he takes hills to the right and left of the pass and valley: but when Flamininus entered, he had the lake at the right of both.


6 About the middle of the Xth century, the cubs of Manua bore on one side the image and figure of Virgil "Zevaa d'Italia, pl. xvii. n. 6. . Voyages dans le Miliansa etc., par A. Z. Millon tom. ii. p. 216. Paris, 1817.
Note 37. Stanza lxxi.

Charming the eye with dread— a matchless catacom.

I saw the "Cascata del marnore" 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, Posse Vacche, fall of Arpennaz, etc., are rills in comparatively appearance. Of the fall of Schaffhausen I cannot speak, not yet having seen it.

Note 38. Stanza lxxii.

An Iris site, amidst the infernal surge.

Of the time, place, and qualities of this kind of Iris, the reader may have seen a short account in a note to *Monfred*. The fall looks so much like "the hell of waters" that Addison thought the descent alluded to be the gulf in which Alcino 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 *Pietà di Lago*. The Reatine territory was the Italian Tempel, and the ancient naturalist, amongst other beautiful varieties, remarked the daily rainbows on the lake Velino. A scholar of great name has devoted a treatise to this district alone.

Note 39. Stanza lxxiii.

The thundering lauvina.

In the greater part of Switzerland the avalanches are known by the name of lauvine.

Note 40. Stanza lxxv.

Too much, to conquer for the poet's sake.

The word is doubtful, formed from word by word.

These stanzas may probably remind the reader of *Essex's Northerton's* remarks: "D—n a Homo," etc., 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 Jaded 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, as well as Latin and Greek, to relish or to reason upon. For the same reason we never can be aware of the fullness of some of the finest passages of Shakespeare ("To be, or not to be," for instance), from the habit of having them innumerable in 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 palsied. 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 of this point from any prejudice 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 Horace than I have always been, and with reason;—a part of the "one passed there was the imprint of my life: and my errors."

1 " Reintii me ad sua Tempus duemunt." Cic. Epist. ad Attic. xv. lib. iv.
2 " In cadum hurru multis non die appareor areae." Plin. hist. Nat. lib. ii. cap. lixii.
3 Abd. Mart. de Reintii urbe aquae, ap. Sallangre Theocr. lat. i. p. 773

(Rev. Dr. Joseph Drury) was the best of all or closest friend I ever possessed, whose warnings I have remembered but too well, though too late,—when I had 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 thanks him but with gratitude and veneration,—of one who would more gladly boast of having been his pupil, if, by mere closely following his injunctions, he could reflect any honour upon his instructor.

Note 41. Stanza lxxix.

The Scipio's tomb contains no ashes now

For a comment on this and the following stanzas, the reader may consult Historical Illustrations of the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold.

Note 42. Stanza lxxxii.

The trebly hundred triumphs!

Orosius gives three hundred and twenty for the number of triumphs. He is followed by Panvinius; and Panvinius by Mr. Gibbon and the modern writers.

Note 43. Stanza lxxxiii.

Oh thou, whose chariot roll'd on time's wheel, etc.

Certainly were it not for these two traits in the life of Sulla, alluded to in this stanza, we should regard him as a monster unredeemed by any admirable quality. The atonement of his voluntary resignation of empire may perhaps be accepted by us, as it seems to have satisfied the Romans, who if they had not respected must have destroyed him. There could be no mean, no division of opinion; they must have all thought, like Ennecrates, that what had avowed redemption was a love of glory, and what had been mistaken for pride was a real grumble of soul.

Note 44. Stanza lxxxiv.

And bid him with the earth's preceding clay

On the third 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.

Note 45. Stanza lxxxvii.

And then, dead state! still existent.

The most excellent form of the human body.

The present state of the Roman Empire has already been recorded by the historian of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. Mr. Gibbon found in the memorials of Flaminius Varca, and it may be added to his mention of it that Pope Julius III. gave the contending owners five hundred crowns for the statue; and presented it to Cardinal Capo di Ferro, who had prevented the judgment of Solomon from being executed upon the image. In a more civilized age this statue was exposed to an actual operation; for the French, who acted the Brutus of Voltaire in the *Cóiseau*, resolved that their Caesar should fall at the base of that Pompey, which was supposed to have been, sprinkled with the blood of the original dictator. The nine foot hero was therefore removed to the arena of the amphitheatre, and to facilitate its transport suffered the temporary amputation of its right arm. This..."
Athenian tragedians had to plead that the arm was a restoration; but their accusers do not believe that the integrity of the statue would have protected it. The case of finding every coincidence has discovered the true Cencorien icon in a stam near the right knee; but colder criticism has rejected not only the blood but the portrait, and assigned the globe of power rather to the first of the emperors than to the last of the epithalam masters of Rome. Winckelmann is left to allow a heroic statue of a Roman citizen, but the Grimani Arigipa, a contemporary almost, is heroic; and naked Roman figures were only very rare, not absolutely forbidden. The face accords much better with the "homines integrum et caustam et gravem," than with any of thebas of Augustus, and is too stern for him who was beautiful, says Suetonius, at all periods of his life. The pretended likeness to Alexander the Great cannot be discerned, but the traits resemble the medal of Pompey. The objectionable globe may not have been an ill-applied statuette to him who found Asia Minor the boundary, and left it the centre of the Roman empire. It seems that Winckelmann has made a mistake in thinking that no proof of the identity of this statue, with that which received the bloody sacrifice, can be derived from the spot where it was discovered. Plautius Vacea says "era sua contina," and this contina is known to have been in the Vicolo de Lentari near the Cancellaria, a position corresponding exactly to that of the Janus before the basilica of Pompey's theatre, to which Augustus transferred the statue after the corns was either burnt or taken down.

Part of the Pompeian shade, the peripteral, existed in the beginning of the XVI century, and the atrium was still called Sactum. So says Blumenk. At all events, so imposing is the sterna beauty of the statuette, and so mombre is the story, that the play of the imagination leaves no room for the excesses of the imagination, and the fiction, if a fiction it is, operates in the spectator with an effect not less powerful than truth.

Note 46. Stanz. lxxxviii.

And then, the thunder-striken nurse of Rome! Ancient Rome, like modern Sienna, abounded most probably with images of the foster-mother of her foundlings; but there were two she-wolves of whom historians make particular mention. One of these, I'essa in which the wolf was seen by Dionysius, at the temple of Romulus under the Julianation, and is universally believed to be that mentioned by the Latin historian, as having been made from the money collected by a fine on usurers, and as standing under the Romuald figure. The other was that which Cicero has celebrated both in prose and verse, and which the

anatolian Dion also records as having suffered the same woe which is alluded to by the orator. This question agitated by the antiquaries is, whether the wolf in the centurion's statue was that of Lary and Dianysius, or that of Cicero, or whether it is neither one nor the other. The earlier writers differ as much as the moderns: Lucius Faunus says, that it is the one alluded to by both, which is impossible, and also by Virgil, which may be. Fulvius Ursinus calls it the wolf of Dionysius, and Marianus talks of it as the one mentioned by Cicero. To him Ruyquinens tenderly assigns. Narnieu is inclined to suppose it may be one of the many wolves preserved in ancient Rome; but of the two rather he lends to the Ciceronian statue.

Mountaine mentions it as a point without doubt. Of the later writers the decisive Winckelmann's problem it has been found by the church of Saint Theodore, where, or near where, was the temple of Romulus, and consequently makes it the wolf of Dionysius. His authority is Lucius Faunus, who, however, only says that it was placed not found, at the Ficus Rumanialis by the Comitium, by which he does not seem to allude to the church of Saint Theodore. Ruyquinens was the first to make the mistake, and Winckelmann followed Ruyquins!

Plautius Vacea tells quite a different story, and says he had heard the wolf with the twins was found near

atone lactestrum, ubernius lapis infamant, massa mensis.

"Ex dictu fausti, rat Romanoni nolens altrixquis, "Quo quaerimus plagas et horcas, iuxta Romani cines simper Ubiquis occurrunt viris maximi.

"Ad Comenius, lib. m. n. lib. i. de Divinit. cap. i."

"Ex curr. /:/, expilatione dixi sermonem /:/, quod hic in simulacra ubique videatur. /:/, e locum apud claros /:/, quos omnes eximii, /:/, etc. /:/, etc. /:/, etc.; /:/, /:/, /:/, /:/."

"His, lib. ii. Dionysius says that Arigipa "wished to have a statue of Arigipa in the Pantheon.""

"In certain parts there was less, clambs ubriques Romanne 138, lactestrum infamant, composita de M. Cicero et Virgilio somner eplomatibus. Livius has a sermon ad. Editions ex peregrinis quisque simul est.
BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS.

the arch of Septimius Severus. The commentator on Winkelmann is of the same opinion with that learned person, and is incensed at Nardini for not having remarked the error, in speaking of the wolf struck with lightning in the Capitol, makes use of the past tense. But, with the Abate's leave, Nardini does not positively assert the statue to be that mentioned by Cicero, and, if he had, the assumption would not perhaps have been so exceedingly indiscreet. The Abate himself is obliged to own that there are marks very similar to the scathing of lightning in the hinder legs of the present wolf; and, to get rid of this, adds, that the wolf seen by Dionysius might have been also struck by lightning, or otherwise injured.

Let us examine the subject by a reference to the words of Cicero. The orator in two places seems to particularize the Romanus and the Romans, especially the first, which his audience remembered to have been in the Capitol, as being struck with lightning. In his verses he records that the twins and wolf both fell, and that the latter left behind the marks of her feet. Cicero does not say that the wolf was consumed: and Dionysius only mentions that it fell down, without adding, as the Abate has made him, to the force of the blow, or the firmness with which it had been fixed. The whole strength, therefore, of the Abate's argument, hangs upon the past tense; which, however, may be somewhat diminished by remarking that the phrase only shows that the statue was not then standing in its former position. Winkelmann has observed, that the present twins are modern; and it is equally clear that there are marks of gilding on the wolf, which might therefore have supposed to make part of the ancient group. It is known that the sacred images of the Capitol were not destroyed when injured by time or accident, but were put into certain underground repositories called geneae. It may be thought possible that the wolf had been so deposited, and had been replaced in some conspicuous situation when the Capitol was rebuilt by Vespasian. Ryeous, without mentioning his authority, tells that it was transferred from the Comitium to the Lateran, and thence brought to the Capitol. If it was found near the arch of Severus, it may have been one of the images which Orosius's says was thrown down in the Forum by lightning when Alaric took the city. That it is of very high antiquity the workmanship is a decisive proof; and that circumstance induced Winkelmann to believe it the wolf of Dionysius. The Capitoline wolf, however, may have been the same, or at least as early as that at the temple of Lactantius. Lactanzius asserts that, in his time, the Romans worshipped a wolf; and it is known that the Lupercalia held out to a very late period after every other observance of the ancient superstition had totally expired. This may account for the preservation of the ancient image longer than the other early symbols of paganism.

It may be permitted, however, to remark that the wolf was a Roman symbol, but that the worship of that symbol is an inference drawn by the zeal of Lactanz. The early Christian writers are not to be trusted in the charges which they make against the pagans. Eusebius accused the Romans to their face of worshipping Simon Magnus, which seems to have been in the island of the Tyber. The Romans had probably never heard of such a person before, who, however, to play a considerable, though scanty part in the church history, and has left several tokens of his vivid combat with St. Peter at Rome; notwithstanding that an inscription found in this very island of the Tyber showed the Simon Magnus of Eusebius to be a certain indigual god, called Semo Sangus or Fulis. Even when the worship of the founder of Rome had been abandoned, it was thought expedient to humon the habits of the good matrons of the city by sending them with their sick infants to the church of St. Theodore, as they had before carried them to the temple of Romanus. The practice is continued to this day; and the site of theabove church seems to be thereby identified with that of the temple; so that if the wolf had been really found there as Winkelmann says, there would be no doubt of the present statue being that seen by Dionysius. But Fannus, in saying that it was at the Ficus Rummiais by the Comitium, is only talking of its ancient position as recorded by Piny; and even if he had been remarking where it was found, would not have alluded to the church of St. Theodore, but to a very different place, near which it was then thought the Ficus Rummiais had been, and also the Comitium; that is, the three columns by the church of Santa Maria Liberatrice, at the corner of the Palatine looking on the Forum.

It is, in fact, a mere conjecture where the image was actually dug up, and perhaps, on the whole, the marks of the lightning on the wolf are an afterthought in favour of its being the Cecoran wolf than that any can be adduced for the contrary opinion. At any rate, it is reasonably selected in the text of the poem as one of the most interesting relics of the ancient city, and is certainly the figure, if not the very animal to which Virgil alludes in his beautiful verses:

"Gemini caput ab origine

Ludere pandentur psae et barbare rusticas

Eunguacis; illa terrae remote

Rumina sacra, et aurum corporis imagines."
CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

Note 47. Stanza xci.

Note 50. Stanza cix.

Note 51. Stanza evii.

Note 52. Stanza cvii.

Note 53. Stanza cx.

Note 54. Stanza cxii.

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

46. Note 47. Stanza xci.

Note 50. Stanza cix.

Note 51. Stanza evii.

Note 52. Stanza cvii.

Note 53. Stanza cx.

Note 54. Stanza cxii.
BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS.

...the shrinking city. The tido, or promontory, which the poet prefers to mark as the substance composing the bank in which the grotto is sunk. The modern topographer has hanged from the grotto the statue of the nymph and nine niches for the Muses, so a late traveller has discovered that the cave is restored to that simplicity which the poet regretted had been exchanged for injurious ornament. But the baldless statue is palpably rather a male than a nymph, and has none of the attributes ascribed to it at present visible. The nine Muses could hardly have stood in six niches; and Juvenal certainly does not allude to any individual cave. Nothing can be collected from the satirist but that somewhere near the Porta Capena was a spot in which it was supposed Numa held nightly consultations with his nymph, and where there was a grove and a sacred fountain, and faines once consecrated to the Muses; and that from this spot there was a descent into the valley of Egeria, where several artificial fountains were. It is clear that the statues of the Muses made no part of the decoration which the satirist thought misplaced in these caves; for he expressly assigns other faines (delubra) to these divinities above the valley, and moreover tells us, that they had been ejected to make room for the Jews. In fact, the little temple, now called that of Bacchus, was formerly thought to belong to the Muses, and Nardini places them in a popular grotte, which was in his time above the valley.

It is probable, from the inscription and position, that the cave now shown may be one of the "artificial cavums," of which, indeed, there is another a little way higher up the valley, under a tuft of elder bushes: but a single grotto of Egeria is a mere modern invention, granted upon the application of the epiteth Egerian to these nymphs in general, and which might send us to look for the haunts of Numa upon the banks of the Thames.

Our English Juvenal was not seduced into mistranslation by his acquaintance with Pope; he carefully preserves the correct plural—

"they cease slowly winding down the vale, we view
The Egerian grove, oh, how lovely the views!"

The valley abounds with springs, &c. and above these springs, and not far from their neighbouring groves, Egeria presided; hence she was said to supply them with water; and she was the nymph of the grottoes through which the fountains were taught to flow.

The whole of the monuments in the vicinity of the Egerian valley have received names at will, which have been changed at will. Venetii owns he can see no traces of the temples of Jove, Saturn, Juno, Venus,

to its old site. ...
and Duna, which Nestor found, or hoped to find. The
omnium of Caracalla's circus, the temple of Horatius
and Vesta, the temple of Baccus, and, above all, the
temple of the god of Rehabinus, are the antiquaries'
despair.

The circus of Caracalla depends on a medal of that
emperor cited by Fulvius Ursinus, of which the reverse
shows a circus, supposed, however, by some to repre-
sent the Circus Maximus. It gives a very good idea of
that place of exercise. The soil has been but little
raised, if we may judge from the small cellular structure
at the end of the Spona, which was probably the chapel
of the god Consus. This cell is half beneath the soil,
as it must have been in the circus itself, be Dionysus*
could not be persuaded to believe that this divinity was
the Roman Neptune, because his altar was under
ground.

Note 57. Stanz. cxvii.
Yet let us ponder boldly.

"At all events," says the author of the Academic
Questions, "I trust, whatever may be the fate of my
own speculations, that philosophy will regain that estima-
tion which it ought to possess. The free and philo-
sophic spirit of our nation has been the theme of ad-
oration to the world. This was the proud distinction of
Englishmen, and the luminous source of all their
glory. Small we then forget the many and dignified
sentiments of our ancestors, to praise in the language of
the mother or the muse about our good old preachers?
This is not the way to defend the cause of truth. It
was not thus that our fathers maintained it in the bril-
lant periods of our history. Prejudice may be trusted
to guard the outworks for a short space of time, while
reason shumbers in the citadel: but if the latter sink
into a rutinary, 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."  
Preface, p. xiv. vol. i. 1803.

Note 58. Stanz. cxviii.

—great Nemesis!  
Here, where the ancient past their homage long.

We read, in Suetonius, that Augustus, from a warn-
ing received in a dream, \(^1\) counterfeited once a-year the
bigar, sitting before the gate of his palace, with his
hand holoved, and stretched out for charity. A statue
former in the Villa Borghese, and which should
be now at Paris, represents the emperor in that posture
of supplication. The object of this self-degradation was
the appeasement of Nemesis, the perpetual attendant
on good fortune, of whose power the Roman conquerors
were also reminded by certain scroful attached to their
cars of triumph. The symbols were the whip and the
crato, which were discovered in the Nemesis of the
Vatican. The attitude of beggary made the above
statue pass for that of Belisarius; and until the cri-
isim of Winkelmann \(^2\) had rectified the mistake, one
fiction was called in to support another. It was the same
fear of the sudden termination of prosperity that made

\(^8\) Antik., Rom. lib. ii. cap. xxxi.

\(^1\) Sueton. in cit. August. cap. 91. 'Cæsarea, in the note,  
\(\text{e}^{\text{er}}\) for to Pintarch's Lives of Cimna and Tabina Paulus,  
\(\text{e}^{\text{er}}\) for to his apojcrttren, for the character of this deity.

\(^2\) The hollowed hand was reduced the last degree of degra-
dation: and when the d,3 body of the profest Rufus was
burned about in triumph by the people, the indignity was
increased by putting his hand in that position.

\(^3\) S storia delle arti, etc. lib. xii. cap. iii. tomo. ii. p. 492.

\(^4\) Varroen calls the statue, however, a Cybela. It is given in
the Museo Pius-Clement. tom. i. p. 40. The Abate Pea
(Sparacchio dei Rami Storia, etc. tomo. iii. p. 513.) calls it a
Chistopupus.

Anmess, king of Egypt, warn his friend Polybolclus of
Samos, that the gods loved those who lives were
cheerfully passed with good and evil fortunes. Nemesis
was supposed to lie in wait particularly for the prudent; that
is, for those whose caution rendered them accessible
only to more accidents; and her first act was raised on
the banks of the Phrygian Arsinoe by Aosta, probably
the prince of that name, who killed the son
of Croesus by mistake. Hence the goddess was called
Aosta. 

The Roman Nemesis was sorte d and supposd; there
was a temple to her in the Pautine, under the name of
Rhamnus; \(^1\) so great indeed was the propensity of the
ancestors to trust to the revolution of events, and so be-
lieve in the divinity of fortune, that in the same Pal-
tine there was a temple dedicated to the fortune of the
day.

This is the last superstition which retains its hold over
the human heart; and from concentrating in one ob-
ject the credulity so natural to man, has always appeared
strongest in those unembarrassed by other articles of
belief. The antiquaries have supposed this god less to be
synonymous with fortune and with fate: but it was in
her vindictive quality that she was worshipped under
the name of Nemesis.

Note 59. Stanz. cxix.
I see before me the gladiator lie.

Whether the wonderful statue which suggested this image,
be a Roman copy of the original, which is said to be in
state of Winkelmann's criticism, has been stoutly maintained,\(^2\)
or whether it be a Greek herald, as that great antiquary
positively asserted,\(^3\) or whether it is to be thought a
Spartan or barbarm shackle-bearer, according to the
opinion of his Italian editor,\(^4\) it must assuredly seem a
copy of that masterpiece of Ctesi]us, which repre-
sented a wounded man dying, who perfectly expresses
what there remained of life in him.\(^5\) Montfaucon\(^b\)
and Maifi \(^c\) thought it the identical statue; but that
statue was of bronze. The gladiator was once in
the villa Lodovizi, and was bought by Clement XII. The
right arm is an entire restoration of Michael Angelo.

Note 60. Stanz. cx.x.

—see their ara.

Patiently to make a Roman historian.

Gladiators were of two kinds, compelled and volun-

\(^6\) Dict. de Bayle, article Astra.

\(^7\) It is commemorated by the Roman victor.

\(^8\) Fortune injusta diet.\(^9\) Civeve mentions her, de hered.

\(^3\) DEAE NEMESI  
SVAE FORTUNAE  
PISTRINUS  
RAGNVS  
I.  
LIGAV.  
LIG. X. G.  
C.  
GORD.

\(^9\) See Quæries Romanæ, etc. Ad. Gram. Antiq. Romana
Vet. tom. ii. p. 28, where there are three Latin and one
Greek inscription to Nemesis, and others to Fate.

1 By the Abate Bracci, is it done upon an essay of Sessa,
\(\text{e}^{\text{er}}\) Preface, p. 2. who attributes to the eyes of the
neak, but not for the horn, which it does not appear the a
diator themselves ever used. Note (A) Storia delle arti,
tom. iv. p. 295.

2 Either Polifante, herald of Lazi, killed by Epictates; or
Cæcrops, herald of Euthius, killed by the Athenians when
he endeavored to drag the Heracles from the aim of mercy,
and in order thus to make the current of new games
continued to the time of Hadrian: or Antiochocides, the
Athenian herald, killed by the Megaritians, who never recov-
ered the injury. See Storia delle arti, etc. tom. ii. pp.
210, 214, 216, 216. lib. xx. cap. ii.


4 Annuarium eelisiferum set in mon posset iniquum
quantum cum ut hic, etc. The Abate Pea, in his
Histo. xxxiv. cap. 6.

5 Antik. tom. iii. part 2. tab. 155.

6 Rare, stat. ibid. 64.

7 Mus. Capitol. tom. iii. p. 151. edit. 1755.
tary; and we, supplied from several conditions; from slaves sold for that purpose; from captives; from barbarian captives, either taken in war, and, after being led in triumph, set apart for the games, or those seized and condemned as rebels; also from free citizens, some fighting for hire (aduolaiti), others from a depraved ambition; at last even knights and senators were exhorted, a disgrace of which the first tyrant was naturally the first inventor. 1 In the end, dwarfs, and even women, fought; an enormity prohibited by Severus. Of these the most to be pitied, undoubtedly, were the barbarian captives; and to this species a Christian writer 2 justly applies the epithet "innocent," to distinguish them from the professional gladiators. Aurelian and Claudius supplied great numbers of these unfortunate victims; the one after his triumph, and the other on the pretext of a rebellion. 3 No war, says Lipsius, 4 was ever so destructive to the human race as these sports. In spite of the laws of Constantine and Constantius, gladiatorial shows survived the old established religion more than seventy years; but they owed their final extinction to the courage of a Christian. In the year 304, on the kalends of January, they were exhibiting the shows in the Flavian amphitheatre before the usual immense concourse of people. Ambachus or Tellenbachus, an eastern monk, who had travelled to Rome intent on his holy purpose, rushed into the midst of the area, and endeavored to separate the combatants. The praetor Alphus, a person incredibly attached to these games, gave instant orders to the gladiators to stay him; and Tellenbachus gained the crown of martyrdom, and the title of saint, which surely has never, either before or since, been rewarded for a more noble exploit. Honorius immediately abolished the shows, which were never afterwards revived. The story is told by Theodore 5 and Cassiodorus 6 and seems worthy of credit, notwithstanding its place in the Roman martyrlogy. 7 Besides the torrents of blood which flowed at the funerals, in the amphitheatres, the courts, the forums, and other public places, gladiators were introduced at feasts, and tore each other to pieces amidst the supper tables, to the great delight and applause of the guests. Yet Lipsius permits himself to suppress the loss of courage, and the evident degeneracy of mankind, to be nearly connected with the abolition of these bloody spectacles. 8

Note 61. Stanzæ exibî. Here, where the Roman million's blame or praise Was death or life, the playthings of a crowd. When one gladiator wounded another, he shouted

"He is hit," or "He has eaten," or "He has." The wounded combatant dropped his weapon, and, advancing to the edge of the arena, supplicated the spectators. If he met with success, the people saved him; if otherwise, or as they happened to be inclined, they turned down their thumbs, and he was slain. They were occasionally so savage, that they were inimical if a combat lasted longer than ordinary without wounds or death. The emperor's presence generally saved the vanquished; and it is recorded as an instance of Caracalla's fury, that he sent those who supplicated him for life, in a spectacle at Nicomedia, to ask the people; in other words, handed them over to be slain. A similar ceremony is observed at the Spanish bull-fights. The Magistrate presides; and, after the horsemen and picadors have fought the bull, the matador steps forward and bow to him for permission to kill the animal. If the bull has done his duty by killing two or three horses, or a man, which last as rare, the people interfere with shouts, the ladies wave their handkerchiefs, and the animal is saved. The wounds and death of the horses are accompanied with the loudest acclamations, and many gestures of delight, especially from the female portion of the audience, including those of the gentlest blood. Everything depends on light. The author of Childæ Harold, the writer of this note, and one or two other Englishmen, who have certainly in other days borne the sight of a pitched battle, were, during the summer of 1809, in the governor's box at the great amphitheatre of Santa Maria, opposite to Cadiz. The death of one or two horses completely satisfied their curiosity. A gentleman present, observing them shudder and look pale, noticed that unusual reception of so delightful a sport to some young ladies, who stared and smiled, and conterminous their apparel as another horse fell bleeding to the ground. One bull killed three horses off his own horns. He was saved by acclamations, which were redoubled when it was known he belonged to a priest.

An Englishman, who can be much pleased with seeing two men bear themselves to pieces, cannot bear to look at a horse galloping round an arena with his bowels trailing on the ground, and turns from the spectacle and spectators with horror and disgust.

Note 62. Stanzæ exibî. Like horses on the load that Caesar's head.

Suetonius informs us that Julius Caesar was particular 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 nob. A stranger at Rome would hardly have guessed at the motive, not should we without the help of the historian.

Note 63. Stanzæ exibî. "While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand," etc.

This is quoted in the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire; and a notice on the Coliseum may be seen in the Historical Illustrations to the 4th Canto of Childe Harold.

Note 64. Stanzæ exibî. —spared and bleed by time. "Though plundered of all its birds, 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 rotunda. 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

1 Julius Caesar, who rose by the fall of the aristocracy, brought word to (Cassius, and A. Cassius, in act. i.)
9 "Quo destinum tuum humana?erpicio atque aliquando condensum, ut in sesto per annos et annum concludatur et tum. Ita fecerat, qui ita se servat illa, et finiisse spectaculum ut oriend. Ita finis, quia ille se servat illa, et finiisse spectaculum ut oriend. Ita finis, quia ille se servat illa, et finiisse spectaculum ut oriend. Ita finis, quia ille se servat illa, et finiisse spectaculum ut oriend. Ita finis, quia ille se servat illa, et finiisse spectaculum ut oriend. Ita finis, quia ille se servat illa, et finiisse spectaculum ut oriend. Ita finis, quia ille se servat illa, et finiisse spectaculum ut oriend. Ita finis, quia ille se servat illa, et finiisse spectaculum ut oriend. Ita finis, quia ille se servat illa, et finiisse spectaculum ut oriend. Ita finis, quia ille se servat illa, et finiisse spectaculum ut oriend. Ita finis, quia ille se servat illa, and so convenient were its niches for the Christian altar, that Michael Angelo
ever studies of ancient beauty, introduced their de-
gem as a model of the Catholic church."

Forsyth's Remarks, etc., on Italy, p. 137, sec. edit.

Note 63. Stanza cxxii.

And they who feel for Genius may re expo-
their Eye on immortal Homer, whose Footsteps 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
which have been almost deft by the veneration of

hear countrymen.

Note 66. Stanza cxxiv.

There is a dungeon, in whose dim dreary 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 Ercolano. The
difficulties attending the full belief of the tale, are stated
in Historical Illustrations, etc.

Note 67. Stanza cxxii.

Turn to the mode which Hadrian reared on high.

The castle of St. Angelo. See Historical Illustra-
tions.

Note 68. Stanza cxxiii.

But let the dome—the vast and wondrous dome.

This and the six next stanzas have a reference to the
church of St. Peter. For a measurement of the com-
parative 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, or
sec. chap. iv.

Note 69. Stanza cxxiii.

Which tumbles midstiest memories.

Mary died on the scaffold; Elizabeth a broken
heart; Charles V. a hermit; Louis XIV. a bankrupt in
mean and glory; Cromwell of anxiety and—"the
greatest of kichings,"—Napoleon lives a prisoner. Tothse
sovereigns a long but superfluous list might be added
of names equally illustrious and unhappy.

Note 70. Stanza cxxiii.

Lo, Nemi! navell'd in the woody hills.

The village of Nemi was near the Ariean retreat of
Egeria, and, from the shades which embellished 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.

Note 71. Stanza cxxiv.

...and afar.

The Tiber winds, and the broad ocean lives.

The whole deity of the Alban hill is of unrivalled
beauty, and from the convent on the highest point,
which has succeeded to the temple of the Latin Jupiter,
no prospect embraces all the objects alluded to in the
cited stanza: the Mediterranean; the whole scene of
the latter half of the 3d act; and the coast from beyond
the mouth of the Tiber to the headland of Circeum
and the Cape of Terracina.

The site of Cicero's villa may be supposed either at
the Grotta Ferrata, or at the Tusculum of Prince Lucien
Bouquet.

The former was thought some years ago the actual
site, as may be seen from Middendorf's Life of Cicero.
A. present it has lost something of its credit, except for
the Domonichos. Nine mules, of the Greek order,
ive there, and the adjoining villa is a cardinal's sum-
ner-house. The other villa, called Rufina, is the
summit of the hill above Frascati, and many rich
ranks of Tusculum have been found there, besides
seventy-two statues of different merit and preservation,
and seven busts.

From the same eminence are seen the Sabine hills,
embosomed in which lies the long valley of Rustica.
There are several circumstances which tend to establish
the identity of this valley with the "Umbria" of Horace:
and it seems possible that the mosaic pavement which
the peasants uncover by throwing up the earth of a vine-
yard, may belong to his villa. Rustica is pronounced
short, not according to our stress upon—"Umbria
aulentur."—It is more rational to think that we are
wrong, than that the inhabitants of this secluded valley
have changed their tone in this word. The addition of
the consonant prefixed is nothing; yet it is necessary to
be aware that Rustica may be a modern name which
the peasants may have caught from the antiquaries.

The villa, or the mosque, is in a vineyard on a knoll
covered with chestnut trees. A stream runs down the
valley, and although it is not true, as said in the guide-
books, that this stream is called Licanza, yet there is a
village on a rock at the head of the valley which is so
demonstrated, and which may have taken its name from
the Digestus. Licanza contains 250 inhabitants. On a
peak a little way beyond is Cimitile, containing 30. On
the banks of the Anio, a little before you turn up into
Valle Rustica, to the left, about an hour from the
villa, is a town called Vice-varo, another favourable
coincidence with the Varus of the poet. At the end of
the valley, towards the Anio, there is a bare hill,
crowned with a little town called Bardela. At the foot
of this hill the ravel of Licanza flows, and is almost
absorbed in a wide sandy bed before it reaches the Anio.
Nothing can be more fortunate for the times of the poet,
whether in a metaphorical or direct sense:

"Me quoniam reficit gelidus Dignas rives,
Quam Mundus habet ruprosus furoris purpureus

The stream is clear high up the valley, but before it
reaches the hill of Bardela looks green and yellow like
a sulphur rivulet.

Bocca Giovane, a ruined village in the hills, half an
hour's walk from the vineyard where the pavement is
shown, does seem to be the site of the name of Vaccina,
and an inscription found there tells us that this temple of
the Sabine victory was repaired by Vespasian. With
these helps, and a position corresponding exactly to
every thing which the poet has told us of his retreat,
we may feel tolerably secure of our site.

The hill which should be Lucetius is called Cam-
paione, and by following up the rivulet to the pretended
Bandusia, you come to the roots of the higher mountain
Germeno. Singularly enough, the only spot of ploughed
land in the whole valley is on the knoll where this
Bandusia rises,

... To feras unusque
Pecos vovemt tumus
Pralsx, et ponere vaca

The peasants show another spring near the mosaic
pavement, which they call "Oradina," and which flows down
the hills into a tank, or mill-lake, and thence trickles
over into the Digestus. But we must not hope

"To trace the Muse upwards to their source,"
by exploring the windings of the romantic valley in
search of the Bandusian fountain. It seems strange that

imp. c. esar. vespasiantus
pontifex maximus. trib.
potest. censor. aedem
victor ii. vetustate illa.
sva. impensa. restituit.
of instruction conveyed by the perpetual introns one of the same Gallie Helot to reel and bluster before the rising generation, and terrify it into decency by the display of all the excesses of the revolution. At an
nosty against atheists and regicides in general, and
Frenchmen specifically, may be honourable, and may
be useful, as a record; but that attitude should not be administered in any work rather than a tour, if at
least, should be served up apart, and not so mixed with
the whole mass of information and reflection, as to
give a bitterness to every page: for who would choose
to have the antipathies of any man, however just, for
his travelling companions? A tourist, unless he aspire
at the credit of prophecy, is not answerable for the changes
which may take place in the country which he describes;
but his reader may very fairly esteem all his political
portraits and deductions as so much waste paper, the
moment they cease to assist, and more particularly if
they obstruct, his actual survey.

Neither an einem nor accusation of any government,
or governors, is meant to be here offered; but it is
stated as an uncontroversial fact, that the change op-
erated, either by the address of the late imperial system,
or by the disappointment of every expectation by those
who have succeeded to the Italian thrones, has been so
considerable, and is so apparent, as not only to put Mr.
Eustace's Anglistic philippics entirely out of date,
but even to throw some suspicion upon the competency
and candour of the author himself. A remarkable ex-
ample may be found in the instance of Bologna, over
whose papal attachments, and consequent dissolution,
the tourist pours forth such strains of condescension
and revenge, made louder by the borrowed trumpet of Mr.
Burke. Now, Bologna is at this moment, and has
been for some years, notorious amongst the states of
Italy for its attachment to revolutionary principles, and
was almost the only city which made any demonstra-
tions in favour of the unfortunate Murat. This change
may, however, have been made since Mr. Eustace
visited this country; but the traveller whom he has
thrilled with horror at the projected stripping of the
copper from the cupola of St. Peter's, must be much
relieved to find that sacrilege out of the power of the
French, or any other plunderers, the cupola being cov-

If the compounding voice of otherwise rival critics had
given no considerable currency to the Classical Tour,
it would have been unnecessary to warn the reader,
that, however it may adorn his library, it will be of little
or no service to him in his carriage; and if the judgment
of those critics had hitherto been suspended, no attempt
would have been made to anticipate their decision. As
it is, those who stand in the relation of posterity to
Mr. Eustace, may be permitted to appeal from contem-
porary prunes, and are perhaps more likely to be just
in proportion as the causes of love and hatred are the
farther removed. This appeal had, in some measure,
been made before the above remarks were written; for
one of the most respectable of the Florentine publishers,
who had been persuaded by the repeated inquiries of
those on their journey southwards, to reprint a cheap
dition of the Classical Tour, was, by the concurrence

1 "What, then, will be the astonishment, or rather the hor-
ror of my reader, when I inform him, that the French
Committee turned its attention to Saint Peter's, and employed
a company of Jews to estimate and purchase the gold, silver,
and bronze, the whole of which, as far as I could learn, was
the crown laid out in purities, and walks decked by rows of
magnificence." 2 Classical Tour, etc., chap. xii. vol. ii. oct
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advise of returning travellers, induced to abandon his design, although he had already arranged his types and paper, and had struck off one or two of the first sheets.

The writer of these notes would wish to part (like Mr. Gibbon) on good terms with the Pope and the Cardinals, but he does not think it necessary to extend the same discreet silence to their humble partisans.

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 OF HIS GENIUS, RESPECT FOR
HIS CHARACTER, AND GRATITUDE
FOR HIS FRIENDSHIP,
THIS PRODUCTION IS INSCRIBED,
BY HIS OBLIGED AND AFFECTIONATE SERVANT,
BYRON.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Tale, which these disjointed fragments present, is founded upon circumstances now less common in the East than formerly; either because the habits 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 Armaxots were beaten back from the Morea, which they had ravaged for some time subsequent to the Russian invasion. The descri-

tion of the Mainotes, on being refused the plunder, or
Mistra, led to the abandonment of that enterprise,
and to the desolation of the Morea, during which the
cruelty exercised on all sides was unparalleled even
in the annals of the faithful.

No breath of air 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 cliffs! 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 love
These Edens of the eastern wave;
And if, at times, a transient breeze
Break the blue crystal of the seas,
Or sweep one blossom from the trees,
How welcome is each gentle air
That wakes and wafts the odours there
For there—the rose o'er crag or vale,
Sultans 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, unchilled 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 show,
And many a grove, meant for rest,
That holds the prize 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 ear,
Far shaded by the rocky shore,
Such: the night-prowlers on the prey,
And turn to groans his round-bend,
Strang—to 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 rots in her pride,
And lust and rapine wildly reign
To darken o'er the fair domain.
It is as though the winds prevailed
Against the scruples they assailed,
And, fix'd on heavenly thrones, should dwell
The freed inheritors of hell;
So soft the scene, so form'd for joy,
So curt 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 fixed, yet tender traits that streak
The languor of the placid cheek,
And—but for that soul-shrouded eye,
That fire not, wist not, weeps not now,
And but for that chill, changeless brow,
Where cold obloquy's apathy 4
Appals the aching 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, nay, one treacherous hour,
He still might doubt the tyrant's power;
So far, so calm, so softly seal'd,
The first, last look by death reveal'd! 5
Such is the aspect of this shore;
'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there.
Here is the loneliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath;
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb,
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of feeling past away!
Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,
Which gleams, but warms no more its cherish'd earth!
Climb of the unforgett'd 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, then craven crouching slave:
Say, is not this Thermopylae?
These waters blue that round you lave,
Oh servile offering of the free—
Pronounce what sea, what shore is this?
The gulf, the rock of Salamis!
These scenes, their story not unknown,
Armed, 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,
Bequest'd by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.
Bear witness, Greece, thy living page,
Are they many a deathless age!
While kings, in dusty darkness hid,
Have left a nameless pyramid,
The heroes, though the general doom
Hath swept the column from their tomb,
A mightier monument command,
The mountains of their native land!
There points thy muse to stranger's eye
The graves of those that cannot die,
'Twere long to tell, and sad to trace,
Each step from splendid 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 reads thy shore?
No legend of thine olden time,
No theme on which the muse might soar,
High as time own in days of yore,
When man was worthy of thy clime.
The hearts within thy valleys brood,
The fiery rule that might have led
The sons to deeds sublime,
Now crawl from cradle to the grave,
Slaves—nay, the bondmen of a slave,
And callous, save to crime;
Sway'd with each evil that pollutes
Mankind, where least above the brutes;
Without even savage virtue blast,
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 rock that courts the yoke:
No more her sorrow 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 glameg
The shadows of the rocks advancing,
Start on the fisher's eye like heat
Of island-pirate or Minos;
And, fearful for his light canoe,
He shuns the near, but doubtful creek.
Though worn and weary with his toil,
Andumber'd with his scaly spires,
Slowly, yet strongly, plies the oar,
Till Port Leone's safer shore
 Receives him by the lovely light,
That now becomes an eastern night.

Who thundering comes on blackest steed.
With shock'd!d hat, and hoof of speed;
Beneath the clattering iron's sound,
The cavern'd elinores wake around
In lash for lash, and bound for bound;
The boom that strecks the course's side
Seems gather'd from the ocean-tide;
Though weary waves are sunk to rest,
There's none within his rider's breast;
And though to-morrow's tempest lower,
'Tis calmer than thy heart, young 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 graspest by,
Right well I view and deem thee one
Whom Othman's sons should slay or shun.

On—on he hastened, 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 sprang his steed; he neared the steep,
That, pitting, shadows o'er the deep;
He winds around; he hurries by;
The rock relieves him from mine eye;
For well I see unwelcome he
Whose glance is fix'd on those that flee;
And not a star but shines too bright
On him who takes such timeless flight.
He wound along; but, ere he pass'd,
One glance he snatch'd, as if his last,
A moment check'd his wheeling steed,
A moment breathed him from his speed,
A moment on his stirrup stood—
Why oaks he o'er the olive-wood?
The crecent glimmers on the hill,
The mosque's high lamps are quivering still;
Inough too remote for sound to wake
In echoes of the far topshelk,
The flashes of each joyous peal
Are seen to prove the Moslem's zeal.

To-night, set Rhamzaniz a sun;
To-night the Baram 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 these shot with either pause or fear?
He stood—each dread was on his face,
Soon hasted onward in its place:
It rose not with the reddening blush
Of transient anger's darkening blush,
But pale as marble o'er the tomb,
Whose ghastly whiteness asks 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—
Dawn glanced that hand, and grasp'd his blade;
That sound had burst his waking dream,
As slumber started at owl's scream.
The spur hath traced his conqueror's sides;
Away, away, the tide that wash'd his breast,
So swift as it had run on high forced,
Girds the top with its starting force;
The rock is doubled, and the shore
Shakes with the clattering tramp no more;
The crag is won, no more is seen
His Christian crew and haughty men.
'Twas but an instant he restraint'd
That fercy barb so sternly re'm'd;

'Twas but a moment that he stood,
Then sped as if by death pursu'd;
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 pouder'd o'er his face.
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,\(^10\)
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 sound is seen in Hassan's hall;
The lonely steed's thin gray pall
Waves slowly widening o'er the wall;
The bat but is in his baram howler
And in the fortress of his power
The owl usurps the beacon-tower;
The wild-log 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 slumber of the day,
As, springing high, the silver dew
In whose crystal freshness flew,
And hang innumerable clouds round
The sun, and circle 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 lull'd the infant's rest;
And oft had Hassan's youth along
His bank been sooth'd 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 bed:
The blood that warm'd his heart is shed
And here no more shall human voice
Be ever heard, nor ever seen.
The last sad note that swell'd the gale
Was woman's wildest funeral wail
That overcame in silence, all is still,
But the inutter that flaps when the wind is shrill
Though raves in gust, and floods the rain,
No hand shall close its clasp again.
On desert sands't were joy to scan
The rarest 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, thought but in one.'—
For many a gilded chamber's there,
Wined, solitude might well belear;
Within that done as yet decay
Hath slowly work'd her cankerung way—
But gloom is gathered o'er the gate,
Nor there the faik's self will wait;
Nor there will wand'ring dervise stay,
For bounty cheers not his delay;
Nor there will weary stranger halt
To bless the sacred 'breath and salt.'
Alike must wealth and poverty
Pass heedless and unheeded by;
For hashan on the mountain side
With Hassan on the mountain side
His roof, that refuge unto men,
Is desolation's hungry den.
The guest flies the hall, and the vassals from labour,
Since his turban was cleat by the infidel's sabre! 15
* * * * *
I hear the sound of coming feet,
But not a voice mine ear to greet;
More near—each turban I can scan,
And silver-shafted a'zhaban; 13
The foremost of the band is seen,
An emir by his garb of green; 14
'Ho! who art thou?'—this low salam 14
Repulse of Moslem faith I am.
The wretchen ye so gently hear,
Seems one that claims your utmost care,
And, doubtless, holds some precious freight,
My humble bark would gladly wait.'—
"Thou speakest sooth, thy skiff unmoon.
And waft us from the silent shore,
Nay, leave the sail still furl'd, and play
The nearest ear that's scatter'd by;
And midway to these rocks where sleep
The channel'd waters dark and deep,
Rest from your task—so—bravely done,
Our course has been right swiftly run;
Yet is the longest voyage, I trow,
That one of—" 15
* * * * *
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
Bestial'd it more,—'twas but the beam
That cheer'd o'er the living stream:
I gazed, till vanishing from view,
Like lessenings pebble it withdrew;
Still less and less, a speck of white
Tant gemm'd the tide, then mock'd the sight;
And all its hidden secrets sleep,
Known but to crew 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 16 of eastern spring,
O'er emerald meadows of Kashmeer
Invites the zone; 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 hires the full-grown child,
With hue as bright, and wing as wild;
A choice of idle hopes and fears,
Begun in folly, closed in tears.
If won, to equal ills betray'd,
Won 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 wouot its stay
Hath bruish'd its brightest hues away,
Till, charm, and hue, and beauty gone,
'T is left to fly or full 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,
Fain joy within her broken bow'er?
No:—gayer insects fluttering by
Ne'er drop 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 woe
Is like the scorpion girl by fire,
In circle narrowing as it glows,
The flames around their captive close,
Till, iny search'd by thousand thorns,
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 cries all pain.
Am. "'tis into her desperate brain:
'So do the bark in soul expire,
Or live like scorpion girl by fire;" 17
So wrightes the mind remorse hath riven,
Ulit for earth, unloosed for heaven,
Darkness above, despair beneath,
Around it flame, within it death!
* * * * *
Black Hassan from the harum flies,
Nor bends on woman's form his eyes;
The unwonted chase each hour employs,
Yet shaves he not the hunter's joys,
Not thus was Hassan wont to fly
When Leila dwelt in his Serai.
Dost Leila there no longer dwell?
That tale can only Hassan tell:
Strange rumours in our city say
Upon that eke she fled away,
When Rammzan's 18 last son was se
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 down her master's rage,
In likeness of a Georgan page,
And far beyond the Moslem's power
Had wrong'd him with the fathomless Gisou
Somewhat of this had Hassan deem'd;
But still so fond, s'cru she seem'd,
Too well the master to the slave
Whose treachery deserved a grave;
And on that eye had gone to mosque,
And thence to feast on his kinase.
Such is the tale his Nabians tell,
Why did not watch their charge too well,
But others say, that on that night,
By pale Phaegriel's trembling light,
The G'aur on his jet-black steed
Was a on, 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 gazed on that of the garçolé,
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. 20
Yea, soul, and should our prophet say
That form was nought but breathing chy,
By Alla! I would answer nay;
Though on Al-Sirat's 21 arch I stood,
Which totters o'er the fiery flood,
With paradise within my view,
And all his hours becomimg through.
Oh! who young Leila's glance could read,
And keep that portion of his creed? 22
Which saith that woman is but dust,
A soulless toy for tyrant's lust?
On her night munis gaze, and own
That through her eye the immortal shone;
On her fair face a tearful beam.
The young pomegranate's 23 blossoms drew
Their bloom in blushes ever new;
Her hair in hyacinthine 24 flow,
When left to roll its folds below,
As 'midst her handmaidens 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 stem of earth,
The egnut nobly walks the water;
So moved on earth Circassia's daughter,
The lovedest bird of Frangiastan. 25
As rears her crest the ruffled swan,
And spurs the wave with wings of pride.
When pass the steps of stranger man
Along the banks that bound her tile;
Thus rose fair Leila's whitet weed:
Thus arm'd with beauty would she check
Intruder's glance, till folly's gaze
Shrunk 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!

H'st Hassan hath a journey ta'en,
With twenty vessels in his train,
Each arm'd, as best becomes a man,
With arquebuses and ataghan,
The chief before, as deck'd for war,
Bears in his belt the scimitar
Six 'd with the best of Armait blood,
When in the past the rebels stood,
And few return'd to tell the tale
Of what befell in Parn's vale.
The pistols v'rich his giraffe bore
Were those that once a pelvis wore,
Which still, though gaud'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 hower,
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 mountainer:
Here may the loitering merchant Greek
Find that repose 'twere vain to seek
In cities lodged too near his lord,
And trembling for his secret hoard—
Here may he rest where none can see,
In crowds a slave, in deserts free;
And with forbidden wine may stain
The bowl a Moslem must not draint.

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 chad in mists of heaven;
For where is lie that hath beheld
The peak of Liakura unveil'd?

They reach the grove of pine at last:
"Biscillah! 26 now the peril's past;
For yonder view the opening plain,
And there we'll prick our steeds again,"
The Cliuma 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 stoel unbleathered, and carlene hurl,
Some o'er their coursers' harness beant,
Half shelter'd by the steed;
Shy 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 raggy screen
Stern Hassan only from his horse
Disdains to fight, and keeps his course,
Till fiery flashes in the van
Proclaim too sure the robber-ean
Have well secured the only way
Could now avail the promised prey;

And they on every hand may sing
"The发出" is the name of the best armed
And that the object is best served
By this method of action.

THE GIAOUR.
Then curl'd his very beard 27 with we,  
And glared his eye with fiercer fire:  
"Though far and near the bullets hiss,  
I've scarce a bloodier hour than this."  
And now the foe their covert quit;  
And call his vassals to submit;  
But Hasan's frown and furious word  
Are dreaded more than hostile sword,  
Nor of his little band a man  
Resign'd carbine or ataghun,  
Nor raised the craven cry, Amaun! 28  
In fuller sight, more near and near,  
The 'tately ambush'd faces appear,  
And, issuing from the grove,  
Some who on battle-charger prance.  
Who leads them on with foreign brand,  
For 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 29  
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 Giour!"  
As rolls the river into ocean,  
In subtle torrent wildly streaming;  
As the sea-tide's opposing motion,  
In azure column proudly gleaming,  
Boats 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 waters flash  
In awful whiteness o'er the shore,  
That shines and shakes beneath the roar;  
Thus—as the stream and ocean meet—  
With waves that madden as they meet—  
Thus join the bands, whose mutual wrong,  
And fate, and fury, drive along.  
The bickering sabres' shivering jar,  
And pealing with: or ringing near  
Its echoes on the throbiling ear,  
The death-shot hissing from afar,  
The shock, the shout, the groan of war,  
Reverberate along that vale,  
More suited to the shepherd's tale:  
Though few the numbers—theirs the strife,  
That neither spares nor speaks for life!  
Ah! fondy youthful hearts can press,  
To see: and share the dear cares;  
But love itself could never pant  
For all that beauty sighs to grant  
With half the favour but bestows  
Upon the last embrace of toes,  
When grappling in the fight they fold  
Those arms that never shall loose their hold;  
Friends meet to part; love laughs at faith:  
True foes, once met, are join'd to die!  
* * * * * * * *  
With solemn shiver'd to the hilt,  
Yet dripping with the blood he spilt;  
Yet strain'd within the sever'd hand  
Which quivers round that faultless brand;  
His turban far behind him roll'd,  
And cleft in twain its finest fold; 

His flowing robe by falecon torn,  
And crimson as those clouds of torn  
That, streak'd with dusky red, portend  
The day shall have a stormy end;  
A stain on every bush that blee;  
A fragment of his palampore,  
His breast with wounds unnumber'd riven,  
His back to earth, his face to heavenly,  
Fallen Hassan lies—his undecid 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 crow  
As dark as his that bled below.—

* * * * * * * *  
"Yes, Leila sleeps beneath the wave,  
But his shall be a redder grave;  
Her spirit QPointed well the steel  
Which taught that felon heart to feel.  
He call'd the Prophet, but his power  
Was vain against the vengeful Giour:  
He call'd on All— but the word  
Arose unheard or unheard.  
Thou Paynim fool! I could Leila's prayer  
Be pass'd, and thine accorded there?  
I watch'd my time, I leagued 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 browsmg cannel's 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 shrank they from the summer heat;  
Why sends not the bridegroom his promised gift?  
Is his heart more cold, or his heart less swift?  
O false reproach! you Tartar now  
Have mock'd ournearest mountain's brow,  
And warily the steep descends,  
And now within the valley bends;  
And he bears the gift at his saddlebow—  
How could I deem his courser slow?  
Right well my harkess 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 dye'd,  
But those might be from his courser's side,  
He drew the token from his vest—  
Anonymous Death! 2 2 is Hasan's cloven crest  
His cape rent—his curling red—  
Lady, a fearful death thy son hath wed;  
Me, not from weariness did they spare,  
But this empuis'd pledge to bear,  
Peace to the brave! whose blood is spilt.  
We to the Giour! for his the guilt."  
* * * * * * * *  
A turban 32 carved in coarsest stone,  
A pillar with rank weeds o'ergrown,
Whereon can now be scarcely read
The Koran verse that means the dead,
Point out the spot where Hassan fell
A victim in that lonely dell.
There sleeps as true an Osmanlie
As c'ler at Mecca bent the knee;
As ever scorn'd forbidden wine,
Or pray'd with face towards the shrine,
In prisons resumed anew
At solemn sound of "Alla Hu!" 33
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
Inpatient to their halls invite,
And the dark heaven of Hour's ever
On him shall glance for ever bright;
They come—there 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 write
Beneath avenging Monk's 34 scythe;
And from its torrent 'scape alone
To wander round lost Khiefs 35 throne;
A cell unquench'd, unquenchable,
2 saint, 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 37 sent,
Thy corpse 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 perform,
Must feed thy avid living coze;
Thy victims ere they yet expire.

Know all 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 die,
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 cheeks' last tinge, her eye's last spark,
And the last glassy glance must view
Which freezes o'er its lidless blue;
Then with unhallow'd hand shalt tear
The tresses of her yellow hair,
Of which in life a lock, when short,
Affection's fondest pledge was worn;
But now is borne away by thee,
Memoria of thine agony!
Wet with thine own best blood shall drip
Thy gnawing tooth and hanging lip,
Then, stalking to thy sultry grave,
Gone—and with Golls and Arab's rite;
To these in horror shriv'd away
From soecre more accursed than they!

"How name ye von lone Caloyer?
His features I have seen'd before
In mine own land: 'tis may be a year,
Since, dashing by the lonely shore,
I saw him urge as fleet a steed
As ever served a horseman's need.
But once I saw that face, yet then
It was so mark'd with inward pain,
I could not pass it by again;
It breathes the same dark spirit now,
As death were stamp'd upon his brow.
"'Tis twice three years at summer-tide
Since first among our forces 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 reck's he when arise
Incense or anthem to the skies,
But breaths within his cell alone,
His faith and race alike unknown.
The sea from Paynurr land he crest,
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 burns 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 pittance cell,
Should doom him there for eye to dwell
Much in his visions mutters he
Of maiden whom'd she beneath the sea
Of sabres clashing, foemen flying,
Wronges aveng'd, and Muslem 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."
Time hath not yet the features six'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 treason
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 from one settlement
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 wawering torch
His aspect glares within the porch;
There will he pause till all is done—
And hear the prayer, but utter none.
So—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 sadlest of the serpent-braid
That o'er her forc'd forehead stay'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 praisers to the sky,
That livid check, 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 forma 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 never be all his own;
Too timid in his ways 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—through still the same;
Then temper'd to thy want, or will,
To serve thee to defend or kill;
A breastplate for thine hour of need,
Or blade to bid thy foeman bleed;
But if a dagger's form it bear,
Let those who shape its edge beware:
Thus passion's fire, and woman's art,
Can turn and tame the sternest heart;
From these its form and tone are taken,
And what they make it, must remain,
But break before it bend again.
If solitude succeed to grief,
Release from pain is slight relief;
The vacant bosom's wilderness
Mightthank the barricades that made it ess.
We loathe what none are left to share;
Even bliss—it were woe alone to hear;
The heart once felt thus desolate
Must fly at last for ease—to hate.
It is as if the dead could feel
The icy worm around them steal,
And shudder, as the reptiles creep
To revel o'er their rotting sleep,
Without the power to scare away
The cold consumers of their clay!
It is as if the desert-bird, 
Whose beak unlocks her bosom's stream
To still her famish'd nostrils' scream,
Nor mourns a life to them transfer'd,
Should read 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 n'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 mouldier piceneal 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 with 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 pitting 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,
Re'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 clave,
I'd rather be the thing that crawls
Most noxious o'er a dungeon's walls,
Than pass my dull, unvarying days,
Compell'd to meditate and gaze.
Yet, larks a wish within my breast
For rest—but not to feel 'tis rest.
Soon shall my fate that wish fulfil;
And I shall sleep without the dream
Of what I was, and would be still,
Dark as to those my destiny may seem:
My memory now is but the tomb
Of days long dead; my hope, their doom:
Though better to have died with those
Than bear a life of lingering woes.
My spirits sink not to sustain
The everlasting throes of ceaseless pain
Norught the self-acquired 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 won 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 holding 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 stay 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 fraught'd to danger's brow
When high and happy—need I now?

"I loved her, friar! say, adored—
But these are words that all can use—
I proved it more in deed than word;
There's blood upon that dinted sword,
A stain its steel can never lose:
'Twas shed for her, who died for me,
It warn'd the heart of one abhor'd:
Nay, start not—nor bend thy knee,
Nor midst my sins such a record:
Then let alive me from the dead,
For he was hostile to thy creed!
The very name of Nazarene
Was wormwood to his Paynim spleen.
Ungrateful feel! since but for brands
Well wielded in some hardy hands,
And wounds by Galileans given,
The surest pass to Turkish heaven,
For him his Horses 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 manner 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 die—! I dare not tell thee how;
By to k—'t is written on my brow!
These read of Cain the curse and crime
In characters unborn by time:
Still, ere thou dost concern me, pause;
Nor mune 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;
How'er deserved her doom might be,
Her treachery was truth to me;
To me she gave her heart, that all
Which tyranny can never enslave;
And I, alas! too late to save!
Yet all I then could give, I gave,
'T was some relief, our foe a grain.
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 Tahereer,
Deep in whose darkly-boding ear
The death-shot peal'd of murder near,
As fired the troop to where they fell!
He died too in the battle droil,
A time that needs 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 parr by hunters steel,
He felt not half that now I feel.
I search'd, but vainly search'd, to find
The workings of a wounded mind;
Each feature of that sullen countenance
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 pining strain
Of baby-love, and beauty's chain:
If changing cheek, and scorching vein,
Lines taught to write, but not complain,
If burning heart, and mad'ning brain,
And daring deed, and vengeful steel,
And all that I have felt, and feel,
Betoken love—what 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 blest.
Shall I the doom I sought upbraid?
No—reft of all, yet undismay'd
But for the thought of Leila shin
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 light 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 warm from self each tender 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 shine 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 weepingly cope,
In phrenzy then their fate accuse;
In madness de those fearful deeds
That seem to add but guilt to woe?
Alas! the breast that noly bleeds
Hath nought to dread from outward blow;
Who fails from all he knows of bliss,
Cares little into what abyss,
Fierce as the gloomy vulture’s now
To thee, old man, my deeds appear:
I read abhorrence on thy brow,
And this too was I born to bear!
’Tis true, that, like that bird of prey,
With havoc have I mark’d my way:
But this was taught me by the dove,
To die—and know no second love.
This lesson yet hath man to learn,
Taught by the thing he dares to spurn:
The bird that sings within the brake,
The swan that swims upon the lake,
One mate, and one alone, will take.
And let the foil still prone to range,
And sneer on all who cannot change,
Partake his jest with boastful boys;
I envy not his varied joys,
But deem such feeble, heartless man,
Less than your solitary swan;
Far, far beneath the shallow maid
He left believing and betray’d.
Such shame at least was never mine—
Leila! each thought was only thine!
My good, my guilt, my weal, my woe,
My hope on high—my all below.
Earth holds no other like to thee,
Or if it doth, in vain for me!
For worlds I dare not view the dame
Resembling thee, yet not the same.
The very crimes that mar my youth,
This bed of death—attest my truth!
’Tis all too late—then Wert, then art
The cheris’d madness of my heart!
And she was best—and yet I breathed,
But not the breath of human life:
A serpent round my heart was wreath’d,
And strung my every thought to strife.
Alas! all time, abhor’d shall place,
Shudder’d I shrank from nature’s face,
Where every law that charm’d before
The backness of my bosom wore.
The rest thou dost already know;
And all my suns, and half my woe.
But talk no more of penitence;
Thou see’st I soon shall part from hence:
And if thy holy tale were true,
The deed that’s done can’t thou undo?
Think me not thankless—but this grief
Looks not to priesthood x’s relief.
My soul’s estate in secret guess:
But deem it less to sym more, say less.
When thou cast did 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 roness:
But soothe not—mock not my distress!

"In earlier days, and calmer hours,
When heart with heart delights to blend,
Where bloom my native valley’s bowers
I had—ah! have I now?—a friend!
To him this pledge I charge thee send,
Memorial of a youthful vow;
I would remind him of my end:
Though souls absorb’d like mine allow
Brief thought to distant friendship’s claim,
Yet dear to him my blighted name.
’Tis strange—he prophesied my doom,
And I have smiled—I then could sooth—
When prudence would his voice assume,
And warn—I reck’d not what—the white;
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 play.
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 wreck 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
Thröst’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."
IT was then, I tell thee, father! then
I saw her; yes, she lived again;
And shining in her white synar, as
Through you pale gray cloud the star
Which now I gaze on, as on her,
Who look'd and looked far londerer;
Damply 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 wonder, father! for my soul
Is fleeting towards the final goal.
I saw her, friar! and I rose
Forgetful of our former woes;
Andrasing from my coach, 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, Leda! yet the form is thine!
And art thou, dearest, changed so much,
As meet my eye, yet mock my touch?
Ah! were thy beauties ever so cold,
I care not; so my arms enfold
The all they ever wish'd to hold.
Ah! around a shadow prest,
They shrunk upon my lonely breast;
Yet still 'tis there! in silence stands,
And beckons with beseeching hands!
With braided hair, and bright-black eye—
I knew that 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; who 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 dead figures 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 wait, 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 shirv'd him on his dying day:
This broken tale was all we knew
Of her he loved, or him he slew.

NOTES.

Note 1. Page 4, line 3.
That tomb which, gleaming o'er the cliff.
A tomb above the rocks on the promontory, by some supposed the sepulchre of Themistocles.

Note 2. Page 5, line 4.
Sultana of the nigh-tingale.
The attachment of the nigh-tingale to the rose is a well-known Persian fable. If I mistake not, the "boul-ti of a thousand tales" is one of his appellations.

Note 3. Page 5, line 22.
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.

Note 4. Page 6, line 28.
Where cold obstruction's apathy.
"Ay, but to die, and go we know not where,
To lie in cold obstruction,"

Note 5. Page 7, line 2.
The first, last look by death reveal'd.
I trust that bow of my readers have ever had an opportunity of witnessing what is here attempted in description: but those who have, will probably retain a painful remembrance of that singular beauty which pervades, with few exceptions, the features of the dead, a few hours, and but 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 commissure preserves its traits of feeling or ferocity, and the mind its bias, to the last.

Note 6. Page 8, line 29.
Slaves—nay, the bondmen of a slave.
Athens is the property of the Kdsar Aga (the slave of the seraglio, and guardian of the women), who appoints the Waywode. A pandar and eunuch—these are not polite, yet true appellations—now govern the governor of Athens!

Note 7. Page 10, line 2.
'Tis calmer than thy heart, young Giaour.
Infidel.

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."

Swift as the hound on high jerked.
Jerrold, 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 muniky one, since the most expert in the art are the Black Eunuchs of Constantinople—I think, next to these, a Mameluk at Surnah was the most skilful that came within my observation.

He came, he went, like the sycamore.
The blast on the desert, fatal to every thing living, and often alluded to in eastern poetry.
Note 11. Page 14, line 16.
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.

Since his turban was cleft by the infidel's saber 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 prize that can be bestowed on a chief is a panegyric on his bounty, the next, on his valour.

Page 15, line 30.
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 breed.

Note 15. Page 14, line 31.
"He! who art thou,—this low salam," etc.

Salam aleikoun! aleikoum salam! peace be with you; be with you peace—the salutation reserved for the faithful:—to a Christian, "Urluch," a good journey; or salam birocen, salam serula; good morn, good even; and sometimes, "may your end be happy;" are the usual salutes.

The insect-queen of eastern spring.
The blue-winged butterfly of Kashmir, the most rare and beautiful of the species.

Note 17. Page 17, line 7.
Or live like 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, u 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 a hypothesis.

Note 18. Page 17, line 22.
When Rhamuzun's last sun was set
The cannon at sunset close the Rhamzan. See note 8.

Note 19. Page 18, line 8.
By pale Phingari's trembling light
Phingari, the moon.

Note 20. Page 18, line 19.
Brilliant as the jewel of Giamschiul.
The celebrated fabulous ruby of Sultan Giamschiul, the embellisher of Istikkar; from its splendour, named Schegherag, "the torch of night;" also, "the cup of the sun, etc.—In the first editions, "Giamschiul" was written as a word of three syllables: so D'Herbelot has it: but I am told Richardson reduces it to a disyllable, and writes "Jamschiel." I have left in the text the orthography of the one, with the pronunciation of the other.

Though on Al-Sirat's arch I stood.

Al-Sirat, the bridge, of breadth less than the thread of a famished spider, over which the Mussulmans must slide into paradise, to which it is the only entrance; but this is not the worse, the river beneath being hell itself, into which, as may be expected, the unskilful and tender of foot contrive to tumble with a "facilities discern Averni," not very pleasing in prospect to the next passenger. There is a shorter cut downwards for the Jews and Christians.

Note 22. Page 18, line 28.

And keep that portion of his crest.

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 monstrosities from heaven. Being enemies to Platonics, they cannot discern "any fitness of things" in the souls of the other sex, concerning them to be superseded by the Hours.

Page 19, line 1.
The young pomegranate's blossoms strewed.

An oriental simile, which may, perhaps, though fairly stolen, be deemed "plus Arabic qu'en Arabic."

Note 24. Page 19, line 3.
Her hair in hyacinthus bow.

Hyacinthus, in Arabic, "Sambah;" as common a thought in the eastern poets, as it was among the Greeks.

Page 19, line 13.
The lowliest band of Franguestan.

"Franguestan," Circassia.

Note 25. Page 21, line 1.
"Bismillih nom me pen. post. etc.
Bismillah—"In the name of God,"
the commencement of all the chapters of the Koran but one, and of prayer and thanksgiving.

Note 27. Page 22, line 1.
Then curl'd his very beard with ire.

A phenomenon not uncommon with an angry Mussulman. In 1809, the Captain Pacha's whiskers, at a diplomatic audience, were not less lively with indignation than a tiger cat's, to the horror of all the dragoons; 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.

Nor raised the elven cry, Amma!

"Amaam," quarter, pardon.

I knew 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.

Note 30. Page 24, line 6.
A fragment of his palampore.
The flowered shawls, generally worn by persons of rank.

Note 31. Page 25, line 27.
His eagle ruff—his satin red.

The "Calpuch" is the solid cap or centre part of the head-dress; the shawl is wound round it, and forms the turban.

Note 32. Page 25, line 33.
A turban carved in coolest stone.

The turban, phar, and inscriptive verse, decorate the tombs of the Osmanliades, whether in the cemetery
In the wilderness. In the mountains, you frequently pass similar monuments; and, on inquiry, you are informed, that they record some victim of rebellion, plunder, or revenge.

Note 33. Page 25, line 10.
At solemn sound of “Alla HU!”

“Ala HU!” the concluding words of the Muezzin’s call to prayer, from the highest gallery on the exterior of the mosque.

On a still evening, when the Muezzin has a fine voice, which is frequently the case, the effect is solemn and beautiful beyond all the bells in Christendom.

Note 34. Page 26, line 19.
They came—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,” etc.

Note 35. Page 26, line 24.
Beneath averging Monkir’s syce.

Monkir and Nekir are the inquisitors of the dead, before whom the corpse undergoes a slight novicature and preparatory training for damnation. If the answers are none of the clearest, he is haled 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.

To wander round lost Edie’s throne.

Elia, the Oriental Prince of Darkness.

Note 37. Page 26, line 31.
But first, on earth, as vampire sent.

The Vampire superstition is still general in the Levant. Honest Tournelot tells a long story, which Mr. Sourhey, in the notes on Thalaba, quotes, about these “Vroucolochus,” as he calls them. The Romanic term is “Vardoulachu.” 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 “Vroucolokas” 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.

Note 38. Page 27, line 23.
Yet with thine own hot blood shall drip.

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 incredibility attested.

Note 39. Page 32, line 22.
It is as if the desert-bird.

The p.lean is, I believe, the bird so libelled, by the imputation of feasting her chickens with her blood.

Deep in whose darkly-boding ear.

This superition 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 Arabia, nor in the places to Ephesus, Messalunga, or Lepanto; there are plenty of us, well armed, and the Choriat is not our enemy to be the victim of. They have not dared to touch the house.”—True, Affendi; but nevertheless the shot is ringing in my ears.”—The shot!—not a topkapi has been fired this morning.”—I hear it notwithstanding.—“No!—Then as plainly as I hear your voice,”—Pasha.” As you please, Affendi; if it is written, so will it be. I left this quick-minded prophet-maniac, and rode up to Basili, his Christian companion, whose ears, though not at all prophetic, by no means relished the intelligence. We all arrived at Colonna, remained a few hours, and returned leisurely, saying a variety of bilious things, in more languages than spoiled the building of Babel, upon the mistaken scent; Romae, Arnaout, Turkish, Italian, and English were all exercised, in various concords, upon the unfortunate Mussulman.

While we were contemplating the beautiful prospect, Dervish was occupied about the cumbans. I thought he was deranged into an antiquarian, and asked him if he had become a "Pulicaste" 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 troubled some faculty of fire-eating. On our return to Arnaout, he described of a custom and ceremony, which I am not sure (as before said) I heard of a few 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 20. 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 a "villainous company," and ourselves in a bad neighbourhood. Dervish became a soothsayer for life, and I dare say is now hearing mere music than ever will be fired, to the great refreshment of the Armaments of Beraot, and its 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 50th 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 Klephetters" (robbers), which was true to the letter.—If not cut off, they come down in the winter, and pass it un molested in some town, where they are often as well known as their exploits.

Note 41. Page 40, line 4.
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 hope from the reader. It may be sufficient to say, that it was of a customary length (as may be perceived from the interruptions and un easiness of the penitent), and was delivered in the nasal tone of all orthodox preachers.

Note 42. Page 42, line 3.
And shining in her white synar.

"Synar"—shroud.

Note 43. Page 43, line 29.
The circumstance to which the above story relates was not very uncommon in Turkey. A few years ago the wife of Muehtar Pacha complained to his father of his son’s supposed infidelity; he asked with whom, and she had the barbarity to give in a list of the twelve handsomest women in Yanna. They were seized fast-
The Bride of Abiydos;  
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.

BY BURNS.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD HOLLAND,  
THIS TALE IS INSCRIBED,  
WITH EVERY SENTIMENT OF REGARD AND RESPECT, BY HIS GRATEFULLY OBLIGED AND SINCERE FRIEND,

BYRON.

CANTO 1

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, nowadden to erume?  
KNOW ye the land of the cedar and vine,  
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine;  
Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppressed with perfume,  
Was fair o'er the gardens of Gulfi in her bloom;  

Where the citron and olive are tastest of fruit,  
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute;  
Where the mints of the earth, and the hues of the sky,  
In colour though varied, in beauty may be,  
And the purple of ocean is deepest in dye;  
Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,  
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine?  
'Tis the clime of the east; 'tis the land of the sun—  
Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done?  
Oh! wild as the accents of loves! Farewell!  
Are the hearts which they bear, and the tales which they tell.

II.

Begin with many a gallant slave,  
Apparel'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 betray'd to strangers by  
The mind within, wolf skill'd to hide  
All but unconquerable pride,  
His penive cheek and pondering brow  
Did more than he was wont avow.

III.

'Let the chamber be clear'd,'—'The train disappear'd:'  
"Now call me the chief of the Haram guard."  
With Giaffir is none but his only son,  
And the Nubian awaiting the sire's award.  
"Haroun—when all the crowd that wait  
Are pass'd beyond the outer gate;  
(Woe to the head whose eye beheld  
My child Zuleika's face unveil'd!)  
Hence, lead my daughter from her tower;  
Her fate is fix'd this very hour:  
Yet not to her repeat my thought;  
By me none be duty taught!"  
"Pacha! to hear is to obey."  
No more must slave to despotic say—  
Then to the tower had taken 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 Mussian 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 faith, if faint there be,  
Was mine; then fall thy frowns on me—  
So lovely 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 nigh,  
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 awake,  
We to the express groves had flown,  
And made earth, main, and heaven our own  
There linger'd we, beguiled too long  
With Mejourn's tale, or Sadh's song;  
Till I, who heard the deep tambour  
Beat the Divan's approaching roar,
To thee and to my duty true,
Worn'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 Pa ha 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,
Mutp pore where babbling waters flow,
And watch unfolding roses blow.
Would that you orb, whose matin glow
The listless eyes so much admired,
Would lend thee something of his fire!
Thou, who wouldst see this battlement
By Christian cannon piecemeal rent;
Nay, calmly view old Stambol's wall
Before the dogs of Moscow fall,
Nor strike one stroke for life and death
Against the curs of Nazareth!
Go—let thy less than woman's hand
Assume the distaff—not the brand.
But, Haroun!—to my daughter speed:
And hark—of thine own head take heed—
If thus Zuleika oft takes wing—
Thou see'st yon bow—it hath a string!"

V.
No sound from Selim's lip was heard,
At least that met old Giaffir's ear,
But every frown and every word
Pierced keener than a Christian's sword.
"Son of a slave!—reproach'd with fear!
Those gibes had cost another dear.
Son of a slave!—and who's my sire?"
Thus held his thoughts their dark career,
And glances even of more ire
Flash forth, then faintly disappear.
Old Giaffir gazed upon his son
And started; for within his eye
He read how much his wrath has done;
He saw rebellion more begun:
"Come hither, boy—what, no reply?
I mark thee—and I know thee too;
But there he deeds thou dar'st not do;
But if thy heart 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 eyes he fiercely gazed:
"That eye return'd him glance for glance,
That proudly to his sire's was raised,
Till Giaffir's quail'd and shrunk avance—
And why—he felt, but dare not tell.
"Much I mislaid this wayward boy
Will one day work me more annoy
I never loved him from his birth,
And—lath 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—not the blood so near my own,
That blood—he ath 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 Hours' hymn it meets mine ear:
She's the offering of my choice;
Oh! more than even her mother dear,
With as to hope, and nought to fear—
My Pen—ever welcome here!
Sweet, as the desert-fountain's wave
To lips just cool'd in time to save—
Such to my longing sight art thou;
Nor can they wait 't Mecca's shrine
More thanks for the than I for thine,
Who bless thy burn, and bless thee now."

VI.
Fair, as the first that fell of a mankind,
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 Giaffir's phantom-peopled slumber given,
When heart meets heart again in dreams Elysian,
And paints the lost on earth revived in heaven;
So, 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 check, his sinking heart confess
The night—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-laiding breast;
At one kiss—ever, these arms extending,
To cleave the neck of him who best
His child caressing and carest,
Zuleika came—and Giaffir felt
His purpose half within him melt;
Not that against her favored weal
His heart, though stern, could ever feel;
Affection chain'd her to that heart;
Amation 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 Carasarun
Unchangeable, unchangeable hath stood
First of the bold Tinariot bands
That won and well can keep their lanzas
Enough that he who comes to woo
Is kinsman of the Bey Oziou:
His years need scarce a thought empony
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 stilled 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 pty scarce can wish it less!
Whate'er it was the sure forgot;
Or, if remember'd, mark'd it not;
Thrice clapp'd his hands, and call'd his steed,
Resign'd his gem-ador'd Chibouke, 10
And mounting fealty for the mead,
With Magrabee 11 and Maimuluke,
His way amid his Delis took, 12
To witness many an active deed
With sabre keen, or blunt jereed.
The Kishar only and his Moors
Water'd 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 minute slaughter,
Careering cleave the folded felt 13
With sabre stroke right sharply dealt:
Nor mark'd the javelin-darting crown,
Nor heard their Orubus 14 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, yet not the same;
Her heart confess'd a gentler flame:
But yet that heart alarm'd or weak,
She knew not why, forbade to speak,
Yet speak she must—but when essay'd
"How strange he thus should turn away
Not thus we e'er before have met;
Not thus shall be our parting yet."
Thrice paced she slowly through the room
And watch'd his eye—it still was fix'd:
She snatch'd the urn wherein was mix'd
The Persian A ur-gijn's 15 perfume,
And sprinkled as its odours o'er
The pictured roof 16 and marble floor:

The drops, that through his glittering vest
The playful girl's appeal address,
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 breath'd
Before the rose was pluck'd and wreath'd:
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 Bubul 17 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 stubest:
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 hast'st or fearless?
Come, lay thy head upon my breast,
And I will kiss thee into rest,
Since words of mine, and songs must fail
Even 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 shirnes that ne'er approach allow
To woman's step admit her vow,
Without thy free consent, command,
The Sultan should not have my hand 1
Think'st thou that I could bear to part
With thee, and learn to half my heart?
Ah! were I sever'd from thy side,
Where were thy friend—and who my guide?
Years have not seen, time shall not see,
The hour that tears my soul from thee:
Even Azrael, 18 from his deadly quiver
When flies that shui, 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 maud 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 roared by heedless hand,
A tyrant walked to sudden strife
By grace of ill-omened jove,
Starts not to more conclusive 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 wise, 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 then—thy simplest press
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 Jatlar." 19
This morning clouds upon me lower'd,
Reproaches on my head were shower'd,
And Giaffir almost called me ceward!
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 pitied secret vow
Be only known to us as now.
I know the wrack which dare demand
From Giaffir thy reclusive hand;
More ill-omened wealth, a meaner soul,
Holds not a Mussulman's control;
Was he not bred in Egrio? 21
A valor race let Israel show!
But let that pass—to none be told
Our cowl; the rest shall trust 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." 20

XIII.
"Think not thou art what thou appearest!
My Selim, thou art sadly changed:
This mean I saw thee gentlest, dreariest;
But now thou'rt from thyself estranged.
My love thou surely knew'st before,
It never ceased, nor can be more;
To see thee, hear thee, near thee say,
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—amid this—no more than this;
For, Alla! say they the skies are flame:
What fever in thy veins is flushing?
My own have nearly caught the same;
At least I feel my cheek too burning,
To soothe thy sickness, watch thy health,
Partake, but never waste, thy wealth,
Or stand with smiles unmurmuring by,
And lighten half the 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?

Put, Selim, thou must answer why
We need so much of mystery?
The cause I cannot dream nor tell,
But be it, since thou say'st 'tis well;
Yet what thou mean'st by 'arms' and 'friends,
Beyond my weaker sense extends.
I meant that Giaffir should have heard
The very vow I plighted thee;
His wrath would not revoke my word:
But surely he would leave me free.
Can this fond wish seem strange in me,
To be what I have ever been?
What other hath Zuleika seen
From simple childhood's earliest hour?
What other can she seek to see
Than thee, companion of her bower,
The partner of her infancy?
These cherish'd thoughts with life begun,
Say, why must I no more know?
What change is wrought to make me shun
The truth; thy 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 bent 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 morn.
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 Telooedar; 22
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
Retake thee—Giaffir I can greet.
And now with him I fain must praise
Of sumptuaries, imposts, levies, state.
There's fearful news from Danube's banks;
Our Vizier n'eld his thrones,
For which the Giaour may give him thanks!
Our Sultan hath a shorter way
Such cooly triumph to repay.
But, mark me, when the twilight drum
Hath wak'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 let our words, or stilt 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—"

"Dehuy 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 II.

I.
The winds are high on Helle's wave,
As on that night of stormy water
When Love, who sent, forget to save
The young, the beautiful, the brave,
The lonely hope of Sesto's daughter
Oh! when alone along the sky
Her torrent-torch was blazing high,
Though rising gale, and breaking foam,
And shrieking sea-birds warn'd him home;
And clouds afloat and tales below,
With signs and sounds, forbade to go;
He could not see, he would not hear
Or sound or sign forbidding fear;
His eye but saw that light of love,
The only star it hail'd above;
His ear but rang with Hero's song,
"Ye waves, divide not lovers long!"
That tale is old, but love anew
May nerve young hearts to prove as true.

II.
The winds are high, and Helle's tide
Rolls darkly heaving to the main;
And night's descending shadows hide
That field with blood bedov'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 step—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 hill top green
Contains no bill'd hero's ashes,
And that around the undoubted scene
That 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 La'ta'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 gazing on the round
Of him who felt the Dardan's arrow;
That mighty beam of gather'd ground
Which Ammon's sun ran proudly round,
By nations rais'd, her monarchs crown'd,
Is now a lone and nameless arrow!
Within— the 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 swim, and chase the boatman's fear;
Till then—no beacon on the cliff
May shape the course of struggling skiff
The seafarer's lights that skirt the bay,
All, one by one, have died away;
The only lamp of this lone hear
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 sanctified amulet,
Whereon engraved the Koruseen text,
Could smooth this life, and win the next;
And by her Combadoor lies
A Koran of illumined dyes;
And many a bright embellish'd rhyme
By Persian scribes redeem'd from time;
And o'er those scrolls, not oft so mute,
Reclines her now neglected hate;
And round her tarp of fringed gold
Bloom flowers in urns of China's mould;
The richest work of Iran's boon,
And Sheerz'z 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 thickest treading,
And starting oft, as through one plate
The gust its hollow moun'ds 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 childish

VII.
They reach'd at length a grotto, hewn
By Nature, but enlarged by art,
Where oft her late she went to tune,
And oft her Koran com'd apart;
And oft in youthful reverse
She dream'd what Paradise might be:
Where woman's parted soul shall go
Her prophet had disc. not to show;
But Selim's mansion was secure,
Nor com'd she, could he long endure
His bower in other worlds of bliss;
Without her, most belov'd in this!
Oh! who so dear with him could dwell?
What Hours soliste 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
Disgusted things seen by better light:
That brazed lamp but dimly threw
A ray of no celestial hue;
But in a mock within the ce.
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-crowned 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 Cauchoi:
Beneath—his golden-plated vest
Chung like a cuirass to his breast;
The gr.r.£. ë.£.w. his knee that wound
With silvery scales were sheathed and bound.
But were 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. 38

X.

'I said I was not what I seem'd;
And now thou seest my words were true:
I have a tale thou hast not dream'd,
If sooth—its truth must others rue.
My story now '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 unwise—
God! am I left alone on earth
I mourn—I dare not curse—the day
That saw my solitary birth?
O! thou wilt love me now no more.
My sinking heart forbode ill;
But know me all I was before,
Thy sister—friend—Zuleika still.
Thou led'st me here perambulation to kill;
If thou hast cause for vengeance, see
My breast is offer'd—take it thy fill!
Far better with the dead to be:
Then do thou nothing now to thee:

Perhaps far worse, for now I know
Why Giaffir always seem'd thy foe;
And I, alas! am Giaffir's enm,
For whom thou wert connu'd, reviled.
If not thy sister—wouldst thou save
My life, Oh! bid me be thy slave!'

XII.

"My slave, Zuleika!—now, I'm thin
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 39 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 widowed, not divided,
Although thy sire's my deadstoe 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 h'ld me with a vain deceit
That yet a like return may meet.
He reard me, not with tender help,
But like the nephew of a Cain; 39
He watch'd me like a lion's whelp,
That guaws 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 tear.

"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 thoughtlessness, will disturb repose.
In war Abdallah's arm was strong,
Remember'd yet in Bosnic song,
And Paswan's 38 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,
What'er beside it makes, hath made me five

XIV.

"When Paswan, after years of strife,
At last for power, but first for life,
In Wedin'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 horses 35 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 drug'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,
BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS.

But little deem'd a brother's wrath
To quench his thirst had such a cup;
The bear, a scored attendant bore;
He drank one draught, 11 nor needed more!

If thou my tale, Zuleika, doubt,
Call Haroun—if he can tell it out.

XV.

"The deed once done, and Paswan's heed
In part suppress'd, though ne'er subdued,
Abdallah's pachaitik was gain'd:
Thou know'st not what in our Divan
Can wealth procure for worse than man—
Abdallah's honours were obtained;
By him a brother's murder stain'd;
'Tis true, the purchase nearly drain'd
His ill-got treasure, soon replaced.
Wouldst question whence? Survey the waste,
And ask the squallid peasant how
His gains repay his brooding brow?
Why me the stern usurper spared,
Why thus with me his palace shared,
I know not. Shame, regret, remorse,
And little care from infant's force;
Besides, adoption as a son
By him whom Heaven accorder 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 clate
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 Rounelle
To this our Asiatic side,
Far from our seats by Danube's tide,
With none but Haroun, who retains
Such knowledge—and the 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, too, accomplices—no friends!

XVII.

"All this, Zuleika, harshly sounds;
But harsher still my tale must be:
However my tongue thy softness wounds,
Yet must I prove all truth to thee.
I saw thee start this garb to see,
Have made them fitting instruments
For more than even my own intents;
And some—and I have studied all
Distinguish'd from the vulgar rank,
But chide to my council call
The wisdom of the cautious Frank—
And some to higher thoughts aspire.

The list of Lambrus's 83 patriots there
Anticipated freedom share;
And oft around the casern fire
On visionary schemes debate,
To smatten the Rayahs 26 from their fate.
So let them case their hearts with plato
Of equal rights, which man ne'er knew;
I have a love for freedom too.

Yet let me like the ocean-patriarch 37 roam,
O' only know on land the Tartar's home! 28
My tent on shore, my galley on the seas,
Are more than cities and streams to me:
Borne by my steed, orWaited by my sail,
Across the desert, or before the gale.
Bound where thou wilt, my bark! or glide, my prow! But be the star that guides the wanderer, thou!
Thou, my Zuleika, share and bless my bark;
The dove of peace and promise to mine ark!
Or, since that hope denied in words 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!
Best—as the Morezzini's strain from Moecz's wall
To pignic 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,
Scall sound each tone thy long-loved vow endears.
For thee in those bright isles is built a bower
Blooming as Allen 39 in its earliest hour.
A thousand swords, with Selim's heart and hand,
Wait—wave—defend—destroy—at thy command!
Girt by my bark, Zuleika at my side,
The spoil of nations shall bedeck my bride.
The harem'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 fitter friends betray.
Now dear the dream in darkest hours of ill,
Should all be changed, to find thee faithful still! Be hot thy soul, like Selim's, firmly shown;
To thee be Selim's tender as thine own;
To soothe each screw, share in each delight,
Bond! every thought, do all—but disunite!
Once free, 'tis mine our horde again to guide;
Friends to each other, foes to might beside;
Yet there we follow but the bent assign'd
By fate natural 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 subre's length:
Power sways but by division—her resource
The blest alternative of fraud or force!
Ours be the last: in time a vicit may come,
When cities cage us in a social home;
There even thy soul might owe—how oft the heart
Corruption shames 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!—now 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 Babe's wing gale.
Which love to-night hath promised to our sail:
No danger daunts the pair his smile hats best,
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 wars 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 time but one to waft us from our foes:
Yea—see 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
Revest'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 shal do,
Ere I have heard and doom'd it too:
I form the plan, decrees the spoil,
'T is fit I oftener share the toil.
But now too long I've held three 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 chaim.
And wouldst thou save that haughty Bry,
Perchance his life who gave thee thine,
With me this hour away—away!
But yet, though thou art plightced 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,
Stool! 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 Nobe.
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—

"O! fly—no more—yet now my more than brother!"
Far, wide, through every thickest 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 whee;  
With searching flanem, shining steel;  
And last of all, his sabre waving;  
Storn Giaffir in his fury raving:  
And now almost they touch the cave—  
Oh! must that groat be Selim's grave?

XXIII.

Dauntless he stood—'Tis come—soon past—  
One kiss, Zuleika—'tis my last:  
But yet my hand 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 stopt;  
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 ears, 'tis but to see me die;  
Flat sound hath drawn my foes more nigh.

Then forth my father's scimitar,  
Thou never hast seen less equal war!  
Farewell, Zuleika!—Sweet! retire:  
Yet stay within—here linger safe,  
At thee his rage will only chave.  
Stir not—lest even to thine 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 amely 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 el'd,  
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—unweared to the strand  
They struggle—now they touch the land!  
They come—'tis but to add to slaughter—  
His heart's best blood is on the water!

Escaped from shot, unharm'd by steel,  
Or scarcely graz'd its force to feel,  
Had Selim won, betray'd, betw;  
'T is 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 chair  
Sad proof, in peril and in pain,  
How late will lover's hope remain!  
His back was to the dazzling spray;  
Behind, but close, his comrades lay,

When, at the instant, hie'd the ball—  
"So may the foes of Giaffir fall!"  
Whose voice is heard? whose carbine rang?  
Whose bullet through the night-air sang  
Too nearly, deadly aim'd to err?  
'Tis thine—Abullah's murderer!  
The father slowly roed 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 shock'd 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 woods that heap  
The beach where shrowing to the deep  
There lies a white capote!  
'Tis rent in twain—one dark-red stain  
The wave yet ripple o'er in vain:  
But where is he who wore?  
Ye! who would o'er his relics weep  
Go, seek them where the surger sweep  
Their burden round Sigurna's steep,  
And cast on Lemnos' shore:  
The sea-birds shriek above the prey,  
O'vr 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 level'd with the wave—  
What reckes it, though that corse shall die  
Within a living grave?  
The bird that tears that prostrate form  
Hath only robb'd the manner worm;  
The only heart, the only eye  
Had bled or wept to see him die,  
Had seen those scatter'd limbs composed,  
And found'um 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—never shall see thy face!  
Can be not hear  
The lord Wul-wulch 44 warns 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, g.e.,  
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.
**THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS.**

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!  
Three happy! never to feel nor fear the force of  
attention, shame, pride, hate, revenge, remorse!  
And, oh! that pang where more than madness lies!  
The worm that will not die—and never dies.  
Thought of the gloomy day and ghastly night,  
That dreads the darkness, and yet beareth the light,  
That winds around, and tears the quivering heart!  
Ah! therefore let not consume it—and depart!  

Woe to thee, rash and unrelenting chief!  
Vainly thou hearest the dust upon thy head,  
Vainly the sackcloth o'er thy limbs doth spread;  
By that same hand Abdallah—Solm bled.  
Now let it bear thy beard in idle grief:  
Thy pride of heart, thy pride 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 queen's it's 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  
Even 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 whir 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 minds of Helle deem  
That this can be no earthly flower,  
Which mocks the tempest's withering hour,  
And beads unshelter'd by a bower:  
Nor droops, though spring refuse her shower,  
Nor woos the summer beam:  
Do it the livelong night there sings  
A bird unseen—but not remote:  
Invisible his airy wings,  
But soft as harp that Houri strings  
His long entangling note!  
If 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,  
'T is sorrow so unmix'd with dread,  
They scarce can bear the morn to break  
That melancholy spell,  
And longer yet would weep and wake,  
Ho 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.  
'T is from her cypress' summit heard,  
That melts in air the liquid word:  
'T is from her lovely 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 aim that bore  
That deep-fid'l 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,  
'P'T is named the "Pirate-phantom's pillow!"  
Where first it lay that mourning flower  
Hath flourish'd; flourishest this hour,  
Alone and dewy, coldly pure and pale;  
As weeping beauty's cheek at sorrow's tale!  

**NOTES.**

Note 1. Page 55, line 8.  
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gul in her bloom.  
"Gul," the rose.  

Note 2. Page 56, line 9.  
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.  

Note 3. Page 57, line 33.  
With Mejnourn's tale, or Sahi's song.  
Mejnourn and Leila, the Romeo and Juliet of the  
East. Sadi, the moral poet of Persia.  

Note 4. Page 57, line 34.  
Till 1, who heard the deep tambour.  
Tambour, Turkish drum, which sounds at sunrise,  
noon, and twilight.  

Note 5. Page 60, line 3.  
He is an Arab to my sight.  
The Turks abhor the Arabs (who return the compi-  
ment a hundred fold), even more than they hate the  
Christians.  

The mind, the music breathing from her face.  
This expression has met with objections. I wld. not  
refer to "him who hath not Music in his soul," but  
merely request the reader to recollect, for tent 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 shal
so 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. ii., cap. 10. De L’Allemande. 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 afflictions dashes to the earth, and looking down upon the fragments, only holds the reflection multiplied!


Carusman Oglo, or Kara Osman Oglo, 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.


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 strand, 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 Bagdad, a brave young man, cut off by treachery; after a desperate resistance.


Thrice chapp’d his hands, and call’d his steed.

Clapping of hands calls the servants. The Turks have a superfluous expenditure of voice, and they have no bells.


Resign’d his gem-adorn’d chibouque.

Chibouque, the Turkish pipe, of which the amber mouth-piece, and sometimes the hull which contains the leaf, is adorned with precious stones, if in possession of the wealthier orders.


With Maugrabe and Mamaluke.

Maugrabe, Moorish mercenaries.


His way said his Delis took.

Delil, bravos who form the forlorn hope of the cavalry, and always begin the action.


Carrying cleaves 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 jereed is a game of blunt javelins, animated and graceful.


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 jereed, or in the chase, but mostly in battle. Their animation in the field, and gravity in the chamber, with their pipes and comboloses, form an amusing contrast.

Note 15. Page 63, line 31.

"Atar-gul," or "oratar," of roses. The Persian is the finest.

Note 16. Page 63, line 33.

The pictured roof and marble floor.

The ceiling and wainscots, or rather walls, of the Muzellum apartments are generally painted, in great houses, with one eternal and highly coloured view of Constantinople, wherein the principal feature is a noble contemp of perspective; below, arms, scimitars, etc., are in general fancifully and not indiscreetly disposed.

Note 17. Page 64, line 16.

A message from the Bulbul berra.

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 mallem," etc., if Mr. Fox was mistaken.

Note 18. Page 65, line 17.

Even Azael, from his deadly quiver "Azael"—the angel of death.


Within the caves of Istarak.

The treasures of the Preadamite Sultans. See D’Herbelot, article Istarak.

Note 20. Page 66, line 35.

Holds not a Musselin’s coated.

Musselin, a governor, the next in rank after a Pacha, a Waywode is the third; and then come the Agus.


Was he not bred in Egrio? Egrio—the Negropont. According to the proverb, the Turks of Egrio, the Jews of Salonica, and the Greeks of Athens, are the worst of their respective races.

Note 22. Page 69, line 7.

Ah! wonder see the Tehocadar.

"Tehocadar"—one of the attendants who precede a man of authority.

Note 23. Page 71, line 19.

Thine own "broad Hellespont" still dashes.

The wrangling about this epithet, "the broad Hellespont" or the "broad 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 "antiquata," probably Homer had the same notion of distance that a coquette has of time, and when he talks of boundless, means half a mile; as the latter, by a like figure, when she says eternal attachment, simply specifies three weeks.


Which Ammon’s son ran proudly round.

Before his Persian invasion, and crowned the altar with laurel, etc. He was afterwards imitated by Carr-
THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS.

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calls in his race. It is believed that the last also possessed a friend, named Festus, for the sake of new Patroclus games. I have seen the sheep feeding on the tomb of Estes and Autolochus; the first is in the centre of the plain.

Note 23. Page 72, line 17.

over which her fairy fingers ran.

When rubbed, the amber is susceptible of a perfume, which is slight but not disagreeable.


Her mother's painted amulet.

The belief in amulets engraved on gems, or inclosed in gold boxes, containing scraps from the Koran, worn round the neck, wrist, or arm, is still universal in the East. The Kooresee (throne) verse in the second chapter of the Koran describes the attributes of the Most High, and is engraved in this manner, and worn by the pious, as the most esteemed and sublime of all sentences.

Note 27. Page 72, line 17.

And by her Combodiye lies.

combodiye"—a Turkish rosary. The MSS., particularly those of the Persians, are richly adorned and illuminated. The Greek females are kept in utter ignorance; out many of the Turkish girls are highly accomplished, though not actually qualified for a Christian coterie; perhaps some of our own "blacks" might not be the worse for bleaching.

Note 29. Page 73, line 4.

In him was some young Galgonée.

galgonée"—or Galongh, a sailor, that is, a Turkish sailor; the Greeks navigate the Turks work the guns. Their dress is picturesque; and I have seen the Captain Pacha more than once wearing it as a kind of morgen. Their legs, however, are generally naked. The muskins described in the text as sheathed behind with silver, are those of an Armour robber, who was my host (he had quitted the profession), at his Prygo, near Gostouni in the Morea; they were plated in scales one over the other, like the back of an armadillo.

Note 29. Page 76, line 13.

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 waving 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 "fin ferace." I did not much admire the reason, but bought it for its ocularity.

Note 30. Page 78, line 28.

But like the nephew of a C'ain.

It is to be observed, that every allusion to anything or personage in the Old Testament, such as the Aris, or C'ain, is equally the privilege of Mussulman and Jew; indeed the former professed 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-Adamities. Solomon is the monarch; of all necromancy, and Moses a prophet inferior only to Christ and Mahomet. Zuleika is the Persian name of Potipher'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 C'ain, or Noah, into the mouth of a Moslem.

Note 31. Page 77, line 11.

And Pavan's rebel borders attest.

Paswan Oglen, the rebel of Widen, who for the last years of his life, set the whole power of the Porte at defiance.

Note 32. Page 77, line 24.

They gave their horsestails to the wind.

Horsetail, the standard of a Pacha.

Note 33. Page 78, line 4.

He drank one draught, nor needed more!

Giaff, Pacha of Argyro Custra, or Scutari, I am not sure which, was actually taken off by the Albanian Ash 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 Adrianopole. The poison was mixed in the cup of coffee, which is presented before the sherbet by the bath-keeper, after dressing.

Note 34. Page 81, line 18.

I sought by turns, and saw them all.

The Turkish notions of almost all islands are confined to the Archipelago, the sea alluded to.

Note 35. Page 82, line 8.

The best of Lamiro's patriots there.

Lambro Camacini, 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.

Note 36. Page 82, line 12.

To snatch the Rayas from their fate.

"Rayas," all who pay the capitation tax, called the Haratch.

Note 37. Page 82, line 16.

Art! let me like the ocean patriarch roam.

This first of voyages is one of the few with which the Mussulmans profess much acquaintance.

Note 38. Page 82, line 17.

Or only know on land the Tartar's home.

The wandering life of the Arabs, Tartars, and Turkomans, will be found well detailed in any book of Eastern travels. That it possesses a charm peculiar to itself cannot be denied. A young French renegado confessed to Chateaubriand, that he never found himself alone, galloping in the desert, without a sensation approaching to rapture, which was indescribable.


Blooming as Adam in its earliest hour.

"Jannat al Aden," the perpetual abode, the Mussulman Paradise.

Note 40. Page 89, line 14.

And mound'd above his turban-stone.

A turban is carved in stone above the graves of men only.

Note 41. Page 89, line 24.

The loud Wul walloch 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.

Note 42. Page 90, line 25.

"Where is my child!"—an oho answers—"Where?"

"I came to the place of my birth and cried, 'the
friends of my yotb, 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, page 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.

Note 43. Page 92, line 6. Into Zuckica's name. 'And airy tongues that spillable 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 Lytton'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;
A TALE.

— I suoi pensieri in lui dormir non posso.
TASSO, Canto decimo, Jerusalemme Liberata

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 one, 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 tone 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 magnificence 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 Elegodes, was no 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 "goes, 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. Bel it so—if I have deviated into the gloomy vanity of "drawing from soil," 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 bard's (far more deserving, I allow), in very reputable plight, and quite exempt 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" I may 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, permit me here and elsewhere to subscribe myself,

most truly, and affectionately, your obedient servant,

BYRON.

January 2, 1814.
THE CORSAIR.

CANTO 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;
No thou, vain lord of wantonness and ease!
Whom slumber soothed not—pleasure cannot please—
Oh, who, can tell, save he whose heart hath tried,
And danced in triumph o'er the waters wide,
The exciting sense—the pulse's maddening play,
That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way!
That for itself can woo the approaching light,
And turn what some deem danger to delight;
That seeks what cravings 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:
Casts when it will—we snatch the life of life!
When lost—what recks it—by disease or strife?
Let him who owns ennui's dear decay,
Cling to his couch, and sickens years away!
Heave his thick breast, and shake his palsied head;
Ours—the fresh turf, and not the feverish bed.
While gash by gash he falters forth his soul,
Ours with one pang—our bound—escapes control.
His curse may boast its urn and narrow cove,
And they who boasted 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 seater'd groups upon the golden sand,
They game—carouse—converse—or what the brand?
Select the arms—to each his blade assign,
And careless eye the blood that dins its shind:
Repair the boat, replace the helm or oar,
While others struggling muse along the shore;
For the wild bird the busy springs set
Or spread beneath the sun the dripping net;
Gaze where some distant sail a speck supplies,
With all the thirsting eye of enterprise;
Tell o'er the tales of many a night of toil,
And marvel where they next shall seize a spoil?
No matter where—their chief's allotment this,
Their's to believe no rey nor pian 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 goldlet pascus him untasted still—
And for his face—the rudest of his crew
Would that, in turn, have pass'd untasted too,
Earth's coarsest bread, the garden's homliest roots,
And scarce the summer luxury of fruits,
His short repast in humbleness supply
With all a hermit's board would scarce deny.
But while he shuns the grosser joys of sense,
His mind seems nourish'd by that abstinence.
"Steer to that shore!"—they sail. "Do this!"—tis done
"Now 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 dignify 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 spans the spore
How gloriously her gallant course she goes!
Her white wings flying—never from her foes—
She walks the waters like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strive.
Who would not brave the battle-fire—the wreck—
To move the monarch of her people dock?

IV.

Horse o'er her side the rustling cable rings;
The sails are furled; and anchoring round she swings;
And gathering loiterers on the land discern
Her boat descending from the latticed stern.
"Tis mann'd—the ears 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 gentle 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—she billows chiefl
They doubtless boldly died—but who are safe?
Here let them haste to gladness and surprise,
And kiss the doubt from these delighted eyes!"

VI.

"Where is our chief? for him we hear report—
And doubt that joy—which hails our coming—short;
Yet thus sincere—'tis cheering, though so brief,
But, Juan! instant guide us to our chief—
Our greeting paid, we'd feast or our return
And all shall hear what each may wish to learn—
Ascending slowly by the rock-bounded 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 wing your thirst; 
From crag to crag they mount, that court yonder cave, 
What lonely strangler looks along the wave? 
In pensive posture leaning on the brand, 
Not of a resting-stuff to that red hand. 

"This he—'t is Conrad—here—as wont—alone; 
Oa—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 intention— 
He spoke not—but a sign expressed 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: 
What'ere his tidings, we can well report, 
Much that—" Peace, peace!"—He cuts their prating short. 

Some wondering 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, 
So read the scroll—"My tablets, Juan, bark— 
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 corselet—clowk—one hour—and we are gone. 
Sling on thy bug—see that, free from rust, 
My carbine-look springs worthy of my trust; 
Be the edge sharper'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 he 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 sable flower hue; 
Still wakes 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; 
Wilds with their hands, but, still to these unknown, 
Makes even their mightiest deeds appear his own. 
Such bath it been—shall be—beneath the sun 
The many still must labour for the one! 
"This is Nature's doom—but let the wretch who toils 
Accuse not, hate not his who wears the spoils.

Oh! if he knew the weight of splendour 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 glare 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, 
There brev and martial hon— and well confess 
That thus it is, but why they cannot seer. 
Sun-burnt his cheek, his beard as high and pale 
The sable curls in wild profusion veil; 
And all perform 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 perfid'd the view, 
As if within that markness 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 brev and brave whose aspect must 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 thus 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 sighed 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 painless throws 
Along the gawerd aspect, speak alone 
Of deeper passions; and to judge their mien, 
Canst, who would see, must himself unseen. 
Then—with the hurried tread, the upright eye, 
The clench'd 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 face—so convolus'd—content—that freeze, or gis 
Flash in the cheek, or damp upon the brow; 
Then—stranger! if thou canst, and trembling not, 
Behold his soul—the rest that soothes his lot! 
Mark—how that bone and blighted — — scars 
The scathing thought of execrator years! 
Behold—but who hath seen, or e'er shall see, 
Man as himself—the secret spirit free?

XI.

Yet was not Conrad thus by nature sent 
To lead the guilty—guilt's worst instrument;— 
His soul was changed, before his deeds had driven 
Him forth to war with man and forfeit heaven. 
Warp'd by the world in Disappointment's school, 
In words too wise, in conduct there a fool; 
Too firm to yield, and far too proud to stoop, 
Doom'd by his very virtues for a dupc.
He cursed those virtues as the cause of ill,
And not the traitor who betray’d him still;
Nor deem’d that griefs bestow’d on better men
Had left him joy, and meant to give again.
Fear’d—shun’d—belied—ere youth had lost her face,
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 seem’d the best as hypocrites who hid
Those deeds the bolder spirit plainly did.
He knew himself detected, but he knew
The hearts that boasted 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;
Yet they that fear’d him dared not to despise.
Man spurs 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;
Past to the doom’d offender’s form it clings,
And he may crush—not conquer—still it stings!

None are all evil—quicken ing round his heart,
One softer feeling would not yet depart;
Oft could he savor at others as begged
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 shun’d, nor sought, but coldly pass’d them by,
Though many a beauty droop’d in prison’s bow’r,
None ever soothed his most unpitied hour.
Yes, it was love—if thoughts of tenderness,
Tried in temptation, strength’nd 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 sought removed, nor muncessed 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!

He paused a moment—still his hastening men
Paw’d the first winding downward to the glen.
Still large flocks—big—slumber’d—turn’d to perils past.
Nor knew I why this next appears the last!
Yet so my heart forebode, but must not fear,
Nor shall my followers find me fitter there.
’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 warn 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 heart where all are brave!
Even insects sing for might they seek to save
This common courage which with brutes we share,
That owes its deadliest efforts to despair,
Small merit claims—but ’twas my nobler hope
To teach my few with numbers still to cope,
Long have I hid 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,

Thus win himself communion held he, till
He reach’d the summit of his tower-crown’d still:
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:

1. "Deep in my soul that tender secret dwells,
Lonely and lost to light for evermore,
Save when to thine my 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 time.

Grief for the dead not virtue can reproduce;
Then give me all I ever asked—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 said—"

"In Conrad’s absence wouldst thou have it glad?
Without thine ear to listen to my lay,
Still must my song my thoughts, my soul betray
Still must each accent to my bosom suit,
My heart unshak’d—although my lips were mute."
Oh! many a night on this lone couch reclined,
My dreaming fear with storms hath wind’d the wind
And deem’d the breath that faintly fan’d thy sail
The murmuring prelude of the ruler 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 watch’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.

THE CORSAIR.

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At length—'t was noon—I hail'd and blest the mast
That met my sight—it near'd—Aas! it past!
Arther came—Oh God! 'twas thine at last!
Would that those days were over! will thou ne'er,
My Conrad! learn to sue joys of peace to share?
Sure thou hast more than wealth; and many a home
As bright as this invites us not to room;
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?"

"Yes, 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 condem,
My very love to thee is hate to them,
So close'y niggling here, that, dissimul'd,
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 gentle heart,
This hour again—but not for long—we part."

"This hour we part!—my heart forebodest this:
Thus ever fade my fairy dreams of bliss.
This hour—it cannot be—this hour away!
Yet bark hath hardly anchored in the bay:
Her consort still is absent, and her crew
Have need of rest before they toil anew;
My o'er! thou mock'st at my weakness; and wouldst steel
My breast before the time when it must need;
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 call and dress thy frugal fare!
See, I have pluck'd the fruit that promised best,
And where not sure, perplex'd, but pleas'd, I guess'd
At such as seem'd the fairest: think the hill
My steps have wound to try the coolest rill;
Yet! thy sherbert to-night will sweetly flow,
See how it sparkles in the vase of jade.
The grape's gay juice thy bosom never cheers;
Thou more than Moslem when the cup appears!
Think not I mean to chide—for I rejoice
What others deem a penance is thy choice.
But come, the board is spread; our silver lamp
Is trimm'd, and heeds not the Sirocco's damp;
Then shall my handmaidens 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.
The why—thou wert worse than he who broke his vow
To that lost damsel, shouldst thou leave me now;
Or even that traitor chieft—'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,
Lost 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—at length boots it now to tell!
Since all must end in that wild word—Farewell!
Yet would I gain—did time allow—disclose—
Fear not—these are no formidable foes;
And here shall watch a more than wondrous guard,
For sudden siege and long defence prepared,
Nor be thou lonely—though thy lord's away,
Our matrons and thy handmaidens with thee stay;
And this thy comfort—that, when next we meet,
Security shall make repose more sweet:
List!—it 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;
Scarest 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 cursèd that sun.
Again—again—that form he madly press'd;
Which mutely clasps'd, impoverish'd cressèd!
And, tottering to the couch, his bride he bore,
One moment gaze'd—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?

"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 speak—"farewell!"
For in that word—that fatal word—how'er
We promis'd—hope—believe—there breathes despair.
O'er every feature of that still paled face,
Had sorrow fix'd what time can never 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 phrensis seem'd to swim
Through these 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;
Shelook'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!"

From crag to crag descending—swiftly sped
Stern Conrad down, nor once he turn'd his head;
But shrunk whone'er the windings of his way
Forced on his eye what he would not survey,
His heart, but lovely dwelling on the scene,
That hail'd him first when homeeward 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 brine.
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 cause
May melt, but not I betray 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 sea-boy on the mast,
The anchor's rise, the sails unfurling fast,
The wary ketch-es of the crowd bat urge
That write alien to those who stem the surge;
And, more than all, his blood-red flag aloft,
He marks well how his heart could seem so soft.
Fire in his glance, and wildness in his breast,
He feels of all his former self possess'd;
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 breazy freshness of the deep beneath,
Than there his wonted statute step renew;
No rush, disturb'd by haste, to vulgar view:
Fr. 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 shut the sight—and awes if seen;
The solemn aspect, and the high-born eye
That checks low lath, but lacke not courtesy;
All these he wielded to command assent:
But where he wish'd to win, so well unbent,
That kindness cancel'd fear in those who heard,
And others' gifts show'd men beside his word,
When echoed 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 xvi. passions of his youth had made
Him valiant less who loved—than what obey'd.

XVII.
Around him mustering ranged his ready guard;
Before him Juan stands—\"Are all prepared?\"—
\"They are—may more—embark'd: the latest boat
Waits but my chief—and—\"My sword and my capote.\"
So 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 dupl oars, and sparkling with the stroke,
Around the waves, phosphoric 4 brightness broke;
They gain the vessel—on the deck he stands;
Shrieks the shell whistling—cly 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 Gonvalo turn—
Why dost thou 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 proe!—
Ah! ne'er loved he half so much as now!
But much must yet be done ere dawn of day—
Again he masts himself and turns away;
Down to the cabin with Gonvalo bends,
And there unbids his plan—his means—and ends;
Before them burns the lamp, and spreads the chart,
And all that sneaks 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 galley's lie.
Count they each sail—and mark how there supine
The lights in vain o'er heedless Moslem shine.
Scurr'l unnoted, Conrad's prow pass'd by,
And anchor'd where his amble meant to lie;
Screen'd from espiol 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 leant their leader o'er the fretting flood,
And calmly talk'd—and yet he talk'd of blood—

CANTO II.
Conocese 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 tonight:
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 despire;
'Tis but to sail—no doubt to-morrow's sun
Will see the Pirates bound—their haven won!
Meantime the watch may shudder, 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 all those born brave—
To bare the sable's edge before a slave!
Infest his dwelling—but forbear to say—
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.
Rovel and rout the evening hours beguile,
And they who wish to wear a head, must smile;
For Moslem mouths produce their choicest cheer,
And hoard their curses, till the coast is clear.

II.
High in his hall reclines the turban'd Seyd;
Around—the bearded chiefs he came to lead,
Removed the banquet, and the last pilaff—
Forbidden draughts, 'tis said, he dared to quaff,
Though to the rest the sober berry's juice,
The slaves bear round for rigid Moslem's use;
The long Chibonque's 4 dissolving cloud supply,
While dance the Almas 5 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 conquer 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,
Yet 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 Seyid's assenting eye,
And led the holy man in silence nigh.

His arms were folded on his dark-green vest,
His step was humble, and his look deprest;
Yet worn he seemed'd of hardship more than years,
And pale his cheek with penance, not from tears.
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 wrapped a breast bestow'd on heaven alone;
Submissive, yet with self-possession mann'd,
He calmly met the curious eyes that scanned;
And question of his coming fan would seek,
Before the Pacha's will allow'd to speak.

"Whence com'st thou, Dervise?"
"From the outlaw's den,
A fugitive—"
"Thy capture where and when?"
"From Scatanova's port to Seiro's isle,
The Saik was bound; but Allia did not smile
Upon our course—the Moslem merchant's gains
The Rovers won: our limbs have worn their chains.
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 seiz'd 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 presentation, doon'd?
To view with fire their scorpion nest consum'd?"

"Pacha! the better'd captive's mourning eye
THAT weeps for flight, but ill can play the spy;
I only heard the reckless waves 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,
Most 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 sphere;
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 silly when thy power is nigh:
Pacha!—my limbs are faint—and nature craves
Food for my hunger, rest from toasting waves;
 Permit my absence—peace be with thee! Peace
With all around!—now grant repose—release."

Stay, Dervise! I have more to question—stay,
Do command thee—sit—rest here!—obey!—
More I must ask, and feed the slaves shall bring;
Thou shalt not pine where all are banqueting
The supper done—prepare thee to reply,
While I in full—I love, or mystery."

"T were vain to guess what shock 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 but was a moment's peevish hectic past
Along his cheek, and tranquillized 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,
Medlucks he strangely spares the rich repast.

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

"Salt seasons dainties—and my food is still
The humblest root, my drink the simplest rill;
And my stern vow and order's laws oppose
To break or mingle bread with friends or foes;
It may seem strange—if there be ought 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 Meccas'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 be day!
What star—what sun is burning 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—cleanse 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,
Dashed 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 sable gloom
Glared on the Moslems' eyes some Afrit sprite,
Whose demon death-blow left no hope for light.
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
Recoil but bloody shore and fiery waves;
Nought hooded them the Pacha's angry cry,
"They seize that Dervise! seize on Zatanai!"
He saw their terror—shriek'd the first despair
That urged him but to stand and perish there,
Since far too early and too well o'erc'd,
The flame was kindled ere the signal made;
He saw their terror—from his baidrie 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 began,
And makes the many basely quail to one.
The clove a turban o'er the chamber slides,
And scarce an arm dare rise to guard its head:
Even Seyd, convuls'd, o'erwhelm'd with rage, surprise,
Retreats before him, though he still defies.
Ne'er 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 light;* For now the pirates pass'd the Harmat gate,
And burst within—and it were death to wait;
Where wild amazement shrieking—kneeling—throws
The sword aside—in vain—the blood o'erflowes!
The Corsairs pouring, haste to where within
Invited Conrad's barge, 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 glittet r kangning in his hair!
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?"

Quick at the word—they seize 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 stricken, and like a deadly knell
Knock'd at the heart unmoved by battle's yell.
"Oh! burst the Harmat—wrong not on your lives
One female form—remember—we have wives.
Oh! on them such outrage vengeance will repay;
Man is our foe, and such is sure to slay:
But still we spared—must spare the weaker prey
Oh! I forget—but Heaven will not forgive
If at my word the helpless cease to live;
Follow who will—I go—we yet have tune
Our souls to lighten of at least a crime."
He climbs the cracking stair—he bursts the door,
Nor feels his feet glow scorching with the floor;
His breath chill'd 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 defenseless beauty claims;
So well could Conrad tame the pride of mood,
And check the very hands with gore imbued,
But who is she? whom Conrad's arms convey
From reeking pile and combat's wreak—away—
Who but the love of him he dooms to bleed?
The Harmat queen—but still the slave of Seyd!

VI.
Brief time had Conrad now to greet Gulnare,*
Few words to reassure the trembling fair;
For in that pause compassion snatch'd from war,
The foe, before retiring fast and far,
With wonder saw their footsteps unpursued,
F demonstrators 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.
Ala 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'd—their charge—waver—all is lost!
Within a narrower ring compressed, beret,
Hopeless not heartless, strive and struggle yet—
Ali! now they fight in fir'mest file no more—
Harmat's in—cut off—left down—and rampled o'er;
But each strikes singly, sikerly, and home,
And sinks outworn rather than overcome,
His last faint quittance rendering with his breath,
Till the blade glimmers in the grasp of death!

VII.
But first ere came the rallying host to blows,
And rank to rank and hand to hand oppose,
Gulnare and all her Harmat 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 flame 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 court's retreat.
That smooth his haughty accents!—is she don'd in his eye:
'T was strange—that robber thus with grace bedo'ld,
Seem'd gentler than Seyd in fondest mood.
The Pacha would as if he deem'd the slave
Must seem delighted with the heart he gave;
The Corsair vow'd protection, soothing all right,
As if his homage were a woman's right.
"The wish is wrong—nay, worse for female, quam
Yet much I long to view that chief again;
'If but to thank for, what my fear forgot,
The life—my ving lord remember'd not!"

VIII.
And him she saw, where thickest carnage spread,
But gather'd breathing from the happier dead;
Far from his hand, and battling with a host
That deem right dearly won the field he lost,
Fall'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 paim,
And smach'd the blood she saves to shed again—
But drop by drop, for Seyd's unglutted eye
Would drown him ever dying—ne'er to die!
Can this be he? triumphant late she saw,
When his freed hand's wild gestures were a law!
'Tis he indeed—disarm'd but undepend, he's sole regret the life he still posset;
His wounds too slight, though taken with that wit,
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 be rv'n?
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 faultless fortune's wheel,
For crimes committed, and the victors threat
Of lingering torture to repay the debt—
He deeply, darkly felt; but evil pride
That lead to perpetrate—now serves to hide.
Still in his stern and self-collected mien
A conqueror more than captive's air is seen;
Though faint with wasting toil and stifling 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 wrench of pain:  
To-morrow—yen—to-morrow's evening sun  
Will sinking see impalement's pang begin.  
And rising with the wonted blush of morn  
Bembold 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 sake,  
While fain'st vultures flit around the stake.  
"Oh! water—water!"—smiling hate denies  
The victim's prayer—for if he drinks—he dies.  
This was his doom:—the leech, the guard were gone,  
And left proud Conrad fetter'd and alone.

X.

'Twere vain to paint 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 gushing 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 unheart,  
May write—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 ruing thought  
That leaves the rest as once unseen, unsooth;  
But the wild prospect, when the soul reviews—  
All rushing through their thousand avenues—  
Ambition's dreams expiring, love's regret,  
Embarrass'd glory, life itself beast;  
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 censureless 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 veal, 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 recombrant wretch who boasts and flies;  
But he who looks on death—and silent dies.  
So steel'd o'er pondering o'er his far career,  
He hate-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  
Contains 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 scum'd  
His guilty bosom, but that breast he maim'd:  

One thought alone he could not—dared not mean—  
"Oh! how these tidings will Medora great!"  
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, whatsoe'er his visions, quickly slept.  
'Twas hardly midnight when that fray begun,  
For Conrad's plans matured, at once were done;  
And Havoc louteth so much the waste of time,  
She scarce had left an uncommitted crime.  
One hour beheld him since the tide he stemm'd—  
Disguised, discovered, 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 scarth sent to grant him grace!  
No,—'tis an earthly form with heavenly face!  
Its white arm raised a lamp—yet gently hid,  
Left the ray flash abruptly on the blind.  
Of that closed eye, which opens but to pain,  
And once unclose'd—but once may close again.  
That form, with eye so dark, and cheek so fair,  
And azure 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 daintest night how came it there?  
Ah! rather ask what will not woman dare,  
Whom youth and pity lead like thee, Guhnares?  
She could not sleep—and while the Pacha's rest  
In mutterings dreams yet saw his pirate-guest,  
She left his side—his signet-ring she bore,  
Which o'er 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 envi'd 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 wlt at or who the sign may bring.

XIII.

She gazed in wonder, "Can he calmly sleep,  
While other eyes his fall or ravage weep?  
And mine in restlessness are wandering here—  
What sudden spell hath made this man so dear?  
True—"tis to him my life, and more I owe,  
And me and mine he spared from worse than woe:  
'Tis late to think—but soft—his slumber breaks—  
How heavily he sighs!—he starts—awakes!"  
He raised his head—and, dazzled with the light,  
His eye seem'd dubious if it saw aright;  
He 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,) upon the face shows wondrous fair!"  
"Pirate! thou know'st me not—but I am one  
Grateful for deeds thou hast too rarely done;  
Look on me—and remember her, thy hand  
Snatch'd from the flames, and thy more fearful hand.  
I come through darkness—and I scarce know why—  
Yet not to hurt—I would not see thee die."
"If so, kind lady! thine the only eye
That would not here in that gay hope delight:
Tis hers 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 merit—not doth bring relief—
That playfulness of sorrow ne'er begins,
And smiles in bitterness—but still it smiles;
And sometimes with the wisest and the best,
Till even the scaffold 10 cloaks with their lust:
Yet not the joy to which it seems akin—
It may deceive all hearts, save that within.
Whatever it was that flashed on Conrad, now
A laughing wildness half unmetal his brow:
These his accents had a sound of worth,
As if the last he could enjoy on earth;
Yet against 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.
There would I spare—my 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 lost
The vain attempt should bring but doom to both."

"Yes!—loth indeed:—my soul is served to all
Or fall'n too low to hear another fall:
Tempt not thyself with peril; me with hope,
Of flight from foes with whom I could not cope:
Unto to vanish: shall I meanly fly,
The one of all my band that would not die?
Yet there is one—to whom my memory clings,
I'll 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
Wrong from the coward crouching of despair;—
It is enough—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 loved
For her in south 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 right a form—still time appear'd, Guillaume! Mine eye ne'er ask'd if others were as fair."

"Thou lovest another then?—but what to me
Is this—it is nothing—nothing e'er can be:
But yet—thou lovest—and! Oh! I envy those
Whose hearts on earths as faultless 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."

But harder still the heart's re- oil to bear
And hide from one—perhaps another there.
He takes the hand I give not—nor withhold—
Its pulse nor check'd—as quickener'd—calmly colo
And, when resign'd, it drops a lifeless weight
From one I never loved enough to hate.
No warmth these lips return by his impress,
And chill'd remembrance shudder 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
One 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 sign,
Remember—aptive! 'tis to break thy chain;
Repay the life that to thy hand I owe;
To give thee back to all endear'd below,
Who share such love as I can never know
Farewell—morn breaks—and I must now away:
'T will cost me dear—but dread no death to say!"

XV.

She press'd his letter's fingers to her heart,
And bow'd her head, and turn'd her to d part,
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 other's pain,
That starts at once—bright—pure—from pity's mine,
Already polish'd by the hand divine!
Oh! too convincing—dangerously dear—
In woman's eye the manœuvreable tear!
What weapon of her weakness she can wield,
To save, subdue—at once her spear and shield
Avoid it—virtue ebb'd and wisdom err,
Too fondly gazing on that grief of hers!
What lost a world, and bade a hero fly?
The timid tear in Cleopatra's eye.
Yet be the soft triumvir's fault forgiven,
By this—how many lose not earth—but heaven!
Consign their souls to man's eternal foe,
And seal their own to spare some wanton's woe!

XVI.

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

CANTO III.

Come vedi—ancor non m' abbandona.

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 bush'd deep the yellow beam he throws,
Gilda the green wave, that trembles as it glows.
BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS.

On old Algea's race, 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, unconqu'rd Salamin!
Their azure arches through the long expance
More deeply purplicd meet his mellowing glance,
And tenderest tints, along their summits driven,
Mark his gay course and own the hues of heaven;
Till, darkness 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 11 latest day!
Notyet—notyet—Sol paus'd on the hill—
The precious hour of parting lingers still;
But sad his light to agonizing eyes,
And dark the mountain's once delightful eyes:
Gloom o'er the lovely land he seem'd to pour,
The land, where Phoebus never frown'd before;
But, ere he sunk below Cithæon'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. 19
No murky vapour, herald of the storm,
Hides her fair face, nor girds her glowing form;
With corusc glimmering as the moon-beams play,
There the white column greets her grateful ray,
And, bright around with quivering beams besett,
Her emblem sparkles o'er the minaret:
The groves of olive scatter'd dark and wide
Where meek Cephalus pours his scanty tide,
The cypress saddening by the sacred mosque,
The gleaming turret of the gay Kash,—
And, sum and sombre 'mid the holy calm,
Near Theseous' base you walk solitary solit;
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,
Lolls his chafed breast from elemental war;
Again his waves in milder tints unfold;
Their long array of sapphire and of gold,
Mix with the shades of many a distant isle,
That brown—where gentler ocean seems to smile. 14

II.

Not now my theme—why turn my thoughts to thee? O! 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?
Why, thou beheld that sun upon thee set,
Fair Athens! could thine evening face forget?
Not he—whose heart nor time nor distance frees,
Spell-bound within the clustering Cyclades!
Nor seems this homage foreign to his strain,
His Conœa'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 heaven 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 Amsedro's bark return'd, and yet
The only tidings that they had not met!

Though wild, as now, for different were the tale,
Had Conrad waited for that single sad.
The night-breeze freshens—she that day had run
In watching all that hope proclam'd a must;
Sally she sate—on high—Impatience bore
At last her footsteps to the midnight shore,
And there she wander'd heedless of the spray
That dash'd her garments oft, and warm'd away
She saw not—felt not this—nor dared depart,
Nor deemed it cold—her chill was at her heart;
Till how such certainty from that suspense—
His very sight had shook'd from life or sense!
It came at last—a sad and shatter'd boat,
Whose inmates first beheld whom first they sought,
Some bleeding—all most wretched—these the few—
Scarce knew they how escape'd—from 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 soath'd—dub'd—wrapt—
All lost—that softness died not—but it slept;
And o'er its shummer 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 start—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 answers—tell me where you lies."
"Lady! we know not—scarce with life we live
But here is one denies that he is dead;
He saved him bound, and bleeding—but alive."

She heard no fewer— 'twas in vain to strive—
So throbb'd each vein—each thought—till then an end
Held at the dark soul—these words at once subdued
She totters—falls—and senseless had the wave
Percelance 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—sustain—sustain till life returns anew
Awake her handmaid, with the matrons leave
That fainting form o'er which they gazed and grieve;
Then seek Amsedro'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 Sool, still pondering o'er his captive's fate,
His thoughts on love and hate alternately dwell,
Now with Gulnare, and now in Conrad's cell;
Here at his feet the lovely slave reclined
Sculptor his brows—would soothe his gloom of mind,
While many an anxious glance her large dark eye
Send's in its idle search for sympathy,
His only beaks in seeming o'er his heads, 29j.
But my views his victim as he bleeds.
"Pacha! the day is thine; and on thy crest
Sits triumph,—Conrad taken—full's the rest!*
His doom is fix'd—he dies; and well his fate
Was earned—yet much too worthless for thy hate;
Methinks, a short release, for ransom told
With all his treasures, not unwisely sold;
Report speaks largely of his pirate-board—
Would that of this my Pacha were the lord!
While bled, 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."

"Guinare!—If for each drop of blood a gem
Were o'ert rich as Stamboul's dividends;
If for each hair of his a masy mine
Of virgin ore should supplanting 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 hair.
But that I know him fitter'd, in my power;
And, thirsting for revenge, I ponder still
On pangs that longest rack and latest kill."

"Nay,—Seized!—I seek not to restrain thy rage,
Too justly mov'd 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 savior!—to thy virtuous gratitude,
That thus repays this Gauner's redressing talk
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 gentle ear:
I do mistrust thee, woman! and each word
Of thine stamps truth on all suspicion heard.
Born in his arms through fire from von Serni—
Say, wert thou lingering there with him to fly?
Then needst not answer—thy confession speaks,
Already redounding on thy guilty cheeks.
Then, lovely damne, believe thee! and beware:
'Tis not his life alone may claim such care!
Another word not—say—I need no more.
Accursed was the moment when he bire
Thee from the flames, which better far—but no—
I thou had mourn'd thee with a lover's woe—
Now's it thy lord that warns—deceitful thing! thou
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 wondrous land—
Where fair, where never quell'd, nor menace subdued;
And little deem'd what the heart, Guinare!
When soft could feel, and when menaced 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—headless of his wrath,
Again she ventured on the dangerous path,

Again his rage repel'd—mt: arose
That strain of thought, the source of woman's woes!

VI.
Meanwhile—long anxious—weary—still—the same
Rol'd day and night—his soul could terror tame—
This fearful interval of doubt and dread.
When ever their 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 ha't
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 light, the hurry of the gale,
Leave scarce one thought inert enough to quail;
But bound and fix'd in fetter'd solitude,
To pace, the prey of every changing mood;
To gaze on thine own heart, and meditate
Irrevocable faults, and coming fate.
Too late the last to shame—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 the tortures, which the soul can dare,
Yet doubts how well the shrinking flesh may bear;
But deeply feels a single cry would shame,
To valor's praise thy last and dearest claim;
The life thou leftest 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 overwrought sustains,
And govern pangs surpassing mortal pain;
And those sustains—be—boast it well or ill?
Since not to sink beneath is something still!

VII.
The first day pass't—he saw not her—Guinare
The second—third—and still she came not there;
But what her words avouch'd, her charms had don;
Or else he had not seen another sun.
The fourth day roll'd along, and with the night
Came storm and darkness to their mingling might;
Oh! how he listened to the rushing deep,
That never till now so broke upon his sleep;
And his wild spirit wilder wishes sent,
Roused by the roar of his own element!
Of! 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.
Lo! the sun 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 shimmering grate he dragg'd his chair,
And hoped that peril might not prove a vam.
He raised his iron hand to Heaven, and pray'd
One putting flash to mar the fret it made:
His steel and impious prayer attract a'like:
The storm roll'd onward, and disdain'd to strike.
Its peal wax'd fainter—ceased—he felt alone,
As if some fathick's treason had spurn'd his groan

The midnight pass'd—and to the massy door,
A light step came—it paused—it moved once more
BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS.

Slow turns the grating bolt and sullen key;
"Tis as his heart forbade—that fair she!
Whate'er her sins, to him a guardian saint;
And benedicts 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 desire to bear?
Well have I earned—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 foul 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—madd'en'd—loved.
Reply not, tell not now thy tale again,
Thou low'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 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
Hang the keen saber 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 crumbling head!
Thou hast forgot—is this a garb for flight?
Or is that instrument more fit for fight?"

"Misstating Conrad! 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 could I remain?
Well, since we met, hath sped my hasty time,
If I'm aught evil, for thy sake the crime:
The crime—'tis none to punish those of Seyd,
That hated tyrant, Conrad—he must bleed!
I see thee shudder—but my soul is changed—
Wrong'd—spurn'd—reviled—and it shall be 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 then too dear.
But he has said it—and the jealous well,
These tyrants, teasing, tempting to rebel,
Shall own the fate of our fellow beings.
I never loved—he is 't faith—somewhat high—
Since with me came a heart he could not toy.
I was a slave unmum'med—I; he hath said
But for his rescue I with true had died;
'T was false thou know'st—but let such augurs rue,
Their words are omens insult renders true.
Nor was thy repulse 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 dosage still
Would fam reserve me for his lordly will,
When wearter of these fleeting char—4 and me,
There wanns the sack—and yonder rolls the sea.
What, am I then a toy for dotard's play,
To wreak but till the gilding frets away?
I saw thee—loved thee—saw thee—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 oath pronounced in strife);
I still had saved thee—but the Pacha sparea.
Now I am all thine—aye—null prepared;
Thou lovest 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 no 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 Mamote 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, with'ther'd fame so low;
Seyd is mine enemy: Iad swept my hand
From earth with ruthless but with open hand,
And therefore came I, in my bark of war,
To smite the smiter with the scimitar;
Such is my weapon—not the secret knife—
Who spares a woman'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 apac'e—my last of earthly rest!"

"Rest! rest! by sunrise must thy sinews shake,
And thy limbs write arround 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 suit 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 procure,
He, fast as fott'd limbs allow, pursu'd;
'T was dark and winding, and he knew no where
That passage led; nor lamp nor guard were there.
He sees a dusky glimmering—shall he seek
Or shun that ray so indistinct and weak?
Chance guides his steps—a freshness seems to bear
Full on his brow, as if from morning air—
He reach'd an open gallery—on his eye
Glean'd the last star of night, the clearing sky;
Yet scarcely heeded these—another light
From a lone chamber struck upon his sigh.
Towards it he moved, a scarcely opening door
Reveal'd the ray within, but nothing more.
With hasty step a figure outward past,
Then paused—and turn'd—and paused—'tis she at last.
No parnass in that haunt—nor sign of ill—
"Thanks to that soothing 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-doutting hair,
That nearly veil'd her face and bosom fair:
As if she hate 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 hurt was all she 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—chastened—and the chain.
Yet on his arms might ever there remain:
But ne'er from strife—captivity—remorse—
From all his feelings in their utmost force—
So thrill'd—should'er every creeping vein,
As now they freeze 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 walked—but it is done,
Corsair! he perish'd—her heart 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:
Aton 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 vessels—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 transfer'd that iron weight,
No words are utter'd—at her sign, aftar
Reveals the secret passage to the shore;—
The city lies behind—they speed, they reach
The glad waves dancing on the yellow beach;
And Conrad following, at her beck, obey'd;—
Nor cared he now if rescued or betray'd;
Resistance were as useless as if Seyd
Yet lived to view the doom his ire decreed.

XIII.
Embark'd, the sail unfurl'd, the light breeze blew—
How much had Conrad's memory to review!
Smile he in contemplation, till the cape
Where last he anchor'd reared 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 frowned above the mast,
He void his face, and sorrow'd as he past;
He thought of all—Gonsalvo and his band,
His fleeting triumph and his falling hand,
His thought on her after, his lonely bide:
He turn'd and saw—Guilnare, the homicide!

XIV.
She wait'd his features till she could not bear
Their freezing aspect and averted air
And that strange fierceness, foreign to her eye,
Pels, quelled in tears, too late to shed or dry.

She knelt beside him, and his name she prest
"Thou may'st forgive, though Alla's self desists;—
But for that deed of darkness, what west 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—through less my guilt,
Thou hadst not liv'd—hate me—if thou wilt."—

XV.
She wrongs his thoughts, they more himself upbraided
Than her, though undisguis'd, the wretch he made;
But speechless all, deep, dark, and unexpress'd,
They hied 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 arm'd deck!
Their ship! her men of watch desery;
And tamer canvas woes the wind from high;
She bears her down majestically near,
Speed on her prow, and terror in her bier;
A flash is seen—the ball beyond their bow
Booms harmless, lissing 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 sacken sail.
"'Tis Conrad! Conrad!" shouting from the deck,
Command nor duty could their transport check!
With light alacrity and gaze of pride,
They view him mount once more his vessel's side;
A smile relaxing in each rugged face,
Their arm 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 knew.
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 Guilnare;
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 phrensy 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 learn?
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, what'er he, guilt,
For him that ponard 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 cas'd that hand—it trembled—and his own
Had lost its firmness, and its 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,
He had been more or less than mortal heart;
But—good or ill—it bade her not depart.
Perchance, but for theplings 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 cling,
As he had fam'd them freshely with his wing!

XVIII.
They gain by twilight's hour their lonely isle:
To them the very rocks appear to smile;
The haven huns with many a cheerful sound,
The beacons blaze their wonted stations round,
The boats are darting o'er the curvy bay,
And sportive dolphins bend them through the spray;
Even the hoarse sea-bird's shrill discordant shriek
Greets the welcome of his tuneless chief!
Beneath each lamp that through its lattice gleams,
Their fancy paints the friends that trim the beams.
Oh! what can sanctify the joys of home,
Like hope's gay glance from ocean's troubled foam?

XIX.
The lights are high on beacon and from bower,
And midst them Conrad seeks Medora's tower:
He looks in vain—'tis strange—and all remark,
Amid so many, hers alone is dark.
'Tis strange—of yore as 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 rear.
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 give,
He waits not—looks not—leaps into the wave,
Strives through the surge, besidesthe 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 knocked, and loudly—footstep nor reply.
Announced that may heard or deem'd him nigh;
He knock'd—but faintly—for his trembling hand
Refused to aid his heavy heart's demand.
The portal opens—'tis a well-known face—
But not the form he pant'd 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 anger'd there for day;
But, glimmering through the checky coriises,
Another cheerers o'er the shadow'd door;
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—fled 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 with'er thair there;
And the cold flowers had 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 before
Oh! 'er the eye death most cowardly his night,
And burs 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 forborne to smile,
And wish'd repress—but only for a while;
But the white shroud, and each extended tress,
Long—fair—bit spread in utter fideleness,
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 sti'l—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 desired his fate;
But did not feel it less—the good expiation.
For peace, those realms where grief can never soar;
The proud—'the wayward—who have it? below
Their joy—and find that earth enough for woe,
Lost in that one their—perchance a mine—
But who in patience parts with all delight?
Full many a stone 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 express
The insinuateness of the suffering breast;
Where thousands 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 denieth all eloquence to Woe.
On Conrad's stricken soul exhaustion prest,
And stupor almost hali'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 boast'd—he dried them to depart,
In helpless—hopeless—brokenness of heart;
The sky goes forth—but Conrad's day is done;
And the night cometh—ever to pass from him.
There is no darkness like the cloud of mind,
On grief's vain eye—the blindness 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—wary'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 petrifiz’d at last.
Ye 'emperors 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,—surest till now.
The thunder came—that bolt hath blasted both,
The granite’s tinniness, and the ivy’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, blaken round
But shiver’d fragments on the barren ground!

XXIV.
'Tis mourn—to venture on his lonely hour
Few dare; though now Ausculus sought his tower.
He was not there—nor seen along the shore;
Ere night, alarum’d, their ise is travers’d o’er;
Another mourn—another bids them seek,
And shout his name till echo washeth weak;
Mount—gratia—cavern—valley search’d in vain,
They find on shore a sea-boat’s broken claim;
Their hope revives—they follow o’er the main.
'Tis idle all—moons roll on moons away,
And Conrad comes not—come 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 hand whom none could mourn beside;
And far—far the monument they gave his bride;
For him they raise not the recording stone—
His death yet dubious, deeds too widely known;
He left a Corsair’s name to other times,
Link’d with one virtue, and a thousand crimes. 17

NOTES.

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 word as I have often found it.

Note 1. Page 119, line 23.
Of fair Olympia loved and left of old.
Orlando. Canto 10.

Note 2. Page 123, line 19.
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.

Note 3. Page 125, line 25.
Though to the rest the sober berry’s juice.
Coffee.

Note 4. Page 125, line 27.
The long Cymbeline’s dissolving cloud supply.
Pipe.

Note 5. Page 125, line 28.
While dance the Almas to wild minstrelsy
Dance?—yes.

Note: to Canto II. Page 175, line 55.
It has been objected that Conrad’s entering disguised as a spy, is out of nature.—Perhaps so.—I find something not unlike it in history.

"Anxious to explore with his own eyes the state of the Vandals, Majorion ventured, after disguising the
colour of his hair, to visit Carthag, 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." Gibbon, D. and F. Vol. VI. p. 189.

That Conrad is a character not altogether out of nature, I should attempt to prove by some historical coincidences which I have met with since writing "The Corsair."

"Eecchin prussomn," dit Rolandin, "je fuysois dans un silence menacent; il floyt sur la terre son orange fercce, et ne donnoit point d’essor à sa profonde indignation.—De toutes parts cependant les soldats et les peuples accourront, ils voientoz voir cet homme, jadis si puissant, et la joie universelle éclatot de toutes parts.

* * * * * * * * *

"Eccel in étoit d’une petite taille; mais tout l’aspect de sa personne, tous ses mouvements indiquoient un soldat.—Son langage étoit amer, son département superbe—et par son seul regard il faisait trembler les plus hardis." Simond, tome iii, pp. 219, 230.

"G酒séric (Genséric, king of the Vandals, the conqueror of both Carthage and Rome), statura medieora, et equi caeli clandestins, anno proliosis, sermones rarus, luxure contemptor, ira turbantes, habendi cupidus, ad sollicitandas gentes providentissimssm," etc., etc.

Journandes de Rubis Gérec, c. 33.

I beg leave to quote these gloomy realities, to keep in countenance my Giaour and Corsair.

And my stern vow and order’s laws oppose.
The Dervises are in colleges, and of different orders, as the Moors.

Note 7. Page 129, line 23.
They seize that Dervise—a seize on Zatamai!

Satan.

He tore his beard, and foaming fled the fish
A common and not very novel effect of Mussumin anger. See Prince Eugene’s Memoirs, page 24. "The Soraskier received a wound in the thigh; he plucked up his beard by the roots, because he was obliged to quit the field."

Brief time had Conrad now to greet Gulnare.
Gulnare, a female name; it means, literally, the flower of the pomegranate.

Till even the seafold ceases with their jest!
In Sir Thomas More, for instance, on the seafold, and Anne Boleyn in the Tower, when grasping her neck, she remarked, that "it was too slender to trouble the headman 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.

Note 11. Page 142, line 16.
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.

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 the summer of shorter duration.

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.—Cephalis's stream is indeed scanty, and lissus has no stream at all.


That brown—where gentler ocean seems to smile.

The opening lines as far as Section II. have, perhaps, little business here, and were annexed to an unpublished, (though printed) poem; but they were written on the spot in the spring of 1811, and—I scarce know why—the reader must excuse their appearance here if he can.

Note 15. Page 146, line 2.

His only bands in assuming o'er his beard.

The comboloi, or Mahometan rosary; the beads are in number ninety-nine.


And the cold flowers her colder hand contain'd.

In the Levant it is the custom to scatter flowers on the bodies of the dead, and in the hands of young persons to place a nosegay.

Note 17. Page 162, line 34.

Lik'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 buccanier in the present year, 1814.

Our readers have all seen the account of the enterprise against the pirates of Barratia; 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.

Barratia is a bay, or a narrow arm of the gulf of Mexico; it runs through a rich but very fat country, until it reaches within a mile of the Mississippi river, fifteen miles below the city of New-Orleans. The bay has branches almost innumerable, in which persons can be concealed from the severest serrity. 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 laws 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 forbid the importation of slaves; but, at the same time, received the assurance of the Governor that he would obtain, if possible, the approval of the general Government for their retaining this property.

The island of Barratia is situated about lat. 29 deg. 16 min. lat. 92 deg. 30 min. and is as remarkable for its health as for its superior scale and shell-fish with which its waters abound. The chief of this horde, like Charles de Mornay, 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 own having been a fencing-master in that city of great reputation, which art he learned 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 boatman's call. Then it was he found himself surrounded by armed men, who had entered the secret avenues which led into Bayon. Here it was that the modern Charle de Mornay 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 hand. 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.—From an American Newspaper.

In Noble's continuation of Granger's Biographical Dictionary, 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 buccanier; and that one of his brethren in that 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 1684, which office he resigned in 1702; but after his successor, Lewis Barnet's death, in 1704, he resumed it. In the following year he became dean; and, in 1714, held it with the archdeaconry 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
Tara;  
A TALE.  
CANTO I.

I.

The serfs are glad through Lara's wide domain,  
And slavery half forgets her feudal chain;  
He, their unlopped, but unforgotten lord,  
The long self-exiled claimant is restored;  
There he bright faces in the busy hall,  
Bows on the board, and banter on the wall.  
Far cheekerom'd the pictured window, plays  
The unwonted festoon'd hospitable blaze;  
And gay returners gather round the hearth,  
With tongues all loudness, and with eyes all mer.  

II.

The chief of Tara 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 fearless 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 his race;  
Short was the course his restlessnes 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 eunuch coasted his destined barge,  
The young forgot him, and the old had died:—  
"Yet doth he live?" exclaims the impatient her,  
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 moulderling file,  
That now were welcome in that Gothic pile.

IV.

He comes at last in sudden loneliness,  
And whereby they know not, why they need not guess  
They more might marvel, when the greeting's o'er,  
Or 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 recognizc, yet almost deem  
The present dubious, or the past a dream.  
He lives, nor yet is pass'd his manhood's prime,  
Though scar'd by toil, and something touch'd by time  
His faults, white'er they were, if scarce forgot,  
Might be unmanght 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 hungry, 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 change'd—"t is quickly seen  
Whate'er he be, 't was not what he had been;  
That brow in froward 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 union, 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 light'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 gain 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 pensive such inquiry grew,
His brow fell darker, and his words more few.

VII.
Not un rejoiced 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 of the general care;
He did not follow what they all pursued
With hope still bal'd, still to be renew'd;
Nor shadowy hour, nor substantial gain,
Nor beauty's preference, and the rival's pain:
Around him some mysterious circle thrown
Repel'd his approach, and shou'd him still alone;
Upon his eye sat something of reproof,
That kept at least frivolity aloof;
And things more timid that beheld him near,
In silence gazed, or whisper'd mutual fear:
And they the wiser, friendlier few contest
They deem'd him better than his air express.

VIII.
'T was strange—in youth all action and all life,
Burning for pleasure, not averse from strife;
Woman—field—the o-cen—all that gave
Promise of gladness, peril of a grave,
In turn he tried—he ranseck'd all below,
And found his recompense in joy or woe,
No tume, tute medium; for his feelings sought
In that intenseness an escape from thought:
The tempest of his heart in scorn had gazed
On that the febler elements hath raised;
The rapture of his meast had look'd on high,
And ask'd if greater dwell beyond the sky:
Charm'd to excess, the slave of each extreme,
How wok'd he from the wildness of that dream?
Alas! he told not—but he did awake
To curse the wister'd heart that would not break.

IX.
Books, for his volume heretofore was Man,
With eye more curious he appear'd to scan,
And of, 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 burrow'd tread
O'er the dark galk-ry, where his fathers frown'd
In rude but antique portraiture around;
They heard, but whisper'd, "that must not be known—
The sound of words less earthly than his own.
Yes, they who choose might smile, but some had seen
They scarce knew what, but more than them have been,
Why gaz'd he so upon the ghostly head
Which hands profound had gather'd from the dead,
That still besable his open'd volume lay,
As if to startle all, save him away?
Why sleep he not when others were at rest?
Why heard no music, and received no guest?
All was not well they deem'd—but where the wrong?
Some knew perchance—but 'twere a tale too long;
And such besides were too discreetly wise,
To more than hint their knowledge in surmise:
But if they would— they could!—"around the boat,
Thus Lara's vassal prattled of their lord.

X.
It was the night—and Lara's glassy stream
The stars are standing, each with imaged beam
So calm, the waters scarcely seem to stray,
And yet they glide like happiness away;
Reflecting far and hard-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 wore,
And Innocence would offer to her love,
Those deck the shore; the waves their channel make
In windings bright and many 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, morn of purer blaze,
Of nights more soft and frequent, hearts that now:
No—no—the storm may beat upon his brow,
Unfelt—unreprising—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 spurious 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 ask'd 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 shunner; the lone light
Dimm'd in the lamp, as both to break the night.
Hark! there he murmurs heard in Lara's hall—
A sound—a voice—a shriek—a fearful call!
A long, loud shriek— and silence—did they hear
That frantic echo burst the sleeping ear?
They heard and rose, and, tremulously brave,
Rush where the sound invoked their aid 'o save;
They come with half-fitt rapiers 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 bar.
LARA.

Yet he was firm, or had been firm till now,
And still defiance knelt his gather'd brow;
Though mix'd with terror, senseless as he lay
There lived upon his lip the wish to stay;
Some half-born'd threat in utterance there had died,
Some imprerison 'of despairing pride;
His eye was almost seal'd, but not so soon
Even in its trance, the gladiator's look,
That oft awake his aspect could disclose,
And now was fix'd in horrible repose.
They raise him—bear him; rush! he breathes, he speaks,
The swarthy bush recovers in his checks,
His lip resumes its red, his eye, though dim,
Rolls wide and wild, each slowly-quivering limb
Recalls its function, but his words are strong
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 awow;
Nor he interpret, yet with less surprise
Than those around his 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 heard those tones that gently seem
To soothe away the horrors of his dream,
If dream it were, that thus could overthrow
A breast that hasted not ideal woe.

XV.

Whate'er his phrensy dream'd, or eye beheld,
If yet remember'd never 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 lours,
Than these were wont; and if the coming night
Appear'd less welcome now to Lara's sight,
He to his marvelling vassals shew'd it not,
Whose shuddering proved their fear was less forgot.
In trembling pairs (alone they dare not crawl
The astomi'd slaves, and shun the hated hall;
One 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 appalls,
As evening saddens o'er the dark gray 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 eye was more amazed nor less amazed—
Had memory vanish'd then with sense restored?
Since word, or 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? is the ery that broke
Their slumber? is the oppress'd o'er-labour'd heart
That ceased to beat, the lock that made them start?
Could he who thus has. suffer'd so forget,
When such as saw that suffering shudder yet?
Or did that science prove his memory fix'd
Too deep for words, ineffable, unmix'd
In that correling secrecy which gains
The heart to show the effect, but not the cause?
Not so in him; his breast had burned both,
Nor common gazers could discern the growth
Of thoughts that mortal lips must leave half-told;
They chace the feeble words that would mix'd

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 forget;
His silence form'd a theme for others' praise—
They gazed—they gazed—they fun 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 nirth, 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 unarity of its pride,
And steel'd itself, as seeming 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
That soul to hate for having loved too well.

XVIII.

There was in him a vital scorn of all;
As if the worst had fail'd which could befell,
He stood a stranger in this breathing world,
An erring spirit from another world;—
A thing of dark imaginings, that shaped
By choice the peril he by chance escaped;
But 'scape'd in vain, for in their memory yet
His mold 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 outstrip'd the truth,
And troubled manhood follow'd baffled youth;
With thought of years in phantom chase unsown,
And wasted powers for better purpose bent;
And fiery passions that had pour'd their wrath
In hurried dissolution o'er his path,
And left the better feelings all at strife
In wild reflection o'er his stormy life;
But haughty still, andloth 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 mistake 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 perseverance of thought,
That sway'd him onward with a secret pride
To do what few or none would do beside;
And thussame 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 coniunctio breathe,
And long'd by geo l 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 never with guilt had glow'd,
But ever in that icy smoothness flow'd!
'Tis true, with other men their path he walk'd,
And like the rest in seeming did and talk'd,
Nor outraged reason's rules by flaw norstart,
His madness was not of the head, but heart;
And rarely wander'd in his speech, or drew
His thoughts so feat as to offend the view.

XIX.

With all that chilling mystery of mien,
And seeming gladness to remain unseen,
He had (if 't were no nature's boon) an art
Of fixing memory on mother'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 spoke remember'd well,
And on the words, however light, would dwell;
None knew, nor how, nor why, but he entwined
Himself perfuse around the hearer's mind;
There he was stamp'd in liking, or in hate,
It greeted once; however brief the date
That friendship, pity, or aversion knew,
Still there within the unrost 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-unravelling 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 bell;
And the gay dance of bounding beauty's train
Links grace and harmony in happiest chain:
Elist are the early hearts and gentle hands
That mingle there in welcomming bands;
It is a sight the careful bow might smooth,
And make age smile, and dream itself to youth,
And youth forget such hour was pass'd on earth,
So springs the exulting bosom to that mirth!

XXI.

And Lara gazed on these, sedately glad,
His brow beheld him if his soul was sad;
And his glance follow'd first each fluttering fair,
Whose steps of lightness woke no echo there;
He heark't against the lofty pillar high,
With folded arms and long attentive eye,
Nor mark'd a glance so sturdily fix'd on his—
Id bound high Lara scrutiny like this;
At length he caught it, 'tis a face unknown,
But seems as searching his, and his alone;
Pryng 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 distracting that the stranger threw;

Along the stranger's aspect fix'd and stern,
Flash'd more than thence the vulgar eye could learn

XXII.

"'Tis he!" the stranger cried, and those that heard
Re-echoed fast and far the whisper'd word.
"'Tis he!"—"'Tis who?" their question far and near
Till louder accents rang on Lara's ear;
So widely spread, few bosoms well could brook
The general marvel, or that single look:
But Lara still'd not, changed not the surprise
That spring'd 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 near, exclaimed, with haughty mien,
"'Tis he!—how came he thence?—what doth he here?"

XXIII.

It were too much for Lara to pass by
Such question, so repeated fierce and high;
With look collected, but with accent cold,
More mildly firm than petulantly bold,
He turn'd, and met the imploratory tone—
"My name is Lara!—when thine own is known,
Doubt not my fitting answer to requite
The unlook'd-for courtesy of such a knight.
'Tis Lara!—furthest would I turn my back,
or ask, I shun no question, and I wear no mask."
"Thou shun'st no question! Ponder—is there none
Thy heart must answer, though thine ear would shun?
And doesn't thon 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 close to know—with dubious look
He deign'd to answer, but his head he shook,
And bias-contemning 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, worth thou noble, were thy peer,
But as thou wost and art—nay, from now not, lord,
If false, 'tis easy to disprove the word—
But, as thou wost and art, on thee looks down,
Distracts thy smiles, but shafts 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 word'slors tale no doubt thy tongue can tell.
Thus thou begins so courteously and well,
Let Otho exercise his polkish'd guest,
To him my thanks and thoughts shall be express."
And here their wondering host half interposed—
"'Whate'er there be between you undisclosed,
This is no time nor fitting place to war
The maritial meeting with a wary war.
If thou, Sir Ezzefin, hast aught to show
Which it belon's Count Lara's ear to know,
To-morrow, here, or elsewhere, as may best
Reserve 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 from Lara's bosom and gentle heart
I angir right of courage and of worth,
He will not that untainted line belie,
Nor aught that knighthood may accord deny."
L A R A.

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, fulfilled it ere the tongue express'd.
Still there was thoughtfulness 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 enjoined 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 shou'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 rumours 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 spoke,
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 check of flame;
And o'er his brow the damping 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 that we must dream and dare,
And execute ere thought be half aware;
Whatever might Kaled's be, it was enow
To seal his lip, but agaze his brow.
He gazed on Ezzelin's tall Lara cast
'That sidelong smile upon the knight he past;
When Kaled saw that smile, his visage fell;
As if on something recognised right well;
His memory read in such a meaning, more
Than Lara's aspect unto others wore:
Forward he sprang—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 you 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 reman'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'er-labour'd with his being's strife,
Shrinks to that sweet forgetfulness of life:
There live fewer hope and cunning's guile,
Hate's working brain, and bille'ad ambition's wife;
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, virtue, virtue, sunk supine,
Alike in naked helplessness recline;
Glad for a while to have unconscious breath,
Yet wake to wrestle with the dread of death,
And shun, though day but dawn on its increase,
That sleep, the loneliest, since it dreams the least.

CANTO II.

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, splendid in the beam,
Health on the gale, and freshness in the stream.
Immortal man! behold her glance shine,
And cry, exulting thus, "they are thine!"
Gaze on, while yet thy gladness 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 thereto, for all;
But creeping things shall revel in their spoil,
And fit thy clay to fertilize the soil.

II.

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

Way comes he yet? 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-confining, coldly patient air;
Why comes not Ezzelin? The hour is past,
And murmurs rise, and Otho's brows o'ercast.
"I know my friend! his faith I cannot fear,
If yet he be on earth, expect him here;
The roof that held him in the valley stands
Between my own and noble Lara's lands;
My halls from such a guest had honour gain'd,
Nor had Sir Ezzelin borne his host disdain'd,
But that some previous proof forbade him stay,
And urged him to prepare against to day;
The word I pledge 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 trie too;
Produce this babbler—or redeem the pledge;
Here in thy hold, and with thy falchion's edge,
Proud Otho, on the instant, redoubled, 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 its own or other's tomb;
With hand, whose almost careless coolness spoke
Its grasp well used to d-e-1 the sabre-stroke;
With eye, though calm, determined not to spare,
Did Lara too his willing weapon bare.
In vain the circling chieftains round them closed;
For Otho's phrenzy would not be opposed;
And from his lip those words of insult fell—
"His sword is good who can maintain them well."

IV.

Short was the conflict; furious, blindly rash,
Vain Otho gave his bosom to the gash:
He bled, and fell, but not with deadly wound,
Stretch'd by a dexterous slain along the ground.
"Doomed 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 livel'd at his brow;
The fell was stern collectness and art,
Now rose the unbowed'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, however o'erthrown, with life;
As if to search how far the wound he gave
Had sent its victim onward to his grave.

V.

They raised the bleeding Otho, and the leech
Forbade all present question, sign, and speech;
The others met within a neighbouring hall,
And he, mourn'd 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 Ezzein? 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 unfeigned sought
Except the absence of the chief it sought.
A chamber untenanted, a steed at rest,
His host alarm'd, his murmuring squires distrest.
Their search extends along, around the path,
In dread to meet the marks of provoker's wrath;
But none are there, and not a brake hath borne
Nor gout of blood, nor shred of mantle torn;
Nor fall nor struggle hath defaced the grass,
Which still retains a mark where murder was;
Nor dabbling fingers left to tell the tale,
The bitter print of each convulsive nail,
When agonized hands, that cease to guard,
Wound in that pang the smoothness of the award,
So long 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 eye 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 when his country's justice now demands
Account of Ezzein at Lara's hand's:
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 fate too deeply were he left at large?
The general rumour ignorantly loud,
The mystery deepest to the curious crowd;
The seeming friendliness of him who strove
To win no confidence, and wake no love;
The sweeping ferocity which his soul betray'd,
The skill with which he wielded his keen blade;
Where had his arm unwearied caught that art?
Where had that ferocity 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 ungain'd
With thought 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,
Even a 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 withal
Had made a path for blood and giant sin,
That wait'd but a signal to begin.
New havoc, such as civil discord blends,
Which knows no nearer, 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
Left it him stainless of oppressor's crime,
And now diverted by his tender sway.
All dread by slow degrees had worn away;
The memoirs felt their usual awe alone,
But more for him than that fear was grown;
They decri'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, feeling solitude;
And though his lonely habits threw of late
Gloom o'er his chamber, cheerful was his gate;
For thence the wretched ne'er unsound withdrew
For them, at least, his soul compassion knew.
Cold to the great, contemptuous to the high,
The humble pin'd not his unheeding eye;
Much he would speak not, but beneath his roof
They found a foil off, and not a reproof.
And they who watched might mark that day by day,
Some new retainers gather'd to his sway;
But most of late, since Ezzein was lost,
He play'd the courteous lord and bounteous host;
Perchance his strifes with Otho made him dread
Some some prepared for his obnoxious head;
What'er his view, his favour more obtains
With those, the people, than his fellow thanes.
If this were policy, so far 'twas sound,
The million judged but of him as they found;
From him, by sternier chiefs to exult driven,
They their men required a shelter, and 'twas given,
By him no repentance and his riled coat,
And scarce the serf could murmur over his lot,
With him old Avarice found its heard 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 despair'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
Regret by thousands in his swarming soul,
Fresh from their feudal fitters newly riven,
Defying earth, and confident of heaven.
That morning he had fre'd the soil-bound slaves,
Who dig no hand for tyrants but their graves!
Such is their cry—some watch-word for the fight
Must vindicate the wrong, and warp the right:
Reignum—freedom—vengeance—what you will,
A word's enough to raise mankind to kill:
Some factions phrase by cunning caught and spread,
That guilt may reign, and wolves and worms be fed!

IX.
Throughout that clime the feudal chiefs had gain'd
Such sway, their infant monarch hardly reign'd;
Now was the hour for fiction's rebel growth,
The serfs contemned the one, and hated both:
They wanted 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 slum
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 run so they shared his fate.
What arrow he for the freedom of the crowd?
He raised the humble flint to bend the proud.
He had hoped quiet in his sullen air,
But men and destiny beset him there;
Insured to hunters, he was found at bay,
And they must kill, they cannot spare the prey.
Stern, unambitious, silent, he had been
Henceforth a calm spectator of life's scene;
But, dragg'd again upon the arena, stood,
A leader not unequal to the feud;
In voice—men—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 crumpled wall?
In this the struggle was the same with all;
Save that distemper passions lent their force
In bitterness that banish'd all remorse.
None sued, for Mercy knew her cry was vain,
The captive dier upon the battle-plain:
In either cause, one rage above possesst
The empire of the alternate victor's breast;
And they that smote for freedom or for sway,
Decem'd few were slain, while more reminn'd to stay.
It was too late to check the wasting brand,
And desolation reap'd the famish'd land;
The torch was lighted, and the flame was spread,
And carnage smiled upon her daily dead.

XI.

Fresh with the nerve the new-born impulse strung,
The first success to Lara's numbers clung:
But that vain victory hath ruin'd all,
They form no longer to their leader's call;
In blind confusion on the foe they press,
And think to snatch is to secure success.
The lust of booty, and the thirst of hate,
Lore on the broken brigands to their fate;
In van he doth what'er a chief may do,
To check the headlong fury of that crew;
In van 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 their erring blood:
The fagot retreat, the nightly ambuscade,
The daily harass, and the light 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 pulls the patience of his battled heart,
Of these they had not deem'd: the battle-day
They could encounter as a veteran may,
But more profound the fury of the strife,
And present death to hourly suffering life:
And famine wrings, and fewer sweeps away
His numbers melting fast from their array;
Intemperate triumph fades to discontent,
And Lara's soul alone seems still unblush;
But few remain to aid his voice and hand,
And thousands dwindled to a scanty band:
Desperate, though few, the last and best remained
To mourn the discipline they late disdain'd,
One hope survives, the frontier is not far,
And thence they may escape from native war,
And bear within them to the neighbouring state
An exile's sorrows, or an outlaw's hate;
Hard is the task their 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 toilless flight;
Already they perceive its tranquil beam
Sleep on the surface of the barrier stream;
Already they desay—Is you the bank?
Away! It's 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 shepherd's fires upon the height?
Alas! they blaze too widely for the flight.
Cut off from hope, and compass'd in the toil,
Less blood perchance hath bought a richer spoil!

XIII.

A moment's pause, '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 the border-stream their march oppose,
Some few, perchance, may break and pass the line,
Whichever link'd to battle such a sign.
"The charge be ours! to wait for their assault
Were fate well worthy of a coward's hallow."
Forth flies each sable, rain'd is ever 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 indiffercence more than then
Becomes the bravest, if they feel for men—
He turn'd his eye on Kaled, ever near,
And still too faithfully to betray one fear;
Perchance 't was but the moon's dim twilight thr
Along his aspect an unwonted hue
Of mournful paleness, whose deep tint expirent
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 amissiter river.
Well has each steed obey'd the armed heel,  
And flash the skirmish, 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 'round till the morning beam.

XV.
Commanding, aiding, animating all,  
Where foe appeare'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 smile again,  
While yet they find the firmest of the foe  
Recoil before their leader's look and blow:  
Now girl with numbers, now almost alone,  
He feels their ranks, or remits his own;  
His own he spared not,—once they seem'd to fly—  
Now was the time, he waved his hand on high,  
And shook—why sudden droops that plumed crest?  
The shaft is sped,—the arrow's in his breast!  
That fatal gesture left the unguarded side,  
And Death hath stroken down you arm of pride,  
The word of triumph fainted from his tongue;  
That hand, so raised, how drooping it hung!  
But yet the sword instinctively retains,  
Though from its fellow shrink the falling reins:  
Their Kaled snatches: dizzy with the blow,  
And senseless bending o'er his saddle-bow,  
Percives not Lara that his anxious page  
Regains his charger from the combat's rage;  
Meantime his followers charge, and charge again;  
Two mid the slayers now to heed the slain!

XVI.
Up gimmers on the dying and the dead,  
Fits of clenched curass, and the homless head;  
The war-horse masterless is on the earth,  
And that last gasp hath burst his bloody girth;  
And near, yet quivering with what life remain'd,  
The heel that urged him and the hand that rein'd;  
And some too near that rolling torrent lie,  
Whose waters mock the lip of those that die;  
That panting thirst which scorches in the breath  
Of those that die the soldier's fiery death,  
In vain impels the burning morn to crave  
One drop,—the last—to cool it for the grave:  
With feebler 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 unsought, and yet they feel it not;  
It was an agony—but now forgot!

XVII.
Beneath a line, remote from the scene,  
Where but for him that strife had never been,  
A breathing but devoted warrior lay:  
'Twas Lara, bleeding fast from life away,  
His full rer once, and now his only guide,  
Kneels Kaled watchful o'er his welling side,  
And with his scarf would staunch the tides that rush,  
With each convulsion, in a blacker gush;  
And then, as his faint breathing waxes low,  
In feeble, not less fatal tricklings flow:  
He scarce can speak, but motions him 'tis vain,  
And merely adds another throb to pain.

He clasps the hand that pang whi: I 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 sought 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 spoke 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.

Their words, though faint, were many—from the tomb  
Their import those who heard could judge alone;  
From this, you might have deem'd young Kaled's death  
More near than Lara's be his voice and breath,  
So sad, so deep and hesitating,  
The accents his scarce-moving pale lips spoke;  
But Lara's voice though low, at first was clear  
And calm, till murmuring death gasp'd hoarsely near,  
But from his visage little could we guess,  
So unrepentant, dark, and passionless,  
Save that, when struggling nearer to his last,  
Upon that page his eye was kindly cast;  
And once as Kaled's answering accents ceast,  
Rose Lara's hand, and pointed to the East:  
Whether (as then the breaking sun from high  
Roll'd back the clouds) the morrow caught his eye,  
Or that 'twas chance, or some remember'd scene  
That raised his arm to point where such had been,  
Scarcely Kaled seem'd to know, but turn'd away  
As if his heart abhor'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 absorbing cross,  
And proffer'd to his touch the holy bled,  
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 bow 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 flattering, and his head droop'd o'er
The weak, yet still unringing 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 thrum which answers not again.

"It beats!" Away, thou dreamer!—he is gone—
It once was Lara which thus look'd 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 hating 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,
No 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 even 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 he pass'd his summer years of life,
It seems they vanish'd in a hand 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 evening vale,
When Cynthia's light almost gave way to morn,
And nearly void'd in mist her waning horn;
A serf, that rose betimes to thread the wood,
And new the bough that bough 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 horsemann broke
From out the wood,—before him was a cloaked
Wreap round some barbour at his saddle-hoe,
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 unheed his watch'd the stranger's course,
Who reach'd the river, bounded from his horse,
And, lifting thence the burden he bore,
Heaved up the bank, and dash'd it from the shore,
Then paused, and look'd, and turn'd, and seem'd a
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 strewing them with a more than common care,
Of time 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 star-like in the west,
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 gaz'd
Till ebb'd the last eddy it had rais'd;
Then turning, vanish'd on his pawing steed,
And instant spurr'd him into ptingue speed.
His face was mask'd—the features of the dead,
If dead it were, escaped the observer's dread;
But if 'twere but a star its bosom bore.
Such is the badge that knight-cud 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 tame a spirit once too proud,
Her tears were few, her waiting 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, to let waste her weary moments there,
She talk'd all silly unto shapes of air
Such as the busy brav of sorrow paints,
And went to listen to her foul 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,
Her words, his looks, his dying grasp recall;
And she had shorn, but saved her raven hair,
And oft would snatch it from her bosom there,
And fold, and press it gently to the ground,
As if she stanch'd a new 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 sent her down upon some linden's root.
And hide her visage with her meagre hand,  
Or trace strange characters along the sand—  
Thus could not last—she lies by him she loved;  
Her tale untold—her truth too dearly proved.

NOTE.

The event in section 24, Canto II, was suggested by the description of the death, or rather burial, of the Duke of Gandia.

The most interesting and particular account of this mysterious event, 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 vivacula; 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 to an old friend, with his attendants, excepting his 'staffers, 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 assassinated and mutilated in various ways; and afterwards the body was cast into the river, with great care. I say that it 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 courteous 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 Schivoni, 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 appertaining they gave a signal to the 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 fifth 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 threw 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 out 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 exertions, 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 emergence of his grief."—RoncL's Leo Tenth, vol. i. page 282.

Morgante Maggiore.

TRANSLATED FROM

THE ITALIAN OF PULCI.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Morgante Maggiore, of the first canto of which this translation is offered, divides with the Orlando Innamorato the honour of having formed and suggested the style and story of Ariosto. The great defects of Boiardo were his treating too seriously the narratives of chivalry, and his harsh style. Ariosto, in his continuation, by a judicious mixture of the genius of Pulei, has avoided the one, and Berni, in his reformation of Boiardo's poem, has corrected the other. Pulci may be considered as the precursor and model of Berni al together, as he has partly been to Ariosto, however inferior to both his copyists. He is no less the founder of a new style of poetry very lately sprung up in England; I allude to that of the ingenious Whistlercote. The serious poems on Roncesvales in the same language, and more particularly the excellent one of Mr. Merivale, are to be traced to the same source. It has never yet been decided entirely, whether Pulci's intention was or was not to ridicule the religion, which is one of his favourite topics. It appears to me, that such an intention would have been no less hazardous to his safety than a man casting into the priest, particularly in that age and country; and the permission to publish the poem, and its reception among the classics of Italy, prove that it neither was nor is so interpreted. That he intended to ridicule the monastic life, and suffered his imagination to play with the simple dulness of his converter giant, seems
MORGANTE MAGGIORE.

CANTO I.

I.
Is the beginning was the Word next God;
God was the Word, the Word no less was he;
This was in the beginning, to my mode
Of thinking, and without him nought could be:
Therefore, just Lord! from out thy high abode,
Bemgna e paus, bid an angel see,
One only, to be my companion, who
Shall help my famous, worthy, old song through.

II.
And thou, oh Virgin! daughter, mother, bride,
Of the same Lord, who gave to each key
Of heaven, and hell, and every thing beside,
The day thy Gabriel said, "All hail!” to thee,
Shone to thy servants pity’s never denied,
With flowing rhymes, a pleasant style and free,
Be to my verses then benignly kind,
And to the end illuminate my mind.

III.
'Twas in the season when sad Philomel
Weeps with her sister, who remember and
Deplores the ancient woes watch both bellow,
And makes the nymphs enmoured, to he hand
Of Phaeton by Phaebus loved so well
His car (but temper’d by his s e e’s command)
Was given, and on the horizon verge just now
Appear’d, so that Tithonus scratch’d his brow;

IV.
When I prepared my bark first to obey
As it should still obey, the helm, my mind,
And carry prose or rhyme, and this my lay
Of Charles the Emperor, whom you will find
By several pens already praised; but they
Who to diffuse his glory were inclined,
For all that I can see in prose or verse,
Have understood Charles badly—and wrote worse.

V.
Leonardo Aretino said already,
That if, like Pepin, Charles had had a writer
Of genius quick, and diligently steady,
No hero would in history look brighter;
He in the cabinet being always ready,
And in the field a most victorious fighter,
Who for the Church and Christian faith had wrongs
Cerite far more than yet is said or thought.

VI.
You still may see at Saint Liberatore,
The abbey no great way from Manopell,
Erected in the Abruzzi to his glory,
Because of the great battle in which fell
A pagan king, according to the story,
And felon people whom Charles sent to hell:
And there are bones so many, and so many,
Near them Guissaffa’s would seem few, if any.

VII.
But the world, blind and ignorant, don’t prize
His virtues as I wish to see them: thou,
Florence, by his great bounty don’t arise,
And hast, and may have, if thou wilt allow,
All proper customs and true courtesies:
What’er thou hast acquired from then till now,
With knightly courage, treasured, or the lance,
Is sprung from out the noble blood of France.

VIII.
Twelve paladins had Charles, in court, of whom
The wisest and most famous was Orlando;
Him traitor Gan conducted to the tomb
In Roncevalles, as the villain planned too,
While the horn rang so loud, and kued’d the doom
Of their sad rout, though he did all knight can do,
And Dante in his comedy has given
To him a happy seat with Charles in heaven.

IX.
'T was Christmas-day; in Paris all his court
Charles held; the chief, I say, Orlando was;
The Dane; Astello there too did resort,
Also Annunghi, the gay time to pass
In festival and in triumphant sport,
The much renown'd Saint Dennis being the cause
Angelo of Bayonne, and Oliver,
And gentle Belingheri too came there:

X.
Avoio, and Armo, and Othone
Of Normandy, and Richard Paladin,
Wise Hamo, and the ancient Salome,
Walter of Lion’s Mount, and Baidoria,
Who was the son of the sad Ganellone,
Were there, excelling too much gladness in
The son of Pepan:—when his knights came hither
He groan’d with joy to see them altogether.

XI.
But watchful fortune lurking, takes good heed
Ever some bar 'gainst our intents to bring.
Wilde Charles repos’d him thus in w’rd and deed
Orlando ruled court, Charles, and every thing;
Curst Gan, with envy bursting, had such need
To vent his suite that thus w’h Charles the king
One day he slyly began to say,
Orlando must we always then obey!

XII.
A thousand times I've been about to say,
Orlando too presumptuously goes on;
He are we, counts, kings, dukes, to own thy sway,
Hamo, and Otho, Ogier, Solomon,
Each have to honour thee and to obey;
But he has too much credit near the throne,
Which we won't suffer, but are quite decided
By such a boy to be no longer guided.

XIII.
And even at Aspramont thou diest begin
To let him know he was a gallant knight,
And by the fount did much the day to win;
But I know icks that day had won the fight
If it had not for good Gherardo been:
The victory was Almonte's else; his sight
He kept upon the standard, and the laurels
In fact and fairness are his earning, Charles.

XIV.
If thou rememberest being in Gascony,
When there advanced the nations out of Spain,
The Christian cause had suffered shameful,
Had not his valor driven them back again.
Beast speak the truth when there's a reason why
Know then, oh emperor! that all complain.
As for myself, I shall repass the mount
O'er which I cross'd with two and sixty counts.

XV.
'Tis fit thy grandeur should dispense relief,
So that each here may have his proper part,
For the whole court is more or less in grief;
Perhaps thou dost'st this led a Mars in heart?
Orlando one day heard this speech in brief,
As by himself it chanced he safe apart;
Displeased he was with Gan because he said it,
But much more still that Charles should give him credit.

XVI.
And with the sword he would have murder'd Gan,
But Oliver thrust in between the pair,
And from his hand extracted Durindain,
And thus at length they separated were.
Orlando, angry too with Carloman,
Wanted but little to have slum him there;
Then forth alone from Paris went the chief,
And burst and madd'n'd with disdain and grief.

XVII.
From Ermellina, consort of the Dane,
He took Cortana, and then took Rondell,
And on towards Brara pride'll him o'er the plain;
And when she saw him coming, Aldabella
Stretch'd forth her arms to clasp her lord again:
'Orlando, in whose brain all was not well,
As 'Welcome my Orlando home,' she said,
Raised up his sword to smite her on the head.

XVIII.
Like him a fury counsels; his revenge
On Gan in that rash act he seem'd to take,
Which Aldabella thought extremely strange,
But soon Orlando found himself awake;
And his spouse took his bridle on this change,
And he dismounted from his horse, and spake
Of every thing which pass'd without demur,
And then reposed himself some days with her.

XIX.
Then full of wrath departed from the place,
And far as Pagan countries roam'd astray
And while he rode, yet still at every pace
The traitor Gan remember'd by the way;

And wanderling on in error a long space,
An abbey which in a lone desert lay,
'Midst glens obscure, and distant lands he vide,
Which form'd the Christian's and the Pagan's bound.

XX.
The abbot was call'd Clermont, and by blood
Descended from Angran: under cover
Of a great mountain's brow the abbey stood,
But certain savage giants look'd him over!
One Passamont was foremost of the brood,
And Alabaster and Morgante hover
Second and third, with certain slings, and throw
In daily jeopardy the place below.

XXI.
The monks could pass the convent gate no more,
Nor leave their cells for water or for wood.
Orlando knock'd, but none would open, before
Unto the prior it at length seem'd good;
Enter'd, he said that he was taught to adore
Him who was born of Mary's holiest blood,
And was baptized a Christian; and then show'd
How to the abbey he had found his road.

XXII.
Said the abbot, "You are welcome; what is mine
We give you freely, since that you believe
With us in Mary Mother's son divine;
And that you may not, cavalier, conceive
The cause of our delay to let you in
To be rusticity, you shall receive
The reason why our gate was bair'd to you;
Thus those who in suspicion live must do.

XXIII.
"When hither to inhabit first we came
These mountains, albeit that they are obscure,
As you perceive, yet without fear or blame
They seem'd to promise an asylum sure:
From savage brutes alone, too fierce to tame,
'T was fit our quiet dwelling to secure;
But now, if here we'd stay, we needs must guard
Against domestic beasts with watch and ward.

XXIV.
"These make us stand, in fact, upon the watch,
For late there have appear'd three giants rough;
What nation or what kingdom bore the batch
I know not, but they are all of savage stuff;
When force and malice with some genius match,
You know, they can do all—we are not enough:
And these so much our orisons derange,
I know not what to do till matters change.

XXV.
"Our ancient fathers living the desert in,
For just and holy works were duly fed;
Think not they lived on locusts sole; 't is certain
That manna was rain'd down from heaven instead;
But here it is fit we keep on the alert in
Our bounds, or taste the stones shower'd deem for bread,
From off you mountain daily raining faster,
And flung by Passamont and Alabaster.

XXVI.
"The third, Morgante, a savages by far;
He plucks up pines, beeches, poplar-trees, and oaks;
And flings them, our community to bury,
And all that I can do but more provokes.
While thus they parley in the cemetery,
A stone from one of their gigantic strokes,
Which nearly crush'd Rondell, came tumbling over,
So that he took a long leap under cover.

XXVII.
"For God's sake, cavalier, come in with speed,
The manna's falling now," the abbot cried:
"This fellow does not wish my horse should feed,  
    Dear abbot," Roland unto him replied;  
Of restiveness he'd cure him had he need;  
That stone seems with good-will and aim applied.

The holy father said, "I don't deceive;  
They'll one day fling the mountain, I believe."

Orlando bade them take care of Rondello,  
And made a breakfast of his own;  
And asked, "I want to find that fellow  
Who flung at my good horse you corner-stone,"

Said the abbot, "Let not my advice seem shallow,  
As to a brother dear I speak alone;  
I would dissuade you, baron, from this strife,  
As knowing sure that you will lose your life.

Orlando answer'd, "This I'll see, be sure,  
And walk the wild on foot to be secure."

The abbot said the great cross on his front,  
"Then go you with God's benison and mine;"

Orlando, after he had sealed the mount,  
As the abbot had directed, kept the line  
Right to the usual haunt of Passamont;  
Who, seeing him alone in this design,  
Survey'd him fore and aft with eyes observant;

Then asked him, "If he wished to stay as servant?"

And promised him an office of great ease;  
But, said Orlando, "Saracen insane!

I come to kill you, if it shall so please  
God, not to serve as footboy in your train;  
You with your monks so oft have broke the peace—  
Vile dog! 'Tis past his patience to sustain."

The giant ran to fetch his arms, quite furious,

When he received an answer so injurious.

And being return'd to where Orlando stood,

Who had not moved him from the spot, and swinging  
The cross, he hurl'd a stone with strength so rude,  
As show'd a sample of his skill in sling'ing;  
It roll'd on Count Orlando's helmet good  
And head, and set both head and helmet ringing,  
So that he swoon'd with pain as if he died,  
But more than dead, he seem'd so stupefied.

Then Passamont, who thought him slain outright,

Said, "I will go, and, while he lies along,  
Discern me: why such craven did I fight?"

But Christ his servants ne'er abandon long,  
Especially Orlando, such a knight,  
As to desert would almost be a wrong.  
While the giant goes to put off his defences,  
Orlando has recall'd his force and senses:

And loud he shouted, "Giant, where dost go?  
Thou thought'st me doubtless for the heir outlaid;  
To the right about—without wings thou 'rt too slow  
To fly thy vengeance—cruish renegade!"

"T was but by treachery thou laidst me low."

The giant his astonishment betray'd,  
And turn'd about, and stoop'd his journey on  
And then he stoop'd to pick up a great stone.
MORGANTE MAGGIORE.

XLIII.
The Saracen repaid in humble tone,
"I have had an extraordinary vision;
A savage serpent fell on me alone,
And Macon would not pity my condition;
Hence to thy God, who for ye did alone
Upon the cross, prefer I my petition;
His timely succour set me safe and free,
And I a Christian am disposed to be."

XLIV.
Orlando answer'd, "Baron just and pious,
If this good wish your heart can really move
To the true God, who will not then deny us
Eternal honour, you will go above.
And, if you please, as friends we will ally us,
And I will love you with a perfect love.
Your idols are vain lies full of fraud,
The only true God is the Christian's God.

XLV.
"The Lord descended to the virgin breast
Of Mary Mother, suesful and divine;
If you acknowledge the Redeemer blest,
Without whom neither sun or star can shine,
Abjure bad Macon's false and felon test,
Your renegado God, and worship mine,—
Baptize yourself with zeal, since you repent."
To which Morgante answer'd, "I'm content."

XLVI.
And then Orlando to embrace him new,
And made much of his convert, as he cried,
'To the abbey I will gladly marshal you;"
To whom Morgante, "Let us go," replied;
"I to the friars have for peace to sue."
Which thing Orlan to heard with inward pride,
Saying, "My brother, so devout and good,
Ask the abbot pardon, as I wish you would:

XLVII.
"Since God has granted your illumination,
Accepting you in mercy for his own,
Humility should be your first obligation."

Morgante said, "For goodness sake make known—
Since that your God is to me—your station,
And let your name in verity be shown;
Then will I every thing at your command do,
On which the other said, he was Orlando.

XLVIII.
"Then," quoth the giant, "blessed be Jesu,
A thousand times with gratitude and praise!
Oh, perfect Baron! I have heard of you
Through all the different period of my days:
And, as I said, to be your vassal too
I wish, for your great gallantry always."
Thus reasoning, they continued much to say,
And onwards to the abbey went their way.

XLIX.
And by the way, about the giants dead
Orlando with Morgante reason'd: "Be,
For their decease, I pray you, comforted,
And since it is God's pleasure, pardon me;
A thousand wrongs unto the monks they bred,
And our true scripture soundeth openly—
Good is rewarded, and chastised the ill,
Which the Lord never faileth to fulfill:

L.
"Because his love of justice unto all
Is such, he wills his judgment should devour
All who have sin, however great or small;
But good he well remembers to restore:
Nor without justice holy could we call
Him, whom I now require you to adore:
All men must make his will their wishes sway,
And quickly and spontaneously obey.

LI.
"And here our doctors are of one accord,
Coming on this point to the same conclusion—
That in their thoughts who praise in heaven the Lord
If pity e'er was guilty of intrusion
For their unfortunate relations stored
In hell below, and damned in great confusion,—
Their happiness would be reduced to nought,
And thus unjust the Almighty's self be thought.

LII.
"But they in Christ have firmitest hope, and all
Which seems to him, to them too must appear
Well done; nor could it otherwise befall,
He never can in any purpose err:
If sire or mother suffer endless thrall,
They don't disturb themselves for him or her
What pleases God to them must joy inspire;
Such is the observance of the eternal choir."

LIII.
"A word unto the wise," Morgante said,
"Is wont to be enough, and you shall see
How much I grieve about my brethren dead;
And if the will of God seem good to me,
Just, as you tell me, 't is in heaven obey'd—
Ashes to ashes, merry let us be!
I will cut off the hands from both their trunks,
And carry them unto the holy monks.

LIV.
"So that all persons may be sure and certain
That they are dead, and have no further fear
To wander solitary this desert in,
And that they may perceive my spirit clear
By the Lord's grace, who hath withdrawn the curtain
Of darkness, making his bright realm appear,"
He cut his brethren's hands off at these words,
And left them to the savage beasts and birds.

LV.
Then to the abbey they went on together,
Where waited them the abbot in great doubt.
The monks, who knew not yet the fact, ran thither
To their superior, all in breathless rout,
Saying, with tremor, "Please to tell us whether
You wish to have this person in or out?"
The abbot, looking through upon the giant,
Too greatly furious, at first, to be compliant.

LVI.
Orlando, seeing him thus agitated,
Said quickly, "Abbot, be thou of good cheer,
He Christ believes, as Christian must be rated,
And hath renounced his Macon false;" which here
Morgante with the hands corroborated,
A proof of both the giants' fate quite clear:
Thence, with due thanks, the abbot God adored,
Saying, "Thou hast contented me, oh Lord!"

LVII.
He gazed; Morgante's height he calculated,
And more than once contemplated his size;
And then he said, "Oh giant celebrated,
Know, that no more my wonder will arise,
How you could tear and fling the trees you late did,
When I behold your form with my own eyes.
You now a true and perfect friend will show
Yourself to Christ, as once you were a few.
BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS.

LVIII.  'And one of our apostles, Saul once named,
Long persecuted sore the faith of Christ,
Till one day by the Spirit being inflamed,
'Why dost thou persecute me thus?' said Christ;
And then from his offence he was reclaim'd,
And went for ever after preaching Christ;
And of the faith became a trump, whose sound
O'er the whole earth is echoing and resounding.'

LIX.  "So, my Morgante, you may do likewise;
He who repents,—this says the Evangelist,—
OCCASIONS more rejoicing in the skies
Than ninety-nine of the celestial host.
You may be sure, should each desire arise
With just zeal for the Lord, that you'll exist
Among the happy saints for evermore;
But you were lost and damned to hell before!"

LX.  And thus great honour to Morgante paid;
The abbot: many days they did repose.
One day, as with Orlando they both stra'y'd,
And saunter'd here and there, where'er they chose,
The abbot show'd a chamber where array'd
Much armour was, and hung up certain bows;
And one of these Morgante for a whim
Girt on, though useless, he believed, to him.

LXI.  There being a want of water in the place,
Orlando, like a worthy brother, said,
"Morgante, I could wish you in this case
To go for water."
"You shall be obey'd in all commands," was the reply, "straightway."
Upon his shoulder a great tub he laid,
And went out on his way unto a fountain,
Where he was wont to drink below the mountain.

LXII.  Arrived there, a prodigious noise he hears,
Which suddenly along the forest spread;
Wherefrom out of his quiver he prepares
An arrow for his bow, and lifts his head;
And lo! a monstrous herd of swine appears,
And onward rushes with tempestuous tread,
And to the fountain's brink precisely pours,
So that the giant's join'd by all the boars.

LXIII.  Morgante at a venture shot an arrow,
Which pierce'd a pig precisely in the ear,
And pass'd unto the other side quite through,
That so the boar, defunct, lay tripp'd up near.
Another, to revenge his fellow farrow,
Against the giant rush'd in fierce career,
And reach'd the passage with so swift a foot,
Morgante was not now in time to shoot.

LXIV.  Perceiving that the pig was on him close,
He gave him such a punch upon the head,
As floor'd him, so that he no more arose—
Smashing the very bone; and he fell dead
Next to the other.  Having seen such blows,
The other pigs along the valley fled;
Morgante on his neck the bucket took,
Full from the spring, which neither swerved nor shook.

LXV.  The sun was on one shoulder, and there were
The hogs on 't other, and he brush'd space
Of to the abley, though by no means near,
Nor spilt one drop of water in his race.
Orlando, seeing him so soon appear
With the dead boars, and with that brimful vase,
Marvel'd to see his strength so very great;—
o and the abbot and set wide the gate.

LXVI.  "The monks, who saw the water fresh and good,
Rejoice, but much more to perceive the pork,
All animals are glad at sight of food:
They lay their braveries to sleep, and work
With greedy pleasure, and in such a mood,
That the flesh needs no salt beneath their fork.
Of rankness and of rot there is no fear,
For all the fats are now left in arrar.

LXVII.  As though they wish'd to burst at once, they ate;
And gorged so that, as if the bones had been
In water, sorely grieved the dog and cat,
Perceiving that they all were pick'd too clean.
The abbot, who to all did honour great,
A few days after this convivial scene,
Gave to Morgante a fine horse well train'd,
Which he long time had for himself maintain'd.

LXVIII.  The horse Morgante to a meadow led,
To gallop, and to put him to the proof,
Thinking that he was a buck of iron had,
Or to skim eggs unbroke was light enough;
But the horse, sinking with the pain, fell dead,
And burst, while cold on earth lay head and hock.
Morgante said, "Get up, thou sulky cur!"
And still continued pricking with the spur.

LXIX.  But finally he thought to dismount.
And said, "I am as light as any feather,
And he has burst—to this what say you, count?"
Orlando answer'd, "Like a ship's masts at rather
You seem to me, and with the truck for front:
Lay him go; fortune w ill that we together
Should march, but you on foot, Morgante, still;
To which the giant answer'd, "So I will."

LXX.  "When there shall be occasion, you shall see
How I approve my courage in the fight."
Orlando said, "I really think you 'll be,
If it should prove God's will, a goodly knight,
Nor will you mappine there discover me:
But never mind your horse, though out of sight
'T were best to carry him into some wood,
If but the means or way I understood."

LXXI.  The giant said, "Then carry him I will,
Since that to carry me he was so slack—
To render, as the gods do, good for ill;
But lend a hand to place him on my back."
Orlando answer'd, "If my counsel still
May weigh, Morgante, do not undertake
To lift or carry this dead rouser, who,
As you have done to him, will do to you.

LXXII.  "Take care he don't revenge himself, though dead,
As Nessus did of old beyond all cure;
I don't know if the fact you've heard or read,
But he will make you burst, you may be sure."
"But help him on my back," Morgante said,
"And you shall see what weight I can enume:
In place, my gentle Roland, of this pulley,
With all the bells, I'd carry yonder belfry."

LXXIII.  The abbot said, "The steeple may do well
But, for the bells, you've broken them, I wot."
Morgante answer'd, "Let them pay in hell
The penalty, who lie dead in yon grot;"
And hoisting up the horse from where he fell,
He said, "Now look if I the goat have got,
LXIV.
Morgante was like any mountain framed;
So if he did this, 'tis no prodigy;
But secretly himself Orlando blamed,
Because he was one of his family;
And, fearing that he might be hurt or main'd,
Once more he bade him lay his burthen by:
"Put down, nor bear him further the desert in."
Morganto said, "I'll carry him for certain."

LXV.
He did; and stow'd him in some nook away,
And to the abbey then return'd with speed.
Orlando said, "Why longer do we stay?
Morgante, here is nought to do indeed."
The abbot by the hand he took one day,
And said with great respect, he had agreed
To leave his reverence; but for this decision
He wish'd to have his pardon and permission.

LXVI.
The honours they continued to receive
Perhaps exceeded what his merits claim'd
He said, "I mean, and quickly, to retrieve
The lost days of time past, which may be blamed;
Some days ago I should have ask'd your leave,
Kind fates, but I really was ashamed,
And know not how to show my sentiment,
So much I see you with our stay content.

LXVII.
"But in my heart I hear through every clime,
The abbot, abbey, and this solitude—
So much I love you in so short a time;
For me, from heaven reward you with all good,
The God so true, the eternal Lord sublime!
Whose kingdom at the last hath open stood:
Meanwhile we stand expectant of your blessing,
And recommend us to your prayers with pressing."

LXVIII.
Now when the abbot Count Orlando heard,
His heart grew soft with inner tenderness,
Such fervour in his bosom bred each word;
And, "Cavalier," he said, "if I have less
Courteous and kind to your great worth appear'd,
Than fits me for such gentle blood to express,
I know I've done too little in this case;
But blame our ignorance, and this poor place.

LXIX.
"We can indeed but honour you with masses,
And sermons, thanksgivings, and pater-nosters,
Hot suppers, dinners (fitting other places
In verity much rather than the cloisters); But such a love for you my heart embraces,
For thousand virtues which your bosom fosters,
That wheresoe'er you go, I too shall be,
And, on the other part, you rest with me.

LXX.
"This may involve a seeming contradiction,
But you, I know, are sage, and feel, and taste,
And understand my speech with full conviction.
For your just pious doings may you be grace'd
With the Lord's great reward and benediction,
By whom you were directed to this waste;
To his high mercy is our freedom due,
For which we render thanks to him and you.

LXXI.
"You saved at once our life and soul: such fear
The giants caused us, that the way was lost
By which we could pursue a fit career
In search of Jesus and the saintly host;
And your departure breeds such sorrow here,
That comfortless we all are to our cost;
But months and years you could not stay in cloath,
Nor are you form'd to wear our sober cloth;

LXXII.
"But to bear arms and wield the lance; indeed,
With these as much is done as with this cowl,
In proof of which the scripture you may read.
This giant up to heaven may bear his soul
By your compassion; now in peace proceed.
Your state and name I seek not to unroll,
But, if I'm ask'd, this answer shall be given,
That here an angel was sent down from heaven.

LXXIII.
"If you want armour orught else, go in,
Look o'er the wardrobe, and take what you choose.
And cover with it o'er this giant's skin."
Orlando answer'd, "If there should lie loose
Some armour, ere our journey we begin,
Which might be turn'd to my companion's use,
The gift would be acceptable to me."
The abbot said to him, "Come in and see."

LXXIV.
And in a certain closet, where the wall
Was cover'd with old armour like a crust,
The abbot said to them, "I give you all."
Morgante rummaged piececmeal from the dust
The whole, which, save one curass, was too small
And that too had the mail inlaid with rust.
They wonder'd how it fitted him exactly,
Which ne'er had suted others so compactly.

LXXV.
'T was an immeasurable giant's, who
By the great Milo of Argante fell
Before the abbey many years ago.
The story on the wall was figured well;
In the last moment of the abbey's foe,
Who long had waged a war implacable:
Precisely as the war occur'd they drew him,
And there was Milo as he overthrew him.

LXXVI.
Seeing this history, Count Orlando said
In his own heart "Oh God! who in the sky
Knows all things, how was Milo hither led,
Who caused the giant in this place to die?"
And certain letters, weeping, then he read,
So that he could not keep his visage dry,—
As I will tell in the ensuing story.
From evil keep you, the high King of Glory!

Note 1.
He gave him such a punch upon the head.
"Gli dette in sella testa un gran punzone." It is strange that Pulci should have literally anticipated the technical terms of my old friend and master, Jackson, and the art which he has carried to its highest pitch.
"A punch on the head," or, "a punch in the head," un punzone in nella testa, is the exact and frequent phrase of our best pugilists, who little dream that they are talking the urest Tuscan.
BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS.

THE

Siege of Corinth.

TO JOHN HOBHOUSE, ESQ.

THIS POEM IS INSCRIBED,

BY HIS FRIEND

January 22, 1816.

ADVERTISEMENT.

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

THE

SIEGE OF CORINTH.

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 chaf'd 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's fate,
Arose from out the earth which drank
The stream of slaughter as it sank,

That sanguine ocean would o'erflow
Her isthmus mildly 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-capt Acropolis
Which seems the very clouds to kiss.

II.

On dun Citathon's ridge appears
The gleam of twice ten thousand spear,
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 leaguer'd lines;
And the dust 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 sahre 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 bow
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 Infield.

III.

But near and nearest to the wall
Of those who wish and weep 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 recking steed,
Where sallying ranks the trench assaul'd,
And make the foremost Moslem quail;
Or where the battery, guarded well,
Remains as yet impregnable,
Aglowing cheerly to inspire
The soldier slackening in his fire;
The first and freshest of the host,
Whose 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'd girl his shaven brow.

Through many a change had Corinth pass'd
With Greeks 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 heaved bosom throughs
The memory of a thousand wrongs.
To him had Venice ceased to be
Her ancient creak boast—"the Fyze;"
And in the palace of St. Mark
Unnamed acces in the dark
Within the " Lion's mouth " had placed
A charge against him unfaiced:
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 read 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 curst 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 refi'd the Moslem's sway;
And now he led the Mussulman,
And gave the guidance of the van
To Alp, who well repaid the trust
By cities level'd with the dust;
And proved, by many a deed of death,
How firm his heart in novel faith.

VI.

The walls grew weak, and fast and hot
Against them pour'd the ceaseless shot,
With unabating fury sent
From battery to battlement;
And thunder-like the pealing din
Rose from each heated culverin;
And here and there some cracking din
Was tlied before the exposing 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 earthy 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 inorable sire,
Whose heart refined him in its ire,
While Alp, beneath his Christ 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 ever 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 Francesco's hand remain'd
Still by the church's bonds unchain'd:
And when the Alfrante bore
Lanciottu to the Paynim shears,
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 prove
With listless look she seems to gaze;
With humbler eyes 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 unsuited 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 Euboea's bays,
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 treachry was broke
Which freed her from the Moslem's yoke
With him his gentle daughter came:
Nor there, since Menelaste's bane
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 mines yawn,
And, with to-morrow's earliest dawning,
O'er the disjointed mass shall vault
The foremost of the fierce assault
The bands are rau'd; the chosen van
Of Tartar and of Mussulman,
The full of hope misnamed "forlorn,"
Who held the thought of death in scorn,
And wiv their way with faneous' force,
Or pave the path with many a corse,
O'er which the following brave may rise
Their stepping-stone—the last who dies!

XL

'Tis midnight: on the mountain's brow
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 murmurd'rn meekly as the brook.
The winds were pillow'd on the waves;
The hammers droop'd along their staves,
And, as they fell around them tumbling,
Above them shone the crescent curling;
And that deep silence was unbrok'd,
Save where the watch his signal spoke,
Save where the steed neigh'd off 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 wond'ring prayer;
It rose, that chantoned mournful strain,
Like some lone spirit's o'er the plain:
'Twas musical, but sadly sweet,
Such as when winds and harp-strings meet
And take a long unmeasured tone,
To mortal ministrant unknown.
It seem'd to those within the wall
A cry prophetic of their fall:
't struck even the besieger's ear
With something omens and dread,
An undefined and sudden thrill,
Which makes the heart a moment still,
Then beat with quicker pulse, ashanomed.
Of that strange sense its silence framed;
Such as a sudden passing-bell
Wakes, though but for a stranger's knell.

The tem 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 munition issued and obey'd:
'T is but another anxious night,
His pains the narrow may requite
With all revenge and love can pay,
In guardon for their long delay.
Few hours remain, and he hath need
Of rest, to nerve for many a deed
Of slaughter; but within his soul
The thoughts like troubled waters roll.
He stood alone among the host;
Not his the loud fanatic boast
To plant the Crescent o'er the Cross,
Or risk a life with little loss,
Secure in paradise to be
By Hours loved immortally:
Nor his, what burning patriots feel,
The stern exaltedness of zeal,
Prophise 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 yield the vulgar will:
But sit' his Christian origin
With them was little less than sin,
They envied even the faultless fame
He earn'd beneath a Moslem name;
Since he, their noblest chief, had been
In, with 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 throes convulse;
In vain from side to side ne throw's
His form, in courtship of repose;
Or if he dozed, a sound, a start
Awoke him with a smitten 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 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,
Good 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 is thone
Through thousand summers rightly gone,
Along the gulf, the mount, the chase;
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 vei, the lightest, frailest,
Which on the mighty mount thou hailest
While tower and tree are torn and rent,
Shines o'er its craggly battlement;
In form a peak, in height a cloud,
In texture like a hovering shroud,
Thus high by parting Freedom spread,
A. 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 runt'ld altars,
And faint 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.

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V.

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

XVI.

Still by the shore Alp mutely mused,
And wou'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 unvorn its base doth bare,
And looks o'er the surf, but it comes not there;
And the fringe of the foam may be seen below,
On the line that it left long ages ago;
A smooth shot space of yellow sand
Between it and the greener land.

He wander'd on, along the beach,
Till within the range of a carthame's reach
Of the heagner'd wall; but they saw him not,
Or saw could he escape from the hostile shot?
Did mariners lurk in the Christian's hold?
Were their hands grown stouter, or their hearts wax'd cold?
I know not, in south;
but from wonder wall
There flash'd no fire, and there buzz'd no bawl,
Though he stood beneath the bastion's frown,
Thus thank'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
Clark'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 growing o'er carcass and limb;
They were too busy to bark at him!

From a Tartar's skull they and stripp'd it's flesh,
As ye peel the fig when the fruit is fresh;
And their white tusks crunch'd o'er the whiter skull,
As dogs' wind through their jaws, when their edge grew dull,
As they laziy mumbled the bones of the dead,
When they scarce could rise from the spot where they fed,
So well had they broken a lingering fast
With those who had fallen for that night's repast.
And Alp knew, by the turbans that oill'd on the sand.
The foremost of these were the best of his band:
Crimson and green were the shawls of their wear,
And each scalp had a single long tuft of hair,
All the rest was shaven and bare.
The scalps were in the wild dog's maw,
The hair was tangled round his jaw.
But close by the shore on the edge of the gulf,
There sat a vulture flapping a will,
Who had stolen from the hills, but kept away,
Scared by the dogs, from the human prey;
But he seized on his share of a steel that lay,
Pick'd by the birds, on the sands of the bay.

XVII.

Alp turn'd his hun 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 vair,
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 pour;
For Fume 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 wailing field of the tomsless 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'er-grown!
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 musy 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,
Of his beating fingers went,
Hurrily, as you may see
Your own run over the ivy key,
Ere the measurest 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 ston?
Sent that soft and tender moon?
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 Citharon'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 tender streak:
Where was the play of her soft lips fled?
Gone was the smile that enliven'd their red.
The ocean's calm within their view,
Beside her eye had less of blue;
But like that cold wave it stood still,
And its glance, though clear, was chill.
Around her form a thin robe twining,
Nought conceal'd her bosom shining;
Through the parting of her hair,
Floating darkly downward there,
Her rounded arm show'd white and bare;
And ere yet she made reply,
Once she raised her hand on high;
It was so wan, and transparent hue,
You might have seen the moon shine through.

XXI.

"I come from my rest to him I love best,
That I may be happy, and he may be blest.
I have pass'd the guards, the gate, the wall;
Sought thee in safety through foes and all.
'Tis said the lion will turn 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 leaguer's infidel.
I come—and if I come in vain,
Never, oh never, we meet again!
Thou hast done a fearful deed
In felling away from thy father's creed:
But dash that turban to earth, and sign
The sign of the cross, and for ever be mine;
Wring the black drop from thy heart,
And to-morrow unites us no more to part."

"And where should our bridal couch be spread?
In the midst of the dying and the dead?
For to-morrow we give to the slaughter and flame
The sons and the shrines of the Christian name:
None save thou and thine, I've sworn,
Shall be left upon the morn:

But there 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, these
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 lose 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 sunk 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 d'or 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 unmind'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,
Stir'd by the breath of the wintry air,
So seen by the dying lamp's fitful light,
Lifelcss, 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 fitting to and fro,
As the gusts on the tapestry come and go.

"If not for love of me be given
Thus much, then, for the love of Heaven,—
Again I say—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 'tis thine to meet,
That doom shall half absolve thy sin,
And Mercy's gate may receive thee within,
But pause one moment more, and take
The curse of Him thou diest forsook;
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
Though immortality of ill."

Alp look'd to heaven, and saw on high
The sign she spoke 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.
And the shout of fierce thousands in joyous re:
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, and 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,
Sliver'd by the shot, that tore
The ground whoseon 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 leav'd plain;
Such was the fall of the foremost slain.

XXIV.
As the spring-tides, with heavy plash,
From the cliffs invading dash
Huge fragments, sapp'd by the ceaseless flow,
Till white and thundering down they go,
Like the avalanche's snow
On the Alpine vales below;
Thus at length outbreathed and worn,
Corinth's sons were downward borne
By the long and oft-renew'd
Charge of the Moslem 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 voicing 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 Solanis and Megara;
(We have heard the hearers say,)
Even unto Piraeus bay.

XXV.
From the point of encountering blades to the hill,
Sabres and swords with blood were girt,
But the rampart is won, and the spoi't regn,
And all but the after-carnage done.
Shudder shrinks 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 hanked backs against the wall,
Fiercely stand, or fighting fall.
There stood an old man—his hars 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 be combated unwounded,
Though retreat ing, 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 tell'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, soulless 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 hecatoon.
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.
Barred 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,
Swift to smite, and never to spare—
Unclothed to the shoulder it waves them on;
Thus in the fight he is ever known:
Others a gaudier garb may show,
To tempt the spoil of the greedy foe;
Many a hand's on a richer hit,
But none on a steel more ruddily girt.
Many a loftier turban may wear—
Alp is but known by the web of his hair bare;
Look through the thick of the fight, 'tis there
There is not a standard on that shore
So well advanced the ranks before
There is not a banner in Moslem wa;
Will lure the Delhis half so fa;
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,
Seems to yield a groan in dying;
Mustering his last feeble blow
'Gainst the nearest level'd foe,
Though faint beneath the mortal 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, renegade, never!
Though the life of thy gift would last for ever."
"Francesca!—Oh my promised brute!
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 undeceived."
Grimly then Minotti smiled,
As he saw Alp staggering bow
Before his words, as with a blow.
"Oh God! when did 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 wrenching
More revenge in bitter speaking
Than his faction'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 crush'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,
Unan'd he pass'd away,
Without a hope from mercy's aid,—
To the last a renegade.

XXVIII.

Fearfully the yell arose
Of his followers, and his foes;
These in joy, in fury those:
Then again in conflict混ing,
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 men, horses, heart and hand.
The remnant of his gallant band.
Still the church is tenable,
Whence issued late the lated 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 a last farewellGran't might,  
Shelter'd by the massy pile.  

XXIX.  
Brief breathing-time! the turban'd host,  
With added ranks, and raving boast,  
Press ondwards 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 perform must do or die.  
They die; but ere their eyes could close  
Avengers o'er their bodies rose;  
Fresh and furious, fast they fell  
The ranks untim'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 deakly aim'd and hot,  
From every crevice comes the shot;  
From every shatter'd window pours  
The volleys of the sulphurous shower:  
But the portal wavering groves 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 shine,  
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 bow-god on her knee,  
Smiling sweetly on each prayer  
To heaven, as if to wait it there,  
Still she smiles—e'en now she smiles,  
Though slaughter streams along her aisles:  
Minotti lif't his aged eye,  
And made the sign of a cross with a sigh,  
Then seiz'd 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 vains diffuse;  
Were smeared, and slippery—a ruin'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 ever'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-formed train was led,  
Minotti's last and stern resource,  
Against the foe's overwhelming 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 stop 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 blest.  
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 sparkes to plunderers' eyes:  
That marvel it held the holy wine  
Converted by Christ to his blood so divine,  
Whch his worships drank at the break of day  
To shrieve their souls ere they join'd in the fray.  
Still a few drops within it lay;  
And round the sacred table glow  
Twelve lofty lamps, in splendid row,  
From the purest metal cast:  
A spoil—the richest, and the last.  

XXXIII.  
So near they came, the nearest stretch'd  
To grasp the spoil he almost reach'd,  
When old Minotti's hand  
Touch'd with the torch the train—  
'Tis fired!  
Spire, vaults, the shrine, the spoil, the slain,  
The turban'd victors, the Christian band,  
All that of living or dead remain,  
Hurl'd on high with the shiver'd lane,  
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 mangled 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 strow'd the plain:  
Down the ashes shower like rain;  
Some fell in the gulf, which received the sprinkles  
With a thousand circling wreathes;  
Some fell on the shore, but, far away,  
Scatter'd o'er the isthmus lay;  
Christian or Mussulm' whose be they?  
Let their mothers see and say!  
When in eradiated rest they lay,  
And each nursling-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 recking lay.
All the living things that heard
That deadly cam-i-smack 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 steel 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 ye'd on the cavern'd hill,
Where echo rol'd in thunder still;
The jackal's troop, in g'ather'd cry,\textsuperscript{10}
Boy'd from afar complauntingly.
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 seen'd so dun;
Their smoke assaid his startled back,
And made him higher sour and shriek—
Thus was Corinth lost and won!

\textbf{NOTES.}

\textbf{Note 1.}
The Turcoman hath left his herd.
The life of the Turcomans is wandering and patriarchal: they dwell in tents.

\textbf{Note 2.}
Comnourghi—be whose closing scene.
Ah Comnourghi, the favourite of three sultans, and Grand Vizier to Ashmet 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 unbridled 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"

\textbf{Note 3.}
There surmists no obb in that tideless sea
The reader need hardly be reminded that there are no perceptible rites in the Mediterranean.

\textbf{Note 4.}
And their white tasks 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 Bosp'rus 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 Janizzaries.

\textbf{Note 5.}
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.

\textbf{Note 6.}
I must here acknowledge a close, though unintentional, resemblance in these twelve lines to a passage in an unpublished poem of Mr. Coleridge, called "Christabel." It was not till after these lines were written, that I heard that wild and singularly original and beautiful poem recited; and the MS. of that production I never saw till very recently, by the kindness of Mr. Coleridge himself, who, I hope, is convinced that I have not been a wilful plagiarist. 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 delaying the publication of his production, of which I can only add my mite of approbation to the applause of far more competent judges.

\textbf{Note 7.}
There is a little cloud by the moon.
I have been told that the idea expressed from lines 528 to 603, have 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.

\textbf{Note 8.}
The horse-tails are pluck'd from the ground, and the sword.
The horse-tail, fixed upon a lance, a pacha's standard.

\textbf{Note 9.}
And since the day, when in the street.
In the naval battle at the mouth of the Dardanelles, between the Venetians and the Turks.

\textbf{Note 10.}
The jackal's troop in g'ather'd cry.
I believe I have taken a poetical license 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 fold low armes.
PARISINA.

TO SCROPE BERDMORE DAVIES, ESQ.
The following poem is inscribed,
by one who has long admired his talents,
and valued his friendship.

January 22, 1816.

ADVERTISEMENT.
The following poem is grounded on a circumstance mentioned in Gibbon’s “Antiquities of the House of Brunswick.”—I am aware that in modern times the delicacy or fastidiousness of the reader may deem such subjects unfit for the purposes of poetry. The Greek dramatists, and some of the best of our old English writers, were of a different opinion: as Al-berni and Schiller have also been, more recently, upon the continent. The following extract will explain the facts on which the story is founded. The name of Azo is substituted for Nicholas, as more metrical.

"Under the reign of Nicholas III, Ferrara was polluted with a domestic tragedy. By the testimony of an attendant, and his own observation, the Marquis of Este discovered the incestuous loves of his wife Parisina, and Hugo his bastard son, a beautiful and valiant youth. They were beheaded in the castle by the sentence of a father and husband, who published his shame, and survived their execution. He was unfortunate, if they were guilty; if they were innocent, he was still more unfortunate; nor is there any possible situation in which I can sincerely approve the last act of the justice of a parent."—Gibbon’s Miscellaneous Works, vol. 3, p. 479, new edition.

PARISINA.

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

II.
But it is not to list to the waterfall
That Parisina leaves her hall,
And it is not to gaze on the heavey light
That the lady walks in the shadow of night;
And if she sits in Este’s bower,
’Tis not for the sake of its full-blown flower—

She listens—but not for the night vale—
Though her ear expects as soft a tale,
There glides a step through the foliage thick,
And her cheek grows pale—and her heart beats quick,
There whispers a voice through the rustling leaves,
And her blush returns, and her bosom heaves;
A moment more—and they shall meet—
’Tis past—her lover’s at her feet.

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

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

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

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

VII.
Hepluck'd his poniard in its sheath,
But sheathed it ere the point was bare—
How'er unworthy now to breathe,
He could not slay a thing so fair—
At least, not smiling—sleeping there—
Nay, more:—he did not wake her then,
But gazed upon her with a glance
Which, had she roused her from her trance,
Had frozen her sense to sleep again—
And o'er his brow the burning lamp
Gican a on the dew—drops big and damp.
She spake no more—but still she shudder'd
While, in his thought, her days are numbered.

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

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

X.
And still, and pale, and silent
Did Parisina wait her doom;

How changed since last her speaking eye
Gan'ded gladness round the glittering room,
Where high-born men were most to wait—
Where Beauty watch'd to unmate
Her gentle voice—her lovely mien—
And gather from her air and gait
The graces of her queen:
Then,—had her eye no sorrow wept,
A thousand warriors forth had leapt,
A thousand swords had sheathless gone,
And made her quarel all their own.
Now,—what is she? and what are they?
Can she command, or these obey?
All silent and unheeding now,
With downcast eyes and knitting brow,
And folded arms, and freezing air,
And lips that scarce their scorn bear;
Her knights and damsels, her court—is there—
And he, the chosen one, whose lance
Had yet seen enough—before her glance,
Who—were his arm a moment free—
Had died or gain'd her liberty;
The minon of his father's bride,—
He, too, is fetter'd by her side;
Nor sees her swain and full eye swim
Less for her own despair than him:
Those lids—o'er which the violet vain
Wandering, leaves a tender stain,
Shining through the smoothest white
That o'er didSoftest kissto—
Now seem'd with hot and livid glow
To press, not shade, the orbs below;
Which glance so heavily, and full,
As tear on tear grows gathering still.

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

XII.
And Azo spake:—'Tis yesterday
I glori'd in a wife and son;
That dream this morning pass'd away;
Ere day declines I shall have none.
My life must linger on alone;
Well,—let that pass,—there breath es not one
Who would not do as I have done:
Those ties are broken—not by me;
Let that too pass;—the doom's prepared!
Hugo, the priest awaits thee,
And then—thy crime's reward!
Away! address thy prayers to Heaven,
Before its evening stars are set—
Lest if thou cannot be forgiven;
Its mercy may absolve thee yet.
But here, upon the earth beneath,
There is no spot where thou and I
Together, for an hour, could breathe.
Farewell! I will not see thee die.—
But thou, frail thing, shall view his head—
Away! I cannot speak the rest:
Go! woman of the wanton breast;
Not I, but thou his blood-dost shed:
Go! if that sight thou canst outlive,
And joy thee in the life I give.

XIII.
And here stern Azio led his face—
For on his brow the swelling vein
Throb'd as if 't were back upon his brain
The hot blood ebbs and flows again;
And therefore bow'd he for a space,
And pass'd his shaking hand along
His eye, to veil it from the throng;
While Hugo raised his chained hands,
And for a brief delay demands
His father's ear; the silent sire
Forbids not what its words require.

"It is not that I dread the death—
For thou hast seen me by thy side
Alone through the battle ride;
And that not once a useless brand
Thy slaves have wrested from my hand,
Hath shed more blood in cause of thine,
Than e'er can stain the axe of mine:
Thou gavest, and may'st resume my breath,
A gift for which I thank thee not;
Nor are my mother's wrongs forgot,
Her slighted love and ruin'd name.
Her off-spring's heritage of shame;
But she is in the grave, where he,
Her son, thy rival, soon shall be,
Her broken heart—my severe head—
Shall witness for thee from the dead
How trusty and how tender were
Thy youthful love—paternal care.
'T is true, that I have done thee wrong—
But wrong for wrong—this deem'd thy bride,
The other victim of thy pride,
Thou know'st for me was destined long,
Thou saw'st, and coveted'st her charms—
And with thy very crime—my birth,
Thou tam'dest me—as little worth;
A match ignoble for her arms,
Because, forsooth, I could not claim
The kingly heership of thy name,
Nor st. ou Este's lineal throne;
Yet, were a few short summers mine,
My name should more than Este's shine
With honours all own my own.
I had a sword—and have a breast
That should have won as hight a crest
As ever waved along the line
Of all these sovereign sires of thine,
Not always knightly spurs are worn
The brightest by the better born;
And mine have lanced my courser's flank
Before proud chiefs of princely rank,
When charging to the cheering cry
Of 'Esto and of Victory'!
I will not plead the cause of crime,
Nor sue thee, to redeem from time
A few brief hours or days, that must
At length roll o'er my reckless dust;
Such madding moments as my past,
They could not, and they did not, last—
Albeit my birth and name be base,
And thy nobility of race
Disdin'd todeck a king like me—
Yet in my lineaments they trace
Some features of my father's face,
And in my spirit—all of thee.
From thee—thine tameness of heart—
From thee—nay, wherefore dost thou start?
From thee in all their vigour came
My arm of strength, my soul of flame—
Thou didst not give me life alone,
But all that made me more thine own.
See what thy guilty love hath done!
Repaid thee with too like a son!
I am no bastard in my soul,
For that, like thine, altho'rd control:
And for my breath, that lusty boon
Thou gavest and wilt resume so soon,
I valued it no more than thou,
When rose thy casque above thy brow,
And we, all side by side, have striven,
And o'er the dead our coursers driven:
The past is nothing—and at last
The future can but be the past;
Yet would I that I then had died:
For though thou work'dst my mother's ill,
And made thy own my destined bride,
I feel thou art my father still;
And, harsh as sounds thy hard decree,
'T is not unjust, although from thee.
Begot in sin, to die in shame,
My life begin and ends the same:
As e'er it was, so e'er it is now,
And thou must punish both in one.
My crime seems worst to human view
But God must judge between us two!"
Than her, that living guilty thing,
Whose very passion was a sting,
Which urged to guilt, but could not bear
That guilt's detection and despair.
But yet she lived—and all too soon
Recover'd from that deathlike swoon—
But scarce by reason—every sense
Had been o'erstrung by pangs intense;
And each frail fibre of her brain
(As bow-strings, when relax'd by rain,
The erring arrow launch aside)
Sent forth her thoughts all wild and wide—
The past a blank, the future black,
With glimpses of a dreary track,
Like lightning on the desert path,
When midnight storms are mustering wrath.
She hear'd—she felt that something ill
Lay on her soul, so deep and chill—
That there was sin and shame she knew;
That some one was to die—but who?
She had forgotten:—did she breathe?
Could this be still the earth beneath?
The sky above, and men around;
Or were they friends who now so frown'd
On one, before whose eyes each eye
Till then had smiled in sympathy?
All was confused and undefined,
To her all-jar'd and wandering mind;
A chaos of wild hopes and fears:
And now in laughter, now in tears,
But madly still in each extreme,
She strove with that convulsive dream:
For so it seem'd on her to break:
Oh! vainly must she strive to wake!

XV.
The convent-bells are ringing,
But mournfully and slow;
In the gray square turret swinging,
With a deep sound, to and fro.
Heavily to the heart they go!
Hark! the hymn is singing;
The song for the dead below,
Or the living, who shortly shall be so!
For a departing being's soul
The death-hymn peals, and the hollow bells knoll
He is near his mortal goal;
Kneeling at the friar's knee;
Sad to hear—and piteous to see—
Kneeling on the bare cold ground,
With the block before and the guards around—
And the heads-man with his bare arm ready,
That the blow may be both swift and steady,
Feels if the axe be sharp and true—
Since he set its edge anew:
While the crowd in a speechless circle gather
To see the son fall by the doom of the father.

XVI.
It is a lovely hour as yet
Before the summer sun shall set,
Which rose upon that heavy day,
And mock'd it with his steadiest ray;
And his evening beams are shed
Full on Hugo's fated head,
As, his axe' confession pouring
To the monk his doom deploiring,
In penitential holiness,
He bends to hear his accents bless
With absolution such as may
Wipe our mortal stains away.

That high sun on his head doth glisten
As he there did bow and listen—
And the rings of chestnut hair
Curl'd half down his neck so bare;
But brighter still the beam was thrown
Upon the axe, which near him shone
With a clear and ghostly glitter—
Oh! that parting hour was bitter!
Even the stern stood child'd with awe
Dark the crime, and just the law—
Yet they shudder'd as they saw.

XVII.
The parting prayers are said and over
Of that false son—and daring lover!
His beads and sins are all recounted,
His hours to their last minute mounted—
His mantling cloak before was stripp'd,
His bright brown locks must now lie clipp'd,
'Tis done—all closely are they shorn—
The vest which till this moment worn—
The scarf which Purita gave—
Must not adorn him to the grave.
Even that must now be thrown aside,
And o'er his eyes the 'kerchief tied;
But now—that last indignity
Shall never approach his haughty eye.
All feelings seemingly subdued,
In deep disdain were half renew'd,
When heads-man's hands prepared to bind
Those eyes which would not brook such blind,
As if they dared not look on death.
"No—yours my forfeit blood and breath—
These hands are chain'd—but let me die
At least with an unshackled eye—
Strike!"—and as the word he said,
Upon the block he bow'd his head;
These the last accents Hugo spoke:
"Strike!"—and flashing fell the stroke—
Roll'd the head—and, gushing, sunk
Back the stain'd and heaving trunk,
In the dust, which each deep vein
Sank'd with its ensanguined rain;
His eyes and lips a moment quiver,
Convulsed and quick—then fix for ever
He died, as erring man should die,
Without display, without parade;
Mock'd had he bow'd and pray'd,
As not disdaining priestly aid,
Nor desperate of all hope on high.
And while before the prior kneeling,
His heart was ween'd from earthly feeling,
His wraitful sire—his paramour—
What were they in such an hour?
No more reproach—no more despair;
No thought but heaven—no word but prayer—
Save the few which from him broke,
When, bared to meet the heads-man's stroke,
He claim'd to die with eyes unbound,
His sole adieu to those around.

XVIII.
Still as the lips that closed in death,
Each gazer's bosom held his breath;
But yet, afar, from man to man,
A cold electric shiver ran.
As down the deadly blow descended
On him whose life and love thus ended;
And with a hushing sound comprest,
A sigh shrunk back on every breast;
P A R I S I N A.

But no more thrilling noise rose there,
Beyond the blow that to the block
Passed through with forced and sudden shock,
Save one:—what eaves the silent air
So madly shriif—so passing wild?
That, as a mother’s o’er her child,
Doomed to death by sudden blow,
To the sky these accents go,
Like a soul’s in endless woe.
Through Azo’s palace-lattice driven,
That horrid voice ascends to heaven,
And every eye is turn’d thereon;
But sound and sight alike are gone!
It was a woman’s shriek—and never
In madlier accents rose despair;
And those who heard it, as it past,
In mercy wish’d it were the last.

XIX.
Hugo is fallen; and, from that hour,
No more in palace, hall, or bower,
Was Parisina heard or seen:
Her name—as if she never had been—
Was banish’d from each lip and ear,
Like words of wantonness or fear;
And from Prince Azo’s voice, by none
Was mention heard of wife or son;
No tomb—no memory had they;
Their’s was unconsecrated clay;
At least the knight’s, who died that day.
But Parisina’s fate lies hid.
Lake dust beneath the coffin lid:
Whether in convent she abode,
And went to heaven her deary road,
By blighted and remorseful years
Of scourge, and fast, and sleepless tears;
Or if she fell by bowl or steel,
For that dark love she dared to feel;
Or if, upon the moment smote,
She died by tortures less remote;
Like him she saw upon the block,
With heart that shared the headman’s slok,
In quicken’d brokenness that came,
In pity, o’er her shatter’d frame,
None knew—and none can ever know:
But whatso’er its end below,
Her life began and closed in woe!  

XX.
And Azo found another bride
And goodly sons grew by his side;
But none so lovely and so brave
As him who wither’d in the grave;
Or, if they were—on his cold eye
Their growth but glanced unchecked by,
Or noticed with a smother’d sigh.
But never tear his cheek descended,
And never smile his brow unbedazzled;
And o’er that fair broad brow were wrought
The intersected lines of thought;
Those furrows which the burning share
Of sorrow plough’d untimely there;
Scurfs of the lasting rain-cloud.
While the soul’s way doth leave behind.
He was past all mirth or woe:
Nothing more remain’d below
But sleepless nights and heavy days,
A mind all dead to scorn or praise,
A heart which shunn’d itself—and yet
That would not yield—nor could forget,
Which when it least appear’d to melt,
Intently thought—intensely felt:

The deepest ice which ever froze
Can only o’er the surface close—
The living stream lies quick below,
And flows—and cannot cease to flow.
Still was his seal’d-up bosom haunted
By thoughts which nature hails implanted,
Too deeply rooted thence to vanish;
However our stifled tears we stanch,
When, struggling as they rise to start,
We check those waters of the heart,
They are not dried—those tears unshe’d
But flow back to the fountain-head,
And, resting in their spring more pure,
For ever in its depth endure,
Unseen, unseen, but unceas’d:
And cherish’d most where least reveal’d,
With inward starts of feeling left,
To ti’rob o’er those of life bereft;
Without the power to fill again
The desert gap which made his pain;
Without the hope to meet them where
United souls sh’d gladness share,
With all the consciousness that he
Had only pass’d a just decree;
That they had wrought their doom of ill;
Yet Azo’s age was wretched still.
The tainted branches of the tree,
If lopp’d with care, a strength may give,
By which the rest shall bloom and live
All greenly fresh and wildly free:
But if the lightning, in its wrath,
The waving boughs with fury seath’d,
The massy trunk the ruin feels,
And never more a leaf reveals.

NOTES.

Note 1.
As twilight melts beneath the moon away
The lines contained in section I. were print’d at as set
to music some time since; but belonged to the poem where
they now appear, the greater part of which was composed
prior to "Lara," and other compositions since published.

Note 2.
That should have won as bought a crown.
Haught—haughtily:
"Away haught man, thou art insulting me."
—Shakespeare: Richard II.

Note 3.
Her life began and closed in woe.
"This turned out a calamitous year for the people of
Ferrara, for there occurred a very tragic event in
the court of their sovereign. Our annals, both printed and
in manuscript, with the exception of the unpollished
and negligent work of Sardi, and one other, have given
the following relation of it, from which, however, are
rejected many details, and especially the narrative of
Bandelli, who wrote a century afterwards, and who
does not accord with the contemporary historians.
4 By the above-mentioned Stella dell’ Assasino, the
Marquis, in the year 1465, had a son called Ugo, a beau-
tiful and ingenious youth. Parisina Malatesta, second
wife of Niccolo, like the generosity of step-mothers,
treated him with little kindness, to the infinite regret
in the Marquis, who regarded him with fond particular. One
day she asked leave of her husband to undertake a
Certain journey, to which he consented, but upon con-
dition that Ugo should bear her company; for he open.
by these means to induce her, in the end, to lay aside the obstinate aversion which she had conceived against him. And indeed his intent was accomplished but too well, since, during the journey, she not only divested herself of all her hatred, but fell into the opposite extreme. After their return, the Marquis had no longer any occasion to renew his former reproofs. It happened one day that a servant of the Marquis, named Zosce, or, as some call him, Giorgio, passing before the apartments of Parisina, saw going out from them one of her chambermaids, all terrified and in tears. Asking the reason, she told him that her mistress, for some slight offence, had been beating her; and, giving vent to her rage, she added, that she could easily be revenged, if she chose to make known the criminal familiarity which subsisted between Parisina and her step-son. The servant took note of the words, and related them to his master. He was astounded thereat, but, scarcely believing his ears, he assured himself of the fact, alas! too clearly, on the 18th of May, by looking through a hole made in the ceiling of his wife's chamber. Instantly he broke into a furious rage, and arrested both of them, together with Aldobrandino Rangoni, of Modena, her gentleman, and also, as some say, two of the women of her chamber, as abettors of this sinful act. He ordered them to be brought to a hasty trial, desiring the judges to pronounce sentence, in the accustomed forms, upon the culprits. This sentence was death. Some there were that beset themselves in favour of the delinquents, and, amongst others, Ugolino Contrario, who was all-powerful with Niccolò, and also his aged and much-deserving minister Alberto de Beke. Both of these, their tears flowing down their cheeks, and upon their knees, implored him for mercy: adding whatever reason they could suggest for sparing the offenders, besides those motives of honour and decency which might persuade him to conceal from the public so scandalous a deed. But his rage made him inflexible, and, on the instant, he commanded that the sentence should be put in execution.

"It was, then, in the prisons of the castle, and exactly in those frightful dungeons which are seen at this day beneath the chamber called the Aurora, at the foot of the Lion's tower, at the top of the street Grovenza, that on the night of the twenty-first of May, were beheaded, first, Ugo, and afterwards Parisina. Zosce, he that accused her, conducted the latter under his arm to the place of punishment. She, all along, fancied that she was to be thrown into a pit, and asked, at every step, whether she was yet come to the spot? she was told that her punishment was the axe. She inquired what was become of Ugo, and received for answer, that he was already dead: at the which, sighing grievously, she exclaimed, "Now then, I wish not myself to live;" and being come to the block, she stripped herself with her own hands of all her ornaments, and, wrapping a cloth round her head, submitted to the fatal stroke which terminated the cruel scene. The same was done with Rangoni, who, together with the others, according to two calendars in the library of St. Francesca, was buried in the cemetery of that convent. Nothing else is known respecting the women.

"The Marquis kept watch the whole of that dreadful night, and, as he was walking backwards and forwards, inquired of the captain of the castle if Ugo was dead yet? who answered him, Yes. He then gave himself up to the most desperate lamentations, exclaiming, "Oh! that I too were dead, since I have been hurried on to resolve thus against my own Ugo!" And then gnawing with his teeth a rope which he had in his hand, he passed the rest of the night in sighs and in tears, calling frequently upon his own dear Ugo. On the following day, calling to mind that it would be necessary to make public his justification, seeing that the transaction could not be kept secret, he ordered the narrative to be drawn out upon paper, and sent it to all the courts of Italy."

"On receiving this advice, the Doge of Venice, Francesco Foscari, gave orders, but without publishing his reasons, that stop should be put to the preparations for a tournament, which under the auspices of the Marquis, and at the expense of the city of Padua, was about to take place in the square of St. Mark, in order to celebrate his advancement to the ducal chair.

"The Marquis, in addition to what he had already done, from some incalculable burst of vengeance, commanded that as many of the married women as were well known to him to be seized, like his Parisina, should, like her, be beheaded! Amongst others, Barbara, or, as some call her, Lodovica Romaci, wife of the court judge, underwent this sentence, at the usual place of execution, that is to say, in the quarter of St. Giacomo, opposite the present fortress, beyond St. Paoli. It cannot be told how strange appeared this proceeding in a prince, who considering his own disposition, should, as it seemed, have been in such cases most indulgent. Some, however, there were, who did not fail to commend him."

THE

Prisoner of Chillon.

SONNET ON CHILLON.

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

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON

I.

My hair is gray, but not with years,  
Nor grew it white  
In a single night,  
As men's have grown from sudden fears:  

1 Frizzi—History of Ferrara
The youngest, whom my father loved,  
Because our mother's brow was given  
To him—with eyes as blue as heaven,  
For him my soul was sorely moved;  
And truly might it be distrest  
To see such balm in such a nest,  
For he was beautiful as day—  
(When day was beautiful to me  
As to young eagles, being free)—  
A polar day, which will not see  
A sunset till its summer's gone,  
Its sleepless summer of long light,  
The snow-clad offpring of the sun.  
And thus he was as pure and bright,  
And in his natural spirit gay,  
With tears for nought but others' ills,  
And then they flow'd like mountain rills,  
Unless he could assuage the woe  
Which he abhor'd to view below.  

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

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

VII.  
I said my nearer brother pined,  
I said his weary heart ascended,  
He loathed and put away his food;  
It was not that 'twas coarse and rude,  
For we were used to hunter's fare,  
And for the like had little care:  
The milk drawn from the mountain goat  
Was changed for water from the moat,  
Our bread was such as captives' tears  
Have moisten'd many a thousand years,  
Since man first pent his fellow-men  
Lake brutes within an iron den.  
But what were these to us or him?  
These wasted not his heart or limb;
My brother's soul was of that mould
Which in a palace had grown cold,
Had his free breathing been denied
The range of the steep mountain's side:
But why delay the truth?—he died,
I saw and could not hold his head,
Nor reach his dying hand—nor dead,
Though hard I strove, but strove in vain,
To rend and gnash my hands in twains.
He died—and they unlock'd his chain,
And scoop'd for him a shallow grave
Even from the cold earth of our cave.
I begg'd them, as a boon, to lay
His corse in dust whereon the day
Might shine—it was a foolish thought,
But when within my brain it wrought,
That even in death his free-born breast
In such a dungeon could not rest,
I might have spared my idle prayer—
They coldly laugh'd—and laid him there:
The flat and turfless earth above
The being we so much did love;
His empty chain above it leant,
Such murder's fitting monument!

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

I call'd, and thought I heard a sound—
I burst my chain with one strong bound,
And rush'd to him:—I found him not,
I only stir'd in this black spot
I only liv'd—I only drew
The accursed breath of dungeon dew;
The last—the sole—the dearest link
Between me and the eternal brink.
Which bound me to my failing race,
Was broken in that fatal place.
One on the earth, and one beneath,—
My brothers—both had ceased to breathe.
I took that hand which lay so still,
Alas! my own was full as chill;
I had not strength to stir, or strive,
But felt that I was still alive—
A frantic feeling when we know
That what we love shall never be so.
I know not why
I could not die,
I had not truly hope—but faith,
And that forbade a selfish death.

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

X.
A light broke in upon my brain,—
It was the carol of a bird;
It ceased, and then it came again,
The sweetest song ever heard,
And mine was thankful till my eyes
Ran over with the glad surprise,
And they that moment could not see
I was the mate of misery;
But then by dull degrees came back
My senses to their wonted track,
I saw the dungeon walls and floor
Close slowly round me as before,
I saw the glimmer of the sun
Creeping as it before had done,
But through the crevice where it came
That bird was perch'd, as fond and tame,
And tamer than upon the tree;
A lovely bird, with azure wings,
And song that said a thousand and
And seem'd to say them all
I never saw its like before,
I ne'er shall see its likeness more;
It seem'd like me to want a mate,
But was not half so desirable,
And it was come to love me well
None lived to love me so again.
THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

And cheering from my dungeon's brink,
Had brought me back to feel and think.
I know not if at late were free,
Or broke its cage to perch on mine,
But knowing well captivity,
Sweet bird! I could not wish for thine!
Or if it were, in winged guise,
A visitant from Paradise;
For—Heaven forgive that thought! the while
Which made me both to weep and smile;
I sometimes deemed't that it might be
My brother's soul come down to me;
But then at last away it flew,
And then 'twas mortal—well I knew,
For he would never thus have flown,
And left me twice so doubly lone,—
Lone—as the corpse within its shroud,
Lone—as a solitary cloud,
A single cloud on a sunny day,
While all the rest of heaven is clear,
A frown upon the atmosphere,
That hath no business to appear
When skies are blue, and earth is gay.

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

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

XIII.
I saw them—and they were the same,
They were not changed like me in frame;
I saw their thousand years of snow
On high—their wide long lake below,
And the blue Rhone in fullest flow;
I heard the torrents leap at gush
O'er channel'd rock and broken bush;
I saw the white-wall'd distant town,
And whiter sails go skimming down;
And then there was a little isle,
Which in my very face did smile,

The only one in view;
A small green isle, it seem'd no more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor,
But in it there were three tall trees,
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
And by it there were waters flowing,
And on if there were young flowers growing,
Of gentle breath and hue.
The fish swim by the castle-wall,
And they seem'd to joyous each and all;
The eagle rode the rising blast,
Methought he never flow so fast
As then to me he seem'd to fly,
And then new tears came in my eye,
And I felt troubled—and would fain
I had not left my recent chain;
And when I did descend again,
The darkness of my dim abode
Fell on me as a heavy load;
It was as is a new-dug grave,
Closing o'er one we sought to save,
And yet my glance, too much oppressed,
Had almost need of such a rest.

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

NOTES.

Note 1.
By Bonnivard!—may none those marks effect!
Francois de Bonnivard, fils de Louis de Bonnivard, originaire de Seyssel et Seigneur de Lames, naquit en 1496; il fit ses études à Turin. En 1510 Jean-Aimé de Bonnivard, son oncle, lui résigna le Présidial de Saint Victor, qui aboraitant aux murs de Genève, et qui formait un breuvage considérable.
Ce grand homme (Bonnivard mérite ce titre par la force de son âme, la droiture de son cœur la noblesse de ses intentions, la sagesse de ses conseils, le courage de ses démarches, l'étendue de ses connaissances, et la vivacité de son esprit), ce grand homme, qui excitera l'admiration de tous ceux qu'une vertu héroïque peut encore émouvoir inspirera encore la plus vive recon-
Assuré dans les cours des Génévois qui aiment Genève, Bonnivard en fut toujours un des plus formes appuis: pour assurer la liberté de notre République, il ne craignit pas de perdre souvent là sienne; il oblia son repos; il méprisa ses richesses; il ne négligea rien pour affirmer le bonheur d'une patrie qu'il honora de son choix: dès ce moment il a chérí ce plus zélée de ses citoyens; il la servit avec l'intégrité d'un héros, et il croyait son histoire avec la naïveté d'un philosophe et la chaleur d'un patriote.

Il dit dans le commencement de son histoire de Genève, que, dix qu'il est commencé de lire l'histoire des nations, il se sent entrainé par son goût pour les républiques, dont il éprouva toujours les intérêts: c'est ce goût pour la liberté qui lui fit sans doute adopter Genève pour sa patrie.

Bonnivard, encore jeune, s'annonça hautement comme le défenseur de Genève contre le Duc de Savoie et l'évêque.

En 1519 Bonnivard devint le martyr de sa patrie: le Duc de Savoie était entré en Genève avec cinq cents hommes, Bonnivard craignit le ressentiment du duc; il voulut se retirer à Felberg pour en éviter les suites; mais il fut traité par deux hommes qu'il accompagnait, et conduit par ordre du prince à Genève, où il resta prisonnier pendant deux ans. Bonnivard était malheureux dans ses voyages; comme ses malheurs n'avaient point ralenti son zèle pour Genève, il était toujours un ennemi redoutable pour ceux qui la menaçaient, et par conséquent il devait être exposé à leurs coups. Il fut rencontré en 1530 sur le Jura, par des voleurs, qui le dépouillèrent, et qui le mirent encore entre les mains du Duc de Savoie: ce prince le fit enfermer dans le château de Chillon, où il resta sans être interrogé jusqu'en 1536; il fut alors délivré par les Bernois, qui s'emparèrent du pays de Vaud.

Bonnivard, en soutien de sa captivité, eut le plaisir de trouver Genève libre et réformée: la république s'empessa de lui rembourser sa reconnaissance et de le dédommager des maux qu'il avait soufferts; elle le roya bourgeoise de la ville au mois de Jun 1536, elle lui donna la maison habitée autrefois par le Vicomte-Général, et elle lui assigna une pension de 200 écus d'or tant qu'il séjournerait à Genève. Il fut admis dans le Conseil des Deux-Cents en 1537.

Bonnivard n'a pas fini d'être utile: après avoir travaillé à rendre Genève libre, il réussit à la rendre tolérante. Bonnivard engagea le Conseil à accorder aux ecclésiastiques et aux paysans un temps suffisant pour examiner les propositions qu'on leur faisait; il réussit par sa dureté; on prêcha toujours le christianisme avec succès quand on la prêcha avec charité.

Bonnivard fut savant; ses manuscrits, qui sont dans la bibliothèque publique, prouvent qu'il avait bien lu les auteurs classiques latins, et qu'il avait approfondi la théologie et l'histoire. Ce grand homme aimait les sciences, et il croyait qu'elle pouvaient faire la gloire de Genève; aussi il ne négligea rien pour les fixer dans cette ville naissante; en 1554 il donna sa bibliothèque publique, elle fut le commencement de notre bibliothèque publique; et ces livres sont en partie les rares et belles éditions du quatorze siecle que j'en vais dans notre collection. Enfin, pendant la même année, ce bon patriote mutua la république son héritier, une condition qu'elle emploierait ses biens à entretenir le collège dont on projetait la fondation.

Il paraît que Bonnivard mourut en 1570; mais on ne peut l'assurer parce qu'il y a une lacune dans le Néronologue depuis le mois de Juillet 1570 jusqu'en 1571.

Note 2.

In a single night
Ludovico Sforza, and others.—The same is asserted of Marie Antoinette's, the wife of Louis XVI., though not in quite so short a period. Grief is said to have the same effect: to such, and not to fear, this change in hers was to be attributed.

Note 3.

From Chillon's snow-white battlement.

The Château de Chillon is situated between Clares and Villeneuve, which last is at one extremity of the Lake of Geneva. On its left are the entrances of the Rhone, and opposite are the heights of Meillerie and the range of Alps above Riveret and St. Ginga. Near it, on a hill behind, is a torrent; below it, washing its walls, the lake has been fathomed to the depth of 800 feet (French measure); within it are a range of dungeons, in which the early reformers, and subsequently prisoners of state, were confined. Across one of the vaults is a beam black with age, on which we were informed that the condemned were formerly executed. In the cells are seven pillars, or, rather, eight, one being half merged in the wall; in some of these are rings for the fetters and the fettered; in the pavement the steps of Bonnivard have left their traces —he was confined here several years.

It is by this castle that Rousseau has fixed the catastrophe of his Heloise, in the rescue of one of her children by Julie from the water: the shores of which, and the illness produced by the immersion, is the cause of her death.

The château is large, and seen along the lake for a great distance. The walls are white.

Note 4.

And there was a little isle.

Between the entrances of the Rhone and Villeneuve, not far from Chillon, is a very small island; the only one I could perceive, in my voyage round and over the lake, within its circumference. It contains a few trees (I think not above three), and from its singleness and diminutive size, has a peculiar effect upon the view.

When the foregoing poem was composed, I was not sufficiently aware of the history of Bonnivard, or I should have endeavoured to dignify the subject by an attempt to celebrate his courage and his virtues. Some account of his life will be found in a note appended to the "Sonnet on Chillon," with which I have been furnished by the kindness of a citizen of that republic which is still proud of the memory of a man worthy of the best age of ancient freedom.
Beppo;

A VENETIAN STORY.

Rosalia. Farewell, Moussin Traveller: look you, sir, and wear strange suite; disable all the benefits of your own country: be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think that you have swam in a Gondola.

As You Like It, Act IV. Scene I.

Annotation of the Commentators.

That is, born at Venice, which was much visited by the young English gentleness of those times, and was then what Paris is now—the seat of all dissoluteness. —S. A.

I.

'Tis known, at least it should be, that throughout all countries of the Catholic persuasion, some weeks before Shrove-Tuesday comes about, the people take their fill of recreation, and hay repentance, ere they grow devout. However high their rank, or low their station, with folding, feasting, dancing, drinking, masking, and other things that may be had for asking.

II.

The moment night with dusky mantle covers the skies (and the more ducly the better), the time less liked by husbands than by lovers begins, and prudery flings aside her fetter, and gaiety on restless topknot hovers, Giggling with all the gullants who beset her; and there are songs and quavers, roaring, humming, Guitars, and every other sort of strumming.

III.

And there are dresses splendid, but fantastical, masks of all times and nations, Turks and Jews, and harlequins and clowns, with feats gymnastical, Greeks, Romans, Yankee-doodles, and Hindoos; all kinds of dress, except the ecclesiastical, all people, as their fancies hit, may choose; but no one in these parts may quiz the clergy—Therefore take heed, ye freethinkers! I charge ye.

IV.

You'd better walk about begirt with briars, Instead of coat and small clothes, than put on a single stitch reflecting upon friars, Although you swore it only was in fun; They'd haul you o'er the coals, and stir the fires Of Philhegther, with every mother's son; Nor say one mass to cool the caudron's bubble That boil'd your bones, unless you paid them double.

V.

But, saving this, you may put on whatever you like, by way of doublet, cape, or cloak, Such as in Monmouth-street, or in Rag Fair, Would rig you out in seriousness or joke; And even in Italy such places are, With prettier names in softer accents spoke, For, hating Covent-Garden, I can hit on no place that's called "Piazza" in Great Britain.

VI.

This feast is named the Carnival, which, being interpreted, implies "farewell to flesh:" So call'd, because the name and thing agreeing, Through Lent they live on fish both salt and fresh. But why they usher Lent with so much glee in, Is more than I can tell, although I guess 'Tis as we take a glass with friends at parting, In the stage-coach or packet, just at starting.

VII.

And thus they bid farewell to carnal dishes, And solid meats, and highly-spiced ragouts, To live for forty days on ill-dressed fishes, Because they have no sauces to their stews, A thing which causes many "poobs" and "phies," And several oaths (which would not suit the Muse) From travellers accustomed from a boy To eat their salmon, at the least, with soy;

VIII.

And therefore humbly I would recommend "The curious in fish-sauce," before they cross the sea, to bid their cook, or wife, or friend, Walk or ride to the Strand, and buy in gross (Or if set out beforehand, these may send By any means least liable to lose), Ketchup, Soy, Chili-vinegar, and Harvey, Or, by the Lord! a Lent will well mgh stawe ye;

IX.

That is to say, if your religion's Roman, And you at Rome would do as Romans do, According to the proverb,—although no man, If foreign, is obliged to fast; and you, If Protestant, or sickly, or a woman, Would rather dine in sin on a ragout—Dine, and be d—d! I don't mean to be coarse, But that's the penalty, to say no worse.

X.

Of all the places where the Carnival Was most facetious in the days of yore, For dance and song, and serenade, and ball, And masque, and mime and mystery, and more Than I have time to tell now, or at all, Venice the bell from every city here, And at the moment when I fix my story That sea-born city was in all her glory.

XI.

'They're pretty faces yet; those same Venetians, Black eyes, arch'd brows, and sweet expressions still, Such as of old were copied from the Grecians, In ancient arts by moderns mutch'g ill; And like so many Venus's of Titian's (The best's at Florence—see it, if ye will), They look when leaning over the balcony, Or stepp'd from out a picture by Giorgione,

XII.

Whose pies are truth and beauty at their best, And when ye to Manfrin's palace go, That picture (howsoever fine the rest) Is loveliest to my mind of all the show: It may perhaps be also to your zest, And that's the cause I rhyme upon it so, 'T is but a portrait of his son, and wife, And self; but such a woman! love in life.'
XIII.

Love in full life and length, not love ideal,
No, nor ideal beauty, that fine name,
But something better still, so very real,
That the sweet model must have been the same:
A thing that you would purchase, beg, or steal,

*wer't* not impossible, besides a shame:
The face recalls some face, as 'twere with pain,
You once have seen, but ne'er will see again:

XIV.

One of those forms which flit by us, when we
Are young, and fix our eyes on every face;
And, oh! the loveliness at times we see
In momentary gliding, the soft grace,
The youth, the bloom, the beauty which agree
In many a nameless being we retrace, 
Whose course and home we knew not, nor shall know,
Like the lost Pliad! seen no more below.

XV.

I said that like a picture by Giorgione
Venetian women were, and so they are,
Particularly seen from a balcony
(For beauty's sometimes best set off afar); And there, just like a heroine of Goldoni,
They peep from out the blind, or 'er the bar,
And, truth to say, they're mostly very pretty,
And rather like to show it, more's the pity!

XVI.

For glances beget ogles, ogles sighs,
Sighs wishes, wishes words, and words a letter,
Which flies on wings of light-hea'd Mercuries,
Who do such things because they know no better:
And then, God knows what mischief may arise,
When love links two young people in one fetter,
Vile asignations, and adultinous beds,
Elopements, broken vows, and hearts, and heads.

XVII.

Shakespeare described the sex in Desdemona
As very fair, but yet suspect in fame,
And to this day, from Venice to Verona,
Such matters may be probably the same,
Except that since those times was never known a
Husband whom mere suspicion could inflame
To volunteer a wife no more than twenty,
Because she had a "cavalier servente."

XVIII.

Their jealousy (if they are ever jealous)
Is of a fair complexion altogether,
Not like that sooty devil of Othello's,
Which smothers women in a bed of feather,
But worship of these much more jolly fellows,
When weary of the matrimonial tether
His head for such a wife no mortal bothers,
But takes at once another, or another's.

XIX.

Didst ever see a gondola? For fear
You should not, I'll describe it you exactly;
'Tis a long cover'd boat that's common here,
Carved at the prow, built lightly, but compactly,
Row'd by two rowers, each called a "Gondolier,
It glides along the water looking blackly,
Just like a coffin clapt in a canoe,
Wherein we can make out what you say or do.

XX.

And up and down the long canals they go,
And under the Rialto shoot along,
By night and day, all paces, swift or slow,
And round the theatres, a sable throng,
They wait in their dusky livery of woe,
But not to them do woful things belong,
For sometimes they contain a deal of fun,
Like mourning coaches when the funeral's done.

XXI.

But to my story.—'T was some years ago,
It may be thirty, forty, more or less,
The Carnival was at its height, and so
Were all kinds of buffoonery and dress;
A certain lady went to see the show,
Her real name I know not, nor can guess,
And so we'll call her Laura, if you please,
Because it slips into my verse with ease.

XXII.

She was not old, nor young, nor at the years
Which certain people call a "certain age."
Which yet the most uncertain age appears,
Because I never heard, nor could engage
A person yet by prayers, or bribes, or tears,
To name, define by speech, or write on page
The period meant precisely by that word,—
Which surely is exceedingly absurd.

XXIII.

Laura was blooming still, had made the best
Of time, and time return'd the compliment,
And treated her gently, so that, drest,
She look'd extremely well where'er she went:
A pretty wiman is a welcome guest,
And Laura's brow a frown had rarely bent;
Indeed she shone all smiles, and seem'd to flutter
Mankind with her black eyes for looking at her.

XXIV.

She was a married woman; 't is convenient,
Because in Christian countries it is a rule
To view their little slips with eyes more lenient;
Whereas if single ladies play the fool,
(Unless within the period intervening,
A well-timed wedding makes the scanda, cool
I don't know how they ever can get over it,
Except they manage never to discover it.

XXV.

Her husband sail'd upon the Adriatic,
And made some voyages, too, in other seas,
And when he lay in quarantine for practise
(A forty days' precaution 'gainst disease),
His wife would mount, at times, her highest attic,
For thence she could discern the ship with ease
He was a merchant trading to Aleppo,
His name Giuseppe, call'd more briefly, Beppo.  *

XXVI.

He was a man as dusky as a Spannard,
Sunburnt with travel, yet a portly figure;
Though colour'd, as it were, within a tan-yard,
He was a person both of sense and vigour—
A better seaman never yet did man yard;
And she, although her manners show'd no rigour,
Was deem'd a woman of the strictest principle,
So much as to be thought almost invincible.
And
Italians
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shore
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He
left
this
Adriatic
Ariadne.

And
Laura
waited
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and
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little,
And
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of
wearing
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as
well
she
might;
She
almost
lost
all
appetite
for
victual,
And
could
not
sleep
with
ease
alone
at
night;
She
dean't
the
window-frames
and
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Against
a
daring
housebreaker
or
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And
so
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vice-husband,
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protect
her.

She
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(and
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If
only
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oppose
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choice?)
'Till
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Tuscan;
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the
sock
and
buskin;
And
no
Venetian
audience
could
endure
a
Song,
scene,
or
air,
when
he
cried
'secattura.'

His
"bravo"
was
definite,
for
that
sound
 HASHED
"academic
night
in
silent
ave;
The
fiddlers
troubled
as
he
look'd
around,
For
fair
of
some
false
note
it's
detected
false.
The
"prima
damna's"
useful
heart
would
 bluff,
Dreading
the
depth
damnation
of
his
"bath!"
Soprano,
baso,
even
the
contra-alto,
Wish'd
him
five
fathoms
under
the
Rialto.

He
patronized
the
improvvisatore,
Nay,
could
himself
extemporize
some
stanzas,
Wrote
rhymes,
sang
songs,
could
also
tell
a
story,
Sold
pictures,
and
was
skillful
in
the
dance
as
Italians
can
be,
thought
in
this
their
glory
Must
surely
yield
the
palm
to
that
which
France
has;
In
short,
he
was
a
perfect
cavaliero,
And
to
his
great
valet
seemed
a
hero.

Then
he
was
faithful
too,
as
well
so
amorous;
So
that
no
sort
of
female
could
complain,
Although
they're
now
and
then
a
little
chamrous,
He
never
put
the
pretty
souls
in
pain:
His
heart
was
one
of
those
which
most
enamour
us,
Wax
to
receive,
and
marble
to
turn.
He
was
a
lover
of
the
good
old
school,
Who
still
become
more
constant
as
they
cool.

No
wonder
such
accomplishments
should
turn
A
female
head,
howerage
and
steady—
With
seven
hope
that
Beppo
could
return,
In
law
he
was
almost
as
good
as
dead,
he
Nor
sent,
nor
wrote;
not
show'd
the
least
concern,
And
she
had
waited
several
years
already;
And
really
if
a
man
would
let
us
know
That
he's
alive,
he's
dead,
or
should
be.

Besides,
in
the
Alps,
to
every
woman
(Although,
God
knows,
it's
a
grievous
sin),
'Tis
I
may
say,
permitted
to
have
two
men;
I
can't
tell
who
first
brought
the
custom
in,
But
"Cavalier
Servente" are
quite
common,
And
no
one
notices,
or
cares
a
pin;
And
we
can
call
this
(not
to
say
the
worst)
A
second
marriage
which
corrupts
the
first.

The
word
was
formerly
a
"Giasone;"
But
that
is
now
known
vulgar
and
indecent;
The
Spaniards
call
the
person
a
"Cortego;"
For
the
same
mode
subsists
in
Spain,
though
recent
In
short
it
reaches
from
the
Po
to
Tejo,
And
may
perhaps
at
least
be
over
the
sea.
But
Heaven
preserve
Old
England
from
such
courage
Or
what
becomes
of
damage
and
divorces?

However,
I
still
think,
with
all
due
decision
To
the
fair
single
part
of
the
creation,
That
married
ladies
should
preserve
the
preference
In
'te-o-ut-te
or
general
conversation—
And
this
I
say
without
peculiar
reference
To
England,
France,
or
any
other
nation—
Because
they
know
the
world,
and
are
at
case,
And
being
natural,
naturally
please.

'Tis
true,
your
budding
Miss
is
very
charming,
But
she
and
awkward
at
first
coming
out,
So
much
strange'd,
that
she
is
quite
alarmed;
All
giggles,
shush;—half
pertness,
and
half
pout,
And
gaping
at
Mamma,
for
fear
there's
harm
in
What
you,
she,
it,
or
they,
may
be
about,
The
nursery
still
lips
out
in
tall
they
utter—
Besides,
they
always
smell
of
bread
and
butter.

But
"Cavalier
Servente" is
the
phrase
Used
in
polite
circles
to
express
This
superannuated
slave,
who
says
Close
to
the
lady
as
a
part
of
dress,
Her
word
the
only
law
which
he
obeys;
His
is
no
sincere,
as
you
may
guess;
Coach,
servants,
gondola,
he
goes
to
call,
And
carries
fan,
and
tippet,
gloves,
and
shawl.
XLI.

With all its sinful doings, I must say,
That Italy's a pleasant place to me,
Who love to see the sun shine every day,
And vines (not mull'd to walls) from tree to tree
Festoon'd, much like the back scence of a play,
Or melodrame, which people flock to see,
When the first act is ended by a dance
In vineyards copied from the south of France.

XLII.

I too on Autumn evenings to ride out,
Without being forced to bid my groom be sure
My cloak is round his middle strap'd about,
Because the skies are not the most secure;
I know too, that, if stopp'd upon my route,
Where the green alleys windingly allure,
Reeling with grapes red wagons choke the way—
In England 't would be dung, dust, or a dray.

XLIII.

I also like to dine on boccalus,
To see the sun set, sure he'll rise to-morrow,
Not through a misty morning twinkling weak as
A drunken man's dead eye in muddlin sorrow,
But with all heaven 't himself; that day will break as
Bouquetus as cloudless, nor be forced to borrow
That sort of farthing-candle light which plimmers
Where rocking London's smoky cauldron simmers.

XLIV.

I love the language, that soft bastard Latin,
Which melts like kisses from a female mouth,
And sounds as if it should be writ on satin,
With syllables which breathe of the sweet south,
And gentle liquids gliding all so pat in,
That not a single accent seems uncouth,
Like our harsh northern whistling, grunting guttural,
Which we're obliged to hiss, and spit and spatter all.

XLV.

I like the women too (forgive my folly),
From the rich peasant-chemist of muddy bronze,
And large black eyes that flash on you a volley
Of rays that say a thousand things at once,
To the high dama's brow, more melancholy,
But clear, and with a wild and liquid glance,
Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes,
Soft as her clime, and sunny as her skies.

XLVI.

Eve of the land which still is Paradise!
Italian beauty! didst thou not inspire
Raphael,* who died in thy embrace, and vies
With all we know of heaven, or can desire,
In what he hath hecapuch'd us?—in what guise,
Though flashing from the fervour of the lyre,
Would words describe thy past and present glow,
While yet Canova can create below.*

* Note.
In talking thus, the writer, more especially
Of women, would be understood to say,
He speaks as a spectator, not officiously,
And always, reader, in a modest way;
Perhaps, too, in no very great degree shall be
Appeared to have offended in this lay.
Since, as all know, without the sex, our sonsnets
Would seem unfinished'd like their mim[in'd bonnets.
(Signed) Printer's Devil.
LIV.

But on the whole they were a happy pair,
As happy as unlawful love could make them;
The gentleman was fond, the lady fair,
Their charms so slight, 'twas not worth while to break them:
The world beheld them with indulgent air;
The pious only wish'd "the devil take them!"
He took them not; he very often waits,
And leaves old sinners to be young ones' baits.

LV.

But they were young: Oh! what without our youth
Would love be? What would youth be without love?
Youth lends its joy, and sweetness, vigour, truth,
Heart, soul, and all that seems as from above;
But, languishing with years, it grows smooth—
One of few things experience don't improve,
Which is, perhaps, the reason why old fellows
Are always so preposterously jealous.

LVI.

It was the Carnival, as I have said
Some six-and-thirty stanzaus back, and so
Laura the usual preparations made.
Which you do when your mind's made up to go
To-night to Mrs. Bohun's masquerade,
Spectator, or partaker in the show;
The only difference known between the cases
Is—here, we have six weeks of "varnish'd faces."

LVII.

LOVE, when drest, was (as I sang before)
A pretty woman as was ever seen,
Fresh as the angel o'er a new inn-door,
Or frontispiece of a new magazine.
With all the fashions which the past month wore,
Colour'd, and silver paper leaved between
That and the little-page, for fear the press
Should soil with parts of speech the parts of dress.

LVIII.

They went to the Ridotto—'tis a hall
Where people dance, and sup, and dance again;
Its proper name, perhaps, were a mask'd ball,
But that's of no importance to my strain;
'Tis (on a smaller scale) like our Vauxhall,
Excepting that it can't be spoilt by rain:
The company is "mixt" (the phrase I quote is,
As much as saying, they're below your notice);

LIX.

For a "mixt company" implies, that, save
Yourself and friends, and half a hundred more,
Whom you may bow to without looking grave,
The rest are but a vulgar set, the bore
Of public places where they basely brave
The insomnie stare of twenty score
Of well-bred persons, called "the world," but I,
Although I know them, really don't know why.

LX.

This is the case in England; at least was
During the dynasty of dandies, now
Perchance succeeded by some other class
Of imitated imitators:—how
Irregularly soon decline, alas!
The demagogue of fashion: all below
Is frail; how easily the world is lost
By love, or war and snow and then by frost!

LXI.

Crush'd was Napoleon by the northern Thor,
Who knock'd his army down with icy hammer,
Stop'd by the elemens, like a whaler, or
A blustering novice in his new French grammar,
Good cause had he to doubt the chance of war,
And as for fortune—but I dare not d— n her,
Because were I to ponder to infinity,
The more I should believe in her divinity.

LXII.

She rules the present, past, and all to be yet,
She gives us luck in lotteries, love, and marriage,
I cannot say that she's done much for me yet;
Not that I mean her bounties to disparage,
We've not yet closed accounts, and we shall see yet
How much she'll make amends for past miscarriages.
Mean time the goddess I'll no more implore,
Unless to thank her when she's made my fortune.

LXIII.

To turn,—and to return;—the devil take it,
This story slips for ever through my fingers,
Because, just as the stanza likes to make it,
It needs must be—and so it rather lingers;
This form of verse began, I can't well break it,
But must keep time and tune like public singers.
But if I once get through my present measure,
I'll take another when I'm next at leisure.

LXIV.

They went to the Ridotto—'t is a place
To which I mean to go myself to-norrow,
Just to divert my thoughts a little space,
Because I'm rather bipish, and may borrow
Some spirits, guessing at what kind of face
May lurk beneath each mask, and as my corow
SlACKENS its pace sometimes, I'll make, or find
Something shall leave it half an hour behind.

LXV.

Now Laura moves along the joyous crowd,
Smiles in her eyes, and simpers on her lips;
To some she whispers, others speaks aloud;
To some she curtsies, and to some she dips,
Complains of warmth, and this complaint avow'd,
Her lover brings the lemonade,—she sips;
She then surveys, condemns, but pitsies still
Her dearest friends for being drest so ill.

LXVI.

One has false curls, another too much paint,
A third—where did she buy that frightful turban
A fourth's so pale she fears she's going to faint,
A fifth's look's vulgar, dowdyish, and suburban,
A sixth's white silk has got a yellow taint,
A seventh's thin muslin surely will be her bane,
And lo! an eighth appears,—"I'll see no more!"
For fear, like Banquo's kings, they reach a secure.

LXVII.

Meantime, while she was thus at others gazing,
Others were levelling their looks at her;
She heard the men's half-whisper'd mode of praising,
And, till 't was done, determined not to stir;
The women only thought it quite amusing
That at her time of life so many were
Admirers still,—but men are so d-based,
Those brazen creatures always suit their taste.
BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS.

LXVIII.
For me part, now, I never could understand
Why naughty women—but I won't discuss
A thing which is a scandal to the land,
I only don't see why it should be thus:
And if I were but in a gown and band,
Just to entice me to make a fuss,
I'd preach on this till Witherforce and Romilly
Should quote in their next speeches from my homily.

LXIX.
While Laura thus was seen and seeing, smiling,
Talking, she knew not why and cared not what,
So that her female friends, with envy looking,
Beheld her airs and triumph, and all that;
And well-drest males still kept before her filing,
And passing bow'd and mingled with her chat;
More than the rest one person seem'd to stare
With pertinacity that's rather rare.

LXX.
He was a Turk, the colour of mahogany;
And Laura saw him, and at first was glad,
Because the Turks so much admire philology,
Although their usage of their wives is bad;
'T is said they men no better than a dog any
Poor woman, whom they purchase like a peddler;
They have a number, though they never exhibit 'em,
Four wives by law, and concubines "ad libitum."

LXXI.
They lock them up, and veil, and guard them daily,
They scarcely can behold their male relations,
So that their moments do not pass so gaily
As is supposed the case with northern nations;
Confidence, too, must make them look quite palely;
And as the Turks abhor long conversations,
Their days are either pass'd in doing nothing,
Or bathing, nursing, making love, and clothing.

LXXII.
They cannot read, and so don't lip in criticism;
Nor write, and so they don't affect the muse;
Were never caught in epigram or witticism.
Have no romances, sermons, plays, reviews,—
In humours learning soon would make a pretty schism:
But luckily these beauties are no "blues,"
No busting Betherivys have they to show 'em
"That charming passage in the last new poem."

LXXIII.
No solemn, antique gentleman of rhyme,
Who having angled all his life for fame,
And getting but a nibble at a time,
Still fussily keeps fishing on the same
Small "Trion of the mounows," the sublime
Of mediocrity, the flashy fame,
The echo's echo, usher of the school
Of female wits, boyards—in short, a fool!

LXXIV.
A making oracle of awful phrase,
The approving "Good!" (by no means so in law)
I humming like bees around the newest blaze,
The bluest of bluebottles you e'er saw,
Teasing with blame, exclaiming with praise,
Gogging the little face he gets all raw,
Translating tongues he knows n't even by letter.
And sweating plays so middling—bad were better.

LXXV.
One hates an author, that's all author, fellow
In foolscap uniforms turn'd up with ink,
So very anxious, clever, fine, and jealous,
One don't know what to say to them, or think
Unless to pull them with a pair of bellows;
Of cowcumber's worst coxcomb's e'en the pink
Are preferable to these sheds of paper,
These unquench'd snuffings of the midnight taper.

LXXVI.
Of these same we see several, and of others,
Men of the world, who know the world like men,
S—tt, R——, M——e, and all the better brothers,
Who think of something else besides the pen;
But for the children of the "mighty mother's,"
The would-be wits and can't-be gentlemen,
I leave them to their daily "tea is ready,"
Smug coteries, and literary ladys.

LXXVII.
The poor dears Misseswomen whom I mention
Have none of these instructive pleasant people
And one would seem to them a new invention.
Unknown as bells within a Turkish steeple;
I think 't would almost be worth while to pension
(Though best-sawn projects very often reap ill)
A missionary author, just to preach
Our Christian usage of the parts of speech.

LXXVIII.
No chemistry for them unfolds her gasses,
No metaphysics are lost in lectures,
No circulating library amasses
Religious novels, moral tales, and strictures
Upon the living manners as they pass us;
No exhibition glasses with annual pictures;
They stare not on the stars from out their attic,
Nor deal (thank God for that) in mathematics.

LXXIX.
Why I thank God for that is no great matter,
I have my reasons, you no doubt suppose,
And as, perhaps, they would not highly flatter,
I'll keep them for my life (to come) in prose;
I fear I have a little turn for satire,
And yet methinks the elder that one grows
Inclines us more to laugh than tea, though laughter
Leaves us so doubly serious shortly after.

LXXX.
Oh, mirth and mienoence! Oh, milk and water!
Ye happy mixtures of more happy days!
In these sad centuries of sin and slaughter,
Abominable man no more alloys
His thirst with such pure beverage.
No matter, I love you both, and both shall have my praise;
Oh, for old Saturn's reign of sugar-candy!
— Meantime I drink to your return in brandy.

LXXXI.
Our Laura's Turk still kept his eyes upon her,
Less in the Mussulman than Christian way,
Which seems to say, "Madam, I do you honour,
And while I pleaze to stare, you'll please to stay:"
Could staring win a woman this had won her,
But Laura could not thus be less astray,
Saw but stood fire too long and well to juggel.
Even at this stranger's most outlandish egle.
The morning now was on the point of breaking,
A turn of time at which I would advise
Ladies who have been dancing, or partaking
In any other kind of exercise,
To make their preparations for forsaking
The ball-room ere the sun begins to rise,
Because when once the lamps and candles fail,
His touches make them look a little pale.

I've seen some balls and revels in my time,
And staid them over for some sensible reason
And then I took it (I hope it was no crime)
To see what lady best stood out the season;
And though I've seen some thousands in their prime,
Lovely and pleasing, and who still may please on,
I never saw but one (the stars withdrawn),
Whose bloom could after dancing dare the dawn.

The name of this Aurora I'll not mention,
Although I might, for she was nought to me
More than that patent work of God's invention,
A charming woman, whom we like to see;
But writing names would merit reprehension,
Yet, if you like to find out this fair she,
At the next London or Parisian ball,
You still may mark her cheek, out-blooming all.

In this they're like our coachmen, and the cause
Is much the same—the crowd, and pulling, hauling,
With blasphemies enough to break their jaws,
They make a never-intermitted bawling.
At home, our bow-street gnomes keep the laws,
And here a sentry stands within your calling;
But, for all that, there is a deal of swearing,
And nauseous words past mentioning or hearing.

The count and Laura found their boat at last,
And homeward floated o'er the silent tide,
Discussing all the dances gone and past;
The dancers and their dresses, too, beside;
Some little scandal eke: but all aghost
(Ass to their palace-stairs the rowers glide),
Safe Laura by the side of her adorer,
When he! the Mussulman was there before her.

*Sir,* said the count, with brow exceeding grave,
"Your unexpected presence here will make
It necessary for myself to crave
Its import! But perhaps it is a mistake;
I hope it is so; and am at once to waive
An compliment, hope so for your sake;
You understand my meaning, or you shall."
*Sir,* (unto the Turk) "*tis no mistake at all.

The lady is my wife!" Much wonder paints
The lady's changing cheek, as well it might,
But where an Englishwoman sometimes faints,
Italian females don't do so outright;
They only call a little on their saints,
And then come to themselves, almost or quite;
Which saves much hard'shorn, salts, and sprinkling faces
And cutting stays, as usual in such cases.

She said—what could she say? Why, not a word:
But the count courteously invited in
The stranger, much appeased by what he heard:
"Such things perhaps we'd best discuss without,
Said he; "don't let us make ourselves absurd
In punic, by a scene, nor raise a din,
For then the chief and only satisfaction
Will be much Quiz'ning on the whole transaction."

They enter'd, and for coffee call'd,—it came,
A beverage for Turks and Christians both,
Although the way they make it's not the same.
Now Laura, much recover'd, or less loth
To speak, cries, "Beppo! what's your pagan name?
Bless me! your beard is of amazing growth,
And how came you to keep away so long?
Are you not sensible 'twas very wrong?"

"And are you really, truly, now a Turk?"
With any other women did you wive?
Is't true they use their fingers for a fork?
Well, that's the prettiest shawl,—as I'm alive,
You'll give it me? They say you eat no pork.
And how so many years did you contrive
To—Bless me! did I ever? No, I never
Saw a man grown so yellow! How's your liver?"

"Beppo! that beard of yours becomes you not,
It shall be shaved before you're a day older:
Why do you wear it? Oh! I had forgot—
Pray, don't you think the weather here is colder?
How do I look? you sha'n't stir from this spot
In that queer dress, for fear that some beholder
Should find you out, and make the story known.
How short your hair is! Lord! how grey it's grown!"

What answer Beppo made to these demands,
Is more than I know. He was cast away
About where Troy stood once, and nothing stands,
Become a slave, of course, and for his pay
Had bread and bastinados, till some hands
Of pirates landing in a neighbouring bay,
He join'd the rogues and prosper'd, and became
A renegade of indifferent fame.

But he grew rich, and with his riches grew so
Keen the desire to see his home again,
He thought himself in duty bound to do so,
And not be always theiving on the main;
Lonely he felt, at times, as Robin Crusoe,
And so he hired a vessel come from Spain,
Bound for Corfu; she was a fine polonica,
Mann'd with twelve hands, and laden with tobacco.
XCVI.

Himself and much (Heaven knows how gotten) cash,
He then embark'd with risk of life and limb,
And got clear off, although the attempt was rash;
He said that Providence protected him—
For my part, I say nothing, lest we clash.
In our opinions;—well, the ship was trim,
Set sail, and kept her reckoning fairly on,
Except three days of calm when off Cape Bonn.

XCVII.

ney reach'd the island, he transferr'd his luding,
And self and live-stock, to another bottom,
And pass'd for a true Turkey-merchant, trading
With goods of various names, but I've forgot 'em.
However, he got off by this evading,
Or else the people would perhaps have shot him;
And thus at Venice landed to reclaim
His wife, religion, house, and Christian name.

XCVIII.

His wife received, the patriarch re-baptized him,
(He made the church a present by the way);
He then throw off the garments which disguised him,
And borrow'd the count's small-clothes for a day;
His friends the more for his long absence prized him,
Finding he'd wherewithal to make them gay;
With dinners, where he oft became the laugh of them,
For stories,—but I don't believe the half of them.

XCIX.

Whate'er his youth had suffer'd, his old age
With wealth and talking made him some amends;
Flaunt Laura sometimes put him in a rage,
I've heard the count and he were always friends.
My pen is at the bottom of a page,
Which being finish'd, here the story ends;
'Tis to be wished it had been sooner done,
But stories somehow lengthen when begun.

NOTES.

Note 1. Stanza xiv, line 8.
Like the lost Pleiad seen no more below.
"Quo
d'un
d'un
d'un.
quot;—Ovid.

Note 2. Stanza xxviii, line 5.
His name Giuseppe, call'd more briefly, Beppo.
Beppo is the Joe of the Italian Joseph.

Note 3. Stanza xxviii, line 3.
The Spaniards call the person a "Cortejo."
"Cortejo" is pronounced "Cortecho," with an aspirate, according to the Arabicus gutural. It means what there is as yet no precise name for in England, though the practice is as common as in any trampante country whatever.

Note 4. Stanza xliii, line 3.
Raphael, who died in 'y embrance, and view.
For the received accounts of the cause of Raphael's death, see his Lives.

ADVERTISMENT.

"Celui qui remplissait alors cette place était un gentilhomme Polonais, nommé Mazeppa, né dans e palatinate de Paolone; il avait été élevé page de Jean Casimir, et avait pris à sa cour quelque teinture des belles-lettres. Une intrigue qu'il ent dans sa jeunesse avec la femme d'un gentilhomme Polonais, ayant été découverte, le mari le fit lier tout nu sur un cheval farouche, et le laissa aller en cet état. Le cheval, qui était du pays de l'Ukraine, y retourna, et y porta Mazeppa, demi-mort de fatigue et de fain. Quelques paysans le secoururent; il resta long-temps parmi eux, et se signalà dans plusieurs courses contre les Tartares. La supériorité de ses hantises lui donna une grande considération parmi les Cosakes; sa réputation s'augmentant de jour en jour, obliga le Czar à le faire Prince de l'Ukraine."


"Le roi fuyant et poursuivi est son cheval tué sous lui; le Colonel Gieta, blessé, et perdant tout son sang, lui donne le sien. Ainsi on remit deux fois à cheval, dans la fuite, ce conquérant qui n'avait pu y monter pendant la bataille."


"Le roi alla par un autre chemin avec quelques cavaliers. Le carrosse où il était monté dans la marche; on le remit à cheval. Pour comble de disgrâce, il s'égarera pendant la nuit dans un bois; là, son courage ne pouvant plus supplier à ses forces épuisées, les douleurs de sa blessure devenues plus insupportables par la fatigue, son cheval étant tombé de lassitude, il se coucha quelques heures, au pied d'un arbre, en danger d'être surpris à tout moment par les vainqueurs qui le cherchaient de tous côtés."


MAZEPHA.

I.

'Twas after dread Pultowa's day,
When fortune left the royal Swede,
Around a slaughter'd army lay,
No more to combat and to bleed.
The power and glory of the war,
Faithless as their vain votaries, men,
Had pass'd to the triumphant Czar.
And Moscow's walls were safe again,
Until a day more dark and drear,
And a more memorable year,
Should give to slaughter and to shame
A mightier host and haughtier name;
A greater woe, a deeper fall,
A shock to one—a thunderbolt to all.

II.

Such was the hazard of the die,
The wounded Charles was taught to fly
By day and night, through field and floor,
Stain'd with his own and subjects' blood.
For thousands to that flight to aid;
And not a voice was heard to upbraid
Ambition in his humbled hour,
When truth had sought to dread from power.
His horse was shamed, and Giat-le gave
His own—and died the Russians' slave.
This too sinks after many a league
Of well-sustained, but vain fatigue;
And in the depth of forests, darkling
The watch-fires in the distance sparkling—
The beacon of surrounding mazes—
A king must lay his limbs at length.
Are these the laurels and repose
For whom, he nations strain their strength?
They laid him by a savage tree,
In out-worn nature's agony;
His wounds were still—his limbs were stark—
The heavy nour was chill and dark;
The fever in his blood forbade
A transient slumber's fitful aid:
And thus it was; but yet through all,
King-like the monarch bore his fall,
And made, in this extreme of ill,
His pangs the vassals of his will;
All silent and subdued were they,
As once the nations round him lay.

III.
A band of chiefs!—alas! how few,
Since but the fleeting of a day
Had thim'd it; but this wreck was true
And chivalrous; upon the clay
Each sate him down, all sad and mute,
Beside his monarch and his steed,
For danger levels man and brute,
And all are fellows in their need.
Among the rest, Mazeppa made
His pillow in an old oak's shade—
Himself as rough, and scarce less old,
The Ukraine's hetman, calm and bold;
But first, outspent with this long course,
The Cossack prince rubb'd down his horse,
And made for him a leafy bed,
And smooth'd his fetlocks and his mane,
And shackle'd his girth, and stripp'd his rein,
And joy'd to see how well he fed;
For until now he had the dread
His wearied courser might refuse
To browse beneath the midnight dew:
But he was hardly as his lord,
And little cared for bed and board;
But spirited and docile too,
Whate'er was to be done, would do;
Shaggy and swift, and strong of limb,
All Tartar-like he carried him;
Obey'd his voice, and came to call,
And knew him in the midst of all;
Though thousands were around,—and night,
Without a star, pursued her flight,—
That steed from sunset until dawn
His chief would follow like a fawn.

IV.
This done, Mazeppa spread his cloak,
And laid his lance beneath his oak,
Fell if its arrows in order good
The long day's march had well withstood—
If still the powder fill'd the pan,
And flints unskewl'd kept their lock—
His sabre's hilt and scabbard felt,
And whether they had chafed his belt—
And next the venerable man,
From out his haversack are can,
Prepared and spread his slender cock;
And to the monarch and his men
The whole or portion offer'd then,
With far less of inequitable
Than couriers at a banquet would.
And Charles of this his slender share
With smiles partook a moment there,
To force of cheer a greater show,
And seem above both wounds and woe—
And then he said—"Of all our band,
Though firm of heart and strong of hand,
In skirmish, march, or forage, none
Can less have said, or more have done,
Than thee, Mazeppa! On the earth
So fit a pair had never birth,
Since Alexander's days till now,
As thy Bucephalus and thou;
All Scythia's fame to thine should yield
For pricking on o'er flood and field."
Mazeppa answer'd—"I'll betide
The school wherein I learnt to ride!"
Quoth Charles—"Old hetman, wherefore so
Since thou hast learnt the art so well?"
Mazeppa said—"'T were long to tell;
And we have many a league to go
With every now and then a blow,
And ten to one at least the foe,
Before our steeds may graze at ease
Beyond the swift Berysoneness;
And, sire, your limbs have need of rest,
And I will be the sentinel
Of this your troop."—"But I request,"
Said Sweden's monarch, "thou wilt tell
This tale of thine, and I may reap
Perchance from this the boon of sleep;
For at this moment from my eyes
The hope of present slumber flies."
"'Tis well, sire, with such a hope, I'll track
My seventy years of memory back:
I think 't was in my twentieth spring,—
AY, 't was,—when Casimir was king
John Casimir,—I was his page
Six summers in my earlier age;
A learned monarch, faith! was he,
And most unlike your majesty:
He made no wars, and did not gain
New realms to lose them back again;
And (save debates in Warsaw's diet)
He reign'd in most unseenly quiet;
Not that he had no cares to vex,
He loved the muses and the sex;
And sometimes these so forward are,
They made him wish himself at war;
But soon his wrath being o'er, he took
Another mistress, or new book;
And then he gave prodigious rites—
All Warsaw gather'd round his gates
To gaze upon his splendid court,
And daunes, and chiefs, of princely port.
He was the Polish Solomon,
So sung his poets, all but one,
Who, being unpension'd, made a sature,
And boasted that he could not flatter.
It was a court of jousts and mines,
Where every courier tried at rhymes,
Even I for once produced some verses,
And sign'd my odes, Despairing Thrasias.
There was a certain Palatine,
A count of far and high descent,
Rich as a salt or silver mine;¹
And he was proud, ye may divine,
As if from heaven he had been sent:
He had such wealth in blood and ore,
As few could match beneath the throne;
And he would gaze upon his store,
And o'er his pedigree would pore,
Until by some confusion led,
Which almost look'd like want of head,
He thought their merits were his own.

His wife was not of his opinion—
His junior she by thirty years—
Grew daily tired of his dominion—
And, after wishes, hopes, and fears,
To virtue a few farewell tears,
A restless dream or two, some glances
At Warsaw's youth, some songs, and dances,
Awaited but the usual chances,
Those happy accidents which render
The coldest daines so very tender,
To deck her count with titles given,
'Tis said, as passports into heaven;
But, strange to say, they rarely boast
Of these who have deserved them most.

"I was a goodly striping then;
At seventy years I so may say,
That there were few, or boys or men,
Who, in my drowning time of day,
Of vassal or of knight's degree,
Could vie in vanities with me;
For I had strength, youth, gaiety,
A portrait like to this ye see,
But smooth, as all is rugged now;
For time, and care, and war, have plough'd
My very soul from out my brow;
And thus I should be disavow'd
By all, my kind and kin, could they
Compare my day and yesterday;
This change was wrought, too, long ere age
Had ta'en my feat'res for his page:
With years, we know, have not declined
My strength, my courage, or my mind,
Or at this hour I should not be
Telling old tales beneath a tree,
With starless skies my canopy.
But let me own: Theresa's form—
Methinks it glides before me now,
Between me and your chesnut's bough,
The memory is so quick and warm;
And yet I find no words to tell
The shape of her I loved so well:
She had the Asiatic eyes
Such as our Turkish neighbourhood
Hath mingled with our Polish blood,
Dark as above us is the sky;
But through it stole a tender light,
Like the first moonrise at midnight;
Large, dark, and swimming in the stream,
Which seem'd to melt to its own beam;
All love, half languor, and half fire,
Like saints that at the stake expire,
And lift their trapped looks on high,
As though it were a joy to die.
A brow like a midsummer lake,
Transparent with the sun therein,

¹ This comparison of a "salt mine" may perhaps be permitted to a Pole, as the wealth of the country consists greatly in the seas' mines

When waves no murmur dare to make,
And heaven beholds her face within,
A check and lip—but why proceed?
I loved her then—I love her still;
And such as I am, love indeed
In fierce extremes—in good and ill.
But still we love even in our rage,
And haunted to our very age,
With the vain shadow of the past,
As is Mazeppa to the last.

VI.
"We met—we gazed—I saw, and sigh'd, She did not speak, and yet replied; There are ten thousand tones and signs We hear and see, but none defines—
Involuntary sparks of thought, Which strike from out the heart o'erwrought, And form a strange intelligence, Alike mysterious and intense,
Which link the burning chain that binds,
Without their will, young hearts and minds; Conveying, as the electric wire, We know not how, the absorbing fire.— I saw, and sigh'd—in silence wept, And still reluctant distance kept,
Until I was made known to her,
And we might then and there confer. Without suspicion—then, even then, I long'd, and was resolved to speak But on my lips they died again,
The accents tremulous and weak,
Until one hour.—There is a game, A frivolous and foolish play,
Wherewith we while away the day. It is—I have forgot the name— And we to this, it seems, were set,
By some strange chance, which I forget: I reck'd not if I won or lost,
It was enough for me to be
So near to hear, and old to see
The being whom I loved the most.— I watch'd her as a sentinel,
(May ours this dark night watch as well!) Until I saw, and thus it was,
That she was pensive, nor perceived
Her occupation, nor was grieved Nor glad to lose or gain; but still Play'd on for hours, as if her will Yet bound her to the place, though not That hers might be the winning lot.
Then through my brain the thought did pass
Even as a flash of lightning there,
That there was something in her air
Which would not doom me to despair; And on the thought my words broke forth,
All incoherent as they were— Their eloquence was little worth,
But yet she listen'd—'tis enough— Who listens once will listen twice; Her heart, be sure, is not of ice, And one refusal no rebuff.

VII.
"I loved, and was beloved again— They tell me, Sire, you never knew Those gentle frailties: if 't is true, I shorten all my joy or pain,
To you 't would seem absurd as vain But all men are not born to reign,
Or o'er their passions, or, as you, 
Thus o'er themselves and nations too,
I am—or rather see—a prince,
A chief of thousands, and could lead
Then on where each would foremost bleed;
But could not o'er myself evince
The like control—But to resume:
I loved, and was beloved again;
In sooth, it is a happy doom,
But yet where happiness ends in pain.—
We met it secret, and the hour
Which took me to that lady's bower
Was sly expectation's dover.
My days and nights were nothing—all
Except that hour, which doth recall
In the long lapse from youth to age
No other like itself—I'll give
The Ukraine back again to live
O'er once more—and be a page,
The happy page, who was the lord
Of one soft heart, and his own sword,
And had no other gem nor wealth
Save nature's gift of youth and health—
We met in secret—doubly sweet,
Some say, they find it so to meet;
I know not—I would have given
My life but to have cal'd her man
In the full view of earth and heaven;
For I did oft and long repine
That we could only meet by stealth.

VIII.
"For lovers there are many eyes,
And such there were on us—the devil
On such occasions should be civil—
The devil—I'm loth to do him wrong,
It might be some untoward saint,
Who would not be at rest too long,
But to his pious bête gave vent—
But one fair night, some lurking spies
Surprised and seiz'd us both.
The count was something more than wroth—
I was marr'd; but if in steel,
All cup-a-pie, from head to heel,
What against these angerers do I do?
'T was near his castle, far away
From city or from succour near,
And almost on the break of day;
I did not think to see another,
My moments seem'd reduced to few
And with one prayer to Mary Mother,
And, it may be, a saint or two,
As I resign'd me to my fate,
They led me to the castle gate;
Theresa's doom I never knew,
Our lot was henceforth separate.—
An angry man, ye may opine,
Was he, the proud Count Palatine;
And he had reason good to be,
But he was most enraged lest such
An accident should chance to touch
Upon his future pedigree;
Nor less amazed, that such a blot
His noble 'catchep should have got,
While he was highest of his line;
Because unto himself he seem'd
The first of men, nor less he deem'd
In others' eyes, and most in mine.
Silent! with a page—perchance a king
Had reconcil'd him to the thing;
But with a stripling of a page—
I felt—but cannot paint his rage.

IX.
"Bring forth the horse!—the horse was brought,
In truth, he was a noble steed,
A Tartar of the Ukraine breed,
Who look'd as though the speed of thought
Were in his limbs: but he was wild,
Wild as the wild deer, and untought,
With spur and bridle unfitted—
'T was but a day he had been caught;
And snorting, with crested mane,
And struggling fiercely, but in vain,
In the full form of wrath and dread,
To me the desert-born was led:
They bound me on, that menial throng,
Upon his back with many a thong;
Then loosed him with a sudden dash—
Away!—away!—and on we dash!
Torrents less rapid and less rash.

X.
"Away!—away!—My breath was gone—
I saw not where he hurri'd on;
'T was scarcely yet the break of day,
And on he found—away!—away!—
The last of human sounds which rose,
As I was dart'd from my foes,
Was the wild shout of savage laughter,
Which on the wind came roaring after
A moment from that rabble rout:
With sudden wrath I wrench'd my head,
And snatch'd the cord, which to the mane
Had bound my neck in lion of reign,
And writing half my form about,
How'd I back my curse; but 'midst the tread,
The thunder of my courser's speed,
Perchance they did not hear nor heed:
It vexes me—for I would fain
Have paid their insult back again.
I paid it well in after days:
There is not of that castle gate,
Its drawbridge and portcullis' weight,
Stone, bar, moat, bridge, or barrier left;
Nor of its fields a blade of grass,
Save what grew on a ridge of wall,
Where stood the hearth-stone of the hall,
And many a time ye there might pass,
Nor dream that o'er that fortress was:
I saw its turrets in a blaze,
Their crackling battlements all cleft,
And the hot lead pour down like rain
From off the search'd and blackening roof,
Whose thickness was not vengeance-proof.
They little thought that day of pain,
When bade us to destruction dash,
That one day I should come again,
With twice five thousand horse, to thank
The count for his uncourteous ride.
They play'd me then a bitter prank,
When, with the wild horse for my guide
They bound me to his foaming flank:
At length I play'd them one as frank—
For time at last sets all things even—
And if we do but watch the hour,
There never yet was human power
Which could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong.
"Away, away, my steed and I,
Upon the pinions of the wind,
All human dwellings left behind;
We sped like meteors through the sky,
When with its crackling sound the night
Is cheq'rd with the northern light:
Town—village—none were on our track,
But a wild plain of far extent,
And bounded by a forest black,
And, save the scarce-seen battlemen
On distant heights of some strong hold,
Against the Tartars built of old,
No trace of man. The year before
A Turkish army had march'd o'er;
And where the Spahi's hoof hath trod,
The verdure flies the bloody sod:—
The sky was dull, and dim, and gray,
And a low breeze crept meaning by—
I could have answer'd with a sigh—
But fast we fled, away, away—
And I could neither sigh nor pray;
And my cold sweat-drops fell like rain:
Upon the courier's bristling mane;
But, snorting still with rage and fear,
He flew upon his far career:
At times I almost thought, indeed,
He must have slacken'd in his speed;
But no—my bound and slender frame
Was nothing to his angry might,
And merely like a spur became:
Each motion which I made to free
My awolin limbs from their agony
Increased his fury and affright:
I tried my voice,—'twas faint and low,
But yet he swerved as from a blow;
And, starting to each accent, sprang
As from a sudden trumpet's clang:
Meantime my cords were wet with gore,
Which, oozing through my limbs, ran o'er;
And in my tongue the thirst became
A something fierer than flame.

"We ne'er'd the wild wood—'t was so wide,
I saw no bounds on either side;
'T was studded with old sturdy trees,
That bent not to the roughest breeze
Which howls down from Siberia's waste,
And strips the forest in its haste,
But those were few, and far between,
Set thick with shrubs more young and green,
Luxuriant with their annual leaves,
Ere strown by those autumnal eyes
That up the forest's foliage dead,
Discolour'd with a lifless red,
Which stands thereon like stiff'nd gore
Upon the slain when battle's o'er,
And some long winter's night his shed
Its frost o'er every tombless head,
So cold and stark the raven'sbeck
May peck unperch'd each frozen cheek.
'Twas a wild waste of underground,
And here and there a chesnut stood,
The strong oak, and the hard, pine;
But far apart—and well it were,
Or else a different lot were mine—
The boughs gave way, and did not tear
My limbs; and I found strength to bear
My wounds, although I spurn'd with cold—
My bonds forbade to lose my hold,
We rustled through the leaves like wind,
Left shrubs, and trees, and wolves behind;

By night I heard them on the track,
Their troop came hard upon our back,
With their long gallop, which can tire
The bound's deep hate, and hunter's fire
Where'er we flew they follow'd on,
Nor left us with the morning sun;
Behind I saw them, scarce a rood,
At daybreak winding through the wood,
And through the night had heard their feet
Their scaling, rustling step repeat.
Oh! how I wished for spear or sword,
At least to die amidst the hoarse,
And perish—if it must be so—
At bay, destroying many a foe.
When first my courser's race begun,
I wish'd the goal already won;
But now I doubted strength and speed.
Vam doubt! his swift and savage breed
Had nerved him like the mountain-roe;
Nor faster falls the blinding snow
Which whelms the peasant near the door
Whose threshold he shall cross no more,
Bewilder'd with the dazzling blast,
Than through the forest-paths he past
Untired, untamed, and worse than wild;
All furious as a fav'rd child
Balk'd of its wish; or fiercer still—
A woman piqued—who has her will.

"The wood was past; 'twas more than noon!
But chill the air, although in Juce;
Or it might be my veins ran cold—
Prolong'd endurance tames the bold:
And I was then not what I seem,
But headlong as a wintry stream,
And wore my feelings out before
I well could count their causes o'er:
And what with fury, fear, and wrath,
The tortures which beset my path,
Cold, hunger, sorrow, shame, distress,
Thus bound in nature's nakedness;
Sprung from a race whose rising blood
When stirr'd beyond its calmer mood,
And trodden hard upon, is like
The rattlesnake's, in act to strike,
What marvel if this worn-out trunk
Beneath its woe a moment sunk?
The earth gave way, the skies roll'd round,
I seem'd to sink upon the ground;
But err'd, for I was fastly bound.
My heart turn'd sick, my brain grew sore,
And throb'd awhile, then beat no more;
The skies spun like a mighty wheel;
I saw the trees like drunkards reel,
And a slight flash sprang o'er my eyes,
Which saw no farther: he who dies
Can die no more than then I died.
Overtortured by that ghastly ride,
I felt the blackness come and go,
And strove to wake; but could not make
My senses clumb up from below:
I felt as on a plank at sea,
When all the waves that dash o'er thee,
At the same time upheave and whirl,
And hurl thee towards a desert realm.
My undulating life was as
The fancied lights that fluttering pass
Our shut eyes in deep midnight, when
Fever begins upon the brain;
But soon it pass'd, with little pain.
But a confession worse than such
I own that I should deem it much,
Dying, to feel the same again;
And yet I do suppose we must
Feel far more ere we turn to dust:
No matter; I have bared my brow
Fall in Death's face—before—and now.

XIV.
"My thoughts came back; where was I? Cold,
And numb, and giddily: pulse by pulse
Life reassumed its lingering hold,
And throb by throb; till grown a pang
Which for a moment would convulse,
My blood reprow'd, though thick and chill;
My ear with smooth noises rang,
My heart began once more to thrill;
My sight return'd, though dim, alas!
And thick'en'd, as it were, with glass,
Methought the dash of waves was nigh;
There was a gleam too of the sky,
Studded with stars;—it is no dream;
The wild horse swims the wilder stream!
The bright broad river's gushing tide
Sweeps, winding onward, far and wide,
And we are half-way struggling o'er
To yon unknown and silent shore.
The waters broke my hollow trance,
And with a temporary strength
My stiften'd limbs were rebaptized,
Mycourser's broad breast proudly braves,
And dashes off the ascending waves,
And onward we advance!
We reach the slippery shore at length,
A haven I but little prized,
For all behind was dark and drear,
And all before was night and fear.
How many hours of night or day
In those suspended pangs I lay,
I could not tell; I scarcely knew
If this were human breath I drew.

XV.
"With glossy skin, and dripping mane,
And reeling limbs, and reeking flank,
The wild steed's sinewy nerves still strain
Up the repelling bank.
We gain the top: a boundless plain
Spreads through the shadow of the night,
And onward, onward, onward, seems
Like precipices in our dreams,
To stretch beyond the sight;
And here and there is speck of white,
Or scatter'd spot of dusky green,
In masses broke into the light,
As rose the moon upon my right.
But nought distinctly seen
In the dim waste, would indicate
The owner of a cottage gate;
No twinkling taper from afar
Stood like a hospitable star;
Not even an ignis-fatua rose
To make him merry with my woes:
That very cheat had cheer'd me then!
Although detected, welcome still,
Reminding me, through every ill,
Of the abodes of men.

XVI.
"Onward we went—but slack and slow;
His savage force at length o'erseem'd,
The drooping courser, faint and low
All feebly foaming went.

A sickly infant had his power
To guide him forward in that hour,
But useless all to me.
His new-born tameness taught avail'd,
My limbs were bound:— my force had fail'd.
Perchance, had they been free,
With feebler effort still I tried
To read the bonds so starkly tied—
But still it was in vain;
My limbs were only wrung the more,
And soon the idle strife gave o'er,
Which but prolong'd their pain:
The dizzy race seem'd almost done,
Although no goal was nearly won:
Some streams announced the coming sun—
How slow, alas! he came!
Methought that mist of dawning gray
Would never double into day;
How heavily it roll'd away—
Before the eastern flame
Rose crimson, and depos'd the stars,
And call'd the radiance from their cars,
And fill'd the earth, from his deep throne,
With lonely lustre, all his own.

XVII.
"Up rose the sun; the mists were curl'd
Back from the solitary world
Which lay around—behind—before:
What booted it to traverse o'er
Plain, forest, river? Man nor brute,
Nor dint of hoof, nor print of foot,
Lay in the wild luxuriant soil;
No sign of travel—none of toil;
The very air was mute;
And not an insect's shrill small horn,
Nor matin bird's new voice was borne
From herb nor thicket.
Many a wist,
Panting as if his heart would burst,
The weary brute still stagger'd on;
And still we were—or seem'd—alone;
At length, while reeling on our way,
Methought I heard a courser neigh
From out yon tuft of blackening firs,
Is it the wind those branches stir?
No, no! from out the forest trance
A trampling troop; I see them come!
In one vast squadron they advance!
I strove to cry—my lips were dumb,
The steeds rush on in plunging pride;
But where are they the reins to guide?
A thousand horse—and none to ride!
With flowing tail, and flying mane,
Wide nostrils—never stretch'd by pain,
Mouths bloodless to the bit or rein,
And feet that iron never shod,
And flanks unscarr'd by spur or rod,
A thousand horse, the wild, the free,
Like waves that follow o'er the sea,
Came thickly thundering on,
As if our faint approach to meet;
The sight revered my courser's feet.
A moment staggering, feebly fleet,
A moment, with a faint low neigh,
He answer'd, and they fell;
With gasps and glazing eyes he lay,
And reeking limbs unmoveable.
His first and last career is done
On came the troop—they saw him stoop,
They saw me strangely bound along
His back with many a bloody thong:
They stop—they start—they snuff the air,
Gallop a moment here and there,
Approach, retire, wheel round and round,
Then plunging back with sudden bound,
Headed by one black mighty steed,
Who seem'd the patriarch of his breed,
Without a single speck or hair
Of white upon his shaggy hide;
They snort— they foam— neigh— swerve aside,
And backward to the forest fly,
By instinct from a human eye—
They left me there, to my despair,
Link'd to the dead and stiffening wretch,
Whose lipless limbs beneath me stretch,
Relieved from that unweighted weight,
From whence I could not extricate
Nor him nor me— and there we lay,
The dying on the dead!
I little deem'd another day
Would see my horseless, helpless head,
And there from morn till twilight bound,
I felt the heavy hours roll round,
With just enough of life to see
My last of sons go down on me,
In hopeless certainty of mind,
That makes us feel at length resign'd
To that which our foreboding years
Presents the worst and last of tears
Inevitable— even a boon,
Nor more unkind for coming soon;
Yet shum'd and dreaded with such care,
As if it only were a snare
That prudence might escape;
At times both wish'd for and implored,
At times sought with self-pointed sword,
Yet still a dark and hideous close
To even intolerable woes,
And welcome in no shape.
And, strange to say, the sons of pleasure,
They who have revel'd beyond measure
In beauty, wassail, wine, and treasure,
Die calm, or calmer off than he
Whose heritage was misery:
For he who lives in turn run through
All that was beautiful and new,
Hath nought to hope, and nought to leave;
And, save the future (which is view'd
Not quite as men are base or good,
But as their nerves may be endured),
With nought perhaps to grieve;
The wretch still hopes his woes must end,
And Death, whom he should deem his friend,
Appears to his distemper'd eyes
Arrived to rob him of his prize,
The tree of his new Paradise.
To-morrow would have given him all,
Repair his pangs, repair'd his fall;
To-morrow would have been the first
Of days no more deplored or curst,
But bright, and long, and becommg years,
Seen dazzling through the mist of tears,
Guardion of many a painful hour;
To-morrow would have given him power
To rule, to shine, to smite, to save—
And must it dawn upon his grave?

XVIII.
'The sun was sinking— still I lay
Chain'd to the chill and stiffening steed
I thought to mingle there our clay;
And my dim eyes of death had need,
No hope arose of being freed;
I cast my last looks up the sky,
And there between me and the sun
I saw the expecting raven fly,
Who scarce would wait till both should die,
Ere his repast begin;
He flew, and perch'd, then flew once more,
And each time nearer than before;
I saw his wing through twilight fit,
And once so near me he alit
I could have smote, but he'd the strength;
But the right motion of my hand,
And feeble scratching of the sand,
The exerted throat's faint struggling noise,
Which scarcely could be call'd a voice,
Together scared him off at length.
I know no more— my latest dream
Is something of a lovely star
Which fix'd my dull eyes from afar,
And went and came with wandering beam,
And of the cold, dull, swimming, dense
Sensation of recurring sense,
And then subsiding back to death,
And then again a little breath,
A little thrill, a short suspense,
An icy sickness curling o'er
My heart, and sparks that cross'd my brain—
A gasp, a throb, a start of pain,
A sigh, and nothing more.

XIX.
"I woke— Where was I?— Do I see
A human face look down on me?
And doth a roof above me close?
Do these limbs on a couch repose?
Is this a chamber where I lie?
And is it mortal on bright eye,
That watches me with gentle glance?
I closed my own again once more,
As doubtfull that the former trance
Could not as yet be o'er,
A slender girl, long-hair'd, and tall,
Safe watching by the cottage wall;
The spark of her eye I caught,
Even with my first return of thought;
For ever and anon she threw
A pryng, ptingy glance on me
With her black eyes so wild and free!
I gazed, and gazed, until I knew
No vision it could be,—
But that I lived, and was released
From adding to the vulture's feast;
And when the Cossack maid beheld
My heavy eyes at length unseen'd,
She smiled— and I essay'd to speak,
But fail'd— and she approach'd, and made
With lip and finger signs that said,
I must not strive as yet to break
The silence, till my strength should be
Enabled to deceive my accusers free;
And then her hand on mine she laid,
And smooth'd the pillow for my head,
And stole along on tiptoe tread,
And gently oped the door, and spake
In whispers— was't her voice so sweet!
Even music follow'd her light feet!
But those she call'd were not awake,
And she went forth; but ere she pass'd,
Another look on me she cast,
Another sign she made, to say,
That I had nought to fear, that all
Were near, at my command or call,
And she would not delay
Her due return— while she was gone,
Methought I felt too much alone.
The Island;

OR,

CHRISTIAN AND HIS COMRADES.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The foundation of the following story will be found partly in the account of the Mutiny of the Bounty, in the South Sea, in 1789, and partly in Mariner's "Account of the Tonga Islands."

THE ISLAND.

I.

The morning watch was come: the vessel lay Her course, and gently made her liquid way; The cloven billow fail'd from off her prow In furrows form'd by that majestic play; The waters with their world were all before; Behind, the South Sea's many an islet shore, The quiet night, now dappling, 'gan to war, Dividing darkness from the dawning main; The dolphins, not unconscious of the day, Swen high, as eager of the coming ray; The stars from broader beams began to creep, And lift their shining eyelids from the deep;

The sun resumed its lately-shadow'd white, And the wind ditter'd with a freshening flight; Thepurple ocean owns the coming sun— But, ere he break, a deed is to be done.

II.

The gallant chief within his cabin slept, Secure in those by whom the watch was kept: His dreams were of Old England's welcome shore Of toils rewarded, and of dangers o'er; His name was add'd to the glorious roll Of those who search the storm-surrounded pole. The worst was o'er, and the rest seem'd sure, And why should not his slumber be secure? Alas! his deck was trod by unwiling feet, And wilder hands would hold the vessel's sheet; Young hearts, which languish'd for some sunny isle, Where summer years and sunny woman smile; Men without country, who, too long estranged, Had found no native home, or found it changed, And, half-civilized, prefer'd the cave Of some soft savage to the uncertain wave; The glistening fruits that nature gave untid'd; The wood without a path but where they will'd; The field o'er which promiseous plenty pour'd Her corn; the equal land without a lord; The wish—which ages have not yet subdued In man—to have no master save his mood; The earth, whose mine was on its face, unsold, The glowing sun and produce all its gold; The freedom which can call each groat a home; The general garden, where all steps may ram, Where Nature owns a nation as her child, Exulting in the enjoyment of the wild; Their shells, their fruits, the only wealth they know Their unexploring navy, the canoe; Their sport, the dashing breakers and the chase; Their strangest sight, an European face:— Such was the country which these strangers yearned To see again—a sight they dearlyearn'd.

III.

Awake, bold Bligh! the foe is at the gate! Awake! awake!—Alas! it is too late! Fiercely besiege thy cot the mutineer Stands, and proclaims the reign of rage and fear, Thy limbs are bound, the bayonet at thy breast, The hands, which trembled at thy voice, arrest: Dragg'd o'er the deck, no more at thy command The obedient helm shall veer, the sail expand; That savage spirit, which would hurl by wrath Its desperate escape from duty's path, Glances round thee, in the scare-and-believing eyes Of those who fear the chief they sacrifice; For ne'er can man his conscience all assuage, Unless he drain the wine of passion—rage.

IV.

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

V.  

"Hoist out the boat!" was now the leader's cry:  
And who dare answer "No" to mutiny,  
In the first dawnning of the drunken hour,  
The Saturnalia of unloped-for power?  
The boat is lower'd with all the haste of hate,  
With its slight plank between thee and thy fate;  
Her only cargo such a scant supply  
As promises the death their hands deny;  
And not enough of water and of bread  
To keep, some days, the dying from the dead:  
Some cordage, canvas, sails, and lines, and twine,  
But treasures all to hermits of the brine,  
Were added after, to the earnest prayer  
Of those who saw no hope save sea and air;  
And last, that trembling vassal of the pole,  
The feeling compass, navigation's soul.

VI.  

And now the self-elected chief finds time  
To sate the first sensation of his crime,  
And raise it in his followers—"Ho! the bowl!"  
Lost passion should return to reason's shout.  
"Brandy for heroes!" Burke could once exclaim,—  
No doubt a liquid path to epic fame;  
And such the new-born heroes found it here,  
And drain'd the draught with an applauding cheer.  
"Huzza! for Othothe!" was the cry;  
How strange such shouts from sons of mutiny!  
The gentle island, and the genial soil,  
The friendly hearts, the feast without a toil,  
The courteous manners but from nature caught,  
The wealth unboarded, and the love unloth;  
Could these bve charms for rudest sea-boys, driven  
Before the mast by every wind of heaven?  
And now, even now, prepared with others' woes  
To earn mild virtue's vain desire—repose?  
Alas! such is our nature! all but aim  
At the same end, by pathways not the same;  
Our means, our birth, our nation, and our name,  
Our fortune, temper, even our outward frame,  
Are far more potent over yielding clay  
Than aught we know beyond our little day.  
Yet still there whispers the small voice within,  
Heard through gain's silence, and o'er glory's din:  
Whatever creed be taught or land be trod,  
Man's conscience is the oracle of God!

VII.  

The launch is crowded with the faithful few  
Who wait their chief, a melancholy crew:  
But some remnant'd reluctant on the deck  
Of that proud vessel—now a moral wreck—  
And view'd their captain's fate with pitious eyes,  
While others scold'd his augur'd miseries,  
Swear'd at the prospect of his pious saith,  
And the slight bark, so hale and so frail,  
The tender mothers who steers his prow,  
The sea-born sailor of his shell canoe,  
The ocean Mab, the fairy of the sea,  
Seems far less fragile, and alas! more free!  
Ho, when the lightning-wield'd tornado sweep  
The surge, is safe—his port is in the deep—  
And triumphs o'er the annulas of mankind,  
Which shake the world, yet crumble in the wind

VIII.  

when all was now prepared, the vessel clear  
When hail'd her master in the mutineer—  
A seaman, less obdurate than his mates,  
Shood the vain pity which but irritates;  
Watch'd his late chieftain with exploring eye,  
And told in signs repentant sympathy;  
Held the moist shaddock to his parched mouth,  
Which felt exhaustion's deep and bitter drouth.  
But, soon observed, this guardian was withdrawn,  
Nor further mercy clouds rebellion's dawn,  
Then forward stepp'd the bold and froward boy  
His chief had cherish'd only to destroy,  
And, pointing to the hopeless prow beneath,  
Exclaim'd, "Depart at once! delay is death!"  
Yet then, even then, his feelings ceased not all:  
In that last moment could a word recall  
Remorse for the black deed, as yet half-done,  
And, what he hid from many, show'd to one:  
When Bligh, in stern reproach, demanded where  
Was now his grateful sense of former care?—  
Where all his hopes to see his name aspire,  
And blazon Britain's thousand glories higher?  
His feverish lips thus broke their gloomy spell,  
"Tis that! it! that! I am in hell! in hell!"  
No more he said; but urging to the bark  
His chief, commits him to his fragile ark:  
These the sole accents from his tongue that fell,  
But volumes lurk'd below his fierce farewell.
Nature, and nature's godless—Woman—woos
To lands where, save their conscience, none accuse;
Where all partake the earth without dispute,
And bread itself is gathered as a fruit;*
Where none contest the fields, the woods, the streams:—
The godless age, where gold disturbs no dreams,
Inhabits or inhabited the shore,
Till Europe taught them better than before,
Bestow'd her customs, and amended theirs,
But left her vices also to their heirs.

Away with this! behold them as they were,
Do good with nature, or with nature err.

"Ha! Ha! for Orohene!" was the cry,
Artlessly swept the gallant vessel by;
The breeze springs up; the lately-dropping sail
Extends its arch before the growing gale;
In swifter ripples stream the seas,
Which her bold bow flings off with dashing ease.
Thus Argus plough'd the Euxine's virgin foam;
But those she waited still look'd back to home—
These spurn their country with their rebel bark,
And fly her as the raven fled the ark;
And yet they seek to nestle with the dove,
And tame their fiery spirits down to love.

CANTO II.

I.

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

II.

Yes—from the sepulchre we'll gather flowers,
Then feast like spirits in their promised bowers,
Then plunge and revel in the rolling surf,
Then lay our limbs along the tender turf,
And, wet and shining from the sportive soil,
Anoint our bodies with the fragrant oil,
And paint our garments gathered from the grave,
And wear the wreaths that sprung from out the brave.
But lo! night comes, the Mooa woos us back,
The sound of mats is heard along our track;
Amid the torchlight-dance will fling its sheen
In flashingazes o'er the Marly's green;—

And we too will be there; we too recall
The memory bright with many a festival,
Ere Fiji blew the snart of war, when foes
For the first time were walled in canoes.
Alas! for them the flower of mankind bleeds;
Alas! for them our fields are rank with weeds:
Forgotten is the rapture, or unknown,
Of wandering with the moon and love alone.
But be it so,—they taught us how to wield
The club, and rain our arrows o'er the field;
Now let them reap the harvest of their art!
But feast to-night! to-morrow we depart.
Strike up the dance, the cava bowl fill high,
Drain every drop!—to-morrow we may die.
In summer garments be our limbs array'd;
Around our waist the Tappa's white display'd;
Thick wreaths shall form our coronal, like spring's,
And round our necks shall glance the Hoon strings;
So shall their brighter hues contrast the glow
Of the dusk bosoms that beat high below.

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

Such was this ditty of tradition's days,
Which to the dead a lingering fame conveys
In song, where fame as yet hath left no sign
Beyond the sound, whose charm is half divine;
Which leaves no record to the sceptic eye,
But yields young history all to harmony;
A boy Achilles, with the Centaur's lyre
In hand, to teach him to surpass his sire:
For one long-cherish'd ballad's simple stave,
Rung from the rock, or mingled with the wave.
Or from the bubbling streamer's grassy side,
Or gathering mountain echoes as they glide,
Hath greater power o'er, each true heart and ear,
Than all the columns conquest's minions rear.
Invites, when hieroglyphics are a theme
For sages' labours or the student's dream;
Attracks, when history's volumes are a toil.—
The first, the freshest bud of feeling's soil.

1. The now celebrated bread-fruit, to transplant which Cap
tain Bight's expedition was undertaken.
2. The first three sections are taken from an actual song of the Tonga islanders, of which a prose translation is given in Martin's Account of the Tonga Islands. Toobonai is not however one of them; but was one of those where Christian and the mutineers took refuge. I have altered and added, but have retained as much as possible of the original.
Such was this rule rhyme—rhyme is of the rude—
But such inspired the Norwegian's solitude,
Who came and conquer'd; such, wherever rise
Lands which no foes destroy or civilize,
Exist: and what can our accomplish'd art
Of verse do more than reach the awaken'd heart?

VI.

And sweetly now those untaught melodies
Broke to the luxuriant skies of the skies,
The sweet siesta of a summer day,
The tropic afternoon of Toodomai.
When every flower was bloom, and air was balm,
And the first breath began to stir the palms,
The first yet voiceless wind to urge the wave
All gently to refresh the thirsty cave,
Where sate the songstress with the stranger boy,
Who taught her passion's desolating joy,
Too powerful over every heart, but most
O'er those who know not how it may be lost;
O'er those who, burning in the new-born fire,
Like martyrs reeled in their funeral pyre,
With such devotion to their country,
That life knows no such capture as to die:
And die they do; for earthly life has sought
Match'd with that burst of nature, even in thought;
And all our dreams of better life above
But close in one eternal gash of love.

VII.

There sate the gentle savage of the wild,
In growth a woman, though in years a child,
As childhood dates within our colder clime,
Where nought is ripen'd rapidly save crime;
The infant of an infant world, as pure
From nature—lovely, warm, and spiritual;
Dusky like night, but night with all her stars,
Or cavern sparkling with its native spars;
With eyes that were a language and a spell,
A form like Aphrodite's in her shell;
With all her loves around her on the deep,
Voluptuous as the first approach of sleep;
Yet full of life—for through her tropic cheek
The blush would make its way, and all but speak:
The sun-born blood diffused her neck, and threw
Over her clear nut-brown skin a lucid hue,
Like coral reddening through the darken'd wave,
Which drove the diver to the crimson cave.
Such was this daughter of the Southern Seas,
Herself a bower in her nềnours,
To bear the barks of others' happiness,
Nor felt a sorrow till their joy grew less:
Her wild and warn, yet faithful bosom knew
No joy like what it gave, her hopes never drew
Aught from experience, that chill touchstone, whose
Sad proof reduces all things from their hues:
She knew not ill, because she knew it not,
Or what she knew was soon—too soon—forgotten.
Her smiles and tears had pass'd, as light winds pass
Over lakes; a ruffle, not destroy, their glass,
Whose depths are unsearch'd, and fountains from the hill,
1 store their surface, in itself so still,
Till the earthquake near the Naiads' cave,
Flow up the spring, and trample on the wave,
And e'en the living waters to a mass,
The awful silence of the dank morn's!
And meet their fate here? The eternal change
But grasps humanity with quicker range;
And they who fall, but fall as worlds will fall,
To rise, if just, a spirit o'er them all.

VIII.

And who is he? the blue-eyed northern churl
Of isles more known to man, but scarce less wild;
The fair-hair'd offspring of the Hebrides,
Where roars the Pentland with its whirling seas;
Rock'd in his cradle by the roaring wind,
The tempest-born in body and in mind,
His young eyes opening on the ocean foam,
Had from that moment deem'd the deep his home,
The giant conundre of his pensive moods,
The shaper of his craggy solitude,
The only Mentor of his youth, where'er
His bark was home, the spot of wave and air;
A careless thing, who placed his choice in chance
Nursed by the legends of his land's romance;
Eager to hope, but not less firm to bear,
Acquainted with all feelings save despair.
Placed in the Arab's clime, he would have been
As bold a rover as the sauds have seen,
And braved their thirst with as enduring lip
As Ishmael wafted on his desert ship;
Fed upon Chilbi's shore, a proud Casque;
On Helias' mountains, a rebellious Greek.
Born in a tent, perhaps a Tamerlane;
Bred to a throne, perhaps unfit to reign.
For the same soul that rends its path to sway,
If read to such can find no further prey.
Boycies himself, and must retreat a way,
Pluming for pleasure into pain; the same
Spirit which made a Nero, Rome's worst shame,
An humble state and discipline of heart
Had formed his glorious namesake's counterpart:
But grant his vices, grant them all his own,
How small their theatre without a throne!

IX.

Thou smilest,—these comparisons seem high
To those who scan all things with dazzled eye;
Link'd with the unknown name of one whose doom
Has nought to do with glory or with Rome,
With Chilbi, Helias, or with Arabby.
Thou smilest!—smile; 't is better than sigh:
Yet such he might have been; he was a man,
A soaring spirit ever in the van,
A patriot hero or despotic chief.
To form a nation's glory or its grief,
Born under auspices which make us more
Or less than we delight to ponder o'er.
But these are visions; say, what was he here?
A blooming boy, a transt mutineer,
The fair-hair'd Turqui, free as ocean's spray,
The husband of the bride of Toodomai.

X.

By Neunia's side he sate, and watch'd the waters,—
Neunia, the sun-flower of the Island daughters,
High-born (a birth at which the herald smiles,
Without a 'scutcheon for these secret isles)

1 The "ship of the desert" is the oriental figure for the cowardly murdering, and they deserve the name, however well the former for his courage, the latter for his swiftness.

2 "Lucullus, when faction could charm,
Had wasted turnips in his Sabine farm."— Pope.

3 The Count Nero, who made the unequal march which deceived Hannibal, and defeated Aemilius, thereby accomplishing an achievement almost unrivalled in military annals. The first intelligence of his return, to Hannibal, was the sight of Aemilius' head thrown into his camp. When Hannibal saw this, he exclaimed, with a sigh, that "Rome would now be the mistress of the world." And yet to this victory of Nero's it might be allowable to say that his imperial namesake winked at it all.

The name of "Nero" is heard, who thinks of the Continent? But such are human things.
Of a long race, the valianu and the free,
Whose grassy cairns ascend along the shore,
Then, and then,—I've seen,—Achilles! do no more.
She, when the thunder-bearing strangers came
In vast canoes, heark with bolts of flame,
Top'd with tall trees, which, farther than the palm,
Sca'd with the darts of terror, their own calm;
But, when the winds awakened shot forth wings
Broad as the cloud along the horizon flies,
And swayed the waves, like cities on the sea,
Making the very billows look less free;—
She, with her winding oar and dancing prow,
Shot through the surf, like reimeter through the snow,
Swift gliding o'er the breaker's whitening edge,
Light as a Nereid in her ocean-pleats,
And gazed and wonder'd at the giant hulk
Which heaved from wave to wave its trembling bulk:
The anchor drop'd, it lay along the deep,
Like a huge lion in the sun asleep,
While round it swarm'd the prow's fitting chain.
Like summer-bees that run around his mane.

XII.
The white man landed;—need the rest be told?
The New World stretch'd its dasket hand to the old;
Each was to each a marcel, and the tide
Of wonder warm'd to better sympathy.
Kind was the welcome of the sin-born sires,
And kinder still their daughters' gentler fires.
Their union grew: the children of the storm
Found beauty link'd with many a dusky form;
While those in turn admired the paler glow,
Which seem'd so white in clunes that knew no snow.
The chase, the race, the liberty to roam,
The soul where each cottage show'd a home;
The slave, the lighted lamp wher'e'er he roved,
Whom storm'd the sullen Archipelago,
O'er whose blue bosom rose the stary isles;
The healthy smoker, e'en by sportive toils;
The palm, the loftiest Dryad of the woods,
Within whose bosom infant Bacchus broods,
While eagles scarce build higher than the crest
Which shadows o'er the vineyard in her breast;
The stem feast, the yam, the cocoa's root,
Which bears at once the cup, and milk, and fruit;
The bread-tree, which, without the funguriah, yields
The unceas'd harvest of unfurrowed fields,
And makes its unadulterated loaves
Without a furnace in unpurchase'd groves,
And dugs oil flowering from its tribute breast,
A priceless market for the gathering guest;—
There, with the luxuries of sea and woods,
The airy joys of social solitude,
Tuned each rude wanderer to the sympathies
Of those who were more happy if less wise,
Did more than Europe's discipline had done,
And civilized civilization's son!

XIII.

Long have I roamed through lands which are not mine
Ador'd the Aip and loved the Apenume,
Revered Parnassus, and beheld the steep
Love's Isla and Olympus crown the deep;
But I was not all long ages' lore, nor all
Their nature held me in their thrilling thrall;
The infant rapture still survived the bow,
And Lech-nag-ar with Isla look'd o'er Troy,
Nick'd Celtic memories with the Phrygian mount,
And Holland links with Castalia's clear font.
Forgive me, Homer's universal shade!
Forgive me, Phaeton! that my fancy stray'd;
The North and Nature taught me to adore
Your scenes sublime from those beloved.

XII.
The love, which maketh all things fond and fair
The youth, which makes one rainbow of the an
The dangers past, that make even man enjoy
The pause in which he ceases to destroy,
The mutual beauty, which the sternest feel
Strike to their hearts like lightning to the steel,
United half savage and the whole
The maids and boy, in one absorbing soul.
Nothing more the thundering memory of the fight
Wapp'd their weep'd boson in its dark delight:
No more the iris's restlessness of rest
Disturb'd him like the eagle in her nest,
Whose whett'd beak and far-pervading eye
Darts for a victim over all the sky;
His heart was tamed to that voluptuous state,
At once elysian and effeminate,
Which leaves no laurels o'er the hero's urn;—
These who fervor for an interest gave their blood;
Yet, when their ashes in their tomb are laid,
Doth not the myrtle leave as sweet a shade?
Had Caesar known but Cleopatra's kiss,
Rome had been free, the world had not been his.
And what have Caesar's deeds and Caesar's fame
Done for the earth? We feel them in our shame:
The gory sanction of his glory stains
The rust which tyrants cherish on our chains,
Though glory, nature, reason, freedom, bid
Roused millions do what single Brutus did,
Who threw these mere mock-birds of the despot's song
From the tail bough where they have perch'd so long,
Still are we hang'd at by such mousing owls,
And take for falcons those ignoble fowl.
When but a word of freedom would dispel
These bugbears, their terrors show too well.

XIV.

Rapt in the fond forgetfulness of life,
Neitha, the South Sea girl, was all a wise,
With no distracting world to call her off
From love; with no society to scoff
At the new transient flame; no babbling crowd
Of censure in admiration loud,
Or with a timorous whisper to allow
Her duty, and her glory, and her joy;
With faith and feelings naked as her form,
She stood as stands a rainbow in a storm,

---

When very young, about eight years of age, after an attack
Of the scarlet fever at Aberdeen, I was removed by medical advice
With the Highlanders to the Highlands. Here I passed occasionally some
months, and from this period I date the more of unceas'd
content. I can never forget the effect a few years afterwards
in England, of the only time I had long seen, even in my
infancy, of a mountain, in the Scottish Hills. After I
returns to Aberdeen, I used to watch them every afternoon at sun
set, with a sensation which I cannot describe. This was
boast enough; but I was then only thirteen years old, and I
was in the holdays.
Byron's Poetical Works.

Changing its hues with bright variety,
But still expanding lovelier o'er the sky,
how'er its arch may swell, its colours move,
The cloud-compelling harbinger of love.

XV.
Here, in this grotto of the wave-worn shore,
They pass'd the tropic's red meridian o'er;
Nor long the hours— they never paused o'er time,
Unbroken by the clock's funereal chime,
Which deals the dailyittance of our span,
And points and mocks with iron laugh at man.

The present, like a tyrant, held them fast;
Their hour-glass was the sea-sand, and the tide,
Like her smooth bilow, saw their moments glide;
Their clock the sun in his unbounded tower;
They reckoned not, whose day was but an hour;
The time-dread, their only vesper-bell,
Sung sweeter to the rose the day's farewell;

The broad sun set, but not with lingering sweep,
As in the north he mellow's o'er the deep,
But fiery, full, and fierce, as if he left
The world for ever, earth of light bereft,
Plunged with red forehead down along the wave,
As dives a hero headlong to his grave.

Then rose they, looking first along the skies,
And then, for light, into each other's eyes,
Wandering that sunmer should so brief a sun,
And asking if indeed the day were done?

 XVI.
And let not this seem strange; the devotee
Lives not in earth, but in his ecstasy,
Around him days and worlds are headless driven,—
His soul is gone before his duct to heaven.
It love less potent? No,—his path is trod,
Alike uplifted gloriously to God;
Or link'd to all we know of heaven below,
The other better self, whose joy or woe
Is more than ours; the all-absorbing flame
Which, kindled by another, grows the same,
Wrap't in one blaze; the pure, yet funeral pile,
Where gentle hearts, like Bramins, sit and smile.
How often we forget all time, when born,
Admiring nature's universal throne,
Her woods, her wilds, her waters, the intense
Reply of hers to our intelligence.

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

XVII.
Cuba arose, and Torquill; twilight's hour
Came sad and softly to their rocky bower,
Which, kindling by degrees its dewy spars,
Echo'd their dim light to the musing stars.
Slowly the pair, partaking nature's calm,
Sought out their cottage, built beneath the palm;
Now smiling and now silent, as the scene;
Lovely as love—the spirit when serene.

The ocean scarce spoke louder with his sweep
Than breathes his mimic murmurer in the shell,
As, far divided from his parent deep,
The sea-born infant cries, and will not sleep,
Raising his little plaint in vain, to rave.

For the broad bosom of his nursing wave;
The woods droop'd darkly, as inclined to rest,
Their morning beard wheel'd rock-ward to his nest,
And the blue sky spread round them like a lake
Of peace, where pity her thirst might slake.

XVIII.
But through the palm and plantain, hang, a voice
Not such as would have been a lover's chance
In former hours to break the air and wave
No dying night-breeze, harping o'er the hill,
Striking the strings of nature, rock and tree,
Those best and earliest lyres of harmony,
With echo for their chorus; nor the alarm
Of the loud war-whoop to dispel the charm;
Nor the solitude of the hermit owl,
Exhaling all his solitary soul,
The dim though large-eyed winged anchorite,
Who peals his dreary pean o'er the night;
But a loud, long, and naval whistle, shrill
As ever startled through a sea-bird's bill;
And then a pause, and then a hoarse: "Hillo Torquill! my boy! what cheer? Ho, brother, ho!"
"Who calls?" cried Torquill, following with his eye
The sound. "Here's one!" was all the brief reply

XIX.
But here the herald of the selfsame mouth
Came breathing o'er the aromatic south,
Not like a "bell of violet's" on the gale,
But such as wafts its cloud o'er grog or ale,
Borne from a short frail pipe, which yet had blown
Its gentle odours over either zone,
And, puff'd where'er winds rise or waters roll,
Had wafted smoke from Portsmouth to the Pole,
Opposed its vapour as the lightning flash'd,
And reek'd, midst mountain billows unabash'd,
To Eolus a constant sacrifice,
Through every change of all the varying skies.
And what was he who bore it?—I may err,
But deem him sailor or philosopher.
Sublime tobacco! which from east to west
Cheers the tar's labour or the Tarman's rest;
Who bares, the father of Locke's, and other philosophy,
His horse, and rivals quann and his bride's;
Magnificent in Samboh, but less grand,
Though not less loved, in Wapping or the Strand;
Dives in hookers, glories in a pipe,
When tipple'd with amber, yellow, rich, and ripe;
Like other charmers, wooing the caress
More dazzlingly when dairing in full dress;
Yet thy true lovers more admire by far
They naked beauties—Give me a cigar.

1 If the reader will apply to his ear the sea shell or his chimney-piece, he will be aware of what is alluded to. If the text should appear obscure he will find in "Gobar" the same idea let or expressed in two lines.—The poem I never read, but have heard the lines quoted by a more receptive reader—what seems to be of a different opinion from the Editor of the Quarterly Review, who qualified it, in his answer to the Critical Reviewer of his Journal, as trash of the worst and most insane description. It is to Mr. Landor, the author of Gobar, so qualified, and of some Latin poems, which vie with Martial or Catullus in obscenity, that the munificent Mr. Southey addresses his dedication to himself,as impurily
an inveterate smoker,—even to pipes beyond computation.
THE ISLAND.

XX.

Through the approaching darkness of the wood
A human figure broke the solitude,
Fantastic, it may be, array'd,
A scaramouche in a savage masquerade;
Such as appears to rise from out the deep,
When o'er the Linn the merry vessels sweep,
And the rough Saturnalia of the tar
Flock o'er the deck, in Neptune's borrow'd car;
And, pleased, the god of ocean sees his name
Revive once more, though but in mimie game
Of his true sons, who rest in a breeze
Undreamt of in his native Cyclades,
Still the old gods delights, from out the main,
To snatch some glimpses of his ancient reign.
Our sailor's jacket, though in ragged trim,
His constant pipe, which never yet burn'd dim,
His foremast air, and somewhat rolling gut,
Like his dear vessel, spoke his former state;
But then a sort of kerchief round his head,
Not over tightly bound, or nicely spread;
And, stead of trousers (ah! too early torn!
For even the wildest woods will have their thorn)
A curious sort of somewhat scanty mat
Now serv'd for inexpressibles and hat;
His naked feet and neck, and sunburnt face,
P. relents might suit alike with either race.
His arms were all his own, our Europe's growth,
Which two worlds bless for civilizing both;
The musket swing behind his shoulders, broad
And whenever staid by his mariner abode,
But bravely as the bear's; and, hung beneath
His cutlass droop'd, unconscious of a sheath,
Or lost or worn away; his pistols were
Laid to his belt, a matrimonial pair—
Let not this metaphor appear a scoff,
Though one mis'd fire, the other would go off);
These, with a bayonet, so free from rust
As when the arm-chest held its brighter trust,
Completed his accoutrements, as night
Survey'd in his garb heteroclite.

XXI.

"What cheer, Ben Bunting?" cried (when in full view
Our new acquaintance) Torquil; "Aught of new?"
"Ey, ey," quoth Ben, "not new, but news now;
A strange sail in the offing."—Still! and how?
What! could you make her out? It cannot be;
I've seen no rag of canvas on the sea;"
"Belike," said Ben, "you might not from the bay
But from the blue-head, where I watch'd to-day,
I saw her in the doldrums; for the wind
Was light and ballooning."—"When the sun declined
Where lay she? had she anchor'd?"—"No, but still
She bore down on us, till the wind grew still;"
"Her tug—""I had no glass; but, fore and aft,
Egad, she seemed a wicked-looking craft;"
"Ah! and I expect so—sent on the look-out—
'T is time, helkie, I put our helm about."
"About!—Whatever may have us now in chase,
We'll make no running fight, for that were base;
We'll die at our quarters, like true men."
"E, ey; for that, I tie the all the same to Ben."
"Does Christian know this?"—"Ay; he's piped all hands
To quarters. They are forbidding the stands

Of arms; and we have got some guns to bear,
And sealed them. You are wanted."—That's what fair,
And if it were not, mine is not the son
To leave my comrades helpless on the shool.
My Neunia! ah! and must my fate pursue
Not me alone, but one so sweet and true!
But whatsoever betide, ah! Neunia, now
Unman me not; the hour will not allow
A tear; I'm thine, whatever intervenes!"
"Right," quoth Ben, "that will do for the marines.

CANTO III.

I.

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

II.

Beneath a rock whose jutting base protrudes
Far over ocean in his fiercest moods,
When scaling his enormous crag, the wave
Is hurl'd down headlong like the foremost brave,
And falls back on the foaming crowd behind,
Which fight beneath the banners of the wind,
But now at rest, a little remnant drew
Together, bleeding, thirsty, faint, and few;
But still their weapons in their hands, and still
With something of the pride of former will,
As men not all unused to meditate,
And strive much more than wonder at their fate.
Their present lot was what they had foreseen,
And dared as what was likely to have been;
Yet still the lingering hope, which deu'd their roar
Not pardon'd, but unsought-for or forgot,
Or trusted that, if sought, their distant caves
Might still be mis'd amidst that world of waves,
Had wean'd their thoughts in part from what they saw
And felt—the vengeance of their country's law.
Their sea-green isle, their guilt-won paradise,
No more could shield their virtue or their vice:
Their better feelings, if such were, were thrown
Back on themselves,—their sins remain'd alone.
Prescribed even in their second country, they
Were lost; in vain the world before them lay;
All out of their secure. Their new allies
Had fought and bled in mutual sacrifice;
But what avails, the club and sword arm
Of Hercules, against the sulph'ry charm,
The magic of the thunder, which destroy'd
The warrior ere his strength could be employ'd?

1 "That will do for the marines, but the sailors won't love it," is an old saying, and one of the few fragments of former jollities we still survive (in jest only) between these gallant services.
To pick a pebble up—then let it drop—
Then hurry as in haste—then quickly stop—
Then cast his eyes on his companions—then
Half whistle half a tune, and pause again—
And then his former movements would redouble,
With something between carelessness and trouble.
This is a long description, but applies
To scarce five minutes past before the eyes;
But yet what minutes! Moments like these
Rend men's lives into immortals.

V.
At length Jack Skyscraper, a mercurial man,
Who flutter'd over all things like a fan,
More brave than firm, and more disposed to dare
And die at once than wrestle with despair,
Exclaim'd "God damn!" Those syllables intense,
Nucleus of England's native eloquence,
As the Turk's "Allah!" or the Roman's more
Pagan "Pro Jupiter!" was wont of yore
To give their first impressions such a vent,
For every echo too embarrassment.
Jack was embarrassed—reason more,
And as he knew not what to say, he swore;
Nor swore in vain; the long congenital sound
Revised Ben Bunting from his pipe profound;
He drew it from his mouth, and look'd full wise,
But merely added to the oath his eyes;
Thus rendering the imperfect phrase complete—
A peroration I need not repeat.

VI.
But Christian, of a higher order, stood
Like an extinct volcano in his mood;
Solemn and sad, and—drunk with his trace
Of passion recking of his clouded face;
Till lifting up again his sombre eye,
It glanced on Torquil who lean'd family y
"And is it thus?" he cried, "unhappy boy!
And thee, too, blest my madness must destroy."
He said, and strode to where young Torquil stood
Yet dabbled with his lately-drowning blood;
Seized his hand wistfully, but did not press,
And shrink as fearful of his own caresses;
Inspired into his state, and, when he heard
The wound was slighter than he deem'd or fear'd,
A moment's brightness pass'd along his brow,
As much as such a moment would allow.
"Yes," he exclaim'd, "we are taken in the toil,
But not a coward or a common speil;
Dearly they have bought us—dearly still may buy—
And I must fall; but have you strength to fly?
'T would be some comfort still, could you survive;
Our dwindled band is now too few to strive.
Oh! for a safe canoe! though but a shell,
To hear you hence to where a hope may dwell!
For me, my lot is what I sought; to be,
In life or death, the fearless and the free."

VII.
Even as he spoke, around the promontory,
Which nobled o'er the billows high and hoary,
A dark speck dotted ocean: on it flew,
Like to the shadow of a roused sea-come:
Onward it came—and, lo! a second follow'd—
Now seen—now hid—where ocean's vale was hollow d,
And near, and nearer, till their dusky crew
Presented well-known aspects to the view,
Till on the surf their skinning piddles play,
Boylant as wings, and flitting through the spray;
Now peering on the wave's high curl, and now
Dash'd downward in the thundering foam below,

1 Archidamus, King of Sparta, and son of Aeolus, when
he saw a marine inversion of the setting down of stones and dusts,
exclaimed that it was "the grave of valour." The same story
has been told of some knights, on the first application of gun
powder; but the original a solute is in Plutarch.
THE ISLAND.

When thine a bread and boiling, sheet on sheet,
And stings its high flakes, shivered into sleek:
But beating still through surf and swell, drew nigh
The bars, like small birds through a touring sky.
Their art seem'd nature—such the skill to sweep
The wave, of these born playmates of the deep.

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

IX.
The sterner spirits who beheld that meeting
Were not unmoved; who are when hearts are greeing?
Even Christian gazed upon the maid and boy
With tearless eye, but yet a gloomy joy
Mix'd with those bitter thoughts the soul arraigns
In hopeless visions of our better days,
When all's gone—to the rainbow's latest ray.
"And but for me!" he said, and turn'd away;
Then gazed upon the pair, as in his den
The remnant's ruin with their flying feet,
Beckon'd the natives round her to their prows,
Embark'd their guests, and launch'd their light canoes;
In one placed Christian and his comrades twain;
But she and Torquil must not part again.
She fix'd him in her own—Away! away!
They clear the breakers, dart along the bay,
And towards a group of islets, such as bear
The sea-bird's nest and seal's surf-hollow'd lair;
They skim the blue tops of the billows; fast
They flew, and fast their fierce pursuers chased.
They gain upon them—now they lose again—
Again made way and menace o'er the main;
And now the two canoes in chase divide,
And follow differing courses o'er the tide,
To baffl'd the pursuit—Away! away!
As life is on each public event to-day,
And more than life or living to Nerthus: love
Freights the frail bark and urges to the core—
And now the refuge and the solace
Yet, yet a mom.![—Fly, thou light ark, fly!}

CANTO IV.

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

II.
Not distant from the isle of Toobomin, A black rock rears its bosom o'er the spray,
The haunt of birds, a desert to mankind,
Where the rough real repose from the wind,
And sleeps unwise'd in his cavern dun,
Or gambols with huge frolic in the sun;
There shrilly to the passing ear is heard
The startled echo of the ocean bird,
Who rears on its bare breast her callow brood,
The feather'd fishes of the solitaire,
A narrow segment of the yellow sand
On one side forms the outline of a strand;
Here the young turtle, crawling from his shell,
Seeks to the deep wherein his parents dwell;
Chipp'd by the beam, a nursing of the day,
But hatched for ocean by the fostering ray;
The rest was one bleak precipice, as e'er
Gave mariners a shelter and despair,
A spot to make the saved regret the crew
Which late went down, and envy the lost wreck,
Such was the stern asylum Nerthus chose
To shield her lover from his following foes,
But all its secret was not told; she knew
In this a treasure hidden from the view.

III.
Ere the canoes divided, near the spot,
The men that mean'd what held her Torquil's lot,
By her command removed, to strengthen more
The skill which waited Christian from the shore.
This he would have opposed: but with a smile
She pointed calmly to the craggy isle,
And bade him "speed and prosper." She would take
The rest upon herself for Torquil's sake.
They parted with this added aid; afar
The proa darted like a shooting star,
And gain'd on the pursuers, who now steer'd
Right on the rock which she and Torquil near'd,
They pull'd; her arm, though delicate, was free
And firm as ever grappling with the sea,
And yielded scarce to Torquil's manlier strength.
The proa now almost lay within its length
Of the cape's steep, inclement face,
With mo'd but soundless waters for its base;
Within a hundred boats' length was the foe,
And now what refuge but their frail canoes?
This Torquil ask'd with half-upbraiding eye,
Which said—"Has Nerthus brought me here to die?
Is this a place of safety, or a grave,
And you huge rock the tombstone of the wave?"

IV.
They rested on their paddles, and uprose
Nerthus, and, pointing to the approaching foe,
Cried, "Torquil, follow me, and fearless follow!"
Then plunged at once into the ocean's hollow.
There was no time to pause—the foes were near;
Chains in his eye and menace in his car
With vigor they pull'd on, and as they came, 
Hail'd him to yield, and by his forlorn name. 
Headlong he leap'd—to him the swimmer's skill 
Was native, and now all his hope from ill; 
But how or where? He dived, and rose no more; 
The boat's crew look'd amaz'd o'er sea and shore. 
There was no landing on that precipice, 
deep, harsh, and slippery as a berg of ice. 
They watch'd awhile to see him float again, 
But not a trace redbound from the main: 
The wave roll'd on, no ripple on its face, 
Since their first plunge, recall'd a single trace; 
The little whirl which eddied, and slight foam, 
That whiten'd o'er what seem'd their latest home, 
White as a sepulchre above the pair, 
Who left no marble (mournful as an heir), 
The quiet proa, wawering o'er the tide, 
Was all that told of Torquil and his bride; 
And but for this alone, the whole might seem 
The vanish'd phantom of a seaman's dream. 
They paused and search'd in vain, then pull'd away, 
Even superstition now forbade their stay. 
Some said he had not plung'd into the wave, 
But vanish'd like a corpse-sight from a grave; 
Others that something supernatural 
Gloried in his figure, more than mortal tall; 
While all agreed, that in his cheek and eye 
There was the dead hue of eternity. 
Still as their oars receded from the craug, 
Round every weed a moment would they lag, 
Expectant of some token of their prey; 
But no—he liv'd melt'd from them like the spray.

V. 
And where was he, the prelom of the deep, 
Following the Nereid? Had they ceased to weep 
For ever? or, received in coral caves, 
Wrong life and pity from the softening waves? 
Did they with ocean's hidden sovereigns dwell, 
And sound with mermen the fantastic shell? 
Did Neuna with the mermaids comb her hair, 
Flowing o'er ocean as it stream'd in air? 
Or had they perish'd, and in silence slept 
Beneath the gulf wherein they boldly leap'd?

VI. 
Young Neuna plunged into the deep, and he 
Follow'd: her track beneath her native sea 
Was as a native's of the element, 
So smoothly, bravely, brilliantly she went, 
Leaving a streak of light behind her heel, 
Which, struck and flash'd like an amphibious steed. 
Gently, and scarcely less expert to trace 
The depths where divers hold the pearl in chase, 
Torquil, the nursing of the northern sons, 
Pursued her liquid steps with art and ease, 
Deep—deeper for an instant Neuna led 
The way—then upward soar'd—and, as she spread 
Her arms, and flung the foam from off her locks, 
Laugh'd, and the sound was answer'd by the rocks. 
They had gain'd a central realm of earth again, 
But look'd for tree, and field, and sky, in van. 
Around she point'd to a spacious cave, 
Whose only portal was the keyless wave; 
A hollow archway by the sun unseen, 
Save through the bilkers' glassy veil of green, 
In some transparent ocean bed lay; 
When all the limny forms are at play; 

Wiped with her hair the brine from Torquil's eye 
And clapp'd her hands with joy at his surprise, 
Led him to where the rock appear'd to jut 
And form a something like a Triton's hut, 
For all was darkness for a space, till day 
Through clefts above, let in a sober ray; 
As in some old cathedral's glimmering aisle 
The dusty monuments from light recoil, 
Thus sadly in their refuge submersive 
The vault drew half her shadow from the scene.

Forth from her bosom the young savage drew 
A pine torch, strongly girded with gnato; 
A plantain leaf o'er all, the more to keep 
Its latent sparkling from the sapping deep. 
This mantle kept it dry; then from a nook 
Of the same plantain leaf, a flint she took, 
A few strumk wither'd twigs, and from the blade 
Of Torquil's knife struck fire, and thus array'd 
The grot with torchlight. Wide it was and high, 
And show'd a self-born Gothic canopy; 
The arch unpair'd by nature's architect, 
The architrave some earthquake might cleft; 
The buttress from some mountain's bosom hurl'd, 
When the poles crasht and water was the world; 
Or harden'd from some earth's absorbing fires, 
While yet the globe rock'd from its fundamental pyre; 
The fretted pinnacle, the aile, the nave. 
Were there, all scooped'd by darkness from her cave. 
There, with a little tinge of phantasy, 
Fantastic faces mope'd and moved on high, 
And then a mitre or a shrine would fix 
The eye upon its seeming crucifix. 
Thus Nature play'd with the stalactites, 
And built herself a chapel of the seas.

VIII. 
And Neuna took her Torquil by the hand, 
And wavel along the vault her kindred brand, 
And led him into each recess, and show'd 
The secret places of their new abode. 
Nor these alone, for all had been prepared 
Before, to soothe the lover's lot she shared; 
The mat for rest; for dress the fresh gnato, 
And sandal-oil to fence against the dew; 
For food the coconut, the yam, the bread 
Born of the fruit; for board the plantain spread 
With its broad leaf, or turtle-shell which bore 
A banquet in the flesh if cover'd o'er; 
The guard with water recent from the sill, 
The ripe bananas from the mellow hill, 
A pine Torch play'd to keep unmingling light, 
And she herself, as beautiful as night, 
To fling her shadowy spirit o'er the scene, 
And make their subterranean world serene. 
She had foreseen, since first the stranger's sail 
Drew to their isle, that force or flight might fail, 
And form'd a refuge of the rocky den 
For Torquil's safety from his countrymen. 
Each dawn had wafted there—her light canoe, 
Laden with all the golden fruits that grew; 
Each eye had seen her gliding through the hour. 
With all could cheer or deck their sparry bowers; 
And now she spread her little store with smiles. 
The happiest daughter of the loving isle.

1 This may seem too minute for the general anthor in the Mariner's 'Account' from which it taken. But few men have visited without seeing something of the kind—an isle, that is. Without advertizing to Eden, in Mew's Park's last journal (if my memory do not err, for), there are eight years since I read the book he mentions having met with a rock or mountain so exactly resembling a Gothic cathedral, that only minute inspection could convince him that it was a work of nature.
IX.

She as she gazed with grateful wonder, press'd
Her shelter'd love to her impassion'd breast;
And, suited to her soft caresses, told
An olden tale of love,—for love is old,
Old as eternity, but not outworn
With each new born being or to be born?

How a young Chief, a thousand moons ago,
Diving for turtle in the depths below,
Had risen, in tracking fast his ocean prey,
Into the cave which round and over them lay;
How, in some desperate need of after time,
He shelter'd there a daughter of the clime,
A foe beloved, and offspring of a foe,
Slay'd by his tribe but for a captive's woe;
How, when the storm of war was still, he led
His island clan to where the waters spread
Their deep green shadow o'er the rocky door,
Then dived—it seem'd as if to rise no more;
His wondering mates, amazed within their bark,
Or deem'd him mad, or prey to the blue shark;
Row'd round in sorrow the sea-girt rock,
Then paused upon their paddles from the shock,
When, fresh and springing from the deep, they saw
A goddess rise—so deem'd they in their awe;
And their companion, glorious by her side,
Pearl and exulting in her mermaid bride:
And how, when unexcel'd, the pair they bore,
With sounding canoes and pyons shouts to shore;
How they had gladly lived and calmly died,
And why not also Torquil and his bride?
Not unto tell the rapacious cares
Which follow'd wildly in that wild recess
This tale; enough that all within that cave
Was love, though buried strong as in the grave
Where Ableurad, through twenty years of death,
When Eloisa's form was lower'd beneath
Their nuptial vault, his arms disstretched'd, and press'd
The kindling ashes to his kindled breast.
The waves without sang round their couch, their roar
As much unheeded as if life were o'er;
Within, their hearts made all their harmony,
Love's broken munnar and more broken sigh.

X.

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

But Christian bade them seek their shore again,
Nor add a sacrifice which were in vain;
For what were simple bow and savage spear
Against the arms which must be wielded here?

VI.

They landed on a wild but narrow scene,
Where few but Nature's footsteps yet had been,
Prepared their arms, and with that gloomy eye,
Stern and sustain'd, of man's extremity,
When hope is gone, nor glory's self remains
To cheer resistance against death or chains,—
They stood, the three, as the three hundred stood
Who dy'd Thermopylae with holy blood.
But, ah! how different! 't is the case makes all,
Degrades or hallow's courage in its fall.
O'er them no fame, eternal and intense,
Blazed through the clouds of death and beckon'd hence
No gratefull country, smiling through her tears,
Began the praises of a thousand years;
No nation's eyes would on their tomb be bent,
No heroes easy them their monument;
However boldly their warm blood was spilt,
Their life was shame, their epitaph was guilt.
And this they knew and felt, at least the one,
The leader of the band he had undone;
Who, born perchance for better things, had set
His life upon a cast which linger'd yet:
But now the die was to be thrown, and all
The chances were in favour of his fall:
And such a fall! But still he faced the shock,
Obliterate as a portion of the rock
Whereon he stood, and in'd his level'd gun,
Whereon a as a sudden cloud before the sun.

XII.

The boat drew nigh, well armed, and firm the crew
To act whatever duty bade them do;
Careless of danger, as the upward wind
Is of the leaves it strews, nor looks behind:
And yet perhaps they rather wish'd to go
Against a nation's than a native foe,
And felt that this poor victim of self-will
Briton no more, had once been Britain's still.
They hail'd him to surrender—no reply;
Their arms were poised, and glister'd in the sky.
They hail'd again—no answer; yet once more
They offer'd quarter lower than before.
The echoes only, from the rocks rebounding,
Took their last farewell of the dying sound,
Then flash'd the flint, and blazed the voluiting flame,
And the smoke rose between them and their arm,
While the rocks rattled with the bullets' knell,
Which peal'd in vain, and flatten'd as they fell;
Then flew the only answer to be given
By those who had lost all hope in earth or heaven.
After the first fierce peal, as they pull'd higher,
They heard the voice of Christian shout, "Now fire!"
And, ere the word upon the echo died,
Two fell; the rest assai'd the rock's rough side,
And, furious at the madness of their foes,
Disdain'd all further efforts, save to close.
But steel the crap, and all without a path,
Each step opposed a bastion to their reach;
While placed 'midst clefts the least accessible,
Which Christian's eye was tram'd to mark full well
The three maintain'd a strife which must not yield,
In spots where eagles might have chosen to build.
Their every shot told; while the assiant fell,
Dash'd on the mingles like the limpid shell;
But still enough survived, and mounted still,
Scattering their numbers here and there, until
Surrounded and commanded, though not nigh
Enough for seizure, near enough to die.

1 The reader will recollect the epitaph of the Greek Anthol.
ory, or its translation into most of the modern languages —
"Where'er thou art, thy master see,
He was, or is, or is to be."

2 The tradition is attached to the story of Eloisa, that when her
body was lowered into the grave of Ableurad (who had
been buried twenty years) he assume'd the arms to receive her.
The desperate trio held aloft their fate
But by a thread, like sharks who have gorged the bait
Yet to the very last they battled well,
And not a groan informed their foes who fell.
Christian died last—twice wounded; and once more
Mercy was offered when they saw his gore;
Too late for life, but too late to die,
With though a hostile hand to close his eye.
A limb was broken, and he droop'd along
The crag, as doth a falcon reef of young.
The sound revived him, or appear'd to wake
Some passion which a weakly gesture spoke;
He heck'nd to the foremost who drew nigh,
But, as they near'd, he rear'd his weapon high—
His last ball had been aim'd, but from his breast
He tore the topmost button of his vest,

Down the tube dash'd it, level'd, fired, and smiled
As his foe fell; then, like a serpent, coil'd
His wounded, weary form, to where the steep
Look'd desperate as himself along the deep;
Cast one glance back, and clench'd his hand, and shook
His last rage 'gainst the earth which he forsook;
Then plunged; the rock below received like glass
His body crush'd into one gore mass,

With scarce a shred to tell of human form,
Or fragment for the sea-bird or the worm;
A fair-haired scalp, besmeared with blood and weeds,
Yet reek'd, the remnant of himself and deeds;
Some splinters of his weapons (to the last,
As long as hand could hold, he held them fast)
Yet gutter'd, but at distance—hurt'ld away
To rust beneath the dew and dashing spray.
The rest was nothing—save a life mispent,
And soul—but who shall answer where it went?
'T is ours to bear, not judge the dead; and they
Who doom to hell, themselves are on the way,
Unless these bullies of eternal pains
Are pardoned their bad hearts for their worse brains.

The deed was over! All were gone or ta'en,
The fugitive, the captive, or the slain.
Chain'd on the deck, where once, a gallant crew,
They stood with honour, were the wretched few
Survivors of the skirmish on the isle;
But the last rock left no surviving spoil.
Cold lay they where they fell, and wettering,
While o'er them flapp'd the sea-birds' doowy wing,
Now wheeling nearer from the neighbouring surge,
And screaming high their harsh and hungry dirge;
But calm and careless heard the wa're below,
Eternal with unsympathetic flow.
Far o'er its face the dolphins sported on,
And sprang the flying-fish against the sun,
Till its dried wing relapsed from its brief height,
To gather moisture for another flight.

T was morn; and Neuhà, who by dawn of day
Swam smoothly forth to catch the rising rays,

1 In Thibault's account of Frederick II. of Prussia, there
a singular relation of a young Frenchman, who, with his mistress,
appeared to be of some rank. He enlisted, and de-
dected at St.-Quire; and, after a desperate resistance, was
wounded, having killed an officer, who attempted to seize him
after he was wounded, by the discharge of his musket loaded
with the bâton of his helmet. Some circumstances on
his court martial, raised a great interest among his judges, who
wished to discover his real situation in life, which he offered to
disclose, but to the King only, to whom he requested per-
mission to write. This was refused, and Frederick was fill'd
with the greatest indignation, from baffled curiosity, or some
other motive, with he understood that his request had been de-
ned.—See Thibault's work, vol. ii.—(I quote from memory).

And watch if ought approach'd the araphious isle:
Where lay her lover, saw a sail in air:
It flapp'd it, till Silà, and to the groaning gale
Bent its broad arch: her breath began to fail
With fleeting fear, her heart beat thick and high,
While yet a doubt sprang where its course might lie.
But no! it came not; fast and far away
The shadow lessen'd as it clear'd the bay.
She gazed, and thung the sea-fom from her eyes,
To watch as for a rainbow in the shire.
On the horizon verg'd the distant deck,
Dismay'd, divided to a very speck—
Then vanish'd. All was ocean, all was joy!
Down plunge'd she through the cave to rouse her boy;
Told all she had seen, and all she hoped, and all
That happy love could augur or recall;
Sprung forth again, with Torquil following free
His bounding Nereid over the broad sea;
Swam round the rock, to where a shallow cleft
Hid the canoe that Neuhà there had left
Drifting along the tide, without an oar,
That eye the strangers chased them from the shore;
But when these vanish'd, she pursued her prow,
Regain'd, and urged to where they found it now
Nor ever did more love and joy embark,
Than now was wafted in that slender ark.

XV.

Again their own shore rises on the view,
No more polluted with a hostile hue;
No sullen ship lay bristling o'er the foam,
A floating dungeon:—all was hope and home!
A thousand proses darted o'er the bay,
With sounding bells, and herald'd their way;
The chiefs came down, around the people pour'd,
And welcomed Torquil as a son restored;
The women strong'd, embracing and embraced
By Neuhà, asking where they had been chased,
And how escaped? The tale was told: and then
One acclamation rent the sky again;
And from that hour a new tradition gave
Their sanctuary the name of "Neuhà's cave."
A hundred fires, far flickering from the height,
Blazed o'er the general revel of the night,
The feast in honour of the guest, return'd
To peace and pleasure, perennially earn'd;
A night succeeded by such happy days
As only the yet infant world displays.

APPENDIX.

EXTRACT FROM THE VOYAGE
BY CAPTAIN BLIGH.

On the 27th of December, it blew a severe storm of wind from the eastward, in the course of which we suf-
fered greatly. One sea broke away the sparse yards and
spars out of the starboard main-chains; another
broke into the ships, and stove all the boats. Several
cauls of beer that had been lashed on deck, broke loose,
and were washed overboard; and it was not without
great risk and difficulty that we were able to secure the
boats from being washed away entirely. A great quan-
tity of our bread was also damaged, and rendered use-
less, for the sea had stove in our stern, and filled the
cabin with water.

On the 5th of January, 1788, we saw the island of
Teneriffe about twelve leagues distant, and next day,
being Sunday, came to an anchor in the road of Santa
Cruz. There we took in the necessary supplies, and
having finished our business, sailed on the 10th.
I now divided the people into three watches, and gave the charge of the third watch to Mr. Fletcher Christian, one of the mates. I have always considered this a desirable regulation when circumstances will admit of it, and I am persuaded that unbroken rest not only contributes much towards the health of the ship's company, but enables them more readily to exert themselves in cases of sudden emergency.

As I wished to proceed to Otaheite without stopping, reduced the allowance of bread to two-thirds, and caused the water for drinking to be filtered through drip-stones, bought at Teneriffe for that purpose. I now acquainted the ship's company of the object of the voyage, and gave assurances of certain promotion to every one whose endeavours should merit it.

On Tuesday the 26th of February, being in south latitude 29° 38', and 14° 44 west longitude, we bent new sails, and made other necessary preparations for encountering the weather that was to be expected in a high latitude. Our distance from the coast of Brazil was about 100 leagues.

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

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

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

We were off Cape St. Diego, the eastern part of the Terre de Fuego, and the wind being unfavourable, I thought it more advisable to go round to the eastward of Staten-land than to attempt passing through Straits de Maire. We passed New Year's Harbour and Cape St. John, and on Monday the 31st were in latitude 60° 1' south. But the wind became variable, and we had bad weather.

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

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

We came at an anchor on Friday the 24th of Mi, y, at Simon's Bay, at the Cape, after a tolerable run. The ship required complete caulking, for she had become so leaky, that we were obliged to pump hourly in our passage from Cape Horn. The sails and rigging also required repair, and, on examining the provisions, a considerable quantity was found damaged.

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

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

In a few days we passed the island of St. Paul, where there is good fresh water, as I was informed by a Dutch captain, and also a hot spring, which boils fish as completely as if done by a fire. Approaching to Van Diemen's land, we had much bad weather, with snow and hail, but nothing was seen to indicate our vicinity, on the 13th of August, except a seal, which appeared at the distance of twenty leagues from it. We anchored in Adventure Bay on Wednesday the 20th.

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

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

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

On Thursday, the 4th of September, we sailed out of Adventure Bay, steering first towards the east-southeast, and then to the northward of east, when, on the 18th, we came in sight of a cluster of small rocky isl-
and, which I name | Bounty Isles. Soon afterwards we
freely observed the sea, in the night time, to be
covered by luminous spots, caused by amazing quanti-
ties of small blubbers, or medusas, which emit a light,
like the blaze of a candle, from the strings or filamentts
extending from them, while the rest of the body con-
tinues perfectly dark.

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

Here we lost our surgeon on the 9th of December.
Of late he had scarcely ever stirred out of the cabin,
though not apprehended to be in a dangerous state.
Nevertheless, appearing worse than usual in the even-
ing, he was removed where he could obtain more air,
but without any benefit, for he died in an hour afterwards.
This unfortunate man drank very hard, and was so
averse to exercise, that he would never be prevailed on
to take half a dozen turns on deck at a time, during all
the course of the voyage. He was buried on shore.

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

The object of the voyager being now completed, all
the bread-fruit plants, to the number of one thousand
and fifteen, were got on board on Tuesday, the 31st of
March. Besides these, we had collected many other
plants, some of them bearing the finest fruits in the
world; and valuable, from affording brilliant dyes, and
for various properties besides. At sunset of the 4th of
April, we made sail from Otaheite, bidding farewell to
an island where for twenty-three weeks we had been
traversed with the utmost affection and regard, and which
seemed to increase in proportion to our stay. That
we were not insensitive to their kindness, the succeeding
circumstances sufficiently proved; for to the friendly
and endearing behaviour of these people may be as-
cribed the motives inducing an event that effected the
run of our proceedings, which there was every reason to
believe would have been attended with the most favou-
rous issue.

Next morning we got sight of the island Huahine;
and it had been concerted with so much secrecy and circumvention, that no one circumstance escaped to betray the impinging calamity.

On the night of Monday, the watch was set as I have described. Just before sunrise, on Tuesday morning, while I was yet asleep, Mr. Christian, with the master-at-arms' gunner's mate, and Thomas Burkitt, seaman, came into my cabin, and, seizing me, tied my hands with a cord behind my back; threatening me with instant death if I spoke or made the least noise. I nevertheless called out as loud as I could, in hopes of assistance; but the officers not of their party were already scared by sentinels at their doors. At my own cabin-door were three men, besides the four within: all except Christian had muskets and bayonets: he had only a cutlass. I was dragged out of bed, and forced on deck in my shirt, suffering great pain in the mean time from the tightness with which my hands were tied. On demurring the reason of such violence, the only answer was abuse for not holding my tongue. The master, the gunner, surgeon, master's mate, and Nelson the gardener, were kept confined below, and the fore-mastway was guarded by sentinels. The boatswain and carpenter, and also the clerk, were allowed to come on deck, where they saw me standing about the main-mast, with my hands tied behind my back, under a guard, with Christian at their doors. The boatswain was then ordered to hoist the bann, accompanied by a throng, if he did not do it instantly, to TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF.

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

The master had by this time seen, requesting that he might come on deck, which was permitted; but he was soon ordered back again to a cabin. My exertions to turn the tide of affairs were continued, when Christian, with a small cutlass, and a strong gape, threatened me with immediate death if I would not be quiet; and the villains around me had their pieces cocked and bayonets fixed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

But the severity of this mutiny surpasses belief. Thirteen of the party who were now with me had always lived forward among the seamen; yet neither they, nor the messmates of Christian, Stewart, Haywood, and Young, had ever observed any circumstance to excite suspicion of what was plotting; and it is not wonderful if I fell a sacrifice to it, my mind being entirely free from suspicion. Perhaps, had marines been on board, a sentinel at my cabin-door might have prevented it; for I constantly slept with the door open, that the officer of the watch might have access to me on all occasions. If the mutiny had been occasioned by any grievances, either real or imaginary, I must have discovered symptoms of discontent, which would have put me on my guard; but it was far otherwise. With Christian, in particular, I was on the most friendly terms; that very day he was engaged to have dined with me; and the proceeding might he excused himself from supper with me on pretence of indisposition, for which I felt concerned, having no suspicions of his honour or integrity.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Francis Foscarì, Doge of Venice.
Jacopo Foscarì, Son of the Doge.
James Loredano, a Patrician.
Marco Memmo, a Chief of the Forty.
Barbarigo, a Senator.
Other Senators, the Council of Ten, Guards, Attendants, etc., etc.

WOMAN.

Marina, Wife of young Foscarì.

Scene—The Ducal Palace, Venice.

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The Two Foscarì;
A HISTORICAL TRAGEDY.

The father softens, but the governor's resolved.

CRITIC.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Hall in the Ducal Palace.
Enter Loredano and Barbarigo, meeting.

Loredano.

Where is the prisoner?

Barbarigo.

Reposing from the Question.

Loredano.

The hour's past—six'd yesterday
For the resumption of his trial.—Let us Rejoin our colleagues in the council, and Urge his recall.

Barbarigo.

Nay, let him profit by A few brief minutes for his tortured limbs; He was o'erwrought by the Question yesterday, And may die under it if now repeated.

Loredano.

Well!

Barbarigo.

I yield not to you in love of justice, Or hate of the ambitious Foscarì,
The Two Foscari

Barbarigo.

But did the Doge make you so?

Loredano.

Yes.

Barbarigo.

What solid proofs?

Loredano.

When princes set themselves to work in secret, proofs and process are alike made difficult; but I have such of the first, as shall make the second needless.

Barbarigo.

But you will move by law?

Loredano.

By all the laws.

Which he would leave us.

Barbarigo.

They are such in this our state as render retribution easier than 'mongst remoter nations. Is it true that you have written in your books of commerce (The wealthy practice of our highest nobles) "Doge Foscari, my debtor for the deaths of Marco and Pietro Loredano, My sire and uncle!"

Loredano.

It is written thus.

Barbarigo.

And will you leave it un erased?

Loredano.

Till balanced.

Barbarigo.

And how?

(\textit{Two Senators pass over the Stage, as in their way to the Hall of the Council of Ten}.)

Loredano.

You see the number is complete.

Follow me. \textit{(Exit Loredano.)}

Barbarigo (polite).

Follow thee! I have follow'd long Thy path of desolation, as the wave Sweeps after that before it, alike whelming The wreck that creaks to the wild winds, and wretch Who shrieks within its riven ribs, as gush The waters through them; but this son and sire Might move the elements to pause, and yet Must I on hardly like them—Oh! would I could as blindly and remorselessly!— Lo, where he comes!—Be still, my heart! they are Thy foes, must he thy victims: wilt thou beat For those who almost broke them? \textit{Enter Guards, with young Foscari as prisoner, etc}

Guard.

Let him rest.

Signor, take time.

Jacopo Foscari.

I thank thee, friend, I'm feeble; But thou may'st stand reproved.

Guard.

I'll stand the hazard.

Jacopo Foscari.

That's kind!—I meet some pity, but no mercy; This is the first.

Guard.

And might be the last, did they Who rule behold us.

Barbarigo (advancing to the guard).

There's one who does:

Yet fear not; I will neither be thy judge Nor thy accuser; though the hour is past,
Wa" their last summons—I am of "the Ten,"
And waiting for that summons, sanction you
Even by my presence; when the last call sounds
We'll in together.—Look well to the prisoner!

JACOPO FOSCARI.

What voice is that?—tis Barbarigo's! Ah!
Our house's foe, and one of my few judges.

BARBARIGO.

To balance such a foe, if such there be,
Thy father sits amongst thy judges.

JACOPO FOSCARI.

True,

He judges.

BARBARIGO.

Then deem not the laws too harsh
Which yield so much indulgence to a sire
As to allow his voice in such high matter
As the state's safety—

JACOPO FOSCARI.

And his son's. I'm faint;
Let me approach, I pray you, for a breath
Of air, you window which o'erlooks the waters.

Enter an Officer, who whispers BARBARIGO.

BARBARIGO (to the guard).

Let him up roach. I must not speak with him
Further than thus: I have transgress'd my duty
In this brief harley, and must now redeem it
Within the Council Chamber.

[Exit BARBARIGO.

[Guard exuding Jacopo Foscari to the window.

GUARD.

There, sir, 'tis

And your lies?

JACOPO FOSCARI.

Limb! how often have they borne me
Bounding o'er your blue tide, as I have skimm'd
The gondola along in chivalry race,
And, masqued as a young gondelior, amidst
My gay competitors, noble as I,
Raced for our pleasure in the pride of strength,
While the fair populace of crowding beauties,
Plebeian as a grecian, cheer'd us on
With dazzlin' smiles, and wishes audible,
And waving lattices, and applauding hands,
Even to the goal!—How many a time have I
Claven, with arm still hastily, breast more daring,
The wave all ruffle'd; with a swimmer's stroke
Flinging the lallows back from my drench'd hair,
And laughing from my lip the avuncular brine,
Which kiss'd like a wine-cup, rising o'er
The waves as arrose, and pronder still
The loifter they uplifted me; and o'er,
In wantonness of spirit, plunging down
Into their green and glassy gloves, and making
My way to shall's and sea-coast, all unseen
By the-e a eery, till they were'd with carefully then
Returning with my grace fall of such tokens
As should'd I had scared'd the deep; exulting,
With a fair-dancing stroke, and drawing deep
The long-suspended breath, again I spurn'd
The foam which broke round me, and pursued
My track like a sea-bird.—I was a boy then.

GUARD.

Be a man now; there never was more need
Of manhood's strength.

JACOPO FOSCARI (looking from the lattice).

My beautiful, my own,

My only Venice—this is breath! Thy breeze,
Thine Adrian sea-breze, how it fans my face!
The very winds feel native to my veins,
And cool them into calmness! How unlike
The hot gales of the horrid Cyclades,
Which howl'd about my Candiate dungeon, and
Made my heart sick.

GUARD.

I see the colour comes
Back to your cheek; Heaven send you strength to bear
What more may be imposed!—I dread to think on't.

JACOPO FOSCARI.

They will not banish me again?—No—no,
Let them wring on; I am strong yet.

GUARD.

Confess,

And the rack will be spared you.

JACOPO FOSCARI.

I confess'd
Once—twice before: both times they exiled me.

GUARD.

And the third time will slay you.

JACOPO FOSCARI.

Let them do so,
So I be buried in my birth-place: better
Be ashes here than aught that lives elsewhere.

GUARD.

And can you so much love the soil which hates you?

JACOPO FOSCARI.

The soil!—Oh no, it is the seed of the soil
Wh ch persecutes me; but my native earth
Will take me as a mother to her arms,
I ask no more than a Venetian grave—
A dungeon, what they will, so it be here.

Enter an Officer.

OFFICER.

Bring in the prisoner!

GUARD.

Signor, you hear the order.

JACOPO FOSCARI.

Ay, I am used to such a summons; 'tis
The third time they have tortured me:—then lend me
Thine arm.

[To the Guard.

OFFICER.

Take mine, sir; 'tis my duty to
Be nearest to your person.

JACOPO FOSCARI.

You!—you are he
Who yesterday presided o'er my pangs—
Away!—I'Il walk alone.

OFFICER.

As you please, signor;
The sentence was not of my signing, but
I dared not disobey the Council, when
They—

JACOPO FOSCARI.

Bade thee stretch me on their horrid engine.
I pray thee touch me not—that is, just now;
The time will come they will renew that order,
But keep off from me till 'tis issued. As
I look upon thy hands, my curdling limbs
Quiver with the anticipated wrenching,
And the cold drops stream through my brow as if—
But onward—I have borne it—I can bear it—
How looks my father?

OFFICER.

With his wonted aspect.

JACOPO FOSCARI.

So doth the earth, and sky, the blue of ocean,
Enter Memmo and another Senator.

MEMMO. He’s gone—we are too late:—think you “the Ten"’
Will sit for any length of time to-day?

SENIOR. They say the prisoner is most obdurate,
Persisting in his first avowal; but
More I know not.

MEMMO. And that is much; the secrets
Of your terrific chamber are as hidden
From us, the premier nobles of the state,
As from the people.

SENIOR. Save the wondred rumours,
Which (like the tales of spectres that are rife
Near ruin’d buildings) never have been proved,
Nor wholly disbelieved: men know as little
Of the state’s real acts as of the grave’s
Unfathom’d mysteries.

MEMMO. But with length of time
We gain a step in knowledge, and I look
Forward to be one day of the decennirs.

SENIOR. Or Doge?

MEMMO. Why, no, not if I can avoid it.

SENIOR. ’T is the first station of the state, and may
Be lawfully desired, and lawfully
Attain’d by noble aspirants.

MEMMO. To such
I leave it; though born noble, my ambition
Is limited: I’d rather be an unit
Of an united and imperial “Ten,”
Than shine a lonely, though a gilded cipher.—
Whom have we here? the wife of Foscarì?

Enter Marina, with a female attendant.

MARINA. What, no one?—I am wrong, there still are two;
But they are senators.

MEMMO. Most noble lady,
Command us.

MARINA. I command! Ah! my life
Has been one long entreaty, and a vain one.

MEMMO. I understand thee, but I must not answer.

MARINA (fiercely).

True—one dare answer here save on the rack,
Or question save those—

MEMMO (interrupting her).

High-born dame! bethink thee
Where thou now art:

MARINA.

Where I now am!—It was
My husband’s father’s palace.

MEMMO.
The Duke’s palace.

MARINA. And his son’s prison;—true, I have not forgot it,
And if there were no other nearer, bitterer
Remembrances, would thank the illustrious Memmo
For pointing out the pleasures of the place.

MEMMO. Be calm.

MARINA (looking up towards heaven).
I am; but oh, thou eternal God!
Canst thou continue so, with such a world?

MEMMO. Thy husband yet may be absolved.

MARINA. He is,
In heaven. I pray you, signor senator,
Speak not of that; you are a man of office,
So is the Doge; he has a son at stake,
Now, at this moment, and I have a husband,
Or had: they are there within, or were at least
An hour since, face to face, as judge and culprit:
Will he condemn him?

MEMMO. I trust not.

MARINA. But if
He does not, there are three will sentence both.

MEMMO. They can.

MARINA. And with them power and will are one
In wickedness:—my husband’s lost!

MEMMO. Not so;

Justice is judge in Venice.

MARINA. If it were so
There would now be no Venice. But let it
Live on, so the good die not, till the hour
Of nature’s summons; but “the Ten’s” is quicker
And we must wait on’t. Ah! a voice of wail!

[Aside].

Hark!

MEMMO. ’T was a cry of——

MARINA. No, no; not my husband’s——

Not Foscarì’s.

MEMMO. The voice was——

MARINA. Not his; no.

He shriek! No; that should be his father’s part.
Not his—not his—he’ll die in silence.

[Aside].

What!

Again?

MARINA. His voice! it seemed so: I will not
Believe it. Should he shriek, I cannot cease
To love; but—no—no—it must have been
A fearful pang which wrung a groan from him.

SENIOR. And feeling for thy husband’s wounds thou
Have him bear more than mortal pain in silence?

MARINA. We all must bear our tortures. I have not
Left barren the great house of Foscarì,
Though they sweep both the Doge and son from life;
I have endured as much in giving life
To those who will succeed them, as they can
In leaving it: but mine were joyful pangs;
And yet they wrung me till I could have shriek’d,
But did not, for my hope was to bring forth
Heroes, and would not welcome them with tears.

MEMMO.
All’s silent now.

MARINA.
Perhaps all’s over; but
I will not deem it: he hath screwed himself,
And now defies them.

Enter an Officer hastily.

MEMMO.
How now, friend, what seek you?

OFFICER.
A keech. The prisoner has fainted.

[Exit Officer.]

MEMMO.
’T were better to retire.

SENATOR (offering to assist her).
I pray thee do so.

MARINA.
Off! I will tend him.

MEMMO.
You! Remember, lady!
Ingress is given to none within those chambers,
Except “the Ten,” and their familiars.

MARINA.
Well,
I know that none who enter there return
As they have enter’d—many never; but
They shall not balk my entrance.

MEMMO.
Ains! this
Is but to expose yourself to harsh repulse,
And worse suspense.

MARINA.
Who shall oppose me?

MEMMO.
They
Whose duty ’tis to do so.

MARINA.
’Tis their duty
To trample on all human feelings, all
P’s which bind man to man, to emulate
The fiends, who will one day requite them in
Variety of torturing! Yet I’ll pass.

MEMMO.
It is impossible.

MARINA.
That shall be tried.
Despair defies even despotism: there is
That in my heart would make its way through hosts
With level’d spears; and think you a few pilgrims
Shall put me from my path? Give me, then, way;
This is the Doge’s palace; I am wife
Of the Duke’s son, the innocent Duke’s son,
And they shall hear this!

MEMMO.
It will only serve
More to exasperate his judges.

MARINA.
What
Are judges who give way to anger? they
Who do so are assassins. Give me way.

[Exit MARINA.

SENATOR.

MEMMO.
’Tis mere desperation; she
Will not be admitted o’er the threshold.

SENATOR.

Even if she be so, cannot save her husband.
But, see, the officer returns.

[The officer passes over the stage with another person.

MEMMO.
I hardly
Thought that “the Ten” had even this touch of pity,
Or would permit assistance to the sufferer.

SENATOR.
Pity! Is’t pity to recall to feeling
The wretch too happy to escape to death
By the compassionate trance, poor nature’s last
Resource against the tyranny of pain?

MEMMO.
I marvel they condemn him not at once.

SENATOR.
That’s not their policy: they’d have him live,
Because he fears not death; and banish him,
Because all earth, except his native land,
To him is one wide prison, and each breath
Of foreign air he draws seems a slow poison,
Consuming but not killing.

MEMMO.
Circumstance
Confirms his crimes, but he avows them not.

SENATOR.
None, save the letter, which he says was written,
Address’d to Milan’s duke, in the full knowledge
That it would fall into the senate’s hands,
And thus he should be re-convey’d to Venice.

MEMMO.
But as a culprit.

SENATOR.
Yes, but to his country:
And that was all he sought, so he avouches.

MEMMO.
The accusation of the bribes was proved.

SENATOR.
Not clearly, and the charge of homicide
Has been annul’d by the death-bed confession
Of Nicholas Erizzo, who slew the late
Chief of “the Ten.”

MEMMO.
Then why not clear him?

SENATOR.
That
They ought to answer; for it is well known
That Almoro Donato, as I said,
Was slain by Erizzo for private vengeance.

MEMMO.
There must be more in this strange process than
The apparent crimes of the accused disclose—
But here come two of “the Ten;” let us retire.

[Exeunt MEMMO and SENATOR.

Enter LOREDANO and BARBARIGO.

BARBARIGO (addressing LOREDANO).
That were too much: believe me, ’twas not meet
The trial should go further at this moment.

LOREDANO.
And so the Council must break up, and Justice
Take in her full career, because a woman
Breaks in on our deliberations?

BARBARIGO.
No,
That’s not the cause: you saw the prisoner’s state.
THE TWO FOSCARI.

BARBARIGO.
War with them too?

LOREDANO.
With all their house, till theirs or mine are nothing.

BARBARIGO.
And the deep agony of his rale wife,
And the repres'd confusion of the high
And prouer'ly brow of his old father, which
Broke forth in a slight shuddering, though rarely,
Or in some clammy drops, soon wiped away
In stern serenity; these moved you not?

Exit Lorendano.

He's silent in his hate, as Foscari
Was in his suffering; and the poor wretch move me
More by his silence than a thousand outcries
Could have effected. 'Twas a dreadful sight
When his distracted wife broke through into
The hall of our tribunal, and beheld
What we could scarcely look upon, long used
To such sights. I must think no more of this,
Lost I forget in this compassion for
Our faces their former injuries, and lose
The hold of vengeance Lorendano plans
For him and me; but mine would be content
With lesser retribution than he thirsts for,
And I would mitigate his deeper hatred
To milder thoughts; but, for the present, Foscari
Has a short hourly respite, granted at
The instance of the elders of the Council,
Moved doubtless by his wife's appearance in
The hall, and his own sufferings.—Lo! they come:
How feeble and forlorn! I cannot bear
To look on them again in this extremity:
I'll hence, and try to soften Lorendano.

[Exit Varnarigo.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Hall in the Doge's Palace.

The Doge and a Senator.

Senator.
Is it your pleasure to sign the report
Now, or postpone til to morrow?

Doge.
I overlook'd it yesterday; it wants
Morder the signature. Give me the pen—

[The Doge sits down and signs the paper.

There, signor.

Senator (looking at the paper).
You have forget; it is not sign'd.

Doge.
Not sign'd? Ah, I perceive my eyes begin
To wax more weak with age. I did not see
That I had dup'd the pen without effect.

Senator (dipping the pen into the ink, and placing the paper before the doge).

Your hand, too, shakes, my lord: allow me, thus—

Doge.
'Tis done, I thank you.

Senator.
Thus the act confirm'd
By you and by "the Ten," gives peace to Venice.

Doge.
'Tis long since she enjoy'd it: may it be
As long ere she resume her arms!

Senator.
'Tis almost

Thirty-four years of nearly ceaseless warfare
BYRON’S POETICAL WORKS.

Enter Marina.

Marina.

I have ventured, father, on Your privacy.

Doge.

I have none from you, my child.

Command my time, when not commanded by The state

Marina.

I wish’d to speak to you of him.

Doge.

Your husband?

Marina.

And your son.

Doge.

Proceed, my daughter

Marina.

I had obtain’d permission from the Ten To attend my husband for a limited number Of hours.

Doge.

You had so.

Marina.

’Tis revoked.

Doge.

By whom?

Marina.

“The Ten.”—When we had reach’d the Bridge of Sighs,

Which I prepared to pass with Foscari, The gloomy guardian of that passage first Demur’d: a messenger was sent back to

“The Ten;” but as the court no longer sate, And no permission had been given in writing, I was thrust back, with the assurance that

Until that high tribunal re-assembled, The dungeon walls must still divide us.

Doge.

True.

The form has been omitted in the haste,

With which the court adjourn’d, and till it meets

’Tis dubious.

Marina.

Till it meets! and when it meets,

They ’ll torture him again; and he and I Must purchase by renewal of the rack The interview of husband and of wife, The holiest tie beneath the heavens!—Oh God,

Dost thou see this?

Doge.

Child—child—

Marina ( abruptly).

Call me not “child”

You soon will have no children—you deserve none—

You, who can talk thus calmly of a son In circumstances which would call forth tears Of blood from Spartans! Though these did not weep Their boys who died in battle, is it written That they beheld them perish piecemeal, nor Stretch’d forth a hand to save them?

Doge.

You behold me:

I cannot weep—I would I could; but if Each white hair on this head were a young life, This ducal cap, the diadem of earth, This ducal ring with which I won the waves A talisman to still them—I’d give all For him.

Marina.

With less he surely might be saved.

With the Turk, or the powers of Italy; The state had need of some repose.

Doge.

No doubt:

I found her queen of ocean, and I leave her Lady of Lombardy: it is a comfort That I have added to her diadem

The gems of Brescia and Ravenna; Crema And Bergamo no less are hers; her realm By land has grown by thus much in my reign, While her sea-sway has not shrunk.

Senator.

’Tis most true,

And merits all our country’s gratitude.

Doge.

Perhaps so.

Senator.

Which should be made manifest.

Doge.

I have not complain’d, sir.

Senator.

My good lord, forgive me.

Doge.

For what?

Senator.

My heart bleeds for you.

Doge.

For me, signor?

And for your—

Doge.

Stop!

Senator.

It must have way, my lord:

I have too many duties towards you And all your house, for present kindness, Not to feel deeply for your son.

Doge.

Was this

In your commission?

Senator.

What, my lord?

Doge.

This prattle

Of things you know not; but the treaty’s sign’d; Return with it to them who sent you.

Senator.

Obey. I had in charge, too, from the Council That you would fix an hour for their reunion.

Doge.

Say, when they will—now, even at this moment, If it so please them: I am the state’s servant.

Senator.

They would accord some time for your repose.

Doge.

I have no repose, that is, none which shall cause The loss of an hour’s time onto the state, Let them meet when they will, I shall be found Where I should be, and what I have been ever.

[Exit Senator.

[The Doge remains in silence.

Enter an attendant.

Attendant.

Prince!

Doge.

Say on.

Attendant.

The illustrious lady Foscari Requests an audience.

Doge.

Bid her enter

[Exit Attendant.

Marina

The Doge remains in silence as before.
DOGE.

That answer only shows you know not Venice.

But how should you? she knows not herself.

In all her mystery, I hear—she who aim

At Foscarini, aim not less at his father;-

The sire's destruction would not save the son;

They work by different means to the same end,

And that is—but they have not conquer'd yet.

A

DOGE.

Nor crush'd as yet—I live.

And your son,—how long will he live?

I trust,

For all that yet is past, as many years

And happier than his father. The rash boy,

With womanish impatience to return,

Hath ruin'd all by that detected letter;

A high crime, which I neither can deny

Nor palliate, as parent or as duke:

Hath not outlived a little, little longer

His Candido exile, I had hopes—he has quench'd them—

He must return.

MARINA.

To exit?

I have said it,

And can I not go with him?

You well know

This prayer of yours was twice denied before

By the assembled "Ten," and hardly now

Will be accorded to a third request,

Since aggravated errors on the part

Of your lord renders them still more austere.

MARINA.

Austere? Atrocious! The old human fiends,

With one foot in the grave, with slim eyes, strange

To tears save drops of dotage, with long white

And scanty hairs, and shaking hands, and heads

As pensive as their hearts are hard, they counsel,

Cabals, and put men's lives out, as if life

Were no more than the feelings long extinguish'd

In their accursed bosoms.

DOGE.

You know not—

I do—I do—and so should you, methinks—

That these are demons; could it be else that

Men, who have been of women born and suckled—

Who have loved, or talk'd at least of love—have given

Their hands in sacred vows—have danced their babes

Upon their knees, perhaps have mourn'd above them

In pain, in peril, or in death—who are,

Or were at dust in seeming human, could

Do as they have done by yours, and you yourself,

You, wh. abet them?

I forgive this, for

You, know not what you say.

And feel it nothing

I have borne so much,

That words have ceased to shake me.
BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS.

MARINA.
That word again?

DOGE.
Has not been condemned?

MARINA.
Is none but guilt so?

DOGE.
Time may restore his memory—I would hope so.
He was my pride, my—but 'tis useless now—
I am not given to tears, but wept for joy
When he was born; those drops were ominous.

MARINA.
I say he's innocent: and, were he not so,
Is our own blood and kin to shrink from us
In fatal moments?

DOGE.
I shrank not from him:
But I have other duties than a father's;
The state would not dispense me from those duties;
Twice I demanded it, but was refused;
They must then be fulfilled.

Enter an Attendant.

ATTENDANT.
A message from
'The Ten.'

DOGE.
Who bears it?

ATTENDANT.
Noble Loredano.

DOGE.
He!—but admit him.

MARINA.
[Exit Attendant.

Must I then retire?

DOGE.
Perhaps it is not requisite, if this
Concerns your husband, and if not—Well, signor,
Your pleasure!

LOREDANO.
I bear that of 'the Ten.'

DOGE.
They
Have chosen well their envoy.

LOREDANO.
'Tis their choice
Which leads me here.

DOGE.
It does their wisdom honour,
And no less to their courtesy.—Proceed.

LOREDANO.
We have decided.

DOGE.
We?

LOREDANO.
'The Ten' in council.

DOGE.
What have they met again, and met without
Apprising me?

LOREDANO.
They wish'd to spare your feelings,
No less than age.

DOGE.
That's new—when spared they either?
I thank them, notwithstanding.

LOREDANO.
You know well
That they have power to set at their discretion,
With or without the presence of the Doge.

DOGE.
'Tis some years since I learnt this, long before
I became Doge, or dream'd of such advancement.

You need not school me, signor: I state in
That council when you were a young patrician.

LOREDANO.
True, in my father's time; I have heard him and
The admiral, 'tis brother, say as much.
Your highness may remember them: they both
Died suddenly.

DOGE.
And if they did so, better
So die, than live on lingeringly in pain.

LOREDANO.
No doubt! yet most men like to live their days out.

DOGE.
And did not they?

LOREDANO.
The grave knows best: they died,
As I said, suddenly.

DOGE.
Is that so strange,
That you repeat the word emphatically?

LOREDANO.
So far from strange, that never was there death
In my mind half so natural as theirs.
Think you not so?

DOGE.
What should I think of mortals?

LOREDANO.
That they have mortal fates.

DOGE.
I understand you;
Your sires were mine, and you are heir in all things.

LOREDANO.
You best know if I should be so

DOGE.
I do.
Your fathers were my foes, and I have heard
Foul rumours were abroad; I have also read
Their epitaph, attributing their deaths
To poison. 'Tis perhaps as true as most
Inscriptions upon tombs, and yet no less
A fable.

LOREDANO.
Who dares say so?

DOGE.
I!—'T is true
Your fathers were mine enemies, as bitter
As their son e'er can be, and I no less
Was theirs; but I was openly their foe:
I never work'd by plot in council, nor
Calam in commonwealth, nor secret means
Of practise against him, by steel or drug.
The proof is, your existence.

LOREDANO.
I fear not.

DOGE.
You have no cause, being what I am; but were I
That you would have me thought, you long ere now
Were past the sense of fear. Hate on; I care not.

LOREDANO.
I never yet knew that a noble's life
In Venice had to dread a Doge's frown,
That is, by open means.

DOGE.
But I, good signor,
Am, or at least was, more than a mere duke,
In blood, in mind, in means; and that they know
Who dared to erect me, and have since
Striven all they dare to weigh me down: be sure,
Before or since that period, had I held you
At so much price as to require your absence,
A word of mine had set such spirits to work
As would have made you nothing. But in all things
LOREDANO.

The offspring of a noble house.

MARINA.

And wedded
To one as noble. What or whose, then, is
The presence that should silence my free thoughts?

LOREDANO.
The presence of your husband's judges.

DOGE.

And

The deference due even to the lowest word
That falls from those who rule in Venice.

MARINA.

Keep

Those maxims for your mass of scared mechanics,
Your merchants, your Dalmatian and Greek slaves,
Your tributaries, your dumb citizens,
And mask'd nobility, your shiri, and
Your spies, your galley and your other slaves,
To whom your midnight carryings-off and drownings,
Your dangerous next the palace roofs, or under
The water's level; your mysterious meetings,
And unknown dooms, and sudden executions,
Your "Bridge of Sighs," your strangling chamber, and
Your torturing instruments, have made ye seem
The beings of another and worse world!
Keep such for them: I bear ye not; I know ye;
Have known and proved your worst, in the infernal
Process of my poor husband! Treat me as
Ye treated him—ye did so, in so dealing
With him. Then what have I to fear from you,
Even if I were of fearful nature, which
I trust I am not?

DOGE.

You hear, she speaks wildly.

MARINA.

Not wisely, yet not wildly.

LOREDANO.

Lady! words
Utter'd within these walls, I bear no further
Than to the threshold, saving such as pass
Between the Duke and me on the state's service.
Doge! have you aught in answer?

DOGE.

Something from
The Doge; it may be also from a parent.

LOREDANO.

My mission here is to the Doge.

DOGE.

Then say
The Doge will choose his own ambassador,
Or state in person what is meet; and for
The father—

LOREDANO.

I remember mine.—Farewell!
I kiss the hands of the illustrious lady,
And bow me to the Duke.

[Exit Loredano]

MARINA.

Are you content?

DOGE.

I am what you behold.

MARINA.

And that's a mystery.

DOGE.

All things are so a mortals: who can read them
Save he who made? or, if they can, the few
And gifted spirits, who have so died long
That bathsome volume—man, and pored upon
Those black and bloody leaves his heart and brain,
But learn a magic which recoils upon
BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS

The adept who pursues it: all the sins
We find in others, nature made our own;
All our advantages are those of fortune;
Birth, wealth, health, beauty, are her accidents,
And when we cry out against fate, 't were well
We should remember fortune can take nought
Save what she gave—the rest was meekness,
And lusts, and appetites, and vanities,
The universal heritage, to battle
With as we may, and least in humblest stations,
Where hunger swallows all in one low want,
And the original ordinance, that man
Must sweat for his poor pittance, keeps all passions
Alone, save fear of famine! All is low,
And false, and hollow—clay from first to last,
The prince's urn no less than potter's vessel.
Our fame is in men's breath, our lives upon
Less than their breath; our durance upon days,
Our days on seasons; our whole being on
Something which is not we!—So, we are slaves,
The greatest as the meanest—nothing rests
Upon our will; the will itself no less
Depends upon a straw than on a storm; and
And when we think we lead, we are most led,
And still towards death, a thing which comes as much,
Without ex-act or choice, as birth; so that
Methinks we must have sin'd in some old world,
And this is hell: the best is, that it is not
Eternal.

MARINA.

These are things we cannot judge
On earth.

DOGE.

And how then shall we judge each other,
Who are all earth, and I, who am call'd upon
To judge my son? I have administer'd
My country faithfully—victoriously—
I dare them to the proof—the chart of what
She was and is: my reign has doubled realms;
And, in reward, the gratitude of Venice
Has left, or is about to leave, me single.

MARINA.

And Foscari? I do not think of such things,
So I be left with him.

DOGE.

You shall be so;
Thus much they cannot well deny.

MARINA. And if

They should, I will fly with him.

DOGE. That can ne'er be.

MARINA.

I know not, neck not—

To Syria, Egypt, to the Ottoman—
Any where, where we might require unfetter'd;
And live, nor girt by spies, nor liable
To ejects of inquisitors of state.

DOGE.

What, wouldst thou have a renegade for husband,
And turn him into traitor?

MARINA. He is none;
The country is the traitress, which thrusts forth
Her best and bravest from her. Tyranny
is far the worst of treasures. Lust thou deem
Some rebels except subjects? The prince who
Noblest or violates his trust is more
A braggart than the rubber-chief.

DOGE. I cannot
Charge me with such a breach of faith.

MARINA. No; hoo
Observ'st, obey'st, such laws as make old Draco's
A code of mercy by comparison.

DOGE.

I found the law; I did not make it. Were I
A subject, still I might find parts and portions
Fit for amendment; but, as prince, I never
Would change, for the sake of my house, the charters
Left by our fathers.

MARINA.

Did they make it for
The ruin of their children?

DOGE. Under such laws, Venetian.

Has risen to what she is—a state to rival
In deeds, and days, and away, and, let me add,
In glory (for we have had Roman spirits
Amongst us), all that history has bequeath'd
Of Rome and Carthage in their best times, when
The people sway'd by senators.

MARINA. Rather say,
Groan'd under the stern oligarchs.

DOGE. Perhaps so;
But yet subdued the world: in such a state
An individual, be he richest of
Such rank as is permitted, or the meanest,
Without a name, is alike nothing, when
The policy, irrevocably tending
To one great end, must be maintain'd in vigour.

MARINA.

This means that you are more a Doge than father
DOGE.

It means I am more citizen than either.
If we had not for many centuries
Had thousands of such citizens, and shall,
I trust, have still such, Venice were no city.

MARINA.

Accursed be the city where the laws
Would stile nature's!

DOGE.

Had I as many sons
As I have years, I would have given them all,
Not without feeling, but I would have given them
To the state's service, to fulfil her wishes
On the flood, in the field, or, if it must be,
As it, alas! has been, to ostracism,
Exile, or chains, or whatsoever worse
She might decree.

MARINA. And this is patriotism!
To me it seems the worst barbarity.
Let me seek out my husband: the sage "Ten,"
With all its jealousy, will hardly war
So far with a weak woman as deny me
A moment's access to his dungeon.

DOGE. I'll
So far take on myself, as order that
You may be admitted.

MARINA. And what shall I say
To Foscari from his father?

DOGE. That he obey
The laws.
ACT III.

SCENE I.

The Prison of Jacopo Foscarì.

JACOPO FOSCARÌ (solo).
No light, save you faint gleam, which shows me walls Which never echo'd but to sorrow's sounds, The sigh of long imprisonment, the step Of feet on which the iron chank'd, the groan Of death, the imprecation of despair! And yet for this I have return'd to Venice, With some faint hope, 't is true, that time, which wears The marble door, had worn away the hate Of men's hearts: but I knew them not, and here Must I consume my own, which never beat For Venice but with such a yearning as The dove has for her distant nest, when wheeling High in the air on her return to greet Her callow brood. What letters are these which [Approaching the wall.

Are scratch'd along the inexorable wall?

Will the gleam let me trace them? Ah! the names Of my sad predecessors in this place, The dates of their despair, the brief words of A grief too great for many. This stone page Holds like an epitaph their history, And the poor captive's tale is grav'd on His dungeon barrier, like the lover's record Upon the bark of some tall tree, which bears His own and his beloved's name. Alas! I recognise some names familiar to me, And blight'd like to mine, which I will add, Fittest for such a chronicle as this, Which only can be read, as writ, by wretches. [He engraves his name.

Enter a Familiar of "the Ten."

FAMILIAR.
I bring you food.

JACOPO FOSCARÌ.
I pray you set it down I am past hunger: but my lips are parch'd—

The water!

FAMILIAR.
There.

JACOPO FOSCARÌ (after drinking).
I thank you: I am better.

FAMILIAR.
I am commanded to inform you that Your further trial is postponed.

JACOPO FOSCARÌ.
Till when?

FAMILIAR.
I know not.—It is also in my orders That your illustrious lady be admitted.

JACOPO FOSCARÌ.
Ah! they relent then—I had ceased to hope it. T'was time.

Enter MARINA.

MARINA.
My best beloved!
And liberty?

JACOPO FOSCARI.

And holding on its course; but there, afar,
In that accursed isle of slaves, and captives,
And unbelievers, like a stranded wreck,
My very soul seem'd mouldering in my bosom,
And piecemeal I shall perish, if remanded.

MARINA.

And here?

JACOPO FOSCARI.

At once—by better means, as briefer.
What! would they even deny me my sire's sepulchre
As well as home and heritage?

MARINA.

My husband!
I have sued to accompany thee hence,
And not so hopelessly. This love of thine
For an ungrateful and tyrannical soul,
Is passion, and not patriotism; for me,
So I could see thee with a quiet aspect,
And the sweet freedom of the earth and air,
I would not cavil about climes or regions.
This crowd of palaces and prisons is not
A paradise; its first inhabitants
Were wretched exiles.

JACOPO FOSCARI.

Well I know how wretched.

MARINA.

And yet you see how from their banishment
Before the Tartar into these salt isles,
Their antique energy of mind, all that
Remain'd of Rome for their inheritance,
Created by degrees an ocean-Home;
And shall an evil, which so often leads
To good, depress thee thus?

JACOPO FOSCARI.

Had I gone forth
From my own land, like the old patriarchs, seeking
Another region, with their flocks and herds;
Had I been cast out like the Jews from Zion,
Or like our fathers, driven by Attila
From fertile Italy to barren islets,
I would have given some tears to my late country,
And many thoughts; but afterwards address'd
Myself, with those about me, to create
A new home and fresh state: perhaps I could
Have borne this—though I know not.

MARINA.

Wherefore not?
It was the lot of millions, and must be
The fate of myriads more.

JACOPO FOSCARI.

Ay—we but hear
Of the survivors' toil in their new lands,
Their numbers and success; but who can number
The hearts which broke in silence of that parting,
Or after their departure; of that malady
Which calls up green and native fields to view
From the rough deep, with such identity
To the poor exile's fever'd eye, that he
can scarcely be restrain'd from reeling them?
That melody, which out of tons and tunes,
Collects such pasture for the glowing sorrow
Of the sad mountaineer, when far away
From his snow canopy of cliffs and clouds,
That he feeds on the sweet, but poisonous thought,
And dies. You call this weakness? It is strength,
I say,—the parent of all honest feeling.
He who loves not his country, can love nothing.

MARINA.

Obey her, then; it is she that puts thee forth.

1 The calenture.
2 Alluding to the Swiss air, and its effects.
JACOPO FOSCARI.

Ay, there it is: 'tis like a mother’s curse
Upon my soul— the mark is set upon me.
The exiles you speak of went forth by nations,
Their hands unbid each other by the way,
Their tents were pitched together—I’m alone,
MARINA. 

ce shal be so no more—I will go with thee,
JACOPO FOSCARI.
My best Marina!—and our children?
MARINA. They, I fear, by the prevention of the state’s
Abhorrent policy (which holds all ties
As threads, which may be broken at her pleasure),
Will not be suffered to proceed with us.
JACOPO FOSCARI.

And canst thou leave them?
MARINA. Yes. With many a pang
But—I can leave them, children as they are,
To teach you to be less a child. From this
Learn you to sway your feelings, when exacted
By duties paramount; and it is our first
On earth to bear.
JACOPO FOSCARI.

Have I not borne?
MARINA. Too much
From tyrannous injustice, and enough
To teach you not to shrink now from a lot
Which, as compared with what you have undergone
Of late is mercy.
JACOPO FOSCARI.

Ah! you never yet
Were far away from Venice, never saw
Her beautiful towers in the receding distance,
While every furrow of the vessel’s track
Seem’d plunging deep into your heart; you never
Saw day go down upon your native skies
So calmly with its gold and crimson glory,
And after dreaming a disturbed vision
Of them and theirs, awake and found them not.
MARINA. I will divide this with you. Let us think
Of our departure from this much-loved city
(Since you must leave it, as it seems), and this
Chamber of state her gratitude allot’s you.
Our children will be cared for by the Doge,
And by my uncle; we must sail ere night.
JACOPO FOSCARI.

That’s sudden. Shall I not behold my father?
MARINA. You will.
JACOPO FOSCARI.

Where?
MARINA. Here or in the ducal chamber—
He said not which. I would that you could bear
Your exile as he bears it.
JACOPO FOSCARI.

Blame him not.
I sometimes murmur for a moment; but
He could not now act otherwise. A show
Of feeling or compassion on his part
Would have but drawn upon his aged head
Suspicion from “the Ten,” and upon mine
Accumulated ill,
MARINA. Accumulated,
What pangs are those they have spared you?
JACOPO FOSCARI.

That of leaving
Venice without beholding him or you,
Which might have been forbidden now, as ’twas
Upon my former exile.
MARINA. That is true,
And thus far I am also the state’s debtor,
And shall be more so when I see us both
Floating on the free waves—away—away—
Be it to the earth’s end, from this abhor’d,
Unjust, and—
JACOPO FOSCARI.

Curse it not. If I am silent,
Who dares accuse my country?
MARINA.

Men and angels!
The blood of myriadsrecking up to heaven,
The groans of slaves in chains, and men in dungeons,
Mothers, and wives, and sons, and sires, and subjects,
Held in the bondage of ten bald-heads; and
Though last, not least, thy silence. Couldst thou say
Aught in its favour, who would praise like thee?
JACOPO FOSCARI.

Let us address us then, since so it must be,
To our departure. Who comes here?

Enter LOREDANO, attended by FAMILIARs.
LOREDANO (to the FAMILIARs).

Retire,
But leave the torch. 
[Exeunt the two FAMILIARs.

JACOPO FOSCARI.

Most welcome, noble signor.
I did not deem this poor place could have drawn
Such presence hither.
LOREDANO.

’Tis not the first time
I have visited these places.
MARINA.

Nor would be
The last, were all men’s merits well rewarded.
Came you here to insult us, or remain
As spy upon us, or as hostage for us?
LOREDANO.

Neither are of my office, noble lady!
I am sent hither to your husband, to
Announce “the Ten’s” decree.
MARINA.

That tenderness
Has been anticipated: it is known.
LOREDANO.

As how?
MARINA.

I have inform’d him, not so gently,
Doubtless, as your nice feelings would prescribe,
The indulgence of your colleagues; but he knew it.
If you come for our thanks, take them, and hence!
The dungeon gloom is deep enough without you,
And full of reptiles, not less loathsome, though
Their sting is honest.
JACOPO FOSCARI.

I pray you, call me:
What can avail such words?
MARINA. To let him know
That he is known.
LOREDANO.

Let the fair dame preserve
Her sex’s privilege.
MARINA.

I have some sons, sir,
Will one day thank you better.
LOREDANO.
You do well
To muse them wisely. Foscari—you know
Your sentence, then?

JACOPO FOSCARI.
Return to Candia!

LOREDANO.
True—

JACOPO FOSCARI.
Not long.

LOREDANO.
I said—for life.

JACOPO FOSCARI.
And I

Repeat—not long.

LOREDANO.
A year’s imprisonment
In Candia—afterwards the freedom of
The whole isle.

JACOPO FOSCARI.
Both the same to me: the after
Freedom as is the first imprisonment.
Is’t true my wife accompanies me?

LOREDANO.
Yes,

If she so wills it.

MARINA.
Who obtain’d that justice?

LOREDANO.
One who wars not with women.

MARINA.
But oppresses
Men: howsoever, let him have my thanks
For the only boon I would have ask’d or taken
From him or such as he is.

LOREDANO.
He receives them
As they are offer’d.

MARINA.
May they thrive with him
So much!—no more.

JACOPO FOSCARI.
Is this, sir, your whole mission?
Because we have brief time for preparation,
And you perceive your presence doth disquiet
This lady, of a house noble as yours.

MARINA.
Nobler!

LOREDANO.
How nobler?

MARINA.
As more generous!

We say the “generous seed” to express the purity
Of his high blood. Thus much I’ve learnt, although
Venetian (who see few steeds save of bronze).
From three Venetians who have skinned’d the coasts
Of Egypt, and her neighbour Arably:
And why not say as soon “the generous man?”
If race be aught, it is in qualities
More than in years; and mine, which is as old
As yours, is better in its product; nay—
Look not so stern—but get you back, and pore
Upon your genealogical trees most green
Of leaves and most mature of fruits, and there
Brush to find ancestors, who would have blush’d
For such a son—then cold inveterate hater!

JACOPO FOSCARI.
Again, Marina!

MARINA.
Again! still, Marina.

See you not, he comes here to glut his hate
With a last look upon our misery?
Let him partake it!

JACOPO FOSCARI.
That were difficult.

MARINA.
Nothing more easy. He partakes it now—
Ay, he may veil beneath a marble brow
And sneering lip the pang, but he partakes it.
A few brief words of truth shame the devil’s servants
No less than master; I have proved his soul
A moment, as the eternal fire; ere long,
Will reach it always. See how he shrinks from me!
With death, and chains, and exile in his hand,
To scatter o’er his kind as he thinks fit:
They are his weapons, not his armour, for
I have pierced him to the core of his cold heart.
I care not for his frowns! We can but die,
And he but live, for him the very worst
Of destinies: each day secures him more
His tempter’s.

JACOPO FOSCARI.
This is mere insanity.

MARINA.
It may be so; and who hath made us mad?

LOREDANO.
Let her go on; it irks not me.

MARINA.
That is false!

You came here to enjoy a heartless triumph
Of cold looks upon manful griefs! You came
To be sed to in vain—to mark our tears,
And hoard our groans—to gape upon the wound
Which you have made a prince’s son—my husband;
In short, to trample on the fallen—an office
The hangman shrinks from, as all men from him!
How save you sped? We are wretched, signor, as
Your plots could make, and vengeance could desire us—
And how feel you?

LOREDANO.
As rocks.

MARINA.
By thunder blasted:
They feel not, but no less are shiver’d. Come,
Foscari; now let us go, and leave this felon,
The sole fit habitant of such a cell,
Which he has peopled often, but never fitly
Till he himself shall brood in it alone.

Enter the DOGE.

JACOPO FOSCARI.
My father!

DOGE (embracing him).
Jacopo! my son—my son!

JACOPO FOSCARI.
My father still! How long it is since I
Have heard thee name my name—our name!

DOGE.

Couldst thou but know—

JACOPO FOSCARI.
I rarely, sir, have murmurd DOGE.

I feel too much thou hast not?

MARINA.
Doge, look there!
[She points to LOREDANO DOGE.

I see the man—what mean’st thou?

MARINA.
Caution!
LOREDANO. Being

I ne virtù which this noble lady most
May, practise, she doth well to recommend it.

MARINA.

Wretch! 'tis no virtue, but the policy
Of those who tam vast deal enforce with vice.
As such I recommend it, as I would
To one whose foot was on an adder's path.

DOGE.

Daughter, it is superfluous; I have long
Known Loredano.

LOREDANO.

You may know him better.

MARINA.

Yes; worse he could not.

JACOPO FOSCARI.

Father, let not these
Our parting hours be lost in listening to
Reproaches, which but nothing. Is it—is it,
Indeed, our last of meetings?

DOGE.

You behold
These white hairs!

JACOPO FOSCARI.

And I feel, besides, that mine
Will never be so white. Embrace me, father!
I loved you ever—never more than now.
Look to my children—to your last child's children:
Let them be all to you which he was once,
And never be to you what I am now.
May I not see them also?

MARINA.

No—not here.

JACOPO FOSCARI.

They might behold their parent any where.

MARINA.

I would that they behold their father in
A place which would not mingle fear with love,
To freeze their young blood in its natural current.
They have fed well, slept soft, and knew not that
Their sire was a mere hunted outlaw. Well
I know his fate may one day be their heritage,
But let it only be their heritage,
And not their present fear. Their senses, though
Alive to love, are yet awake to terror;
And these vile chains, too, and you thick green wave
Which floats above the place where we now stand—
A cell so far below the water's level,
Sending its pestilence through every crevice,
Might strike them: this is not their atmosphere,
However you—and you—and, most of all,
As worthiest—you, sir, noble Loredano!
May breathe it without prejudice.

JACOPO FOSCARI.

I had not
Reflected upon this, but acquiesce.
I shall depart, then, without meeting them?

DOGE.

Not so: they shall await you in my chamber.

JACOPO FOSCARI.

And must I leave them all?

LOREDANO.

You must.

JACOPO FOSCARI.

Not one?

LOREDANO.

They are the state's.

MARINA.

I thought they had been mine.

LOREDANO.

They are, in all maternal things.

MARINA.

That is,
In all things painful. If they're sick, they will
Be left to me to tend them; should they die,
To me to bury and to mourn: but if
They live, they'll make you soldiers, senators,
Slaves, exiles—what you will; or if they are
Females with portmone, brades and bracelets for nobles.
Behold the state's care for its sons and mothers!

LOREDANO.

The hour approaches, and the wind is fair.

JACOPO FOSCARI.

How know you that here, where the genial wind
Never blows in all its blistering freedom?

LOREDANO.

'Twas so
When I came here. The galley floats within
A bow-shot of the "Riva di Schiavoni."

JACOPO FOSCARI.

Father! I pray you to precede me, and
Prepare my children to behold their father.

DOGE.

Be firm, my son!

JACOPO FOSCARI.

I will do my endeavour.

MARINA.

Farewell! at least to this detested dungeon,
And him to whose good offices you owe
In part your past imprisonment.

LOREDANO.

And present

Liberation.

DOGE.

He speaks truth.

JACOPO FOSCARI.

No doubt; but 'tis
Exchange of chains for heavier chains I owe him.
He knows this, or he had not sought to change them.
But I reproach not.

LOREDANO.

The time narrows, signor.

JACOPO FOSCARI.

Alas! I little thought so lingeringly
To leave abodes like this: but when I feel
That every step I take, even from this cell,
Is one away from Venice, I look back
Even on these dull ramp walls, and—

DOGE.

Boy! no tears.

MARINA.

Let them flow on: he wept not on the rack
To shame him, and they cannot shame him now.
They will relieve his heart—that too kind heart—
And I will find an hour to wipe away
Those tears, or add my own. I could weep now,
But would not gratify you wretch so far.
Let us proceed. Doge, lead the way.

LOREDANO (to the Familiar).

The torch, there

MARINA.

Yes, light us on, as to a funeral pyre,
With Loredano mourning like an heir.

DOGE.

My son, you are feeble: take this hand.

JACOPO FOSCARI.

Alas!

Must youth support itself on age, and I,
Who ought to be the prop of yours?

LOREDANO.

Take mine.
Byron's Loredano.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A Hall in the Ducal Palace.

Enter Loredano and Barbarigo.

Loredano.

Barbarigo.

Be not sure that if a grasp of yours
Would raise us from the gulf wherein we are plunged,
No hand of ours would stretch itself to meet it.

Come, Foscari, take the hand the altar gave you;

It could not save, but will support you ever.

[Exeunt.

Loredano.

If this deposition should take place
By our united influence in the council,
It must be done with all the deference
Due to his years, his station, and his deeds.

As much of ceremony as you will,
So that the thing be done. You may, for aught
I care, depute the council on their knees
(like Barbarossa to the Pope) to beg him
To have the courtesy to abdicate.

What, if he will not?

Loredano.

We'll elect another,

And make him null.

Barbarigo.

Barbarigo.

But will the laws uphold us?

Loredano.

What laws?—"The Ten" are laws; and if they were not,
I will be legislator in this business.

Barbarigo.

At your own peril?

Loredano.

There is none, I tell you,

Our powers are such.

Barbarigo.

Barbarigo.

But he has twice already
Solicited permission to retire,

And twice it was refused.

Loredano.

To grant it the third time.

Barbarigo.

The better reason

Loredano.

It shows

The impression of his former instances:

If they were from his heart, he may be thankful:
If not, 'twill punish his hypocrisy.

Come, they are met by this time; let us join them,

And be thou fix'd in purpose for this once,

I have prepared such arguments as will not
Fail to move them, and remove him: since

Their thoughts, their objects, have been sounded, do not,

You, with your wonted scruples, teach us pause,

And all will prosper.

Barbarigo.

Could I but be certain

This is no prelude to such persecution

Of the sire as has fallen upon the son,

I would support you.

Loredano.

He is safe, I tell you;

His fourscore years and five may linger on

As long as he can drag them: 'tis his throne

Alone is aim'd at.

Barbarigo.

But discarded princes

Are seldom long of life.

Loredano.

And men of eighty

More seldom still.

Barbarigo.

And why not wish these few years?

Loredano.

Because we have waited long enough, and he

Lived longer than enough. Hence! In to council!

[Exeunt Loredano and Barbarigo.}
Enter Memmo and a Senator.

Senator.

A summons to "the Ten!" Why so?

Memmo.

"The Ten"

alone can answer; they are rarely wont

To let their thoughts anticipate their purpose

By previous proclamation. We are summon'd—

That is enough.

Senator.

For them, but not for us;

I would know why.

Memmo.

You will know why anon,

If you obey; and, if not, you no less

Will know why you should have obey'd.

Senator.

I mean not

To oppose them, but—

Memmo.

In Venice "But"'s a traitor.

But me no "but's," unless you would pass o'er

The Bridge which few repass.

Senator.

I am silent.

Memmo.

Why

Thus hesitate?—"The Ten" have cab'd in aid

Of their deliberation five-and-twenty

Patricians of the senate—you are one,

And I another; and it seems to me

Both honour'd by the choice or chance which leads us

To mingle with a body so august.

Senator.

Most true. I say no more.

Memmo.

As we hope, signor,

And all, may honestly (that is, all those

Of noble blood may), one day hope to be

Deceived, it is surely for the senate's

Chosen; delegates a school of wisdom, to

Be thus admitted, though as novices;

To view the mysteries.

Senator.

Let us view them; they

No doubt, are worth it.

Memmo.

Being worth our lives

If we divulge them, doubtless they are worth

Something, at least, to you or me.

Senator.

I sought not

A place within the sanctuary; but being

Chosen, however reluctantly so chosen,

I shall fulfill my office.

Memmo.

Let us not

Be late in obeying "the Ten's" summons.

Senator.

All are not met, but I am of your thought

So far—let's in.

Memmo.

The earliest are most welcome

In earnest councils—we will not be least so.

[Exeunt.

Enter the Doge, Jacopo Foscari, and Marina.

Jacopo Foscari.

Ah, father! though I must and will depart,

Yet—yet—I pray you to obtain for me

That I once more return unto my home,

How'er remote the period, let there be

A point of time as beacon to my heart,

With any penalty annex'd they please,

But let me still return.

Doge.

Sen Jacopo,

Go and obey our country's will; 'tis not

For us to look beyond.

Jacopo Foscari.

But still I must

Look back. I pray you think of me.

Doge.

Alas!

You ever were my dearest offspring, when

They were more numerous, nor can be less so

Now you are last; but did the state demand

The exile of the disinterested ashes

Of your three goodly brothers, now in earth,

And their despising shades came fluttering round

To impede the act, I must no less obey

A duty paramount to every duty.

Marina.

My husband! let us on: this but prolongs

Our sorrow.

Jacopo Foscari.

But we are not summon'd yet;

The galley's sails are not unfurl'd:—who knows?

The wind may change.

Marina.

And if it do, it will not

Change their hearts, or your lot; the galley's care

Will quickly clear the harbour.

Jacopo Foscari.

Oh, ye elements!

Where are your storms?

Marina.

In human breasts. Alas!

Will nothing calm you.

Jacopo Foscari.

Never yet did mariner

Put up to patron saint such prayers for prosperous

And pleasant breezes, as I call upon you,

Ye tutelar saints of my own city! which

Ye love not with more holy love than I,

To lash up from the deep the Adrian waves,

And waken Aust'rous, sovereign of the tempest!—

Till the sea dash me back on my own shore

A broken corse upon the barren Lido,

Where I may mingle with the sands which skirt

The land I love, and never shall see more!

Marina.

And wish you this with me beside you?

Jacopo Foscari.

No—

No—not for thee, too good, too kind! May'st thou

Live long to be a mother to those children

Thy fond fidelity for a time deprives

Of such support! But for myself alone,

May all the winds of heaven howl down the gulf,

And tear the vessel, till the mariners,

Appall'd, turn their despairing eyes on me,

As the Phenicians did on Jonah, then

Cast me out from amongst them, as an offering

To appease the waves. The billow which destroys me

Will be more merciful than man, and bear me,

Dead, but still bear me to a native grave,

From fisher's hands upon the desolate strand,

Which, of its thousand wrecks, hath ne'er received

One lacerated like the heart which then

Will be—But wherefore breaks it not? why make I?
MARINA.

To man thyself, I trust, this time, to master
Such useless passion. Until now thou wert
A sufferer, but not a lord one; why,
What is this to thy thoughts? hast borne in silence—
Imprisonment and actual torture?

JACOPO FOSCARI.

Doubt, I riple, and tenfold torture! But you are right,
It must be borne. Father, your blessing.

DOGE.

Would it could avail thee! but no less thou hast it.

JACOPO FOSCARI.

Forgive——

DOGE.

What?

JACOPO FOSCARI.

My poor mother for my birth,
And me for having lived, and you yourself
(As I forgive you), for the gift of life,
Which you bestow'd upon me as my sire.

MARINA.

What hast thou done?

JACOPO FOSCARI.

Nothing. I cannot charge
My memory with much save sorrow: but
I have been so beyond the common lot
Chasten'd and visited, I needs must think
That I was wicked. If it be so, may
What I have undergone here keem me from
A like hereafter.

MARINA.

Fear not; that's reserved
For your oppressors.

JACOPO FOSCARI.

Let me hope not.

MARINA.

Hope not?

JACOPO FOSCARI.

I cannot wish them all they have inflicted.

MARINA.

All! the consummate heads! A thousand fold!
May the worm which ne'er dieth feed upon them!

JACOPO FOSCARI.

They may repent.

MARINA.

And if they do, Heaven will not
Accept the tardy penitence of demons.

Enter an Officer and Guards.

OFFICER.

Signor! the boat is at the shore—the wind
Is rising—we are ready to attend you.

JACOPO FOSCARI.

And I to be attended. Once more, father,
Your hand!

DOGE.

Take it. Alas! how thinke own trembles!

JACOPO FOSCARI.

No—you mistake; it is yours that shakes, my father.

FAREWELL!

DOGE.

FAREWELL! Is there aught else?

JACOPO FOSCARI.

No—nothing.

[To the Officer.

Lend me your arm, good signor.

OFFICER.

You turn pale—

Let me support you—paler—ah! some aid there!

Some water!

MARINA.

Ah, he is dying!

JACOPO FOSCARI.

Now, I'm ready.

My eyes swim strangely—where's the door?

MARINA.

Away!

Let me support him—my best love! Oh God!

How faintly beats this heart—this pulse!

JACOPO FOSCARI.

The light!

Is it the light?—I am faint,

[Officer presents him with water

OFFICER. 

He will be better,

Perhaps, in the air.

JACOPO FOSCARI.

I doubt not. Father—wife—

Your hands!

MARINA.

There's death in that damp clammy grasp

Oh God!—My Foscari, how fare you?

JACOPO FOSCARI.

Well! [He dies

He's gone.

DOGE.

He's free.

MARINA.

No—no, he is not dead;

There must be life yet in that heart—he could not

Thus leave me.

DOGE.

Daughter!

MARINA.

Hold thy peace, old man.

I am no daughter now—thou hast no son.

Oh Foscari!

OFFICER.

We must remove the body.

MARINA.

Touch it not, dungeon miscreants! your base office

Ends with his life, and goes not beyond murder,

Even by your murderous laws. Leave his remains

To those who know to honour them.

OFFICER.

I must

Inform the signory, and learn their pleasure.

DOGE.

Inform the signory from me, the Doge,

They have no further power upon those ashes:

While he lived, he was theirs, as fits a subject—

Now he is mine—my broken-hearted boy!

[Exit Officer.

MARINA.

And I must live!

DOGE.

Your children live, Marina.

MARINA.

My children! true—they live, and I must live

To bring them up to serve the state, and die

As did their father. Oh! what best of blessings

Were barrenness in Venice! Would my mother

Had been so!

DOGE.

My unhappy children!

MARINA.

What!

You feel it then at last—you!—Where is now

The stoic of the state?
LOREDANO. (throwing himself down by the body.)

Here!

MARINA.

Ay, weep on!

I thought you had no tears—you hoarded them
Until they are useless; but weep on! be never
Shall weep more—never, never more.

Enter LOREDANO and BARBARIGO.

LOREDANO.

What's here?

MARINA.

Ah! the devil come to inherit the dead! Avaunt!
Incaruncate Lucifer! 'tis holy ground.
A martyr's ashes now lie there, which make it
A shrine. Get thee back to thy place of torment!

BARBARIGO.

Lady, we know not of this sad event,
But pass'd here merely on our path from council.

MARINA.

Pass on.

LOREDANO.

We sought the Doge.

MARINA (pointing to the Doge, who is still on the ground
by his son's body).

He's busy, look,
About the business you provided for him.
Are ye content?

BARBARIGO.

We will not interrupt
A parent's sorrows.

MARINA.

No, ye only make them,
Ther' leave them.

DOGE (rising).

Sirs, I am ready.

BARBARIGO.

No—not now.

LOREDANO.

Yet 'twas important.

DOGE.

If 'twas so, I can
Only repent—I am ready.

BARBARIGO.

It shall not be
Just now, though Venice totter'd o'er the deep
Like a frail vessel. I respect your griefs.

DOGE.

I thank you. If the things which you bring
Are evil, you may say them; nothing further
Can touch me more than him thou look'st on there:
If they be good, say on; you need not fear
That they can comfort me.

BARBARIGO.

I would they could!

DOGE.

I spoke not to you, but to Loredano.

H' understands me.

MARINA.

Ah! I thought it would be so.

DOGE.

What mean you?

MARINA.

Lo! there is the blood beginning
To flow through the dead lips of Foscari—
The holy bleeds in presence of the assassin.

[To LOREDANO.

Those cowardly murderers by law, behold
How death itself bears witness to thy deeds!

DOGE.

My child! this is a phantasy of grief.

Bear hence the body. [To his attendants.] Signors, it
it please you,
Within an hour I'll hear you.

[Exeunt DOGE, MARINA, and attendants, with
the body.]

Inter LOREDANO and BARBARIGO.

BARBARIGO.

He must not
Be troubled now.

LOREDANO.

He said himself that nought
Could give him trouble further.

BARBARIGO.

These are words.
But grief is lonely, and the breaking in
Upon it barbarous.

LOREDANO.

Sorrow preys upon
Its solitude, and nothing more diverts it
From its sad visions of the other world
Than calling it at moments back to this.
The busy have no time for tears.

BARBARIGO.

And therefore
You would deprive this old man of all business?

LOREDANO.

The thing's decreed. The Giunta and "the Ten!"
Have made it law: who shall oppose that law?

BARBARIGO.

Humanity!

LOREDANO.

Because his son is dead?

BARBARIGO.

And yet unburied.

LOREDANO.

Had we known this when
The act was passing, it might have suspended
Its passage, but impedes it not—once past.

BARBARIGO.

I'll not consent.

LOREDANO.

You have consented to
All that's essential—leave the rest to me.

BARBARIGO.

Why press his abdication now?

LOREDANO.

The feelings
Of private passion may not interrupt
The public benefit; and what the state
Decides to-day must not give way before
To-morrow for a natural accident.

BARBARIGO.

You have a son.

LOREDANO.

I have—and had a father

BARBARIGO.

Still so inexorable?

LOREDANO.

Still.

BARBARIGO.

But let him
Inter his son before we press upon him
This edict.

LOREDANO.

Let him call up into life
My sire and uncle—let consent. Men may,
Even aged men, he, or appear to be,
Sires of a hundred sons, but cannot kindle
An atom of their ancestors from earth.
The victims are not equal: he has seen
His sons expire by natural deaths, and I
My sisters by violent and mysterious maladies
I used no poison, bribed no subtle master.
Of the destructive art of healing, to
Shorten the path to the eternal cure.
His sons, and he had four, are dead, without
My dabbling in vile drugs.

BARBARIGO.

And art thou sure
He dealt in such?

LOREDANO.

And yet he seems
All openness.

BARBARIGO.

And so he seem'd not long
Ago to Carmagnuola.

BARBARIGO.

The attained
And foreign traitor?

LOREDANO.

Even so: when he,
After the very night in which "the Ten"
(Join'd with the Doge) decided his destruction,
Met the great Duke at day-break with a jest,
Demanding whether he should augur him
"The good day or good night?" his Doge-ship answer'd,
"That he in truth had pass'd a night of vigil,
In which (he added with a gracious smile)
There often has been question about you."
"T was true; the question was the death resolved
Of Carmagnuola, eight months ere he died;
And the old Doge, who knew him deem'd, smiled on him
With deadly cozenage, eight long months beforehand—
Eight months of such hypocrisy as is
Learnt in but eighty years. Bravo Carmagnuola
Is dead; so are young Foscarì and his brethren—
I never smiled on them.

BARBARIGO.

Was Carmagnuola
Your friend?

LOREDANO.

He was the safeguard of the city,
In early life its foe, but, in his manhood,
Its savour first, then victim.

BARBARIGO.

Ah! that seems
The penalty of saving cities. He
Whom we now act against not only saved
Our own, but added others to her sway.

LOREDANO.

The Romans (and we ape them) gave a crown
To him who took a city; and they gave
A crown to him who saved a citizen
In battle: the rewards are equal. Now,
If we should measure forth the cities taken
By the Doge Foscarì, with citizens
Destroy'd by him, or through him, the account
Were fearfully against him, although narrow'd
To private havoc, such as between him
And my dead father.

BARBARIGO.

Are you then, thus fix'd?

LOREDANO.

Why, what should change me?

BARBARIGO.

That which changes me:
But you, I know, are marble to return
A frown. But when all is accomplish'd, when
The old man is deposed, his name degraded,
His sons are dead, his family depopul'd,
And you rout yours triumphant, shall you sleep"
To me all hours are like. Let them approach.

[Exit Attendant.

Prince! I have done your bidding.

DOGE. What command?

A melancholy one—to call the attendance Of—

DOGE. True—true—true; I crave your pardon. I Begin to fail in apprehension, and Wax very old—old almost as my years. This now I fought them off, but they begin To overtake me.

[Enter the Deputation, consisting of six of the Signory, and the Chief of the Ten.]

Noble men, your pleasure! Chief of the Ten. The first place, the Council cloth condole th' Doge, on his late and private grief.

DOGE. No more—no more of that.

Chief of the Ten. Will not the Duke Accept the homage of respect?

DOGE. I do Accept it as 'tis given—proceed. Chief of the Ten. "The Ten"

With a selected gatta from the senate
Of twenty-five of the best born patricians,
Having deliberated on the state
Of the republic, and the overwhelming cares
Which, at this moment, doubly must oppress
Your years, so long devoted to your country,
Have judged it fitting, with all reverence,
Now to solicit from your wisdom (which
Upon reflection must accord in this),
The resignation of the ducal ring,
Which you have worn so long and venerably;
And, to prove that they are not ungrateful, nor
Cold to your years and services, they add
An appanage of twenty hundred golden
Ducats, to make retirement not less splendid
Than should become a sovereign's retreat.

DOGE. Did I hear rightly?

Chief of the Ten. Need I say again?

DOGE. No.—Have you done?

Chief of the Ten. I have spoken. Twenty-four Hours are accorded you to give an answer.

DOGE. I shall not need so many seconds.

Chief of the Ten. We

Will now retire.

DOGE. Stay! Four and twenty hours
Will alter nothing which I have to say.

Chief of the Ten. Speak!

DOGE. When I twice before reiterated
My wish to abdicate, it was refused me;
And not alone refused, but ye exacted

An oath from me that I would never more
Renew this instance. I have sworn to die
In full exertion of the functions which
My country call'd me here to exercise,
According to my honour and my conscience—
I cannot break my oath.

Chief of the Ten. Reduce us not
To the alternative of a decree,
Instead of your compliance.

DOGE. Providence

Prolongs my days, to prove and chasten me;
But ye have no right to reproach my length
Of days, since every hour has been the country's,
I am ready to lay down my life for her,
As I have laid down dearer things than life;
But for my dignity—I hold it of
The whole republic: when the general will
Is manifest, then you shall be answer'd.

Chief of the Ten. We grieve for such an answer; but it cannot
Avail you aught.

DOGE. I can submit to all things,
But nothing will advance; no, not a moment.
What you decree—decree.

Chief of the Ten. With this, then, must we
Return to those who sent us?

DOGE. You have heard me

Chief of the Ten. With all due reverence we retire.

[Exit the Deputation, et al.,

Enter an Attendant.

Attendant.

My lord,
The noble dame Marina craves an audience.

DOGE. My time is hers.

Enter Marina. Marina.

My lord, if I intrude—
Perhaps you fain would be alone?

DOGE. Alone!

Alone, come all the world around me, I
Am now and evermore. But we will bear it.

Marina. We will; and for the sake of those who are,
Endeavour—Oh my husband!

DOGE. Give it way!

I cannot comfort thee.

Marina. He might have lived,
So form'd for gentle privacy of life,
So loving, so beloved, the native of
Another land, and who so blest and blessing
As my poor Foscar! Nothing was wanting
Unto his happiness and mine, save not
To be Venetian.

DOGE. Or a prince's son.

Marina. Yes; all things which conducing to other men's
Imperfect happiness or high ambition,
By some strange destiny, to him proved deadly
The country and the people whom he loved,  
The prince of whom he was the eldest born,  
And——

**DOGE.**  
Soon may be a prince no longer.  
**MARINA.**  
How?  

**DOGE.**  
They have taken my son from me, and now aim  
At my too long worn diadem and ring.  
Let them resume the gewgaws!  
**MARINA.**  
Oh the tyrants!  

**DOGE.**  
'T is the fittest time:  
An hour ago I should have felt it.  
**MARINA.**  
And  
Will you not now recast it? —Oh for vengeance!  
But he, who, had he been enough protected,  
Might have repaid protection in this moment,  
Cannot assist his father.  
**DOGE.**  
Nor should do so  
Against his country, had he a thousand lives  
Instead of that——

**MARINA.**  
They tortured from him. This  
May be pure patriotism. I am a woman:  
To me my husband and my children were  
Country and home. I loved him — how I loved him!  
I have seen him pass through such an ordeal, as  
The old martyrs would have shrunk from: he is gone,  
And I, who would have given my blood for him,  
Have sought to give him tears! But could I compass  
The retribution of his wrongs! —Well, well;  
I have sons who shall be men.  

**DOGE.**  
Your grief distracts you.  
**MARINA.**  
I thought I could have borne it, when I saw him  
Brow'd down by such oppression; yes, I thought  
That I would rather look upon his curse  
Than his father's captivity: — I am punish'd  
For that thought now. Would I were in his grave!  

**DOGE.**  
I must look on him once more.  

**MARINA.**  
Come with me!  

**DOGE.**  
Our bridal bed is now his bier.  

**MARINA.**  
And he is in his shroud!  

**DOGE.**  
Come, come, old man! [Exit Barbarigo and Loredano.  
[Enter Barbarigo and Loredano.  

**BARBARIGO.**  
(to an ATTENDANT).  
**Loredano.**  
Where is the Doge?  

**ATTENDANT.**  
This instant retired hence  
With the illustrious lady, his son's widow.  
**Loredano.**  
Where?  

**ATTENDANT.**  
To the chamber where the body lies.  

Let us return then.

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**LOREDANO.**  
You forget, you cannot.  
We have the implicit order of the giunta  
To avail their coming here, and join them in  
Their office: they'll be here soon after us.  
**BARBARIGO.**  
And will they press their answer on the Doge?  

**LOREDANO.**  
'T was his own wish that all should be done promptly  
He answer'd quickly, and must so be answer'd;  
His dignity is look'd to, his estate  
Cared for—what would he more?  

**BARBARIGO.**  
Die in his robes.  
He could not have lived long; but I have done  
My best to save his honours, and opposed  
This proposition to the last, though vainly.  
Why would the general vote compel me hither?  

**LOREDANO.**  
'T was fit that some one of such different thoughts  
From ours should be a witness, lest false tongues  
Should whisper that a harsh majority  
Dreaded to have its acts beheld by others.  

**BARBARIGO.**  
And not less, I must needs think, for the sake  
Of humbling me for my vain opposition.  
You are ingenious, Loredano, in  
Your modes of vengeance, nay, poetical,  
A very Ovid in the art of hating;  
'T is thus (although a secondary object,  
Yet hate has microscopic eyes) to you  
I owe, by way of foil to the more zealous,  
This undesired association in  
Your giunta's duties.  

**LOREDANO.**  
How! — my gunna,  

**BARBARIGO.**  
Yours,  

They speak your language, watch your nod, approve  
Your plans, and do your work. Are they not yours?  

**LOREDANO.**  
You talk unwarily. 'T were best they hear not  
This from you.  

**BARBARIGO.**  
Oh! they'll hear as much one day  
From louder tongues than mine: they have gone beyond  
Even their exorbitance of power; and when  
This happens in the most contum'd and abject  
States, stung humanity will rise to check it.  

**LOREDANO.**  
You talk but idly.  

**BARBARIGO.**  
That remains for proof.  

Here come our colleagues.  

Enter the Deputation as before.  
**CHIEF OF THE TEN.**  
Is the Duke aware  
We seek his presence?  

**ATTENDANT.**  
He shall be inform'd.  

[Exit Attendanta.  

**BARBARIGO.**  
The Duke is with his son.  

**CHIEF OF THE TEN.**  
If it be so,  
We will remit him till the rites are over.  
Let us return. 'Tis time enough to-morrow.  

**LOREDANO.**  
[Aside to Barbarigo.  

Now the rich man's hell-fire upon your tongue.
Unquench'd, unquestionable! I'll have it torn
From its vile babbling roots, till you shall utter
Nothing but sobs through blood, for this! Sage signors,
I pray ye be not hasty.

BARBARIGO.
But be humane!
LOREDANO.

See, the Duke comes!

Enter the Doge.

DOGE.
I have obey'd your summons.

CHIEF OF THE TEN.
We come once more to urge our past request.

And I to answer.

CHIEF OF THE TEN.

What?

DOGE.
My only answer.

You have heard it.

CHIEF OF THE TEN.

Hear you then the last decree,
Definitive and absolute!

DOGE.
To the point—

To the point! I know of old the forms of office,
And gentle preludes to strong acts—Go on!

CHIEF OF THE TEN.
You are no longer Doge; you are released
From your imperial oath as sovereign;
Your ducal robes must be put off; but for
Your services, the state allots the appanage
Already mention'd in our former congress.
Three days are left you to remove from hence,
Under the penalty to see confis ted
All your own private fortune.

DOGE.

That last clause,
I am proud to say, would not enchain the treasury.

CHIEF OF THE TEN.

Your answer, Duke?

LOREDANO.
Your answer, Francis Foscari?

DOGE.
If I could have foreseen that my old age
Was prejudicial to the state, the chief
Of the republic never would have shown
Himself so far ungrateful as to place
His own high dignity before his country;
But this life having been so many years
Not useless to that country, I would fain
Have consecrated my last moments to her,
But the decree being render'd, I obey.

CHIEF OF THE TEN.

If you would have the three days named extended,
We willingly will lengthen them to eight,
As sign of our esteem.

DOGE.

Not eight hours, signor,
Nor even eight minutes.—There's the ducal ring,

[Throve off his ring and cap.
And here the ducal diadem. And so
The Adriatic's face to well another.

CHIEF OF THE TEN.

Yet go not forth so quickly.

DOGE.
I am old, sir,
And even to move but slowly must begin
To move betimes. Methinks I see amongst you
A face I know not—Senator! your name,
You, in your garb, Chief of the Forty.

MEMMO.

Signor,

I am the son of Marco Memmo.

DOGE.
Ah.

Your father was my friend.—But sons and fathers
What, ho! my servants there!

ATTENDANT.

My prince!

DOGE.

No prince.

There are the princes of the prince!

[Pointing to the Ten's Deputation.
Prepare
To part from hence upor the instant.

CHIEF OF THE TEN.

Why

So rashly? 'twill give scandal.

DOGE.

Answer that;

[To the Ten.
It is your province.—Sirs, bestir yourselves;

[To the Servants.
There is one burthen which I beg you bear
With care, although 'tis past all further harm—
But I will look to that myself.

BARBARIGO.

He means
The body of his son.

DOGE.

And call Marina,

My daughter!

Enter MARINA.

DOGE.

Get thee ready; we must mourn
Elsewhere.

MARINA.

And every where.

DOGE.

True; but in freedom.
Without these jealous spies upon the great.
Signors, you may depart; what would you more?
We are going; do you fear that we shall hear
The palace with us? Its old walls, ten times
As old as I am, and I'm very old,
Have served you, so have I, and I and they
Could tell a tale; but I invoke them not
To fall upon you! else they would, as erst
The pillars of stone Dagon's temple on
The Israelite and his Philistine foes.
Such power I do believe there might exist
In such a curse as name, provoked by such
As you; but I curse not. Adieu, good signors!
Muy the next duke be better than the present!

LOREDANO.

The present duke is Pascual Malipiero.

DOGE.

Not till I pass the threshold of these doors.

LOREDANO.

Said Mark's great bell is soon about to toll
For his inauguration.

DOGE.

Earth and heaven!
Ye will reverberate this peal; and I
Lave to hear this!—the first doge who e'er heard
Such sound for his successor! Happier he,
My attainted predecessor, stern Falsoro—
This insult at the least was spared him.

LOREDANO.

What!

Do you regret a traitor?
BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS.

DOGE.

No—I merely

Envy the dead.

CHIEF OF THE TEN.

My lord, if you indeed
Are bent upon this rash abandonment
Of the state's palace, at the least retire
By the private staircase, which conducts you towards
The landing-place of the canal.

DOGE.

No. I

Will now descend the stairs by which I mounted
To sovereignty—the Giant's Stairs, on whose
Broad eminence I was invested duke.
My services have call'd me up those steps,
The malice of my foes will drive me down them.

Three years and thirty years ago was I
Install'd, and traversed these same halls from which
I never thought to be divorced except
A corse—a corse, it might be, fighting for them—
But not push'd hence by fellow-citizens.
But, come; my son and I will go together—
He to his grave, and I to pray for mine.

CHIEF OF THE TEN.

What, thus in public?

DOGE.

I was publicly

Elected, and so will I be deposed.

Marina! art thou willing?

MARINA.

Here's my arm!

DOGE.

And here my staff: thus propp'd will I go forth.

CHIEF OF THE TEN.

It must not be— the people will perceive it.

DOGE.

The people!— There's no people, you well know it,
Else you dare not deal thus by them or me.
There is a popular, perhaps, whose looks
May shame you; but they dare not groan nor curse you.
Save with their hearts and eyes.

CHIEF OF THE TEN.

You speak in passion,

Else—

DOGE.

You have reason. I have spoken much
More than my wont; it is a feble which
Was not of mine, but more excuses you,
Inasmuch as it shows that I approach
A dotage which may justify this deed
Of yours, although the law does not, nor will.
Farewell, sirs.

BARBARIGO.

You shall not depart without
An escort fitting past and present rank.
We will accompany, with due respect,
The Doge unto his private palace. Say,
My brethren, will we not?

DIFFERENT VOICES.

Ay!—Ay!

DOGE.

You shall not

Stir— an my train, at least. I enter'd here
As sovereign— I go out as citizen
By the same portals; but as citizen,
All these vain ceremonies are base insults,
Which only ulcerate the heart the more,
Applying poisons there as antidotes.
Pomp is for princes— I am now!— That's false,
I am, but only to these gates.—Ah!

LOREDANO.

Hark!

[The great bell of Saint Mark's tolls.

BARBARIGO.

The bell!

CHIEF OF THE TEN.

Saint Mark's, which tolls for the election
Of Malipiero.

DOGE.

Well I recognise

The sound! I heard it once, but once before,
And that is five and thirty years ago;
Even then I was not young.

BARBARIGO.

Sit down, my lord?

You tremble.

DOGE.

'Tis the knell of my poor boy!

My heart aches bitterly.

BARBARIGO.

I pray you sit.

DOGE.

No; my seat here has been a throne till now.
Marina! let us go.

MARINA.

Most readily.

DOGE (walks a few steps, then stops).

I feel a thirst— will no one bring me here
A cup of water?

BARBARIGO.

I——

MARINA.

And I——

LOREDANO.

And I——

[The Doge takes a goblet from the hand of Loredano.

DOGE.

I take yours, Loredano, from the hand
Most fit for such an hour as this.

LOREDANO.

Why so?

DOGE.

'Tis said that our Venetian crystal has
Such pure antipathy to poisons, as
To burst if 'aught of venom touches it.
You bore this goblet, and it is not broken.

LOREDANO.

Well, sir!

DOGE.

Then it is false, or you are true.
For my own part, I credit neither; 'tis
An idle legend.

MARINA.

You talk wildly, and
Had better now be seated, nor as yet
Depart. Ah! now you look as look'd my husband!

BARBARIGO.

He sinks!—support him!— quick—a chair—support him

DOGE.

The bell tolls on!— let's hence—my brain's on fire!

BARBARIGO.

I do beseech you, lean upon us!

DOGE.

No!

A sovereign should die standing. My poor boy!
Off with your arms!— That bell!

[The Doge drops down, and dies.

MARINA.

My God! my God!

BARBARIGO (to Loredano).

Behold! your work's completed!
I have heard of murderers, who have interred Their victims; but never heard, until this hour, Of so much splendour in hypocrisy O'er those they slew. I've heard of widows' tears— Alas! I have shed some—always thanks to you! I've heard of heirs in sahles—you have left none To the deceased, so you would act the part Of such. Well, sir, your will be done! as one day, I trust, Heaven's will be done too!

To whom ye speak, and perils of such speech! I know the former better than yourselves; The latter—like yourselves; and can face both. Wish you more funerals?

Heed not her rash words; Her circumstances must excuse her bearing.

We will not note them down,

Barbarigo (turning to Loredano, who is writing upon his tablets).

What art thou writing,

Loredano (pointing to the Doge's body).

That he has paid me!

What debt did he owe you?

A long and just one; nature's debt and mine.

[Curtain falls.]

Extrait de l'Histoire de la République de Venise, par P. Daru, de l'Académie française. Tom. 2.

De plus, cette aventure n'était pas déposé les armes. Elle avait acquis les provinces de Brescia, de Bergame, de Crémone, et la principauté de Rovenne. Mais ces guerres continuelles faisaient beaucoup de malheureux et de mécontents. Le doge François Foscari, à qui on ne pouvait pardonner d'avoir été le promoteur, manifesta une seconde fois, en 1442, et probablement avec plus de sincérité que la première, l'intention d'abjurer sa dignité. Le conseil s'y refusa encore. On avait exigé de lui le serment de ne plus quitter le dogat. Il était déjà avancé dans la vieillesse, conservant cepen- dant beaucoup de force de tête et de caractère, et jouis- sant de la gloire d'avoir vu la République éclater au loin les limites de ses domaines pendant son administration. Au milieu de ces prouesses, de grands chefs vinrent mettre à l'épreuve la fermeté de son âme.

Son fils, Jacques Foscari, fut accusé, en 1445, d'avoir reçu des présents de quelques princes ou seigneurs étrangers, notamment, disait-on, du duc de Milan, Philippe Visconti. C'était non seulement une bassesse, mais une infraction des lois positives de la République.

Le conseil des dix traita cette affaire comme s'il se fut agi d'un délit commis par un particulier obscur. La ac- cusé fut amené devant ses juges, devant le doge, qui ne crut pas pouvoir s'abstenir de présider le tribunal. Là, il fut interrogé, appliqué à la question, déclaré coupable,
et il entendu, de la bouche de son père, l'arrêt qui le condamnait à un bannissement perpétuel, et le réclamait à Trieste, y tenant les plés de Brindis, pour y finir ses jours.

Enfin, les autorités de la ville, pour se rendre au bien de son exil, le tomba malade à Trieste. Les solicitations du doge obtinrent, non sans difficulté, qu'on lui assignât une autre résidence. Enfin, le conseil de dix lui permit de se retirer à Trévise, en imposant l'obligation d'y rester sous peine de mort, et de se présenter tous les jours devant le gouverneur.

Il y était depuis cinq ans, lorsqu'un des chefs du conseil des dix fit assassiner. Les soupçons se portèrent sur lui; et de ses domestiques qu'on avait vu à Venise fut arrêté et subit la torture. Les bourreaux ne purent lui arracher aucun aveu. Ce terrible tribunal se fut amené, le sommité aux mêmes épreuves; il résista à tous les tourments, ne cessant d'attester son innocence; mais on en vit dans cette constance que de l'obstination; de ce qu'il faisait le fait, on conclut que ce fait existait; on attribua son fermeté à la magie, et on le reléga à la Càncù. De cette terre lointaine, il demeura, dit-on, depuis quelque temps, sans cesser d'écrire à son père, à ses amis, pour obtenir quelque adonnissement à son déportation. N'obtenant rien, et sachant que la terreur qu'inspirait le conseil des dix ne lui permettait pas d'espoir de trouver en Venise une seule voix qui s'élève en son faveur, il fit une lettre pour le nouveau doge de Milan, par lequel, au nom des bons offices que Store avait reçus du chef de la république, il implorât son inter- vention en faveur d'un innocent, du fil de l'hope.

Cette lettre, selon quelques historiens, fut confiée à un marchand qui avait prouvé de la faire parvenir au duc, mais qui, trop averti de ce qu'il y avait à craindre en se rendant l'intéressante d'un pareil correspondance, se hâta, en débarquant à Venise, de la remettre au duc du tribunal. Une autre version, qui paraît plus sûre, rapporte que la lettre fut surprise par un espion, attaché aux pas de l'exilé.

Ce fut un nouveau delit dont on eut à punir Jacopo Foscari.

Réclamer la protection d'un prince étranger était un crime, dans un sujet de la république. Une garde partit sur-le-champ pour l'arrêter dans les prisons de Venise. A sa venue, il fut soumis à l'estrapade.

C'était une singulière résignation de la part d'une des plus influentes personnes de la république et pour le fils d'un prince, d'être trois fois dans sa vie appliqué à la question. Cette fois la torture était d'autant plus odienne, qu'elle n'avait point d'objet, le fait qu'on avait à lui reprocher étant incontestable.

Quand on demanda à l'accuser, dans les intervalles que les bourreaux lui accordaient, pourquoi il avait écrit à lettre qu'on lui produisit, il répondit que c'était précisément par lequel il ne doutait pas qu'elle ne tombât entre les mains du tribunal, que toute autre fois il n'eût été formé pour faire parvenir ses réclamations, qu'il s'at- tendait bien qu'on le ferait amener à Venise, mais qu'il avait tout risqué pour avoir la consultation de voir sa femme, son père, et sa mère, encore une fois.

Sur cette naïve déclaration, on confirma sa sentence d'exil; mais on l'aggrava, en y ajoutant qu'il serait re- tenu en prison pendant un an. Cette rigueur, dont on usait envers un malheureux était sans doute odienne; mais cette politique, qui détenait à tous les citoyens de faire intervenir les étrangers dans les affaires intérieures de la république, était sage. Elle était chez eux une maxime du gouvernement et une maxime infaillible.

L'historien Paul Morosini a conté que l'empereur Frédéric III, pendant qu'il était l'île des Venitiens, deman- dait comme une faveur particulière, l'admission d'un citoyen dans le grand conseil, et la grâce d'un ancien gouverneur de Candie, seigneur du doge, et banni pour sa mauvaise administration, sans pouvoir obtenir ni l'une ni l'autre.

Cependant on ne put refuser au condamné la permission de voir sa femme, ses enfants, ses parents, qu'il allait quitter pour toujours. Cette dernière entrevue même fut accompagnée de crainte, par la sévère cir- cumstance, qui retentit de la cité, et laquelle parait de l'homme puni. Ce fut fait dans l'intérieur de leur appartement, et ce fut dans une des grandes salles du palais, qu'une femme, accompagnée de ses quatre fils, vint faire les devoirs a bien à son mari, qu'un père octogénaire et la dogaresse accablée d'infortunes, pour- cent un moment de la triste consolation de mêler leurs larmes à celles de leur exil. Il se jeta à leurs genoux, en leur tendant des mains douloreses, pour les supplier de solliciter quelque adonnissement à la sentence qui venait d'être prononcée contre lui. Son père eut le courage de lui répondre: "Non, mon fils, respectez votre âge, et obéissez sans murmurer à la sévérité du sort. * * * * A ce mot il se sépara de l'infortuné, qui fut sur-le-champ embarqué pour Candie.

L'audience vit avec autant d'honneur que d'admiration un père condamnant ses fils évidemment coupables.

Elle hésita pour qualifier de vertu sublime ou de frévérité cet effort qui paraît aux-deux de la nature humaine; mais ici, où la première faute n'était qu'une faiblesse, où la seconde n'était pas prononcée, où la troisième n'avait rien de criminel, comment concevoir la constance d'un père, qui voit tourter trois fois son fils unique, qui l'entend condamner sans preuves, et qui n'éclate pas en plaines; qui ne l'aborde que pour lui montrer un visage...

* Historia di Venezia, lib. 23.

1 Marin Sanuto, dans sa chronique, Vite del Doge, se sert ici, sans en avoir en l'intention, d'une expression ses 2 cour- ttures: "Il doge era vecchio in onore e l'accumbiva non un uomo ma un senso, non un volto ma istesso extralbero, non un uomo venato, ma una sera per scrupoli e per tenabilità, quinque in lume alcune veghe, nas centri, se ed in budon dura corte che vedute e mentre inor a l'ora, etc.,...Tamen non est stimandus in silent, propius hominum stutos nostri et pro multis respectibus, pro modum modo nosmmo acquirator in fine et qui ad tenuit AD surrexisse..." (Archives de la Bibliothèque de Venise.)

2 La note ci-dessous qui rapporte les actes de cette procédure.

3 Elide priest pour se soulever la vert; un trembleuse colla Maria Santor Teul. de du Duche. F. Foscari.
THE TWO FOSCA R I

plus austère qu’attendri, et qui, au moment de s’en séparer pour jamais, lui interdit les murmures et jusqu’à l’espérance ? Comment expliquer une si cruelle circonspection, si ce n’est en avouant, à notre honte, que tu ne saurais obtenir de l’espèce humaine les mêmes efforts que la vertu ? La servitude aurait-elle son héritage comme l’abri ?

Quelques temps après ce jugement, tu découvris le véritable auteur de l’assassinat, dont Jacopo Foscarl portait la peine ; mais il n’était plus temps de reparer à cette première tache, puisque le bûcheren était délibéré par deux prêtres, et le moment arrivait que Mauro Foscari et le driedog confesseur se présentent. Il ne reste à raconter que la suite des malheurs du père.

L’histoire les attribue à l’impatience qu’avais ses ennemis et ses rivaux de voir vaquer sa place. Elle accuse formellement Jacques Loredan, l’un des chefs du conseil des dix, de s’être livré contre ce vilain aux conseils d’une haine héréditaire et qui depuis long-temps divisaient leurs maisons.*

François Foscarl avait essayé de la faire cesser, en offrant sa fille à l’hôtel amiral Pierre Loredan, pour un de ses fils. L’alliance avait été refusée, et l’inimitié des deux familles s’en était accrue. Dans tous les conseils, dans toutes les affaires, le doge trouvait toujours les Loredan prêts à combattre ses propositions ou ses intérêts. Il lui semblait en un mot de dire qu’ils ne croyaient réellement principe que lorsque Pierre Loredan aurait cessé de vivre. Cet amour mordait quelque temps après d’une incommodité assez promette qu’on ne put expier. Il n’y avait pas davantage aux malveillants pour insister que François Foscarl, avant désiré cette mort, pouvait bien l’avoir haïte.

Ces heurs s’accrêcèrent encore lorsqu’il vit aussi peu tôt subitement Marc Loredan, frère de Pierre, et cea dans le moment où, en sa qualité d’avocat, il instruisait un procès contre Andrea Donato, contre le doge, accusé de péché. On crut sur la tombe de l’amiral qu’il avait été enlevé à la patrie par le poison.

Il n’y avait nulle preuve, aucun indice contre Francesco Foscarl, aucune raison même du suppôtoire. Quand sa vie entière n’aurait pas démenti une imputation aussi odieuse, il savait que son rang ne lui permettait pas l’impunité ni même l’indulgence. La mort tragique de l’un de ses prédécesseurs l’en aveuglait, et il n’avait que trop d’exemples domestiques du soin que le conseil des dix prenait d’humilier le chef de la républice.

Cependant, Jacques Loredan, frère de Pierre, croyant un moyen de croître avoir à veiller les partis de sa famille,1 dans ses livres de comptes (car il faisait le commerce, comme ci cette époque presque tous les patriciens), il avait inondé de sa propre main le doge au nombre de ses débours, pour la mort, y était-il dit, de son père et de son oncle.2 De l’autre côté du registre, il avait laissé une page en blanc, pour y faire mention du recouvrement de cette dette, et en effet, après la perte du doge, il écrivit sur son registre : il me l’a payée, l’un jugée.

Jacques Loredan fut élu membre du conseil des dix, en ayant eu trois des chefs, et se promit bien de profiter de cette occasion pour accomplir la vengeance qu’il méditait.

Le doge, en sortant de la terrible épreuve qu’il venait de subir, pendant le procès de son fils, était retiré au

* Je suis principalement dans ce recit une relation manuscrite de la déposition de François Foscarl qui est dans le même intitulé. Ce document, qui est de la première d’archives de la Storia dell’ eccoententissimo consiglio di Venezia — Archives de Venise. —

1 Tous ces inquiets et ces inconvénients se témoinv de la fameuse lettre de Jacques Loredan dans damnifico reum veneti as en abecedarium vindictam opportuna. (Palazzi, l’archi ducal.)

2 Irod et l’Histoire Vénitienne de Vianolo.
La foule qui s'ouvrait sur son passage, et qui avait peut-être désiré sa mort, était, émue de respect et d'attendrissement. 1 Rentré dans sa maison, il recommanda à sa famille d'oublier les injures de ses ennemis. Personne dans les divers corps de l'état ne se crut en droit de s'étonner, qu'un prince inamovible eût été déposé sans qu'on lui reprochât rien ; que l'état eût perdu son chef, à l'insu du sénat, et du corps souverain lui-même. Le peuple seul laissa échapper quelques regrets : une proclamation du conseil des dix prescrivit le silence le plus absolu sur cette affaire, sous peine de mort. Avant de donner un successeur à François Foscarì, une nouvelle loi fut rendue, qui défendait au doge d'ouvrir et de lire, autrement qu'en présence de ses conseillers, les registres des albaciens de la république, et les lettres des princes étrangers. 2 Les électeurs entrent au conclave, et nomment un douzet Paschal Malipier, le 30 octobre 1457. La cloche de Saint-Marc, qui annonçait à Venise son nouveau prince, vint frapper l'oreille de François Foscarì ; cette fois sa fêteré Abandonda, il éprouva un tel saisissement, qu'il mourut le lendemain. 3 La république arrêtà qu'on lui rendrait les mêmes honneurs funèbres que s'il eût mort dans l'exercice de sa dignité, mais lorsqu'on se présenta pour enlever ses restes, sa veuve, qui de son nom était Marine Nani, décêla qu'elle ne le souffrirait point ; qu'on ne devait pas traiter en prince après sa mort celui qui vivant en avait dépouillé de la couronne, et que, puisqu'il avait consumé ses biens au service de l'état, elle souhaiterait conserver sa dot à lui faire rendre les derniers hommages. 4 On ne fait aucun compte de cette résistance, et malgré les protestations de l'ancienne dogaterre, le corps fut enlevé, revêtu des ornements ducaux, exposé en public, et les obéscures furent célébrées avec la pompe accoutumée. Le nouveau doge assista au convoc en robe de sénateur. La priè qu'avait inspirée le malheur de ce vieillard, ne fut pas tout-à-fait stricte. Un an après, on osa dire que le conseil des dix avait outrepassé ses pouvoirs, et il lui fut défendu par une loi du grand conseil de se présenter à l'aventure de juger le prince, à moins que ce ne fût pour ses ennemis. Un acte d'autorité tel que la déposition d'un doge inamovible de sa nature, aurait pu exciter un soulèvement général, ou au moins occasionner une division dans une république autrement constituée que Venise. Mais de plus trois ans, il existait dans celle-ci une magistrature, ou plutôt une autorité, devant laquelle tout devait se taire. 5

Extrait de l'Histoire des Républiques Italiennes du moyen âge, par J. C. L. Simonne de Steenwol, tom. x.

Le doge de Venise, qui avait prêvu par ce traité une guerre non moins dangereuse que celle qu'il avait terminée presque en même temps par le traité de Lodì, était alors parvenu à une extrême vieillesse. François Foscarì occupait cette première dignité de l'état dès le 15 avril 1423. Quoiqu'il fût déjà âgé de plus de cinquante ans à l'époque de son élection, il était cependant le plus jeune des quarante-cinq électeurs. Il avait eu beaucoup de peine à parvenir au rang qu'il convoitait, et son élection avait été conduite avec beaucoup d'adresse. Pendant plusieurs tours de scrutin ses amis les plus zélés s'étaient abstenus de lui donner leur suffrage.

1 On lit dans la note ces propres mots : "Se fasse statu io loco potestem volere aliorum restituendo." 2 Hist. de Venise, de Paolo Morosini, lib. 23. 3 Hist. d'Aetius, cap. 8. 4 Hist. d'Hist. Lib. 6, cap. 7. 5 Ce décret est du 23 Octobre, Hist. La note n'apporte
frage, pour que les autres ne le considérassent pas comme un concurrent redoutable. 1 Le conseil des dix craignait son crédit parmi la noblesse pauvre, parce qu'il avait cherché à se la rendre favorable, tandis qu'il était procureur de Saint-Marc, en faisant employer plus de trente mille ducats à dater des jeunes filles de bonne maison, ou à établir de jeunes gentilshommes. On craignait encore sa nombreuse famille, car alors il était père de quatre enfants, et marié de nouveau; enfin ou redoutait son ambition et son goût pour la guerre. L'opinion que ses adversaires s'étaient formée de lui fut vérifiée par les événements; pendant trente-quatre ans que Foscarì fut à la tête de la république, elle ne cessa point de combattre. Si les hostilités étaient suspendues d'un certain temps, c'est pour recommencer bientôt avec plus de vigueur. Ce fut l'époque où Venise était en empire sur Brescia, Bergame, Ravenne, et Crémone, où elle fondait sa domination de Lombardie, et parmi sans cesse sur le point d'asservir toute cette province. Profond, courageux, incommuniqués, Foscarì communique aux conseils son propre caractère, et sans délai il tenta d'obtenir plus d'influence sur la république, que n'avaient exercé la plupart de ses prédécesseurs. Mais si son ambition avait ou pour l'agrandissement de sa famille, elle fut cruellement trompée: trois de ses fils moururent dans les huit années qui suivirent son élection: le qua- trième, Jacob, par lequel la maison Foscarì est per- petuée, fut victime de la jalousie du conseil des dix, et empoisonné par ses malheureux les poisons de son père. 2

En effet, le conseil des dix, redoutant de déchéance envers le chef de l'état, lorsqu'il le voyait plus fort par ses talents et sa popularité, voulant sans cesse ses Fos- carì, pour le puer de son crédit et de sa gloire. Au tout début des luttes, à Milan, à Venise, à Treviso, à Florence, à Toulut, en secret Jacques Foscarì auprès des inspecteurs d'état, d'avoir recu du duc Philippe Visconti, des présents d'argent et de joailliers, par les mains des gens de sa maison. Telle était l'habile procédure adoptée à Venise, que sur cette accusation secrète, le fils du doge, le représentant de la majesté de la république, fut mise à la torture. On lui arracha par l'extrait de l'aveu des charges portées contre lui; il fut rogné pour le reste de ses jours à Nyon de Rose- nante; avec obligation de se présenter chaque matin au commissariat de la place. 3 Cependant, le vaisselier que le portrait avait tenu de Foscarì, Jacob, grimace méchant de maintes manières, et plus encore d'une immi- nence qu'il avait éprouvée, demanda en grâce au conseil des dix de n'être pas envoyé plus loin. Il obtint cette faveur, par une délibération du 28 décembre 1446; il fut rappelé à Treviso, et il eut la liberté d'habiter tout le Trévise indifféremment. 4

Il vivait en paix à Treviso; et la fille de Leonardi Con- tarin, qu'il avait épousée le 10 février 1441, était venue lui jouer dans son exil, lorsqu'un 5 Novembre 1450, Almaro Domin, chef du conseil des dix, fut assassiné. Les deux autres inspecteurs d'état, Triandone Grétti et Antonio Verieri, portèrent leur soumission à Jacob Foscarì, parce qu'un domestique à lui, nommé Olivier, avait eu ce serment même à Venise, et avait des proches donner de la nouvelle de cet assassinat. Olivier fut mis à la torture mais il jusqu'à la fin, avec un courage incommuniqué, le crime dont on l'accusait, quelques ses juges avaient la barbe de lui faire donner jusqu'à quatre-vingts tours d'espardasse. Cependant, comme Jacob Foscarì avait de puissants motifs d'immunité contre le conseil des dix qui l'avait condamné, et qui tremendalement 1 Mair Samato, Vite de' Duchi di Venezia, p. 957.
2 Mair Samato, p. 963.
3 Ibid. p. 963.
5 de la hame au dge son père, a esssay de mettre a son tour Jacob à la torture, et l'on prolonge contre lui ces affreux tourments, sans réussir à en tirer aucune con- fession. Malgré sa dénéigation, le conseil des dix le condamna à être transporté à la Canue, et accorda une recompense à son délateur. Mais les horribles dommages que Jacob Foscarì avait éprouvés, avait trouble sa raison; ses persecuteurs, touchés de ce dernier malheur, permirent qu'on le ramenat à Venise le 26 mai 1451. Il embrassa son père, il puisa dans ses exhortations courage et quelque calme, et il fut reconnu immédiatement à la Canue. 1 Sur ces entreteintes, Nicolas Erizzo, homme déjà moé pour un précédent crime, confessa, en mourant, que c'était lui qui avait tué Am- moro Dominato. 2

Le malheureux docteur, François Foscarì, avait déjà cherché, à plusieurs reprises, à abdiquer une dignité si funeste à lui-même et à sa famille. Il lui semblait que, redressant au rang de simple citoyen, comme il n'inspirerait plus de crainte ou de jalouse, on n'accab-blerait plus de son amour et de ses malheurs. Du vain il deman- dait grâce au conseil le censure des dix; il n'eut pa- puis lui, dès le 26 juin, 1453, déposer une dignité, durant l'exercice de laquelle sa patrie avait été tourmentée par la guerre, par la peste, et par des malheurs de tout genre. 3 Il renouvela cette proposition aprèse les juge- mais rendus contre son fils; mais le conseil des dix le renvoyait sur le tréme, comme il retournait son fils dans les fers.

En vain Jacob Foscarì, obligé de se présenter chaque jour au gouvernor de la Canue, réclamait contre l'in- dépendance de sa dernière sentence, sur laquelle la confession d'Erizzo ne laissait plus de doutes. En vain il demandait grâce au conseil censure des dix; il n'eut pa- puis lui, dès le 26 juin, 1453, déposer une dignité, durant l'exercice de laquelle sa patrie avait été tourmentée par la guerre, par la peste, et par des malheurs de tout genre. 3 Il renouvela cette proposition aprèse les juge- mais rendus contre son fils; mais le conseil des dix le renvoyait sur le tréme, comme il retournait son fils dans les fers.

2 Ibid. p. 1130.
3 Ibid. p. 1192.
était réduit avant cet événement; mais à peine fut-il débarqué que sur cette terre d'exil, qu'il mourut de douleur.

Des mois, et pendant quinze mois, le vieux doge accablé d'années et de chagrins, ne revit plus la force de son corps ou celle de son âme; il n'assistait plus à aucun des conseils, et il ne pouvait plus remplir aucune des fonctions de sa dignité. Il était entré dans sa quatrième vigesimaseconde année, et le conseil des dix avait été réuni, il se trouvait en silence à son tour, sans doute prenant, d'une manière annuelle, que partant de gloire et tant de malheurs. Mais le chef du conseil des dix était alors Jacques Loredoano, fils de Marc, et avenu de Pierre, le grand amiral, qui toute leur vie avait été les ennemis acharnés du vieux doge. Ils avaient transmis leur haine à leurs enfants, et cette vieille rancune n'était pas encore satisfaite. A l'instigation de Loredoano, fierté d'une Barbarigo, inquisiteur d'état, proposa un conseil des dix, au mois d'octobre 1437, de sommer Foscarin à une nouvelle humiliation. Dès que ce magistrat ne pouvait plus remplir ses fonctions, Barbarigo demanda qu'on lui donnât un autre doge. Le conseil, qui avait réfléchi deux fois l'utilisation de Foscarin, parce que la constitution ne pouvait le permettre, hâta même de se mettre en contradiction avec ses propres décrets. Les discussions dans le conseil et la junte se prolongèrent pendant huit jours, jusqu'à fort avant dans la nuit. Cependant, en fit entrer dans l'Assemblée Marco Foscarin, procureur de Saint-Marc, et frère du doge, pour qu'il fût lié par le redoutable serment du secret, et qu'il ne pût arrêter les mesures de ses ennemis. Enfin, le conseil se rendit auprès du doge, et lui demanda d'aborder volontairement un emploi que il ne pouvait plus exercer. "J'ai juré" répondit le vieillard, "de remplir jusqu'à ma mort, selon mon honneur et mon conscience, les fonctions auxquelles ma patrie m'a appelé. Je ne peux me délier moi-même du mon serment; ou je ne puis me soumettre, mais je ne me le devançerai pas.\" Alors une nouvelle dissolution du conseil déclina Francesco Foscarin de son serment ducale, il assura une pension de deux mille ducats pour le reste de sa vie, et lui ordonna d'évacuer en trois jours le palais, et de déposer les ornements de sa dignité. Le doge ayant ressenti parmi les conseillers qui lui portaient cet ordre, un chef de la quarantaine qu'il ne connaissait pas, demanda son nom: "Je suis le fils de Marco Monno", lui dit le conseiller; "Ah! ton père était mon ami," lui dit le vieux doge, en souriant. Il donna aussitôt des ordres pour qu'on transportât ses effets dans une maison à lui; et le lendemain, 23 octobre, on le vit se soutenant à peine, appuyé sur son vieux frère, redescendre ces mêmes escaliers sur lesquels, trente-quatre ans auparavant, on l'avait installé avec tant de pompe, et traverser ces mêmes salles où la republique avait reçu ses serments. Le peuple entier parut mêlé de tant de dureté exercée contre un vieillard qui ressemblait à lui, et qui avait, mais le conseil des dix le public dénoncé et de sa dignité, sans peine d'être traduit devant les inquisiteurs d'état. Le 20 octobre, Pasquale Malpléi, procureur de Saint-Marc, fut choisi pour successeur de Foscarin; celui-ci n'eut pas ménagé son humiliation de vivre sans lui, où il avait, mais le conseil des dix le public dénoncé et de sa dignité, sans peine d'être traduit devant les inquisiteurs d'état. Le 20 octobre, Pasquale Malpléi, procureur de Saint-Marc, fut choisi pour successeur de Foscarin; celui-ci n'eut pas ménagé son humiliation de vivre sans lui, où il avait, mais le conseil des dix le public dénoncé et de sa dignité, sans peine d'être traduit devant les inquisiteurs d'état. Le 20 octobre, Pasquale Malpléi, procureur de Saint-Marc, fut choisi pour successeur de Foscarin; celui-ci n'eut pas ménagé son humiliation de vivre sans lui, où il a...
THE TWO FOSCARI.

because it is equally absurd with that sincere production, calls upon the "legislature to look to it," as the toleration of such writings led to the French Revolution: not such writings as Wat Tyler, but as those of the "Satanic School." This is not true, and Mr. Southey knows it to be not true. Every French writer of any freedom was persecuted; Voltaire and Rousseau were exiles, Marmontel and Ducrot were sent to the Bastile, and a perpetual war was waged with the whole class by the existing despotism. In the next place, the French Revolution was not occasioned by any writings whatsoever, but must have occurred had no such writers ever existed. It is the fashion to attribute everything to the French Revolution, and the French Revolution to every thing but its real cause.

That cause is obvious—the government exacted too much, and the people could neither give nor bear more. Without this, the Encyclopedists might have written their fingers off without the occurrence of a single alteration. And the English Revolution—the first, I mean—what was it occasioned by? The Puritans were surely as pious and moral as Wesley or his biographer? Acts—acts on the part of government, and not writings against them, have caused the past convulsions, and are tending to the future.

I look upon such as inevitable, though no revolutionists: I wish to see the English constitution restored, and not destroyed. Born an aristocrat, and naturally one by temper, with the greater part of my present property in the funds, what have I to gain by a revolution? Perhaps I have more to lose in every way than Mr. Southey, with all his places and presents for panegyrists and abuse into the bargain. But that a revolution is inevitable, I repeat. The government may exult over the repression of petty tumults; these are but the receding waves repulsed and broken for a moment on the shore, while the great tide is still rolling on and gaining ground with every breaker. Mr. Southey accuses us of attacking the religion of the country; and is he abetting it by the pious lives of Wesley? One mode of worship is merely destroyed by another. There never was, nor ever will be, a country without a religion. We shall be told of France again; but it was only Paris and a frantic party, which for a moment upheld their dogmatic non-sense of theo-phalanthropy. The church of England, if overthrown, will be swept away by the sectarians, and not by the sceptics. People are too wise, too well-informed, too certain of their own immense importance in the realms of space, ever to submit to the impotency of doubt. There may be a few such different spectators, like water in the pale sunbeams of human reason, but they are very few; and their opinions, without enthusiasm or appeal by the passions, can never gain proselytes—unless, indeed, they are persecuted: but, to be sure, will increase any thing.
BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS.

Werner; or, THE INHERITANCE; A TRAGEDY.

TO THE ILLUSTRIOUS GOETHE,
BY ONE OF HIS HUMBlest ADMIRERS,
THIS TRAGEDY IS DEDICATED

PREFACE.

The following drama is taken entirely from the "German Tale, Kriizner," published many years ago in "Leo's Canterbury Tales," written (I believe) by two sisters, of whom one furnished only this story and another, both of which are considered superior to the remainder of the collection. I have adopted the characters, plan, and even the language of many parts of this story. Some of the characters are modified or altered, a few of the names changed, and one character (Ida of Stralenheim) added by myself; but in the rest the original is chiefly followed. When I was young (about fourteen, I think) I first read this tale, which made a deep impression upon me; and may, indeed, be said to contain the germ of much that I have since written. I am not sure that it ever was popular; or at any rate its popularity has since been eclipsed by that of other great writers in the same department. But I have generally found that those who had read it, agreed with me in their estimate of the singular power of mind and conception which it develops. I should also add—conception, rather than execution; for the story, perhaps, have been more developed with greater advantage. Amongst those whose opinions agreed with mine upon this story, I could mention some very high names; but it is not necessary, nor indeed of any use; for every one must judge according to their own feelings. I merely refer the reader to the original story, that he may see to what extent I have borrowed from it; and am not unwilling that he should find much greater pleasure in perusing it than the drama which is founded upon its contents.

I had begun a drama upon this tale so far back as 1815 (the first I ever attempted, except one at thirteen years old, called "Ulric and Beata," which I had some reason enough to burn), and I had nearly completed an act, when I was interrupted by circumstances. This is somewhere amongst my papers in England; but as it has not been found, I have re-written the first, and added the subsequent acts.

The whole is neither intended, nor in any shape dapted, for the stage.

February, 1822.

WERNER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Werner.  
Ulric.  
Stralenheim.  
Ibenstein.  
Gabor.  
Fritz.  

WOMEN.

Josephine.  
Ida Stralenheim.  

Scene—partly on the frontier of Silesia, and partly in Siegendorf Castle, near Prague.

Time—the close of the thirty years' war.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.

The Hall of a decayed Palace near a small Town on the northern Frontier of Silesia—the Night tempestuous.

WERNER and Josephine his wife.

Josephine.

My love, be calmer!

Werner.

I am calm.

Josephine.

To me—

Yes, but not to thyself: thy pace is hurried,
And no one walks a chamber like ours
With steps like thine when his heart is at rest,
Were it a garden, I should deem thee happy,
And stepping with the bee from flower to flower,
But here!

Werner.

'T is chill; the tapestry lets through
The wind to which it waves: my blood is frozen
Josephine.

Ah, no

Werner (smiling).

Why! wouldst thou have it so?

Josephine.  

I would

Have it a healthful current.

Werner.

Let it flow

Unr'd it is spilt or check'd—how soon, I care not.
JOSEPHINE.

And am I nothing in thy heart?

JOSEPHINE.

All— all.

JOSEPHINE.

Then canst thou wish for that which must break mine?

JOSEPHINE (approaching her slowly).

But for the fate I had been—no matter what,

But much of good and evil; what I am,

Then knowest; what I might or should have been,

Thou knowest not; but still I love thee, nor

Shall aught divide us.

WERNER. 

[Werner walks on abruptly, and then approaches Josephine.]

The storm of the night,

Perhaps, affects me: I'm a thing of feelings,

And have of late been sicken, as, alas!

Thou know'st by sufferings more than mine, my love!

In watching me.

JOSEPHINE.

To see thee well is much—

To see thee happy——

WERNER.

Where hast thou seen such?

Let me be wretched with the rest!

JOSEPHINE.

But think

How many in this hour of tempest shiver

Beneath the biting wind and heavy rain,

Whose every drop bows them down nearer earth,

Whic'n hath no chamber for them save beneath

Her surface.

WERNER.

And that's not the worst: who cares

For chambers? rest is all.

The wretches whom

Thou name'st—ay, the win'blows round them, and

The dull and dropping rain saps in their bones

The creeping marble. I have been a soldier,

A hunter, and a traveller, and am

A beggar, and should know the thing thou talk'st of.

JOSEPHINE.

And art thou not now shelter'd from them all?

WERNER.

Yes—and from these alone.

JOSEPHINE.

And that is something.

WERNER.

True—to a peasant.

JOSEPHINE.

Should the nobly born

Be thankless for that refuge which their habits

Of early delicacy render more

Needful than to the peasant, when the ebb

Of fortune leaves them on the shores of life?

WERNER.

It is not that; thou know'st it is not: we

Have borne all this, I'll not say patiently,

Ex ert in thee—but we have borne it.

JOSEPHINE.

Well!

WERNER.

Something beyond our outward sufferings (though

These were enough to gnaw into our souls)

Had sting me off, and more than ever, now;

When, but for this inward sickness, which

Seized me upon this desolate frontier, and

Had wasted not alone my strength, but means,

And leaves me, —no! this is beyond me! but

For this I had been happy—tHEN been happy—

The splendour of my rank sustain'd—my name—

My father's name—been still uphold; and, more

Than these—

JOSEPHINE (abruptly).

My son—our son—our Ulric,

Been clasped' in again in these long-empty arms.

And all a mother's hunger satisfied.

Twelve years! he was but eight then: beautiful

He was, and beautiful he must be now

My Ulric! my adored!

WERNER.

I have been full off

The chase of fortune; now she hath o'er taken

My spirit where it cannot turn at bay—

Sick, poor, and lonely.

JOSEPHINE.

Lonely! my dear husband?

WERNER.

Or worse—involving all I love, in this

Far worse than solitude. Alas, I had died,

And all been over in a nameless grave.

JOSEPHINE.

And I had not enticed thee; but pray take

Comfort! We have struggled long; and they who strive

With fortune win or weary her at last,

So that they find the goal, or cease to feel

Further. Take comfort,—we shall find our boy.

WERNER.

We were in sight of him, of every thing

Which could bring compensation for past sorrow—

And to be baffled thus!

JOSEPHINE.

Are we not penniless?

JOSEPHINE.

We never were wealthy.

WERNER.

But I was born to wealth, and rank, and power;

Enjoy'd them, loved them, and, alas! abused them,

And forfeited them by my father's wrath.

In my o'er-intervent youth; but for the abuse

Long sufferings have atoned. My father's death

Left the path open, yet not without snares.

This cold and creeping kinsman, who so long

Kept his eye on me, as the snake upon

The fluttering bird, hath ere this time outstept me,

Become the master of my rights, and lord

Of that which lifts him up to princes in

Dominion and domain.

JOSEPHINE.

Who knows? our son

May have return'd back to his grand sire, and

Even now uphold thy rights for thee?

WERNER.

'T is hopeless.

Since his strange disappearance from my father's,

Entailing, as it were, my sins upon

Himself, no tidings have reveal'd his course.

I parted with him to his grandsire, on

The promise that his anger would stop short

Of the third generation; but Heaven seems

To claim her stern prerogative, and visit

Upon my boy his father's faults and follies.

JOSEPHINE.

I must hope better still—at least we have yet

Baffled the long pursuit of Strahlenheim.

WERNER.

We should have done, but for this fatal sickness,

More fatal than a mortal maliy,

Because it takes not life, but life's sole solace:

Even now I feel my spirit grow about
Byron's Poetical Works.

By the snare of this avaricious henchman—
How do I know he hath not trick'd us here?

Josephine.

He does not know thy person; and his spies,
Who so long watch'd thee, have been left at Hamburg
Our unexpected journey, and this change
Of name, leave all discovery far behind:
None hold us here forught so a what we seem.

Werner.

Save what we see! save what we are—sick beggars,
Even to our very hopes.—Ha! ha!

Josephine.

That bitter laugh!

Werner.

Who would read in this form
The high soul of the son of a long line?

Woe, in this garb, the heir of princely hands?

Woe, in this sunken, sickly eye, the pride
Of rank and ancestry; in this worn cheek,
And famine-hollow'd brow, the lord of halls,
Which daily feast a thousand vassals?

Josephine.

You
Ponder'd not thus upon these worldly things,
My Werner! when you deign'd to choose for bride
The foreign daughter of a wandering exile.

Werner.

An exile's daughter with an outcast son
Were a fit marriage; but I still had hopes
To lift thee to the state we both were born for.
Your father's house was noble, though decay'd;
And worthy by its birth to match with ours.

Josephine.

Your father did not think so, though 't was noble;
But had my birth been all my claim to match
With thee, I should have deemed it what it is.

Werner.

And what is that in thine eyes?

Josephine.

All which it has done in our behalf,—nothing.

Werner.

How,—nothing?

Josephine.

Or worse; for it has been a canker in
Thy heart from the beginning: but for this,
We had not felt our poverty, but as
Millions of myriads feel it, cheerfully;
But for these phantoms of thy feudal fathers,
Though might'ist have earned thy bread as thousands earn it;
Or if that seem too humble, tried to commerce,
Or other civic means to mend thy fortunes.

Werner (trociously).

And been an Hessianburgh ! Excellent!

Josephine.

What'er e'er thou might'ist have been, to me thou art,
What no state, high or low, can ever change,
My heart's first choice:—which chose thee, knowing
Thy birth, thy hopes, thy pride; nought, save thy sorrows:
While they last, let me comfort or divide them;
When they end, let none end with them, or thee!

Werner.

My better angel! such as I have ever found thee;
This weakness, or this weakness of my temper,
Never raised a thought to upbraid thee or thee.
Thou didst not mar my fortunes: my own nature
In youth was such as to unmake an empire,
Had such been my inheritance; but now,

Chasten'd, subdued, outworn, and taught to know
Myself,—to lose this for our son and thee!

Trust me, when, in my two-and-twentieth spring,
My father bar'd me from my father's house,
The last sole scion of a thousand sires
(For I was then the last), it hurt me less
Than to behold my boy and my boy's mother
Excluded in their innocence from what
My faults deserved exclusion; although then
My passions were all living serpents, and
Twined like the gorgon's round me.

[A knocking is heard.

Josephine.

Hark!

Werner.

A knocking!

Josephine.

Who can it be at this lone hour? we have
Few visitors.

Werner.

And poverty hath none,
Save those who come to make it poorer still.
Well, I am prepared.

[Werner puts his hand into his bosom, as if to
search for some weapon.

Josephine.

Oh! do not look so. I
Will to the door; it cannot be of import
In this lone spot of wintry desolation—
The very desert saves man from mankind.

[She goes to the door.

Enter Idenstein.

Idenstein.

A fair good evening to my fairer hostess
And worthy—what's your name, my friend?

Werner.

Are you
Not afraid to demand it?

Idenstein.

Not afraid!

Eagl! I am afraid. You look as if
I asked for something better than your name,
By the face you put on it.

Werner.

Better, sir?

Idenstein.

Better or worse, like matrimonial, what
Shall I say more? You have been a guest this month
Here in the prince's palace—(to be sure,
His highness had resigned it to the ghosts
And rats these twelve years—but 'tis still a palace)—
I say you have been our lodger, and as yet
We do not know your name.

Werner.

My name is Werner.

Idenstein.

A goodly name, a very worthy name,
As e'er was gilt upon a tradesman's board;
I have a cousin in the lazaretto
Of Hamburg, who has got a wife who bore
The same. He is an officer of trust,
Surgeon's assistant (hopping to be surgeon),
And has done miracles in the way of business.
Perhaps you are related to my relative?

Werner.

To yours!

Josephine.

Oh, yes, we are, but distant.

[Aside to Werner.

Cannot you humour the dull gossip, till
We learn his purpose?]
WERNER.

IDENTSTEIN.

Well, I'm glad of that;
I thought so all along; such natural yearnings
Play'd round my heart—blood is not water, cousin;
And so let's have some wine, and drink unto
Our better acquaintance: relatives should be
Friends.

WERNER.

You appear to have drunk enough already,
And if you had not, I've no wine to offer.
Else it were yours; but this you know, or should know:
You see I am poor and sick, and will not see
That I would be alone; but to your business!
What brings you here?

IDENTSTEIN.

Why, what should bring me here?

WERNER.

I know not, though I think that I could guess
That which will send you hence.

JOSEPHINE (aside).

Pittance, dear Werner!

IDENTSTEIN.

You don't know what has happen'd, then?

JOSEPHINE.

How should we?

IDENTSTEIN.

The river has o'erflow'd.

JOSEPHINE.

Alas! we have known
That to our sorrow, for these five days, since
It keeps us here.

IDENTSTEIN.

But what you don't know is,
That a great personage, who fain would cross
Against the stream, and three postilions' wishes,
Is drown'd below the ford, with five post-horses,
A monkey, and a mastiff, and a valet.

JOSEPHINE.

Poor creatures! are you sure?

IDENTSTEIN.

Yes, of the monkey,
And the valet, and the cattle; but as yet
We know not if his excellency's dead.

Or nor: your noblemen are hard to drown,
As it is fit that men in office should be;
But, what is certain, is that he has swallow'd
Enough of the Oder to have burst two peasants;
And now a Saxon and Hungarian traveller,
Who, at their proper peril, snatch'd him from
The whirling river, have sent on to crave
A lodging, or a grave, according as
It may turn out with the live or dead body.

JOSEPHINE.

And where will you receive him? here, I hope.
If we can of service—say the word.

IDENTSTEIN.

Here! no; but in the prince's own apartment,
As fits a noble guest: 'tis damp, no doubt,
As having been inhabited these twelve years;
But then he comes from a much damper place,
So scarcely will catch cold in 't, if he be
Still liable to cold—and if not, why
He'll be worse lodged to-morrow: notwithstanding,
I have order'd fire and all appliances
To be got ready; for the worst—that is,
In case he should survive.

JOSEPHINE.

Poor gentle man!

I hope he will, with all my heart.

WERNER.

Intendant,

Have you not learn'd his name? My Josephine,
[Aside to his wife]

Retire—I'll sift this fool.
[Exit JOSEPHINE

IDENTSTEIN.

His name? oh Lord!

Who knows if he hath now a name or no;
'Tis time enough to ask it when he's able
To give an answer, or if not, to put
His heir's upon his epitaph: Methought,
Just now you chid me for demanding names?

WERNER.

True, true, I did so; you say well and wisely
Enter GABOR.

GABOR.

If I intrude, I crave—

IDENTSTEIN.

O! no intrusion!

This is the palace; this a stranger like
Yourself; I pray you make yourself at home;
But where's his excellency, and how fares he?

GABOR.

Wetly and wearily, but out of peril;
He paused to change his garments in a cottage
(Where I don'd mine for these, and came on hither).
And has almost recover'd from his drenching.
He will be here anon.

IDENTSTEIN.

What ho, there! bustle!

Without there, Herman, Weilburg, Peter, Conrad!
[ Gives directions to different servants who enter
A nobleman sleeps here to-night—see that
All is in order in the damask chamber—
Keep up the stove—I will myself to the cellar—
And Madame Idenstein (my consort, stranger)
Shall furnish forth the bed-apparel; for,
To say the truth, they are marvellous Scotts of this
Within the palace precincts, since his highness
Left it some dozen years ago. And then
His excellency will sup, doubtless?

GABOR.

Faith!

I cannot tell; but I should think the pillow
Would please him better than the table, after
His soaking in your river: but for fear
Your viands should be thrown away, I mean
To sup myself, and have a friend without
Who will do honour to your good cheer with
A traveller's appetite.

IDENTSTEIN.

But are you sure
His excellency—but his name, what is it?

GABOR.

I do not know.

IDENTSTEIN.

And yet you saved his life.

GABOR.

I help'd my friend to do so.

IDENTSTEIN.

Well, that's strange,
To save a man's life whom you do not know.

GABOR.

Not so; for there are some I know so well,
I scarce should give myself the trouble.

IDENTSTEIN.

Pray,

Good friend, and who may you be?

GABOR.

By my family,
BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS.

Pray, pardon me; my health—

GABOR.

Even as you please.

I have been a soldier, and perhaps am blunt
In bearing.

WERNER.

I have also served, and can

Required a soldier's greeting.

GABOR.

In what service?

The Imperial?

WERNER (quickly, and then interrupting himself)

I commanded—no—I mean

I served; but it is many years ago,

When first Bohemia raised her banner 'gainst

The Austrian.

GABOR.

Well, that's over, now, and peace

Has turn'd some thousand gallant hearts adrift

To live as they best may: and, to say truth,

Some take the shortest.

WERNER.

What is that?

GABOR.

What'er

They lay their hands on. All Silesia and

Lusatia's woods are tenanted by bands

Of the late troops, who levy on the country

Their maintenance: the Chatelans must keep

Their castle walls—beyond them 'tis but doubtful

Travel for your rich count or full-blown baron.

My comfort is that, wander where I may,

I've little left to lose now.

WERNER.

And I—nothing.

GABOR.

That's harder still. You say you were a soldier.

WERNER.

I was.

GABOR.

You look one still. All soldiers are

Or should be comrades, even though enemies.

Our swords when drawn must cross, our engines aim

(While lovel'd) at each other's hearts; but when

A truce, a peace, or what you will, remits

The steel into its scabbard, and lets sleep

The spark which lights the matchlock, we are brethren.

You are poor and sickly—I am not rich, but healthy;

I want for nothing which I cannot want;

You seem devoid of this—will share it?

[GABOR pulls out his purse.

WERNER.

Who

Told you I was a beggar?

GABOR.

You yourself.

In saying you were a soldier during peace time.

WERNER (looking at him with suspicion).

You know me not?

GABOR.

I know no man, not even

Myself: how should I then know one I ne'er

Beheld, till half an hour since?

WERNER.

Sir, I thank you.

Your offer's noble, were it to a friend,

And not unkind as to an unknown stranger,

Though scarcely prudent; but no less I thank you

I am a beggar in all save his trade,

And when I beg of any one, it shall be
Of him who was the first to offer what  
Few can obtain by asking. Pardon me.  

[Exit Werner.  

Gabol (solemn).  
A goodly follow, by his looks, though worn,  
As most good fellows are, by pain or pleasure,  
Which tear life out of us before our time:  
I scarce know which most quickly; but he seems  
To have seen better days, as who has not  
Who has seen yesterday?—But here approaches  
Our sage intendant, with the wine; however,  
For the cup's sake, I'll bear the cup-bearer.  

Enter Idenstein.  
'T is here! the supernaculum! twenty years  
Of age, if 't is a day.  

Gabol.  
Which epoch makes  
Young women and old wine, and 't is great pity  
Of two such excellent things, increase of years,  
Which still improves the one, should spoil the other.  
Fill full—Here's to our hostess—your fair wife.  

[Take the glass.  

Idenstein.  
Fair!—Well, I trust your taste in wine is equal  
To that you show for beauty; but I pledge you  
Nevertheless.  

Gabol.  
Is not the lovely woman  
I met in the adjacent hall, who, with  
An air, and port, and eye, which would have better  
Beseech'd us palace in its brightest days  
(Though in a garb adapted to its present  
Abandonment), return'd my salutation—  
Is not the same your spouse?  

Idenstein.  
I would she were!  
But you're mistaken—that's the stranger's wife.  

Gabol.  
And by her aspect she might be a prince's:  
Though time hath touch'd her too, she still retains  
Much beauty, and more majesty.  

Idenstein.  
And that  
Is more than I can say for Madame Idenstein,  
At least in beauty: as for majesty,  
She has some of its properties which might  
Be spared—but never mind!  

Gabol.  
I don't. But who  
May be this stranger. He too hath a bearing  
Above his outward fortunes.  

Idenstein.  
There I differ.  
He's poor as Job, and not so patie a't; but  
Who he may be, or what, or' might of him,  
Except his name (and that I only 'carn'd  
To-night). I know not.  

Gabol.  
But how came he here?  

Idenstein.  
In a most miserable old caleche,  
About a month since, and immediately  
Fell sick, almost to death. He should have died.  

Gabol.  
Tender and true!—but why?  

Idenstein.  
Why, what is life  
Without a living? He has not a siver.  

Gabol.  
In that case, I much wonder that a person  
Of your apparent prudence should admit  
Guests so forlorn into this noble mansion.  

Idenstein.  
That's true; but pity, as you know, does make  
One's heart commit these follies; and besides,  
They had some valuables left at that time,  
Which paid their way up to the present hour,  
And so I thought they might as well be lodged  
Here as at the small tavern, and I gave them.  
The run of some of the oldest palace rooms.  
They served to air them, at the least as long  
As they could pay for fire-wood.  

Gabol.  
Poor souls!  

Idenstein.  
Ay,  
Exceeding poor.  

Gabol.  
And yet unused to poverty,  
If I mistake not. Whether were they going?  

Idenstein.  
Oh! Heaven knows where, unless to 'caven itself.  
Some days ago that look'd the likeliest journey  
For Werner.  

Gabol.  
Werner! I have heard the name,  
But it may be a feign'd one.  

Idenstein.  
Like enough!  
But hark! a noise of wheels and voices, and  
A blaze of torches from without. As sure  
As destiny, its excellency's comes.  
I must be at my post: will you not join me,  
To help him from his carriage, and present  
Your humble duty at the door?  

Gabol.  
I drag'd him  
From out that carriage when he would have given  
His barony or county to repel  
The rushing river from its gurgling throat,  
He has valets now enough: they stood aboof then,  
Shaking their dripping cars upon the shore,  
All poring, 'Help!'' but offering none; and as  
For duty (as you call it) I did none then,  
Now do yours. Hence, and how and cringe him here  

Idenstein.  
I cringe!—but I shall lose the opportunity—  
Plague take it! he'll be here, and I not there!  

[Exit Idenstein, hast.  

Re-enter Werner.  

Werner (to himself).  
I heard a noise of wheels and voices. How  
All sounds now jar me!  
(Perceiving Gabol). Still here! Is he not  
A spy of my pursuer's? His frank offer,  
So suddenly, and to a stranger, wore  
The aspect of a secret enmity;  
For friends are slow at such.  

Gabol.  
You seem rapt,  
And yet the time is not akin to thought.  
The old walls will be noisy soon. The baron,  
Or count (or whatso'er this half-drown'd noble  
May be), for whom thus desolate village, and  
Its lone inhabitants, show more respect  
Than did the elements, is come.  

Idenstein (without).  
This way—  

This way, your excellence:—have a care,  
The staircase is a little gloomy, and
Somewhat decay'd; but if we had expected
So high a guest—pray take my arm, my lord!

Enter Stralenheim, Idenstein, and Attendants,
portly his own, and part'y retainers of the domain of
which Idenstein is Intendant.

Stralenheim.
I'll rest me here a moment.

IdeensteiIn (to the servants).
Oh! a chair! instantly, knaves!

[W mash sink down. werner (aside).
'Tis he!

Stralenheim.
I'm better now.

Who are these strangers?

IdeensteiIn.
Please you, my good lord,

One says he is no stranger.

Werner (aboit and hastily).
Who says that?

[They look at him with surprise.

IdeensteiIn.
Why, no one spoke of you, or to you!—but
Here's one his excellency may be pleased
To recognise. [pointing to Gabor.

Gabor.
I seek not to disturb
His noble memory.

Stralenheim.
I apprehend
This is one of the strangers to whose aid
I owe my rescue. Is not that the other?

[pointing to Werner.

My state, when I was succour'd, must excuse
My uncertainty to whom I owe so much.

IdeensteiIn.
He!—no, my lord! he rather wants for rescue
Than can afford it. 'Tis a poor sick man,
Travel-tired, and lately risen from a bed
From whence he never dream'd to rise.

Stralenheim.
Methought
That there were two.

Gabor.
There were, in company;
But, in the service render'd to your lordship,
I needs must say but once, and he is absent.
The chief part of whatever aid was render'd
Was his; it was his fortune to be first.
My will was not inferior, but his strength
And youth outstrip'd me; therefore do not waste
Your thanks on me. I was but a glad second
Unto a nobler principal.

Stralenheim.
Where is he?

an attendant.
My lord, he tarried in the cottage, where
Your excellency rested for an hour,
And said he would be here to-morrow.

Stralenheim.
Till
That hour arrives, I can but offer thanks,
And then—

Gabor.
I seek no more, and scarce deserve
So much. My conduct may speak for himself.

Stralenheim.
(Fixing his eye upon Werner, then aside).
I cannot be! and yet he must be look'd to.
'Tis twenty years since I beheld him with
These eyes: and, though my agents still have kept

Their's on him, policy has held aloof
My own from his, not to alarm him into
Suspicion of my plan. Why did I leave
At Hamburg those who would have made assurance,
If this be he or no? I thought, ere now,
To have been lord of Siewendorf, and parted
In haste, though even the elements appear
To fight against me, and this sudden flood
May keep me prisoner here till—

[He pauses and looks at Werner; then resumes.

This man must
Be watch'd. If it is he, he is so changed,
His father, rising from his grave again,
Would pass him by unknown

An error would spoil all.

IdeensteiIn.
Your lordship seems
Pensive. Will it not please you to pass on?

Stralenheim.
'Tis past fatigue which gives my weagh'd-down spirit
An outward show of thought. I will to rest.

IdeensteiIn.
The prince's chamber is prepared, with all
The very furniture the prince used when
Last here, in its full splendour.

(Aside.) Somewhat tatter'd
And devilish damp, but fine enough by torch-light,
And that's enough for your right noble blood
Of twenty quarterings upon a hatchment;
So let their bearer sleep 'neath something like one
Now, as he one day will for ever lie.

Stralenheim (rising and turning to Gabor).
Good night, good people! Sir, I trust to-morrow
Will find me apter to requite your service.
In the mean time, I crave your company
A moment in my chamber.

Gabor.
I attend you.

Stralenheim.
(After a few steps, pauses, and calls Werner).
Friend!

Werner.

Sir?

IdeensteiIn.
Sir! Lord!—oh, Lord! Why don't you say
His lordship, or his excellency? Pray,
My lord, excuse this poor man's want of breeding:
He hath not been accus'tomed to admission
To such a presence.

Stralenheim (to Idenstein).
Peace, intendant! IdeensteiIn.

Oh!

I am dumb.

Stralenheim (to Werner).
Have you been long here?

Werner.
Long?

Stralenheim.
I sought
An answer, not an echo.

Werner.
You may seek
Both from the walls. I am not used to answer
Those whom I know not.

Stralenheim.
Indeed! nevertheless,
You might reply with courtesy, to what
Is ask'd in kindness.
I know ye
nat, ere you know my route?

Because there is
But one way that the rich and poor must tread
Together.
Some hours ago, and some days; henceforth
Our roads must be asunder, though they tend
All to one home.

Your language is above

Yes—you! You know me not, and question me,
And wonder that I answer not—not knowing
My inquisitor. Explain what you would have,
And then I'll satisfy yourself, or me.

I knew not that you had reasons for reserve.

None which can interest a mere stranger.

Then forgive
The same unknown and humble stranger, if
He wishes to remain so to the man
Who can have thought in common with him.

Sir, I will not bulk your humour, though untoward:
I only meant you service—but, good night!
Intendant, show the way!

(to GARBER). Sir, you will with me?

Tis he! I'm taken in the toils. Before
I quitted Hamburg, Giulio, his late steward,
Informed me, that he had obtained an order
From Brandenburgh's elector, for the arrest
Of Kroissner (such the name I then bore), when
I came upon the frontier: the free city
Alone preserved my freedom—till I left
Its walls—fool that I was to quit them! But
I deemed this humble garb, and route obscure,
Had baffled the slow hounds in their pursuit.
What's to be done? He knows me not by person;
Nor could aught, save the eye of apprehens
Have recognised him, after twenty years,

We met so rarely and so coldly in
Our youth. But those about him! Now I can
Divine the frankness of the Hungarian, who,
No doubt, is a mere tool and spy of Stralenheim's
To sound and to secure me. Without means!
Sick, poor—begirt too with the flooding rivers,
Impassable even to the wealthy, with
All the appliances which purchase modes
Of overpowering peril with men's lives,—
How can I hope? An hour ago, methought
My state beyond despair; and now, 't is such,
The past seems paradise. Another day,
And I'm detected,—on the very eve
Of honours, rights, and my inheritance,
When a few drops of gold might save me still
In favouring an escape.

Enter Idenstein and Fritz in conversation. Fritz.
Immediately.

I tell you, 't is impossible.

And recollect
To spare no trouble; you will be repaid
Tenfold.

Before
An hour is past, I'll do my best to serve him.

Remember!

[Exit Fritz

The devil take these great men! they
Think all things made for them. Now here must I
Rouse up some half a dozen shivering vessels
From their scant pallets, and, at peril of
Their lives, despatch them o'er the river
Frankfort. Meditates the baron's own experience
Some hours ago might teach him fellow-feeling:
But no, "It must," and there's an end. How now?
Are you there, Mynheer Werner?

You have left
Your noble guest right quickly.

Yes—he's dozing.
And seems to like that none should sleep besides.
Here is a packet for the commandant
Of Frankfort, at all risks and all expenses;
But I must not lose time: good night!

"To Frankfort!"

So, so, it thickens! Ay, "the commandant."
This talks well with all the prior steps
Of this cool calculating fiend, who walks
Between me and my father's house. No doubt
He writes for a detachament to convey me
With its own weight impedes more than protect.
Good night. I trust to meet with him at day-break.

Re-enter Idenstein and some peasants. Josephine
retires up the Hall.

First Peasant.
But if I'm drown'd?

Idenstein.

Why you'll be well paid for it
And have risk'd more than drowning for as much,
I doubt not.

Second Peasant.
But our wives and families?

Idenstein.

Cannot be worse off than they are, and may
Be better.

Third Peasant.
I have neither, and will venture.

Idenstein.

That's right. A gallant carle, and fit to be
A soldier. I'll promote you to the ranks
In the prince's body-guard—if you succeed;
And you shall have besides in sparkling coin
Two thalers.

Third Peasant.
No more?

Idenstein.

Out upon your avarice!
Can that low vice alloy so much ambition?
I tell thee, fellow, that these thalers in
Small change will subdivide into a treasure.
Do not five hundred thousand heroes daily
Risk lives and souls for the sake of one thaler?
When had you half the sum?

Third Peasant.

Never—but never.

The less I must have three.

Idenstein.

Have you forgot
Whose vassal you were born, knave?

Third Peasant.
No—the prince
And not the stranger's.

Idenstein.

Sirrah! in the prince's
Absence, I'm sovereign; and the baron is
My intimate connexion:—"Cousin Idenstein!
(Quoth he) you'll order out a dozen villains;"
And so, you villains! troop—march—march, I say:
And if a single dog's ear of this packet
Be sprinkled by the Oder—look to it!
For every page of paper, shall a hide
Of yours be stretched as parchment on a drum,
Like Ziska's skin, to beat alarm to all
Refractory vassals, who cannot effect
Impossibilities—Away, ye earth-worms!

Josephine (coming forward).

I fear would shun these scenes, too oft repeated,
Of feudal tyranny o'er petty victims;
I cannot aid, and will not witness such.
Even here, in this remote, unmarked, dull spot,
The dimmest in the district's map, exist
The insodence of wealth in poverty
Of something poorer still—the pride of rank
In servitude, o'er something still more servile;
And vice in misery, affecting still
A tatter'd splendour. What a state of being,
In Tuscany, my own dear sunny land,
Our nobles were but citizens and merchants, 
Like Cosmo. We had evils, but not such
As these; and our alpine and gushing valleys
Made poverty more cheerful, where each herb
Was in itself a meal, and every vine
Rioted, as it were, the beverage which makes glad
The heart of man; and the ne'er unfelt sun
(But rarely clouded, and when clouded, leaving
His warmth behind in memory of his beams)
Makes the worn mantle, and the thin robe, less
Oppressive than an emperor's jewell'd purple.
But, here! the despots of the north appear
To imitate the ice-wind of their climate,
Searching the shivering vessel through his rags,
To warm his soul—as the bleak elements
His form. And 'tis to be amongst these sovereigns
My husband pants! and such his pride of birth—
That twenty years of usage, such as no
Father, born in an humble state, could nerve
His soul to persecute a son withal,
Hath changed no atom of his early nature;
But I, born nobly also, from my father's
Kindness was taught a different lesson. Father!
May thy long-tried and now rewarded spirit
Look down on us, and our so long-desired
'Tis! I love my son, as thou dost me!
What's that! Thou, Werner! can it be: and thus!

Enter Werner hastily, with the knife in his hand, by
the secret panel, which he closes hurriedly after him.

WERNER (not at first recognising her). 
Discover'd! then I'll stab—(recognising her). 
Ah! Josephine, 
Why art thou not at rest? 

JOSEPHINE. 
What rest? My God! 

WERNER (showing a rouleau). 
Here's gold—gold, Josephine, 
Will rescue us from this detested dungeon. 

JOSEPHINE. 
And how obtaird'!—that knife! 

WERNER. 
'T is bloodless—yet. 

Away—we must to our chamber. 

JOSEPHINE. 
But whence com'st thou? 

WERNER. 
Ask not! but let us think where we shall go—
This—this will make us way, (showing the gold)—
I'll fit them now. 

JOSEPHINE. 
I dare not think thee guilty of dishonesty. 

WERNER. 
Jishonour! 

JOSEPHINE. 
I have said it. 

WERNER. 
Let us hence: 
'T is the last night, I trust, that we need pass here. 

JOSEPHINE. 
And not the worst, I hope. 

WERNER. 
Hope! I make sure. 

But let us to our chamber. 

JOSEPHINE. 
What hast thou done? 

WERNER (fiercely). 
Left one thing undone, which
Had made all well: let me not think of it. 

Away! 

JOSEPHINE. 
Alas that I should doubt of thee! 

[Exeunt. 

ACT II. 

SCENE I. 

A Hall in the same Palace. 

Enter Idenstein and others. 

IDENSTEIN. 
Fine doings! goody doings! honest doings! 
A baron pillaged in a prince's palace! 

FRITZ. 
Where, till this hour, such a sin ne'er was heard of. 

IDENSTEIN. 
It hardly could, unless the rats despis'd
The mice of a few shreds of tapestry. 

IDENSTEIN. 
Oh! that I ever should live to see this day!
The honour of our city's gone for ever. 

FRITZ. 
Well, but now to discover the delinquent; 
The baron is determined not to lose
This sum without a search. 

IDENSTEIN. 
And so am I. 

FRITZ. 
But whom do you suspect? 

IDENSTEIN. 
Suspect! all people
Without—within—above—below—Heaven help me! 
FRITZ. 
Is there no other entrance to the chamber? 

IDENSTEIN. 
None whatever. 

FRITZ. 
Are you sure of that? 

IDENSTEIN. 
Certain, I have lived and served here since my birth
And if there were such, must have heard of such,
Or seen it. 

FRITZ. 
Then it must be some one who
Had access to the antechamber. 

IDENSTEIN. 
Doubtless. 

FRITZ. 
The man call'd Werner's poor! 

IDENSTEIN. 
Poor as a miser,
But lodged so far off, in the other wing,
By which there's no communication with
The baron's chamber, that it can't be he:
Besides, I bade him "good night" in the hall,
Almost a mile off, and which only leads
To his own apartment, about the same time
When this burglarious, base-born felony
Appears to have been committed. 

FRITZ. 
There's another—

IDENSTEIN. 
The Hungarian? 

FRITZ. 
He who help'd
To fish the baron from the Oder. 

IDENSTEIN. 
Not

FRITZ. 
How? W'e, Sir! 

IDENSTEIN. 
No—nor you. 

But some of the inferior knives. You say
The baron was asleep in the great chair—
The velvet chair—in his enbroiler'd night-gown;
His toilet spread before him, and upon it
A cabinet with letters, papers, and
Several rouleaux of gold; of which one only
Has disappear'd— the door unbolted, with
No difficult access to any.

FRITZ.

Good sir, be not so quick: the honour of the corps,
Which forms the baron's household, 's unimpeach'd,
From steward to scullion, save in the fair way
Of peculation; such as in accomplices,
Weights, measures, harder, cellar, buttery,
Where all men take their prey; as also in
Postage of letters, gathering of rents,
Surveying feasts, and understanding with
The honest trades who furnish noble masters:
But for your petty, picking, downright thievery,
We scorn it as we do board-wages: then
Had one of our folks done it, he would not
Have been so poor a spirit as to hazard
His neck for one rouleau, but have swoop'd all,
Also the cabinet, if portable.

IDENEIS.

There is some sense in that—

FRITZ.

No, sir; be sure
'T was none of our corps; but some petty, trivial
Picker and stealer, without art or genius.
The only question is—Who else could have
Access, save the Hungarian and yourself?

IDENEIS.

You don't mean me?

FRITZ.

No, sir; I honour more
Your talents—

IDENEIS.

And my principles, I hope.

FRITZ.

Of course. But to the point: What's to be done?

IDENEIS.

Nothing—but there's a good deal to be said,
We'll offer a reward; move heaven and earth,
And the police (though there's none nearer than
Frankfort); post notices in manuscript
(For we've no printer); and set by my clerk
To read them (for few can, save he and I).
We'll send out villains to strip beggars, and
Search empty pockets; also, to arrest
All gypsies, and ill-clothed and sallow people.
Prisoners we'll have at least, if not the culprit;
And for the baron's gold— if 'tis not found,
At least he shall have the full satisfaction
Of melting twice the substance in the raising
The ghost of this rouleau. Here's alchemy
For your lord's losses!

FRITZ.

He hath found a better.

IDENEIS.

Where?

FRITZ.

In a most immense inheritance.
The late Count Siegendorf, his distant kinsman,
Is dead near Prague, in his castle, and my lord
Is on his way to take possession.

IDENEIS.

Was there

FRITZ.

Oh, yes; but he has disappear'd
Long from the world's eye, and perhaps the world.
A crualigal son, beneath his father's ban.
That they will seek for peril as a pleasure.
I've heard that nothing can reclaim your Indian,
Or tame the tiger, though their infancy
Were fed on milk and honey. After all,
Your Wallenstein, your Tilly and Gustavus,
Your Banier, and your Torsentson and Weimar,
Were but one same thing upon a grand scale;
And now that they are gone, and peace proclaim'd,
They who would follow the same pastime must
Pursue it on their own account. Here comes
The baron, and the Saxon stranger, who
Was his chief aid on yesterday's escape,
But did not leave the cottage by the Oder
Until this morning.

Enter Stralenheim and Ulric. stralenheim.
Since you have refused
All compensation, gentle stranger, save
Inadequate thanks, you almost check even them,
Making me feel the worthlessness of words,
And blush at my own barren gratitude,
They seem so niggardly, compared with what
Your courteous courage did in my behalf.

ULRIC. I pray you press the theme no further.

STRALENHEIM. But
Can I not serve you? You are young, and of
That mould which throws out heroes; fair in favour;
Brave, I know, by my living now to say so,
And, doubtless, with such a form and heart,
Would look into the fiery eyes of war,
As ardently for glory as you dared
An obscure death to save an unknown stranger
In an as perilous but opposite a element.
You are made for the service: I have served;
Have rank by birth and soldiery, and friends
Who shall be yours. 'Tis true, this pause of peace
Favours such views as present scantily;
But 't will not last, men's spirits are too stirring
And, after thirty years of conflict, peace
Is but a petty war, as the times show us
In every forest, or a mere arm'd truce.
War will reclaim his own; and, in the mean time,
You might obtain a post, which would insure
A higher soon, and, by my influence, fail not
To rise. I speak of Brandenburgh, wherein
I stand well with the elector; in Bohemia,
Like you, I am a stranger, and we are now
Upon its frontier.

ULRIC. You perceive my garb
Is Saxon, and of course my service due
To my own sovereign. If I must decline
Your offer, 't is with the same feeling which
Induced it.

STRALENHEIM. Why, this is mere usury!
I owe my life to you, and you refuse
The acquaintance of the interest of the debt,
To heap more obligations on me, till
I bow beneath them.

ULRIC. You shall say so, when
I claim the payment.

STRALENHEIM. Well, sir, since you will not—
You are nobly born?

ULRIC. I've heard my kinsmen say so.
And have not heard that I was robb'd last night.

ULRIC.

Some rumour of it reach'd me as I pass'd The outer chambers of the palace, but I knew no further.

STRALENHEIM.

It is a strange business: The intendant can inform you of the facts.

IDENSTEIN. Most willingly. You see—

STRALENHEIM (impatiently). Defer your tale, Till certain of the hearer's patience.

IDENSTEIN. That Can only be approved by proofs. You see—

STRALENHEIM (again interrupting him, and addressing ULRIC). In short, I was asleep upon a chair, M: cabinet before me, with some gold Unon it (more than I much like to lose, Though in part only): some ingenious person Contrived to glide through all my own attendants Besides those of the place, and bore away A hundred golden decants, which to find I would be fair, and there's an end; perhaps You (as I still am rather faint), would add To yesterday's great obligation, this, Though slighter, yet not slight, to aid these men (Who seem but lukewarm) in recovering it?

ULRIC. Most willingly, and without loss of time—

IDENSTEIN. Come hither, Myheer! But so much haste bodes Right little speed, and—

ULRIC. Standing motionless, None; so let's march, we'll talk as we go on.

IDENSTEIN.

But—

ULRIC. Show the spot, and then I'll answer you.

FRITZ. I will, sir, with his excellence's leave.

STRALENHEIM.

Do so, and take you old ass with you.

FRITZ. Hence!

ULRIC. Come on, old oracle, expound thy riddle!

[Exit with Idenstein and Fritz.

STRALENHEIM (sole). A stalwart, active, soldier-looking stripling. Handsome as Hercules ere his first labour, And with a brow of thought beyond his years When in repose, till his eye kindle up In answering yours. I wish I could engage him; I have need of some such spirits near me now, For this inheritance is worth a struggle. And though I am not the man to yield without one, Neither are they who now rise up between me And my desire. The boy, they say, 's a bold one: But he hath play'd the tenant in some hour Of freakish folly, leaving fortune to Champion his claims: that's well. The father, whom For years I've track'd, as does the blood-hound, never In sight, but constantly in scent, had put me To fault, but here I have him, and that's better. It must be he! All circumstance proclaims it; And careless voices, knowing not the cause Of my inquiries, still confirm it—Yes!

The man, his bearing, and the mystery Of his arrival, and the time; the accoutre, etc. The intendant gave (for I have not beheld her) Of his wife's dignified but foreign aspect; Besides the antipathy with which we met, As snakes and lions shrink back from each other By secret instinct that both must be foes Deadly, without being natural prey to either;—

All—all—confirm it to my mind: however, We'll grapple, neither. In a few hours The order comes from Frankfort, if these waters Rise not the higher (and the weather favours Their quick abatement), and I'll have him safe Within a dungeon, where he may avouch His real estate and name; and there's no harm done Should he prove other than I deem. This robbery (Save for the actual loss) is lucky also: He's poor, and that's suspicious—he's unknown, And that's defenceless, true, we have no proofs Of guilt, but what hath he of innocence? Were he a man indifferent to my prospects, In other bearings, I should rather lay The inculpation on the Hungarian, who Hath something which I like not; and alone Of all around, except the intendant, and The prince's household and my own, had ingress Familiar to the chamber.

Enter Gabor.

Friend, how fare you?

Gabor. As those who fare well everywhere, when they Have supp'd and slumber'd, no great matter how— And you, my lord?

STRALENHEIM. Better in rest than pursue: Mine inn is like to cost me dear.

Gabor. I heard Of your late loss: but 'tis a trifle to One of your order.

STRALENHEIM. You would hardly think so Were the loss yours.

Gabor. I never had so much (At once) in my whole life, and therefore am not Fit to decide. But I came here to seek you. Your couriers are turn'd back—I have outstrip them, In my return.

STRALENHEIM. You!—Why?

Gabor. I went at day-break, To watch for the abatement of the river As being anxious to resume my journey. Your messengers were all check'd like myself; And, seeing the case hopeless, I await The current's pleasure.

STRALENHEIM. Would the dogs were in it! Why did they not, at least, attempt the passage? I order'd this at all risks.

Gabor. Could you order The Oder to divide, as Moses did The Red Sea (scarcely roister than the flood Of the swift stream), and be obey'd, perhaps They might have ventured.

STRALENHEIM. I must see to it; The snaves! the slaves!—but they shall smart for this.

[Exit Straalenheim]
SCENE II.

The Apartment of Werner, in the Palace.

Enter Josephine and Ulric.

Josephine.

Stand back, and let me look on thee again!

My Ulric!—my beloved!—can it be—

After twelve years?

ULRIC.

My dearest mother!

Josephine.

Yes!

My dream is realized—how beautiful—

How more than all I sighed for! Heaven receive

A mother’s thanks!—a mother’s tears of joy!

This is indeed thy work!—At such an hour too,

He comes not only as a son but saviour.

ULRIC.

If such joy await me, I must double

What I now feel, and lighten, from my heart,

A part of the long debt of duty, not

Of love (for that was ne’er withheld)—forgive me!

This long delay was not my fault.

Josephine.

I know it.

But cannot think of sorrow now, and doubt

If I e’er felt it, ’tis so dazzled from

My memory, by this oblivious transport!—

My son!

Enter Werner.

WERNER.

What have we here?—more strangers?

Josephine.

No!

Look upon him! What do you see?

WERNER.

A stripling,

For the first time—

ULRIC (knelteling).

For twelve long years, my father!

Oh, God!

Josephine.

He faints!

WERNER.

No—I am better now—

Ulric! (Embraces him).

ULRIC.

My father, Siegendorf!

WERNER (starting).

Hush! boy—

The walls may hear that name!

ULRIC.

What then?

WERNER.

Why, then—

But we will talk of that anon. Remember,

I must be known here but as: Werner. Come!

Come to my arms again! Why, thou look’st all

I should have been, and was not. Josephine!

Sure ’tis no father’s fondness dazzles me;

But had I seen that form amid ten thousand

Youth of the choicest, my heart would have chosen

This for my son!

ULRIC.

And yet you knew me not!

WERNER.

Alas! I have had that upon my soul

Which makes me look on all men with an eye

That only knows the evil at first glance.

ULRIC.

My memory served me far more fondly: I

Have not forgotten aught; and oft-in times

In the proud and princely halls of—(I’ll not name them,

As you say that ’tis perilous), but ’tis the pomp

Of your sire’s feudal mansion, I look’d back

To the Bohemian mountains many a sunset,

And wept to see another day go down

O’er thee and me, with those huge hills between us.

They shall not part us more.

WERNER.

I know not that.

Are you aware my father is no more?

ULRIC.

Oh heavens! I left him in a green old age,

And looking like the oak, worn, but still steady

Amidst the elements, whilst younger trees

Fell fast around him. ’Twas scarce three months since

WERNER.

Why did you leave him?

JOSEPHINE (embracing Ulric).

Can you ask that question?

Is he not here?

WERNER.

True; he hath sought his parents,

And found them; but, oh! how, and in what state?

ULRIC.

All shall be better’d. What we have to do

Is to proceed, and to assert our rights,

Or rather yours; for I waive all, unless

Your father has disposed in such a sort

Of his broad lands as to make mine the foremost

So that I must prefer my claim for form:

But I trust better, and that all is yours.

WERNER.

Have you not heard of Straelenheim?

ULRIC.

I saved

His life but yesterday: he’s here.

WERNER.

You saved

The serpent who will sting us all!

ULRIC.

You speak

Riddles: what is this Straelenheim to us?

WERNER.

Every thing. One who claims our fathers’ ands

Our distant kinsman, and our nearest foe.

ULRIC.

I never heard his name till now. The count.

Indeed, spoke sometimes of a kinsman, who,

If his own line should fail, might he remotely

Involved in the succession: but his titles

Were never named before me—and what then?

His right must yield t’ours.
BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS.

WERNER.

Ay, if at Prague:
But here he is all-powerful; and has spread
Snares for thy father, which, if hitherto
He hath escaped them, is by fortune, not
By favour.

ULRIC.

Doth he personally know you?

WERNER.

N.; but he guesses shrewdly at my person,
As he betray'd last night; and, I perhaps,
But owe my temporary liberty
To his uncertainty.

ULRIC.

I think you wrong him,
(Excuse me for the phrase); but Stralenheim
Is not what you judge him, or, if so,
He owes me something both for past and present;
I saved his life, he therefore trusts in me;
He hath been plunder'd too, since he came hither;
Is sick; a stranger; and as such not now
Able to trace the villain who hath rob'd him;
I have pledged myself to do so; and the business
Which brought me here was chiefly that: but I
Have found, in searching for another's dress,
My own whole treasure—you, my parents!

WERNER (agitatedly). Who
Taught you to mouth that name of "villain?"

ULRIC.

What
More noble name belongs to common thieves?

WERNER.

Who taught you thus to brand an unknown being
With an infernal stigma?

ULRIC.

My own feelings
Taught me to name a ruffian from his deeds.

WERNER.

Who taught you, long-sought, and ill-found boy! that
It would be safe for my own son to insult me?

ULRIC.

I named a villain. What is there in common
With such a being and my father?

WERNER.

Every thing!

That ruffian is thy father!

JOSEPHINE.

Oh, my son!
Believe him not—and yet!—(Her voice fails.)

ULRIC (starts, looks earnestly at Werner, and then
says slowly).

And you avow it?

WERNER.

Ulric! before you dare despise your father,
Learn to divine and judge his actions. Young,
Rash, new to life, and rear'd in luxury's lap,
Is it for you to measure passion's force
Or misery's temptation? Wait—(not long,
It cometh like the night, and quickly)—Wait!—
Wait till, like me, your hopes are Wrighted—till
Sorrow and shame are handmaids of your cabin;
Famine and poverty your guests at table;
Despair your bed-fellow—then rise, but not
From sleep, and judge! Should that day e'er arrive—
Should you see then the serpent, who hath coi'd
Himself around all "that is dear and noble"
Of you and yours, he slumbering in your path,
With but his hands between your steps and happiness,
When he, who lives but to tear you from your name,
Lands, life itself, hes at your mercy, with

Chance your conductor; midnight for your marte,
The bare knife in your hand, and earth asleep,
Even to your deadliest foe; and he as 't were
Inviting death, by looking like it, while
His death alone can save you:—Thank your God!
If then, like me, content with petty plunder,
You turn aside—I did so.

ULRIC.

But——

WERNER (abruptly). Hear me!
I will not brook a human voice—scarcely dare
Listen to my own (if that be human still)—
Hear me! you do not know this man—I do.
He's mean, deceitful, avaricious. You
Deem yourself safe, as young and brave; but learn
None are secure from desperation, few
From subtlety. My worst foe, Stralenheim,
Housed in a prince's palace, couch'd within
A prince's chamber, lay below my knife!
An instant—a mere motion—the least impulse—
Had swept him and all fears of mine from earth.
He was within my power—my knife was raised—
Withdrawn—and I'm in his: are you not so?
Who tells you that he knows you not? Who says
He hath not lured you here to end you, or
To plunge you, with your parents, in a dungeon?

ULRIC.

Proceed—proceed! WERNER.
Me he hath ever known,
And hunted through each change of time—name—
fortune—

And why not you? Are you me—vassalized in men?
He wound snares round me; flung along my path
Reptiles, whom, in my youth, I would have spurn'd
Even from my presence: but, in spurring:—

Pil only with fresh venom. Will you be
More patient? Ulric!—Ulric!—there are crimes
Made venial by the occasion, and temptations
Which nature cannot master or forbear.

ULRIC (looks first at him, and then at JOSEPHINE).

My mother!

WERNER.

Ay! I thought so: you have now
Only one parent. I have lost alike
Father and son, and stand alone.

ULRIC.

But stay!

[WERNER pushes out of the chamber.

JOSEPHINE (to ULRIC).

Follow him not, until this storm of passion
Abates. Think'st thou that were it well for him
I had not follow'd?

ULRIC.

I obey you, mother,
Although reluctantly. My first act shall not
Be one of disobedience.

JOSEPHINE.

Oh! he is good!
Condemn him not from his own mouth, but trust
To me who have borne so much with him, and for him
That this is but the surface of his soul,
And that the depth is rich in better things.

ULRIC.

These then are but my father's principles!
My mother thinks not with him?

JOSEPHINE.

Nor doth he

Think as he speaks, Alas! long years of grief
Have made him sometimes thus.
ULRIC. Explain to me
More clearly, then, these claims of Stralenheim,
That, when I see the subject in its bearings,
I may prepare to face him, or, at least,
To extricate you from your present perils.
I pledge myself to accomplish this—but would
I had arrived a few hours sooner!

JOSEPHINE. Ay!

Hadst thou but done so!

Enter Gabor and Idenstein, with Attendants.

ULRIC (to Ulric). I have sought you, comrade.

So this is my reward!

ULRIC. What do you mean?

GABOR. 'S death! have I lived to these years, and for this?
(To Idenstein.) But for your age and folly, I would—

IDESTEIN. Help!

Hands off! 'tis an intendant!

GABOR. Do not think
I 'll honour you so much as to save your throat
From the Ravenstone, by choking you myself.

IDESTEIN. I thank you for the respite; but there are
Those who have greater need of it than me.

ULRIC. Unriddle this vile wrangling; or—

GABOR. At once, then,
The baron has been robb'd, and upon me
This worthy personage has deign'd to fix
His kind suspicions—not! whom he 'er saw
Till yester evening.

IDESTEIN. Would have me suspect
My own acquaintances? You have to learn
That I keep better company.

GABOR. You shall
Keep the best shortly, and the last for all men—
The worms! you hound of malice!

[The Ravenstone, the stone abbot of Germany, and so named from the ravens perching on it.]

ULRIC (interfering). Nay, no violence:
He 's old, unarm'd—he temperate, Gabor!

GABOR (letting go Idenstein). True:
I am a fool to lose myself because
Fools deem me knave: it is their homage.

ULRIC (to Idenstein). How
Fear you?

IDESTEIN. Help!

ULRIC. I have help'd you.

IDESTEIN. Kill him! then
I'll say so.

GABOR. I am calm—live on!

1 The Ravenstone, "Rahenstein," is the stone abbot of Germany, and so named from the ravens perching on it.

IDESTEIN. That's more
Than you shall do, if there be judge or judgment
In Germany. The baron shall decide!

GABOR. Does he abet you in your accusation?

IDESTEIN. Does he not?

GABOR. Then next time let him go sink,
Ere I go hang for snatching him from drowning.
But here he comes!

Enter Stralenheim.

GABOR (goes up to him). My noble lord, I 'm here!

STRALENHEIM. Well, sir!

Have you aught with me?

STRALENHEIM. What should I
Have with you?

GABOR. You know best, if yesterday's
Flood has not wash'd away your memory;
But that's a trifle. I stand here accused,
In phrases not equivocal, by you
Intendant, of the pillage of your person,
Or chamber—is the charge your own, or his?

STRALENHEIM. I accuse no man.

GABOR. Then you acquit me, baron?

STRALENHEIM. I know not whom to accuse or to acquit,
Or scarcely to suspect.

GABOR. But you at least
Should know whom not to suspect. I am insulted—
Oppress'd here by these meaners, and I look
To you for remedy—teach them their duty!
To look for thieves at home were part of it,
If duly taught: but, in one word, if I
Have an accuser, let it be a man
Worthy to be so of a man like me.
I am your equal.

STRALENHEIM. You!

GABOR. Ay, sir; and for
Aught that you know, superior; but proceed—
I do not ask for hints, and surmises,
And circumstance, and proofs; I know enough
Of what I have done for you, and what you owe me
To have at least waited your payment rather
Than paid myself; had I been eager of
Your gold. I also know that were I even
The villain I am deign'd, the service render'd
So recently would not permit you to
Pursue me to the death, except through shame,
Such as would leave your scoundrel but a blank.
But this is nothing; I demand of you
Justice upon your unjust servants, and
From your own lips a disavowal of
All sanction of their insolence: thus much
You owe to the unknown, who asks no more;
And never thought to have asked so much.

STRALENHEIM. This tone
May be of innocence.
BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS.

GABOR.
'S death! who dare doubt it,
Except such villains as ne'er had it?
STRALENHEIM.
You
Are hot, sir.

GABOR.
Must I turn an icicle
Before the breath of menials, and their master?
STRALENHEIM.
Ulric! you know this man; I found him in
Your company.

GABOR.
We found you in the Oder:
Would we had left you there!
STRALENHEIM.
I give you thanks, sir.

GABOR.
I've earn'd them; but might have earn'd more from
others,
Perchance, if I had left you to your fate.
STRALENHEIM.
Ulric! you know this man?

GABOR.
No more than you do,
If he avouches not my honour.

ULRIC.
I can avouch your courage, and, as far as my
Own brief connexion led me, honour.
STRALENHEIM.
Then
I'm satisfied.
GABOR (ironically).
Right easily, methinks.
What is the spell in his assueration
More than in mine?
STRALENHEIM.
I merely said that I
Was satisfied—not that you were absolved.

GABOR.
Again! Am I accused or no?
STRALENHEIM.
Go to!
You wax too insolent: if circumstance
And general suspicion be against you,
Is the fault mine? Is 't not enough that I
Decline all question of your guilt or innocence?

GABOR.
My lord, my lord, this is mere cozenage;
A vile equivocation: you well know
Your doubts are certainties to all around you—
Your looks, a voice—your frowns, a sentence; you
Are practising your power on me—because
You have it; but beware, you know not whom
You strive to tread on.

STRALENHEIM.
Threat'st thou?
GABOR.
Not so much
As you accuse. You hint the basest injury,
And I retort it with an open warning.
STRALENHEIM
As you have said, 't is true I owe you something,
For which you seem disposed to pay yourself.

GABOR.
Not with your gold.
STRALENHEIM.
With boodless insolence.

[To his Attendants and IDENSTEIN.

You need not further to molest this man,
But let him go his way. Ulric, good morrow!
[Exit STRALENHEIM, IDENSTEIN, and Attendants.

GABOR (following).
I'll after him, and—

ULRIC (stopping him).
Not a step.

GABOR.
Who shall
Oppose me?

ULRIC.
Your own reason, with a moment's
Thought.

GABOR.
Must I bear this?

ULRIC.
Pshaw! we all must bear
The arrogance of something higher than
Ourselves—the highest cannot temper Satan,
Nor the lowest his viceroyers upon earth.
I've seen you brave the elements, and bear
Things which had made this silk-worn cast his skin
And shrunk you from a few sharp screeers and words?

GABOR.
Must I bear to be deem'd a thief? If 't were
A bandit of the woods, I could have borne it—
There's something daring in it—but to steal
The moneys of a shuffling man—

ULRIC.
You are not guilty.

GABOR.
Do I hear aright?

ULRIC.
I merely ask'd a simple question.

GABOR.
If the judge ask'd me, I would answer "No"—
To you I answer thus.

ULRIC (drawing).
With all my heart!

JOSEPHINE.
Without there! Ho! help! help!—Oh! God! here's
murder!

GABOR and ULRIC fight. GABOR is disarm'd just as
STRALENHEIM, JOSEPHINE, IDENSTEIN, etc. re-
enter.

JOSEPHINE.
Oh! glorious Heaven! he's safe!

STRALENHEIM (to JOSEPHINE).
Who's safe?

JOSEPHINE.
My—

ULRIC (interrupting her with a stern look, and turning
afterwards to STRALENHEIM).

Both!

Here's no great harm done.

STRALENHEIM.
What hath caused all this?

ULRIC.
You, baron, I believe; but as the effect
Is harmless, let it not disturb you.—Gabor!
There is your sword; and when you bare it next,
Let it not be against your friends.

[ULRIC pronounces the last words slowly and emphatically in a low voice to GABOR.

GABOR.
I thank you
Less for my life than for your counsel.

STRALENHEIM.
These
Brawls must end here.

GABOR (taking his sword).
They shall. You have wrong'd me, Ulric,
More with your unkind thoughts than sword; I would
The last were in my bosom rather than
The first in yours. I could have borne you noble's
Absurd insinuations—Ignorance
And dull suspicion are a part of his
Entail will last him longer than his lands,—
But I may fit him yet:—you have vanquish'd me.
I was the fool of passion to conceive
That I could cope with you, whom I had seen
Already proved by greater perils than
Rest in this arm. We may meet by and by,
However—but in friendship.

[Exit Gabor.

STRALENHEIM.

I will brook
No more! This outrage following up his insults,
Perhaps his guilt, has cancel'd all the little
I owed him heretofore for the so vaunted
Aid which he added to your abler succour.
Ulric, you are not hurt?

ULRIC.

Not even by a scratch.

STRALENHEIM (to Idenstein).

Intendant! take your measures to secure
You follow: I revoke my former lenity.
He shall be sent to Frankfort with an escort,
The instant that the waters have abated.

IDESTEIN.

Secure him! he hath got his sword again—
And seems to know the use on't; 'tis his trade
Belike:—I'm a civilian.

STRALENHEIM.

Fool! are not
You score of vassals dogging at your heels
Enough to seize a dozen such? Hence! after him!

ULRIC.

Baron, I do beseech you!

STRALENHEIM.

I must be
Obey d. No words!

IDESTEIN.

Well, if it must be so—
March, vassals! I'm your leader—and will bring
The rear up: 'a wise general never should
Expose his precious life—on which all rests.
I like that article of war.

[Exit Idenstein and Attendants.

STRALENHEIM.

Come hither,
Ulric:—what does that woman here? Oh! now
I recognise her, 'tis the stranger's wife
Whom they name "Werner."

ULRIC.

'T is his name.

STRALENHEIM.

Indeed!

Is not your husband visible, fair dame?

JOSEPHINE.

Who seeks him?

STRALENHEIM.

No one—for the present: but
I fain would parley, Ulric, with yourself

ULRIC.

I will retire with you.

JOSEPHINE.

Not so.

You are the latest stranger and command
All places here.

[Aside to Ulric as she goes out]. Oh! Ulric, have a care—
Remember what depends on a rash word!

Fret not!—

ULRIC (to Josephine).

[Exit Josephine.

STRALENHEIM.

Ulric, I think that I may trust you?
You saved my life—and acts like these beget
Unbounded confidence.

ULRIC.

Say on.

STRALENHEIM.

Mysterious
And long-engender'd circumstances (not
To be now fully enter'd on) have made
This man obnoxious—perhaps fatal to me.

ULRIC.

Who? Gabor, the Hungarian?

STRALENHEIM.

No—this "Werner"

With the false name and habit.

ULRIC.

How can this be?

He is the poorest of the poor—and yellow
Sickness sits cavern'd in his hollow eye:
The man is helpless.

STRALENHEIM.

He is—'t is no matter—
But if he be the man I deem (and that
He is so, all around us here—and much
That is not here—confirm my apprehension),
He must be made secure, ere twelve hours further.

ULRIC.

And what have I to do with this?

STRALENHEIM.

I have sent
To Frankfort, to the governor, my friend—
(I have the authority to do so by
An order of the house of Brandenburgh)
For a fit escort—but this cursed flood
Bars all access, and may do for some hours.

ULRIC.

It is abating.

STRALENHEIM.

That is well.

ULRIC.

But how
Am I concern'd?

STRALENHEIM.

As one who did so much
For me, you cannot be indifferent to
That which is of more import to me than
The life you rescued.—Keep your eye on him!
The man avoids me, knows that I now know him.—
Watch him!—as you would watch the wild boar wiser,
He makes against you in the hunter's gap—
Like him he must be spear'd.

ULRIC.

Why so?

STRALENHEIM.

He stands
Between me and a brave inheritance.
Oh! could you see it! But you small.

ULRIC.

I hope so.

STRALENHEIM.

It is the richest of the rich Bohemia,
Unscathed by scourching war. It lies so near
The strongest city, Prague, that fire and sword
Have skim'md it lightly: so that now, besides
Its own exuberance, it bears double value
Confronted with whole realms afar and near
Made deserts.

ULRIC.

You describo it faithfully.
STRALENHEIM.

Ay—could you see it, you would say so—but.
As I have said, you shall.

ULRIC.

I accept the omen.

STRALENHEIM.

Then claim a recompense from it and me,
Such as both may make worthy your acceptance
And services to me and mine for ever.

ULRIC.

And this sole, sick, and miserable wretch—
This wayworn stranger—stands between you and
This paradise?—[As Adam did between
The devil and his.]—[Aside.]

STRALENHEIM.

He doth.

ULRIC.

Hath he no right?

STRALENHEIM.

Right! none. A disinherited prodigal,
Who for these twenty years disgraced his lineage
In all his acts—but chiefly by his marriage,
And living amidst commerce-fetching burghers,
And dabbling merchants, in a mart of Jews.

ULRIC.

He has a wife, then?

STRALENHEIM.

You'd be sorry to
Call such your mother. You have seen the woman
He calls his wife.

ULRIC.

Is she not so?

STRALENHEIM.

No more
Than he's your father:—an Italian girl,
The daughter of a banished man, who lives
On love and poverty with this same Werner.

ULRIC.

They are childless, then?

STRALENHEIM.

There is or was a bastard,
Whom the old man—the grandsire (as old age
Is ever doing) took to warm his bosom,
As it went chilly downward to the grave:
But the imp stands not in my path—he has fled,
No one knows whither; and if he had not,
His claims alone were too contemptible
To stand.—Why do you smile?

ULRIC.

At your vain fears.
A poor man almost in his grasp—a child
Of doubtful birth—can startle a grandee!

STRALENHEIM.

All is to be feared, where all is to be gained.

ULRIC.

True; and aught done to save or to obtain it.

STRALENHEIM.

You have harped the very string next to my heart.
I may depend upon you?

ULRIC.

I! were too late
To doubt it.

STRALENHEIM.

Let no foolish pity shake
Your bosom (for the appearance of the man
Is pitiful)—he is a wretch, as likely
To have robbed me as the fellow more suspected,
Except that circumstance is less against him;
He being lodged far off, and in a chamber
Without approach to mine; and, to say truth,
I think too well of blood allied to mine,

To deem he would descend to such an act,
Besides, he was a soldier, and a brave one
Once—though too rash.

ULRIC.

And they, my lord, we know
By your experience, never plunder till
They knock the brains out first—which makes them
hers,
Not thieves. The dead, who feel nought, can lose
Nothing;
Nor e'er be rob'd: their spoils are a bequest—
No more.

STRALENHEIM.

Go I! you are a way. But say
I may be sure you'll keep an eye on this man,
And let me know his slightest movement towards
Concealment or escape?

ULRIC.

You may be sure
You yourself could not watch him more than I
Will be his sentinel.

STRALENHEIM.

By this you make me
Yours, and for ever.

ULRIC.

Such is my intention. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A Hall in the same Palace, from whence the scene
Passage leads.

Enter Werner and Gabor.

GABOR.

Sir, I have told my tale; if it so please you
To give me refuge for a few hours, well—
If not—I'll try my fortune elsewhere.

WERNER.

How
Can I, so wretched, give to misery
A shelter?—wishing such myself as much
As e'er the hunted deer a covert—

GABOR.

Or
The wounded lion his cool cave. Methinks
You rather look the one would turn at bay,
And rip the hunter's entrails.

WERNER.

Ah!

GABOR.

I care not
If it be so, being much disposed to do
The same myself; but will you shelter me?
I am oppress'd like you—and poor like you—

WERNER.

Disgraced—[GABOR (scurrilously).

Who told you that I was disgraced?]

GABOR.

No one; nor did I say you were so: with
Your poverty my likeness ended; but
I said I was so—and would add, with truth,
As undeservedly as you.
WERNER.

As I?

GABOR.

Or any other honest man.

What the devil would you have? You don’t believe me

Guilty of this base theft?

WERNER.

No, no—I cannot.

GABOR.

Why, that’s my heart of honour! you young gallant—

Your miseries intempe, and dense noble—

All—all suspected me; and why? because

I am the worst-clothed and least-named amongst them,

Although, were Monriss’ lattice in our breasts,

My soul might brook to open it more widely

Than theirs; but thus it is—you poor and helpless—

Both still more than myself!—

WERNER.

How know you that?

GABOR.

You’re right; I ask for shelter at the hand

Which I call helpless; if you now deny it,

I were well paid. But you, who seem to have proved

The wholesome bitterness of life, know well,

By sympathy, that all the outspread gold

Of the New World, the Spaniard boasts about,

Could never tempt the man who knows its worth;

Weight’d at its proper value in the balance.

Save in such guise (and there I grant its power,

Because I feel it) as may leave no nightmare

Upon his heart o’ nights.

WERNER.

What do you mean?

GABOR.

Just what I say; I thought my speech was plain:

You are no thief—not I—and, as true men,

Should aid each other.

WERNER.

It is a damned world, sir.

GABOR.

So is the nearest of the two next, as

The priests say (and no doubt they should know best),

Therefore I’ll stick by this—as being both

To suffer martyrdom, at least with such

An epitaph as hurried upon my tomb.

It is but a night’s lodging which I crave;

To-morrow I will try the waters, as

The dove did, trusting that they have abated.

WERNER.

Abated? is there hope of that?

GABOR.

There was

At noontide.

WERNER.

Then we may be safe.

GABOR.

Are you

In peril?

WERNER.

Poverty is ever so.

GABOR.

That I know by long practice. Will you not

Promise to make mine less?

WERNER.

Your poverty?

GABOR.

No—you don’t look a leech for that disorder:

I meant my peril only: you’ve a roof,

And I have none; I merely seek a covert.

WERNER.

Rightly, for now should such a wretch as I

Have gold?

GABOR.

Scarce honestly, to say the truth on t.

Although I almost wish you had the baron’s.

WERNER.

Dare you insinuate?

GABOR.

What?

WERNER.

To whom you speak?

GABOR.

Are you aware

WERNER.

No; and I am not used

Greatly to care. (A noise heard without). But hark

they come!

WERNER.

Who come?

GABOR.

The intendant and his man-bounds after me:

I’d face them—but it were in vain to expect

Justice at hands like theirs. Where shall I go?

But show me any place. I do assure you,

If there be faith in man, I am most guiltless:

Think if it were your own case!

WERNER (aside).

Oh, just God

Thy hell is not hereafter! Am I dust still?

GABOR.

I see you’re moved; and it shows well in you:

I may live to requite it.

WERNER.

Are you not

A spy of Stralenheim’s?

GABOR.

Not I! and if

I were, what is there to enjoin you?

Although I recollect his frequent question

About you and your spouse, might lead to some

Suspicion; but you best know—what—and why

I am his deadliest foe.

WERNER.

You?

GABOR.

After such

A treatment for the service which in part

I render’d him—I am his enemy;

If you are not his friend, you will assist me.

WERNER.

I will.

GABOR.

But how?

WERNER (showing the panel).

There is a secret spring;

Remember, I discover’d it by chance,

And used it but for safety.

GABOR.

Open it,

And I will use it for the same.

WERNER.

I found it,

As I have said: it leads through winding walls,

(So thick as to bear parts within their ribs,

Yet lose no jot of strength or stateliness)

And hollow cells, and obscure niches, to

I know not whither; you must not advance:

Give me your word.

GABOR.

It is unnecessary:

How should I make my way in darkness, through

A Gothic labyrinth of unknown windings?

WERNER.

Yes, but who knows to what place it may lead?

I know not—(mark you!)—but who knows it might not
Lead even into the chambers of your foe?
So strangely were contrived those galleries
By our Teuton fathers in old days,
When man built less against the elements
Than his next neighbour. You must not advance
Beyond the two first windings; if you do,
(Albeit I never pass'd them), I'll not answer
For what you may be led to.

PYRON.

But I will.

A thousand thanks!

WERNER.

You'll find the spring more obvious
On the other side; and, when you would return,
It yields to the least touch.

PYRON.

I'll in—fore-well!

{Gabor goes in by the secret panel.

WERNER.

What have I done? Alas! what have I done
Before to make this fearful? Let it be
Still some atonement that I save the man,
Whose sacrifice had saved perhaps my own—
They come! to seek elsewhere what is before them!

Enter IDENSTEIN, and others.

IDENSTEIN.

Is he not here? He must have vanish'd then
Through the dim Gothic glass by pious aid
Of pictured saints, upon the red and yellow
Casements, through which the sunset streams like sunrise
On long pearl-colour'd beads and crimson crosses,
And gilded crosses, and cross'd arms, and cofins,
And helms, and twisted armour, and long swords,
All the fantastic furniture of windows,
Dim with brave knights and holy hermits, whose
Likeness and fame alike rest on some panes
Of crystal, which each rattling wind proclaims
As frail as any other life or glory.
He's gone, however.

WERNER.

Whom do you seek?

IDENSTEIN.

A villain!

WERNER.

Why need you come so far, then?

IDENSTEIN.

In the search

Of him who robb'd the baron.

WERNER.

Are you sure

You have divin'd the man?

IDENSTEIN.

As sure as you

Stand there; but where 's he gone?

WERNER.

Who?

IDENSTEIN.

He we sought.

WERNER.

You see he is not here.

IDENSTEIN.

And yet we traced him

Up to this hall; are you accomplices,
Or deal you in the dark art?

WERNER.

I deal plainly,

To many men the blackest.

IDENSTEIN.

It may be

I have a question or two for yourself.

Hereafter; but we must continue now
Our search for t' other.

WERNER.

You had best begin.

Your inquisition now; I may not be
So patient always.

IDENSTEIN.

I should like to know

In good sooth, if you really are the man
That Stralenheim's in quest of?

WERNER.

Insolent!

Said you not that he was not here?

IDENSTEIN.

Yes, one:

But there's another whom he tracks more keen y,

And soon, it may be, with authority

Both paramount to his and mune. But, come!

Bustic, my boys! we are at fault.

{Exit IDENSTEIN and Attendents.

WERNER.

In what

A maze hath my dim destiny involved me!

And one base sin hath done me less ill than

The leaving undone one far greater. Down,

Thou busy devil! rising in my heart!

Thou art too late! I'll nought to do with blood.

Enter ULRIC.

ULRIC.

I sought you, father.

WERNER.

Is it not dangerous?

ULRIC.

No; Stralenheim is ignorant of all

Or any of the ties between us: more—

He sends me here a spy upon your actions,

Deeming me wholly his.

WERNER.

I cannot think it:

'Tis but a snare he winds about us both,

To swoop the sire and son at once.

ULRIC.

I cannot

Pause at each petty fear, and stumble at

The doubts that rise like briars in our path,

But must break through them as an unarm'd earle

Would, though with naked limbs, were the wolf rustling

In the same thicket where he bough'd for bread:

Nets are for thrushes, eagles are not caught so;

We'll overfly, or rend them.

WERNER.

Show me how!

ULRIC.

Can you not guess?

WERNER.

I cannot.

ULRIC.

That is strange.

Came the thought ne'er into your mind last night?

I understand you not.

ULRIC.

Then we shall never

More understand each other. But to change

The topic—

WERNER.

You mean to pursue it, as

'Tis of our safety.

ULRIC.

Right; I stand corrected.

I see the subject now more clearly, and
OUR general situation in its bearings.
The waters are abating; a few hours
Will bring his summons’d myrmidons from Frankfort,
When you will be a prisoner, perhaps worse,
And an outcast, bastarized by practice
Of this same baron, to make way for him.

WERNER.
And now your remedy! I thought to escape
By means of this accursed gold, but now
I dare not use it, show it, scarce look on it.
Medlins it wears upon its face my guilt
For motto, not the mintage of the state;
And, for the sovereign’s head, my own begirt
With his-ning snakes, who curl around my temples,
And cry to all beholders—lo! a villain!

ULRIC.
You must not use it, at least; now, but take
This ring. [He gives Werner a jewel.]
WERNER.
A gem! it was my father’s.
ULRIC.
And
As such is now your own. With this you must
Bribe the intendant for his old caleche
And horses to pursue your route at sunrise,
Together with my mother.

WERNER.
And leave you,
So lately found, in peril too?

ULRIC.
Fear nothing!
The only fear were if we fled together,
For that would make our foes beyond all doubt.
The waters only lie in floods between
This burgh and Frankfort; so far’s in our favour.
The route on to Bohemia, though encumber’d,
Is not impassable; and when you gain
A few hours’ start, the difficulties will be
The same to your pursuers. Once beyond
The frontier, and you’re safe.

WERNER.
My noble boy!
ULRIC.
Hush! hush! no transports: we'll indulge in them
In Castle Siegendorf! Display no gold:
Show Idenstein the gem (I know the man,
And have look’d through him): it will answer this
A double purpose. Stralenheim lost gold—
No jewel: therefore, it could not be his;
And then, the man who was possess’d of this
Can hardly be suspected of abstracting
The Baron’s coin, when he could thus convert
This ring to more than Stralenheim has lost
By his last night’s slumber. Be not over timid
In your address, nor yet too arrogant,
And Idenstein will serve you.

WERNER.
I will follow
In all things your direction.

ULRIC.
I would have
Spared you the trouble; but had I appear’d
To take an interest in you, and still more
By dabbling with a jewel in your favour,
All had been known at once.

WERNER.
My guardian angel!
This overpowers the past! But how wilt thou
Fare in our absence?

ULRIC.
Stralenheim knows nothing
Of me as aught of kindred with yourself.
I will but wait a day or two with him
To hurl all doubts, and then rejoin my father.

WERNER.
To part no more!

ULRIC.
I know not that; but at
The least we’ll meet again once more.

WERNER.
My boy!
My friend—my only child, and sole preserver!
Oh, do not hate me!

ULRIC.
Hate my father!

WERNER.
Ay,
My father hated me: why not my son?

ULRIC.
Your father knew you not as I do.

WERNER.
Scorpions
Are in thy words! Thou know’st me! In this guise
Thou canst not know me—I am not myself—
Yet (hate me not) I will be soon.

ULRIC.
I'll wait!
In the mean time be sure that all a son
Can do for parents shall be done for mine.

WERNER.
I see it, and I feel it; yet I feel
Further—that you despise me.

ULRIC.
Wherefore should I?

WERNER.
Must I repeat my humiliation?

ULRIC.
No!
I have fathom’d it, and you. But let us talk
Of this no more. Or if it must be ever,
Not now; your error has redoubled all
The present difficulties of our house,
At secret war with that of Stralenheim;
All we have now to think of in to battle
Him. I have shown one way.

WERNER.
The only one,
And I embrace it, as I did my son,
Who shew’d himself and father’s safety in
One day.

ULRIC.
You shall be safe: let that suffice.
Would Stralenheim’s appearance in Bohemia
Disturb your right, or mine, if once we were
Admitted to our lands?

WERNER.
Assuredly,
Situate as we are now, although the first
Possessor might, as usual, prove the strongest,
Especially the next in blood.

ULRIC.
Blood! ’tis
A word of many meanings: in the veins
And out of them it is a different thing—
And so it should be, when the same in blood
(As it is called) are aliens to each other,
Like Thelian brethren: when a part is bad,
A few split ounces purify the rest.

WERNER.
I do not apprehend you.
ULRIC.
That may be—
And should, perhaps,—and yet—but get ye ready;
You and my mother must away to-night.
Here comes the intendant; sound him with the gem;
'Twill sink into his venal soul like lead
Into the deep, and bring up slime, and mud,
And ooze, too, from the bottom, as the lead doth
With its grossed understratum; but no less
Will serve towarn our vessels through these shoals.
The freight is rich, so heavy, the line in time!
Farewell! I scarce have time, but yet your hand,
My father!—
WERNER.
Let me embrace thee!
ULRIC.
We may be observed; subdue your nature to the hour!
Keep off from me as from your foe!
WERNER.
Accursed be he who is the stifling cause, which smothers
The best and sweetest feeling of our hearts,
At such an hour too!
ULRIC.
Yes, curse—it will ease you!
Here is the intendant.

Enter IDENSTEIN.
Master Idenstein,
How fare you in your purpose? Have you caught
The rogue?
IDENSTEIN.
No, faith!
ULRIC.
Well, there are plenty more;
You may have better luck another chase.
Where is the baron?
IDENSTEIN.
Gone back to his chamber:
And, now I think on't, asking after you
With nobly-born impatience.
ULRIC.
Your great men
Must be answer'd on the instant, as the bound
Of the stung steed replies unto the spur:
'Tis well they have horses, too, for if they had not,
I fear that men must draw their chariots, as
They say kings did Sesostris.
IDENSTEIN.
Who was he?
ULRIC.
An old Bohemian—an imperial gypsy.
IDENSTEIN.
A gypsy or Bohemian, 'tis the same,
For they pass by both names. And was he one?
ULRIC.
I've heard so; but I must take leave. Intendant,
Your servant!—Werner (to Werner, slightly), if that
be your name,
Yours.
[Exit ULRIC.
WERNER.
A well-spoken, pretty-faced young man!
And pretty-behaved! He knows his station,
You see, sir, how he gave to each his due
Precedence!
WERNER.
I perceived it, and applaud
His just discernment and your own.
IDENSTEIN.
That's well—
That's very well. You also know your place, too,
And yet I don't know that I know your place.

WERNER (showing the ring).
Would this assist your knowledge?
IDENSTEIN.
How!—What!—Eh
A jewel!
WERNER.
'Tis your own, on one condition.
IDENSTEIN.
Mine!—Name it!
WERNER.
That hereafter you permit me
At thrice its value to redeem it: 'tis
A family ring.
IDENSTEIN.
A family! yours! a gem!
I'm breathless!
WERNER.
You must also furnish me,
An hour ere daybreak, with all means to quit
This place.
IDENSTEIN.
But is it real? let me look on it:
Diamond, by all that's glorious!
WERNER.
Come, I'll trust you;
You have guess'd, no doubt, that I was born above
My present seeming.
IDENSTEIN.
I can't say I did,
Though this looks like it; this is the true breeding
Of gentle blood!
WERNER.
I have important reasons
For wishing to continue privily
My journey hence.
IDENSTEIN.
So then you are the man
Whom Stralheim's in quest of!
WERNER.
I am not;
But being taken for him might conduct
So much embarrassment to me just now,
And to the baron's self hereafter—'tis
To spare both, that I would avoid all bustle.
IDENSTEIN.
Be you the man or no, 'tis not my business;
Besides, I never should obtain the half
From this proud magistrally noble, who would raise
The country for some missing bits of coin,
And never offer a precise reward—
But this! Another look!
WERNER.
I gaze on it freely;
At day-dawn it is yours.
IDENSTEIN.
Oh, thou sweet sparkler!
Thou more than stone of the philosopher!
Thou touchstone of Philosophy herself!
Thou bright eye of the Mine! thou head-star of
The soul! the true magnetic pole to which
All hearts point duly north, like trembling needles!
Thou flaming spirit of the earth! which, sitting
High on the monarch's diadem, attractest
More worship than the majesty who swears
Beneath the crown which makes his head ache, like
Millions of hearts which bleed to lend it lustre!
Shall thou be mine? I am, methinks, already
A little king, a lucky alchemist!—
A wise magician, who has bound the devil
Without the forfeit of his soul. But come,
Werner, or what else?
WERNER.

Call me Werner still:
You may yet know me by a loftier title.

I do believe in thee! thou art the spirit
Of whom I long have dream'd, in a low garb.

But come, I'll serve thee; thou shalt be as free
As air, despite the waters: let us hence—
I'll show thee I am honest—(oh, thou jewel!) Thou shalt be furnished, Werner, with such means
Of flight, that if thou wert a small, not birds
Should overtake thee. Let me gaze again!
I have a foster-brother in the mart
Of Hamburg, still'd in precious stones—how many Carats may it weigh?—Come, Werner, I will wing thee.

EXECUT.

SCENE II.

STRALENHEIM'S Chamber.

STRALENHEIM and FRITZ.

FRITZ.
All's ready, my good lord!

STRALENHEIM.
I am not sleepy,
And yet I must to bed; I fain would say
To rest, but something heavy on my spirit,
Too dull for wakefulness, too quick for slumber,
Sits on me as a cloud along the sky,
Which will not let the sunbeams through, nor yet Descend in rain and end, but spreads itself
Twixt earth and heaven, like envy between man
And man, an everlasting mist;—I will
Unto my pillow.

FRITZ.
May you rest there well I
STRALENHEIM.
I feel, and fear, I shall.

FRITZ.
And wherefore fear?

STRALENHEIM.
I know not why, and therefore do fear more,
Because an undescribable— but 'tis All folly. Were the locks (as I desired)
Changed to-day, of this chamber? for last night's Adventure makes it needful.

FRITZ.
Certainly, According to your order, and beneath
The inspection of myself and the young Saxon
Who saved your life. I think they call him "Urie."

STRALENHEIM.
You think! you supercilious slave! what right Have you to tax your memory, which should be
Quick, proud, and happy to retain the name
Of him who saved your master, as a litany Whose daily repetition marks your duty—
Get hence! "you think," indeed! you, who stood still Howling and dripping on the bank, whilst I Lay dying, and the stranger dash'd aside The roaring torrent, and restored me to Thank him— and despise you. "You think!" and scarce Can recollect his name! I will not waste More words on you. Call me betimes.

FRITZ.
Good night!
I trust to-morrow will restore your lordship
To renovated strength and temper.

[The scene closes.

SCENE III.

The secret Passage.

GABOR (voces).

Four—

Five—six hours have I counted, like the guard
Of out-posts, on the never-merry clock:
That hollow tongue of time, which, even when It sounds for joy, takes something from enjoyment
With every clang. 'Tis a perpetual knoll,
Though for a marriage feast it rings: each stroke Peals of a hope the less; the funeral note
Of love deep-buried without resurrection
In the grave of possession; while the knoll Of long-lived parents finds a jovial echo
To triple time in the son's ear.

I'm cold—

I'm dark—I've blown my fingers—number'd o'er And o'er my steps—and knock'd my head against Some fifty butresses—and roused the rats And bats in general insurrection, till Their cursed patterning feet and whirring wings Leave me scarce hearing for another sound.

A light! It is at distance (if I can Measure in darkness distance): but itkeywords As through a crevice or a key-hole, in The inhibited diree;—I must on,

Nevertheless, from curiosity.

A distant lamp-light is an incident In such a den as this. Pray Heaven it lead me
To nothing that may tempt me! Else Heaven aiso me
To obtain or to escape it! Shining still!

Were it the star of Lucifer himself,
Or he himself' girt with its beams, I could
Contain no longer. Softly! mighty well! That corner's turn'd—so—ah! no, right! it draws
Neater. Here is a darksome angle—so,
That's weather'd. Let me pause. Suppose it known Into some greater danger than that which I have escaped!—no matter, 'tis a new one;

And novel perils, like fresh mine osses,

Wear more magnetic aspects: I will on,

And be it where it may—I have my dagger, Which may protect me at a pinch.—Burn's ill,
Thou little light! Thou art my ignis fatuus!

My stationary Will o'th' wisps!—So! so!

He hears my invocation, and fails not.

[This scene closes.

SCENE IV.

A Garden.

Enter Werner.

I could not sleep—and now the hour's at hand;
All's ready. Idenstein has kept his word.
And, station'd in the outskirts of the town,
Upon the forest's edge, the vehicle
Awaits us. Now the dwindling stars begin
To pale in heaven; and for the last time I
Look on these horrible walls. Oh! never, never
Shall I forget them. Here I came most poor,
But not dishonour'd: and I leave them with
A strain,—if not upon my name, yet in
My heart! A never-living canker-worm,
Which all the coming splendour of the lands,
And rights, and sovereignty of Siegenol der,

Can scarcely kill a moment: I must find
Some means of restitution which would ease
My soul in part; but how, without discovery?

It must be done, however; and I'll pause
Upon the method the first hour of safety.
The madness of my mis'ry led to this
Base infamy; repentance must retrieve it:
I will have sought of Stralenheim's upon
My spirit, though he would grasp all of mine;
Lands, freedom, life,—and yet he sleeps! as soundly,
Perhaps, as infancy, with gorgeous curtains
Spread for his canopy, o'er silken pillows,
Such as when—Hark! what noise is that? Again!
The branches shake; and some loose stones have fallen
From yonder terrace.

[Ulric leaps down from the terrace
Ulric! ever welcome!

Thrice welcome now! this fatal—

Ulric. Stop! before

We approach, tell me—

Werner. Why look you so?

Ulric. Do I

Behold my father, or—

Werner. What?

Ulric. An assassin!

Werner. Insane or insolent?

Ulric. Reply, sir, as
You prize your life, or mine!

Werner. To what must I

Answer?

Ulric. Are you or are you not the assassin
Of Stralenheim?

Werner. I never was as yet
The murderer of any man. What mean you?

Ulric. Did you not this night (as the night before)
Retrace the secret passage? Did you not
Again revisit Stralenheim's chamber? and——

Werner. Ulric pauses.

Proceed.

Ulric. Died he not by your hand?

Werner. Great God!

Ulric. You are innocent, then! my father's innocent!
Embrace me! Yes,—your tone,—your look,—yes—
Yet say so!

Werner.

If I 'er, in heart or mind,
Conceived deliberately such a thought,
But rather strive to triumph back to hell
Such thoughts,—if 'er they glanced a moment through
The vortices of my oppressed spirit—
May Heaven be shut for ever from my hopes
As from mine eyes!

Ulric.

But Stralenheim is dead.

Werner.

'Tis horrible! 'tis hideous, as 'tis hateful—
But what have I to do with this?

Ulric.

No bolt
Is forced; no violence can be detected,
Save on his body. Part of his own household
Have been alarm'd; but as the intendant is

Absent, I took upon myself the care
Of monitoring the police. His chamber has,
Past doubts, been enter'd secretly. Excuse me
If nature—

Werner.

Oh, my boy! what unknown woes
Of dark fatality, like clouds, are gathering
Above our house!

Ulric.

My father, I acquit you!
But will the world do so? Will even the judge.
If——but you must away this instant.

Werner.

I'll face it. Who shall dare suspect me?

Ulric. Yet

You had no guests—no visitors—no life
Breathing around you, save my mother's?

Werner. Ah

The Hungarian!

Ulric. He is gone! he disappear'd
Ere sunset.

Werner. No; I hid him in that very
Conceal'd and fatal gallery.

Ulric. There I'll find him.

[Ulric is going

Werner.

It is too late: he had left the palace ere
I quitted it. I found the secret panel
Open, and the doors which lead from that hall
Which masks it; I but thought he had snatch'd the scold
And favourable moment to escape
The myrmidons of Idenstein, who were
Dogging him yester-even.

Ulric.

You re-closed
The panel?

Werner. Yes; and not without reproach
(And inner trembling for the avoided peril)
At his dull heedlessness, in leaving thus
His shelterer's asylum to the risk
Of a discovery.

Ulric.

You are sure you closed it?

Werner. Certain.

Ulric. That's well; but had been better if
You never had turn'd it to a den for——[He pauses
Werner.

Thieves
Thou wouldst say: I must bear it, and deserve it;
But not——

Ulric.

No, father, do not speak of this;
This is no hour to think of petty crimes,
But to prevent the consequence of great ones.
Why should you shelter this man?

Werner. Could I shun it?

A man pursued by my chief foe; disgraced
For my own crime; a victim to my safety,
Imposing a few hours' concealment from
The very wretch who was the cause he needed
Such refuge. Had he been a wolf, I could not
Have, in such circumstances, thrust him forth.
ULRIC.
And like the wolf he! ath repaid you. But
It is too late to ponder this; you must
Set out ere dawn. I will remain here to
Trace out the murderer, if 'tis possible.

WERNER.
But this my sudden flight will give the Moloch
Suspicion, two new victims, in the Ison
Of one, if I remain. The fled Hungarian,
Who seems the culprit, and—

ULRIC.
Who seems! Who else
Can be so?

WERNER.
Not I, though just now you doubted—
You, my son!—doubted—

ULRIC.
And do you doubt of him
The fugitive?

WERNER.
Boy! since I fell into
The abyss of crime (though not of such crime), I,
Having seen the innocent oppress'd for me,
May doubt even of the guilty's guilt. Your heart
Is free, and quick with virtuous wrath to accuse
Appearances; and views a criminal
In innocence's shadow, it may be,
Because 'tis dusky.

ULRIC.
And if I do so,
What will mankind, who know you not, or knew
But to oppress? You must not stand the hazard.
Away!—I'll make all easy. Idenstein
Will, for his own sake and his jewel's, hold
His peace—he also is a partner in
Your flight—moreover—

WERNER.
Fly! and leave my name
Link'd with the Hungarian's, or prefer't, as poorest,
To bear the brand of bloodshed?

ULRIC.
Pshaw! leave any thing
Except our fathers' sovereignty and castles,
For which you have so long panted and in vain!
What name? You leave no name, since that you bear
Is feigned.

WERNER.
Most true; but still I would not have it
Engraved in crimson in men's memories,
Though in this most obscure abode of men—
Besides, the search—

ULRIC.
I will provide against
Aught that can touch you. No one knows you here
As heir of Siegenhof; if Idenstein
Suspects, 'tis but suspicion, and he is
A fool: his folly shall have such employment,
Too, that the unknown Werner shall give way
To nearer thoughts of self. The laws (if e'er
Laws reach'd this village) are all in abeyance
With the late general war of thirty years,
Or cruel'd, or rising slowly from the dust,
To which the march of armies trampled them.
Stralenheim, although noble, is unheeded
Here, save as such—without lands, influence,
Save what hath perish'd with him; low prolong
A week beyond their funeral rites their sway
O'er men, unless by relatives, whose interest
Is roused: such is not here the case; he died
Alone, unknown.—a solitary grave,
Obscure as his deserts, without a sceptre,
Is all he'll have, or wants. If I discover

The assassin. 't will be well—if not, believe me,
None else, though all the full-fed train of menials
May howl above his ashes, as they did
Around him in his danger on the Oder,
Will no more stir a finger now than then.
Hence! hence! I must not hear your answer—look!
The stars are almost faded, and the gray
 Begins to grizzle the black hair of night.
You shall not answer—Pardon me, that I
Am peremptory; 't is your son that speaks,
Your long-lost, late-found son—Let's call my mother
Softly and swiftly step, and leave the rest
To me; I'll answer for the event as far
As regards you, and that is the chief point,
As my first duty, which shall be observed.
We'll meet in Castle Siegenhof—once more
Our banners shall be glorious! Think of that
Alone, and leave all other thoughts to me,
Whose youth may better battle with them—Hence
And may your age be happy!—I will kiss
My mother once more, then Heaven's speed be with you!

WERNER.
This counsel! 's safe—but is it honourable?

ULRIC.
To save a father is a child's chief honour.

[Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A Gothic Hall in the Castle of Siegenhof, near Prague.
Enter Eric and Hernick, retainers of the Count.

ERIC.
So, better times are come at last; to those
Old walls new masters and high wassail, both
A long desideratum.

HERNICK.
Yes, for masters,
It might be unto those who long for novelty,
Though made by a new grave: but as for wassail,
Methods the old Count Siegenhof maintain'd
His feudal hospitality as high
As e'er another prince of the empire.

ERIC.
Why,
For the mere cup and trencher, we no doubt
Fared passing well; but as for merriment
And sport, without which salt and savour season
The cheer but scantily, our sizings were
Even of the narrowest.

HERNICK.
The old count o'er'd not
The roar of revel; are you sure that this does?

ERIC.
As yet he hath been courteous as he's bounteous,
And we all love him.

HERNICK.
His reign is as yet
Harshly a year o'erpast its honey-moon,
And the first year of sovereignty is bridal;
Anon, we shall perceive his real sway
And moods of mind.

ERIC.
Pray Heaven he keep the present
Then his brave son, Count Ulric—there's a knight!
Pity the wars are o'er!

HERNICK.
Why so?

ERIC.
Look on him!

And answer that yourself.
HENRICK.
He's very youthful,
And strong and beautiful as a young tiger.

ERIC.
That's not a faithful vassal's likeness.
HENRICK.
Perhaps a true one.
ERIC.
Pry, as I said,
The wars are over: in the hall, who like
Count Ulric for a well-supported pride,
Which awes but yet offends not: in the field,
Who like him with his spear in hand, when, gnashing
His tusks, and ripping up from right to left
The howling hounds, the boar makes for the thickest
Who backs a horse, or bears a hawk, or wears
A sword like him? Whose plume nods knightlier?
HENRICK.
No one's, I grant you: do not fear, if war
Be long in coming, he is of that kind
Will make it for himself, if he hath not
Already done as much.
ERIC.
What do you mean?
HENRICK.
You can't deny his train of followers
(But few our fellow native vassals born
On the domain) are such a sort of knives
As—(pauses).
ERIC.
What?
HENRICK.
The war (you love so much) leaves living;
Like other parents, she spoils her worst children.
ERIC.
Non-case! they are all brave iron-visaged fellows,
Such as old Tilly loved.
HENRICK.
And who loved Tilly?
ERIC.
Ask that at Magdeburg—or, for that matter,
Wallenstein either—they are gone to—
ERIC.
Rest;
But what beyond, 'tis not ours to pronounce.
HENRICK.
I wish they had left us something of their rest:
The country (nominally now at peace)
Is overrun with—God knows who—they fly
By night, and disappear with sunrise; but
Leave no less desolation, may, even more
Than the most open warfare.
ERIC.
But Count Ulric—
HENRICK.
What has al this to do with him?
ERIC.
With him!
HENRICK.
He—might prevent it. As you say he's fond
Of war, why makes he it not on those marauders?
ERIC.
You'd better ask himself.
HENRICK.
I would as soon
ERIC.
And were he comes!
HENRICK.
The devil! you'll hold your tongue?
ERIC.
Why do you turn so pale?
HENRICK.
'Tis nothing—but
Be silent!
ERIC.
I will, upon what you have said.
HENRICK.
I assure you I meant nothing, a mere sport
Of words, no more; besides, had it been otherwise.
He is to espouse the gentle baroness,
Ida of Stralenheim, the late baron's heiress,
And she no doubt will soften whatsoever
Of fierceness the late long intestine wars
Have given all natures, and most unto those
Who were born in them, and bred up upon
The knees of homicide; sprinkled, as it were,
With blood even at their baptism. Prithee, oyece,
On all that I have said!

Enter Ulric and Rodolph.

Good morrow, count.
ULRIC.
Good morrow, worthy Henrick. Eric, is
All ready for the chase?
ERIC.
The dogs are order'd
Down to the forest, and the vassals out
To beat the bushes, and the day looks promising.
Shall I call forth your excellency's suite?
What course will you please to mount?
ULRIC.
The dun,
Walstein.
ERIC.
I fear he scarcely has recover'd
The toils of Monday: 'twas a noble chase—
You speak'd four with your own hand.
ULRIC.
True, good Eric.
I had forgotten—let it be the gray, then,
Old Ziska: he has not been out this fortnight.
ERIC.
He shall be straight caparison'd. How many
Of your immediate retainers shall
Escort you?
ULRIC.
I leave that to Weilburgh, our
Master of the horse. [Exit Eric.

ERIC.
Rodolph!
RODOLPH.
My lord!
ULRIC.
The news
Is awkward from the—(Rodolph points to Henrick.)
How now, Henrick, why
Loiter you here?
HENRICK.
For your commands, my lord.
ULRIC.
Go to my father, and present my duty,
And learn if he would aught with me before
I mount. [Exit Henrick

RODOLPH.
Rodolph, our friends have had a check
Upon the frontiers of Franconia, and
'Tis rumour'd that the column sent against them
Is to be strengthened. I must join them anon.

RODOLPH.
Best wait for further and more sure advices.
ULRIC.
I mean it—and indeed it could not well
Have fallen out at a time more opposite
To all my plans.
RODOLPH.

It will be difficult
To excuse your absence to the count, your father.

ULRIC.

Yes, but the unsettled state of our domain
In High Silesia, will permit and cover
My journey. In the mean time, when we are
Engaged in the chase, draw off the eighty men
Whom Wolfe leads—keep the forests on your route:
You know it well?

RODOLPH.

As well as on that night
When we—

ULRIC.

We will not speak of that until
We can repeat the same with like success;
And when you have join'd, give Rosenberg this letter.

[ Gives a letter.]

Add farther, that I have sent this slight addition
To our force with you and Wolfe, as herald of
My coming, though I could but spare them till
At this time, as my father loves to keep
Full numbers of retainers round the castle,
Until this marriage, and its feasts and fooleries,
Are rung up with its peal of martial nonsense.

RODOLPH.

I thought you loved the lady Ida?

ULRIC.

Why,

I do so—but it follows not from that
I would bind in my youth and glorious years,
So brief and burning, with a lady's zone,
Although 't were that of Venus—but I love her,
As woman should be loved, fairly and solely.

RODOLPH.

And constant too?

ULRIC.

I think so; for I love

Nought else.—But I have not the time to pause
Upon these gewgaws of the heart. Great things
We have to do ere long. Speed! speed! good Rodolph!

RODOLPH.

On my return, however, I shall find
The Baroness Ida lost in Countess Siegendorf!

ULRIC.

Perhaps: my father wishes it; and sooth,
'T is no bad policy; this union with
The last bud of the rival branch at once
Unites the future and destroys the past.

RODOLPH.

Adieu!

ULRIC.

Yet hold—we had better keep together
Until the chase begins; then draw thou off,
And do as I have said.

RODOLPH.

I will. But to
Return—'t was a most kind act in the count,
Your father, I send up to Krougsberg
For this thir orphan of the baron, and
To hail her as his daughter.

ULRIC.

Wondrous kind!

Especially as little kindness till
Then grew between them.

RODOLPH.

Of a fever, did he not?

ULRIC.

How should I know?

RODOLPH.

I have heard it whisper'd here was something strange

About his death—and even the face of it
Is scarcely known.

ULRIC.

Some obscure village on
The Saxon or Silesian frontier.

RODOLPH.

He

Has left no testament—no farewell words!

ULRIC.

I am neither confessor nor notary,
So cannot say.

RODOLPH.

Ah! here's the lady Ida.

Enter Ida Stralknheim.

ULRIC.

You are early, my sweet cousin!

IDA.

Not too early.

Dear Ulric, if I do not interrupt you.
Why do you call me "cousin"?

ULRIC (smiling).

Are we not so?

IDA.

Yes, but I do not like the name; methinks
It sounds so cold, as if you thought upon
Our pedigree, and only weigh'd our blood.

ULRIC (starting).

Blood

IDA.

Why does yours start from your cheeks?

ULRIC.

Ay! doth it

IDA.

It doth—but no! it rushes like a torrent
Even to your brow again.

ULRIC (recovering himself).

And if it did,
It only was because your presence sent it
Back to my heart, which beats for you, sweet cousin!

IDA.

"Cousin" again!

ULRIC.

Nay, then I'll call you sister.

IDA.

I like that name still worse—would we had ne'er
Been aught of kindred!

ULRIC (gloomily).

Would we never had!

IDA.

Oh Heaven! and can you wish that?

ULRIC.

Dearest Ida
Did I not echo your own wish?

IDA.

Yes, Ulric,
But then I wish'd it not with such a glance,
And scarce knew what I said; but let me be
Sister or cousin, what you will, so that
I still to you am something.

ULRIC.

You shall be
All—all—

IDA.

And you to me are so already; But I can wait.

ULRIC.

Dear Ida!

IDA.

Call me Ida,

Your Ida, for I would be yours, none else's—

Indeed I have none else left, since my poor father—

[Nhe pauses
ULRIC.
You have mine—you have me.

IDA. Dear Ulric! how I wish
My father could but view our happiness,
Which wants but this!

ULRIC. Indeed!

IDA. You would have loved him;
He you; for the brave ever love each other:
His manner was a little cold, his spirit
Proud (as is birth's prerogative), but under
This grave exterior—would you had known each other!
Had such as you been near him on his journey,
He had not died without a friend to soothe
His last and lonely moments.

ULRIC. Who says that?

IDA. What?

ULRIC. That he died alone.

IDA. The general rumour,
And disappearance of his servants, who
Have ne'er return'd: that fever was most deadly
Which swept them all away.

ULRIC. If they were near him,
He could not die neglected or alone.

IDA. Alas! what is a menial to a death-bed,
When the dim eye rolls vainly round for what
It loves?—they say he died of a fever.

ULRIC. Say!

IDA. I sometimes dream otherwise.

ULRIC. All dreams are false.

IDA. And yet I see him as
I see you.

ULRIC. Where?

IDA. In sleep—I see him lie
Pale, bleeding, and a man with a raised knife
Beside him.

ULRIC. But do you not see his face?

IDA (looking at him).

No! oh, my God! do you?

ULRIC. Why do you ask?

IDA. Because you look as if you saw a murderer!

ULRIC (negatively).

IDA, this is mere childishness: your weakness
Infests me, to my shame; but as all feelings
Of yours are common to me, it affects me.

Pritlee, sweet child, change—

IDA. Child, indeed! I have
Full fifteen summers!

RODOLPH. Har! my lord, the bugle!

IDA (peremptorily to RODOLPH).

Why need you tell him that? Can he not hear it,
Without your echo?

RODOLPH. Pardon me, fair baroness!

IDA. I will not pardon you, unless you earn it
By aiding me in my dissuasion of
Count Ulric from the chase to-day.

RODOLPH. You will not,

IDA. Lady, need aid of mine.

ULRIC. I must not now

Forego it.

IDA. But you shall!

ULRIC. Shall I?

IDA. Yes, or be
No true knight.—Come, dear Ulric! yield to me
In this, for this one day: the day looks heavy,
And you are turn'd so pale and ill.

ULRIC. You jest.

IDA. Indeed I do not: ask of Rodolph.

RODOLPH. Truly,

My lord, within this quarter of an hour,
You have changed more than I ever saw you change
In years.

ULRIC. 'T is nothing; but if 't were, the air
Would soon restore me. I'm the true cameleon,
And live but on the atmosphere; your feasts
In castle halls, and social banquets, nurse not
My spirit—I'm a forester, and breather
Of the steep mountain-tops, where I love all
The eagle loves.

IDA. Except his prey, I hope.

ULRIC. Sweet Ida, wish me a fair chase, and I
Will bring you six boars' heads for trophies home.

IDA. And will you not stay, then? You shall not go
Come! I will sing to you.

ULRIC. Ida, you scarcely
Will make a soldier's wife.

IDA. I do not wish
To be so; for I trust these wars are over,
And you will live in peace on your domains.

Enter Werner, as Count Siegendorf.

ULRIC. My father, I salute you, and it grieves me
With such brief greeting.—You have heard our bugle e,
The vassals wait.

SIEGENDORF.

So let them—you forget
To-morrow is the appointed festival
In Prague, for peace restored. You are apt to follow
The chase with such an ardour as will scarce
Permit you to return to-day, or if
Return'd, too much fatigued to join to-morrow
The nobles in our marshall'd ranks.

ULRIC. You, count,

Will well supply the place of both—I am not
A lover of these pageantries.
WERNER.

SIEGENDORF.  
No, Ulric;  
It were not well that you alone of all  
Our young nobility—

IDA.  
And for the noblest  
In aspect and demeanour,

SIEGENDORF (to Ida).  
True, dear child,
Though somewhat frankly said for a fair damsel.—
But, Ulric, recollect your own position,
So lately remonstrated in our honours.
Believe me, 't would be mark'd in any house,
But most in ours, that one should be found wanting
At such a time and place. Besides, the Heaven
Which gave us back our own, in the same moment
It spread its peace o'er all, hath double claims
On us for thanksgiving; first, for our country,
And next, that we are here to share its blessings.

ULRIC (aside).  
Devout, too! Well, sir, I obey at once.

Ludwig, dismiss the train without!  
[Exit Ludwig.

IDA.  
And so
You yield at once to him, what I for hours
Might supplicate in vain.

SIEGENDORF (smiling).  
You are not jealous
Of me, I trust, my pretty rebel! who
Would sanction disobedience against all
Except thyself? But fear not, thou shalt rule him
Hereafter with a fonder sway and firmer.

IDA.  
But I should like to govern now.

SIEGENDORF.  
You shall,
Your harp; which, by the way, aways you with
The countess in her chamber. She complains
That you are a sad truant to your music:
She attends you.

IDA.  
Then good morrow, my kind kinsmen!

Ulric, you'll come and hear me?

ULRIC.  By and by.

IDA.  
Be sure I'll sound it better than your bagues;
Then pray you be as punctual in its notes:
I'll play you King Gustavus' march.

ULRIC.  
And why not
Old Tilly's.

IDA.  
Not that monster's! I should think
My harp-strings rang with groans, and not with music,
Could aught of his sound on it;—but come quickly;
Your mother will be eager to receive you.

[Exit Ida.

SIEGENDORF.  
Ulric, I wish to speak with you alone.

ULRIC.  
My time's your vassal.— [Aside to Rodolph.

RODOLPH.  
Rudolph, hence! and do
As I directed; and by his best speed
And readiest means let Rosenberg reply.

RODOLPH.  
Count Siegendorf, command you aught? I am bound
Upon a journey past the frontier.

SIEGENDORF (starts).  
Ah!

Where? on what frontier?

RODOLPH.  
The Moscar, on

My way—[aside to Ulric].  Where shall I say?

ULRIC (aside, to Rodolph).  To Hamburgh.

(Aside to himself).  That:

Word will, I think, put a firm padlock on
His further inquisition.

RODOLPH.  
Count, to Hamburgh.

SIEGENDORF (agitated).  Hamburgh! no, I have nought to do there, nor
Am aught connected with that city. Then
God speed you!

RODOLPH.  
Fare ye well, Count Siegendorf!

[Exit Rodolph.

SIEGENDORF.  
Ulric, this man, who has just departed, is
One of those strange companions, whom I find
Would reason with you on.

ULRIC.  
My lord, he is
Noble by birth, of one of the first houses
In Saxony.

SIEGENDORF.  
I talk not of his birth,
But of his bearing. Men speak lightly of him.

ULRIC.  
So they will do of most men. Even the monarch
Is not fenced from his chamberlain's slander or
The sneer of the last courtier whom he has made
Great and ungrateful.

SIEGENDORF.  
If I must be plain,
The world speaks more than lightly of this Rudolph
They say he is leagued with the "black bands" who in
Ravage the frontier.

ULRIC.  
And will you believe
The world?

SIEGENDORF.  
In this case—yes.

ULRIC.  
In any case,
I thought you knew it better than to take
An accusation for a sentence.

SIEGENDORF.  
Son!
I understand you: you refer to— but
My destiny has so involved about me
Her spider web, that I can only flutter
Like the poor fly, but break it not. Take heed,
Ulric; you have seen to what the passions led me,
Twenty long years of misery and famine
Quench'd them not—twenty thousand more, perchance,
Hereafter (or even here in moments which
Might date for years, did anguish make the deal),
May not obliterate or expiate
The madness and dishonour of an instant.
Ulric, be warn'd by a father!—I was not
By mine, and you behold me!

ULRIC.  
I behold
The prosperous and beloved Siegendorf,
Lord of a prince's appanage, and honour'd
By those he rules, and those he ranks with.

SIEGENDORF.  
Ah!

Why wilt thou call me prosperous, while I fear
For thee? Beloved, when thou lovest me not;
All hearts but one may beat in kindness for me—
But if my son's is cold—
ULRIC.  
Who dare say that?

SIEGENDORF.  
None else but I, who see it—feel it—keener
Than would your adversary, who dared say so,
You sabre in his heart! But mine survives
The wound.

ULRIC.  
You err. My nature is not given
To outward fondling; how should it be so,
After twelve years' divorcement from my parents?

SIEGENDORF.  
And did not I too pass those twelve torn years
In a like absence? But 'tis vain to urge you—
Nature was never call'd back by remonstrance.
Let's change the theme. I wish you to consider
That these young violent nobles of high name,
But dark deeds (ay, the darkest, if all rumour
Reports be true), with whom thou consortest,
Will lead thee—

ULRIC (impatiently).  
I'll be led by no man.

SIEGENDORF.  
Be leader of such, I would hope: at once
To wean thee from the perils of thy youth
And haughty spirit, I have thought it well
That thou should'st wed the lady Ida—more,
As thou appearst to love her.

ULRIC.  
I have said
I will obey your orders, were they to
Unite with Hecate—can a son say more?

SIEGENDORF.  
He says too much in saying this. It is not
The nature of thine age, nor of thy blood,
Nor of thy temperament, to talk so coolly,
Or act so carelessly, in that which is
The bloom or blight of all men's happiness,
(For glory's pillow is but restless, if
Love lay not down his cheek there): some strong bias
Some master fiend, is in thy service, to
Misrule the mortal who believes him slave,
And makes his every thought subservient; else
Thou'ldst say at once, "I love young Ida, and
Will wed her," or, "I love her not, and all
The powers of earth shall never make me,"
—So
Would I have answer'd.

ULRIC.  
Sir, you wed for love.

SIEGENDORF.  
I did, and it has been my only refuge
In many miseries.

ULRIC.  
Which miseries
Had never been but for this love-match.

SIEGENDORF.  
Still
Against your age and nature! who at twenty
E'er answer'd thus till now?

ULRIC.  
Did you not warn me
Against your own example?

SIEGENDORF.  
Boyish sophist!
In a word, do you love, or love not, Ida?

ULRIC.  
What matters it, if I am ready to
Obey you in espousing her?

SIEGENDORF.  
As far
As you feel, nothing, but all life for her.

She's young—all-beautiful—adores you—is
Endow'd with qualities to give happiness,
Such as rounds common life into a dream
Of something which your poets cannot paint,
And (if it were not wisdom to love virtue)
For which philosophy might barter wisdom;
And giving so much happiness deserves
A little in return. I would not have her
Break her heart for a man who has none to break,
Or wither on her stalk like some pale rose
Deserted by the bird she thought a nightingale,
According to the orient tale. She is—

ULRIC.  
The daughter of dead Strahlenheim, your foe!
I'll wed her, ne'ertheless; though, to say truth,
Just now I am not violently transported
In favour of such unions.

SIEGENDORF.  
But she loves you.

ULRIC.  
And I love her, and therefore would think twice.

SIEGENDORF.  
Alas! Love never did so.

ULRIC.  
Then 't is time
He should begin, and take the bandage from
His eyes, and look before he leaps: till now
He hath ta'en a jump 't the dark.

SIEGENDORF.  
But you consent?

ULRIC.  
I did and do.

SIEGENDORF.  
Then fix the day.

ULRIC.  
'T is usual,
And, certes, courteous, to leave that to the lady.

SIEGENDORF.  
I will engage for her.

ULRIC.  
So will not I
For any woman; and as what I fix,
I fain would see unshaken, when she gives
Her answer, I'll give mine.

SIEGENDORF.  
But 'tis your office
To woo.

ULRIC.  
Count, 'tis a marriage of your making,
So be it of your wooing; but to please you
I will now pay my duty to my mother,
With whom, you know, the lady Ida is—
What would you have? You have forbid my stirring
For manly sports beyond the castle walls,
And I obey; you bid me turn a chamberer,
To pick up gloves, and fans, and knitting-needles
And list to songs and times, and watch for smiles
And smile at pretty prattle, and look into
The eyes of femine, as though they were
The stars receding early to our wish
Upon the dawn of a world-winning battle—
What can a son or man do more? [Exit ULRIC
SIEGENDORF (solemn).

ULRIC.  
Too much!—
Too much of duty and too little love!
He pays me in the coin he owes me not:
For such hath been my wayward fate, I could not
Fulfil a parent's duties by his side
Till now; but love he owes me, for my thoughts
Ne'er left him, nor my eyes long'd without tears
To see my child again, and now I have found him! But how! obedient, but with coldness; dutiful
In my sight, but with carelessness; mysterious,
Abstrusted—distant—much given to long absence,
And where—none know—in league with the most riotous
Of our young nobles: though, to do him justice,
He never stoops down to their vulgar pleasures;
Yet there's some tie between them which I cannot
Unravel. They look up to him—consult him—
Throng round him as a leader: but with me
He hath no confidence! Ah! can I hope it
After—what! doth my father's curse descend
Even to my child? Or is the Hungarian near
To shed more blood, or—oh! if it should be!
Spirit of Straelenheim, dost thou walk these walls
To wither him and his—who, though they slow not,
Culch'd the door of death for thee? 'T was not
Our fault, nor is our sin: thou wert our foe,
And yet I spared thee when my own destruction
Slept with thee, to awake with thine awakening!
And only took—accursed gold! thou liest
Like poison in my hands; I dare not use thee,
Nor part from thee; thou canst in such a guise,
Methinks thou wouldst contaminate all hands
Like mine. Yet I have done, to avenge thee,
Thou villainous gold! and thy dead master's doom
Though he died not by me or mine, as much
As if he were my brother! I have ta'en
His orphan Ida—cherish'd her as one
Who will be mine.

Enter an Attendant.

Attendant.
The abbot, if it please
Your excellency, whom you sent for, waits
Upon you.

Enter the Prior Albert.

Prior Albert.

Peace be with these walls, and all
Within them!

Siegendorf.

Welcome, welcome, holy father!
And may thy prayer be heard!—all men have need
Of such, and I

Prior Albert.

Have the first claim to all
The prayers of our community. Our convent,
Erected by your ancestors, is still
Protected by their children.

Siegendorf.

Yes, good father;
Continue daily orisons for us
In these slim days of heresies and blood,
Though the schismatic Swede, Gustavus, is
Gone home.

Prior Albert.

To the endless home of unbelievers,
Where there is everlasting wail and woe,
Gnashing of teeth, and tears of blood, and fire
Eternal, and the worm which dieth not!

Siegendorf.

True, father: and to avert those pangs from one,
Who, though of our most faultless, holy church,
Yet died without its last and dearest offices,
Which smooth the soul through purgatorial pains,
I have to offer humbly this donation
In masses for his spirit.

[Siegendorf offers the gold which he had taken
from Straelenheim.

Prior Albert.

Count, if I
Receive it, 'tis because I know too well

Refusal would offend you. Be assured
The largess shall be only owed in amus,
And every mass no less sung for the dead.
Our house needs no donations, thanks to yours,
Which has of old endow'd it; but from you
And yours in all meet things 'tis fit we obey
For whom shall mass be said?

Siegendorf (faltering).

For—for—the dead.

Prior Albert.

His name.

Siegendorf.

'T is from a soul, and not a name,
I would avert perdition.

Prior Albert.

I meant not
To pry into your secret. We will pray
For one unknown, the same as for the proudest.

Siegendorf.

Secret! I have none; but, father, he who's gone
Might have one; or, in short, he did bequeath—
No, not bequeath—but I bestow this sum
For pious purposes.

Prior Albert.

A proper deed
In the behalf of our departed friends.

Siegendorf.

But he, who's gone, was not my friend, but foe,
The deadliest and the staunchest.

Prior Albert.

Better still!
To employ our means to obtain heaven for the soul
Of our dead enemies, is worthy those
Who can for'ge them living.

Siegendorf.

But I did not
Forgive this man. I loathed him to the last,
As he did me. I do not love him now,
But—

Prior Albert.

Best of all! for this is pure religion!
You fain would rescue him you hate from hell—
An evangelical compassion!—with
Your own gold too!

Siegendorf.

Father, 't is not my gold.

Prior Albert.

Whose then? you said it was no legacy.

Siegendorf.

No matter whose—of this be sure, that he
Who own'd it never more will need it, save
In that which it may purchase from your altar:
'Tis yours, or theirs.

Prior Albert.

Is there no blood upon it?

Siegendorf.

No: but there's worse than blood—eternal shame!

Prior Albert.

Did he who own'd it die in his bed?

Siegendorf.

Aias!

He did.

Prior Albert.

Son! you relapse into revenge,
If you regret your enemy's bloodless death.

Siegendorf.

His death was fathomless deep in blood.

Prior Albert.

You said he died in his bed, not battle,
SIEGENDORF.

He

Died, I scarce know—but he was stabbb'd i' the dark,
And now you have it—perish'd on his pillow
By a cut-throat!—say! you may look upon me!
I am not the man. I'll meet your eye on that point,
As I can one day God's.

PRIOR ALBERT.

Nor did he lie

By means, or men, or instrument of yours?

SIEGENDORF.

No! by the God who sees and strikes!

PRIOR ALBERT.

Who slew him?

SIEGENDORF.

I could only guess at one,
And he to me a stranger, unconnected,
As unemploy'd. Except by one day's knowledge,
I never saw the man who was suspected.

PRIOR ALBERT.

Then you are free from guilt.

SIEGENDORF (eagerly).

Oh! am I?—say!

PRIOR ALBERT.

You have said so, and know best.

SIEGENDORF.

Father! I have spoken

The truth, and sought but truth, if not the whole:
Yet say I am not guilty! for the blood
Of this man weighs on me, as if I shed it,
Though by the Power who abbereth human blood,
I did not!—say, once spared it, when I might
And could—ay, perhaps should—(if our self-safety
Be e'er excusable in such defenses
Against the attacks of over-potent foes);
But pray for him, for me, and all my house.
For, as I said, though I be innocent,
I know not why, a like remorse is on me
As if he had fallen by me or mine. Pray for me,
Father! I have pray'd myself in vain.

PRIOR ALBERT.

I will.

Be comforted! You are innocent, and should
Be calm as innocence.

SIEGENDORF.

But calmness is not

Always the attribute of innocence:
If feel it is not.

PRIOR ALBERT.

But it will be so,
When the mind gathers up its truth within it.
Remember the great festival to-morrow,
In which you rank amidst our chiefest nobles,
As well as your brave son; and smooth your aspect;
Nor in the general oorison of thanks
For bloodshed stop't, let blood, you shed not, rise
A cloud upon your thoughts. This were to be
Too sensitive. Take comfort, and forget
Such things, and leave remorse unto the guilty.

[Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.

A large and magnificent Gothic Hall in the Castle of
Siegendorf, decorated with Trophies, Banners, and
Arms of that Family.

Enter ARNHEIM and MEISTER, Attendants of Count
SIEGENDORF.

ARNHEIM.

Be quick! the count will soon return: the ladies
Already are at the portal. Have you sent
The messengers in search of him he seeks for?

MEISTER.

I have, in all directions, over Prague,
As far as the man's dress and figure could
By your description track him. The devil take
These revels and processions! All the pleasure
(If such there be) must fall to the spectators.
I'm sure none doth to us who make the show.

ARNHEIM.

Go to! my lady countess comes.

MEISTER.

I'd rather

Ride a day's hunting on an outworn jade,
Than follow in the train of a great man
In these dull pageantries.

ARNHEIM.

Begone, and rail

Within.

[Exeunt.

Enter the Countess JOSEPHINE, Siegendorf, and
IDA STRALENHEIM.

JOSEPHINE.

Well, Heaven be praised, the show is over!

IDA.

How can you say so! Never have I dreamt
Of aught so beautiful! The flowers, the boughs,
The banners, and the nobles, and the knights,
The gems, the robes, the plumes, the happy faces,
The couriers, and the incense, and the sun,
Streaming through the stam'd windows, even the tombs,
Which look'd so calm, and the celestial hymns,
Which seem'd as if they rather came from heaven
Than mounted there. The bursting organ's peal
Rolling on high like a harmonious thunder;
The white robes, and the lifted eyes; the world
At peace! and all at peace with one another!
Oh, my sweet mother! [Embracing JOSEPHINE.

JOSEPHINE.

My beloved child.

For such, I trust, thou shalt be shortly.

IDA.

Oh!

I am so already. Feel how my heart beats!

JOSEPHINE.

It does, my love; and never may it throb
With aught more bitter!

IDA.

Never shall it so so!

How should it? What should make us grieve? I hate
To hear of sorrow; I owe can we be sad,
Who love each other so entirely? You,
The count, and Ulric, and your daughter, Ida.

JOSEPHINE.

Poor child!

IDA.

Do you pity me?

JOSEPHINE.

No; I but envy,
And that in sorrow, not in the world's sense
Of the universal vice, if one vice be more general than another.

IDA.

I'll not hear a word against a world which still contains you and my Ulric. Did you ever see Aught like him? How he tower'd amongst them all! How all eyes follow'd him! The flowers fell faster—Rain'd from each lattice at his feet, methought, than before all the rest, and where he trod I dare be sworn that they grow still, nor e'er will wither.

JOSEPHINE.

You will spoil him, little flatterer, if he should hear you.

IDA.

But he never will. I dare not say so much to him—I fear him.

JOSEPHINE.

Why so? He loves you well.

IDA.

But I can never shape my thoughts of him into words to him. Besides, he sometimes frightens me.

JOSEPHINE.

How so?

IDA.

A cloud comes o'er his blue eyes suddenly, yet he says nothing.

JOSEPHINE.

It is nothing: all men, especially in these dark troublous times, have much to think of.

IDA.

But I cannot think of aught save him.

JOSEPHINE.

Yet there are other men, in the world's eye, as goodly. There's, for instance, the youngCount Waldorf, who scarce once withdrew his eyes from yours to-day.

IDA.

I did not see him, but Ulric. Did you not see at the moment when all knelt, and I wept; and yet methought through my fast tears, though they were thick and warm, I saw him smiling on me.

JOSEPHINE.

I could not see aught save heaven, to which my eyes were raised together with the people's.

IDA.

I thought too of heaven, although I look'd on Ulric.

JOSEPHINE.

Come, let us retire; they will be here anon, expectant of the banquet. We will lay aside these m o d e pummes and dragging trains.

IDA.

And, above all, these stiff and heavy jewels, which make my head and heart ache, as both throb beneath their glitter o'er my brow and zone. Dear mother, I am with you.

IDA.

Enter Count Siegendorf in full dress, from the solemnity, and Ludwig, Siegendorf.

Is he not soon?!

LUDWIG.

Where's Ulric?

SIEGENDORF.

He rode round the other way, with some young nobles; but he left them soon; and, if I err not, not a minute since I heard his excellency, with his train, gallop o'er the west drawbridge.

Enter Ulric, splendidly dressed, Siegendorf (to Ludwig).

See they cease not their quest of him I have described. [Exit Ludwig. Oh! Ulric,

How have I long'd for thee!

ULRIC.

Your wish is granted—Behold me!

SIEGENDORF.

I have seen the murderer.

ULRIC.

Whom? Where?

SIEGENDORF.

The Hungarian, who slew Strahlenberg.

ULRIC.

You dream.

SIEGENDORF.

I live! and as I live, I saw him—Heard him! He dared to utter even my name.

ULRIC.

What name?

SIEGENDORF.

Ludwig! 'twas mine.

ULRIC.

It must be so.

No more; forget it.

SIEGENDORF.

Never! never! all my destinies were woven in that name: it will not be engraved upon my tomb, but it may lead me there.

ULRIC.

To the point—the Hungarian.

SIEGENDORF.

Listen!—The church was throng'd; the hymn was raised "Te Deum" penn'd from nations, rather than from choirs, in one great cry of "God be praised!" For one day's peace, after thrice ten dread years, each bloodier than the former; I arose, with all the nobles, and as I look'd down along the lines of lifted faces—from our banner'd and escurcheon'd gallery, I saw, like a flash of lightning (for I saw a moment, and no more), what struck me sightless to all else—the Hungarian's face; I grew sick; and when I recover'd from the must which eat'd about my senses, and again look'd down, I saw him not. The thanksgiving was over, and we marched back in procession.

ULRIC.

Continue.

SIEGENDORF.

When we reach'd the Moldau's bridge, the joyous crowd above, the numberless Harks mann'd with revellers in their best garbs, which shot along the glancing tide below, the decorated street, the long array, the clashing music, and the thundering of far artillery, which seem'd to bid a long and loud farewell to its great doings, the standards o'er me, and the trumplings round,
BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS.

The roar of rushing thousands, all—all could not! Chase this man from my mind; although my senses
No longer held him palpable.

ULRIC. You saw him
No more, the:?

SIEGENDORF. I look'd, as a dying soldier
Looks at a draught of water, for this man;
But still I saw him: not; but in his stead——

ULRIC. What in his stead?

SIEGENDORF. My eye for ever fell
Upon your dancing crest; the loftiest,
As on the loftiest and bravest head
It rose the highest of the stream of plumes,
Which overflow'd the glittering streets of Prague.

ULRIC. What's this to the Hungarian?

SIEGENDORF. Much, for I
Had almost then forgot him in my son,
When just as the artillery ceased, and paused
The music, and the crowd embraced in lieu
Of shouting, I heard in a deep, low voice,
Distinct and keenest far upon my ear.
Than the late cannon's volume, this word— "Werner!"

ULRIC. Utter'd by——

SIEGENDORF. Him! I turn'd—and saw—and fell.

ULRIC. And wherefore? Were you seen?

SIEGENDORF. The officious care
Of those around me dragg'd me from the spot,
Seeing my faintness, ignorant of the cause;
You, too, were too remote in the procession
(The old nobles being divided from their children)
To aid me.

ULRIC. But I'll aid you now.

SIEGENDORF. In what?

ULRIC. In searching for this man, or—— when he's found,
What shall we do with him?

SIEGENDORF. I know not that.

ULRIC. Then wherefore seek?

SIEGENDORF. Because I cannot rest
Till he is found. His fate, and Stralenheim's,
And ours, seem interwoven; nor can be
Unravell'd, till——

Enter an Attendant.

ATTENDANT. A stranger to wait on
Your Excellency.

SIEGENDORF. Who?

ATTENDANT. He gave no name.

SIEGENDORF. Admit him, ne'ertheless.

[The Attendant introduces Gabor, and afterwards exits.]

Ah!

GABOR. "Tis, then, Werner's

SIEGENDORF (haughtily). The same you knew, sir, by that name; and you?

GABOR (looking round). I recognise you both; father and son,
It seems. Count, I have heard that you, or yours,
Have lately been in search of me: I am here.

SIEGENDORF. I have sought you, and have found you; you are charge
(Your own heart may inform you why) with such
A crime as——

GABOR. Give it utterance, and then
I'll meet the consequences.

SIEGENDORF. You shall do so——

GABOR. First, who accuses me?

SIEGENDORF. All things,
If not all men: the universal rumour——
My own presence on the spot—the place—the time——
And every speck of circumstance, unite
To fix the blot on you.

GABOR. And on me only?

Pause ere you answer: is no other name,
Save mine, staid in this business?

SIEGENDORF. Trifling villain! Who play'st with thine own guilt? Of all that breathe
Thou best dost know the innocence of him
'Gainst whom thy breath would blow thy bloody slander
But I will talk no further with a wretch,
Further than justice asks. Answer at once,
And without quibbling, to my charge.

GABOR. I is false!

SIEGENDORF. Who says so?

GABOR. I.

SIEGENDORF. And how disprove it?

GABOR. By

The presence of the murderer.

SIEGENDORF. Name him!

GABOR. He

May have more names than one. Your lordship had so
Once on a time.

SIEGENDORF. If you mean me, I dare
Your utmost.

GABOR. You may do so, and in safety:
I know the assassin.

SIEGENDORF. Where is he?

GABOR (pointing to Ulric). Beside you!

[Ulric rushes forward to attack Gabor]

SIEGENDORF interposes.

SIEGENDORF. Liar and fiend! but you shall not be slain;
These walls are mine, and you are safe within them.

[He turns to Ulric. Ulric repel this calumny, as I
WERNER.

Will do. I avow it is a growth so monstrous,
I could not deem it earth-born: but, be calm;
It will refute itself. But touch him not.

[ULRIC endeavours to compose himself.]

GABOR.
Look at him, and then hear me.

SIEGENDORF.
(First to GABOR, and then looking at ULRIC.)
I hear thee.

ULRIC.
How?

SIEGENDORF.
As on that dread night
When we met in the garden.

ULRIC (composes himself).
It is nothing.

GABOR.
Count, you are bound to hear me. I came hither
Not seeking you, but sought,
When I kneel down
Amidst the people in the church, I dream'd not
To find the beggar'd Werner in the seat
Of senators and princes; but you have call'd me, and
We have met.

SIEGENDORF.
Go on, sir.

GABOR.
Ere I do so,
Allow me to inquire who profited
By Stralenheim's death? Was't I—as poor as ever:
And poorer by suspicion on my name.
The baron lost in that last outrage neither
Jewels nor gold; his life alone was sought—
A life which stood between the claims of others
To honours and estates, scarce less than princely.

SIEGENDORF.
These hints, as vague as vain, attach no less
To me than to my son.

GABOR.
I can't help that.
But let the consequence alight on him
Who feels himself the guilty one amongst us.
I speak to you, Count Siegendorf, because
I know you innocent, and deem you just.
But ere I can proceed—Dare you protect me?—
Dare you command me?

[SIEGENDORF first looks at the Hungarian, and
then at Ulric, who has unlocked his sabre, and
is drawing lines with it on the floor—still in its
sheath.

ULRIC (looks at his father, and says)
Let the man go on!

GABOR.
I am unarm'd, count—bid your son lay down
His sabre.

ULRIC (offers it to him contumaciously).
Take it.

GABOR.
No, sir; 'tis enough
That we are both unarm'd—I would not choose
To wear a steel which may be stain'd with more
Blood than came there in battle.

ULRIC (costs the sabre from him in contempt).
It—or some
Such other weapon, in my hands—spared yours
Once, when disarm'd and at my mercy.

GABOR.
True—
I have not forgotten it: you spared me for
Your own especial purpose—to sustain
An ignominy not mine own.

ULRIC.
Proceed.
The tale is doubtless worthy the relater.
But is it of my father to hear further?

[To SIEGENDORF]
SIEGENDORF (takes his son by the hand).
My son! I know mine own innocence—and doubt not
Of yours—but I have promised this man patience;
Let him continue.

GABOR.
I will not detain you
By speaking of myself much; I began
Life early—and am what the world has made me.
At Frankfort, on the Oder, where I past'd
A winter in obscurity, it was
My chance at several places of resort
(Which I frequented sometimes, but not often)
To hear related a strange circumstance,
In February last. A martial force,
Sent by the state, had, after strong resistance,
Secured a band of desperate men, supposed
Marauders from the hostile camp.—They proved,
However, not to be so—but banditti,
Whom either accident or enterprise
Had carried from their usual haunt—the forests
Which skirt Bohemia—even into Lusatia.
Many amongst them were reported of
High rank—and martial law slept for a time.
At last they were escorted o'er the frontiers,
And placed beneath the civil jurisdiction
Of the free town of Frankfort. Of their fate,
I know no more.

SIEGENDORF.
And what is this to Ulric?—
GABOR.
Amongst them there was said to be one man
Of wonderful endowments:—birth and fortune,
Youth, strength, and beauty, almost superhuman,
And courage as unrivall'd, were proclaim'd
His by the public rumour; and his sway,
Not only over his associates but
His judges, was attributed to witchcraft.
Such was his influence:—I have no great faith
In any magic save that of the mine—
I therefore deem'd him wealthy.—But my soul
Was roused with various feelings to seek out
This prodigy, if only to behold him.

SIEGENDORF.
And did you so?

GABOR.
You'll hear. Chance favour'd me:
A popular affray in the public square
Drew crowds together—it was one of those
Occasions, where men's souls look out of them,
And show them as they are—even in their faces:
The moment my eye met his—I exclaimed
"This is the man!" though he was then, as since,
With the nobles of the city. I felt sure
I had not err'd, and watch'd him long and nearly:
I noted down his form—his gesture—features,
Stature and bearing—and amidst them all,
'Midst every natural and acquired distinction,
I could discern, metathought, the assassin's eye
And gladator's heart.

ULRIC (smiling).
The tale sounds well.

GABOR.
And may sound better.—He appear'd to me
One of those beings to whom Fortune bends
As she doth to the daring—and on whom
The fates of others oft depend; besides,
An indescribable sensation drew me
Near to this man, as if my point of fortune
Was to be fix'd by him—There I was wrong.

SIEGENDORF.

And may not be right now.

GABOR.

I follow'd him—
Soaked his notice—and esteem'd it—
Though not his friendship:—it was his intention
To leave the city privately—we left it
Together—and together we arived
In the poor town where Werner was concealed,
And Stralenheim was succour'd:—Now we are on
The verge—'are you hear further?

SIEGENDORF.

I must do so—

Or I have heard too much.

GABOR.

I saw in you
A man above his station—and if not
So high, as now I find you, in my then
Conceptions—'twas that I had rarely seen
Men such as you appear'd in height of mind,
In the most high of worldly rank; you were
Poor—even to all save rags—I would have shared
My purse, though slender, with you—you refused it.

SIEGENDORF.

Doth my refusal make a debt to you,
That thus you urge it?

GABOR.

Still you owe me something,
Though not for that—and I owed you my safety,
At least my seeming safety—when the slaves
Of Stralenheim pursued me on the grounds
That I had robbed him.

SIEGENDORF.

I conceal'd you—I,
Whom, and whose house, you arraign, reviving viper!

GABOR.

I accuse no man—save in my defence,
You, count! have made yourself accuser—judge—
Your hall's my court, your heart is my tribunal.
Be just, and I'll be merciful.

SIEGENDORF.

You merciful!

GABOR.

1. 'Till will rest
With me at last to be so, You conceal'd me—
In secret passages known to yourself,
You said, and to none else. At dead of night,
Weary with watching in the dark, and dubious
Of tracing back my way—I saw a glimmer
Through distant crannies of a twinkling light.
I follow'd it, and reach'd a door—a secret
Portal—which open'd to the chamber, where,
With cautious hand and slow, having first undone
As much as made a crevice of the fastening,
Look'd through, and beheld a purple bed,
And on it Stralenheim!

SIEGENDORF.

Asleep! And yet
You slew him—wretch!

GABOR.

He was already slain,
And bleeding like a sacrifice. My own
Blood became ice,

SIEGENDORF.

But he was still alive!

You saw none else! You did not see this—

He passes from agitation

GABOR.

No,

He, whom you dare not name—nor even I
Scarcely dare to recollect—was not then in
The chamber.

SIEGENDORF (to Ulric).

Then, my boy! thou art guiltless still—
Thou bad'st me say I was so once—Oh! now
Do thou as much!

GABOR.

Be patient! I can not
Recede now, though it shake the very walls
Which frown above us. You remember, or
If not, your son does,—that the locks were changed
Beneath his chief inspection—on the morn
Which led to this same night: how he had enter'd
He best knows—but within an antechamber,
The door of which was half ajar—I saw
A man who wash'd his bloody hands, and oft
With stern and anxious glance gazed back upon
The bleeding body—but it moved no more.

SIEGENDORF.

Oh! God of fathers!

GABOR.

I behold his features
As I see yours—but yours they were not, though
Resembling them—he held them in Count Ulric's! I
Distinct—as I behold them—though the expression
Is not now what it then was;—but it was so
When I first charg'd him with the crime:—so lately.

SIEGENDORF.

This is so—

GABOR (interrupting him).

Nay—but hear me to the end!

Now you must do so.—I conceived myself
Betray'd by you and him (for now I saw
There was some tie between you) into this
Pretended den of refuge, to become
The victim of your guilt, and my first thought
Was vengeance: but though arm'd with a short poniard
(Having cut my sword without), I was no match
For him at any time, as had been proved
That morning—either in address or force.
I turn'd, and fled—'t was dark: chance, rather than
Skill, made me gain the secret door of the hall,
And thence the chamber where you slept—if I
Had found you wak'd, Heaven alone can tell
What vengeance and suspicion might have prompt'd:
But w'eer slept guilt as Werner slept that night.

SIEGENDORF.

And yet I had horrid dreams! and such brief sleep
The stars had not gone down when I awoke—
Why didst thou spare me? I dreamt of my father—
And now my dream is out!

GABOR.

'Pis not my fault,
If I have read it.—Well! I fled and hid me
Chance led me here after so many moops—
And show'd me Werner in Count Siegendorf! Werner, whom I had sought in huts in vain,
Inhabited the palace of a sovereign!
You sought me, and have found me—now you;
My secret, and may weigh its worth.

SIEGENDORF (after a pause).

Indeed!

GABOR.

Is it revenge or justice which inspires
Your meditation?

SIEGENDORF.

Neither—1 was weighing

The value of your secret.
ULRIC.

It is no time
For trifling or disseminating. I have said
His story's true; and he too must be silenced.

SIEGENDORF.

How so?

ULRIC.

As Stralenheim is. Are you so dull
As never to have hit on this before?
When we met in the garden, what except
Discoveries in the act could make me know
His death? or had the prince's household been
Then smitten, would the cry for the police
Been left to such a stranger? Or should I
Have loyalty on the way? Or could you, Werner?
The object of the baron's hate and fears,
Have feel—unless by many an hour before
Suspicion woke! I sought and found you—
Doubting if you were false or feeble; I
Perceived you were the latter; and yet so
Confiding have I found you, that I doubted
At times your weakness.

SIEGENDORF.

Parricide! no less
Than common stabber! What deed of my life,
Or thought of mine, could make you deem me fit
For your accomplice?

ULRIC.

Father, do not raise
The devil you cannot lay, between us. This
Is time for union and for action, not
For family disputes. While you were tortured
Could I be calm? Think you that I have heard
This fellow's tale without some feeling? you
Have taught me feeling for you and myself;
For whom or what else did you ever teach it?

SIEGENDORF.

Oh! my dead father's curse! 'T is working now.

ULRIC.

Let it work on! the grave will keep it down!
Ashes are feeble foes: it is more easy
To baffle such, than counterpane a mold,
Which wends its blind but living path beneath you.
Yet hear me still!—If you condemn me, yet
Remember who hath taught me once too often
To listen to him! Who proclaimed to me
That there were crimes made revolent by the occasion?
That passion was our nature? that the goods
Of heaven waited on the goods of fortune?
Who should as I, my humanity secured
By his success only? Who deprived me of
All power to vindicate myself and race
In open day! By his disgrace which stamp'd
(It might be) bastardy on me, and on
Himself—a felon's brand! The man who is
At once both warm and weak, invites to deeds
He longs to do, but dare not. Is it strange
That I should not what you could think? We have done
With right or wrong, and now must only ponder
Upon effects causes.
Stralenheim,
Whose life I saved, from impulsion, as unknown,
I would have saved a peasant's or a dog's; slow,
Known as our foe—but not from vengeance. He
Was a rock in our way, which I cut through.
As both the bolt, because it stood between us
And our true destination—but not idly.
As stranger I preserved him, and he saved me
His life; when, I but rescued the debt.
He, you, and I, stood o'er a gulf, wherein
I have plunged our enemy. You kindled first
The lore—'you should the path: now trace me that
Of safety—or let me!
BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS.

SIEGENDORF.  
I have done with life!  

ULRIC.  
Let us have done with that which cankers life—  
Familiar feuds and vain recomninations  
Of things which cannot be undone. We have  
No more to learn or hide: I know no fear,  
And have within these very walls men who  
(Although you know them not) dare venture all things.  
You stand high with the state; what passes here  
Will not excite her too great curiosity:  
Keep your own secret, keep a steady eye,  
Stir not, and speak not;—leave the rest to me:  
We must have no third babblers thrust between us.  

[Exit Ulric.]

SIEGENDORF (solo).  
Am I awake? are these my father's halls?  
And you—my son? My son! mine! who have ever  
Abhor'd both mystery and blood, and yet  
Am plunged into the deepest hell of both!  
I must be speedy, or more will be shed—  
The Hungarians!'—Ulric—he hath partisans,  
It seems; I might have guess'd as much. Oh fool!  
Wolves prov'd in company. He hath the key  
(As I too) of the opposite door which leads  
Into the turret. Now then! or once more  
To be the father of fresh crimes—no less  
Than of the criminal! Ho! Gabor! Gabor!  
[Exit into the turret, closing the door after him.]

SCENE II.  
The Interior of the Turret.  
GABOR and SIEGENDORF.  

GABOR.  
Who calls?  

SIEGENDORF.  
I—Siegendorf! Take these, and fly!  

GABOR.  
Lose not a moment!  

[Siegenendorf tears off a diamond star and other jewels, and  

GABOR.  

What am I to do  

With these?  

SIEGENDORF.  
Whate'er you will: sell them, or hoard,  
And prosper; but delay not—or you are lost!  

GABOR.  
You pledged your honour for my safety!  

SIEGENDORF.  

And  

Must thus redeem it. Fly! I am not master,  
It seems, of my own castle—of my own  
Retainers—say, even of these very walls,  
Or I would bid them fall and crush me! Fly!  
Or you'll be slain by—  

GABOR.  

Is it even so?  

farewell, then! Recollect, however, count,  
You sought this fatal interview!  

SIEGENDORF.  
I did:  

GABOR.  

Let it not be more fatal still:—Begone!  

By the same path I enter'd?
THE DEFORMED TRANSFORMED.

SIEGENDORF.

The foresters!
With whom the Hungarian found you first at Frankfort?

ULRIC.

Yes—men—who are worthy of the name! Go tell Your senators that they look well to Prague; Their feast of peace was early for the times; There are more spirits abroad than have been laid With Wallenstein!

Enter JOSEPHINE and IDA.

JOSEPHINE.

What is't we hear? My Siegendorf! Thank Heaven, I see you safe!

SIEGENDORF.

Safe!

IDA.

Yes, dear father!

SIEGENDORF.

No, no; I have no children: never more Call me by that worst name of parent.

JOSEPHINE.

What means my good lord?

SIEGENDORF.

That you have given birth To a demon!

IDA (taking Ulric's hand). Who shall dare say this of Ulric?

SIEGENDORF.

Ida, beware! there's blood upon that hand.

IDA (stopping to kiss it). I'd kiss it off, though it were mine!

SIEGENDORF.

It is so!

ULRIC.

Away! it is your father's!

[Exit ULRIC.

IDA.

Oh, great God!

And I have loved this man!

[IDA falls senseless—JOSEPHINE stands speechless with horror.

SIEGENDORF.

The wretch hath slain Them both!—my Josephine! we are now alone!

Would we had ever been so!—All is over

For me!—Now open wide, my sure, thy grave;

Thy curse hath dug it deeper for thy son In mine!—The race of Siegendorf is past!

THE DEFORMED TRANSFORMED

ADVERTISEMENT.

This production is founded partly on the story of a Novel, called "The Three Brothers," published many years ago, from which M. G. Lewis's "Wood Demon" was also taken—and partly on the "Faust" of the great Goethe. The present publication contains the first two Parts only, and the opening choruses of the third. The rest may perhaps appear hereafter.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

STRANGER, afterwards CÆSAR.

ARNOLD.

BOURBON.

PULLIBERT.

CELLINI.

WOMEN.

BERTHA.

OLIMPIA.

Spirits, Soldiers, Citizens of Rome, Priests, Peasants, etc.

PART I.

SCENE I.—A Forest.

Enter ARNOLD and his mother BERTHA.

BERTHA.

Out, hunchback! ARNOLD.

I was born so, mother!

BERTHA.

Out!

Thou incanest! Thou nightmare! Of seven sons The sole abomination!

ARNOLD.

Would that I had been so,

And never seen the light!

BERTHA.

I would so too!

But as thou hast—hence, hence—and do thy best

That back of thine may bear its burden: it is

More high, if not so broad as that of others.

ARNOLD.

It bears its burden;—but, my heart! will it

Sustain that which you lay upon it, mother?

I love, or at the least, I loved you: nothing,

Save you, in nature, can love aught like me.

You nursed me—do not kill me.

BERTHA.

Yes—I nursed thee

Because thou wert my first-born, and I knew not
BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS.

If there would be another unlike thee,
That monstrous sport of nature. But get hence,
And gather wood!

ARNOLD.

I will: but when I bring it,
Speak to me kindly. Though my brothers are
So beautiful and lusty, and as free
As the free chase they follow, do not spurn me:
Our milk has been the same.

BERTHA.

As is the hedgehog's
Which sucks at midnight from the wholesome dam
Of the young bull, until the milkmaid finds
The nipple next day sore and udder dry.
Call not thy brothers brethren! call me not
Mother; for if I brought thee forth, it was
As foolish hens at times hatch vipers, by
Setting upon strange eggs. Out, Unicorn, out!

[Exit Bertha.

ARNOLD (solemn).

Oh mother!—She is gone, and I must de
Her boding;—weary but willingly
I would fulfil it, could I only hope
A kind word in return. What shall I do?

[ARNOLD begins to cut wood: in doing this he
wounds one of his hands.

My labour for the day is over now.
Accursed be this blood that flows so fast;
For double curses will be my need now
At home,—What home! I have no home, no kin,
No kind—or most like other creatures.

To share their sports or pleasures. Must I bleed too,
Like them? Oh that each drop which falls to earth
Would raise a snake to sting them as they have stung me!
Or that the devil, to whom they liken me,
Would aid his likeness! If I must partake
His form, why not his power? Is it because
I have not his will too? For one kind word
From her who bore me, would still reconcile me
Even to this hateful aspect. Let me wash
The wound.

[ARNOLD goes to a spring, and stoops to wash
his hand: he starts back.

They are right; and Nature's mirror shows me
Woe! she bathed me, I will not look on it
Again, and scarce dare think on't. Hideous wretch
That I am! The very waters mock me with
My horrid shadow—like a demon placed
Deep in the fountain to scare back the cattle
From drinking therein.

[He pauses.

And shall I live on,
A burthen to the earth, myself, and shame
Unto what brought me into life? Thou blood,
Which flowest so freely from a scratch, let me
Try if thou wilt not in a fuller stream
Pour forth my woes for ever with thyself
On earth, to which I will restore at once
This natal compound of her atoms, and take
The shape of any reptile save myself,
And make a world for myriads of new worms!
This knife! now let ye prove if it will sever
This wither'd slip of nature's nightshade—my
Vile form—from the creation, as it hath
The green bough from the forest.

[ARNOLD places the knife in the ground, with
the point upwards.

Now 'tis set,
And I can fall upon it. Yet one glance
On the fair day, which sees no foul thing like
Myself, and the sweet sun, which warmed me, but

In vain. The birds—how joyously they sing
So let them, for I would not be lamented:
But let their merriest notes be Arnold's knell,
The falling leaves my monument; the murmur
Of the near fountain my sole elegy.

Now, knife, stand firmly, as I aim would fall!

[As he rushes to throw himself upon the knife
his eye is suddenly caught by the fountain,
which seems in motion.

The fountain moves without a wind: but shall
The ripple of a spring change my resolve?
No. Yet it moves again! the waters stir,
Not as with air, but by some subterrane
And rocking power of the internal world.

What's here? A mist! no more?

[ A cloud comes from the fountain. He
stands gazng upon it; it is dispelled, and a tall
black man comes towards him.

ARNOLD.

What would you? Speak

Spirit or man?

STRANGER.

As man is both, why not

Say both in one?

ARNOLD.

Your form is man's, and yet

You may be devil.

STRANGER.

So many men are that

Which is so call'd or thought, that you may add me
To which you please, without much wrong to either.
But come: you wish to kill your self—pursue
Your purpose.

ARNOLD.

You have interrupted me.

STRANGER.

What is that resolution which can e'er
Be interrupted? If I be the devil
You deem, a single moment would have made you
Mine, and for ever, by your suicide;
And yet my coming saves you.

ARNOLD.

I said not

You were the demon, but that your approach
Was like one.

STRANGER.

Unless you keep company
With him (and you seem scarce used to such high
Society), you can't tell how he approaches;
And for his aspect, look upon the fountain,
And then on me, and judge which of us twain
Looks likest what the boors believe to be
Their cloven-footed terror.

ARNOLD.

Do you—dare you
To taunt me with my born deformity?

STRANGER.

Were I to taunt a buffalo with this
Clown's foot of thing, or the swift dromedary
With thy sublime of humps, the animals
Would revel in the compliment. And yet
Both beings are more swift, more strong, more mighty
In action and endurance than thyself,
And all the fierce and fur of the same kind
With thee. Thy form is natural: 'twas only
Nature's mistaken largesse to bestow
The gifts which are of others upon man. ArnolD.

Give me the strength then of the buffalo's foot,
When he spurs high the dust, beholding his
THE DEFORMED TRANSFORMED.

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Now then!—

[The Stranger approaches the fountain, and turns to Arnold.]

A little of your blood.

Arnold.

For what?

Stranger.

To mingle with the magic of the waters,
And make the charm effective.

Arnold (holding out his wounded arm).

Take it all.

Stranger.

Not now. A few drops will suffice for this.

[The Stranger takes some of Arnold’s blood in his hand, and casts it into the fountain.]

Shadows of beauty!
Shadows of power!
Rise to your duty—
This is the hour—
Walk lovely and plant!
From the depth of this fountain,
As the cloud-shape giant
Bestrides the Hartz mountain, 1
Come as ye were,
That our eyes may behold
The model in air
Of the form I will mould,
Bright as the Iris
When ether is spann’d—
Such his desire is,
Painting to Arnold.
Such my command!
Demons heroic—
Demons who wore
The form of the Sire
Or Sophist of yore—
Or the shape of each vector,
From Macedon’s boy
To each high Roman’s picture,
Who breathed to destroy—
Shadows of beauty!
Shadows of power!
Up to your duty—
This is the hour!

[Various Phantoms arise from the waters, and pass in succession before the Stranger and Arnold.]

Arnold.

What do I see?

Stranger.

The black-eyed Roman, with
The eagle’s beak between those eyes which never
Beheld a conqueror, orlook’d along
The land he made not Rome’s, while Rome became
His, and all theirs who heur’d his very name.

Arnold.

The phantom’s bale; my quest is beauty. Could I
Inherit but his fame with his defects!

Stranger.

His brow was grey with laurels more than hairs.
You see his aspect—choose it or reject.
I can but promise you his form; his fame
Must be long sought and fought for.

Arnold.

I will fight too,
But not as a mock Caesar. Let him pass;
His aspect may be fair, but suits me not.

1 This is a well-known German superstition—a genius shadow produced by reflection in the Bronze.
BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS.

Thy Cleopatra's waiting.
[The Shade of Antony disappears; another rises]

ARNOLD.
Who is this?

Stranger.
Who truly looketh like a demigod,
Blooming and bright, with golden hair, and stature
If not more high than mortal, yet immortal
In all that nameless bearing of his limbs,
Which he wears as the sun his rays—a something
Which shines from him, and yet is but the flashing
Emanation of a thing more glorious still.
Was he e'er human only?

Stranger.

Let the earth speak,
If there be atoms of him left, or even
Of the more solid gold that form'd his urn.

ARNOLD.

Who was this glory of mankind?

Stranger.

The shame
Of Greece in peace, her thunderbolt in war—
Demetrius the Macedonian, and
Taker of cities.
ARNOLD.

Yet one shadow more.

Stranger (addressing the Shade).

Get thee to Lamia's lap!
[The Shade of Demetrius Poliorcetes vanishes; another rises]

Stranger.

I'll fit you still,
Fear not, my hunchback. If the shadow of
That which existed please not your nice taste,
I'll anoint the ideal marble, till
Your soul be reconciled to her new garment.
ARNOLD.

Content! I will fix here.

Stranger.

I must commend
Your choice. The god-like son of the sea-goddess,
The unshorn boy of Peleus, with his locks
As beautiful and clear as the amber waves
Of rich Pactolus roll'd o'er sands of gold,
S-fined by intervening crystal, and
Rippled like flowing waters by the wind,
All vow'd to Sperchius as they were—behold them!
And him—as he stood by Polyaenus,
With sanction'd and with soft'd love, before
The altar, gazing on his Trojan bride,
With some remorse within for Hector slain
And Priam weeping, mingled with deep passion
For the sweet downcast virgin, whose young hand
Trembled in his who slew her brother. So
The Deformed Transformed.

He stood in the temple. Look upon him as Greece look'd her last upon her best, the instant Ere Paris' arrow flew.

Arnold.

I gaze upon him
As if I were his soul, whose form shall soon
Env'op mine.

Stranger.

You have done well. The greatest
Deformity should only barter with
The extremest beauty, if the proverb's true
Of mortals, that extremes meet.

Arnold.

Come! Be quick!
I am impatient.

Stranger.

As a youthful beauty
Before her glass, You both see what is not,
But dream it is what must be.

Arnold.

Must I wait?

No; that were pity. But a word or two:
His stature is twelve cubits; would you so far
Outstep these times, and be a Titan? Or
(To talk canonically) was a son
Of Anak?

Arnold.

Why not?

Stranger.

Glorious ambition!
I love thee most in dwarfs! A mortal of
Philistine stature would have gladly pared
His own Goliath down to a slight David;
But thou, my mankin, wouldst wear a show
Rather than hero. Thou shalt be indulged,
If such be thy desire; and yet, by being
A little less removed from present men
In figure, thou canst sway them more; for all
Would rise, against thee now, as if to hunt
A new-found mammoth; and their cursed engines,
Their culverins and so forth, would find way
Through our friend's armour there, with greater ease
Than the adulterer's arrow through his heel
Which Thetis had forgotten to baptize
In Styx.

Arnold.

Then let it be as thou dost best.

Stranger.

Thou shalt be beauteous as the thing thou see'st,
And strong as what it was, and—

Arnold.

I ask not
For valour, since deformity is daring.
It is its essence to o'ertake mankind
By heart and soul, and make itself the equal—
Ay, the superior of the rest. There is
A spur in its hate movements, to become
All that the others cannot, in such things
As still are free to both, to compensate
For stephano Nature's aversion at first.
They woo with fearless deeds the smiles of fortune,
And oft, like Timour the latee Tartar, win them.

Stranger.

Well spoken! And thou doubtless will remain
Form'd as thou art. I may dismiss the mould
Of shadow, which must turn to flesh, to encase
This daring soul, which could achieve no less
Without it?

Arnold.

Had no power presented me
The possibility of change, I would

Have done the best which spirit may, to make
Its way, with all deformity's dull, deadly,
Discouraging weight upon me, like a mountain,
In feeling, on my heart as on my shoulders—
A hateful and insightly molehill to
The eyes of happier man. I would have look'd
On beauty in that sex which is the true
Of all we know or dream of beautiiui
Beyond the world they brighten, with a sigh—
Not of love, but despair; nor sought to win,
Though to a heart all love, what could not love me
In turn, because of this vile crooked leg,
Which makes me lonely. Nay, I could have borne
It all, had not my mother spurn'd me from her.
The she-bear lacks her cubs into a sort
Of shape;—my dam beheld my shape was hopeless.
Had she exposed me, like the Spartan, ere
I knew the passionate part of life, I had
Been a clod of the valley,—happier nothing
Than what I am. But even thus, the lowest,
Ugliest, and meanest of mankind, what courage
And perseverance could have done, perchance,
Had made me something—as it has made heroes
Of the same mould as mine. You lateiy saw me
Master of my own life, and quick to quit it;
And he who is so is the master of
Whatever dreads to die.

Stranger.

Decide between
What you have been, or will be.

Arnold.

I have done so.

You have open'd brighter prospects to my eyes,
And sweeter to my heart. As I am now,
I might be fear'd, admired, respected, loved,
Of all save those next to me, of whom I
Would be beloved. As thou showest me
A choice of forms, I take the one I view.
Haste! haste!

Stranger.

And what shall I wear?

Arnold.

Surely he
Who can command all forms, will choose the highest
Something superior even to that which was
Pelides now before us. Perhaps he
Who slew him, that of Paris:—or,—still higher—
The poet's god, clothed in such limbs as are
Themselves a poetry.

Stranger.

Less will content me;

For I too love a change.

Arnold.

Your aspect is
Dusky, but not uncomely.

Stranger.

If I chose,
I might be whiter; but I have a penchant
For black—it is so honest, and besides
Can neither blush with shame nor pale with fear:
But I have worn it long enough of late,
And now I'll take your figure.

Arnold.

Mine!

Stranger.

Yes. You
Shall change with Thetis' son, and I with Bertha
Your mother's offspring. People have their taste;—
You have yours,—I mine.

Arnold.

Descant! despatch!
BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS.

[The Stranger takes some earth and moulds it along the turf; and then addresses the Phantom of Achilles.]—

Beautiful shadow—
Of Tho'stis's bay!
Who sleeps in the meadow
Whose grass grows o'er Troy:
From the red earth, like Adam,
Thy likeness I shape,
As the and who mark him,
Whose actions I ape.
Thou clay, be all glowing,
Till the rose in thy cheek
Be as fair as, when blowing,
It wears its first streak!
Ye violets, I scatter,
Now turn into eyes!
And thou summy water,
Of blood take the guide!
Let these hyacinth boughs
Be his long, flowing hair,
And wave o'er his brows,
As thou wast in air!
Let his heart be this marble
I tear from the rock!
But his voice as the marble
Of birds on you oak,
Let his flesh be the purest
Of mould, in which grew
The lily-root stressing,
And drank the best dew!
Let his limbs be the lightest
Which clay can compound!
And his aspect the brightest
On earth to be found!
Elements, near me,
Be mingled and stir'd,
Know me and hear me,
And leap to my word!
Sunbeams, awaken
This earth's animation!
'Tis done! He hath taken
His stand in creation!
[Arnold falls senseless; his soul passes into the shape of Achilles, who rises from the ground; while the phantom has disappeared, poet by poet, as the figure was formed from the earth.]

ARNOLD (in his new form).—
I love, and I shall be beloved! Oh life!
At last I feel the! Glorious spirit!

STRANGER.—
Stop!
What shall become of your abandon'd garment,
Your lump, and lump, and clod of ugliness,
Which hate you worn, or were?

ARNOLD.—
Who cares? Let wolves
And vultures take it, if they will.

STRANGER.—
And if
They do, and are not scared by it, you'll say
It must be peace time, and no better fare
Abroad in the fields.

ARNOLD.—
Let us but leave it there,
No matter what becomes on't.

1. Adam means "red earth," from which the first man was formed.

STRANGER.—
That's ungracious.
If not ungrateful. Whatsoever it be,
It hath sustain'd your soul full many a day.

ARNOLD.—
Ay, as the dunghill may conceal a gem
Which is now set in gold, as jewels should be
STRANGER.—
But if I give another form, it must be
By fair exchange, not robbery. For they
Who make men without women's aid, have long
Had patents for the same, and do not love
Your interlopers. The devil may take men,
Not make them,—though he reap the benefit
Of the original workmanship:—and therefore
Some one must be found to assume the shape
You have quitting.

ARNOLD.—
Who would do so?

STRANGER.—
That I know not.

And therefore I must.

ARNOLD.—
You!

STRANGER.—
I said it, ere
You inhabited your present dome of beauty.

ARNOLD.—
True. I forget all things in the new joy
Of this immortal change.

STRANGER.—
In a few moments
I will be as you were, and you shall see
Yourself for ever by you, as your shadow.

ARNOLD.—
I would be spared this.

STRANGER.—
But it cannot be.

What! shrink already, being what you are,
From seeing what you were?

ARNOLD.—
Do as thou wilt.

STRANGER (to the latter form of Arnold extended on the earth).—
Clay! not dead, but soulless!
Though no man would choose thee,
An immortal no less
Doings not to confide thee.
Clay thou art; and into spirit
All clay is of equal merit.
Fire! without which nought can live;
Fire! but in which nought can live,
Save the fabled salamander,
Or immortal souls which wander,
Praying what doth not forgive,
Howling for a drop of water,
Burning in a quenchless lot:
Fire! the only element
Where nor fish, beast, bird, nor worm,
Save the worm which dehth not,
Can preserve a moment's form,
But must with itself be brief:
Fire! man's safeguard and his slayer:
Fire! creation's first-born daughter,
And destruction's threaten'd son,
When Heaven with the world hath done:
Fire! assist me to renew
Life in what lies in my view
Staff and cold!
His resurrection rests with me and you!
One little marshy spark of flame—
And he again shall seem the same;
But his spirit's place shall hold!
\[An ignis-vatans fits through the wood, and rests on the brow of the holy. The Stranger disappears; the holy rises.\]

\textbf{ARNOLD (in his new form).}

Oh! horrible!

\textbf{STRANGER (in Arnold's late shape).}

What! tremblest thou?

\textbf{ARNOLD.}

Not so—
i merely shudder.

\textbf{STRANGER.}

Where is fled the shape Thou lately woest!

\textbf{ARNOLD.}

Must thou be my companion?

\textbf{STRANGER.}

Wherefore not?

Your betters keep worse company.

\textbf{ARNOLD.}

My betters!

\textbf{STRANGER.}

Oh! you wax proud, I see, of your new form!

I'm glad of that. Ungrateful too! That's well;

You improve space;—two changes in an instant,

And you are old in the world's ways already.

But bear with me; indeed you'll find me useful

Upon your pilgrimage.

But come, pronounce

Where shall we now be errant?

\textbf{ARNOLD.}

Where the world

Is thickest, that I may behold it in

Its working.

\textbf{STRANGER.}

That's to say, where there is war

And woman in activity. Let's see!

Spain—Italy—the new Atlantic world—

Africa with all its Moors. In very truth,

There is small choice: the whole race are just now

Tugging as usual at each others' hearts.

\textbf{ARNOLD.}

I have heard great things of Rome.

\textbf{STRANGER.}

A goodly choice—

And scarce a better to be found on earth,

Since Solomon was put out. The field is wide too;

For now the Frank, and Hen, and Spanish scion

Of the old Vandal, are at play along

The sunny shores of the world's garden.

\textbf{ARNOLD.}

How shall we proceed?

\textbf{STRANGER.}

Like gallant on good coursers,

What ho! my chargers! Never yet were better,

Since Pharaoh was upset into the Po.

Our pages too!

\textbf{Enter two Pages, with four coal-black Horses.}

\textbf{ARNOLD.}

A noble sight!

\textbf{STRANGER.}

And of

A nobler breed. Match me in Barbary,

Or your Koucham race of Arabia,

With these!

\textbf{ARNOLD.}

The mighty stream, which volume high

From the proud moorits, burns the very air;

And sparks of flame, like dancing fire flies, ascend

Around their manes, as common insects swarm

Round common stools towards sunset.

\textbf{STRANGER.}

Mount, my lord.

\textbf{ARNOLD.}

And these,

Our dark-eyed pages—what may be their names?

\textbf{STRANGER.}

You shall baptize them.

\textbf{ARNOLD.}

What! in holy water?

\textbf{STRANGER.}

Why not? The deeper sinners, better saint.

\textbf{ARNOLD.}

They are beautiful, and cannot, sure, be demons?

\textbf{STRANGER.}

True; the devil's always ugly; and your beauty

Is never diabolical.

\textbf{ARNOLD.}

I'll call him

Who bears the golden horn, and wears such bright

And blooming aspect, Memnon; for he looks

Like to the lovely boy lost in the forest,

And never found till now. And for the other

And darker, and more thoughtful, who smites not,

But looks as serious though serene as night,

He shall be Memnon, from the Ethiop king,

Whose statue turns a harper once a-day.

And you?

\textbf{STRANGER.}

I have ten thousand names, and twice

As many attributes; but as I wear

A human shape, will take a human name.

\textbf{ARNOLD.}

More human than the shape (though it was mine once

I trust.

\textbf{STRANGER.}

Then call me Caesar.

\textbf{ARNOLD.}

Why, that name

Belongs to empires, and has been but borne

By the world's lords.

\textbf{STRANGER.}

And therefore fittest for

The devil in disguise—since so you deem me,

Unless you call me pope instead.

\textbf{ARNOLD.}

Well then,

Caesar thou shalt be. For myself, my name

Shall be plain Arnold still.

\textbf{CAESAR.}

We'll add a title—

"Count Arnold!" it hath no ungracious sound,

And will look well upon a bullet-doux.

\textbf{ARNOLD.}

Or in an order for a battle-field.

\textbf{CAESAR (sings).}

To horse! to horse! my coal-black steed

Passes the ground and sniffs the air!

There's not a foal of Arab's breed

More knowns whom he must bear!

On the hill he will not tire,

Swifter as it waxes higher;

In the marsh he will not shun,

On the plain be overtaken;

In the waste he will not sink.

Nor pause at the brook's side to drink;

In the race he will not pant,

In the combat he'll not faint:
On the stones he will not stumble,
Time nor toil shall make him humble:
In the stall he will not stumble,
But be winged as a griffin,
Only flying with his feet:
And will not such a voyage be sweet?
Merrily! merrily! never unsound,
Shall our bonny black horses skim over the ground!
From the Alps to the Caucasus, ride we, or fly!
For we'll leave them behind in the glance of an eye.

[They mount their horses, and disappear.]


SCENE II.

A Camp before the Walls of Rome.

ARNOLD and CESAR.

You are well enter'd now.

ARNOLD.

Away; but my path
Has been o'er carcasses; mine eyes are full
Of blood.

CESAR.

Then wipe them, and see clearly. Why!
Thou art a conqueror; the chosen knight
And free companion of the gallant Bourbon,
Late constable of France; and now to be
Lord of the city which hath been earth's lord
Under its emperors, and—changing sex,
Not sceptre, a hemaphrodit of empire—
Lady of the world.

ARNOLD.

How so? What are there
New worlds?

CESAR.

To you, you'll find there are such shortly
By its rich harvests, new diseases, and gold;
From one half of the world named a whole new one,
Because you know no better than the dull
And dubious notice of your eyes and ears.

ARNOLD.

I trust them.

CESAR.

Do! They will deceive you sweetly,
And that is better than the bitter truth!

ARNOLD.

Dog!

CESAR.

Devil!

ARNOLD.

Your obedient, humble servant.

ARNOLD.

Say never rather. Thou hast hurl'd me on,
Through a sea of blood and lust, till I am here.

CESAR.

And where wouldst thou be?

ARNOLD.

Oh, at peace—in peace!

CESAR.

And where is that which is so? From the star
To the winding worm, all life is motion, and
In life commotion is the extremest point
Of life. The planet wheels till it becomes
A comet, and, destroying as it sweeps
The stars, goes out. The near worm winds its way,
Living upon the death of other things,
But still, like them, must live and die, the subject
Of something, which has made it live and die.

You must obey what all obey, the rule
Of fix'd necessity: against her edict
Rebellion prospers not.

ARNOLD.

And when it prospers——

CESAR.

'Tis no rebellion.

ARNOLD.

Will it prosper now?

CESAR.

The Bourbon hath given orders for the assault,
And by the dawn there will be work.

ARNOLD.

Alas!

And shall the city yield? I see the giant
Above of the true God, and his true saint,
Saint Peter, near its dome and cross into
That sky whence Christ ascended from the cross,
Which his blood made a badge of glory and
Of prey (as once of torture unto him,
God and God's son, man's sole and only refuge).

CESAR.

'Tis there, and shall be.

ARNOLD.

What?

CESAR.

The crucifix
Above, and many altar shrines below,
Also some culverins upon the walls,
And harquebusses, and what not, besides
The men who are to kill him to death.

Of other men.

ARNOLD.

And they scarce mortal archers,
Pile above pile of everlasting wall,
The theatre where emperors and their subjects
(Those subjects Romans) stood at gaze upon
The battles of the monarchs of the wild
And wood, the lion and his tusk'y rebels
Of the then untamed desert, brought to nurse
In the arena (as right well they might,
When they had left no human foe unconqu'rd),
Made even the forest pay its tribute of
Life to their amphitheatre, as well
As Dacia men to die the eternal death
For a solo instante's pastime, and "Pass on
To a new gladiator!"—Mist it fall?

CESAR.

The city or the amphitheatre?
The church, or one, or all? for you confound
Both them and me.

ARNOLD.

To morrow sounds the assault
With the first cock-crow.

CESAR.

Which, if it end with
The evening's first nightingale, will be
Something new in the annals of great sieges:
For men must have their prey after long toil.

ARNOLD.

The sun goes down as calmly, and perhaps
More beautifully, than he did on Rome
On the day Remus leapt her wall.

CESAR.

I saw him.

ARNOLD.

You?

CESAR.

Yes, sir. You forget I am or was
Spirit, till I took up with your cast shape
And a w'dre name. I'm Caesar and a hunchback.
Now. Well! the first of Cæsars was a bald-head,
And loved his laurels better as a wig
(\( \text{So history says}\) than as a glory. \( \text{Thus}\)
The world runs on, but we'll be merry still.
I saw your Romulus (simple as I am)
Slay his own twin, quick-born of the same womb,
Because he leapt a ditch (\( \text{It was then no wall,}\)
Whatever it now be); and Rome's earliest cement
Was brother's blood; and if its native blood
Be split till the chieftest Tiber be as red
As e'er it was yellow, it will never wear
The deep lute of the ocean and the earth,
Which the great robber sons of Fratricide
Have made their never-ceasing scene of slaughter
For ages.

\( \text{ARNO LD.} \)

But what have these done, their far
Remote descendants, who have lived in peace,
The peace of heaven, and in her sunshine of
Piety.

\( \text{CE S A R.} \)

And what had \( \text{they} \) done whom the old
Romans o'er swept? — Hark!

\( \text{ARNO LD.} \)

They are soldiers singing
A reckless roundelay, upon the eve
Of many deaths, it may be of their own.

\( \text{C E S A R.} \)

And why should they not sing as well as swans?
They are black ones, to be sure.

\( \text{ARNO LD.} \)

So, you are learn'd,

\( \text{I see, too.} \)

\( \text{C E S A R.} \)

In my grammar, certes, I
Was educated for a monk of all times,
And once I was well versed in the forgotten
Etruscan letters, and—were I so minded—
Could make their hieroglyphics plainer than
Your alphabet.

\( \text{ARNO LD.} \)

And wherefore do you not?

\( \text{CE S A R.} \)

It answers better to resolve the alphabet
Back into hieroglyphics. Like your statesman,
And prophet, poet, scholar, alchemist,
Philosopher, and what not, they have built
More Babels without new dispersion, than
The stammering young ones of the flood's dull oze,
Who fail'd and fell each other. Why? why, marry,
Because no man could understand his neighbour.
They are wiser now, and will not separate
For nonsense. Nay, it is their brotherhood,
Their Shibboleth, their Koran, Talmud, their
Cabala; their best brick-work, wherewithal
They build more—

\( \text{ARNO LD (interrupting him).} \)

Oh! thou everlasting successor!
Be silent! How the soldiers' rough strain seems
Soften'd by distance to a hymn-like cadence?
Listen!

\( \text{C E S A R.} \)

Yes. I have heard the angels sing.

\( \text{ARNO LD.} \)

And man too. Let us listen:
love all music.

\( \text{Song of the Soldiers within.} \)

The Black Bands came over
The Alps and their snow,
With Bourbon, the rover,
They pass'd the broad Po.

We have beaten all foemen,
We have captured a king,
We have turn'd back on no men,
And so let us sing!
Here's the Bourbon for ever!
Though peevish all,
We'll have one more endeavour
At yonder old wall,
With the Bourbon we'll gather
At day-dawn before
The gates, and together
Or break or clumb o'er
The wall: on the ladder,
As mounts each firm foot,
Our shout shall grow gladder,
And death only be mute.
With the Bourbon we'll mount o'er
The walls of old Rome,
And who then shall count o'er
The spoils of each dome?
Upon! upon! with the lily!
And down with the keys!
In old Rome, the Seven-hilly,
We'll reveal at ease:
Her streets shall be glory,
Her Tiber all red,
And her temples so hoary
Shall clang with our tread.
Oh! the Bourbon! the Bourbon?
The Bourbon for awe
Of our song bear the burden!
And fire, fire away!
With Spain for the vanguard,
Our varied host comes;
And next to the Spaniard
Beat Germany's drums;
And Italy's lances
Are couched at their mother;
But our leader from France is,
Who war'd with his brother.
Oh, the Bourbon! the Bourbon?
Sans country or home,
We'll follow the Bourbon,
To plunder old Rome.

\( \text{CE S A R.} \)

An indifferent song
For those within the walls, methinks, to hear.

\( \text{ARNO LD.} \)

Yes, if they keep to their chorus. But here comes
The general with his chiefs and men of trust.
A goodly rebel:

\( \text{Enter the Corruptible Bourbon, \text{"\text{veni, vidi, vici}, etc., etc."}} \)

\( \text{PHILIBERT.} \)

How now, noble prince,
You are not cheerful?

\( \text{BOURBON.} \)

Why should I be so?

\( \text{PHILIBERT.} \)

Upon the eve of conquest, such as ours,
Most men would be so.

\( \text{BOURBON.} \)

If I were secure!

\( \text{PHILIBERT.} \)

Doubt not our soldiers. Were the walls of adamant,
They'd crack them. Hunger is a sharp artillery.

\( \text{BOURBON.} \)

That they will falter, is my least of fears.
That they will be repulsed, with Bourbon for
Their chief, and all their kindred appetites,
To marshal them on—were those hoary walls
Mountains, and those who guard them like the gods
Of the old fables, I would trust my Titans;—
But now——

PHILIBERT.
They are but men who war with mortals.

BOURBON.
True: but those walls have gridled in great ages,
And sent forth mighty spirits. The past ages
And present phantom of imperious Rome
Is peopled with those warriors; but methinks
They flit along the eternal city's rampart,
And stretch their glorious, gory, shadowy hands,
And beckon me away!

PHILIBERT.
So let them! Wilt thou
Turn back from shadowy menaces of shadows?

BOURBON.
They do not menace me. I could have faced,
Menhinds, a Sulla's menace; but they clasp
And raise, and wring their dim and deathlike hands,
And with their thin aspen faces and fixed eyes
Fascinate more. Look there!

PHILIBERT.
I look upon
A lofty battlement.

BOURBON.
And there!

PHILIBERT.
Not even
A guard in sight; they wisely keep below,
Shelter'd by the gray parapet, from some
Stray bullet of our languid sentinels, who might
Prize in a cold twilight.

BOURBON.
You are blind.

PHILIBERT.
If seeing nothing more than may be seen
Be so.

BOURBON.
A thousand years have mann'd the walls
With all their heroes,—the last Cato stands
And tears his bowels, rather than survive
The liberty of that I would enslave;
And the first Caesar with his triumphs flies
From battlement to battlement.

PHILIBERT.
Then conquer
The walls for which he conquer'd, and be greater!

BOURBON.
True: so I will, or perish.

PHILIBERT.
You can not.

In such an enterprise, to die is rather
The dawn of an eternal day, than death.

Count Arnold and Caesar advance.

CEasar.
And the more men—do they too sweat beneath
The moon of this same ever-sorcerous glory?

BOURBON.
Ah!
Welcome the bitter hunchback! and his master,
The beauty of our best, and brave as beauteous,
And generous as lovely. We shall find
Work for you both ere morning.

CEasar.
You will find,
So please your highness, no less for yourself.

BOURBON.
And if I do, there will not be a labourer
More forward, hunchback!
BOURBON.

Why will you vex me? Have we not enough
To think on? Arnold! I will lead the attack
To-morrow.

ARNOLD.

I have heard as much, my lord.

BOURBON.

And you will follow?

ARNOLD.

Since I must not lead.

BOURBON.

'Tis necessary, for the further daring
Of our too needy army, that their chiefs
Plant the first foot upon the foremost ladder's
First step.

CEasar.

Upon its topmost, let us hope:
So shall we have his full deserts.

BOURBON.

The world's
Great capital perchance is ours to-morrow.
Through every change the seven-hill'd city hath
Retain'd her sway o'er nations, and the Caesars
But yielded to the Alarics, the Alarics
Unto the pontiffs. Roman, Goth, or priest,
Still the world's masters! Civilized, barbarian,
Or saintly, still the walls of Rome
Have been the circus of an empire. Well!
'Twas their turn—now 'tis ours; and let us hope
That we will fight as well, and rule much better.

CEasar.

No doubt, the camp's the school of civic rights,
What would you make of Rome?

BOURBON.

That which it was.

In Alaric's time?

BOURBON.

No, slave! In the first Caesar's,
Whose name you bear like other curs.

CEasar.

And kings.

'Tis a great name for blood-hounds.

BOURBON.

There's a demon
In that fierce rattle-snake thy tongue. Wilt never
Be serious?

CEasar.

On the eve of battle, no;—
That were not soldier-like. 'Tis for the general
To be more pensive: we adventurers
Must be more cheerful. Wherefore should we think?
Our tutelar deity, in a leader's shape,
Takes care of us. Keep thought aloof from hosts!
If the knives take to thinking, you will have
To crack those walls alone.

BOURBON.

You may sneer, since
'Tis lucky for you that you fight no worse for 't.

CEasar.

I thank you for the freedom; 'tis the only
Pay I have taken in your higher's service.

BOURBON.

Well, sir, to-morrow you shall pay yourself.
Look on these towers; they hold my treasury.
But, Philibert, we'll in to council. Arnold!
We would request your presence.

ARNOLD.

Prince! my service
Is yours, as in the field.
3. Look upon the bristling wall,  
Mann'd without an interval!  
Round and round, and tier on tier,  
Cannon's black mouth, shining spear,  
Lit match, bell-mouth'd musquetoon,  
Gaping to be murderous soon.  
All the warlike gear of old,  
Mix'd with what we now behold,  
In this strife 'twixt old and new,  
Gather like a locust's crew.  
Shade of Remus! 'tis a time  
Awful as thy brother's crime!  
Christians war against Christ's shrine:—  
Must its lot be like to thine?

4. Near—and near—nearer still,  
As the earthquake saps the hill,  
First with trembling, hollow motion,  
Like a scarce-awaken'd ocean,  
Then with stronger shock and louder,  
Till the rocks are crush'd to powder,—  
Onward sweeps the rolling host!  
Heroes of the immortal boast!  
Mighty chiefs! Eternal shadows!  
First flowers of the bloody meadows  
Which encompass Rome, the mother  
Of a people without brother!  
Will you sleep when nations' quarrels  
Plough the root up of your laurels?  
Ye who wept o'er Carthage burning,  
Weep not—strike! for Rome is mourning!

5. Onward sweep the varied nations!  
Famine long hath dealt their rations;  
To the wall, with hate and hunger,  
Numerous as wolves, and stronger,  
On they sweep. O! glorious city,  
Must thou be a theme for pity?  
Fight, like your first sires, each Roman!  
Alaric was a gentle foeman,  
Match'd with Bourbon's black banditti;  
Rouse thee, thou eternal city!  
Rouse thee! Rather give the porch  
With thy own hand to thy torch,  
Than behold such hosts pollute  
Your worst dwelling with their foot.

6. Ah! behold your bleeding speckle!  
Ilion's children find no Hector;  
Prun's offspring loved their brother;  
Rome's sire forgot his mother,  
When he slew his gallant twin,  
With inexorable sin.  
See the giant shadow stride  
O'er the ramparts high and wide!  
When he first o'erclap thy wall,  
Its foundation would' thy fall.  
Now, though towering like a Babylon,  
Who to stop his steps are able?  
Standing o'er thy highest dome,  
Remus claims his vengeance, Rome!  
Now they reach thee in their anger:  
Fire, and smoke, and hellish clangour  
Are around thee, thus world's wonder!  
Death is in thy walls and under.

Now the meeting steel first clasped;  
Downward then the ladder crashes,  
With its iron load all gleaming.  
Lying at its foot blaspheming!  
Up again! for every warrior  
Shall, another climbs the barrier.  
Thicker grows the strife: thy ditches  
Europe's mungling gore enriches.  
Rome! Although thy wall may perish,  
Such manure thy fields will cherish,  
Making gay the harvest-home;  
But thy hearths, alas! o, Rome!—  
Yet be Rome amidst thine anguish,  
Fight as thou wast wont to vanquish!

8. Yet once more, ye old Penates!  
Let not your quench'd hearths be Ate's!  
Yet again, ye shadowy heroes,  
Yield not to these stranger Neros!  
Though the son who slew his mother,  
She'd Rome's blood, he was your brother:  
"I was the blood of curb'd the Roman:—  
Brennus was a baffled foeman.  
Yet again, ye saints and martyrs,  
Rise, for yours are holier charters.  
Mightier founders of those altars,  
True and Christian—strike the assailants!  
Tiber! Tiber! let thy torrent  
Show even nature's self abhorrent.  
Let each breathing heart dilated  
Turn, as doth the lion haited  
Rome be crush'd to one wide'omb,  
But be still the Roman's Rome!  
Bourbon, Arnold, Caesar, and others, arrive at the  
foot of the wall. Arnold is about to plant his keeler.  
Bourbon.

Hold, Arnold! I am first.  
Arnold. Not so, my lord.  
Bourbon. 
Hold, sir, I charge you! Follow! I am proud  
Of such a follower, but will brook no leader.  
{Bourbon plants his ladder, and begins to mount.  
Now, boys! On! on!  
{A shot strikes him, and Bourbon falls.  
Caesar.  
And off!  
Arnold.  
Eternal powers!  
The host will be appall'd.—But vengeance! vengeance!  
Bourbon.  
'Tis nothing—lend me your hand.  
{Bourbon takes Arnold by the hand and rises,  
but, as he puts his foot on the steps, falls again.  
Arnold! I am sped  
Conceal my fall—all will go well—conceal it!  
Plung my cloak o'er what will be dust anon;  
Let not the soldiers see it.  
Arnold. You must be  
Removed; the aid of——  
Bourbon.  
No, my gallant boy,  
Death is upon me. But what is our life?  
The Bourbon's spirit shall command them still.  
Keep them yet ignorant that I am but clay.  
Tell them to conquerors—then do as you may.

{Scene the second Auchens is said to have repeated a  
verse of Homer, and went over the burning of Carthage. He  
had better have granted it a capitulation.
Would not your highness choose to kiss the cross? We have no priest here, but the hilt of sword. May serve instead:—it did the same for Bayard.

Then bitter slave! to name him at this time! But I deserve it.

A dead soul lends you a living peace!

What, when a Christian dies? Shall I not offer A Christian “Vade in pacem?”

Silence! Oh! Those eyes are glazing, which o’erlook’d the world, And saw no equal.

And without thee! Not so; I’ll lead them still In spirit. Cover up my dust, and breathe not That I have ceased to breathe. Away! and be Victorious!

But I must not leave thee thus.

You must—farewell—Up! up! the world is winning.

Come, count, to business.

True. I’ll weep hereafter.

The Bourbon! Bourbon! Oh, boys! Rome is ours!

Good night, Lord Constable! thou wert a man.

[CEZAR follows ARNOLD; they reach the battle; ARNOLD and CEZAR are struck down. A precious Somerset! Is your countship injured?

No.

A rare blood-hound, when his own is heated! And ‘tis no boy’s play. Now he strikes them down! His hand is on the battle—’tis grasps it As though it were an altar; now his foot Is on it, and—What have we here, a Roman? The first bird of the covey! he has fall’n On the outside of the nest. Why, how now, fellow? A drop o’ water! Blood’s the only liquid

Nearer than Tiber.

I have died for Rome. [Dies.

And so did Bourbon, in another sense. Oh, these immortal men! and their great motives! But I must after my young charge. He is By this time ’tis the forum. Charge! charge!

CEZAR mounts the ladder; the Scene closes.

SCENE II.

The City.—Combinations between the besiegers and besieged in the streets.—Inhabitants flying in confusion.

CEZAR.

I cannot find my hero; he is mix’d With the heroic crowd that now pursue The fugitives, or battle with the desperate. What have we here? A cardinal or two, That do not seem in love with martyrdom. How the old red-shanks seamer! Could they duff Their hoss as they have duff’d their hats, ’t would be A blessing, as a mark the less for plunder. But let them fly, the crimson kennels now Will not much stain their stockings, since the mure Is of the self-same purple hue.

Enter a party fighting.—ARNOLD at the head of the besiegers.

He comes,

Hand in hand with the mild twins—Gore and Glory. Holla! hold, count!

I tell thee, be not rash; a golden bridge Is for a dying enemy. I gave thee A form of beauty, and an Exemption from some maladies of body, But not of mind, which is not mine to give. But though I gave the form of ‘Thetis’ son, I dipt thee not in Styx; and ‘gainst a foe I would not warrant thy chivalric heart More than ‘Pelides’ heel; why then, be cautious, And know thyself a mortal still.

And who With aught of soul would combat if he were Invulnerable? That were pretty sport. Think’st thou I beat for hares when lions roar? [ARNOLD rushes into the combat.

A precious sample of humanity!

Well, his blood’s up, and if a little’s shed, ‘T will serve to curb his fever.

[CEZAR engages with a Roman, who retires towards a portico.

I promise quarter.

That’s soon said.

And done—

My word is known.

So shall be my deeds. [They re-engage.

CEZAR comes forward.

Why, Arnold! Hold thine own; thou hast in hand A famous artisan, a cunning sculptor; Also a dealer in the sword and dagger. Not so, my musqueteer; ’t was he who slew The Bourbon from the wall.

Ay, did he so?

Then he hath carved his monument.

May live to carve your better’s.
Cæsar.

We, said, my man of marble! Benvenuto,
Thou hast some practice in both ways; and he
Who slays Cellini, will have work'd as hard
As o'er thou diest upon Carrara's blocks.

Arnold disarms and wounds Cellini, but slightly;
the latter draws a pistol, and fires; then retires
and disappears through the portico.

Cæsar.

How'farest thou? Thou hast a taste, methinks,
Of red Bellona's banquet. Arnold (staggers).
'Tis a scratch.
Lend me thy scarf. He shall not 'scape me thus. Cæsar.
Where is it?

In the shoulder, not the sword arm—
And that 's enough. I am thirsty: would I had
A helm of water! Cæsar.

That's a liquid now
In requisition, but by no means easiest
To come at. Arnold.

And my thirst increases;—but
I'll find a way to quench it. Cæsar.

Or be quench'd
Thyself?

The chance is even; we will throw
The dice thieron. But I lose time prating;
Prithée, be quick. [Cæsar binds on the scarf.

And what dost thou so idly? Why dost not strike?

Cæsar.

Your old philosophers
Beheld mankind, as mere spectators of
The Olympic games. When I beheld a prize
Worth wrestling for, I may be found a Milo.

Ah, 'gansst an oak. Cæsar.

A forest, when it suits me,
I combat with a mass, or not at all.
Meantime, pursue thy sport, as I do mine:
Which is just now to gaze, since all these labourers
Will reap my harvest gratis. Arnold.

Thou art still
A friend!

And thou—a man. Arnold.

Why, such I fain would show me,
True—as men are. Arnold.

And what is that?

Cæsar.

Thou fearest and thou seest.[Exit Arnold, passing in the combat which still
continues between detached parties. The Scene
closes.

Scene III.

St. Peter's. The Interior of the Church. The Pope
at the Altar. Priests, etc. crowning in confusion
and Citizens flying for refuge, pursued by Soldiery
Enter Cæsar.

A Spanish Soldier.

Down with them, comrades! seize upon those lamps
Cleave you bald-pated shaveling to the chime!
His rosary's of gold!

Lutheran soldier.

Revenge! Revenge!
Plunder hereafter, but for vengeance now
Yonder stands Anti-Christ!

Cæsar (interposing).

How now, schismatic! What wouldst thou?

Lutheran soldier.

In the holy name of Christ,
Destroy proud Anti-Christ. I am a Christian. Cæsar.

Yea, a disciple that would make the founder
Of your belief renounce it, could he see
Such proselytes. Best stint thyself to plunder.

Lutheran Soldier.

I say he is the devil.

Lutheran Soldier.

Hush! keep that secret,
Lest he should recognise you for his own.

Lutheran Soldier.

Why would you save him? I repeat he is
The devil, or the devil's vicar upon earth.

And that 's the reason; would you make a quarrel
With your best friends? You had far better be quiet:
His hour is not yet come.

Lutheran Soldier.

That shall be seen!

[The Lutheran Soldier rushes forward: a shot strikes
him from one of the Pope's guards, and he falls at
the foot of the altar. Cæsar (to the Lutheran).

I told you so.

Lutheran Soldier.

And will you not avenge me?

Cæsar.

Not I! You know that "vengeance is the Lord's:"
You see he loves no interlopers.

Lutheran (dying).

Oh!

Had I but slain him, I had gone on high,
Crown'd with eternal glory! Heaven, forgive
My feebleness of arm that reach'd him not,
And take thy servant to thy mercy. 'Tis
A glorious triumph still! proud Babylon's
No more: the Harlot of the Seven Hills
Hath changed her scarlet raiment for sackcloth
And ashes! [The Lutheran dies. Cæsar.

Yes, thine own amidst the rest.

Well done, old Babel!

[The Guards defend themselves desperately, while
the Pontiff escapes, by a private passage, to the
Vatican and the Castle of St. Angelo.

Cæsar.

Ha! right nobly baffled!
Now, priest! now, soldier! the two great professions
Together by the ears and hearts! I have not
Scene a more comic pantomime since Titus
Took Jewry. But the Romans had the best then;
Now they must take their turn.

Soldier.
He hath escaped!

Follow!

Another Soldier.
They have barr'd the narrow passage up,
And it is clog'd with dead even to the door.

Cæsar.
I am glad he hath escaped: he may thank me for't
In part. I would not have his bulls abolisht—
'T were worth one half our empire: his indulgences
Demand some return;—too, too, he must not
Fall; and besides, his now escape may furnish
A future miracle, in future proof
Of his infallibility.

[To the Spanish Soldier.
Well, cut-throats!
What do you pause for? If you make not haste,
There will not be a link of pious gold left,
And you, too, Cathobies! Would ye return
From such a pilgrimage without a relic?
The very Lutherans have more true devotion:
See how they strip their shrines!

Soldiers.
By holy Peter!
He speaks the truth; the heretics will bear
The best away.

Cæsar.
And that were shame! Go to!
Assist in their conversion.

[The Soldiers disperse; many quit the Church,
others enter.

Cæsar.
They are gone,
And others come; so flows the wave on wave
Of what these creatures call eternity,
Deeming themselves the breakers of the ocean,
While they are but its bubbles, ignorant
That foam is their foundation. So, another!

Enter Olimpia, fleeing from the pursuit—She springs
upon the Altar.

Soldier.
She's mine.

Another Soldier (opposing the former).
You lie, I tracked her first; and, were she
The pope's niece, I'll not yield her.

[They fight.

Third Soldier (advancing towards Olimpia).
Your claims; I'll make mine good.

Olimpia.
Infernal slave!
You touch me not alive.

Third Soldier.
Alive or dead!

Olimpia (embracing a massive crucifix).
Respect your God!

Third Soldier.
Yes, when he shines in gold.

Girl, you but grasp your downy

[As he advances, Olimpia, with a strong and sudden
effort, cuts down the crucifix; it strikes the Soldier,
who falls.

Third Soldier.
Oh, great God!

Olimpia.
Ah! now you recognise him.

Third Soldier.
My brain's crush'd!

Comrades, help, ho! All's darkness!

[He dies.

Other Soldiers (coming up).
Shy her, although she had a thousand lives:
She hath kill'd our comrade.

Olimpia.
Welcome such a dead!
You have no life to give, which the worst slave
Would take. Great God! through thy redeeming Son,
And thy Son's Mother, now receive me as
I would approach thee, worthy her, and him, and thee!

Enter Arnold.
Arnold.
What do I see? Accursed jackals!
Forbear!

Cæsar (aside, and laughing).
Ha! ha! here's equity! The dogs
Have as much right as he. But to the issue!

Soldiers.
Count, she hath slain our comrade.

Arnold.
With what weapon?

Soldier.
The cross, beneath which he is crush'd; behold him
Lie there, more like a worm than man; she cast it
Upon his head.

Arnold.
Even so; there is a woman
Worthy a brave man's liking. Were ye such,
Ye would have honour'd her. But ye hence,
And thank your meanness, other God ye have none.
For your existence, Had ye touch'd a hair
Of those dishonour'd locks, I would have shewn
Your ranks more than the enemy. Away!
Ye jackals! guaw the bones the lion leaves,
But not even these till he permits;

A Soldier (murmuring).
The hon

Might conquer for himself then.

Arnold (cuts him down).
Mutineer!
Rebel in hell—you shall obey on earth!

[The Soldiers assault Arnold.

Arnold.
Come on! I'm glad on't! I will show you, slaves,
How you should be commanded, and who led you
First o'er the will you were as shy to scale,
Until I waved my banners from its height,
As you are bold within it.

[Arnold mows down the foremost; the rest throw
down their arms.

Soldiers.
Mercy! mercy!

Arnold.
Then learn to grant it. 'Have I taught you who
Led you o'er Rome's eternal battlements?

Soldiers.
We saw it, and we know it; yet forgive
A moment's error in the heat of conquest—
The conquest which you led to.

Arnold.
Get you hence!
Hence to your quarters! you will find them fix'd
In the Colonna palace.

Olimpia (aside).
In my father's

House!

Arnold (to the soldiers).
Leave your arms; ye have no further need
Of such: the city's render'd. And mark well


You keep your hands clean, or I'll find out a stream
As red as Tiber now runs, for your baptism.

Soldiers (deposing their arms and departing).

We obey.

Arnold (to Olimpia).

Lady! you are safe.

Olimpia.

I should be so,
Had I a knife even; but it matters not—
Death hath a thousand gates; and on the marble,
Even at the altar foot, whence I look down
Upon destruction, shall my head be dash'd,
Ere thou ascend it. God forgive thee, man!

Arnold.

I wish to merit his forgiveness, and
Thine own, although I have not injured thee.

Olimpia.

Go! Thou hast only sack'd my native land—
No injury,—and made my father's house
A den of thieves—No injury!—this temple,
Slippery with Roman and holy gore—
No injury! And now thou wouldst preserve me,
To be—but that shall never be!

[She raises her eyes to heaven, folds her robe round her
and prepares to dash herself down on the side of the
Altar, opposite to that where Arnold stands.

Arnold.

I swear.

Olimpia.

Spare thine already forfeit soul
A perjury for which even hell would loathe thee.
I know thee.

Arnold.

No, thou know'st me not; I am not
Of these men, though—

Olirnpia.

I judge thee by thy mates;
It is for God to judge thee as thou art.

I see thee purple with the blood of Rome;
Take mine, 'tis all thou e'er shalt have of me!
And here, upon the marble of this temple,
Where the baptismal font baptized me God's,
I offer him a blood less holy
But not less pure (pure as it left me then),
A redeem'd infant! than the holy water
The saints have sanctified!

[Olimpia waves her hand to Arnold with disdain, and
dashes herself on the pavement from the Altar.

Arnold.

 Eternal God! *

I feel thee now! Help! help! She's gone.

Cesar (approaches). I am here.

Arnold.

Thou! but oh, save her!

Cesar (assisting him to raise Olimpia).

She hath done it well;

The leap was serious.

Arnold.

Oh! she is lifeless!

Cesar.

If

She be so, I have nought to do with that;
The resurrection is beyond me.

Arnold.

Slave!

Cesar.

Ay, slave or master, 'tis all one: methinks
Good words however are as well at times.

Arnold.

Words!—Canst thou aid her?

Cesar.

I will try. A sprinkling
Of that same holy water may be useful.

[He brings some in his helmet from the font.

Arnold.

'Tis mix'd with blood.

Cesar.

There is no cleaner now
In Rome.

Arnold.

How pale! how beautiful! how lifeless!
Alive or dead, thou essence of all beauty,
I love but thee!

Cesar.

Even so Achilles loved
Penthesilea; with his form it seems
You have his heart, and yet it was no soft one.
Arnold.

She breathes! But no, 't was nothing, or the last
Faint flutter life disputes with death.

Cesar.

She breathes.

Arnold.

Thou say'st it? Then 'tis truth.

Cesar.

You do me right—
The devil speaks truth much oftener than he's deem'd.
He hath an ignorant audience.

Arnold (without attending to him).

Yes! her heart beats.

Alas! that the first beat of the only heart
I ever wish'd to beat with mine, should vibrate
To an assassin's pulse!

Cesar.

A sage reflection,
But somewhat late i' the day. Where shall we hear her?
I say she lives.

Arnold.

And will she live?

Cesar.

As much

As dust can.

Arnold.

Then she is dead!

Cesar.

Bah! bah! You are so,
And do not know it. She will come to life—
Such as you think so, such as you now are;
But we must work by human means.

Arnold.

We will

Convey her unto the Colonna palace,
Where I have pitch'd my banner.

Cesar.

Come then! raise her up!

Arnold.

Softly!

Cesar.

As softly as they bear the dead,
Perhaps because they cannot feel the jolting.
Arnold.

But daeth she live indeed?

Cesar.

Nay, never fear!

But if you rue it after, blame not me.

Arnold.

Let her but live!

Cesar.

The spirit of her life
Is yet warm her breast, and may revive.
Count! count! I am your servant in all things,
And this is a new office:—'tis not oft
I am employ'd in such; but you perceive
How staunch a friend is what you call a fiend.
On earth you have often fiends for friends;
Now I desert not mine. Soft! hear her hence,
The beautiful half-clay, and nearly spirit!
I am almost enamour'd of her, as
Of old the angels of her earliest sex.

You!

Rival!

I could be one right formidable;
But since I slew the seven husbands of
Tobia's future bride (and after all
'Twas suck'd out but by some incense) I have laid
Aside intrigue: 'tis rarely worth the trouble
Of gaining—or what is more difficult—
Getting rid of your prize again; for there's
The rub! at least to mortals.

Prithée, peace!
Softly! methinks her lips move, her eyes open!

Like stars, no doubt; for that's a metaphor
For Lucifer and Venus.

To the palace
Colonna, as I told you!
Oh! I know
My way through Rome.

Now onward, onward! Gently!

[Exeunt, bearing Olimpia.—The scene closes.

PART III.

SCENE I.

A Castle in the Apennines, surrounded by a wild but smiling country. Chorus of Peasants singing before the Gates.

Chorus.

The wars are over,
The spring is come;
The bride and her lover
Have sought their home:
They are happy, we rejoice,
Let their hearts have an echo in every voice!

The spring is come; the violet's gone,
The first-born child of the early sun;
With us she is but a winter's flower,
The snow on the hills cannot blast her bower,
And she lifts up her dewy eye of blue
To the youngest sky of the self-same hue.

And when the spring comes with her host
Of flowers, that flower beloved the most
Shrinks from the crowd that may confuse
Her heavenly odour and virgin hues.

Pluck the others, but still remember
Their herald out of dull December—

The morning-star of all the flowers,
The pledge of dayligh't's lengthen'd hours;
Nor, mist the roses, o'er forget
The virgin, virgin violet.

Enter Cesar.

Cesar (singing).

The wars are all over,
Our swords are all idle,
The steed bites the bridle,
The casque's on the wall.
There's rest for the rover;
But his armour is rusty,
And the veteran grows crusty,
As he yawns in the hall.
He drinks—but what's drinking?
A mere pause from thinking!
No bugle awakes him with life and death call.

Chorus.

But the hound bayeth loudly,
The boar's in the wood,
And the falcon songs proudly
To spring from her hood.
On the wrist of the noble,
She sits like a crest,
And the air is in trouble
With birds from their nest.

Cesar.

Oh! shadow of glory!
Dim image of war!
But the chase hath no story,
Her hero no star,
Since Nimrod, the founder
Of empire and chase,
Who made the woods wonder,
And quake for their race,
When the lion was young,
In the pride of his might,
Then 'twas sweet for the strong
To embrace him in flight;
To go forth, with a pine
For a spear, 'gainst the mammoth,
Or strike through the ravine
At the foaming behemoth;
While man was in stature
As towers in our time,
The first-born of Nature,
And, like her, sublime!

Chorus.

But the wars are over,
The spring is come;
The bride and her lover
Have sought their home:
They are happy, and we rejoice,
Let their hearts have an echo in every voice.

[Exeunt the Peasantry, singing.

THE DEFORMED TRANSFORMED.

449
Cain;  
A MYSTERY.  

Now the serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field which the Lord God had made.—Gen. iii. 1.

TO SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART  
THIS "MYSTERY OF CAIN"  
is inscribed,  
by his obliged friend, and faithful servant,  
the author.

PREFACE.

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

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

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

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

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

I ought to add, that there is a "Tranalogedia" of Alster, called "Abel,"—I have never read that nor any other of the posthumous works of the writer, except his life.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

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SPIRITS.

ANGEL OF THE LORD.  
LUCIFER.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

The Lord without Paradise.—Time, Sunris.

ADAM, EVE, CAIN, ABEL, ADAM, ZILAH, offering a Sacrifice.

ADAM.  
God, the Eternal! Infinite! All-Wise!—Who out of darkness on the deep didst make Light on the waters with a word—all hail, Jehovah, with returning light, all hail!  
EVE.  
God! who dost name the day, and separate Morning from night, till then divided never—  
Who dost divide the wave from wave, and call Part of thy work the firmament—all hail!  
ABEL.  
God! who dost call the elements into Earth—ocean—air—and fire, and with the day And night, and worlds which these illuminate Or shadow, modest beings to enjoy them, And love both them and thee—all hail! all hail!  
ADAM.  
God, the Eternal! Parent of all things! Who dost create these best and beauteous beings To be beloved, more than all, save thee—  
Let me love thee and them:—All hail! all hail!  
ZILAH.  
Oh, God! who bring, making, blessing all,  
Yet didst permit the serpent to creep in.
Cain.

Andre, my father forth from Paradise,
Keep us from further evil—Hail! all hail!

Adam.

So, Cain, my first-born, wherefore art thou silent?

Cain.

Why should I speak?

Adam.

To pray.

Cain.

Have ye not prayed?

We have, most fervently.

And loudly: I have heard you.

Adam.

So will God, I trust.

Abel.

Amen!

Adam.

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

Cain.

'Tis better I should be so.

Adam.

Wherefore so?

Cain.

I have nought to ask.

Adam.

Nor ought to thank for.

Cain.

No.

Dost thou not live?

Cain.

Must I not die?

Eve.

The fruit of our forbidden tree begins
To fall.

Adam.

And we must gather it again.
Oh, God! why dost thou plant the tree of knowledge?

Cain.

And wherefore pluck'd ye not the tree of life?
Ye might have then defined him.

Adam.

Oh! my son,

Blaspheme not: these are serpents' words.

Cain.

Why not?
The snake spoke truth: it was the tree of knowledge;
It was the tree of life—knowledge is good,
And life is good; and how can both be evil?

Eve.

My boy! thou speakest as I spoke in sin,
Before thy birth: let me not see renew'd
My misery in thine. I have repented,
Let me not see my offspring fall into
The snares beyond the walls of Paradise,
Which even in Paradise destroy'd his parents.
Content thee with what is. Had we been so,
Thou now hadst been contented.—Oh, my son!

Adam.

Our orisons completed, let us hence,
Each to his task of toil—not heavy, though
Needful; the earth is young, and yields us kindly
Her fruits with little labour.

Eve.

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

[Exit Adam and Eve.]
LUCIFER. I know the thoughts
Of dust, and feel for it, and with you.
CAIN.
You know my thoughts?
LUCIFER.
They are the thoughts of all
Worthy of thought;—this your immortal part
Which speaks within you.
CAIN.
What immortal part?
This has not been revealed: the tree of life
Was withheld from us by my father's folly,
While that of knowledge, by my mother's haste,
Was plucked too soon; and all the fruit is death!
LUCIFER.
They have deceived thee; thou shalt live.
CAIN.
I live, but live to die: and, living, see no thing
To make death hateful, save an innate clinging,
A loathsome and yet all invincible
Instinct of life, which I abhor, as I
Despise myself, yet cannot overcome—
And so I live. Would I had never lived!
LUCIFER.
Thou livest, and must live for ever: think not
The earth, which is thine outward covering, is
Existence—it will cease, and thou wilt be
No less than thou art now.
CAIN.
No less! and why
No more?
LUCIFER.
I may be thou shalt be as we.
CAIN.
And ye?
LUCIFER.
Are everlasting.
CAIN.
Are ye happy?
LUCIFER.
We are mighty.
CAIN.
Are ye happy?
LUCIFER.
No: art thou?
CAIN.
How should I be so? Look on me!
LUCIFER.
Poor clay!
And thou pretendst to be wretched! Thou!
CAIN.
I am—and thou, with all thy might, what art thou?
LUCIFER.
One who aspired to be what made thee, and
Would not have made thee what thou art.
CAIN.
Thou look'st almost a god; and—
LUCIFER.
I am none:
And having fail'd to be one, would be thought
Save what I am. He compass'd; let him reign!
CAIN.
Who?
LUCIFER.
Thy sire's Maker, and the earth's.
CAIN.
And heaven's,
And all that in them is. So I have heard
H - seraphs sing; and so my father saith.

LUCIFER.
They say—what they must sing and say, on pain
Of being that which I am—and thou art—
Of spirits and of men.
CAIN.
And what is that?
LUCIFER.
Souls who dare use their immortality—
Souls who dare look the Omnipotent tyrant in
His everlasting face, and tell him, that
His evil is not good! If he has made,
As he saith—which I know not, nor believe—
But, if he made us—he cannot unmak:e
We are immortal!—nay, he'd have us so,
That he may torture:—let him! He is great—
But, in his greatness, is no happier than
We in our conflict! Goodness would not make
Evil; and what else hath he made? But let him
Set on his vast and solitary throne,
Creating works, to make eternity
Less burdensome to his immense existence
And unparticipated solitude!
Let him crowd orb on orb: he is alone,
Indefinite, indissoluble tyrant!
Could he but crush himself, 'twere the best boon
He ever granted: but let him reign on,
And multiply himself in misery!
Spirits and men, at least we sympathize;
And, suffering in concert, make our pangs,
Immumerable, more endurable,
By the unbounded sympathy of all—
With all! But He! So wretched in his height,
So restless in his wretchedness, must still
Create, and re-create.
CAIN.
Thou speak'st to me of things which long have swarm'd
In visions through my thought: I never could—
Reconcile what I saw with what I heard.
My father and my mother talk to me
Of serpents, and of fruits and trees: I see
The gates of what they call their Paradise
Guarded by fiery-serpents cherubim,
Which shut them out, and me: I feel the weight
Of daily toil, and constant thought: I look
Around a world where I seem nothing, with
Thoughts which arise within me, as if they
Could master all things:—but I thought alone
This misery was mine.—My father is
Tamed down; my mother has forgot the mind
Which made her thirst for knowledge at the risk
Of an eternal curse; my brother is
A watching shepherd boy, who offers up
The firstlings of the flock to him who bids
The earth yield nothing to us without sweat;
My sister Ziliah sings an earlier hymn
Than the bird's matins; and, in Adah, my
Own and beloved, she too understands not
The mind which overwhelms me: never till
Now met I aught to sympathize with me,
'T is well—I rather would consort with serpents.
LUCIFER.
And haft thou not been lit by thine own soul
For such companionship, I would not now
Have stood before thee as I am: a serpent
Had been enough to charm ye, as before.
CAIN.
Ah! didst thou tempt my mother?
LUCIFER.
I tempt none,
Save with the truth: was not the tree, the tree
Of knowledge? and was not the tree of life
Still fruitful! Did I bid her pluck them not?
Did I plant things prohibited within
The reach of beings innocent, and curious
By their own innocence? I would have made ye
Gods; and even He who thrust ye forth so thrust ye
Because "ye should not eat the fruits of life,
And become gods as we." Were those his words?

Cain.

They were, as I have heard from those who heard them
In thunders.

Lucifer.

Then who was the demon? He
Who would not let ye live, or he who would
Have made ye live for ever in the joy
And power of knowledge?

Cain.

Would they had snatch'd both
The fruits, or neither!

Lucifer.

One is yours already,
The other may be still.

Cain.

How so?

Lucifer.

By being
Yourselves, in your resistance. Nothing can
Quench the mind, if the mind will be itself
And centre of surrounding things—'t is made
To sway.

Cain.

But didst thou tempt my parents?

Lucifer. I?

Poor clay! what should I tempt them for, or how?

Cain.

They say the serpent was a spirit,

Lucifer.

Who

Saith that? It is not written so on high;
The proud One will not so far falsify,
Though man's vast fears and little vanity
Would make him cast upon the spiritual nature
His own low failing. The snake was the snake—
No more; and yet not less than those he tempted,
In nature being earth also—more in essense,
Since he could overcome them, and foreknew
The knowledge fatal to their narrow joys.
Think'st thou I'd take the shape of things that die?

Cain.

But the thing had a demon?

Lucifer.

He but woke one
In those he spoke to with his fork tongue.
I tell thee that the serpent was no more
Than a mere serpent: ask the cherubim
Who guard the tempting tree. When thousand ages
Have roll'd o'er your dead ashes and your seed's,
The seed of the then world may thus array
Their earliest fault in fable, and attribute
To me a shape I scorn, as I scorn all
That bows to him who made things but to bend
Before his sullen sole eternity;
But we, who see the truth, must speak it. Thy
Fond parents listen'd to a creeping thing,
And fell. For what should spirits tempt them? What
Was there to envy in the narrow bounds
Of Paradise, that spirits who pervade
Space—but I speak to thee of what thou know'st not,
With all the tree of knowledge.

Cain.

B. But thou canst not
Speak aught of knowledge which I would not know,
And do not thrust to know, and bear a mind
To know.

Lucifer.

And heart to look on?

Cain.

Be it proved.

Lucifer.

Dar'st thou to look on Death?

Cain.

He has not yet

Been seen.

Lucifer.

But must be undergone.

Cain.

My father
Says he's something dreadful, and my mother
Weeps when he's named; and Abel lifts his eyes
To heaven, and Zillah casts hers to the earth,
And sighs a prayer; and Adah looks on me,
And speaks not.

Lucifer.

And thou?

Cain.

Thoughts unspeakable
Crowd in my breast to burning, when I hear
Of this allmighty Death, who is, it seems,
Inevitable. Could I wrestle with him?
I wrestled with a lion, when a boy,
In play, till he ran roaring from my gripes.

Lucifer.

It has no shape, but will absorb all things
That bear the form of earth-born being.

Cain.

Ah!

I thought it was a being: who could do
Such evil things to beings save a being?

Lucifer.

Ask the Destroyer.

Cain.

Who?

Lucifer.

The Maker—call him
Which name thou wilt; he makes but to destroy.

Cain.

I knew not that, yet thought it, since I heard
Of death: although I know not what it is,
Yet it seems horrible. I have look'd out
In the vast desolate night in search of him;
And, when I saw gigantic shadows in
The umbrage of the walls of Eden, chequer'd
By the far-flashing of the cherub's swords,
I watch'd for what I thought his coming; for
With fear rose longings in my heart to know
What 't was which shook us all—but nothing came;
And then I turn'd my weary eyes from off
Our native and forbidden Paradise,
Up to the lights above us, in the azure,
Which are so beautiful: shall they, too, die?

Lucifer.

Perhaps—but long outlive both thine and thee.

Cain.

I'm glad of that; I would not have them die,
They are so lovely. What is death? I fear,
I feel, it is a dreadful thing; but what,
I cannot compass: 't is denounced against us,
Both them who sinn'd and sinn'd not, as an ill.
What ill?
BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS.

LUCIFER.
To be resolved into the earth.

CAIN.
But shall I know it?
LUCIFER.
As I know not death,

I cannot answer.

CAIN.
Were I quest earth,
That were no evil: would I ne'er had been
Aught else but dust!
LUCIFER.
That is a grov'ling wish,
Less than thy father's, for he wish'd to know.

CAIN.
But not to live, or wherefore pluck'd he not
The life-tree?
LUCIFER.
He was hinder'd.

Deadly error!
Not to snatch first that fruit: but ere he pluck'd a
The knowledge, he was ignorant of death.
Ahas! I scarcely now know what it is,
And yet I fear it—fear I know not what!

LUCIFER.
And I, who know all things, fear nothing: see
What is true knowledge.

CAIN.
Wilt thou teach me all?
LUCIFER.
Ay upon one condition.

CAIN.
Name it.
LUCIFER.
That
Thou dost fall down and worship me—thy Lord.

CAIN.
Thou art not the Lord my father's worships.
LUCIFER.
No.

His equal?
LUCIFER.
No;—I have nought in common with him!
Nor would: I would be aught above—beneath—
Aught save a sharer or a servant of
His power. I dwell apart; but I am great:—
Many there are who worship me, and more
Who shall—be thou amongst the first.

CAIN.
I never
As yet have bow'd unto my father's God,
Although my brother Abel oft implores
That I would join with him in sacrifice:—
Why should I bow to thee?

LUCIFER.
Hast thou ne'er bow'd
To him?

CAIN.
Have I not said it?—need I say it?
Could not thy mighty knowledge teach thee that?
LUCIFER.
He who bows not to him has bow'd to me!

CAIN.
But I will bend to neither.
LUCIFER.
Ne'ertheless,
Thou art my worshipper: not worshipping
Him makes thee mine the same.

CAIN.
And what is that?

LUCIFER.
Thou 'lt know here—and hereafter.

CAIN.
Be taught the mystery of my being.
LUCIFER.
Follow

Where I will lead thee.
CAIN.
But I must retire
To till the earth—for I had promised—

LUCIFER.
What?

CAIN.
To cull some first fruits.

LUCIFER.
Why?

CAIN.
To offer up

With Abel on an altar.

LUCIFER.
Saidst thou not
Thou ne'er hadst bent to him that made thee?

CAIN.
But Abel's earnest prayer has wrought upon me;
The offering is more his than mine—and Adah—

LUCIFER.
Why dost thou hesitate?

CAIN.
For she is my sister,
Born on the same day, of the same womb; and
She wrung from me, with tears, this promise, and
Rather than see her weep, I would, methinks,
Bear all—and worship aught.

LUCIFER.
Then follow me!

CAIN.
I will.

Enter Adah.

ADAH.

My brother, I have come for thee;
It is our hour of rest and joy—and we
Have less without thee. Thou hast laboured not
This morn; but I have done thy task: the fruits
Are ripe, and glowing as the light which ripens:
Come away.

CAIN.
See'st thou not?

ADAH.

I see an angel;
We have seen many: will he share our hour
Of rest?—he is welcome.

CAIN.
But he is not like
The angels we have seen.

ADAH.

Are there, then, others?

But he is welcome, as they were: they deign'd
To be our guests—will he?

CAIN (to Lucifer).

Wilt thou?

LUCIFER.

I ask

Thee to be mine.

CAIN.
I must away with him.

ADAH.

And leave us?
Or virtue?—if it doth, we are the slaves
Of—

LUCIFER.
Higher things than ye are slaves: and higher
Than them or ye would be so, did they not
Prefer an independency of torture
To the smooth agonies of adulation
In hymns and harpings, and self-seeking prayers
To that which is omnipotent, because
It is omnipotent, and not from love,
But terror and self-love.

ADAH.
Omnipotence
Must be all goodness.

LUCIFER.
Was it so in Eden?

ADAH.
Fiend! tempt me not with beauty; thou art fairer
Than was the serpent, and as false.

LUCIFER. As true.
Ask Eve, your mother; bears she not the knowledge Of good and evil?

ADAH.
Oh, my mother! thou
Hast pluck’d a fruit more fatal to thine offspring
Than to thyself; thou at the least hast past
Thy youth in Paradise, in innocent
And happy intercourse with happy spirits;
But we, thy children, ignorant of Eden,
Are girt about by demons, who assume
The words of God, and tempt us with our own
Dissatisfied and curious thoughts—as thou
Wert work’d on by the snake, in thy most flush’d
And heedless, harmless wantonness of bliss.
I cannot answer this immortal thing
Which stands before me: I cannot abhor him,
I look upon him with a pleasing fear,
And yet I fly not from him; in his eye
There is a fascinating attraction, which
Fixes my flattering eyes on his; my heart
Beats quick; he awes me, and yet draws me near,
Nearer and nearer: Cain—Cain—save me from him.

ADAH.
What dreads my Adah? This is no ill spirit.

ADAH.
He is not God—not God’s: I have beheld
The cherubs and the seraphs: he looks not
Like them.

CAIN.
But there are spirits loftier still—
The archangels.

LUCIFER.
And still loftier than the archangels.

ADAH.
Ay—but not blessed.

LUCIFER.
If the blessedness
Consists in slavery—no.

ADAH.
I have heard it said,
The seraphs love most—cherubim know most—
And this should be a cherub—since he loves not.

LUCIFER.
And if the higher knowledge quenches love,
What must be ye you cannot ove when known?
Since the all-knowing cherubim love least,
The seraphs’ love can be but ignorance.
That they are not compatible, the doom
Of thy fond parents, for their daring, proves.
Choose betwixt love and knowledge—since there is
No other choice: your sire hath chosen already:
His worship is but fear.

**ADAH.**

Oh, Cain! choose love.

**CAIN.**

For thee, my Adah, I choose not—it was
Born with me—but I love nought else.

**ADAH.**

Our parents?

**CAIN.**

Did they love us when they snatch'd from the tree
That which hath driven us all from Paradise?

**ADAH.**

We were not born then—and if we had been,
Should we not love them and our children, Cain?

**CAIN.**

My little Enoch! and his lisping sister!
Could I but deem them happy, I would half
Forget—but it can never be forgotten
Through thrice a thousand generations! never
Shall men love the remembrance of the man
Who sowed the seed of evil and mankind
In the same hour! They pluck'd the tree of science
And sin—and, not content with their own sorrow,
Begot me—there—and all the few that are,
And all the unnumber'd and innumerable
Multitudes, millions, myriadads, which may be,
To inherit agonies accumulated
By ages!—And I must be sure of such things!
Thy beauty and thy love—my love and joy,
The rapturous moment and the placid hour,
All we love in our children and each other,
But lead them and ourselves through many years
Of sin and pain—or few, but still of sorrow,
Interchange'd with an instant of brief pleasure,
To Death—the unknown! Methinks the tree of knowledge
Hath not fulfilled its promise:—if they sinn'd,
At least they ought to have known all things that are
Of knowledge—and the mystery of death.
What do they know?—that they are miserable.
What need of snakes and fruits to teach us that?

**ADAH.**

I am not wretched, Cain, and if thou
Wert happy—

**CAIN.**

Be thou happy then alone—
I will have nought to do with happiness,
Which humbles me and mine.

**ADAH.**

Alone I could not,
Nor would be happy; but with those around us,
I think I could be so, despite of death,
Which, as I know it not, I dread not, though
It seems an awful shadow—if I may
Judge from what I have heard.

**LUCIFER.**

And thou couldst not

*Alone, thou say'st, be happy?*

**ADAH.**

Alone! Oh, my God!
Who could be happy and alone, or good?
To me my solitude seems sin; unless
When I think how soon I shall see my brother,
His brother, and our children, and our parents.

**LUCIFER.**

Yet thy God is alone; and he happy,
Lonely and good?

**ADAH.**

He is not so; he hath
The angels and the mortals to make happy,
And thus becomes so in diffusing joy.
What else can joy be but the spreading joy?

**LUCIFER.**

Ask of your sire, the exile fresh from Eden,
Or of his first-born son; ask your own heart;
It is not tranquil.

**ADAH.**

Alas! no; and you—
Are you of heaven?

**LUCIFER.**

If I am not, inquire
The cause of this all-spreading happiness
(Which you proclaim) of the all-great and good
Maker of life and living things; it is
His secret, and he keeps it. We must bear,
And some of us resist, and both in vain,
His seraphs say; but it is worth the trial,
Since better may not be without: there is
A wisdom in the spirit, which directs
To right, as in the dun blue air the eye
Of you, young mortals, lights at once upon
The star which watches, welcoming the morn.

**ADAH.**

It is a beautiful star; I love it for
Its beauty.

**LUCIFER.**

And why not adore?

**ADAH.**

Adores the Invisible only.

**LUCIFER.**

But the symbols
Of the Invisible are the loveliest
Of what is visible; and you bright star
Is leader of the host of heaven.

**ADAH.**

Our father
Saith that he has beheld the God himself
Who made him and our mother.

**LUCIFER.**

Hast thou seen him?

**ADAH.**

Yes—in his works.

**LUCIFER.**

But in his being?

**ADAH.**

No—
Save in my father, who is God's own image;
Or in his angels, who are like to thee—
And brighter, yet less beautiful and powerful
In seeming: as the silent sunny noon,
All light, they look upon us; but thou seem'st
Like an ethereal night, where long white clouds
Streak the deep purple, and unnumber'd stars
Spangle the wonderful mysterious vault
With things that look as if they would be suns;
So beautiful, unnumber'd, and endearing,
Not dazzling, and yet drawing us to them,
They fill my eyes with tears, and so dost thou.
Thou seem'st unhappy; do not make us so,
And I will weep for thee.

**LUCIFER.**

Alas! those tears!
Couldst thou but know what oceans will be shed—

**ADAH.**

By me?

**LUCIFER.**

By all?

**ADAH.**

What all?
CAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

_The Abyss of Space._

CAIN.

I tread on air, and sink not; yet I fear
To sink.

LUCIFER.

Have faith in me, and thou shalt be
Borne on the air, of which I am the prince.

CAIN.

Can I do so without impurity?

LUCIFER.

Believe—and sink not! doubt—and perish! thus
Would run the odiK of the other God,
Who names me demon to his angels; they
Echo the sound to miserable things,
Which, knowing nought beyond their shallow senses
Worship the word which strikes their ear, and deem
Evil or good what is proclaimed to them
In their absence. I will have none such:
Worship or worship not, thou shalt behold
The worlds beyond thy little world, nor be
Amerced, for doubts beyond thy little life,
With torture of my dooming. There will come
An hour, when, toss'd upon some water-drops,
A man shall say to a man, "Believe in me,
And walk the waters?" and the man shall walk
The billows and be safe, I will not say
Believe in me, as a conditional creed
To save thee; but fly with me o'er the gulf
Of space an equal flight, and I will show
What thou dar'st not deny, the history
Of past, and present, and of future worlds.

CAIN.

Oh, god, or demon, or what'ever thou art,
Is yon our earth?

LUCIFER.

Dost thou not recognise
The dust which form'd thy father?

CAIN.

Can it be?

You small blue circle, swinging in far ether,
With an inferior circle near it still,
Which looks like that which lit our earthly night?
Is this our Paradise? Where are its walls,
And they who guard them?

LUCIFER.

Point me out the site
Of Paradise.

CAIN.

How should I? As we move
Like sunbeams onward, it grows small and smaller,
And as it waxes little, and then less,
Gathers a halo round it, like the light
Which shone the roundest of the stars, when I
Beheld them from the skirts of Paradise:
Methinks they both, as we recede from them,
Appear to join the innumerable stars
Which are around us; and, as we move on,
Increase their myriads.

LUCIFER.

And if there should be
Worlds greater than thine own, inhabited
By greater things, and they themselves far more
In number than the dust of thy dull earth,
Though multiplied to animated atoms,
All living, and all doom'd to death, and stretched,
What wouldst thou think?

CAIN.

Oh Cain!

LUCIFER.

The million millions—
The myriad myriads—the all-peopled earth—
The unpeopled earth—and the o'er-peopled hell,
Of which thy bosom is the germ.

ADAH.

This spirit curseth us.

LUCIFER.

Did not your Maker make
Out of old worlds this new one in few days?
And cannot I, who aided in this work,
Show in an hour what he hath made in many,
Or hath destroy'd in few?

CAIN.

Lead on.

ADAH.

In sooth return within an hour?

LUCIFER.

He shall.

With us acts are exempt from time, and we
Can crowd eternity into an hour,
Or stretch an hour into eternity:
We breathe not by a mortal measurement—
But that's a mystery. Cain, come on with me.

ADAH.

Will he return?

LUCIFER.

Ay, woman! he alone
Of mortals from that place (the first and last
Who shall return, save One)—shall come back to thee,
To make that silent and expectant world
As populous as this: at present there
Are few inhabitants.

ADAH.

Where dwellest thou?

LUCIFER.

Throughout all space, Where should I dwell? Where are
Thy God or Gods—there am I; all things are
Divided with me; life and death—and time—
Eternity—and heaven and earth—and that
Which is not heaven nor earth, but peopled with
Those who once peopled or shall people both—
These are my realms! So that I do divide
His, and possess a kingdom which is not
His. If I were not that which I have said,
Could I stand here? His angels are within
Your vision.

ADAH.

So they were when the fair serpent
Spoke with our mother first.

LUCIFER.

Cain! thou hast heard.
If thou dost long for knowledge, I can satiate
That thirst: nor ask thee to partake of fruits
Which shall deprive thee of a single good
The conqueror has left thee. Follow me.

CAIN.

Spirit, I have said it. [Exit LUCIFER and CAIN.

ADAH (follows, exclaiming)

Cain! my brother! Cain!
CAIN.
I should be proud of thought
Which knew such things.

LUCIFER.
But if that high thought were
Link'd to a servile mass of matter, and,
Knowing such things, aspiring to such things,
And science still beyond them, were chain'd down
to the most gross and petty pultry wants,
All God and blissome, and the very best
Of th' innumerable, sweet degradation,
A most enervating and filthy cheat;
to lure thee on to the renewal
Of flesh souls and bodies, all foredoom'd to be
As frail, and few so happy—

CAIN.
Spirit! I
Know naught of death, save as a dreadful thing,
Of which I have heard my parents speak, as of
A hideous heritage I owe to them
No less than life; a heritage not happy,
If I may judge till now. But, spirit, if
It be as thou hast said (and I within
Feel the prophetic torture of its truth),
Here let me die: for to give birth to those
Who can but suffer many years, and die,
Methinks, is merely propagating death,
And multiplying murder.

LUCIFER.
Thou canst not
All die—there is what must survive.

CAIN.
The Other
Spoke not of this unto my father, when
He shut him forth from Paradise, with death
Written upon his forehead. But at least
Let what is mortal of me perish, that I
May be in the rest as angels are.

LUCIFER.
I am angelic: wouldst thou be as I am?

CAIN.
I know not what thou art: I see thy power,
And see thou show'st me things beyond my power,
Beyond all power of my born faculties,
Although inferior still to my desires
And my conceptions.

LUCIFER.
What are they, which dwell
So humbly in their pride, as to sojourn
With worms in clay?

CAIN.
And what art thou, who dwellest
So haughtily in spirit, and canst range
Nature and immortality, and yet
Seem'st sorrowful?

LUCIFER.
I seem that which I am;
And therefore do I ask of thee, if thou
Wouldst be immortal?

CAIN.
Thou hast said, I must be
Immortal in despite of me. I know not
This un il lately—but, since it must be,
Let me, or happy or unhappy, learn
To anticipate my immortality.

LUCIFER.
Thou didst before I came upon thee.

CAIN.
How?

LUCIFER.
By suffering.

CAIN.
And must torture be immortal?

LUCIFER.
We and thy sons will try. But now, behold!
Is it not glorious?

CAIN.
Oh, thou beautiful
And unimaginable other! and
Ye multiplying masses of increased
And still-increasing lights! what are ye? what
Is this blue wilderness of interminable
Air, where ye roll along, as I have seen
The leaves along the limpid streams of Eden?
Is your course measured for ye? or do ye
Sweep on in your unbounded revelry
Through an aerial universe of endless
Expansion, at which my soul arches to think,
Intoxicated with eternity?
Oh God! Oh Gods! or whatsoever ye are!
How beautiful ye are! how beautiful
Your works, or accidents, or whatsoever
They may be! Let me die, as atoms die
(If that they die), or know ye in your might
And knowledge! My thoughts are not in this hour
Unworthy what I see, though my dust is;
Spirit! let me expire, or see them nearer.

LUCIFER.
Art thou not nearer? look back to thine earth!

CAIN.
Where is it? I see nothing save a mass
Of most innumerable lights.

LUCIFER.
Look there!

CAIN.
I cannot see it.

LUCIFER.
Yet it sparries still.

CAIN.
What, wonder?

LUCIFER.
Yea.

CAIN.
And wilt thou tell me so?

Why, I have seen the fire-flies and fire-worms
Sprinkle the dusky groves and the green banks
In the dim twilight, brighter than you world
Which bears them.

LUCIFER.
Thou hast seen both worms and woods,
Each bright and sparkling,—what dost think of them?

CAIN.
That they are beautiful in their own sphere,
And that the night, which makes both beautiful,
The little shining fire-fly in its flight,
And the immortal star in its great course,
Must both be guided.

LUCIFER.
But by whom, or what's

CAIN.
Show me.

LUCIFER.
Dar'st thou behold?

CAIN.
How know I what

I dare behold? as yet, thou hast shown nothing
I dare not gaze on further.

LUCIFER.
Oh, then, with me
Wouldst thou behold things mortal or immortal?

CAIN.
Why, what are things?
LUCIFER.  

But partly: but what doth

CAIN.  
The things I see.

LUCIFER.  

But what

Safe nearest it?

CAIN.  
The things I have not seen,

Nor ever shall—the mysteries of death.

LUCIFER.  

What if I show to thee things which have died,

As I have shown thee much which cannot die?

CAIN.  

Do so.

LUCIFER.  

Away, then! on our mighty wings,

Oh! how we cleave the blue! The stars fade from us!

The earth! where is my earth? let me look on it,

For I was made of it.

LUCIFER.  

'Tis now beyond thee,

Less in the universe than thou in it:

Yet deem not that thou canst escape it; thou

Shalt soon return to earth, and all its dust;

'I am part of thy eternity, and mine.'

CAIN.  

Where dest thou lead me?

LUCIFER.  

To what was before thee!

The plenitude of the world; of which thy world

Is but the wretch.

CAIN.  

What! is it not then new?

LUCIFER.  

No more than life is: and that was ere thou

Or I were, or the things which seem to us

Greater than either: many things will have

No end; and some, which would pretend to have

Had no beginning, have had one as mean

As thou; and mightier things have been extinct

To make way for much meaner than we can

Surmise; for moments only and the space

Have been and must be all unchangeable.

But changes make not death, except to clay;

But thou art clay—and cannot but comprehend

That which was clay, and such thou shalt behold.

CAIN.  

Clay, spirit! What thou wilt, I can survey.

LUCIFER.  

Away, then!

CAIN.  

But the lights fade from me fast,

And some till now grew larger as we approach'd,

And wore the look of worlds.

LUCIFER.  

And such they are.

CAIN.  

And Edens in them?

LUCIFER.  

It may be.

CAIN.  

And men?

LUCIFER.  

Yea, or things higher.

CAIN.  

Ay! and serpents too?

LUCIFER.  

Wouldst thou have men without them? must no reptile

Breathe, save the erect ones?

—

CAIN.  

How the lights recede!

Where fly we?

LUCIFER.  

To the world of phantoms, which

Are beings past, and shadows still to come.

CAIN.  

But it grows dark, and dark—those stars are gone!

LUCIFER.  

And yet thou seest,

CAIN.  

'Tis a fearful light!

No sun, no moon, no lights immemorable.

The very blue of the empurpled night

Fades to a dreary twilight; yet I see

Huge dusky masses, but unlike the worlds

We were approaching, which, begirt with light,

Seemed full of life even when their atmosphere

Of light gave way, and show'd them taking shapes

Unequal, of deep valleys and vast mountains;

And some emitting spirits, and some displaying

Enormous liquid plains, and some beget

With luminous belts, and flaming moons, which took

Like them the features of fair earth;—instead,

All here seems dark and dreadful.

LUCIFER.  

But distinct,

Thou seest to behold death, and dead things?

CAIN.  

I seek it not; but as I know there are

Such, and that my sire's sun makes him and me,

And all that we inherit, liable

To such, I would behold at once what I

Must one day see perforce.

LUCIFER.  

Behold!

CAIN.  

'Tis darkness

LUCIFER.  

And so it shall be ever; but we will

Unfold its gates!

CAIN.  

Enormous vapours roll

Apart—what's this?

LUCIFER.  

Enter!

CAIN.  

Can I return?

LUCIFER.  

Return! be sure: how else should death be peopled?

Its present realm is thin to what it will be,

Through thee and thine.

CAIN.  

The clouds still open wide

And wider, and make widening circles round us,

LUCIFER.  

Advance!

CAIN.  

And thou!

LUCIFER.  

Fear not—without me thou

Couldst not have gone beyond thy world. On! on!

[They disappear through the clouds.

—

SCENE II.

Hades.

Enter Lucifer and Cain.

CAIN.  

How silent and how vast are these dim worlds!

For they seem more than one, and yet more profound.
Then the huge brilliant luminous orbs which swung
So thickly in the upper air, that I
Had deem'd them rather the bright populace
Of some all immemorable heaven
Than things to be inhabited themselves,
But that on drawing near them I beheld
Them: swelling into palpable immensity
Of matter, which seem'd made for life to dwell on
Rather than life itself. But here, all is
So shadowy and so full of twilight, that
It speaks of a day past.

LUCIFER.

It is the realm
Of death.—Wouldst have it present?

CAIN.

Till I know
That which it really is, I cannot answer.
But if it be as I have heard my father
Dealt out in his long homilies, 'tis a thing—
Oh God! I dare not think on 't! Cursed be
He who invented life that leads to death!
Or the dull mass of life, that being life
Could not retain, but needs must forfeit it—
Even for the innocent!

LUCIFER.

Dost thou curse thy father?

CAIN.

Cursed he not me in giving me my birth?
Cursed he not me before my birth, in daring
To pluck the fruit forbidden?

LUCIFER.

Thou say'st well:
The curse is mutual 't witt thy sire and thee—
But for thy sons and brother?

CAIN.

Let them share it
With me, their sire and brother! What else is
Requiem'd te me? I leave them my inheritance.
Oh ye interminable gloomy realms
Of swimming shadows and enormous shapes,
Some fully shown, some indistinct, and all
Mighty and melancholy—what are ye?
Live ye, or have ye lived?

LUCIFER.

Somewhat of both.

CAIN.

Then what is death?

LUCIFER.

What? Hath not He who made ye
Said 't is another life?

CAIN.

Till now He hath
Said nothing, save that all shall die.

LUCIFER.

Perhaps

He one day will unfold that further secret.

CAIN.

Happy the day!

LUCIFER.

Yes, happy! when unfolded
Through agencies unspakable, and clogg'd
With agones eternal, to innumerable
Yet inborn myriads of unconscious atoms,
All to be amanated for this only!

CAIN.

What are these mighty phantoms which I see
Floating round me?—they wear not the form
Of the intelligences I have seen
Round our regretted and sweeter'd Eden,
Nor wear the form of man as I have view'd it

In Adam's, and in Abel's, and in mune,
Nor in my sister-bride's nor in my children's;
And yet they have an aspect, which, though not
Of men nor angels, looks like something which,
If not the last, rose higher than the first,
Haughty, and high, and beautiful, and full
Of seeming strength, but of inexplicable
Shape; for I never saw such. They bear not
The wing of seraph, nor the face of man,
Nor form of mightiest brute, nor aught that is
Now-breathing; mighty yet and beautiful
As the most beautiful and mighty which
Live, and yet so unlike them, that I scarce
Can call them living.

LUCIFER.

Yet they lived.

CAIN.

Where?

LUCIFER.

Where

THOU LIVEST.

CAIN.

When?

LUCIFER.

On what thou callest earth
They did inhabit.

CAIN.

Adam is the first.

LUCIFER.

Of things, I grant thee—but too mean to be
The last of these.

CAIN.

And what are they?

LUCIFER.

That which

THOU SHALT BE.

CAIN.

But what were they?

LUCIFER.

Living, high,
Intelligent, good! great, and glorious things,
As much superior unto all thy sire,
Adam, could e'er have been in Eden, as
The sixty-thousandth generation shall be,
In its dull stamp degeneracy, to
Thee and thy son;—and how weak they are, judge
By thy own flesh.

CAIN.

Ah me! and did they perish?

LUCIFER.

Yes, from their earth, as thou wilt fade from thine.

CAIN.

But was mine theirs?

LUCIFER.

It was.

CAIN.

But not as now:

It is too little and too lowly to
Sustain such creatures.

LUCIFER.

True, it was more glorious.

CAIN.

And wherefore did it fall?

LUCIFER.

Ask Him who fells.

CAIN.

But how?

LUCIFER.

By a most crushing and inexorable
Destruction and disorder of the elements,
Which struck a world to chaos, as a chaos.
Lucifer.  
Tis awful!  
And true. Behold these phantoms! they were once  
Material as thou art.  
And must I be  
Like them?  
LUCIFER.  
Let Him who made thee answer that.  
Thou knowest what thy progenitors are,  
And what they were thou fearest, in degree  
Inferior as thy petty feelings, and  
Thy pettier portion of the immortal part  
Of high intelligence and earthly strength.  
What ye in common have with what they had  
Is life, and what ye shall have—death; the rest  
Of your poor attributes is such as suits  
Reptiles engender'd out of the subsiding  
Simde of a mighty universe, crush'd into  
A scarcely-ylutched plane, populated with  
Things whose enjoyment was to be in blindness—  
A Paradise of Ignorance, from which  
Knowledge was barr'd as poison. But behold  
What these superior beings are or were:  
Or, if it irk thee, turn thee back and die  
The earth, thy task—I'll waft thee there in safety.  
No: I'll stay here  
LUCIFER.  
How long?  
CAIN.  
For ever! Since  
I must one day return here from the earth,  
I rather would remain; I am sick of all  
That dust has shown me—let me dwell in shadows.  
LUCIFER.  
I cannot be: thou now beholdest as  
A vision which that is reality.  
To make myself fit for this dwelling, thou  
Must pass through what the things thou seest have pass'd—  
The gates of death.  
CAIN.  
By what gate have we enter'd  
Even now?  
LUCIFER.  
By mine! But, plighted to return,  
My spirit knows thee up to breathe in regions  
Where all is breathless save thyself.—Gaze on;  
But do not think to dwell here till thine hour  
Is come.  
CAIN.  
And these, too, can they never repass?  
To earth again?  
LUCIFER.  
Their earth is gone for ever—  
Shattered by its convulsion, they would not  
Be conscious to a single present spot  
Of its new scarcely-harden'd surface—t was—  
Oh, what a beautiful world it was!  
CAIN.  
And is it  
Not with the earth, though I must till it,  
I feel at war, but that I may not prof  
By what it bears of beautiful, untouling,  
Nor gratify my thousand swelling thoughts  
With knowledge, nor allay my thousand fears  
Of death and life.  
LUCIFER.  
What thy world is thou seest,  
But cannot comprehend the shadow of  
That which it was.  
CAIN.  
And those enormous creatures,  
Phantoms inferior in intelligence  
(At least so seeming) to the things we have pass'd,  
Resembling somewhat the wild inhabitants  
Of the deep woods of earth, the hugest which  
Roar nightly in the forest, but ten-fold  
In magnitude and terror; taller than  
The churlish-guarded walls of Eden, with  
Eyes flashing like the fiery swords which fence them,  
And minds projecting like the trees stripped of  
Their bark and branches—what were they?  
LUCIFER.  
That which  
The mammoth is in thy world;—but these lie  
By myriads underneath its surface.  
CAIN.  
None on it?  
LUCIFER.  
No; for thy frail race to war  
With them would render the curse on it useless—  
'Twould be destroy'd so early.  
CAIN.  
But why war?  
LUCIFER.  
You have forgotten the denunciation  
Which drove your race from Eden—war with all things,  
And death to all things, and disease to most things,  
And pangs, and bitterness; these were the fruits  
Of the forbidden tree.  
CAIN.  
But animals—  
Did they too eat of it, that they must die?  
LUCIFER.  
Your Maker told ye, they were made for you,  
As you for him.—You would not have their doom  
Superior to your own! Had Adam not  
Fallen, all had stood.  
CAIN.  
Ahas! the hopeless wretches!  
They too must share my sire's fate, like his sons;  
Like them, too, without having shared the apple;  
Like them, too, without the so-dear-bought knowledge  
It was a lying tree—for we know nothing.  
At least it promised knowledge at the price  
Of death—but knowledge still: but what knows man?  
LUCIFER.  
It may be death leads to the highest knowledge;  
And being of all things the sole thing certain,  
At least leads to the surest science: therefore  
The tree was true, though deadly.  
CAIN.  
These dim realms  
I see them, but I know them not.  
LUCIFER.  
Because  
Thy hour is yet afar, and matter cannot  
Comprehend spirit wholly—but it is something  
To know there are such realms.  
CAIN.  
We knew at last  
That there was death.  
LUCIFER.  
But not what was beyond it.  
CAIN.  
Nor know I now.
BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS.

LUCIFER.

Thou know'st that there is
A state, and many states beyond thine own—
And this thou knowest not this morn.

CAIN.

But all
Seems dim and shadowy.

LUCIFER.

Be content; it will
Seem clearer to thine immortality.

CAIN.

And you immeasurable liquid space
Of glorious azure which flows on beyond us,
Which looks like water, and which I should deem
The river which flows out of Paradise
Past my own dwelling, but that it is bankless
And boundless and of an ethereal hue—
What is it?

LUCIFER.

There is still some such on earth,
Although inferior, and thy children shall
Dwell near it—'t is the phantasm of an ocean.

CAIN.

'Tis like another world; a liquid sun—
And these inordinate creatures sporting o'er
Its shining surface!

LUCIFER.

Are its inhabitants,
The past leviathans.

CAIN.

And you immense
Serpent, which rears his dripping mane and vasty
Head ten times higher than the haughtiest cedar
Forth from the abyss, looking as he could coil
Himself around the orbs we lately look'd on—
Is he not of the kind which bask'd beneath
The tree in Eden?

LUCIFER.

Eve, thy mother, best
Can tell what shape of serpent tempted her.

CAIN.

This seems too terrible. No doubt the other
Had more of beauty.

LUCIFER.

Hast thou ne'er beheld him?

CAIN.

Many of the same kind (at least so call'd),
But never that precisely which persuaded
The fatal fruit, nor even of the same aspect.

LUCIFER.

Your father saw him not?

CAIN.

No; 'twas my mother
Who tempted him—she tempted by the serpent.

LUCIFER.

Good man! whenever thy wife, or thy sons' wives
Tempt thee or them to augment that 's new or strange,
Be sure thou seest first who hath tempted them.

CAIN.

Thy precept comes too late; there is no more
For serpents to tempt woman to.

LUCIFER.

But there
Are some things still which woman may tempt man to
And man tempt woman:—let thy sons look to it!
My counsel is a kind one: for it is even
Given chesily at my own expense: 'tis true,
'T will not be follow'd, so there's little lest.

CAIN.

I understand not this.

LUCIFER.

The happier thou?—
The world and thou are still too young! Thou thinkest
Thyself most wicked and unhappy—is it
Not so?

CAIN.

For crime I know not; out for pain,
I have felt much.

LUCIFER.

First-born of the first man
Thy present state of sin—and thou art evil,
Of sorrow—and thou sufferest, are both Eden,
In all its innocence, compared to what
Thou shortly may'st be; and that state again,
In its redoubled wretchedness, a paradise
To what thy sons' sons' sons, accumulating
In generations like to dust (which they
In fact but add to), shall endure and do—
Now let us back to earth!

CAIN.

And wherefore dost thou
Lead me here only to inform me this?

LUCIFER.

Was not thy quest for knowledge?

CAIN.

Yes: as being

LUCIFER.

The road to happiness.

CAIN.

If truth be so,

Thou hast it.

CAIN.

Then my father's God did well
When he prohibited the fatal tree.

LUCIFER.

But had done better in not planting it.
But ignorance of evil doth not save
From evil; it must still roll on the same,
A part of all things.

CAIN.

Not of all things. No:

LUCIFER.

I'll not believe it—for I thirst for good.

CAIN.

And who and what doth not! If he covets evil
For its own bitter sake!—None—not! It is
The leaven of all life and lifelessness.

CAIN.

Within these glorious orbs which we behold,
Distant and dazzling, and immemorable,
Ere we came down into this phantom realm,
'll cannot come; they are too beautiful.

LUCIFER.

Thou hast seen them from afar.

CAIN.

And what of that?

LUCIFER.

Distance can but diminish glory—they,
When nearer, must be more ineffable.

CAIN.

Approach the things of earth most beautiful,
And judge their beauty near.

CAIN.

I have done this—

The loveliest thing I know is loveliest nearest.

LUCIFER.

Then there must be delusion.—What is that,
Which being nearest to thine eyes, is still
More beautiful than beautiful things remote?

CAIN.

My sister Adah.—All the stars of heaven,
The deep blue noon of night, lit by an orb
Which looks a spirit, or a spirit's world—
The hues of twilight—the sun's gorgeous coming:
His setting indescribable, which fills
CAIN.

My eyes with pleasant tears as I behold
Him sink, and feel my heart that softly with him
Among that western paradise of clouds—
The forest shade—the green bough—the bird's voice—
The vesper bird's, which seems to sing of love,
And mingle with the song of cherubim,
As the day closes over Eden's walls;—
All these are nothing to my eyes and heart,
Like Adam's face: I turn from earth and heaven
To gaze on it.

LUCIFER.
'Tis frail as fair mortality,
In the first dawn and bloom of young creation
And earliest embraces of earth's parents,
Can make its offspring; still it is delusion.

CAIN.
You think so, being not her brother.

LUCIFER.
Mortal!

My brotherhood's with those who have no children.

CAIN.
Then thou canst have no fellowship with us.

LUCIFER.
It may be that thine own shall be for me,
But if thou dost possess a beautiful
Being beyond all beauty in thine eyes,
Why art thou wretched?

CAIN.
Why do I exist?
Why art thou wretched? why are all things so?
Even He who made us must be as the maker
Of things unhappy! To produce destruction
Can surely never be the task of joy,
And yet my sire says He's omnipotent:
Then why is evil—He being good? I ask'd
This question of my father; and he said,
because this evil only was the path
To good. Strange good, that must arise from out
Its deadly opposite! I lately saw
A vesp-stung by a reptile: the poor stinging
Lay floundering on the earth, beneath the pain
And piteous beating of its restless heart:
My father pluck'd it, tenderly, and laid it on
The wound; and by degrees the helpless wretch
Resumed its careless life, and rose to drain
The mother's milk, who o'er it tremulous
Soon licking its save-lingering limbs with joy.
Behold, my son! said Adam, how from evil
Springs good!

LUCIFER.
What dost thou answer?

CAIN.
Nothing; for
He is my father: but I thought, that 't were
A better portion for the animal
Never to have been stung at all, than to
Purchase renewal of its little life
With agonies unutterable, though
Dispell'd by antidotes.

LUCIFER.
But as thou saidst,
Of all beloved things thou lov'st her
Who shared thy mother's milk, and giveth hers
Unto thy children—

CAIN.
Most assuredly:
What should I be without her?

LUCIFER.
What am I?

CAIN.
Dost thou love nothing?

LUCIFER.
What does thy God love?
Cain.

What is that
To me? should I not love that which all love?

Lucifer.

And the Jehovah—the indulgent Lord,
And beauteous planter of harr'd Paradise—
He, too, looks smilingly on Abel.

Cain.

I

Never saw Him, and I know not if He smiles.

Lucifer.

But you have seen his angels.

Cain.

Sufficiently to see they love your brother;
His sacrifices are acceptable.

Cain.

So be they! wherefore speak to me of this?

Lucifer.

Because thou hast thought of this ere now.

Cain.

And if
I have thought, why recall a thought that—(he pauses, as agitated)—Spirit!
Here we are in thy world; speak not of mine.
Thou hast shown me wonders; thou hast shown me those mighty pro-Adamites who walk'd the earth
Of which ours is the wreck: thou hast pointed out
Myriads of starry worlds, of which our own
Is the dim and remote companion, in
Infinity of life; thou hast shown me shadows
Of that existence with the dreaded name
Which my sire brought us—death; thou hast shown me much—
But, not all; show me where Jehovah dwells,
In his especial paradise—or thence;
Where is it?

Lucifer.

Here, and o'er all space.

Cain.

But ye
Have some allotted dwelling—as all things;
Chay has its earth, and other worlds their tenants;
All temporary breathing creatures their
Peculiar element; and things which have
Long ceased to breathe our breath have theirs, thou
say'st;
And the Jehovah and thyself have thine—
Ye do not dwell together?

Lucifer.

No, we reign
Together, but our dwellings are asunder.

Cain.

Would there were only one of ye! perchance
An unity of purpose might make union
In elements which seem now jarring in storms.
How came ye, being spirits, wise and infinite,
To separate? Are ye not as brethren in
Your essence, and your nature, and your glory?

Lucifer.

Art thou not Abel's brother?

Cain.

We are brethren,
And so we shall remain; but, were it not so,
Is spirit like to flesh? can it fall out?
Infinity with immortality?
Jarring and turning space to misery—
For what?

Lucifer.

To reign.
LUCIFER.

And this should be the human sum
Of knowledge, to know mortal nature's nothingness;
Bequeath that science to thy children, and
'Twill spare them many tortures.

CAIN.

Thou speak'st it proudly; but thyself, though proud,
Hast a superior.

LUCIFER.

No! By heaven, which He
Holds, and the abyss, and the immensity
Of worlds and life, which I hold with him—No!
I have a victor—true; but no superior.
Homage He has from all—but none from me:
I battle against him, as I battled
In highest heaven. Through all eternity,
And the unfathomable gulfs of Hades,
And the interminable realms of space,
And the infinity of endless ages,
All, all, will I dispute! And world by world,
And star by star, and universe by universe,
Shall tremble in the balance, till the great
Conflict shall cease, if ever it shall cease,
Which it never shall, till he or I be quenched!
And what can quench our immortality,
Our mutual and irrevocable hate?
He as a conqueror will call the conquer'd
Evil; but what will be the good He gives?
Were I the victor, his works would be done
The only evil ones. And you, ye new
And scarce-born mortals, what have been his gifts
To you already in your little world?

CAIN.

But few; and some of these but bitter.

LUCIFER.

Back with me, then, to thine earth, and try the rest
Of his celestial boons to ye and yours.
Evil and good are things in their own essence,
And not made good or evil by the giver;
But if he gives you good—so call him; if
Evil springs from him, do not name it mine,
Till ye know better its true source; and judge
Not by words, though of spirits, but the fruits
Of your existence, such as it must be.
One good gift has the fatal apple given—
Your reason:—let it not be overway'd
By tyrannous threats to force you into faith
'Gainst all external sense and inward feeling:
Think and endure,—and form an inner world
In your own bosom—where the outward fails:
So shall you nearer be the spiritual
Nature, and war triumphant with your own.

[They disappear.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.

The Earth near Eden, as in Act I.

Enter Cain and Adah.

ADAH.

Hush! tread softly, Cain.

CAIN.

I will; but wherefore?

ADAH.

Our little Fornax sleeps upon your bed
Of leaves, to ward the cypress, 20

CAIN.

Cypress! 'tis is
A gloomy tree, which looks as if it mourn'd
O'er what it shadowed; wherefore didst thou choose it
For our child's canopy?

ADAH.

Because its branches
Shut out the sun like night, and therefore seemed
Fitting to shadow slumber.

CAIN.

Ay, the last—
And longest; but no matter—lead me to him.
[They go up to the child.

How lovely he appears! his little cheeks,
In their pure incarnation, vying with
The rose-leaves strewn beneath them.

ADAH.

And his lips, too,
How beautifully parted! No, you shall not
Kiss him, at least not now: he will awake soon—
His hour of mid-day rest is nearly over,
But it were pity to disturb him till
'Tis closed.

CAIN.

You have said well: I will contain
My heart till then. He smiles, and sleeps!—Sleep on
And smile, thou little, young inheritor
Of a world scarce less young: sleep on, and smile.
Thine are the hours and days when both are cheer'd
And innocent! thou hast not pluck'd the fruit—
Thou know'st not thou hast asked! Must the time
Come thou shalt be answer'd for inconsistent
Which were not thine nor mine? But now a spy on
His cheeks are reddening into deeper smiles,
And shining lips are trembling over his long
Lashes, dark as the cypress which waves o'er them
Half open, from beneath them the clear blue
Laugh'd out, although in slumber. He must dream
Of what? Of Paradise!—Ay! dream of it,
My disinherited boy! 'Tis but a dream;
For never more thyself, thy sons, nor fathers,
Shall walk in that forbidden place of joy!

ADAH.

Dear Cain! Nay, do not whisper o'er our son
Such melancholy yearnings o'er the past;
Why wilt thou always mourn for Paradise?
Can we not make another?

CAIN.

Where?

ADAH.

Here, or
Where'er thou wilt: where'er thou art, I feel not
The want of this so much regretted Eden.
Have I not thee, our boy, our sire, and brother,
And Zillah—our sweet sister, and our Eve,
To whom we owe so much besides our birth?

CAIN.

Yes, death, too, is amongst the debts we owe her.

ADAH.

Cain! that proud spirit, who withdrew thee hence,
Hath sadden'd thine still deeper. I had hoped
The promised wonders which thou hast beheld,
Visions, thou say'st, of past and present worlds,
Would have compos'd thy mind into the calm
Of a contented knowledge; but I see
Thy guide hath done thee evil; still I thank him,
And can forgive him all, that he so soon
Hath given thee back to us.

CAIN.

So soon?
Two hours since ye departed; two long hours
To me, but only hours upon the sun.

And yet I have approach'd that sin, and seen
Worlds which he once shone on, and never more
Shall light; and words he never let methought
Years had roll'd o'er my absence.

Hardly hours.

The mind then hath capacity of time,
And measures it by that which it beholds,
Pleasing or painful, little or almightily.
I had beheld the immemorial works
Of endless beings: ; spirit'd extinction'd worlds:
And, gazing on eternity, methought
I had borrow'd more by a few drops of ages
From its immensity; but now I feel
My littleness again. Well said the spirit,
That I was nothing!

Wherefore said he so?

No: be contents him
With making us the nothing which we are;
And after flattering dust with glimpses of
Eden and immortality, resolves
It back to dust again—for what?

Even for our parents' error.

What is that
To us? they simul'd, then let them die!

Thou hast not spoken well, nor is that thought
Thy own, but of the spirit which was with thee.
Would I could die for them, so they might live!

Why, sc say I—provided that one victim
Might satiate the insatiable of life,
And that our little rosy sleeper there
Might never taste of death nor human sorrow,
Nor hand it down to those who spring from him.

How know we that some such atonement one day
May not redeem our race?

By sacrificing
The harmless for the guilty? what atonement
Were there? why, we are innocents: what have we
done, that we must be victims for a deed
Before our birth, or need have victims to
Atonc for this mysterious, nameless sin—
If it be such a sin to seek for knowledge?

Ains! thou simplest now, my Cain; thy words
Sound insipid in mine ears.

Then leave me!

Though thy God left thee.

Say, what have we here?

Two altars, which our brother Abel made
During thine absence, whereupon to offer
A sacrifice to God on thy return.

And how knew he, that I would be so ready
With the burnt-offerings, which he daily bring
With a meek brow, whose base humility
Shows more of fear than worship, as a bribe
To the Creator?

Surely, 'tis well done.

One altar may suffice; I have no offering.

The fruits of the earth, the early, beautiful
Blossom and bud, and bloom of flowers, and fruits,
These are a goodly offering to the Lord,
Given with a gentle and a contrite spirit.

I have told 'd, and told 'd, and sweaten in the sun,
According to the curse:—must I do more?
For what should I be gentle? for a war
With all the elements ere they will yield
The bread we eat? For what must I be grateful?
For being dust, and grovelling in the dust,
Till I return to dust? If I am nothing—
For nothing shall I be a hypocrite,
And seem well pleased with pain? For what should I
Be contrite? for my father's sin, already
Expiate with what we all have undergone,
And to be more than expiated by
The ages prophesied, upon our seed.
Little deems our young blooming sleeper, there,
The germ of an eternal misery
To myriads is within him! better 't were
I snatch'd him in his sleep, and shall'd him gainst
The rocks, than let him live—

Oh, my God!

Touch not the child—my child! thy child! On Cain!

Fear not! for all the stars, and all the power
Which sways them, I would not accost you infant
With ruder greeting than a father's kiss.

Then, why so awful in thy speech?

I said,
'T were better that he ceased to live, than give
Life to so much of sorrow as he must
Endure, and, harder still, bequeath; but since
That saying jars you, let us only say—
'T were better that he never had been born.

Oh, do not say so! Where were then the joys,
The mother's joys of watching, nourishing,
And loving him? Soft! he awakes. Sweet Enoch
[She goes to the child.] Oh Cain! look on him; see how full of life,
Of strength, of bloom, of beauty, and of joy,
How like to me—how like to thee, when gentle
For then we are all alike; is 't not so, Cain?
Mother, and sire, and son, our features are
Reflected in each other; as they are
In the clear waters, when they are gentle, and
When thou art gentle. Love us, then, my Cain!
And love thyself for our sakes, for we love thee.
Look! how he breathes and stretches out his arms.
And opens wide his blue eyes upon thine,
'To hail his father; while his little form
Flutter's as wing'd with joy. Talk not of pain!
The childless cherubs well might envy thee.
It would please a parent! Bless him, Cain!  
As yet he hath no words to thank thee, but  
His heart will, and thine own too.  
CAIN.  

Bless thee, boy!  
CAIN.  

If that a mortal blessing may avail thee,  
To save thee from the serpent's curse!  
ADAH.  

It shall.  
Surely a father's blessing may avert  
A reptile subtlety.  
CAIN.  

Of that I doubt;  
ADAH.  

But bless him ne'ertheless.  
Our brother comes.  
CAIN.  

Thy brother Abel.  
Enter Abel.  
ABEL.  

Welcome, Cain! My brother,  
The peace of God be on thee!  
CAIN.  

Abel! hail!  
ABEL.  

Our sister tells me that thou hast been wandering,  
In high communion with a spirit, far  
Beyond our wonted range. Whence are these  
We have seen and spoken with, ake to our father?  
CAIN.  

No.  
ABEL.  

Why then commune with him? he may be  
A foe to the Most High.  
CAIN.  

And friend to man.  
ABEL.  

Has the Most High been so—if so you term him?  
ABEL.  

Term him! your words are strange to-day, my brother.  
My sister Adah, leave us for a while—  
We mean to sacrifice.  
ADAH.  

Farewell, my Cain;  
But first embrace thy son. May his soft spirit,  
And Abel's pious ministry, recall the  
To peace and holiness!  
[Exit Adah, with her child.  
ABEL.  

Where hast thou been?  
CAIN.  

I know not.  
ABEL.  

Nor what thou hast seen?  
CAIN.  

The dead,  
The immortal, the unbounded, the omnipotent,  
The overpowering mysteries of space—  
The innumerable worlds that were and are—  
A whirlwind of such overwhelming things,  
Sun, moon, and earth, upon their loud-voiced spheres  
Singing in thunder round me, as have made me  
Unfit for mortal converse: leave me, Abel.  
ABEL.  

Thine eyes are flashing with unnatural light—  
Thy cheek is thirst'd with an unnatural hue—  
Thy words are fraught with an unnatural sound—  
What may this mean?  
CAIN.  

It means—I pray thee, leave me.  
ABEL.  

Not till we have pray'd and sacrificed together.  
CAIN.  

Abel, I pray thee, sacrifice alone—  
Jehovah loves thee well.  
ABEL.  

Both well, I hope,  
CAIN.  

But thee the better: I care not for that;  
Then art fitter for his worship than I am  
Revere him, then—but let it be alone—  
At least without me.  
ABEL.  

Brother, I should ill  
Deserve the name of our great father's son,  
If as my elder I revered thee not,  
And in the worship of our God call'd not  
On thee to join me, and precede me in  
Our priesthood—th is thy place.  
CAIN.  

But I have ne'er Asserted it.  
ABEL.  

The more my grief; I pray thee  
To do so now; thy soul seems labouring in  
Some strong delusion; it will calm thee.  
CAIN.  

No;  
Nothing can calm me more. Cain! say I!  
Never knew I what calm was in the soul, although  
I have seen the elements still'd. My Abel, leave me!  
Or let me leave thee to thy pious purpose.  
ABEL.  

Neither; we must perform our task together.  
Spurn me not.  
CAIN.  

If it must be so—well, then,  
What shall I do?  
ABEL.  

Choose one of those two altars.  
CAIN.  

Choose for me: they to me are so much turf  
And stone.  
ABEL.  

Choose thou!  
CAIN.  

I have chosen.  
ABEL.  

'Tis the highest  
And suits thee, as the elder. Now prepare  
Thine offerings.  
CAIN.  

Where are thine?  
ABEL.  

Behold them here—  
The firstlings of the flock, and fat thereof—  
A shepherd's humble offering.  
CAIN.  

I have no flocks;  
I am a tiller of the ground, and must  
Yield what it yieldeth to my toil—its fruit:  
[He gathers fruits.  
Behold them in their various bloom and ripeness.  
[They dress their altars, and kindle a flame upon  
them.  
ABEL.  

My brother, as the elder, offer first  
Thy prayer and thanksgiving with sacrifice.  
CAIN.  

No—I am now to this; lead thou the way  
And I will follow—as I may.  
ABEL (bowing).  
Oh God!  
Who made us, and who breathed the breath of life  
Within our nostrils, who hath blessed us,  
And spared, despite our father's sin, to make
BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS.

His children all lost, as they might have been,
Had not thy justice been so temper'd with
The mercy which is thy delight, as to
Accord a pardon like a paradise,
Compared with our great crimes:—Sole Lord of light!
Of good, and glory, and eternity!
Without whom all were evil, and with whom
Nothing can err, except to some good end
Of thine omnipotent benevolence—
Inscrutable, but still to be fulfilled—
Accept from out thy humble first of shepherd's
First of the first-born flocks—an offering,
In itself nothing—as what offering can be
Aught unto thee—but yet accept it for
The thanksgiving of him who spreads it in
The face of thy high heaven, bowing his own
Even to the dust, of which he is, in honour
Of thee, and of thy name, for evermore!

CAIN (standing erect during this speech).

Spirit! whate'er or whoso'er thou art,
Omnipotent, it may be—and, if good,
Shown in the exemption of thy deeds from evil;
Jehovah upon earth! and God in heaven!
And it may be with other names, because
Thine attributes seem many, as thy works:
If thou must be propitiated with prayers,
Take them! if thou must be induced with altars
And soften'd with a sacrifice, receive them!
Two beings here erect them unto thee,
If thou receivest blood, the shepherd's shrine, which smokes
On my right hand, hath shed it for thy service,
In the first of his flock, whose limbs now reek
In sanguinary incense to thy skyes;
O if the sweet and blooming fruits of earth,
And milder seasons, which the unclean'd turf!
I spread them on, now offers in the face
Of the broad sun which ripened them, may seem
Good to thee, imasuch as they have not
Suffer'd in limb or life, and rather form
A sample of thy works, than supplication
To look on ours! if a shrine without victim,
And altar without gore, may win thy favour,
Look on it! and for him who dresseth it,
He is—such as thou mustl'at him; and seeketh nothing
Which must be won by knowing; if he's god,
Strike him! thou art omnipotent, and may'st—
For what can he oppose? if he be good,
Strike him, or spare him, as thou wilt; since all
Rests upon thee; and good and evil seem
To have no power themselves, save in thy will;
And whether that be good or all I know not,
Not being omnipotent, or fit to judge
Omnipotence, but merely to endure
Its mandate, which thus far I have endured.
(A crosier upon the altar of Abel kindles into a column of the brightest flame, and ascends to heaven; while a whelked thunders down the altar of Cain, and scatters the fruitful branches about the earth.)

ABEL (kneeling).

h, brother, pray! Jehovah's wrath with thee!

CAIN.

Why so?

ABEL.

Thy fruits are scattered on the earth.

CAIN.

From earth they came, to earth let them return;
Their seed will bear fresh fruit there the summer:
Thy burnt flesh-offering prospereth better; so
How heaven locks up the flames, when thick with blood!

ABEL.

Think not upon my offering's acceptance,
But make another of thine own before
It is too late.

CAIN.

I will build no more altars,
Nor suffer any.—

ABEL (rising).

CAIN! what meanest thou?

CAIN.

To cast down yon vile flat'ter of the clouds,
The smoky harbingers of thy dull prayers—
Thine altar, with its blood of lambs and kids,
Which fed on milk, to be destroy'd in blood.

ABEL (opposing him).

Thou shalt not—add not impious works to impious Words! let that altar stand—it is hallow'd now
By the immortal pleasure of Jehovah,
In his acceptance of the victims.

CAIN.

His!

His pleasure! what was his high pleasure in
The fumes of sacrificing flesh and smoking blood,
To the pain of the bleeding mothers, which
Still yearn for their dead offering? or the pangs
Of the sad ignorant victims underneath
Thy pious knife? Give way! this bloody record
Shall not stand in the sun, to shame creation!

Brother, give back! thou shalt not touch my altar
With violence: if that thou wilt adopt it,
To try another sacrifice, 'tis thine.

CAIN.

Another sacrifice! Give way, or else
That sacrifice may be—

ABEL.

What meanest thou?

CAIN.

Give—

Give way! thy God loves blood!—then look to it:—
Give way, ere he hath more!

ABEL.

In his great name,
I stand between thee and the shrine which hath
Had his acceptance.

CAIN.

If thou lov'st thyself,
Stand back till I have strew'd this turf along
Its native soil:—else—

ABEL (opposing him).

I love God! far more
Than life.

CAIN (striking him with a brand, on the temple, which he snatched from the altar).

Then take thy life unto thy God,
Since he loves lives.

ABEL (falling).

What hast thou done, my brother?

CAIN.

Brother!

ABEL.

Oh, God! receive my servant, and
Forgive his slayer, for he know not what
He did.—Cain, give me—give me thy hand; and tell
Poor Zillah—

CAIN (after a moment's suspense).

My hand! It is all red, and with—

What?

[A long pause. — Looking sternly round.

What am I? alone! Where's Abel? where
Cain? Can it be that I am he? My brother,
Awake!—why liest thou so on the green earth?
T is not the hour of slumber—why so pale?
What hast thou?—thouwert full of life this morn!
Abel! I pray thee, mock me not! I smote
Too fiercely, but not fatal. Ah, why
Wouldest thou oppose me? This is mockery;
And only done to damn me:—tis a blow—
And but a blow. Stir—stir—nay, only stir!
Why, so—that's well!—thou breath'st! breathe upon me!
Oh, God! Oh, God!
Abel (very faintly).
What's he who speaks of God?
Cain.
Thy murderer.
Abel.
Then may God forgive him! Cain,
Comfort poor Zillah:—she has but one brother.
Now. [Abel dies.]
Cain.
And I none! Who makes me brotherless?
His eyes are open! then he is not dead!
Death is like sleep; and sleep shuts down our lids.
His lips, too, are apart; why then he breathing?
And yet I feel it not.—His heart!—his heart!—
Let me see, doth it beat?—methinks—No!—no!
This is a vision, else I am become
The native of another and worse world.
The earth swains round me:—what is this?—it is wet;
[Pluts his hand to his brow, and then looks at it.
And yet there are no dews!—Tis blood—my blood—
My brother's and my own; and shed by me!
Then what have I further to do with life,
Since I have taken life from my own flesh?
But he cannot be dead!—Is silence death?
No: he will wake; then let me watch by him.
Life cannot be so slight, as to be quench'd
Thus quickly!—he hath spoken to me since—
What shall I say to him?—My brother!—No;
He will not answer to that name; for brethren
Smite not each other. Yet—yet—speak to me.
Oh! for a word more of that gentle voice,
That I may hear to hear my own again!

Enter Zillah.

Zillah.
I heard a heavy sound!—what can it be?
'Tis Cain; and watching by my husband. What
Dost thou there, brother? Dost he sleep? Oh! heaven!
What means this paleness, and your stream?—No!—no!
It is not blood; for who would shed his blood?
Abel! what's this!—who hath done this? He moves not;
He breathes not: and his hands drop down from mine
With stony lifecolness! Ah! cruel Cain!
Why canst thou not in time to save him from
This violence? Whatever hath assailed him,
Thou wert the stronger, and should'st have stepp'd in
Between him and aggression! Father!—Eve!—
Adah!—come hither! Death is in the world!
[Exit Zillah calling on her parents, etc.

Cain (nurt).
And who hath brought him there?—I—who abhor
The name of death so deeply, that the thought
Emperor'd all my life, before I knew
His aspect—I have led him here, and given
My brother to his cold and still embrace,
As if he would not have asserted his
Inexorable clam without my aid,
I am awake at last—a dreary dream
Had madden't me:—but he shall not't wake!
By day and night—snakes spring up in his path—
Earth's fruits be ashes in his mouth—the leaves
On which he lays his head to sleep be strow'd
With scorpions! May his dreams be of his victim!
His wakening a continual dread of death!
May the clear rivers turn to blood, as he
Stoope down to stain them with his raging lip!
May every element slum or change to him!
May he live in the region which others die with
And death itself wax something worse than death
To him who first acquainted him with man!
Hence, fratricide! henceforth that word is Cain,
Through all the coming myriads of mankind,
Who shall abhor thee, though thou Wert their sire!
May the grass wither from thy feet! the woods
Dony thee shelter! earth a home! the dust
A grave! the sun his light! and heaven her God!
[Exit Eve.]

ADAM.
Cain! get thee forth; we dwell no more together.
Depart! and leave the dead to me—I am
Henceforth alone—we never must meet more.

ADAH.
Oh, part not with him thus, my father: do not
Add thy deep curse to Eve's upon his head!

ADAM.
I curse him not: his spirit be his curse.
Came, Zillah!

ZILLAH.
I must watch thy husband's corpse.

ADAM.
We will return again, when he is gone
Who hath provided for us this dreadful office.
Came, Zillah!

ZILLAH.
Yet one kiss on thy pale clay,
And those lips once so warm—my heart! my heart!
[Exeunt ADAM and ZILLAH, weeping.

ADAH.
Cain! thou hast heard, we must go forth. I am ready;
So shall our children be. I will hear Enoch,
And you your sister. Ere the sun declines
Let us depart, nor walk the wilderness
Under the cloud of night.—Nay, speak to me,
To me—thine own.

CAIN.
Leave me!

ADAE.
Why, all have left thee.

CAIN.
And wherefore lingerest thou? Dost thou not fear
To dwell with one who hath done this?

ADAH.
I fear
Nothing except to leave thee, much as I
Shrink from the deed which leaves thee brotherless.
I must not speak of this—it is between thee
And the great God.

A Voice from within exclaims,
Cain! Cain!

ADAH.
Hear'st thou that voice?

The Voice within.

Cain! Cain!

ADAH.
It soundeth like an angel's tone.

Enter the Angel of the Lord.

ANGE LS.
Where is thy brother Abel?

CAIN.
My brother's keeper?

ANGE LS.
CAIN! what hast thou done?
The voice of thy slain brother's blood cries out,
Even from the ground, unto the Lord!—Now art thou
Cursed from the earth, which opened late her mouth
I'do drink thy brother's blood from thy rash hand.
Henceforth, when thou shalt till the ground, it shall not
Yield thee her strength; a fugitive shalt thou
Be from this day, and vagabond on earth!

ADAH.
This punishment is more than he can bear.
Behold, thou drivest him from the face of earth,
And from the face of God shall he be hid,
A fugitive and vagabond on earth,
'Twill come to pass, that whose findeth him
Shall slay him.

CAIN.
Would they could! but who are they
Shall slay me? where are these on the lone earth
As yet unpeopled?

ANGE LS.
Thou hast slain thy brother,
And who shall warrant thee against thy son?

ADAH.
Angel of light! be merciful, me say
That this poor aching breast now nourishes
A murderer in my boy, and of his father.

ANGE LS.
Then he would but be what his father is.
Did not the milk of Eve give nutriment
To him thou now seest so besmeard'd with blood?
The fratricide might well engender parricides—
But it shall not be so—the Lord thy God
And mine commandeth me to set his seal
On Cain, so that he may go forth in safety,
Who slayeth Cain, a scowled vengeance shall
Be taken on his head. Come hither!

CAIN.
What
Wouldst thou with me?

ANGE LS.
To mark upon thy brow
Exemption from such deeds as thou hast done.

CAIN.
No, let me die!

ANGE LS.
It must not be.

[The Angel sets the mark on Cain's brow.

CAIN.
It burns
My brow, but nought to that which is within it.
Is there more? let me meet it as I may.

ANGE LS.
Stern hast thou been and stubborn from the womb,
As the ground thou must henceforth till; but he
Thou slewest was gentle as the locks he tended.

CAIN.
After the fall too soon was I begotten;
Ere yet my mother's mind subsided from
The serpent, and my sire still mourn'd for Eden.
That which I am, I am; I did not seek
For life, nor did I make myself; but could I
With my own death redeem him from the dust—
And why not so? let him return to day,
And I be guilty! so shall be restored
By God the life to him he loved; and taken
From me a being I never loved to bear.

ANGE LS.
Who shall behead murder? what is done is done.
SARDANAPALUS.

Go forth! fulfill thy days! and be thy deeds
Unlike the last! [The Angel disappears.

ADAH.

He's gone, let us go forth;
I hear our little Echo cry within
Our lower.

* CAIN.

Ah! little knows he what he weeps for!
And I who have shed blood cannot shed tears!
And the four rivers! would not cleanse my soul,
Think'st thou my boy will bear to look on me?

ADAH.

I thought that he would not, I would—

No more of threats: we have had too many of them:
Go to our children; I will follow thee.

ADAH.

I will not leave thee, lonely with the dead;
Let us depart together.

CAIN.

Oh! thou dead
And everlasting witness! whose unseeing
Blood darkens earth and heaven! what thou now art,
I know not! but if thou seest what I am,
I think thou wilt forgive him, whom his God
Can ne'er forgive, nor his own soul.—Farewell!
I must not, dare not, touch what I have made thee.
I, who sprang from the same womb with thee, drain'd
The same breath, clasped it ever to my own,
In boundless brotherly and boyish, I
Can never meet thee more, nor even dare
To do that for thee, which thou shouldst have done
For me—compose thy limbs into their grave—
The first grave yet gaz'd for mortality.
But who hath dug that grave? Oh, earth! Oh, earth!
For all the fruits thou hast render'd to me,
Give thee back this.—Now for the wilderness.

[ADAH stops down and kisses the body of Abel.

ADAH.

A dreary, and an early doom, my brother,
Has been thy lot! Of all who mourn for thee,
I alone must not weep. My office is
Henceforth to dry up tears, and not to shed them;
But yet, of all who mourn, none mourn like me,
Not only for thyself, but him who slew thee.
Now, Cain! I will divide thy burden with thee.

CAIN.

Eastward from Eden will we take our way;
'Tis the most desolate, and suits my steps.

ADAH.

Lead! thou shalt be my guide, and may our God
Be thine! Now let us carry forth our children.

CAIN.

And he who beth there was childless,
I have dried the fountain of a gentle race,
Which might have grace'd his recent marriage couch,
And might have temper'd this stern blood of mine,
Uniting with our children Abel's offspring!

ABEL.

ADAH.

Peace be with him!

CAIN.

But with me! [Exeunt.
SARDANAPALUS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Hall in the Palace.

SALERINES (aside).

He hath wrong'd his queen, but still he is her lord;
He hath wrong'd my sister, still he is my brother;
He hath wrong'd his people, still he is their sovereign,
And I must be his friend as well as subject;
He must not perish thus. I will not see
The blood of Nimrod and Semiramis
Sink in the earth, and thirteen hundred years
Of empire ending like a shepherd's tale;
He must be roused. In his effeminate heart
There is a careless courage, which corruption
Has not all quench'd, and latent energies,
Reprost by circumstance, but not destroy'd—
Steep'd but not drown'd, in deep voluptuousness.
If born a peasant, he had been a man
To have reach'd an empire; to an empire born,
He will bequeath none; nothing but a name,
Which his sons will not prize in heritage:
Yet, not all lost, even yet he may redeem
His sloth and shame, by only being that
Which he should be, as easily as the thing
He should not be and is. Were it less toil
To sway his nations than consume his life?
To head an army than to rule a harem?
The sweets in piling pleasures, duits his soul,
And says his gossly strength, in toils which yield not
Health like the chase, nor glory like the war—
He must be roused. Alas! there is no sound
To rouse him, short of thunder. Hark! the lute,
The lyre, the timbrel; the lascivious tinklings
Of lolling instruments, the softening voices
Of women, and of beings less than women,
Must chime in to the echo of his revel,
While the great king of all we know of earth
Lolls crown'd with roses, and his diadem
Lies negligently by, to be caught up
By the first manly hand which dares to snatch it.
Lo, where they come! already I perceive
The reeking odours of the perfumed trains,
And see the bright gems of the glittering girls,
Who are his comrades and his council, flash
Along thegallery, and amidst the damsels,
As femininely garish, and scarce less female,
The grandson of Semiramis, the man-queen.—
He comes! Shall I await him? yes, and front him,
And tell him what all good men tell each other,
Speaking of him and his. They come, the slaves,
Led by the monarch subject to his slaves.

SCENE II.

End SARDANAPALUS, effeminately dressed, his Head crowned with Flowers, and his Robe negligently flowing, attended by a Train of Women and young Slaves.

SARDANAPALUS (speaking to some of his attendants).

Let the pavilion over the Empyreans
Be garnished, and lit, and furnish'd forth
For an especial banquet; at the hour
Of midnight we will sup there; see that want waiting,
And bid the galley be prepared. There is
A cooling breeze which blows the broad clear river.
We will embark anon. Fair nymphs, who deign
To share the soft hours of Sardanapalus,
We'll meet again in that the sweetest room,
When we shall gather like the stars above us,
And you will form a heaven as bright as there;
Till then, let each be mistress of her time,
And thou, my own Ionian Myrrha, choose,
Wilt thou along with them or me?

MYRHR.

My lord—

SARDANAPALUS.

My lord, my life! why answerest thou so coldly?
It is the curse of kings to be so answer'd.
Rule thy own hours, thou raisest mine—say, wouldst thou
Accompany our guests, or charm away
The moments from me?

MYRHR.

The king's choice is mine.

SARDANAPALUS.

I pray thee say not so: my chiefest joy
Is to contribute to thine every wish,
I do not dare to break my own desire,
Lest it should clash with thine; for thou art still
Too prompt to sacrifice thy thoughts for others.

MYRHR.

I would remain: I have no happiness
Save in beholding thine; yet—

SARDANAPALUS.

Yet! what ye? Thy own sweet will shall be the only barrier
Which ever rises betwixt thee and me.

MYRHR.

I think the present is the wanted hour
Of council; it were better I retire.

SALERINES (comes forward, and says).

The Ionian slave says well; let her retire.

SARDANAPALUS.

Who answers? How now, brother?

SALERINES.

The queen's brother
And your most faithful vassal, royal lord.

SARDANAPALUS (addressing his train).

As I have said, let all dispose their hours
Till midnight, when again we pray your presence.

(To MYRHR, who is going.)

Myrrha! I thought thou wouldst remain.

MYRHR.

Thou didst not say so.

SARDANAPALUS.

But thou hastest it;

I know each glance of those Ionean eyes,
Which said thou wouldst not leave me.

MYRHR.

Sire! your brother—

SALERINES.

His consort's brother, minion of Ionia!
How darest thou name me and not blush?

SARDANAPALUS.

Not blush! Thou hast no more eyes than heart to make her crimson
Like to the dying day on Caucasus,
Where sunset tints the snow with rosy shadows,
And then reproach her with thine own cold blindness,
Which will not see it. What, in tears, my Myrrha?

SALERINES.

Let them flow on: she weeps for more than one,
And is herself the cause of bitter tears.
SALEMENES.
To change the Ikronsome theme, then, hear of vice.

From whom?

SALEMENES.
Even from the winds, if thou couldst listen
Unto the echoes of the nation's voice.

SALEMENUS.
Come, I'm indulgent as thou knowest, patient
As thou hast often proved—speak out, what moves thee

SALEMENES.
Thy peril.

SALEMENES.
Say on.

SALEMENES.
Thus, then: all the nations,
For they are many, whose thy father left
In heritage, are loud in wrath against thee.

SALEMENES.
'Gainst me! What would the slaves?

SALEMENES.
A king.

SALEMENES.
And what

Am I then?

SALEMENES.
In their eyes a nothing; but
In mine a man who might be something still.

SALEMENES.
The railing drunkards! why, what would they have?
Have they not peace and plenty?

SALEMENES.
Of the first,
More than is glorious; of the last, far less
Than the king recks of.

SALEMENES.
Whose then is the crime,
But the false satraps, who provide no better!

SALEMENES.
And somewhat in the monarch who ne'er looks
Beyond his palace walls, or if he sirs
Beyond them, 'tis but to some mountain palace,
Till summer heats wear down, O glorious Baal!
Who built up this vast empire, and wert made
A god, or at the least shiniest as a god
Through the long centuries of thy renown.
This, thy presumed descendant, ne'er beheld
As king the kingly deeds thou didst leave as hero,
Won with thy blood, and toil, and time, and peril;
For what? to furnish him impost for a revel,
Or multiplied extortions for a manum.

SALEMENES.
I understand thee—then wouldst have me go
Forth as a conqueror. By all the stars
Which the Chaldeans read! the restless slaves
Deserve that I should curse them with their wishes,
And lead them forth to glory.

SALEMENES.
Wherefore not?

Semiramis—a woman only—led
These our Assyrians to the solar shores
Of Ganges.

SALEMENES.
'Tis most true. And how return'd?

SALEMENES.
Why, like a man—a hero; baffled, but
Not vanquish'd. With but twenty guards, she made
Good her retreat to Bactria.

SALEMENES.
And how many

Left she behind in India to the vultures?
Our annals say not, 

**SARDANAPALUS.**

Then I will say for them—
That she had better woven within her palace
Some twenty garments, than with twenty guards
Have fled to Bactria, leaving to the ravens,
And wolves, and men—the fiercer of the three,
Her myriads of fond subjects. *Is this glory?*

Then let me live in ignorance ever.

**SALEMENES.**

All warlike spirits have not the same fate.
Semiramis, the glorious parent of
A hundred kings, although she fail’d in India,
Brought Persia, Media, Bactria, to the realm
Which she once sway’d—and thou mightst sway.

**SARDANAPALUS.** I sway them—

She but subdued them.

**SALEMENES.** It may be ere long
That they will need her sword more than your sceptre.

**SARDANAPALUS.** There was a certain Bacchus, was there not?
I’ve heard my Greek girls speak of such—they say
He was a god, that is, a Grecian god,
An idol foreign to Assyria’s worship,
Who conquer’d thys same golden realm of Ind
Thou pratest of, where Semiramis was vanquish’d.

**SALEMENES.** I have heard of such a man; and thou perceivest
That he is deem’d a god for what he did.

**SARDANAPALUS.** And in his godship I will honour him—
Not much as man. What, ho! my cupbearer!

**SALEMENES.** What means the king?

**SARDANAPALUS.** To worship your new god
And ancient conqueror. Some wine, I say.

**Enter Cupbearer.**

**SARDANAPALUS** (addressing the Cupbearer).

Bring me the golden goblet thick with gems,
Which bears the name of Nimrod’s chalice. Hence,
Fill full, and bear it quickly. [Exit Cupbearer.

**SALEMENES.** Is this moment
A fitting one for the resumption of
Thy yet unslept-off revels?

**Re-enter Cupbearer, with wine.**

**SARDANAPALUS** (taking the cup from him).

Noble kinman,
If these barbarian Greeks of the far shores
And stocks of those our realms lie not, this Bacchus
Conquer’d the whole of India, did he not?

**SALEMENES.** He did, and thence was deem’d a deity.

**SARDANAPALUS.** Not so:—of all his conquests a few columns,
Which may be seen, and might be mine, if I
Thought them worth purchase and consecration, are
The landmarks of the seas of gore he shed,
The realms he wasted, and the hearts he broke,
But here, here in this goblet, is his title
To immortality—the immortal grape
From which he first express’d the soul, and gave
To gladden that of man, as some atonement
For the victorious mischief he had done.
Had it not been for this, he would have been

A mortal still in name as in his grave;
And, like my ancestor Semiramis,
A sort of semi-glorious human monster.
Here’s that which deified him—let it now
Humanize thee; my sary, chiding brother
Pledge me to the Greek god!

**SALEMENES.** For all thy realms
I would not so blaspheme our country’s creed.

**SARDANAPALUS.** That is to say, thou thinkest him a hero,
That he shed blood by oceans; and no god,
Because he turn’d a fruit to an enchantment,
Which cheers the sad, revives the joys,
The young, makes Weariness forget his toil,
And Fear her danger; opens a new world
When this, the present, falls. Well, then I pledge thee,
And him as a true man, who did his utmost
In good or evil to surprise mankind.

**SALEMENES.** Wilt thou resume a revel at this hour?

**SARDANAPALUS.** And if I did, ’twere better than a trophy,
Being bought without a tear. But that is not
My present purpose: since thou wilt not pledge me, Continue what thou pleasest.

(To the Cupbearer). Boy, retire.

**SALEMENES.** I would but have recall’d thee from thy dream:
Better by me awaken’d than rebellion.

**SARDANAPALUS.** Who should rebel? or why? what cause? pretext?
I am the lawful king, descended from
A race of kings who knew no predecessors.
What have I done to thee, or to the people,
That thou shouldst rail, or they rise up against me?

**SALEMENES.** Of what thou hast done to me, I speak not.

**SARDANAPALUS.** But Thou think’st that I have wrong’d the queen: is’t not so?

**SALEMENES.** Think! Thou hast wrong’d her!

**SARDANAPALUS.** Patience, prince, and hear me,
She has all power and splendour of her station,
Respect, the tutelage of Assyria’s heirs,
The homage and the appanage of sovereignty.
I married her as monarchs well—for state,
And loved her as most husbands love their wives;
If she or thou supposedst I could link me
Like a Chaldean peasant to his mate,
Ye knew nor me, nor monarchs, nor mankind.

**SALEMENES.** I pray thee, change the theme; my blood disclaims
Complaint, and Salemene’s sister seeks not
Reluctant love even from Assyria’s lord!
Nor would she deign to accent divided passion
With foreign strumpets and Isman slaves.
The queen is silent.

**SARDANAPALUS.** And why not her brother?

**SALEMENES.** I only echo thee the voice of empires,
Which he who long neglects not long will govern.

**SARDANAPALUS.** The ungrateful and ungracious slaves! they murmur
Because I have not shed their blood, nor led them
To dry into the desert's dust by myriads,
Or whiten with their bones the banks of Ganges;
Nor decorated them with savage laws,
Nor sweated them to build up pyramids,
Or Babylonian walls.

SALEMENES.

Yet these are trophies
More worthy of a people and their prince
Than songs, and laws, and feasts, and combats,
And lavish'd treasures, and renowned virtues.

SARDANAPALUS.

Or for my trophies I have founded cities;
There's Tarsus and Anchialus, both built
In one day—what could that blood-loving beldame,
My marital grandam, chaste Semiramis,
Do more, except destroy them?

SALEMENES.

'Tis most true;
I own thy merit in those founded cities,
Built for a whim, recorded with a verse
Which shames both them and thee to coming ages.

SARDANAPALUS.

Shame me! By Baal, the cities, though well built,
Are not more ghastly than the verse! Say what
Then wilt 'gainst me, my mode of life or rule,
But nothing 'gainst the truth of that brief record.
Why, those f w lines contain the history
Of all things human: hear—"Sardanapalus
The king, and son of Anasyndaraxes,
In one day built Anchialus and Tarsus.
Eat, drink, and love; the rest's not worth a fillip."

SALEMENES.

A worthy moral, and a wise inscription,
For a king to put up before his subjects!

SARDANAPALUS.

Oh, thou wouldst have me doubtless set up edicts
"Obey the king—contribute to his treasure—
Recruit his phalanx—spoil your blood at bidding—
Fall down and worship, or get up and fall,"
Or thus—"Sardanapalus on this spot
Slew fifty thousand of his enemies,
These are their sepulchres, and this his trophy."
I leave such things to conquerors; enough
For me, if I can make my subjects feel
The weight of human misery less, and glide
Unregretting to the tomb; I take no license
Which I deny to them. We all are men.

SALEMENES.

Thy sires have been revered as gods—

SARDANAPALUS.

In dust
And death, where they are neither gods nor men.
Talk not of such to me! the worms are gods;
At least they banqueted upon your gods,
And died for lack of farther nutriment.
Those gods were merely men; look to their issue—
I feel a thousand mortal things about me,
But nothing godlike, unless it may be
The thing which you condemn, a disposition
To love and to be merciful, to pardon
The follies of my species, and (that's human)
To be indulgent to my own.

SALEMENES.

Alas!
The doom of Nineveh is seal'd.—Woe—woe
To the arrival'd city!

SARDANAPALUS.

What dost dread?

SALEMENES.

Thou art guarded by thy foes; in a few hours
The tempest may break out which overwhelms thee
And thine and mine; and in another day
What is shall be the post of Belus' race.

SARDANAPALUS.

What must we dread?

SALEMENES.

Ambitious treachery,
Which has environ'd thee with swards; but yet
There is resource: empower me with thy signet
To quell the machinations, and I lay
The heads of thy chief foes before thy feet.

SARDANAPALUS.

The heads—how many?

SALEMENES.

Must I stay to number
When even thine own's in peril? Let me go;
Give me thy signet—trust me with the rest.

SARDANAPALUS.

I will trust no man with unlimited lives.
When we take those from others, we nor know
What we have taken, nor the thing we give.

SALEMENES.

Wouldst thou not take their lives who seek for thine?

SARDANAPALUS.

That's a hard question.—But, I answer Yes,
Cannot the thing be done without? Who are they
Whom thou suspectest?—Let them be arrested.

SALEMENES.

I would thou wouldst not ask me; the next moment
Will send my answer through thy babbling troop
Of paramours, and thence fly over the palace,
Even to the city, and so baffle all,—
Trust me.

SARDANAPALUS.

Thou knowest I have done so ever;
Take thou the signet. [Gives the Signet.

SALEMENES.

I have one more request.—

SARDANAPALUS.

Name it.

SALEMENES.

That thou this night forbear the banquet
In the pavilion over the Euphrates.

SARDANAPALUS.

Forbear the banquet! Not for all the plotters
That ever shook a kingdom! Let them come,
And do their worst; I shall not blench for them;
Nor rise the sooner; nor forbear the goblet;
Nor crown me with a single rose the less;
Nor lose one joyous hour.—I fear them not.

SALEMENES.

But thou wouldst arm thee, wouldst thou not, if needful?

SARDANAPALUS.

Perhaps. I have the goodliest armour, and
A sword of such a temper; and a bow
And javelin, which might furnish Nimrod fists:
A little heavy, but yet not unwieldy.
And now I think on 't, 't is long since I've used them,
Even in the chase. Hlst ever seen them, brother? I

SALEMENES.

Is this a time for such fantastic trifling?—
If need be, wilt thou wear them?

SARDANAPALUS.

Will I not?—
Oh! if it must be so, and these rash slaves
Will not be ruled with less, I'll use the sword
Till they shall wish it turn'd into a distaff.
Byron's Poetical Works.

They say, thy sceptre's turn'd to that already.

SARDANAPALUS.

That's false! but, let them say so: the old Greeks,
Of whom our capvises often sing, related
The same of their chief hero, Hercules,
Because he loved a Lydian queen: thou seest
The populace of all the nations seize
Each, calumny they can to sink their sovereigns.

SALEMENES.

They did not speak thus of thy fathers.

SARDANAPALUS.

No;

They dared not. They were kept to toil and combat,
And never changed their chains but for their armour:
Now they have peace and pastime, and the license
To revel and to rail; it irks me not.
I would not give the smile of one fair girl
For all the popular breath that e'er divided
A name from nothing. What! are the rank tongues
Of this vile herd grown insolent with feeding,
That I should prize their noisy praise, or dread
Their noisome clamour?

SALEMENES.

You have said they are men;
As such their hearts are something.

SARDANAPALUS.

So my dogs are.

And better, as more faithful:—but, proceed;
Thou hast my signet—since they are tumultuous,
Let them be temper'd; yet not roughly, till
Necessity enforce it. I hate all pain,
Given or received; we have enough within us,
The nearest vessel as the lowest monarch,
A bridge to each other's natural burthen
Of mortal misery, but rather lessen,
By mild reciprocal affirmation,
The fatal penalties imposed on life;
But this they know not, or they will not know.
I have, by Baal! done all I could to soothe them:
I made no wars, I added no new impost,
I interred not with their civil lives,
Let them pass their days as best might suit them,
Passing my own as suited me.

SALEMENES.

Thou stopp'st Short of the duties of a king; and therefore
They say thou art unfit to be a monarch.

SARDANAPALUS.

They lie.—Unhappily, I am unfit
To be might save a monarch; else for me,
The meanest Mede might be the king instead.

SALEMENES.

There is one Mede, at least, who seeks to be so.

SARDANAPALUS.

What mean'st thou?—'tis thy secret; thou desirest
Few questions, and I'm not of curious nature.
Take the fit steps, and since necessity
Requires, I sanction and support thee. Ne'er
Was man who more desired to rule in peace
The peaceful only; if they raise me, better
They had conjured up stern Nimrod from his ashes,
'The mighty hunter, he.' I will turn these realms
To one wide desert chase of brutes, who were,
But would no more, by their own choice, be human,
'What they have found me, they have; that which
They yet may find me—shall defy their wish
To speak it worse; and let them thank themselves.

SALEMENES.

Then thou at last canst feel?

SARDANAPALUS.

Feel! who feels not
Ingratitude?

SALEMENES.

I will not pause to answer
With words, but deeds. Keep thou awake that energy
Which sleeps at times, but is not dead within thee,
And thou mayst yet be glorious in thy reign,
As powerful in thy realm. Farewell!

[Exit SALEMENES, SARDANAPALUS (exults).]

Farewell.

He's gone; and on his finger bears my signet,
Which is to him a sceptre. He is stern
As I am heedless; and the slaves deserve
To feel a master. What may be the danger,
I know not:—he hath found it, let him quell it.
Must I consume my life—this little life—
In guarding against all may make it less?
It is not worth so much! It were to die
Before my hour, to live in dread of death,
Tracing revolts: suspecting all about me,
Because they are near; and all who are remote,
Because they are afar. But if it should be so—
If they should sweep me off from earth and empire,
Why, what is earth or empire of the earth?
I have loved, and lived, and multiplied my image;
To die is no less natural than those—
Acts of this clay! 'T is true I have not shed
Blood, as I might have done, in oceans, till
My name became the synonyme of death—
A terror and a trophy. But for this
I feel no penitence; my life is love:
If I must shed blood, it shall be by force.
Till now no drop from an Assyrian vein
Hath flowed for me, nor hath the smallest con
Of Ninevites' vast treasures ever been lavish'd
On objects which could cost her sons a tear:
If then they hate me, 'tis because I hate not;
If they rebel, it is because I oppress not.
Oh, men! ye must be ruled with scythes, not sceptres,
And now'down like grass, else all we reap
Is rank abundance, and a rotten harvest
Of discontentments infecting the fair soil,
Making a desert of fertility,—
I'll think no more.—Within there, ho!

Enter an ATTENDANT.

SARDANAPALUS.

Slave, tell
The Ionian Myrrha we would crave her presence.

ATTENDANT.

King, she is here.

MYRRHA enters.

SARDANAPALUS (apart to Attendant),

Away!

(Abbrevising MYRRHA.) Beautiful being!
Thou dost almost anticipate my heart;
It throb'd for thee, and here thou comest; let me
Decem that some unknown influence, some sweet oracle,
Communen't between us, though unseen,
In absence, and attracts us to each other.

MYRRHA.

There doth.

SARDANAPALUS.

I know there doth; but not its name;

What is it?

MYRRHA.

In my native land a god,
And in my heart a feeling like a god's,
Exalted; yet I own 'tis only mortal,
SARDANAPALUS.

For what I feel is humble, and yet happy—
That is, it would be happy: but—

[MYRRAH pauses]

SARDANAPALUS. There comes
For ever something between us and what
We deem our happiness: let me remove
The barrier which that hesitating accent
Proclaims to thine, and mine is seal'd.

MYRRAH. My lord—

SARDANAPALUS. My lord—my king—sire—sovereign! thus it is—
For ever thus, address'd with awe. I never
Can see a smile, unless in some broad banquet's
Inviting glare, when it dispenses
Have gorged themselves up to equality,
Or I have quaff'd me down to their abasement.
MYrrha, I can hear all these things, these names,
Lord—king—sire—monarch—nay, time was I prized
That is, I suffered them—from slaves and nobles;
But when they falter from the lips I love,
The lips which have been press'd to mine, a chill
Comes o'er my heart, a cold sense of the falsehood
Of this my station, which represses feeling
In those for whom I have felt most, and makes me
Wish that I could try down the dull track,
And share a cottage on the Caucasus
With thee, and wear no crowns but those of flowers.

MYRRAH. Would that we could!

SARDANAPALUS. And dost thou feel this?—Why?

MYRRAH. Then thou wouldst know what thou canst never know.

And that is—

MYRRAH. The true value of a heart;
At least a woman's.

SARDANAPALUS. I have proved a thousand—
A thousand, and a thousand.

MYRRAH. Hearts?

SARDANAPALUS. I think so.

MYRRAH. Not one! the time may come thou may'rt.

SARDANAPALUS. It will.

Hear, Myrrha; Saloménes has declared—
Or why or how he hath divined it, Behos,
Who founded our great realm, knows more than I—
But Saloménes hath declared my throne
In peril.

MYRRAH. He did well.

SARDANAPALUS. And say'st thou so?

Thou whom he spurn'd so harshly, and now dare
Drew from our presence with his savage jeers,
And made thee weep and blush?

MYRRAH. I should do both
More frequently, and he did well to call me
Back to my duty. But thou speak'st of peril—
Peri! to thee—

SARDANAPALUS. Ay, from dark plots and snares
From Medes—and discontented troops and nations.

I know not what—a labyrinth of things—
A maze of mutter'd threats and mysteries:
Thou know'st the man—it is his mental custom,
But he is honest. Come, we'll think no more on't—
But of the midnight festival.

MYRRAH. 'Tis time
To think of ought save festivities. Thou hast not
Spurn'd his sage cautions?

SARDANAPALUS. What!—and dost thou fear?

MYRRAH. Fear!—I'm a Greek, and how should I fear death?
A slave, and wherefore should I dread my tomow?

Then wherefore dost thou turn so pale?

MYRRAH. I love.

SARDANAPALUS. And do not I? I love thee far—far more
Than either the brief life or the wide realm,
Which, it may be, are menaced:—yet I blench not.

MYRRAH. That means thou lovest nor thyself nor me;
For he who loves another loves himself,
Even for that other's sake. This is too rash:
Kingdoms and lives are not to be so lost.

SARDANAPALUS. Lost!—why, who is the aspiring chief who dared
Assume to win them?

MYRRAH. Who is he should dread
To try so much? When he who is their ruler
Forgets himself, will they remember him?

MYRRAH. Frown not upon me: you have smiled
Too often on me not to make those frowns
Bitterer to bear than any punishments
Which they may augur.—King, I am your subject!
Master, I am your slave! My love, I have loved you!—
Loved you, I know not by what fatal weakness,
Although a Greek, and born a foe to monarchs—
A slave, and hating fetters—on Ioman,
And, therefore, when I love a stranger, more
Degraded by that passion than by chains!
Still I have loved you. If that love were strong
Enough to overcome all former nature,
Shall it not claim the privilege to save you?

SARDANAPALUS. Save me, my beauty! Thou art very fair,
And what I seek of thee is love—not safety.

MYRRAH. And without love where dwells security?

SARDANAPALUS. I speak of woman's love.

MYRRAH. The very first
Of human life must spring from woman's breast,
Your first small words are taught you from her lips,
Your first tears quench'd by her, and your last sighs,
Too often breathed out in a woman's hearing,
When men have shrunk from the ignoble care
Of watching the last hour of him who led them

SARDANAPALUS. My eloquent Ioman! thou speakest more,
The very chorus of the tragic song
I have heard thee talk of as the favourite pastime
Of thy far father-land. Nay, weep not—come thou
MYRRAHA.
I weep not—But I pray thee, do not speak
About my fathers or their land.
MYRRAHA.
Yes, oft
7hou speakest of them.
MYRRAHA.
True—true:—constant thought
Will overflow in words unceasingly;
But when another speaks of Greece, it wounds me.
SARDANAPALUS.
Well, then, how wouldst thou save me, as thou safest?
MYRRAHA.
By teaching thee to save thyself, and not
Thyself alone, but these vast realms, from all
The rage of the worst war—the war of brethren.
SARDANAPALUS.
Why, child, I bethou all war, and warriors;
I live in peace and pleasure; what can man
Do more?
SARDANAPALUS.
Dost thou say so, Myrrha?
MYRRAHA.
I speak of civic popular love, self-love,
When means that men are kept in awe and law,
Or not oppressed—at least they must not think so;
Or if they think so, deem it necessary
To ward off worse oppression, their own passions.
A king of feasts, and flowers, and wine, and revel,
And love, and mirth, was never king of glory.
SARDANAPALUS.
Glory: what's that?
MYRRAHA.
Ask of the gods thy fathers.
SARDANAPALUS.
They cannot answer; when the priests speak for them,
'Tis for some small addition to the temple.
SARDANAPALUS.
Look to the annals of those empire's founders.
SARDANAPALUS.
They are so blotted o'er with blood, I cannot
But what wouldst have? the empire has been founded,
I cannot go on multiplying empires.
SARDANAPALUS.
Preserve thine own.
SARDANAPALUS.
At least I will enjoy it.
Come, Myrrha, let us on to the Empirates;
The hour invites, the gaiety is prepared,
And the pavilion, deck'd for our return,
Is fit adornment for the evening banquet,
Soil'd blaze with beauty and with light, unit
Together onto the stars which are above us,
Itself a star of splendour; and we will sit
Grown'd with fresh flowers like—
SARDANAPALUS.
Victims.
SARDANAPALUS.
No, like sovereigns,
The shepherd kings of patriarchal times,
Who knew no brighter gems than summer wreaths,
And more but tearless triumphs. Let us on.

Enter Pania.

PANIA.
May the king live for ever!
SARDANAPALUS.
Not at hour
Longer than he can love. Pown my soul nates
This language, which makes life itself a lie,
Flattering dust with eternity. Well, Pania!
Be brief.

PANIA.
I am charged by Salemenes to
Reiterate his prayer unto the king,
That for this day, at least, he will not quit
The palace: when the general returns,
He will adduce such reasons as will warrant
His daring, and perhaps obtain the pardon
Of his presumption.
SARDANAPALUS.
What! am I then cooped
Already captive? can I not even breathe
The breath of heaven? Tell prince Salemenes,
Were all Assyria raging round the walls
In mutinous myriads, I would still go forth.

PANIA.
I must obey, and yet—
MYRRAHA.
Oh, monarch, listen—
How many a day and moon thou hast reclined
Within these palace walls in silken dalliance,
And never shown thee to thy people's longing;
Leaving thy subjects' eyes ungratified,
The satraps uncontrolled, the gods unworshipp'd,
And all things in the anarchy of sloth,
Till all, save evil, shambled through the realm!
And—'tis not now tardy for a day
A day which may redeem thee? Wilt thou not yield to the few shall faithful a few hours,
For them, for thee, for thy past fathers' race,
And for thy sons' inheritance?

PANIA.
'Tis true!
From the deep urgency with which the prince
Despatch'd me to your sacred presence, I
Must dare to add my feeble voice to that
Which now has spoken.
SARDANAPALUS.
No, it must not be.
MYRRAHA.
For the sake of thy realm?
SARDANAPALUS.
Away!

PANIA.
For that
Of all thy faithful subjects, who will rally
Round thee and thine.
SARDANAPALUS.
These are mere phantasies.
There is no peril—'tis a solemn schema
Of Salemenes, to approve his zeal,
And show himself more necessary to us.
MYRRAHA.
By all that's good and glorious, take this counsel.
SARDANAPALUS.
Business to-morrow.
MYRRAHA.
Ay, or death to-night.
SARDANAPALUS.
Why, let it come, then, unexpectedly,
'Midst joy and gentleness, and mirth and love;
So let me fall like the plush'd rose—far better
Thus than be wither'd.
SARDANAPALUS.

The slave hath lost all save her bonds. I love him;
And that's the heaviest link of the long chain—
To love whom we esteem not. Be it so!
The hour is coming when he'll need all love,
And find none. To fall from him now were baser
Than to have stubb'd him on his throne when high est
Would have been noble in my country's creed;
I was not made for either. Could I save him,
I should not love him better, but myself;
And I have need of the last, for I have fallen
In my own thoughts, by loving this soft stranger:
And yet methinks I love him more, perceiving
That he is hated of his own barbarians,
The natural foes of all the blood of Greece.
Could I but wake a single thought like those
Which even the Phrygians felt, when, battering long
Twixt Eun and the sea, within his heart,
He would tread down the barbarous crowds, and triumph;
He loves me, and I love him; the slave loves
Her master, and would free him from his vices.
If not, I have a means of freedom still,
And if I cannot teach him how to reign,
May show him how alone a king can leave
His throne. I must not lose him from my sight.

[Exeunt Pan.]
Gazing to trace thy disappearing sea
Into some realm of undiscovered day?
Our business is with flight—"tis done.

BELESES. But not

Gone.

ARBACES. Let it roll on—we are ready.

BELESES. Yes.

Would I were over!

ARBACES. Does the prophet doubt,
To whom the very stars shine victory?

BELESES. I do not doubt of victory—but the victor.

Well, let thy science settle that. Meantime,
I have prepared as many glittering spears
As will out-sparkle our allies—your planets.
There is no more to thwart us. The she-king,
That less than woman, is even now upon
The waters with his female mates. The order
Is issued for the feast in the pavilion.
The first cup which he drains will be the last
Quaff'd by the line of Nimrod.

ARBACES. 'Twas a brave one.

ARBACES. And is a weak one—'tis worn out—we'll mend it.

ARBACES. Art sure of that?

ARBACES. Its founder was a hunter—
I am a soldier—what is there to fear?

The soldier.

ARBACES. And the priest, it may be; but
If you thought thus, or think, why not retain
Your king of concubines? why stir me up?
Why spur me to this enterprise? your own
No less than mine?

BELESES. Look to the sky!

BELESES. I look.

What seest thou?

ARBACES. A fair summer's twilight, and
The gathering of the stars.

BELESES. And midst them mark
Yon earliest, and the brightest, which so quivers,
As it would quit its place in the blue ether.

ARBACES. Well!

ARBACES. 'Tis thy natal ruler—thy birth planet.
ARBACES (touching his scabbard). My star is in this scabbard: when it shines,
It shall out-glaze the comets. Let us think
Of what is to be done to justify
Thy planets and their portents. When we conquer,
They shall have temples—ay, and priests—and thou
Shalt be the priest of—what gods thou wilt;
For I observe that they are ever just,
And own the bravest for the most devout.

ARBACES. Ay, and the most devout for brave—thor hast not
Seen me turn back from battle.

ARBACES. No; I own thee
As firm in fight as Babylonia's captain,
As skilful in Chaldea's worship; now,
Will it but please thee to forget the priest,
And be the warrior?

BELESES. Why not both?

ARBACES. The better;
And yet it almost shames me, we shall have
So little to effect. This woman's warfare
Degrades the very conqueror. To have pluck'd
A bold and bloody death from his throne,
And grappled with him, clashing steel with steel,
That were heroic or to win or fall;
But to upraise my sword against this silkworm,
And hear him whine, it may be——

BELESES. Do not deem it.

He has that in him which may make you strive yet;
And, were he all you think, his guards are hardy,
And headed by the cool, stern Salomees.

ARBACES. They'll not resist.

BELESES. Why not? they are soldiers.

ARBACES. True,

And therefore need a solier to command them.

BELESES. That Salomees is.

ARBACES. But not their king.

Besides, he hates the effeminate thing that governs,
For the queen's sake, his sister. Mark you not
He keeps aloof from all the revels?

BELESES. But

Not from the council—there he is ever constant.

ARBACES. And ever thwarted; what would you have more
To make a rebel out of? A fool reigning,
His blood dishonour'd, and himself disdained;
Why, it is his revenge we work for.

BELESES. Could

He but be brought to think so: this I doubt of.

ARBACES. What if we sound him?

BELESES. Yes—if the time served.

Enter BALEA.

BALEA. Satraps! the king commands your presence at
The feast to-night.

BELESES. To hear is to obey.

In the pavilion?

BALEA. No; here in the palace.

ARBACES. How! in the palace? it was not thus order'd.

BALEA. It is so order'd now.

ARBACES. And why?

BALEA. I know not.

May I retire?
SALESESES.

SELESES. To Arbaees aside.

Hast thou let him go his way?

Arbaees.

Doth he not change a thousand times a-day?

Sloth is of all things the most fanciful—

And moves more parasangs in its intents

Than generals in their marches, when they seek

To leave their foe at fault. Why dost thou muse?

Arbaees.

He loved that gay pavilion—it was ever

His summer dotage.

Arbaees.

And he loved his queen—

And thrice a thousand harlotry besides—

And he has loved all things by turns, except

Wisdom and glory.

Arbaees.

Still—I like it not.

If he has changed—why so must we! the attack

Were easy in the isolated bower,

Beset with drowsy guards and drunken courtiers;

But in the Hall of Nimrod—

BELESES.

Is it so?

Methought the haughty soldier fear'd to mount

A throne too easily: does it disappoint thee

To find there is a slipperier step or two

Than what was counted on?

Arbaees.

When the hour comes,

Thou shalt perceive how far I fear or no.

Thou hast seen my life at stake—and gaily play'd for:

But here is more upon the die—a kingdom.

BELESES.

I have foretold already—thou wilt win it:

Then on, and prosper.

Arbaees.

Now, were I a soothsayer,

I would have bood so much to myself.

But be the stars obey'd—I cannot quarrel

With them, nor their interpreter. Who's here?

Enter Salemenes.

SALEMENES. Satraps!

My prince!

Salemenes.

Well met—I sought ye both,

But elsewhere than the palace.

Arbaees.

Wherefore so?

Salemenes.

I is not the hour.

Arbaees.

The hour—what hour?

Salemenes.

Of midnight.

SALEMENES. What, are you not invited?

Salemenes.

Oh! yes—we had forgotten.

Salemenes.

Is it usual

Thus to forget a sovereign's invitation?

Arbaees.

Why—we but now received it.

Salemenes.

Then why here?

Arbaees.

On duty.

Salemenes.

On what duty?

Salemenes.

We have the privilege to approach the presence,

But found the monarch absent.

Salemenes.

And I too

Am upon duty.

Arbaees.

May we crave its purport?

Salemenes.

To arrest two traitors. Guards! within there!

Enter Guards.

Salemenes (continuing).

Soldiers! how down the rebel!

Salemenes.

Alone you dare not.

Salemenes.

Alone! foolish slave—

What is there in thee that a prince should shrink from

Of open force? We dread thy treason, not

Thy strength: thy both is nought without its venom—

The serpent's not the hour's. Cut him down.

Salemenes (interposing).

Arbaees! are you mad? Have I not render'd

My sword? Then trust like me our sovereign's justice.

Arbaees.

No—I will sooner trust the stars than pray't of,

And this slight arm, and die a king at least

Of my own breath and body—so far that

None else shall charm them.

Salemenes (to the Guards).

You hear him, and me.

Take him not—kill.

[The Guards attack Arbaees, who defends himself valiantly and desperately till they wear.

Salemenes.

Is it seen so? and must

I do the hangman's office? Recruits! see

How you should fell a traitor.

[Salemenes attacks Arbaees.
Enter SARDANAPALUS and Arbaces.

SALEMENES.

Hold your hands—

Upon your lives, I say. What, deaf or drunken? My sword! oh, fool, I wear no sword: here, fellow, Give me thy weapon. {To a Guard.

[SARDANAPALUS seizes a sword from one of the soldiers, and makes between the combattants—they separate.

SALEMENES.

In my very palace! What hinders me from cleaving you in twain, Audacious brawlers?

SALEMENES. Or—

Your weakness.

SALEMENES (raising the sword). How?

SALEMENES.

Strike! so the blow’s repeated

Upon you traitor—whom you spare a moment, I trust, for torture—I’m content.

SALEMENES. What—him!

Who dares assail Arbaces?

SALEMENES.

I!

SALEMENES.

Indeed!

Prince, you forget yourself. Upon what warrant?

SALEMENES (showing the signet).

Thrice.

Arbaces (confused),

The king’s!

SALEMENES.

Yes! and let the king confirm it.

SALEMENES.

I parted not from this for such a purpose.

SALEMENES.

You parted with it for your safety—

Employ’d it for the best. Pronounce in person.

Here I am but your slave—a moment past I was your representative.

SALEMENES.

Then sheathe your swords. {Arbaces and Salemenes return their swords to the scabbards.

SALEMENES.

Mine’s sheath’d: I pray you sheathe not yours; 'Tis the sole sceptre left you now with safety.

SALEMENES.

A heavy one; the hill, too, hurts my hand. {To a Guard.

Here, fellow, take thy weapon back.

Well, sirs, What doth this mean?

BELESES.

The prince must answer that.

BELESES.

Truth upon my part, treason upon theirs.

SALEMENES.

Treason—Arbaces! treachery and Beleoses!

That were an union I will not believe.

BELESES.

Where is the proof?

SALEMENES. I’ll answer that, if once

The king demands your fellow traitor’s sword.

Arbaces (to Salemenes).

A sword which hath been drawn as oft as thine

Against his foes.

SALEMENES.

And now against his brother,

And in an hour or so against himself.

SALEMENES. That is not possible: he dared not; no—

No—I’ll not hear of such things. These vain bickerings

Are spurn’d in courts by base intrigues and baser

Hirelings, who live by lies on good men’s lives.

You must have been deceived, my brother.

SALEMENES. First

Let him deliver up his weapon, and

Proclaim himself your subject by that duty,

And I will answer all.

SALEMENES.

Why, if I thought so—

But no, it cannot be; the Mede Arbaces—

The trusty, rough, true soldier—the best captain

Of all who discipline our nations—No, I’ll not insult him thus, to bid him render

The scimitar to me he has never yielded

Unto our enemies. Chief, keep your weapon.

SALEMENES (delivering back the signet).

Monarch, take back your signet.

SALEMENES.

No, retain it;—

But use it with more moderation.

SALEMENES.

Sire,

I used it for your honour, and restore it

Because I cannot keep it with my own.

Bestow it on Arbaces.

SALEMENES.

So I should:

He never ask’d it.

SALEMENES.

Doubt not, he will have’t

Without that hollow semblance of respect.

BELESES.

I know not what hath procured the prince

So strongly against two subjects, than whom none

Have been more zealous for Assyria’s weal.

SALEMENES.

Peace, factious priest and fruitless soldier! thou

Unit’d in thy own person the worst vices

Of the most dangerous orders of mankind,

Keep thy smooth words and juggling banquets

For those who know them not. Thy fellow’s sin

Is, at the least, a bold one, and not temper’d

By the tricks taught thee in Chaldæa.

BELESES. Hear him,

My liege—the son of Belus! he blasphemes

The worship of the land which bows the knee

Before you; fathers.

SALEMENES.

Oh! for that I pray you

Let him have absolution. I dispense with

The worship of dead men; feeling that I

Am mortal, and believing that the race

From whence I spring are—what I see them—abes

BELESES.

King! do not deem so: they are with the stars,

And—

SALEMENES.

You shall join them there ere they will rise,

If you preach further.—Why, this is rank treason.
SARDANAPALUS.

My or: !

SALEMENES.

SARDANAPALUS.

To eschew me in the worship of
Assyra's idols! Let him be released—
Give him his sword.

SALEMENES.

My lord, and king, and brother,
I pray ye, pause.

SARDANAPALUS.

Yes, and be sermonized,
And dim'd, and dea^on'd with dead men and Baal,
And all Chaldea's starry mysteries.

BELESIS.

Monarch! respect them.

SARDANAPALUS.

Oh! for that— I love them;
I love to watch them in the deep blue vault,
And to compare them with my Myrrha's eyes:
I love to see their rays redoubled in
The tremulous silver of Euphrates' wave,
As the light breeze of midnight crisps the broad
And rolling water, sighing through the eddies
Which fringe his banks: but whether they may be
Gods, as some say, or the abodes of gods,
As others hold, or simply lamps of night,
Worlds or the sorts of worlds, I know nor care not.
There's something sweet in my uncertainty
I would not change for your Chalcean lore;
Besides, I know of these all clay can know
Of 'ught above it or below it—nothing,
I see their brilliancy and feel their beauty—
When they shine on my grave, I shall know neither.

BELESIS.

For neither, sire, say better.

SARDANAPALUS.

I will wait,
If it so please you, pontiff, for that knowledge.
In the meantime receive your sword, and know
That I prefer your service militant
Unto your ministry— not loving either.

SALEMENES (aside).

His huss have made him mad. Then must I save him
Spite of himself.

SARDANAPALUS.

Please you to hear me, Satraps!
And chiefly thou, my priest, because I doubt thee
More than the soldier, and would doubt thee all
Wert thou not half a warrior; let us part
In peace— I'll not say pardon—which must be
Earn'd by the guilty; thus I'll not pronounce ye,
Although upon this breath of mine depends
Your own; and, deadlier for ye, on my fears,
But fear not—for that I am soft, not fearful
And so live on. Were I the thing some thick me,
Your heads would now be dripping the last drops
Of their attained gore from the high gates
Of this our palace into the dry dust,
Their only portion of the coveted kingdom
They would be crown'd to reign o'er—let that pass,
As I have said, I will not deem ye guilty,
Nor deem ye guiltless. Albeit, better men
Than ye or I stand ready to arraign you;
And should I leave your fate to sterner judges,
And proofs of all kinds, I might sacrifice
Two men, who, whatsoever they now are, were
Once honest. Ye are free, sirs.

ARBACES.

Sire, this clemency —

BELESIS (interrupting him).

Is worthy of yourself; and, although innocent,
We thank—

SARDANAPALUS.

Price! keep your thanksgiving for Belesis,
His offspring needs none.

BELESIS.

But, being innocent—

SARDANAPALUS.

Be silent— Guilt is loud. If ye are loyal,
Ye are injured men, and should be sad, not grateful.

BELESIS.

So we should be, were justice always done
By earthly power omnipotent; but innocence
Must oft receive her right as a mere favour.

SARDANAPALUS.

That's a good sentence for a honnly,
Though not for this occasion. Pithen keep it
To plead thy sovereign's cause before his people.

BELESIS.

I trust there is no cause.

SARDANAPALUS.

No cause, perhaps,
But many causes:— If ye meet with such
In the exercise of your inquisitive function
On earth, or should you read of it in heaven
In some mysterious twinkle of the stars,
Which are your chronicles, I pray you note,
That there are worse things between this world and heaven
That him who ruleth many and slays none;
And, hating not himself, yet loves his fellows
Enough to spare even those who would not spare him,
Were they once masters—but that's doubtful. Satraps!
Your swords and persons are at liberty
To use them as ye will—but from this hour
I have no call for either. Salemenes!

Follow me.

[Exeunt SARDANAPALUS, SALEMENES, and the
Train, etc., leaving ARBACES and BELESIS.

ARBACES.

Belesis!

BELESIS.

Now, what think you?

ARBACES.

That we are lost.

BELESIS.

That we have won the kingdom.

ARBACES.

What! thus suspected—with the sword slung o'er us
But by a single hair, and that still wavering
To be blown down by his impetuous breath,
Which spared us— why, I know not.

ARBACES.

Seek not why;
But let us profit by the interval.
The hour is still our own— our power the same—
The night the same we destined. He hath changed
Nothing, except our ignorance of all
Suspicion into such a certainty
As must make madness of delay.

ARBACES.

And yet—

ARBACES.

What, doubting still!

ARBACES.

He spared our lives— may, more,
Saved them from Salemenes.

BELESIS.

And how long
Will he so spare! till the first drunken morn.
ARBACES.

Or sober, rather. Yet he did it nobly;
Gave royally what we had forfeited
Basely——

BELESES.

Say, bravely.

ARBACES.

Somewhat of both, perhaps.
But it has touch'd me, and, what'er betide,
I will no further on.

BELESES.

And lose the world?

ARBACES.

Lose any thing, except my own esteem.

BELESES.

I blush that we should owe our lives to such
A king of distasts!

ARBACES.

But no less we owe them;
And I should blush far more to take the grantor's!

BELESES.

Thou may'st endure what' er thou wilt, the stars
Have written otherwise.

ARBACES.

Though they came down,
And marshall'd me the way in all their brightness,
I would not follow.

BELESES.

This is weakness—worse
Than a scared beldam's dreaming of the dead,
And waking in the dark.—Go to—go to.

ARBACES.

Me thought he look'd like Nimrod as he spoke,
Even as the proud imperial statute stands,
Looking the monarch of the kings around it,
And sways, while they but ornament, the temple.

BELESES.

I told you that you had too much despised him,
And that there was some royalty within him.
What then? he is the nobler foe.

ARBACES.

But we
The meaner——would he had not spared us! So——

ARBACES.

No—but it had been better to have lived
Than live ungrateful.

BELESES.

Oh, the souls of some men!
Thou wouldst digest what some call treason, and
Fools treachery—and, behold, upon the sudden,
Because, for something or for nothing, this
Rash reveller steps, ostentatiously,
'T wist thee and Samaemus, thou art turn'd
Into——what shall I say?—Sardanapalus!
I know no name more ignominious.

ARBACES.

But
An hour ago, who dared to term me such
Had held his life but lightly——as it is,
I must forgive you, even as he forgive us——
Semiramis herself would not have done it.

BELESES.

No, the queen liked no sharers of the kingdom,
Not even a husband.

ARBACES.

I must serve him truly——

BELESES.

And humbly?

ARBACES.

No, sir, proudly——being honest.
I shall be nearer thrones than you to heaven;
And if not quite so haughty, yet more lofty.
You may do your own decree——you have codes;
And mysteries, and corollaries of
Right and wrong, which I lack for my direction,
And must pursue but what a dun heart teaches.
And now you know me.

BELESES.

Have you finish'd?

ARBACES.

Yes——

With you.

BELESES.

And would, perhaps, betray as well
As quit me?

ARBACES.

That's a saceral thought,
And not a soldier's.

BELESES.

Be it what you will——
Truce with these wranglings, and but hear me.

ARBACES.

There is more peril in your subtle spirit
Than in a phalanx.

BELESES.

If it must be so——

I'll on alone.

ARBACES.

Alone!

BELESES.

Thrones hold but one.

ARBACES.

But this is fill'd.

BELESES.

With worse than vacancy——
A despised monarch. Look to it, Arbaces:
I have still aiding, cherish'd, loved, and urged yo.;
Was willing even to serve you, in the hope
To serve and save Assyria. Heaven itself
Seem'd to consent, and all events were friendly,
Even to the last, till that your spirit shrunk
Into a shallow softness; but now, rather
Than see my country languish, I will be
Her saviour or the victim of her tyrant,
Of one or both, for sometimes both are one;
And if I win, Arbaces is my servant.

ARBACES.

Your servant!

BELESES.

Why not? better than be
The pardon'd slave of the Sardanapalus.

Enter Pania.

PANIA.

My lords, I bear an order from the king.

ARBACES.

It is obey'd ere spoken.

BELESES.

Notwithstanding,

PANIA.

Forthwith, on this very night,
Repair to your respective satrapies
Of Babyon and Media.

BELESES.

With our troops?

PANIA.

My order is unto the satrapies and
Their household train.
SARDANAPALUS

ARBACES.

If I but thought he did not mean my life—

BELESES.

Purd! hence—what else should despotsim alarm'd
Mean? Let us but rejoin our troops, and march.

ARBACES.

Towards our provinces?

BELESES.

No; towards your kingdom.

There's time, there's heart and hope, and power, and
means

Which their half measures leave us in full scope.—
Away!

ARBACES.

And I, even yet repenting, must
Relapse to guilt!

BELESES.

Self-defence is a virtue,

Sole bulwark of all right. Away! I say!

Let's leave this place, the air grows thick and choking.

And the walls have a scent of night-shade—hence!

Let us not leave them time for further council.

Our quick departure proves our civic zeal;

Our quick departure hinders our good escort,

The worthy Pania, from anticipating

The orders of some parasangs from hence,

Nay, there's no other choice but—hence, I say.

[Exit with ARBACES, who follows reluctantly

Enter SARDANAPALUS and SALEMENES.

SARDANAPALUS.

Well, all is remedied, and without bloodshed,

That worst of mockeries of a remedy;

We are now secure by these men's exile.

SALEMENES.

Yes,

As he who treads on flowers is from the adder

Twined round their roots.

SARDANAPALUS.

Why, what wouldst have me do

SALEMENES.

Undo what you have done.

SARDANAPALUS.

Revolve my pardon?

SALEMENES.

Replace the crown, now tottering on your temples.

SARDANAPALUS.

That were tyrannical.

SALEMENES.

But sure.

SARDANAPALUS.

We are so.

What danger can they work upon the frontier?

SALEMENES.

They are not there yet—never should they be so,

Were I well listen'd to.

SARDANAPALUS.

Nay, I have listen'd

Impartially to thee—why not to them?

SALEMENES.

You may know that hereafter; as it is,

I take my leave, to order forth the guard.

SARDANAPALUS.

And you will join us at the banquet?

SALEMENES.

Sure,

Dispense with me—I am no wassailer:

Command me in all service save the Bacchan'.
SARDANAPALUS.

Nay, but 'tis fit to revel now and then.

SALEMENES.

And fit that some should watch for those who revel too oft. Am I permitted to depart?

SARDANAPALUS.

Yes—stay a moment, my good Salemnes

My brother, my best subject, better prince

Than I am king. You should have been the monarch,

And I—know not what, and care not; but

Think not I am insensible to all

Thine honest wisdom, and thy rough, yet kind,

Though oft-reproving, sufferance of my follies.

If I have spared these men against thy counsel,

That is, their lives—it is not that I doubt

The advice was sound; but, let them live; we will not

Caval about their lives—so let them mend them.

Their banishment will leave me still sound sleep,

Which their death had not left me.

SALEMENES.

Thus you run

The risk to sleep for ever, to save traitors—

A moment's pang now changed for years of crime.

Still let them be made quiet.

SARDANAPALUS.

Tempt me not:

My word is past.

SALEMENES.

But it may be recall'd.

SARDANAPALUS.

'T is royal.

SALEMENES.

And should therefore be decisive.

This half indulgence of an exile serves

But to provoke—a pardon should be full,

Or it is none.

SARDANAPALUS.

And who persuaded me

After I had repeal'd them, or at least

Only dismiss'd them from our presence, who

Urged me to send them to their satrapies?

SALEMENES.

True; that I had forgotten; that is, sore,

If they e'er reach their satrapies—why, then,

Reprieve me more for my advice.

SARDANAPALUS.

And if

They do not reach them—look to it!—in safety,

In safety, mark me—and security—

Look to thine own.

SALEMENES.

Permit me to depart;

Their safety shall be cared for.

SARDANAPALUS.

Get thee hence, then;

And, prithee, think more gently of thy brother.

SALEMENES.

Sire, I shall ever duly serve my sovereign.

[Exit Salemnes.

SARDANAPALUS (solely).

That man is of a temper too severe;

Hard but as lofty as the rock, and free

From all the taints of common earth—while I

Am softer clay, impregnated with flowers,

But as our mould is, must the produce be;

If I have err'd this time, 'tis on the side

Where error sits most lightly on that sense,

I know not what to call it; but it reckons

With me oft-times for pain, and sometimes pleasure;

A spirit which seems placed about my heart

To court its thorns, not quicken them, and ask

Questions which mortals never dare to ask.

Nor Baal, though an oracular deity—

Albeit his marble face majestic

Frowns as the shadows of the evening dim

His brows to changed expression, till at times

I think the statue looks in act to speak.

Away with these vain thoughts, I will be joyous—

And here comes Joy's true herald.

Enter Myrrha

MYrrha.

King! the sky

Is overcast, and muskets muttering thunder,

In clouds that seem approaching fast, and show

In forked flashes a commanding tempest.

Will you then quit the palace?

SARDANAPALUS.

Tempest, say'st thou?

MYrrha.

Ay, my good lord.

SARDANAPALUS.

For my own part, I should be

Not ill content to vary the smooth scene,

And watch the warming elements; but this

Would little suit the silken garments and

Smooth faces of our festive friends. Say, Myrrha,

Art thou of those who dread the roar of clouds?

MYrrha.

In my own country we respect their voices

As auguries of Jove.

SARDANAPALUS.

Jove—ay, your Baal—

Ours also has a property in thunder,

And ever and anon some falling bolt

Proves his divinity, and yet sometimes

 Strikes his own altars.

MYrrha.

That were a dread omen.

SARDANAPALUS.

Yes—for the priests.

Ours will not go forth

Beyond the palace walls to-night, but make

Our feast within.

MYrrha.

Now, Jove be praised! that he

Hath heard the prayer thou wouldst not hear. The god

Are kinder to thee than thou to thyself;

And flash this storm between thee and thy foes;

To shield thee from them.

SARDANAPALUS.

Child, if there be peril,

Methinks it is the same within these walls

As on the river's brink.

MYrrha.

Not so; these walls

Are high and strong, and guarded. 'Treason has

To penetrate through many a winding way.

And massy portal! but in the pavilion

There is no bulwark.

SARDANAPALUS.

No, nor in the palace,

Nor in the fortress, nor upon the top.

Of cloud-fenced Caucasus, where the eagle sits

Nested in pathless elysia, if treachery be:

Even as the arrow finds the airy king,

The steel will reach the earthly. But be calm:

The men, or innocent or guilty, are

Banish'd, and far upon their way.

MYrrha.

They live, then?

SARDANAPALUS.

So sangunary? Thou!
Myrrha.

I would not shrink
From just infliction of due punishment
On those who seek your life: 'twere otherwise
I should not merit mine. Besides, you heard
The princely Salemence.

Sardanapalus.

This is strange;
The gentle and the austere are both against me,
And urge me to revenge.

Myrrha.

'Tis a Greek virtue.

Sardanapalus.

But not a kingly one—I'll done on't; or,
If ever I indulge in't, it shall be
With kings—my equals.

Myrrha.

These men sought to be so.

Sardanapalus.

Myrrha, this is too feminine, and springs
From fear—

Myrrha.

For you.

Sardanapalus.

I have observed your sex, once roused to wrath,
Are timidly vindictive to a pitch
Of perseverance, which I would not copy.
I thought you were exempt from this, as from
The childish helplessness of Asian women.

Myrrha.

My lord, I am no boaster of my love,
Nor of my attributes; I have shared your splendour,
And will partake your fortunes. You may live
To find one slave more true than subject myriads;
But this the gods avert! I am content
To be beloved on trust for what I feel,
Rather than prove it to you in your griefs,
Which might not yield to any cares of mine.

Sardanapalus.

Griefs cannot come where perfect love exists,
Except to heighten it, and vanish from
That which it could not scare away. Let's in—
The hour approaches, and we must prepare
To meet the invited guests, who grace our feast.

[Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

The Hall of the Palace illuminated.—Sardanapalus
and his Guests at Table.—A storm without, and
Thunder occasionally heard during the Banquet.

Sardanapalus.

Tell fall! Why this is as it should be: here
Is my true realm, amidst bright eyes and faces
Happy as fair! Here sorrow cannot reach.

Zames.

Nor elsewhere—where the king is, pleasure sparkles.

Sardanapalus.

Is not this better now than Nimrod's hunting,
Or my wild gran-fam's chase in search of kingdoms
She could not keep when conquer'd?

Altada.

Mighty though
They were, as all thy royal line have been,
Yet none of those who went before have reach'd
The name of Sardanapalus, who
Has placed his joy in peace— the sole true glory.

Sardanapalus.

And pleasure, good Altada, to which glory
Is but the path. What is it that we seek?
Enjoyment! We have cut the way short to it,
And not gone tracking it through human ashes,
Making a grave with every footstep.

Zames.

No;

All hearts are happy, and all voices bless
The king of peace, who holds a world in jubilee.

Sardanapalus.

Art sure of that? I have heard otherwise
Some say that there be traitors.

Zames.

Traitors they
Who dare to say so!—'Tis impossible.
What cause?

Sardanapalus.

What cause? true,— fill the goblet up,
We will not think of them: there are none such,
Or if there be, they are gone.

Altada.

Guests, to my pledge!

Down on your knees, and drink a measure to
The safety of the king—the monarch, say I!
The god Sardanapalus!

[Zames and the Guests kneel, and sardanapal.

Zames.

Mightier than
His father Baal, the god Sardanapalus!

[If thunders as they kneel; some start up in con.

Zames.

Why do ye rise, my friends? In that strong peal
His father gods consenting.

Myrrha.

Menaced, rather.

King, wilt thou bear this mad impatience?

Sardanapalus.

Impatience!—say, if the sirea who reign'd
Before me can be gods, I'll not disgrace
Their lineage. But arise, my pious friends,
Hoard your devotion for the thunderer there:
I seek but to be loved, not worship'd.

Altada.

Both
Both you must ever be by all true subjects.

Sardanapalus.

Methinks the thunders still increase: it is
An awful night

Myrrha.

Oh yes, for those who have
No palace to protect their worshippers.

Sardanapalus.

That's true, my Myrrha; and could I convert
My realm to one wide shelter for the wretched,
I'd do it.

Myrrha.

That I no god, then, not to be
Able to work a will so good and general,
As thy wish would imply.

Sardanapalus.

And your gods, then.

Who can, and do not?

Myrrha.

Do not speak of that,

Lest we provoke them.

Sardanapalus.

True, they love not censure
Better than mortals. Friends, a thought has struck me.
Were there no temples, would there, think ye, be
An-worshippers—that is, when it is angry,
And pelting as even now?

MYRRHA.

The Persian prays

Upon his m untain.

SARDANAPALUS.

Yes, when the sun shines.

MYRRHA.

And I would ask if this your palace were
Cover'd and desolate, how many flatterers
Would lick the dust in which the king lay low?

ALTADA.

The fair Ioman is too sarcastic
Upon a nation whom she knows not well;
The Assyrians know no pleasure but their king's,
And homage is their pride.

SARDANAPALUS.

Nay, pardon, guests,
The fair Greek's readiness of speech.

ALTADA.

Pardon! sire:
We honour her of all things next to thee.
Hark! what was that?

ZAMES.

That? nothing but the jar
Of distant portals shaken by the wind.

ALTADA.

It sounded like the clash of—hark again!

ZAMES.

The big rain pattering on the roof.

SARDANAPALUS.

No more.

Myrrha, my love, hast thou thy shell in order!
Sing me a song of Sappho, her, thou know'st,
Who in thy country throw'd

Enter Pania, with his sword and garments bloody, and
Disordered. The guests rise in confusion.

PANIA (to the guards).

Look to the portals;
And with your best speed to the wall without.
Your arms! To arms! The king's in danger. Monarch! Excuse this haste,—it is faith.

SARDANAPALUS.

Speak on.

PANIA.

It is
As Salmenes fear'd: the faithless satraps—

SARDANAPALUS.

You are wounded—give some wine. Take breath, good Pania.

PANIA.

'Tis nothing—a mere flesh wound. I am worn
More with my speed to warn my sovereign,
Than hurt in his defence.

MYRRHA.

Well, sir, the rebels?

PANIA.

Soon as Arbaces and Belezes reach'd
Their stations in the city, they refused
To march: and on my attempt to use the power
Which I was delegated with, they call'd
Upon their troops, who rose in fierce defiance.

MYRRHA.

All?

PANIA.

Too many.

SARDANAPALUS.

Spare not of thy free speech
To spare mine ears the truth.
Ser that the women are bestow'd in safety
In the remote apartments? let a guard
Be set before them, with strict charge to quit
The post but with their lives—command it, Zames.
A mountain on my temples.

The mirror, sire?
Brought from the spoils of India—but be speedy.

Myrrha, retire unto a place of safety.
Why went you not forth with the other damsels?

Because my place is here.
And when I am gone—

I follow.
You! to battle?

If it were so,
I will await here your return.

The place
Is spacious, and the first to be sought out,
If they prevail; and, if it should be so,
And I return not—

1 "Such the mirror Otho held
In the Ilissian field."—See Journal.
ALTADA.

Like a king. I must find Sero,
And bring him a new spear and his own helmet,
He fights till now bareheaded, and by far
Too much exposed. The soldiers knew his face,
And the foe too; and in the moon's broad light,
His silk tunic and his flowing hair
Make him a mark too royal. Every arrow
Is pointed at the fair hair and fair features,
nd the broad fillet which crowns both.

MYRRAHA.

Ye gods,
Who fulmine o'er my fathers' land, protect him!
Were you sent by the king?

ALTADA.

By Salemenes,
Who sent me privily upon this charge,
Without the knowledge of the careless sovereign.
The king! the king fights as he revels! ho!
What, Sero! I will seek the armory—
He must be there. [Exit ALTADA.

MYRRAHA.

'Tis no dishonour—no—
'Tis no dishonour to have loved this man.
I almost wish now, what I never wish'd
Before, that he were Grecian. If Alcides
Were shamed in wearing Libyan Omphale's
She-garb, and yielding her vile distaff; surely
He, who springs up a Hercules at once,
Nursed in effeminate arts from youth to manhood,
And rushes from the banquet to the battle,
As though it were a bed of love, deserves
That a Greek girl should be his paramour,
And a Greek bard his minstrel, a Greek tomb
His monument. How goes the strife, sir?

Enter an Officer.

OFFICER.

Lost,
Lost almost past recovery. Zames! Where
Is Zames?

MYRRAHA.

Posted with the guard, appointed
To watch before the apartment of the women.

[Exit Officer.

MYRRAHA (soliloquy).

He's gone; and told no more than that all's lost!
What need have I to know more? In those words,
Those little words, 'a kingdom and a king,
A line of thirteen ages, and the lives
Of thousands, and the fortune of all left
With life, all merged: and I, too, with the great,
Like a small bubble breaking with the wave
Which bore it, shall be nothing. At the least
My fate is in my keeping: no proud victor
Shall count me with his spoils.

Enter PANIA.

PANIA.

Away with me,
Myrrha, without delay; we must not lose
A moment—all that's left us now.

MYRRAHA.

The king?

PANIA.

Sent me here to conduct you hence, beyond
The river, by a secret passage.

MYRRAHA.

Then

He lives—

PANIA.

And charged me to secure your life,
And beg you to live on for his sake, till
He can rejoin you.

MYRRAHA.

Will he then give way?

PANIA.

Not till the last. Still, still he does whatever
Despair can do, and step by step disputes
The very palace.

MYRRAHA.

They are here, then:—ay,
Their shouts come ringing through the ancient halls
Never profaned by rebel echoes till
This fatal night. Farewell, Assyria's line!
Farewell to all of Nimrod! Even the name
Is now no more.

PANIA.

Away with me—away!

MYRRAHA.

No; I'll die here!—Away, and tell your king
I loved him to the last.

[Enter SARDANAPALUS and SALEMEINES, with
Soldiers. PANIA quits MYRRAHA, and ranges
himself with them.

SARDANAPALUS.

Since it is thus,
We'll die where we were born—in our own halls.
Sorry your ranks—stand firm. I have despatch'd
A trusty strap for the guard of Zanes,
All fresh and faithful; they'll be here anon.
All is not over.—Pania, look to Myrrha.

[MYRRAHA returns towards MYRRAHA.

SALEMEINES.

We have breathing time: yet one more charge, my
friends—
One for Assyria!

SARDANAPALUS.

Rather way, for Bactria!
My faithful Bactrians, I will henceforth be
King of your nation, and we'll hold together
This realm as province.

SALEMEINES.

Hark! they come—they come.

Enter BELESSES and ARBACES with the Rebels.

ARBACES.

Set on, we have them in the toil. Charge! Charge!

BELESSES.

On! on!—Heaven fights for us and with us—On!

[They charge the King and Salemeines with
their Troops, who defend themselves till the
Arrival of ZAMES with the Guard before
mentioned. The Rebels are then driven off,
and pursued by Salemeines, etc. As the
King is going to join the pursuit, Belesses
crosses him.

BELESSES.

Ho! tyrant—I will end this war.

SARDANAPALUS.

Even so,
My warlike priest, and precious prophet, and
Grateful and trusty subject:—yield, I pray thee,
I would reserve thee for a fitter doom,
Rather than dip my hands in holy blood.

BELESSES.

Thine hour is come.

SARDANAPALUS.

No, thou,—I've lately read,
Though but a young astrologer, the stars;
And ranging round the zodiac, found thy fate
In the sign of the Scorpion, which proclaim
That thou wilt now be crush'd.
SARDANAPALUS.

BELESSES.
But not by thee.

[They fight: BELESSES is wounded and disarmed.

SARDANAPALUS (raising his sword to despatch him, exclaiming)—
Now call upon thy plans; will they shoot
From the sky, to preserve their seat and credit?
[A party of Rebels enter and rescue BELESSES.
They assualt the King, who, in turn, is rescued by a party of his Soldiers, who drive the Rebels off.
The villain was a prophet after all.
Upon them—ho! there—victory is ours.

MYRRTA (to PANIA).
Pursue! Why stand'st thou here, and leav'st the ranks
Of fellow-soldiers conquering without thee?

PANIA.
The king's command was not to quit thee.

MYRRTA.
Think not of me—a single soldier's arm
Must not be wanting now. I ask no guard,
I need no guard: what, with a world at stake,
Keep watch upon a woman? Hence, I say,
Or thou art shamed! Nay, then, I will go forth,
A feeble female, 'midst their desperate strife,
And bid thee guard me there—where thou shouldst shield
Thy sovereign.

PANIA.
Yet stay, damsels! She is gone.
If aught of ill betide her, better I
Had lost my life. Sardanapalus holds her
Far dearer than his kingdom, yet he fights
For that too; and can I do less than him,
Who never flash'd a scimitar till now?
Myrrha, return, and I obey you, though
In disobedience to the monarch.

[Exit Myrrha.

Enter ALTADA and SFERO, by an opposite door.

ALTADA.
Myrrha!
What, gone! yet was she here when the fight raged,
And Pauna also. Can aught have befallen them?

SFERO.
I saw both safe, when late the rebels fled;
They probably are but retired to make
Their way back to the harem.

ALTADA.
If the king
Prove victor, as it seems even now he must,
And miss his own Ionian, we are doom'd
To worse than captive rebels.

SFERO.
Let us trace them;
She cannot be fled far; and, found, she makes
A richer prize to our soft sovereign
Than his recover'd kingdom.

ALTADA.
Banish himself
Ne'er fought more fiercely to win empire, than
His silken son to save it: he defies
All augury of foes or friends; and like
The close and sultry summer's day, which bodes
A twilight tempest, bursts forth in such thunder
As sweeps the air and deluges the earth.
The man's inscrutable.

SFERO.
Not more than others.
All are the sons of circumstance: away—
Let's seek the slave out, or prepare to be

Tortured for his information, and
Condemn'd without a crime.

[Exeunt

SalEMENES and Soldiers, etc.

SALEMENES.

The triumph is
Flattering: they are beaten backward from the palace,
And we have open'd regular access
To the troops station'd on the other side
Emphatics, who may still be true; nay, must be,
When they hear of our victory. But where
Is the chief victor? where's the king?

Enter SARDANAPALUS, cum suis, etc, and MYRRTA.

SARDANAPALUS.

Here, brother

SALEMENES.

Unhurt, I hope.

SARDANAPALUS.

Not quite; but let it pass.

We've clear'd the palace—

SALEMENES.

And, I trust, the city
Our numbers gather, and I have order'd onward
A cloud of Parthians, hitherto reserved,
All fresh and fiery, to be pour'd upon them
In their retreat, which soon will be a flight.

SARDANAPALUS.

It is already, or at least they march'd
Faster than I could follow with my Bactrians,
Who spared no speed. I am spent; give me a seat.

SALEMENES.

There stands the throne, sire.

SARDANAPALUS.

'Tis no place to rest on,
For mind nor body: let me have a couch,
[They place a seat.

SALEMENES.

This great hour has proved
The brightest and most glorious of your life.

SARDANAPALUS.

And the most tiresome. Where's my cup-bearer?
Bring me some water.

SALEMENES (smiling).

'Tis the first time he
Ever had such an order: even I,
Your most austere of counsellors, would now
Suggest a purpler beverage.

SARDANAPALUS.

Blood—doubtless.
But there's enough of that shed; as for winc,
I have learnt to-night the price of the pure element:
Thrice have I drank of it, and three renew'd,
With greater strength than the grape ever gave me,
My charge upon the rebels. Where's the soldier
Who gave me water in his helmet?

ONE OF THE GUARDS.

Slay, sire!

An arrow pierced his brain, while, scattering
The last drops from his helm, he stood in act
To place it on his brows.

SARDANAPALUS.

Slain! unrewarded!
And slain to serve my thirst: that's hard, poor slave!
Had he but lived, I would have gorg'd him with
Gold: all the gold of earth could not repay
The pleasure of that draught; for I was parch'd
As I am now.

[They bring water—he drinks.

I live again—from henceforth.
The goblet I reserve for hours of love,
But war on water.

SALEMENES.
And that bandage, sire?

Which girds your arm?

SARDANAPALUS.

A scratch from brave Beleses.

MYRRAH.

Oh! he is wounded!

SARDANAPALUS.

Not too much of that;
And yet it feels a little sti'f and painful.

Now I am cooler.

MYRRAH.

You have bound it with—

SARDANAPALUS.

The fillet of my diadem; the first time
That ornament was ever aught to me
Save an encumbrance.

MYRRAH (to the attendants).

Summon specifical
A leech of the most skilful: pray, retire;
I will unbind your wound and tend it.

SARDANAPALUS. Do so,
For now it throbs sufficiently: but what
Knows't thou of wounds? yet wherefore do I ask?
Know'st thou, my brother, where I lighted on
This monon?

SALEMENES.

Herald with the other females,
Like frighten'd antelopes,

SARDANAPALUS.

No: like the dam
Of the young lion, femininely raging
(And femininely meaneth serenely,
Because all passions in excess are female).
Against the hunter flying with her cub,
She urged on with her voice and gesture, and
Her floating hair and flashing eyes, the soldiers
In the pursuit.

SALEMENES.

Indeed!

SARDANAPALUS.

You see, this night
Made warriors of more than me. I paused
To look upon her, and her kindled cheek;
Her large black eyes, that flash'd through her long hair
As it stream'd o'er her; her blue veins that rose
Along her most transparent brow; her nostril
Distilled from its symmetry; her lips
Aport; her voice that clove through all the din,
As a silec's piercing through the cymbal's clash,
Jarr'd but not drown'd by the loud brattling; her
Waved arms, more dazzling with their own born whiteness
Than the steel her hand held, which she caught up
From a dead soldier's grasp; all these things made
Her seem unto the troops a prophetess
Of victory, or Victory herself,
Come down to lead us hers.

SALEMENES (aside).

This is too much;
Again the love-fit's on him, and all's lost,
Unless we turn his thoughts.

(About) But, pray thee, sire,
Think of your wound—yes and even now 't was painful.

SARDANAPALUS.

That's true, too: but I must not think of it.

SALEMENES.

I have look'd to all things needful, and will now
Receive resorts of progress made in such
Orders as I had given, and then return
To hear your further pleasure.

SARDANAPALUS.

Be it so.

SALEMENES (in retiring).

MYRRAH.

Prince.

SALEMENES.

You have shown a soul tonight,
Which, were he not my sister's lord—But now
I have no time: thou lovest the king?

MYRRAH.

I love

Sardanapalus.

SALEMENES.

But wouldst have him king still?

MYRRAH.

I would not have him less than what he should be.

SALEMENES.

Well, then, to have him king, and yours, and all
He should, or should not be; to have him sire,
Let him not sink back into luxury.
You have more power upon his spirit than
Wisdom within these walls, or fierce rebellion
Raging without: look well that he relapse not.

MYRRAH.

There needed not the voice of Salmenes
To urge me on to this; I will not fail.
All that a woman's weakness can—

SALEMENES.

Is power
Omnipotent o'er such a heart as his;
Exert it wisely.

[Exit Salmenes.

SARDANAPALUS.

Myrrha! what, at whispers
With my stern brother? I shall soon be jealous.

MYRRAH (smiling).

You have cause, sire; for on the earth there breathes not
A man more worthy of a woman's love—
A soldier's trust—a subject's reverence—
A king's esteem—the whole world's admiration!

SARDANAPALUS.

Praise him, but not so warmly. I must not
Hear those sweet lips grow eloquent in aught
That throws me into shade; yet you speak truth.

MYRRAH.

And now retire, to have your wound look'd to.
Pray lean on me.

SARDANAPALUS.

Yes, love! but not from pain.

[Exit omnes.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

SARDANAPALUS discovered sleeping upon a couch, and occasionally disturbed in his slumber, with MYRRAH watching.

MYRRAH (solo, gazings).

I have stolen upon his rest, if rest it be,
Which thus convulses slumber: shall I wake him?
No, he seems calmer. Oh, thou God of Quiet!
Whose reign is o'er scalp'd eyelids and soft dreams,
Or deep, deep sleep, so as to be unathom'd,
Look like thy brother, Death—so still—so stillest—
For then we are happiest, as it may be, we
Are happiest of all within the realm
Of thy stern, silent, and unwakening twin.
Again he moves—again the play of pain
Shoots o'er his features, as the sudden gust
Crisps the reluctant leaf that lay so calm
SARDANAPALUS.

Beneath the mountain shadow; or the blast
Ruffles the autumn leaves, that drooping cling
Faintly and motionless to their loved boughs,
I must awake him—yet not yet; who knows
If you said I was roused him! It seems pain; but if
You feel him to heavier pain? The fever
Of the tumultuous night, the grief too of
His wound, though slight, may cause all this, and shake
Me more to see than him to suffer. Not.

Let Nature use her own maternal means—
And I await to second not disturb her.

SARDANAPALUS (awakening).

Not so—although ye multiplied the stars,
And gave them to me as a realm to share
From you and with you! I would not so purchase
The empire of eternity. Hence—hence—
Old hunter of the earliest brutes! and ye,
Who hunted fellow-creatures as if brutes,
Once bloody mortals—and now bloodier idols,
If your proofs be not! And thou, ghastly beholder!
Dripping with dusky gore, and trampling on
The carcases of innocence—away! away!
Where am I? Where the spectres? Where—No—that
Is no false phantom: I should know it must
All that the dead dare gloriously raise up
From their black gulfs to daunt the living. Myrrha!

MYRRAH.

Alas! thou art pale, and on thy brow the drops
Gather like night-dew. My beloved, hush—
Calm thee. Thy speech seems of another world,
And thou art loved of this. Be of good cheer;
As will go well.

SARDANAPALUS.

Thy hand—not—is thy hand;
'Tis flesh—gray—gray—yet closer, till I feel
Myself which that I was.

MYRRAH.

At least know me
For what I am, and ever must be—thine.

SARDANAPALUS.

I know it now. I know this life again.
Alas, Myrrha! I have been where we shall be.

MYRRAH.

My lord!

SARDANAPALUS.

I've been to the grave—where worms are lords,
And kings are—But I did not deem it so;
I thought 't was nothing.

MYRRAH.

So it is; except
Unto the timid, who anticipate
That which may never be.

SARDANAPALUS.

Oh, Myrrha! if
SLEEP shows such things, what may not death disclose?

MYRRAH.

Know no evil death can show, which life
Has not already shown to those who live
Embodied longest. If there be indeed
A shore, where mind survives, 'twill be as mind,
All unincorporate: or if there be
A shadow of this enormous clag of clay,
Which stalks, methinks, between our souls and heaven,
And fetters us to earth—at least the phantom,
Whatever have to fear, will not fear death.

SARDANAPALUS.

I fear it not; but I have felt—have seen—
A legion of the dead.

MYRRAH.

And so have I.
The dust we tread upon was once alive,

And wretched. But proceed: what has thou seen?
Speak it, 'twas but this dimm'd hand.

SARDANAPALUS.

MYRRAH.

Yet pause, thou art tired—in pain—exhausted; all
Which can impair both strength and spirit: seek
Rather to sleep again.

SARDANAPALUS.

What have I seen? and canst thou bear to hear it

MYRRAH.

I can bear all things, dreams of life or death,
Which I participate with you, in semblance
Or full reality.

SARDANAPALUS.

And this book'd real,
I tell you: after that these eyes were open,
I saw them in their flight—for then they fled.

MYRRAH.

Say on.

SARDANAPALUS.

I saw, that I, I dreamed myself
Here—here—even where we are, guests as we were.
Myself a host that deemed himself but guest,
Willing to equal all in secret freedom;
But, on my right hand my left, instead
Of thee and Zanes, and our accustomed meeting,
Was ranged on my left hand a haughty, dark,
And deadly face—I could not recognise it,
Yet I had seen it, though I knew not where;
The features were a giant's, and the eye
Was still, yet lighted; his long locks could down
On his vast bust, whence a huge quiver rose
With shall-headed feather'd from the eagle's wing;
That peep'd its bristling through his serpent hair.
I invited him to fill the cup which stood
Between us, but he answer'd not—I felt—
He took it not—but stared upon me, till
I trembled at the fix'd glare of his eye;
I froze'd upon him as a king should freeze—
He froze'n not in his turn, but look'd upon me
With the same aspect, which appal'd me more,
Because it changed not, and I tur'd for refuge
To milder guests, and sought them on the right,
Where thou wert wont to be. But—

[He pauses]

MYRRAH.

What instead?

SARDANAPALUS.

In thy own chair—thy own place: in the banquet—
I sought thy sweet face in the circle—but
Instead—a gray-hair'd, wither'd, bloody-eyed,
And bloody-handed, ghastly, ghastly thing,
Female in garb, and crown'd upon the brow,
Furrow'd with years, yet sneering with the passion
Of vengeance, leering too with that of lust,
Sate;—my veins curdled.

MYRRAH.

Is this all?

SARDANAPALUS.

Upon
Her right hand—her lank, bird-like right hand—stooed
A goblet, bubbling o'er with blood; and on
Her left another, fill'd with—what I saw not,
But tur'd from it and her. But all along
The table sate a range of crowded stretchers,
Of various aspects, but of one expression.

MYRRAH.

And felt you not this a mere vision?
BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS.

SARDANAPALUS.

No;
I was so palpable, I could have touched them.
I turn'd from one face to another, in
The hope to find at last one which I knew
Ere I saw theirs; but no—all turn'd upon me,
And stared, but neither ate nor drank, but stared,
Till I grew stone, as they seem'd half to be,
Yet breathing stone, for I felt life in them,
And life in me: there was a horrid kind
Of sympathy between us, as if they
Had lost a part of death to come to me,
And I the half of life to sit by them.
We were in an existence all apart
From heaven or earth—and rather let me see
Death all than such a being!

MYRHA.

And the end?

SARDANAPALUS.

At last I sate marble as they, when rose
The hunter and the crew; and smiling on me—
Yes, the enlarged but noble aspect of
The hunter smiled upon me—I should say,
His lips, for his eyes moved not—and the woman's
Thin lips relaxed to something like a smile.
Both rose, and the crown'd figures on each hand
Rose also, as if upon their chief shades—
More mummies even in death—but I sate still;
A desperate courage crept through every limb,
And at the last I fear'd them not, but laugh'd
Full in their phantom faces. But then—then
The hunter laid his hand on mine: I took it,
And grasp'd it—but it melted from my own,
While he too vanished, and left nothing but
The memory of a hero, for he look'd so.

MYRHA.

And was; the ancestors of heroes, too,
And time no less.

SARDANAPALUS.

Ay, Myrrha, but the woman,
The female who remain'd, she flew upon me,
And burst my lips up with her noisome kisses,
And, flinging down the goblets on each hand,
Misch't with their poisons flow'd around us, till
Each form'd a hideous river. Still she chug:
The other phantoms, like a row of statues,
So still as in our temples, but she still
Embrace me, while I shrank from her, as if,
In lieu of her remote descendant, I
Had been the son who slew her for her incest,
Then—then—a chaos of all loathsome things
Through'd thick and shapeless; I was dead, yet feeling—
Buried, and raised again—consumed by worms,
Purged by the flames, and wither'd in the air!
I can fix nothing further of my thoughts,
Save that I long'd for thee, and sought for thee,
In all these agonies, and woke and found thee.

MYRHA.

So shalt thou find me ever at thy side,
Here and hereafter, if the last may be.
Rethink not of these things—skele-ton recreations
Of late events acting upon a frame
Unrest to fool, yet overthrown by toil,
Such as might try the sternest.

SARDANAPALUS.

Now that I see thee once more, what was seen
Seems nothing.

Enter SADENENES.

SALEMENES.

Is the king so soon awake?

SARDANAPALUS.

Yes, brother, and I would I had not slept,
For all the predecessors of our line
Rose up, methought, to drag me down to them.
My father was amongst them, too; but he,
I know not why, kept from me, leaving me
Between the hunter founder of our race
And her, the homicide and husband-killer,
Whom you call glorious.

SALEMENES.

So I term you also,
Now you have shown a spirit like hers.
By day-break I propose that we set forth,
And charge once more the rebel crew, who still
Keep gathering head, repuls'd, but not quite quell'd—

SARDANAPALUS.

How wears the night?

SALEMENES.

There yet remain some hours
Of darkness: use them for your further rest.

SARDANAPALUS.

No, not to-night, if 'tis not gone: methought
I pass'd hours in that vision.

MYRHA.

Scarcely o'er;

I watch'd by you: it was a heavy hour,
But an hour only.

SARDANAPALUS.

Let us then hold council;
To-morrow we set forth.

SALEMENES.

But ere that time,
I had a grace to seek.

SARDANAPALUS.

'Tis granted,

SALEMENES.

Hear it,

Ere you reply too readily; and 'tis
For your ear only.

MYRHA.

Prince, I take my leave.

[Exit MYRHA]

SALEMENES.

That slave deserves her freedom.

SARDANAPALUS.

Freedom only!

That slave deserves to share a throne.

SALEMENES.

Your patience—
'Tis not yet vacant, and 'tis of its partner
I come to speak with you.

SARDANAPALUS.

How! of the queen?

SALEMENES.

Even so. I judged it fitting for their safety,
That, ere the dawns, she sets forth with her children
For Paphlagonia, where our kinsmen Cotta
Govern; and there at all events secure
My nephews and your sons their lives, and with them
Their just pretensions to the crown, in case—

SARDANAPALUS.

I perish—as is probable: well thought—
Let them set forth with a sure escort.

SALEMENES.

That

Is all provided, and the galley ready
To drop down the Enopliastres; but ere they
Depart, will you not see—

SARDANAPALUS.

My sons? It may
Uman my heart, and the poor boys will weep:
And who can I reply to comfort them,
Save with some hollow hopes, and ill-worn smiles?
You know I cannot reign.

SALENES.
But you can feel;
At least, I trust so: in a word, the queen
Requests to see you ere you part—for ever.

SARDANAPALUS.
Unto what end? what purpose? I will grant
Aught—at all that she can ask—but such a meeting.

SALENES.
You know, or ought to know, enough of women,
Since you have studied them so steadily,
That what they ask in aught that touches on
The heart is dearer to their feelings or
Their fancy than the whole external world,
I think as you do of my sister's wish;
But 'twas her wish—she is my sister—you
Her husband—will you grant it?

SARDANAPALUS.
'T will be useless.
But let her come.

SALENES.
I go.

SARDANAPALUS.
We have lived asunder
Too long to meet again—and now to meet!
Have I not cares enough, and scars enough,
To bear alone, that we must mingle sorrows,
Who have ceased to mingle love?

Re-enter SALENES and ZARINA.

SALENES.
My sister! courage:
Shame not our blood with trembling, but remember
From whence we sprung. The queen is present, sire.

ZARINA.
I stay thee, brother, leave me.

SALENES.
Since you ask it.

ZARINA.
[Exit SALENES.

ZARINA.
Alone with him! How many a year has past,
Though we are still so young, since we have met,
Which I have worn in皱纹 of heart.
If loved me not; yet he seems little changed—
 Changed to me only—would the change be mutual?
He speaks not—scarce regards me—not a word—
Nor look—but he was soft of voice and aspect,
Indifferent, not austere. My lord!

SARDANAPALUS.
Zarina!

ZARINA.
No, not Zarina—do not say Zarina,
That tone—that word—annihilate long years,
And things which make them longer.

SARDANAPALUS.
'T is too late
To think of these past dreams. Let's not reproach—
That is, reproach me not—for the last time—

ZARINA.
And first I ne'er reproach'd you.

SARDANAPALUS.
'T is most true;
And that reproach comes heavier on my heart
Than—But our hearts are not in our own power.

ZARINA.
Nor hands; but I gave both.

SARDANAPALUS.
Your brother said,
It was your will to see me, ere you went
From Nineveh with—(He hesitates).

ZARINA.
Our children: it is true.
I wish'd to thank you that you have not divided
My heart from all that's left it now to have—
Those who are yours and mine, who look like you,
And look upon me as you look'd upon me
Once—But they have not changed.

SARDANAPALUS.
Nor ever will.

ZARINA.
I cherish
Those infants; not alone from the blind love
Of a fond mother, but as a fond woman,
They are now the only tie between us.

SARDANAPALUS.
Deem not
I have not done you justice: rather make them
Resemble your own line, than their own sire.
I trust them with you—to you: fit them for
A throne, or, if that he denied—You have heard
Of this night's tumults?

ZARINA.
I had half forgotten,
And could have welcomed any grief, save yours,
Which gave me to behold your face again.

SARDANAPALUS.
The throne—I say it not in fear—but 'tis
In peril: they perhaps may never mount it:
But let them not for this lose sight of it.
I will dare all things to bespeak it them:
But if I fall, then must win it back
Bravely—and, won, wear it wisely, not as I
Have wasted down my royalty.

ZARINA.
They ne'er
Shall know from me of aught but what may honour
Their father's memory.

SARDANAPALUS.
Rather let them hear
The truth from you than from a trembling world.
If they be in adversity, they'll learn
Too soon the scorn of crowds for crownless princes,
And find that all their father's sons are theirs.
My boys!—I can't have seen it were I childless.

ZARINA.
Oh! do not say so—do not poison all
My parents' love, by unwashing that thou wert
A father. If thou comest, they shall reign,
And honour him who saved the realm for them,
So little cared for as his own; and if—

SARDANAPALUS.
'T is lost, all earth will cry out, thank your father!
And they will swell the echo with a curse.

ZARINA.
That they shall never do; but rather honour
The name of him, who, dying like a king,
In his last hours did more for his own memory,
Than many monarchs in a length of years,
Which date the flight of time, but make no annals

SARDANAPALUS.
Our annals draw pereance unto their close;
But at the least, whate'er the past, their end
Shall be like their beginning—memorable.

ZARINA.
Yet, be not rash—be careful of your life,
Live but for those who love.

SARDANAPALUS.
And who are they?
A slave, who loves from passion—I'll not say

SARDANAPALUS.
Ambition—she has seen thrones shake, and loves;
A few friends, who have revel’d till we are
As one, for they are nothing if I fall;
A brother I have injured—children whom
I have neglected, and a spouse—

**ZARINA.**
Who loves.

And pardons?

**ZARINA.**
I have never thought of this,
And cannot pardon till I have condemn’d.

**SARDANAPALUS.**

Oh! thou wilt hear it from my subjects. Yes—
The slaves, whom I have nurtur’d, pamper’d, fed,
And sworn with peace, and gorged with plenty, till
They reign themselves—all monarchs in their mansions—
Now swarm forth in rebellion, and demand
His death, who made their lives a jubilee:
While the few upon whom I have no claim
Are faithful. This is true, yet monstrous.

**ZARINA.**

'Tis perhaps too natural; for benefits
Turn poison in bad minds.

**SARDANAPALUS.**

And good ones make
Good out of evil. Happier than the bee,
Which lives not but from wholesome flowers.

**ZARINA.**

Then reap
The honey, nor inquire whence 'tis derived.
Be satisfied—you are not all abandon’d.

**SARDANAPALUS.**

My life insures me that. How long, think you,
Were not I yet a king, should I be mortal?
That is, where mortals are, not where they must be?

**ZARINA.**

I know not. But yet I live for my—that is,
Your children’s sake!

**SARDANAPALUS.**

My gentle, wrong’d Zarina!
I am the very slave of circumstance
And impulse—borne away with every breath!
Misplaced upon the throne—misplaced in life,
I know not what I could have been, but feel
I am not what I should be—let it end,
But take this with thee: if I was not form’d
To prize a love like thine, a mind like thine,
Nor dote even on thy beauty—as I’ve doted
On lesser charms, for no cause save that such
Devotion was a duty, and I hated
All that look’d like a chain for me or others
(Th’-even rebellion must avouch); yet hear
These words, perhaps among my last—that none
Ever valued more than virtues, though he knew not
To profit by them—as the minor lights
Upon a vein of virgins ore, discovering
That which avails man nothing; he hath found it,
But 'tis not his—but some superior’s, who
Placed him to dig, but not divide the wealth
Which sparkles at his feet; nor dare he lift
Nor pose it, but must grovel on upturning
The sullen earth.

**ZARINA.**

Oh! if thou hast at length
Discover’d that my love is worth esteem,
I ask no more—but let us hence together,
And I—let me say see—shall yet be happy.
Assyria is not all the earth—we’ll find
A world out of our own—and be more blest
Than I have ever been, or thou, with all
An empire to indulge thee.

*Enter Salemènes.*

**SALEMENES.**

I must part ye—
The moments, which must not be lost, are passing
**ZARINA.**

Inhuman brother! wilt thou thus weigh out
Instants so high and blest?

**SALEMENES.**

Blest!—
**ZARINA.**

He hath been
So gentle with me, that I cannot think
Of quitting.

**SALEMENES.**

So—this fond farewell
Ends as such partings end, in no departure,
I thought as much, and yielded against all
My better bodings. Put it must not be.

**ZARINA.**

Not be?

**SALEMENES.**

Remain, and perish—
**ZARINA.**

With my husband—

**SALEMENES.**

Ah! do not name it.

**SALEMENES.**

Well, then, mark me when
They are safe beyond the Median’s grasp, the rebel
Have miss’d their chief aim—the extinction
Of the line of Ninurta. Though the present king
Full, his sons live for victory and vengeance.

**ZARINA.**

But could not I remain, alone?

**SALEMENES.**

What! leave
Your children, with two parents and yet orphans—
In a strange land—so young, so distant?

**ZARINA.**

No—

My heart will break.

**SALEMENES.**

Now you know all—decide.

**SARDANAPALUS.**

Zarina, he hath spoken well, and we
Must yield awhile to this necessity.
Remaining here, you may lose all; departing,
You save the better part of what is left
To both of us, and to such loyal hearts
As yet beat in these kingdoms.
THE TIME PRESSES.

SALEMENES.

Go, then. If 'er we meet again, perhaps I may be worthier of you—and, if not, Remember that my faults, though not atoned for, Are ended. Yet, I dread thy nature will Govern more above the blighted name and ashes Which once were upheld in Assyria—than— But I grow wearied again, and must not; I must learn sternness now. My sins have all Been of the softer ord—with thy tears— I do not bid thee not to shed them—but I was Easier to stop Ephyrus at its source Than one tear of a true and tender heart— But let me not behold them; they unman me. Here when I had rem'ned myself. My brother, Lead her away.

ZARINA.

Oh, God! I never shall Behold him more!

SALEMENES (striving to conduct her). Nay, sister, I must be obey'd. ZARINA. I must remain—away! you shall not hold me. What, shall he die alone?—I live alone?

SALEMENES.

He shall not die alone; but lonely you Have lived for years.

ZARINA.

That's false! I knew he lived, And aye upon his image—let me go!

SALEMENES (conducting her off the stage). Nay, then, I must use some fraternal force, Which you will partake.

ZARINA.

Never. Help me! Oh!

Sardanapalus, wilt thou thus behold me Torn from thee?

SALEMENES.

Nay—then all is lost again, If that moment is not gained'

ZARINA.

My brain turns— [She faints.

SARDANAPALUS (advancing).

No—set her down—

She's dead—and you have slain her.

SALEMENES.

'T is the more Faintness of o'er-wrought passion: in the air She will recover. Pray, keep back.—[Aside.] I must Avail myself of this sole moment to Bear her to where her children are embark'd, P't the royal galley on the river. [SALEMENES hears her off.

SARDANAPALUS (solely).

This too— And this too must I suffer—1, who never Inh'd purposely on human hearts A voluntary pang! But that is false— She loved me, and I loved her. Fatal passion! Why dost thou not expire at once in hearts Which thou hast lighted up at once? Zarina! I must pay dearly for the desolation Now brought upon thee. Had I never loved But thee, I should have been an unposed Monarch of honouring nations. To what gulls A single deviation from the track Of human duties, leads even those who claim

The homage of mankind as their born due, And find st, till they forget it themselves!

Enter MYRRHA.

SARDANAPALUS.

You here! Who call'd you?

MYRRHA.

No one—but I heard Far off a voice of wail and lamentation, And thought—

SARDANAPALUS.

It forms no portion of your duties To enter here till sought for.

MYRRHA.

Though I might, Perhaps, recall some softer words of yours (Although they too were chiding), which reproved me Because I ever dreaded to intrude; Resisting my own wish and your injunction To heed no time nor presence, but approach you Uncall'd for: I retire.

SARDANAPALUS.

Yet, stay—being here, I pray you pardon me; events have sour'd me Till I wax peevish—heed it not: I shall Soon be myself again.

MYRRHA.

I wait with patience, What I shall see with pleasure.

SARDANAPALUS.

Shall we see a moment Before your entrance in this hall, Zarina, Queen of Assyria, departed hence.

MYRRHA.

Ah!

SARDANAPALUS.

Wherefore do you start?

MYRRHA.

Did I do so?

SARDANAPALUS.

'T was well you enter'd by another portal, Else you had met. That pang at least is spared her.

MYRRHA.

I know to feel for her.

SARDANAPALUS.

That is too much, And beyond nature—'t is not mutual, Nor possible. You cannot pity her, Nor she aught but—

MYRRHA.

Despise the favourite slave? Not more than I have ever scorn'd myself.

SARDANAPALUS.

Scorn'd! what, to be the envy of your sex, And lord it o'er the heart of the world's lord?

MYRRHA.

Were you the lord of twice ten thousand worlds? As you are like to lose the one you sway'd— I did abuse myself as much in being Your paramour, as though you were a peasant— Nay, more, if that the peasant were a Greek.

SARDANAPALUS.

You talk it well—

MYRRHA.

And truly.

SARDANAPALUS.

In the hour Of man's adversity, all things grow glaring Against the falling; but as I am not Quite fallen, nor now disposed to bear reproach.
Perhaps because I merit them too often,
Let us then part while peace is still between us.

MYRRHA.

Part

SARDANAPALUS.

Have not all pale human beings parted,
And must not all the present one day part?

MYRRHA.

Why?

SARDANAPALUS.

For your safety, which I will have look'd to,
With a strong escort to your native land;
And such gifts as, if you have not been all
A queen, shall make your dowry worth a kingdom.

MYRRHA.

pray you talk not thus.

SARDANAPALUS.

The queen is gone:
You need not shame to follow. I would fall
Alone—I seek no partners but in pleasure.

MYRRHA.

And I no pleasure but in parting not.
You shall not force me from you.

SARDANAPALUS.

Think well of it—

MYRRHA.

So let it be;
For then you cannot separate me from you.

SARDANAPALUS.

And will not; but I thought you wish'd it.

MYRRHA.

I?

SARDANAPALUS.

You spoke of your abatement.

MYRRHA.

And I feel it
Deeply—more deeply than all things but love.

SARDANAPALUS.

Then fly from it.

MYRRHA.

'T will not recall the past—
'I will not restore my honour, nor my heart.
No—here I stand or fall. If that you conquer,
I live to joy in your great triumph; should
Your lot be different, I'll not weep, but share it.
You did not doubt me a few hours ago.

SARDANAPALUS.

Your courage never—nor your love till now;
And none could make me doubt it, save yourself.
Those words—

MYRRHA.

Were words. I pray you, let the proofs
Be in the past acts you were pleased to praise
This very night, and in my further hearing,
Beside, wherever you are borne by fate.

SARDANAPALUS.

I am content; and, trusting in my cause,
Think we may yet be victors, and return
To peace—the only victory I covet.
To me war is no glory—conquest no
Renown. To be forced thus to uphold my right,
Sit heavier on my heart than all the wrongs
These men would bow me down with. Never, never
Can I forget this night, even should I live
To add it to the memory of others.
I thought to have made more meditative rule
An era of sweet peace 'midst bloody annals,
A green spot amidst desert cresses,
On which the future would turn back and smile,
And cultivate, or sigh when it could not
Recall Sardanapalus' golden reign.
I thought to have made my realm a paradise,
And every moon an epoch of new pleasures.
I took the rambler's shots for love—the breath
Of friends for truth—the lips of woman for
My only guardian—so they are, my Myrrha.

Kiss me. Now let them take my realm and life
They shall have both, but never thee!

MYRRHA.

No, never!
Man may despise his brother man of all
That's great or glittering; kings have fall—hosts yield;
Friends fail—slaves fly—and all betray— and, more
Than all, the most indebted—but a heart
That loves without self-love! 'T is here—now prove it.

Enter Salemenes.

SALEMENES.

I sought you. How! she here again?

SARDANAPALUS.

Return me
Now to reproach: methinks your aspect speaks
Of higher matter than a woman's presence.

SALEMENES.

The only woman whom it much imports me
At such a moment now is safe in absence—
The queen's embark'd.

SARDANAPALUS.

And well? say that much.

SALEMENES.

Y's.

Her transient weakness has past o'er; at least,
It settled into fearless silence; her
Pale face and glittering eye, after a glance
Upon her sleeping children, were still fix'd.
Upon the palace towers, as the swift galley
Stole down the hurryng stream beneath the starlight;
But she said nothing.

SARDANAPALUS.

Would I felt no more
Than she said said.

SALEMENES.

'T is now too late to feel!
Your feelings cannot cancel a sole pong:
To change them, my advice bring sure tidings
That the rebellious Medes and Chaldeans, marshall'd
By their two leaders, are already up
In arms again; and, sorrows their ranks,
Prepare to attack; they have apparently
Been join'd by other satrapies.

SARDANAPALUS.

What! more rebels?

Let us be first, then.

SALEMENES.

That were hardly prudent
Now, though it was our first intention. If
By noon to-morrow we are join'd by those
I've sent for by sure messengers, we shall be
In strength enough to venture an attack,
Ay, and pursu'd too; but, till then, my voice
Is to await the onset.

SARDANAPALUS.

I detect
That waiting; though it seems so safe to fight
Behind high walls, and hurl down foes into
Deep fosses, or beheld them sprawl on spikes
Strew'd to receive them, still I like it not—

My soul seems lukewarm; but when I set on them
Though they were piled on mountains, I would have
A placj at them, or perish in hot blood! —
Let me then charge!

S A L E M E N E S.
You talk like a young soldier.

S A R D A N A P A L U S.
I am no soldier, but a man: speak not
Of soldiership—I loathe the word, and those
Who pride themselves upon it; but direct me
Where I may pour upon them.

S A L E M E N E S.
You must spare
To expose your life too hastily; 't is not
Like mine or any other subject's breath:
The whole war turns upon it—with it; this
Alone creates it, kindles, and may quench it—
Prolong it—and end it.

S A R D A N A P A L U S.
Then let us end both!
'T were better thus, perhaps, than prolong other;
I'm sick of one, perachance of both.

[S A L E M E N E S.
A trumpet sounds without.

Hark!

S A R D A N A P A L U S.
Let us
Reply, not listen.

S A L E M E N E S.
And your wound?

S A R D A N A P A L U S.
'T is bound—
'T is heal'd—I had forgotten it. Away!
A leech's lancehot would have scratch'd me deeper:
The slave that gave it might be well ashamed
'Ft have struck so weakly.

S A L E M E N E S.
Now may gone this hour
Strike with a better aim!

S A R D A N A P A L U S.
Ay, if we conquer;
But if not, they will only leave to me
A task they might have spared their king. Upon them!

[S A L E M E N E S.
A trumpet sounds again.

I am with you.

S A R D A N A P A L U S.
Ho, my arms! again, my arms!

[Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

The same Hall of the Palace.

M Y R R H A and B A L E A.

M Y R R H A (at a window).

The day at last has broken. What a night
Hath usher'd it!—How beautiful in heaven!
Though warred with a transitory storm,
More beautiful in that variety!
How hideous upon earth, where peace and hope,
And love and revel, in an hour were trampled
By human passion to a human chaos,
Not yet resolved to separate elements.—
'Tis warring still!—And can the sun so rise,
So bright, so rolling back the clouds into
Vapours more lovely than the melancholy sky,
With golden palaces, and snowy mountains,
And bilowy purpler than the ocean's, making
In heaven a glorious mockery of the earth,

So like, we almost deem it permanent;
So fleeting, we can scarcely call it ight
Beyond a vision, 't is so transiently
Scatter'd along the eternal void; and yet
It dwells upon the soul, and soothes the soul,
And blends itself into the soul, until
Sunrise and sunset form the haunted epoch
Of sorrow and of love; which who who mark no.
Know not the realms where these twin genii
(Who chasten and who purify our hearts,
So that we would not change their sweet rebukes
For all the bMaterial joys that ever shook
The air with clamour) build the palaces
Where their food volatrices repose and breathe
Briefly—but in that brief cool calm inhale
Enough of heaven to enable them to bear
The rest of common, heavy, human hours,
And dream them through in placid suflferance,
Though seemingly employ'd like all the rest
Of toiling breathers in allotted tasks
Of pain or pleasure, two names for one feeling.
Which our internal, restless agony
Would vary in the sound, although the sense
Escapes our highest efforts to be happy.

B A L E A.
You muse right calmly: and can you so watch
The sunrise which may be our last?

M Y R R H A.
It is
Therefore that I so watch it, and reproach
Those eyes, which never may behold it more,
For having look'd upon it off, too off,
Without the reverence and the rapture due
To that which keeps all earth from being as fragile
As I am in this form. Come, look upon it,
The Chaldean's god, which, when I gaze upon,
I grow almost a convert to your Baal.

B A L E A.
As now he reigns in heaven, so once on earth
He sway'd.

M Y R R H A.
He sways it now far more, then; never
Had earthly monarch half the peace and glory
Which centres in a single ray of his.

B A L E A.
Surely he is a god!

M Y R R H A.
So we Greeks deem too;
And yet I sometimes think that gorgeous orb
Must rather be the abode of gods than one
Of the immortal sovereigns. Now he breaks
Through all the clouds, and fills my eyes with light
That shits the world out. I can look no more.

B A L E A.
Hark! heard you not a sound?

M Y R R H A.
No,'t was mere fancy
They battle it beyond the wall, and not
As in late midnight conflict in the very
Chambers; the palace has become a fortress
Since that insidious hour; and here within
The very centre, girded by vast courts
And regal halls of pyramid proportions,
Which must be carried one by one before
They penetrate to where they then arrived,
We are as much shut in even from the sound
Of peril as from glory.

B A L E A.
But they reach'd
Thus far before.
MYRRHA.

Yes, by surprise, and were
Beat back by valour; now at once we have
Courage and vigilance to guard us.

BALEA. May they

Prosper!

MYRRHA.

That is the prayer of many, and
The dread of more: it is an anxious hour;
I strive to keep it from my thoughts. Alas!
ow vainly!

BALEA. It is said the king's demeanour
In the late action scarcely more appall'd
The rebels than astonish'd his true subjects.

MYRRHA.
'Tis easy to astonish or appal
The vulgar mass which moulds a horde of slaves:
But he did bravely.

BALEA. Slew he not Belees? I
Heard the soldiers say he struck him down.

MYRRHA. The wretch was overthrown, but rescued to
Triumph, perhaps, o'er one who vanquish'd him
In fight, as he had spared him in his peril,
And by that heedless pity rack'd a crown.

BALEA. Hark!

MYRRHA. You are right; some steps approach, but slowly.

Enter soldiers, bearing in SALEMENES wounded, with
a broken Javelin in his Side: they sent him upon one of the Couches which furnish the Apartment.

MYRRHA. Oh, Jove!

BALEA. Then all is over.

SALEMENES. That is false.

Hew down the slave who says so, if a soldier.

MYRRHA. Spare him—he's none: a mere court butterfly,
That flutters in the pageant of a monarch.

SALEMENES. Let him live on, then.

MYRRHA. So wilt thou, I trust.

SALEMENES. I fain would live this hour out, and the event,
But doubt it. Wherefore did ye bear me here?

SOLDIER. By the king's order. When the javelin struck you,
You fell and fainted; 'twas his strict command
To bear you to this hall.

SALEMENES. 'T was not ill done:
For, seeming slain in that cold dizzy trance,
The sight might shake our soldiers— but—'tis vain,
I feel it ebbing!

MYRRHA. Let me see the wound!

I am not quite skillless: in my native land
'Tis part of our instruction. War being constant,
We are mowed to look on such things.

SOLDIER. Best extract

The javelin.

MYRRHA. Hold! no, no, it cannot be.

SALEMENES. I am sped, then!

MYRRHA.

With the blood that fast must fall a
The extracted weapon, I do fear thy life.

SALEMENES. And I not death. Where was the king when you
Convey'd me from the spot where I was striken by
SOLDIER. Upon the same ground, and encouraging
With voice and gesture the dispirited troops
Who had seen you fall, and falter'd back.

SALEMENES. Whom heard ye?

Named next to the command?

SOLDIER. I did not hear.

SALEMENES. Fly, then, and tell him, 'twas my last request
That Zames take my post until the junction,
So hoped for, yet delay'd, of Ofratanes,
Satrap of Susa. Leave me here: our troops
Are not so numerous as to spare your absence,

SOLDIER. But, prince—

SALEMENES. Hence, I say! Here 's a courier and
A woman, the best chamber company,
As you would not permit me to expire
Upon the field, I 'll have no idle soldiers
About my sick couch. Hence! and do my bidding!

[Execute the Soldiers.]

SALEMENES. Gallant and glorious spirit! must the earth
So soon resign thee?

SALEMENES. Gentle Myrrha, 'tis

The end I would have chosen, had I saved
The monarch or the monarchy by this;
As 'tis, I have not outlived them.

MYRRHA. You wax paler.

SALEMENES. Your hand; this broken weapon but prolongs
My pangs, without sustaining life enough
To make me useful: I would draw it forth,
And my life with it, could I but hear how
The fight goes.

Enter SARDANAPALUS and Soldiers.

SARDANAPALUS. My best brother!

SALEMENES. And the battle

Is lost?

SARDANAPALUS (despondingly).

You see me here.

SALEMENES. I'd rather see you thus!

[He draws out the weapon from the wound. and lies.

SARDANAPALUS. And thus I will be soon, unless the succour,
The last frail reed of our beleaguer'd hopes,
Arrive with Ofratanes.

MYRRHA. Did you not

Receive a token from your dying brother,
Appointing Zames chief?

SARDANAPALUS. I did.


**MYRRHA.**

Where's Zanes?

---

**SARDANAPALUS.**

Dread.

**MYRRHA.**

And Altata?

---

**SARDANAPALUS.**

Dying.

**MYRRHA.**

Pania? Siero?

---

**SARDANAPALUS.**

Pania ye! lives; but Siero's fled, or captive, am alone.

**MYRRHA.**

And is all lost?

---

**SARDANAPALUS.**

Our walls,

Though thinly manned, may still hold out against Their present force, or aught save treachery:

But 'tis the field—

**MYRRHA.**

I thought 't was the intent Of Salemenes not to risk a sally Till ye were strengthened by the expected succours.

---

**SARDANAPALUS.**

I overruled him.

**MYRRHA.**

Well, the fault's a brave one.

---

**SARDANAPALUS.**

But fatal. Oh, my brother! I would give These realms, of which thou wert the ornament,
The sword and shield, the sole redeeming honour,
To call back—But I will not weep for thee;
Thou shalt be mourn'd for as thou wouldest be mourn'd.
It grieves me most that thou couldst quit this life Believing that I could survive what thou Hast died for—our long royalty of race. If I redeem it, I will give thee blood Of thousands, tears of millions, for atonement (The tears of all the good are thine already).
If not, we meet again soon, if the spirit Within us lives beyond:—thou readiest mine, And dost me justice now. Let me once clasp That yet warm heart, and fold that tireless heart To this which beats so bitterly. Now, bear The body hence.

---

**SOLDIER.**

Where?

**SARDANAPALUS.**

To my proper chamber.

Place it beneath my canopy, as though The king lay there: when this is done, we will Speak further of the rites due to such ashes.

---

**SARDANAPALUS.**

Enter Pania.

---

**PANIA.**

Sire, I have obey'd.

**SARDANAPALUS.**

And do the soldiers keep their hearts up?

---

**PANIA.**

Sire?

---

**SARDANAPALUS.**

'm answer'd! When a king asks twice, and has A question as an answer to his question, It is a portent. What, they are dishearten'd?

---

**PANIA.**

The death of Salemenes, and the shouts Of the exulting rebels on his fall, Have made them—

**SARDANAPALUS.**

Rage—not droop—it should have been

---

We'll find the means to rouse them.

**PANIA.**

Might sadden even a victory.

---

**SARDANAPALUS.**

Alas!

Who can so feel it as I feel? but yet, Though cooped within these walls, they are strong, and we Have those without will break their way through host, To make their sovereign's dwelling what it was—

A palace—not a prison nor a fortress.

---

**PANIA.**

Such a loss

**SARDANAPALUS.**

Dare not?

While millions dare revolt with sword in hand! That's strange. I pray thee break that loyal silence Which loathes to shock its sovereign; we can hear Worse than thou hast to tell.

---

**PANIA.**

Proceed, thou hearest.

---

**OFFICER.**

The wall which skirted near the river's brink Is thrown down by the sudden inundation

---

Of the Euphrates, which now rolling, swells From the enormous mountains where it rises, By the late rains of that tempestuous region, Overflows its banks, and hath destroy'd the bulwark.

---

**PANIA.**

That's a black augury! It has been said For ages, "That the city never should yield To man, until the river grew its foe."

---

**SARDANAPALUS.**

I can forgive the omen, not the ravage. How much is swept down of the wall?

---

**OFFICER.**

About

---

Some twenty stadii.

---

**SARDANAPALUS.**

And all this is left

---

Pervious to the assailants?

---

**OFFICER.**

For the present

---

The river's fury must impede the assault;

But when he shrinks into his wonted channel, And may be cross'd by the accustomed barks, The palace is their own.

---

**SARDANAPALUS.**

That shall be never.

---

Though men, and gods, and elements, and omens, Have risen up 'gainst one who never provoked mom, My father's house shall never be a cave

---

For wolves to hoard and howl in.

---

**PANIA.**

With your sanction

I will proceed to the spot, and take such measures For the assurance of the vacant space

---

As time and means permit.

---

**SARDANAPALUS.**

About it straight,

---

And bring me back, as speedily as full And fair investigation may permit,

---

Report of the true state of this irritation

Of waters.

---

**PANIA.**

[Exeunt Pania and the Officer]
MYRRHA.
Thus the very waves rise up
Against you.
SARDANAPALUS.
They are not my subjects, girl,
And may be pardoned, since they can't be punished.
MYRRHA.
I joy to see this portent shakes you not.
SARDANAPALUS.
I am past the fear of portents: they can tell me
Nothing I have not told myself since midnight:
Despair anticipates such things.
MYRRHA.
Despair!
SARDANAPALUS.
No, not despair precisely. When we know
All that can come, and how to meet it, our
Re-writes, if firm, may merit a more noble
Word than this is to give it utterance.
But what are words to us? we have well nigh done
With them and all things.
MYRRHA.
Save one deed—the last
And greatest to all mortals; crowning act
Of all that was—or is—or to be—
The only thing common to all mankind,
So different in their births, tongues, sexes, natures,
Hues, features, climes, times, feelings, intellects,
Without one point of union, save in this,
To which we tend, for which we're born, and thread
The labyrinth of mystery call'd life.
SARDANAPALUS.
Our crew being well nigh wound out, let's be cheerful.
They who have nothing more to fear may well
Induce a smile at that which once appall'd;
As children at discover'd bagpusses.
Re-enter Pania.
PANIA.
'Tis.
As was reported: I have order'd there
A double guard, withdrawing from the wall
Where it was strongest the required addition
To watch the breach occasion'd by the waters.
SARDANAPALUS.
You have done your duty faithfully, and as
My worthy Pania! further ties between us
Draw near a close. I pray you take this key:
[Give a key.
It opens to a secret chamber, placed
Behind the couch in my own chamber. (Now
Press'd by a nobler weight than e'er it bore—
Though a long line of sovereigns have lain down
Along its golden frame—as bearing for
A time what late was Salomene's.) Search
The secret covert to which this will lead you
'T is full of treasure; take it for yourself
And your companions: there's enough to load ye,
Though ye be many. Let the slaves be freed, too,
And all the inmates of the palace, of
Whatever sex, now quit it in an hour,
Thence launch the regal barks, once form'd for pleasure,
And now to serve for safety, and embark.
The river's broad and soon, and uncommanded
(More potent than a king) by these besiegers,
Fly! and be happy!
PANIA.
Under your protection!
So you accompany your faithful guard.
SARDANAPALUS.
No, Pania: that must not be; get thee hence,
And leave me to my fate.

PANIA.
'Tis the first time
I ever disobey'd: but now——
SARDANAPALUS.
So all men
Dare hear me now, and Insolence within
Ape Treason from without. Question no further;
'T is my command, my last command. Wilt thou
Oppose it? then——
PANIA.
But yet—not yet.
SARDANAPALUS.
Well, then,
Swear that you will obey when I shall give
The signal.
PANIA.
With a heavy but true heart,
I promise.
SARDANAPALUS.
'T is enough. Now order here
Fagots, pine-nuts, and wither'd leaves, and such
Things as catch fire and blaze with one sole spark;
Bring cedar, too, and precious drugs, and spices,
And mighty planks, to nourish a tall pile;
Bring frankincense and myrrh, too, for it is
For a great sacrifice I build the pyre;
And heap them round you throne.
PANIA.
My lord!
SARDANAPALUS.
I have said it
And you have sworn.
PANIA.
And could keep my faith
Without 3 vows.
MYRRHA.
What mean you?
SARDANAPALUS.
You shall know
Anon—what the whole earth shall ne'er forget.
PANIA, returning with a Herald.
PANIA.
My king, in going forth upon my duty,
This herald has been brought before me, craving
An audience.
SARDANAPALUS.
Let him speak.
HERALD.
The King Arbaces——
SARDANAPALUS.
What, crown'd already?—But, proceed.
HERALD.
Beleses,
The anointed high priest——
SARDANAPALUS.
Of what god, or demon
With new kings rise new altars. But, proceed;
You are sent to protest your master's will, and not
Reply to mine.
HERALD.
And Satrap Ofratanes——
SARDANAPALUS.
Why, he is ours.
HERALD (showing a ring).
Be sure that he is now
In the camp of the conquerors; behold
His signet ring.
SARDANAPALUS.
'T is his. A worthy triad!
Poor Salomene's! thou hast died in time
SARDANAPALUS.

5th;

To see one treachery the less: this man
Was thy true friend and my most trusted subject.
Proceed.

HERALD.

They offer thee thy life, and freedom
Of choice to single out a residence
In any of the farther provinces,
Guarded and watch'd, but not confined in person,
Where thou shalt pass thy days in peace; but on
Condition that the three young princes are
Given up as hostages.

SARDANAPALUS (ironically).
The generous victor!

wait the answer.

SARDANAPALUS.

Answer, slave! How long
Have slaves decided on the doom of kings?

HERALD.

Since they were free.

SARDANAPALUS.

Mouth-piece of mutiny! Thou
At the least shall learn the penalty
Of treason, though its proxy only. Pania!
Let his head be thrown from our walls within
The rebels' lines, his carcass down the river.
Away with him!

[PANIA and the Guards seizing him.

PANIA.

I never yet obey'd
Your orders with more pleasure than the present,
Hence with him, soldiers! do not soil this hall
Of royalty with treasonable gore;
Put him to rest without.

HERALD. A

single word:

SARDANAPALUS.

And what's mine?

That thou shouldst come and dare to ask of me
To lay it down?

HERALD. I

but obey'd my orders,
At the same peril, if refused, as now
Incur'd by my obedience.

SARDANAPALUS. So,

there are

New monarchs of an hour's growth as despotic
As sovereigns swathed in purple, and enthroned
From birth to manhood!

HERALD. My

life waits your breath.

Yours (I speak humbly)—but it may be—yours
May also be in danger source less imminent:
Would it then suit the last hours of a line
Such as is that of Nimrod, to destroy
A peaceful herald, unarm'd, in his office;
And violate not only all that man
Holds sacred between man and man—but that
Most holy tie which links us with the gods?

SARDANAPALUS.

He's right.—Let man go free.—My life's last act
Shall not be one of wrath. Here, fellow, take
[Give him a golden cup, from a table near
This golden goblet; let it hold your wine,
And think of me; or melt it into tears,
And think of nothing but their weight and value.

HERALD.

I thank you doubly for my life, and this

Most gorgeous gift, which renders it more precious.
But must I bear no answer?

SARDANAPALUS. Yes,—I ask
An hour's truce to consider.

HERALD. But an hour's?

SARDANAPALUS. An hour's: if at the expiration of
That time your masters hear no further from me.
They are to deem that I reject their terms,
And act befittingly.

HERALD. I shall not fail
To be a faithful legate of your pleasure.

SARDANAPALUS. And, barm! a word more.

HERALD. I shall not forget it,
Whatever it be.

SARDANAPALUS. Command me to Babylon;
And tell him, ere a year expire, I summon
Him hence to meet me.

HERALD. Where?

SARDANAPALUS. At Babylon.
At least from thence he will depart to meet me.

HERALD. I shall obey you to the letter.

[SARDANAPALUS. Exit Herald.

SARDANAPALUS. Pania!—

Now, my good Pania!—quick! with what I order'd.

PANIA. My lord,—the soldiers are already charged.

And, see! they enter.

[Soldiers enter, and form a Pile about the

Throne, etc.

SARDANAPALUS. Higher, my good soldiers,
And thicker yet; and see that the foundation
Be such as will not speedily exhaust
Its own too subtle flame; nor yet be quench'd
With unction officious and would bring to quell it.
Let the throne form the core of it; I would not
Leave that, save fraught with fire unquenchable,
To the new comers. Frame the whole as if
'T were to enkindle the strong tower of our
Inveterate enemies. Now it bears an aspect!
How say you, Pania, will this pile suffice
For a king's obsequies?

PANIA. Ay, for a kingdom's.

I understand you now.

SARDANAPALUS. And blame me?

PANIA. No—

Let me but fire the pile and share it with you

MYRRHA. That duty's mine.

PANIA. A woman's!

MYRRHA. 'T is the soldier's
Part to die for his sovereign, and why not
The woman's with her lover?

PANIA. 'T is most strange!
MYRRHA.

But not so rare, my Pania, as thou think'st it.
In the meantime, live thou.—Farewell! the pile
Is ready.

PANIA.

I should shame to leave my sovereign
With but a single female to partake
His death.

SARDANAPALUS.

Too many far have heralded
Me to the dust already. Get thee hence;
Enrich thee.

PANIA.

And live wretched!
SARDANAPALUS.

Think upon
Thy vow;—'tis sacred and irrevocable.

PANIA.

Since it is so, farewell.
SARDANAPALUS.

Search well my chamber,
Feel no remorse at bearing off the gold;
Remember, what you leave you leave the slaves
Who slew me: and when you have borne away
All safe off to your boats, blow one long blast
Upon the trumpet as you quit the palace.
The river's brink is too remote, its stream
Too loud at present to permit the echo
To reach distinctly from its banks. Then fly,—
And as you sail, turn back; but still keep on
Your way along the Euphrates: if you reach
The land of Paphlagonia, where the queen
Is safe with my three sons in Cotta's court,
Say what you saw at parting, and request
That she remember what I said at one
Parting more mournful still.

PANIA.

That royal hand!
Let me then once more press it to my lips;
And these poor soldiers who throng round you, and
Would fain die with you?

[The Soldiers and PANIA throng round him,
Kissing his hand and the hem of his robe.

SARDANAPALUS.

My best! my last friends!
Let's not unman each other—part at once:
All farewells should be sudden, when for ever,
Else they make an eternity of moments,
And clog the last sad sands of life with tears.
Hence, and be happy: trust me, I am not
Now to be pitted, or far more for what
Is past than present;—for the future, 'tis
In the hands of the deities, if such
There be: I shall know soon. Farewell—farewell.
[Exeunt PANIA and the Soldiers.

MYRRHA.

These men were honest: it is comfort still
That our last looks shall be on loving faces.

SARDANAPALUS.

And lovely ones, my beautiful!—but hear me!
If at this moment, for we now are on
The brink, thou feel'st an inward shrinking from
This leap through flame into the future, say it:
I shall not love thee less; may, perhaps more,
For yielding to thy nature: and there's time
Yet for thee to escape hence.

MYRRHA.

Shall I light
One of the torches which lie heaped beneath
The ever-burning lamp that burns without,
Before Baal's shrine, in the adjoining hall?

SARDANAPALUS.

Do so. Is that thy answer?

MYRRHA.

Thou shalt see.

[SARDANAPALUS (roles).

SARDANAPALUS.

She's firm. My fathers! whom I will rejoin,
It may be, purified by death from some
Of the gross stains of too material being,
I would not leave your ancient first abode
To the defilement of usurping bondmen; If I have not kept your inheritance
As ye bequeathed it, this bright part of it,
Your treasure, your abode, your sacred relics
Of arms, and records, monuments, and spoils,
In which they would have revel'd, I bear with me
To you in that absorbing element,
Which most personifies the soul, as leaving
The least of matter unconsumed before
Its fiery working:—and the light of this
Most royal of finereal pyres shall be
Not a mere pillar form'd of cloud and flame,
A beacon in the horizon for a day,
And then a mount of ashes, but a light
To lesson ages, rebel nations, and
Voluptuous princes. Time shall quench full many
A people's records, and a hero's acts;
Sweep empire after empire, like this first
Of empires, into nothing; but even then
Shall spare this deed of mine, and hold it up
A problem few dare imitate, and none
Despise—but, it may be, avoid the life
Which led to such a consummation.

MYRRHA.

returns with a lighted Torch in one Hand
and a Cup in the other.

MYRRHA.

Lo! I've lit the lamp which lights us to the stars.

SARDANAPALUS.

And the cup?

MYRRHA.

'Tis my country's custom to
Make a libation to the gods.

SARDANAPALUS.

And mine
To make libations amongst men. I've not
Forgot the custom; and, although alone,
Will drain one draught in memory of many
A joyous banquet past.

[SARDANAPALUS takes the cup, and after drink
ing and tinking the reversed cup, as a dog
falls, exclaims—

And this libation
Is for the excellent Beleses.

MYRRHA.

Why
Dwells thy mind rather upon that man's name
Than on his mate's in villany?

SARDANAPALUS.

The one
Is a mere soldier, a mere tool, a kind
Of human sword in a fiend's hand; the other
Is master-mover of his warlike puppet;
But I dismiss them from my mind.—Yet pause,
My Myrrha! dost thou truly follow me,
Freedly and fearlessly?

MYRRHA.

And dost thou think
A Greek girl dare not do for love that which
An Indian widow braves for custom?

SARDANAPALUS.

Then

We but await the signal.

MYRRHA.

It is long

In sounding.

SARDANAPALUS.

Now, farewell; one last embrace!

MYRRHA.

Embrace, but not the last; there is one more.

SARDANAPALUS.

True, the commingling fire will mix our ashes.

MYRRHA.

And pure as is my love to thee, shall they,

Purged from the dross of earth, and earthily passion,

Mix pale with thine.

A single thought yet irks me.

SARDANAPALUS.

Say it.

MYRRHA.

Is it that no kind hand will gather

The dust of both into one urn.

SARDANAPALUS.

The better!

Rather let them be borne abroad upon

The winds of heaven, and scatter'd into air,

Than be polluted more by human hands

Of slaves and traitors; in this blazing palace,

And its enormous walls of reeking ruin,

We leave a nobler monument than Egypt,

 Hath piled in her brick mountains O'er dead kings,

Or kine, for none know whether those proud piles

Be for their monarch, or their ox-god Apis:

So much for monuments that have forgotten

Their very record!

MYRRHA.

Then farewell, thou earth!

And loveliest spot of earth! farewell, Lonia!

Be thou still free and beautiful, and far

Alas! from desolation! My last prayer

Was for thee, my last thoughts, save one, were of thee!

SARDANAPALUS.

And that?

MYRRHA.

Is yours.

[The trumpet of PAMIA sounds without.

SARDANAPALUS.

Hark!]

MYRRHA.

Now!

SARDANAPALUS.

Adieu, Assyria!

I loved thee well, my own, my father's land,

And better as my country than my kingdom.

I satiated thee with peace and joys; and this

Is my reward! and now I owe thee nothing,

Not even a grave.

[He mounts the pile.

Now, Myrrha!

MYRRHA.

Art thou ready?

SARDANAPALUS.

As the torch in thy grasp.

[MYRRHA fires the pile.

MYRRHA.

'Tis fired! I come.

[As MYRRHA springs forward to throw herself into the flames the Curtain falls.]

NOTES.

Note 1.

And then, my own Ionian Myrrha.

"The Ionian name had been still more comprehensive, having included the Achaians and the Euboeans, who, together with those to whom it was afterwards confined, would make nearly the whole of the Greek nation, and among the orientals it was always the general name for the Greeks."—Miltiades, vol. 1, p. 199.

Note 2.

"Sardanapalus, The king, and son of Anacyndaraxes.

In one day built Anchialus and Tarsus. Eat, drink and love; the rest's not worth a fillip."

"For this expedition, he took not only a small chosen body of the phalanx, but all his light troops. In the first day's march he reached Anchialus, a town said to have been founded by the king of Assyria, Sardanapalus. The fortifications, in their magnitude and extent, still in Arrian's time, bore the character of greatness, which the Assyrians appear singularly to have affected in works of the kind. A monument, representing Sardanapalus, was found there, warranted by an inscription in Assyrian characters, of course in the old Assyrian language, which the Greeks, whether well or ill, interpreted thus: 'Sardanapalus, son of Anacyndaraxes, in one day founded Anchialus and Tarsus. Eat, drink, play: all other human joys are not worth a fillip.' Supposing this version nearly exact (for Arrian says it was not quite so), whether the purpose has not been to invite to civil order a people disposed to turbulence, rather than to recommend immediate luxury, may perhaps reasonably be questioned. What, indeed, could be the object of a king of Assyria in founding such towns in a country so distant from his capital, and so divided from it by an immense extent of sandy deserts and lofty mountains, and, still more, how the inhabitants could be at once in circumstances to abandon themselves to the intemperate joys which their prince has been supposed to have recommended, is not obvious; but it may deserve observation that, in that line of coast, the southern of Lesser Asia, ruins of cities, evidently of an age after Alexander, yet barely named in history, at this day astonish the adventurous traveller by their magnificence and elegance. Amid the desolation which, under a singularly barbarian government, has, for so many centuries, been daily spreading in the finest countries of the globe, whether more from soil and climate, or from opportunities for commerce, extraordinary means must have been found for communities to flourish there, whence it may seem that the measures of Sardanapalus were directed by juster views than have been commonly ascribed to him; but that monarch having been the last of a dynasty, ended by a revolution, obsequy on his memory would follow of course from the policy of his successors and their partisans.

"The inconsistency of traditions concerning Sardanapalus is striking in Diodorus's account of him."—Miltiades, vol. 9, pp. 311, 312, and 313.
Manfred;  
A DRAMATIC POEM.

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

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.  

**MANFRED.**  
**CHAMoes HUnter.**  
**ABoT OF St. MAURICE.**  
**MANUEL.**  
**HErMAN.**  
**WITCH OF THE ALPS.**  
**ABRIMAnE.**  
**NEmisis.**  
**The Destinies, etc.**

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

ACT I.  
SCENE I.  
A Gothic Gallery.—Time, Midnight.

**MANFRED (alone).**

The lamp must be replenish'd, but even then  
It will not burn so long as I must watch:  
My slumber—if it slumber—are not deep,  
But a continuance of utmost thought,  
Which then I can resist not: in my heart  
There is a vigil, and these eyes but close  
To look within: and yet I live, and bear  
The aspect and the form of breathing men.  
But grief should be the instructor of the wise:  
Sorrow is knowledge: they who know the most  
Must mourn the deepest of all thoughts;  
The tree of knowledge is not that of life.  
Philosophy and science, and the springs  
Of wonder, and the wisdom of the world,  
I have essay'd, and in my mind there is  
A power to make these subject to itself—  
But they avail not: I have done men good,  
And I have met with good even among men—  
But this avail'd not: I have had my foes,  
And none have baffled, many fallen before me—  
But this avail'd not:—good or evil, life,  
Powers, passions, all I see in other beings,  
Have been to me as rain unto the sands—  
Since that all-morbid hour. I have no dread,  
And feel the curse to have no natural fear,  
Nor fluttering throb, that beats with hopes or wishes,  
Or lurking love of something on the earth.  
Now to my task.—

Mysterious Agency!  

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

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

If it be so—Spirits of earth and air,  
Ye shall not thus elude me: by a power,  
Deeper than all yet urged, a tyrant-spell,  
Which had its birth-place in a star condemn'd,  
The burning wreck of a demon'd world,  
& wandering hell in the eternal space;

By the strong curse which is upon my soul,  
The thought which is within me and around me,  
I do compel ye to my will.—Appear!  
[A star is seen at the darker end of the gallery: it is stationary; and a voice is heard singing.]

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

Voice of the Second Spirit.  

Mont-Blanc is the monarch of mountains,  
They crown'd him long ago  
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,  
With a diadem of snow.  
Around his waist are forests braced,  
The avalanche in his hand;  
But ere it fail, the thundering ball  
Must pause for my command.  
The glacier's cold and restless mass  
Moves onward day by day;  
But I am he who bids it pass,  
Or with its ice decay.  
I am the spirit of the place,  
Could make the mountain bow  
And quiver to his cavern'd base—  
And what with me wouldst thou?  

Voice of the Third Spirit.  

In the blue depth of the waters,  
Where the wave hath no strife,  
Where the wind is a stranger,  
And the sea-snake hath life,  
Where the mermaid is deck'd  
Her green hair with shells;  
Like the storm on the surface  
Cause the sound of thy spells;  
O'er my calm hall of coral  
The deep echo roll'd—  
To the spirit of the ocean  
Thy wishes unfold!  

FOURTH SPIRIT.  

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

FIFTH SPIRIT.  

I'm the rider of the wind,  
The stirrer of the storm;  
The hurricane I left behind  
Is yet with lightning warm;  
To speed to thee, o'er shore and sea  
I swept upon the blast:  
The debt I met sal'd well, and yet  
'T will sink ere night be past.  

SIXTH SPIRIT.  

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

SEVENTH SPIRIT.  

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

**The seven spirits.**

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

**Forgetfulness.**

**First spirit.**

Of what—of whom—and why?

**Manfred.**

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

**Spirit.**

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

**Manfred.**

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

**Spirit.**

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

**Manfred.**

Will death bestow it on me?

**Spirit.**

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

**Manfred.**

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

**Spirit.**

We answer as we answered; our reply
Is even in thine own words.

**Manfred.**

Why say ye so?

**Spirit.**

If, as thou say'st, thine essence be as ours,
We have replied in telling thee, the thing
Morts call death hath sought to do with us.
Thou shalt marvel I am not
As thy shadow on the spot,
And the power which thou dost feel
Shall be what thou must conceal.

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

From thy false tears I did distil
An essence which hath strength to kill;
From thy own heart I then did wring
The black blood in its blackest spring;
From thy own smile I snatch'd the snake,
For there it coiled as in a brake;
From thy own lip I drew the charm
Which gave all these their chiefest harm;
In proving every poison known,
I found the strongest was thine own.

By thy cold breast and serpent smile,
By thy unfeath'd puffs of gone,
By that most seeming virtu as eye,—
By thy shut soul's hypocrisy;
By the perfection of thine art,
Which pass'd for human thine own heart;
By thy delight in others' pain,
And by thy brotherhood of Cain,
I cal. upon thee! and compel
Thyself to be thy proper hell,
And on thy heart I pour the vial
Which both devote thee to this trial;
Nor to slumber, nor to die,
Shall be in thy destiny;
Though thy death shall still seem near
To thy wish, but as a fear;
Lo! the spell now works around thee,
And the clankless chain hath bound thee;
Over thy heart and brain together
Hath the word been pass'd—now wither!

SCENE II.
The Mountain of the Jungfrau.—Time, Morning.—
MANFRED alone upon the Cliffs.

MANFRED.
The spirits I have raised abandon me—
The spells which I have studied baffle me—
The remedy I seek'd of tortured me;
I lean no more on super-human aid,
It hath no power upon the past, and for
The future, till the past be gulf'd in darkness,
It is not of my search.—My mother earth!
And thou, fresh breaking day, and thou, ye mountains,
Why are ye beautiful? I cannot love ye.
And thou, the bright eye of the universe,
That open'st over all, and unto all
Art a delight—thou shinest not on my heart.
And you, ye rocks, upon whose extreme edge
I stand, and on the torrent's brink beneath
Behold the tall pines swelled as to shrubs in
Dazzness of distance; when a leap,
A star, a motion, even a breath, would bring
My breast upon its rocky bosom's bed
To rest for ever—who rehearse do I pause?
I feel the impulse—yet I do not plunge;

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

Whose happy flight is highest into heaven,
Well mayst thou swoop so near me—I should be
Thy prey, and gorge those eaglets; then art gone
Where the eye cannot follow thee; but thine
Yet pieces downward, onward, or awhile
With a pervading vision.—Beautiful!
How beautiful is all this visible world!
How glorious in its action and itself!
But we, who name ourselves its sovereigns, ay,
Ere that, half deify, alike unite
To sink or soar, with our max'd essence make
A conflict of its elements, and breathe
The breath of degradation and of pride,
Contending with low wants and lofty will
Tell our mortality premonstrates.

And men are—what they name not to themselves,
And trust not to each other. Hark! the noise,

[The shepherd's pipe in the distance is heard.

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

Enter from below a CHAMOIS HUNTER.

CHAMOIS HUNTER.

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

MANFRED (not perceiving the other).

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

CHAMOIS HUNTER.

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

MANFRED.

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

CHAMOIS HUNTER.

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

MANFRED.

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

CHAMOIS HUNTER.

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

MANFRED (not hearing him).

Such would have been for me a fitting tomb;
My bones had then been quiet in their depth;
They had not then been strewn upon the rocks
For the wind's pastime—as thus—thus they shall be—
In this one plague.—Farewell, ye opening heavens!
Lock not upon me thus reproachfully!
Y's were not meant for me—Earth! take these atoms!
[As MANFRED is in set to spring from the cliff,
the CHAMOIS HUNTER rises and threatens him
with a sudden grasp.]

CHAMOIS HUNTER.

Hold, man!—though awearie of thy life,
Stain not our pure veins with thy guilty blood.

Away with me— I will not quit my hold.

MANFRED.

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

CHAMOIS HUNTER.

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

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

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Cottage amongst the Bernese Alps.

MANFRED and the CHAMOIS HUNTER

CHAMOIS HUNTER.

No, no—yet pause—noon must not yet go forth
Thy mist and body are alike unit
To trust each other, for some hours, at least;
When thou art better, I will be thy guide—
But whither?

MANFRED.

It imports not: I do know

My route full well, and need no further guidance.

CHAMOIS HUNTER.

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

MANFRED.

No matter.

CHAMOIS HUNTER.

Well, sir, pardon me the question,
And be of better cheer. Come, taste my wine;
'Tis of an ancient vintage; many a day
'Th'as thw'ld me vons among our glaciers, now
Let it do thus for thine—Come, pledge me fairly.

MANFRED.

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

CHAMOIS HUNTER.

What dost thou mean? thy senses wander from thee.

MANFRED.

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

CHAMOIS HUNTER.

Man of strange words, and some half-maddening air.
Which makes thee people vacany, whatever
Thy dread and sufferance be, here's comfort yet—
The aid of holy men, and heavenly patience—

MANFRED.

Patience, and patience!—Hence—that word was mask
For brutes of burthen, nor for birds of prey;
Preach it to mortals of a dust like thine
I am not of thine order.

CHAMOIS HUNTER.

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

MANFRED.

Do I not bear it?—Look on me—I live.

CHAMOIS HUNTER.

This is confusion, and no healthful life.

MANFRED.

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

CHAMOIS HUNTER.

Why, on thy brow the seal of middle age
Hath scarce been set; I am thine elder far.

MANFRED.

Think'st thou existence doth depend on time?
It doth: but ages are our equals: time
Have made my days and nights imperishable,
Endless, and all alike as sands on the shore,
Immeasurable atoms; and one desert,
Barren and cold, on which the wild waves break
But nothing rests, save carcases and wrecks,
Rocks, and the salt-surf weeds of bitterness.
CHAMOIS HUNTER.

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

MANFRED.

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

CHAMOIS HUNTER.

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

MANFRED.

Myself and thee—a peasant of the Alps—
Thy humble virtues, hospitable home,
And spirit patient, pious, proud and free;
Thy self-respect, granified on innocent thoughts;
Thy days of health, and nights of sleep;—thy toils,
By danger dignified, yet guiltless; hopes
Of cheerful old age and a quiet grave,
With cross and garland over its green turf,
And thy grandchildren's love for epitaph:
This do I see—and then I look within—
It matters not—my soul was search'd already!

CHAMOIS HUNTER.

And wouldst thou then exchange thy lot for mine?

MANFRED.

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

CHAMOIS HUNTER.

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

MANFRED.

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

CHAMOIS HUNTER.

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

MANFRED.

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

[Exeunt MANFRED.

SCENE II.

A Lower Valley in the Alps.—A Cataract.

Enter MANFRED.

It is not noon—the sunbeam's rays still arch
The corrent with the many hues of heaven,
And roll the sheeted silver's waving column
Over the crag's headlong perpendicular,
And fling its lines of beams along light along,
And to and fro, like the pale courser's tail,
The giant steed, to be bestread by Death,
As ton in the Apocalypse. No eyes
But mine now drank this sight of lovelessness;
I should be sooth in this sweet solitude,

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

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

MANFRED.

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

WITCH.

Son of earth!
I know thee, and the powers which give thee power,
I know thee for a man of many thoughts,
And deics of good and ill, extreme in both;
Fataf and fitted in thy sufferings.
I have expected this—what wouldst thou win me?

MANFRED.

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

WITCH.

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

MANFRED.

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

WITCH.

I know not that; let thy lips utter it.

MANFRED.

Well, though it torture me, 'tis but the same;
My joys shall find a voice. From my youth upwards—
My spirit walked not with the souls of men,
Nor look'd upon the earth with human eyes,
The thirst of their ambition was not mine,
The aim of their existence was not mine;
My joys, my griefs, my passions, and my powers,
Made me a stranger; though I wore the form,
I had no sympathy with breathing flesh,
Nor must the creatures of clay that girded me
Was there but one who—but of her anon.
I said, with men, and with the thoughts of men,
I held but slight communion; but instead,
My joy was in the wilderness, to breathe
The diffused air of the iced mountain's top,
Where the birds dare not build, nor insect's wing
Flit over the heartless granite; or to plunge—
MANFRED.

Daughter o Air! I tell thee, since that hour—
But words are breath—look on me in my sleep
Or watch my watchings—Come and sit by me
My solitude is solitude no more,
But people with the Purses—I have gnash
My teeth in darkness till returning morn,
Then cursed myself till sunset—I have pray'd
For madness as a blessing—it is denied me,
I have allured death—but in the war
Of elements the waters shrank from me,
And fateful things poss'd harmless—the cold hand
Of an all-pitiless demon held me back,
Back by a single hair, which would not break.
In phantasy, imagination, all
The influence of my soul—which one day was
A Crosses, in creation—I plunged deep,
But, like an ebbing wave, it dash'd me back
Into the gulf of my unfathom'd thought.
I plunged amongst mankind—Forgottenness
I sought in all, save where 'tis to be found,
And that I have to learn—my sciences,
My long-pursued and super-human art,
Is mortal here—I dwell in my despair—
And live—and live for ever.

WITCH.

That I can aid thee.

MANFRED.

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

WITCH.

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

MANFRED.

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

WITCH.

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

MANFRED.

I have said it.

WITCH.

Enough!—I may retire then—say!

MANFRED.

Retire!

[The Witch disappears]

MANFRED (alone).

We are the fools of time and terror; days
Seateon us and steal from us; yet we live,
Loathing our life, and dreading still to die.
In all the days of this detested joke—
This vital weight upon the struggling heart,
Which sinks in sorrow, or boils quick with pain,
Or joy that ends in agony or faintness—
To all the days of past and future, to
In the there is no present, we can number
How few—how less than few—wherein the soul
Forbears to paint for death, and yet draws back
As from a stream in winter, though the chill
Be but a moment's; I have one resource
Still in my science—I can call the dead,
And ask them what is we dread to be;
The sternst answer can but be the Grave,
And that is nothing—if they answer not—
The buried Prophet answer'd to the Hag
Of Endor; and the Spartan Monarch drew
From the Byzantine maid's unseeling spirit
An answer and his destiny—he slew
That which he loved, unknowing what he slew,
And died unpardoned—though he call'd in aid
The Physian Jove, and in Pingalia rais'd
The Arcadian Evocators to compeal
The indigant shadow to depose her wrath,
Or fix her term of vengeance—she replied
In words of dubious import, but fullfild:
If I had never lived, that which I love
Had still been living; had I never loved,
That which I love would still be beautiful—
Happy and giving happiness. What is she?
What is she now?—a sufferer for my sins—
A thing I dare not think upon—or nothing.
Within few hours I shall call in vain—
Yet in this hour I dread the thing I dare:
Until this hour I never shrunk to gaze
On spirit, good or evil—now I tremble,
And feel a strange cold thaw upon my heart;
But I can yet even what I must abhor,
And champion human fears.—The night approaches.

SCENE III.
The Summit of the Jungfrau Mountain.

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

A voice without, singing.
The Captive Euryper,
Hurt'd down from the throne,
Lay buried in torpor,
Forgotten and lone;
I broke through his slumbers,
I shiver'd his chain,
I lank'd him with numbers—
He's tyrant again!
With the blood of a million he'll answer my care,
With a nation's destruction—his flight and despair.

Second Voice, without.
The ship sail'd on, the ship sail'd fast,
But I left not a sail, and I left not a mast,
There is not a plank of the hull or the deck,
And there is not a wretch to lament o'er his wound;
Save one, whom I hold, as he swam, by the hair,
And he was a subject well worthy my care;
A traitor on land, and a pirate at sea.

But I saved him to wreak further havoc for me!
First Destiny, answering:
The city lies sleeping;
The morn, to deplore it,

May dawn on it weeping:
Sullenly slowly,
The black plague flew o'er it—
Thousands lie lowly;
Tens of thousands shall perish—
The living shall fly from
The sick they should cherish;
But nothing can vanish
The touch that they die from.
Sorrow and anguish,
And evil and dread,
Envelope a nation—
The rest are the dead,
Who see not the sight
Of their own desolation.—
This work of a night,
This wreck of a realm—this deed of my doing—
For ages I've done, and shall still be renewing!
Enter the Second and Third Destinies.
The Three.
Our hands contain the hearts of men,
Our footsteps are their graves;
We only give to take again
The spirits of our slaves!
First Destiny.
Welcome!—Where's Nemesis?
Second Destiny.
At some great work;
But what I know not, for my hands were full.

Behold she cometh.

Enter Nemesis.
First Destiny.
Say, where hast thou been?
My sisters and myself are slow to-night.

Nemesis.
I was detain'd repairing shattered thrones,
Marrying fools, restoring dynasties,
Avenging men upon their enemies,
And making them repent their own revenge;
Godhead the wise to madness; from the dull
Shaping out oracles to rule the world
Afresh, for they were waning out of date,
And mortals dared to ponder for themselves,
To weigh kings in the balance, and to speak
Of freedom, the forbidden fruit. Away!
We have outstrip the hour—mount we our clouds!

[Exit.

SCENE IV.
The Hall of Atrimax—Atrimax on his Throne, a
Globe of Fire, surrounded by the Spirits.

Hymn of the Spirits.
Hail to our master!—Prince of earth and air!—
Who walks the clouds and waters—in his hand
The sceptre of the elements, which tear
Themselves to extors at his high command!
He breatheth—and a tempest shakes the sea;
He speaketh—and the clouds reply in thunder;
He gazeth—from his glance the sunbeams flee;
He moveth—earthquakes rend the world asunder;
Beneath his footsteps the volcanoes rise;
His shadow is the pestilence; his path
The comets herald through the cranking skies,
And planets turn to ashes at his wrath.
To him war offers daily sacrifice;
To him death pays his tribute; life is his,
With all its infinite of agencies;
And his the spirit of whatever is
Enter the Destinies and Nemesis.

First Destiny.

Glory to Arimanes! on the earth
His power increaseth—now my sisters did
His bidding, too, did I neglect my duty!

Second Destiny.

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

Third Destiny.

Glory to Arimanes!—we await his nod!

Nemesis.

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

Enter Manfred.

A Spirit.

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

Second Spirit.

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

Third Spirit.

Bow down and worship, slavé—
What, know'st thou not
Thine and our sovereign?—Tremble, and obey!

All the Spirits.

Prostrate thyself; and thy condemned clay,
Child of the Earth! or dread the worst.

Manfred.

I know it;
And yet ye see I kneel not.

Fourth Spirit.

'Twill be taught thee.

Manfred.

'Tis taught already;—now a night on the earth,
On the bare ground, have I bow'd down my face,
And strend my head with ashes; I have known
The fulness of humiliation,

Fifth Spirit.

Seek before my vain despair, and kneel
To my own desolation.

Manfred.

Dost thou dare
Refuse to Arimanes on his throne
What the whole earth accord's, beholding not
The terror of his glory!—Crouch! I say

Manfred.

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

The Spirits.

Crush the worm!

Fifth Destiny.

Hence! Awaunt! he's mine,
Prince of the powers invisible! this man
If of no common order, as his port
And presence here denote: his sufferings
Have been of an immortal nature, like
Our own; his knowledge and his power and will,
As far as is compatible with clay,
Which cloes the ethereal essence, have been such
As clay hath seldom borne: his aspirations
Have been beyond the dwellers of the earth,
And they have only taught him what we know—

That knowledge is not happiness, and science
But an exchange of ignorance for that
Which is another kind of ignorance.
This is not all—the passions, attributes
Of earth and heaven, from which no power, nor being
Nor breath, from the worm upwards, is exempt,
Have pierced his heart; and in their consequence
Made him a thing which I, who pity not,
Yet pardon those who pity. He is mine,
And thine, it may be—he it so, or not,
No other spirit in this region hath
A soul like his—or power upon his soul.

Nemesis.

What doth he here then?

First Destiny.

Let him answer that.

Manfred.

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

Nemesis.

What wouldst thou?

Manfred.

Thou canst not reply to me.

Call up the dead—my question is for them.

Nemesis.

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

Arimanes.

Yea.

Nemesis.

Manfred.

Whom wouldst thou

Uncarved?

Nemesis.

Shadow! or Spirit!

Whatever thou art,
Which still dost inherit
The whole or a part
Of the form of thy birth,
Of the mould of thy clay,
Which return'd to the earth,—
Reappear to the day!
Bear what thou forest,
The heart and the form,
And the aspect thou worst
Reclaim from the worm,
Appear!—appear!—appear!

Who sent thee there requires thee here!

[The phantom of Astarte rises and stands in the midst.

Manfred.

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

Nemesis.

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

She is silent.

And in that silence I am more than answer'd.

NEMESIS.

My power extends no further. Prince of air!

It rests with thee alone—command her voice.

Animates.

Spirit! obey this sceptre!

NEMESIS.

Silent still.

She is not of our order, but belongs

To the other powers. Moral! thy quest is vain,

And we are baffled also.

MANFRED.

Hear me, hear me—

Astarte! my beloved! speak to me:

I have so much endured—so much endured—

Look on me! the grave hath not changed thee more

Than I am changed for thee. Thou lovest me

Too much, as I loved thee: we were not made

To torture thee thus each other, though it were

The deadliest sin to love as we have loved.

Say that thouittest me not—that I do hear

This punishment for both—that thou wilt be

One of the blessed—and that I shall die;

For infatrated all hateful things conspire

To bind me in existence—in a lie

Which makes me shrink from immortality—

A fate like the past. I cannot rest.

I know not what I ask nor what I seek:

I feel but what thou art—and what I am;

And I would hear yet once before I perish

The voice which was my music—Speak to me!

For I have call'd on thee in the still night,

Star'd the slumbering birds from the hush'd boughs,

And waked the mountain wolves, and made the caves

Acquainted with thy vainly-echoed name,

Which answer'd me—many things answer'd me—

Spirits and men—but thou wert silent all.

Yet speak to me! I have out watch'd the stars,

And gazed o'er heaven in vain in search of thee.

Speak to me! I have wander'd o'er the earth

And never found thy likeness—Speak to me!

Look on the sounds around—they feel for me:

I hear them not, and feel for thee alone—

Speak to me! though it be in wrath;—but say,

I will not what—but let me hear thee once—

This once—once more!

PHANTOM OF ASTARTE.

Manfred!

MANFRED.

Say on, say on—

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

PHANTOM.

Manfred! to-morrow ends thine earthly ills.

Farewell!

MANFRED.

Yet one word more—am I forgiven?

Farewell!

MANFRED.

Say, shall we meet again?

PHANTOM.

Farewell!

MANFRED.

One word for mercy! say, thou lovest me.

PHANTOM.

Manfred!

[The Spirit of Astarte Disappears.

NEMESIS.

She's gone, and will not be recoid'd;

Her words will be fulfill'd. Return to the earth.

A SPIRIT.

He is convuls'd.—This is to be a mortal,

And seek the things beyond mortality.

ANOTHER SPIRIT.

Yet, see, he mastereth himself, and makes

His torture tributary to his will.

Had he been one of us, he would have made

An awful spirit.

NEMESIS.

Hast thou further question

Of our great sovereign, or his worshippers?

MANFRED.

None.

NEMESIS.

Then for a time farewell.

MANFRED.

We meet then! Where? on the earth?

Even as thou wilt: and for the grace secceed.

I now depart a debtor. Fare ye well!

(Scene closes.)

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A Hall in the Castle of Manfred.

MANFRED and HERMAN.

MANFRED.

What is the hour?

HERMAN.

It wants but one till morn;

And promises a lovely twilight.

MANFRED.

Say, Are all things so disposed of in the tower

As I directed?

HERMAN.

All, my lord, are ready;

Here is the key and cushion.

MANFRED.

It is well;

Thou may'st retire. [Exit Herman.

MANFRED (alone).

There is a calm upon me—

Inexplicable stillness! which till now

Did not belong to what I knew of life,

If that I did not know philosophy

To be of all our varents the middest;

The most neu'red word that ever found the ear

From out the schoolman's papers, I should deem

The golden secret, the sought "Kalon," found,

And seated in my soul. It will not last;

But it is well to have known it, though but once:

It hath enlarged my thoughts with a new sense, 

And I within my table would note down

That there is such a feeling. Who is there?

Re-enter Herman.

HERMAN.

My lord, the abbot of St. Maurice exhales

To greet your presence.

Enter the Abbot of St. Mauriie.

ABBOT.

Peace be with Count Manfred.

MANFRED.

Thanks, holy father! welcome to these walls,

Thy presence honours them, and blesseth those

Who dwell within them.

ABBOT.

Would it were so, Count!—

But I would gain comfort with thee alone.

MANFRED.

Herman, retire. What would my reverend guest.
ABBOT.
This, with out prelude:—Age and zeal, my office,
And good intent, must pite my privilege;
Our near, though not acquainted neighbourhood,
May also be my herald. Rumours strange,
And of unly nature, are abroad,
And busy with thy name; a noble name
For centuries; may he who hears it now
Transmit it unimpaired!

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

MANFRED.
And what are they who do avouch these things?
ABBOT.
My pious brethren—the seared peasantry—
Even thy own vassals—who do look on thee
With most unquiet eyes. Thy life's in peril.

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

MANFRED.
I hear thee. This is my reply; whatever
I may have been, or am, both rest between
Heaven and myself—I shall not choose a mortal
To be my mediator. Have I not
Against your ordinances? prove and punish!

ABBOT.
My son! I did not speak of punishment,
But penitence and pardon; with thyself
The choice of such remains—and for the last,
Our institutions and our strong belief
Have given me power to smooth the path from sin
To higher hope and better thoughts; the first
I leave to Heaven:—"Vengeance is mine alone!";
So saith the Lord, and with all humbleness
His servant echoes back the awful word.

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

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

MANFRED.
When Rome's sixth Emperor was the last
The victim of a self-inflicted wound,
To shun the tortures of a public death
From senators once his slaves, a certain soldier,
With show of loyal pity, would have stanch'd
The gushing throat with his office's robe;
The dying Roman thrust him back and said—
Some empire still in his expiring glance,
"It is too late—is this fidelity?"

ABBOT.
And what of this?
MANFRED.
"It is too late!"
ABBOT.
It never can be so,
To reconcile thyself with thy own soul,
And thy own soul with Heaven. Hast thou no hope?
'Tis strange—'tis strange, even those who do despair above,
Yet shape themselves some phantasy on earth,
To which frail twig they cling, like drowning men.

MANFRED.
Ay,—father! I have had those earthly visions
And noble aspirations in my youth,
To make my own the mind of other men,
The enlightener of nations; and to rise
I knew not wither—it might be to fall;
But fail, even as the mountain cataract,
Which having leap't from its more dazzling height,
Even in the foaming strength of its abyss
(Which casts up misty columns that become
Clouds, raving from the reasceded skies),
Lies low but mighty still.—But this is past,
My thoughts mistook themselves.

ABBOT.
And wherefore so?

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

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

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

ABBOT.
Alas
'Tis gin to fear that thou art past all aid
From me and from my calling; yet so young,
I still would—
BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS.

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

ABROT.
Yet, hear me still—

MANFRED.
Old man! I do respect
True order, and revere thy years; I deem
Thy purpose pious, but it is in vain:
Think me not churlish; I would spare thyself,
Far more than me, in summing at this time
All further colloquy—and so—farewell.

[Exit MANFRED.

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

[Exit ABROT.

SCENE II. Another Chamber.

MANFRED and HERMAN.
HERMAN.
My Lord, you bade me wait on you at sunset:
He sinks behind the mountain.

MANFRED.
Dost he so?
[MANFRED advances to the window of the Hall.

Glorious orb! the idol
Of early nature, and the vigorous race
Of indissens'd mankind, the giant sons
Of the embraces of angels, with a sex
More beautiful than theirs, which did draw down
The erring spirits who can never return—
Most glorious orb! that wea' a worship, ere
The mystery of thy making was revealed!
Then earliest minister of the Almighty,
Which glitter'd, on their mountain tops, the hearts
O. the Christian shepherds, till they poor'd
Themselves in orisons! Then material god!
And representative of the Unknown—
Who chose then for his champion! Thou chief star!
Centre of many stars! which mak'st our earth
Endurable, and temperest the baines
And hearts of all who walk within thy rays
Set of the seasons! Monarch of the times,

And those who dwell in them! to war on far,
Our inborn spirits have a tint of thee,
Even as our outward aspects—them dost raise,
And shine, and set in glory.
Fare thee well!
I never shall see thee more. As my first glan
Of love and wonder was for thee, then take
My latest look: thou wilt not beam on me
To whom the gifts of life and warmth have been.
Of a more fatal nature. He is gone:
I follow.

[Exit MANFRED.

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

HERMAN, MANUEL, and other dependants of MANFRED.

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

MANUEL.
'T were dangerous;
Content thyself with what thou know'st already.

HERMAN.
Ah! Manuel! thou art cixerly and wise,
And couldst say much; thou hast dwelt within the castle—
How many years is 't?

MANUEL.
Ere Count Manfred's birth,
I served his father, whom he neath resembles.

HERMAN.
There be more sons in like predicament.
But wherein do they differ?

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

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

MANUEL.
These wars—
Must change their chieftain first. Oh! I have seen
Some strange things in them, Herman.

HERMAN.
Come, be friendly!
Relate me some to while away our watch.
I've heard thee darkly speak of an event
Which happen'd hereabouts, by this same tower.

MANUEL.
That was a night indeed; I do remember
'T was twilight as it may be now, and soon
Another evening,—you red cloud, which rests
On Eiger's pinnacle, so rested then,—
5r

Who
ABBOT.

Its

Exeunt,

I

And

The

The

And

That

As

The

Lady

Hush! who comes here?

Enter the Abbots.

Where is your master?

Herman.

Youth, in the tower.

I must speak with him.

Manuel.

'Tis impossible;

He is most private, and must not be thus

Intruded on.

Abbott.

Upon myself I take

The forfeit of my fault, if fault there be;

But I must see him.

Herman.

Thou hast seen him once

This eve already.

Abbott.

Herman! I command thee,

Knock, and apprise the Count of my approach.

Herman.

We dare not.

Abbott.

Then it seems I must be herald

Of my own purpose.

Manuel.

Reverend father, stop—

I pray you pause.

Abbott.

Why so?

Manuel.

But step this way,

And I will tell you farther.

(Exeunt.

Scene IV.

Interior of the Tower.

Manfred, alone.

The stars are forth, the moon above the tops

Of the snow-shining mountains.—Beautiful!

I linger yet with Nature, for the night

 Hath been to me a more familiar face

Than that of man; and in her starry shade

Of dim and solitary loneliness,

I learn'd the language of another world,

I do remember me, that in my youth,

When I was wandering,—upon such a night

I stood within the Colosseum's wall
'Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome;

The trees which grew along the broken arches

Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars

Shone through the rents of ruin; from afar

The watch-dog bay'd beyond the Tiber; and

More near from out the Caesar's palace came

The owl's long cry, and interruptedly,

Of distant sentinel the fitful song

Begun and died upon the gentle wind.

Some cypresses beyond the time-worn breach

Appear'd to skirt the horizon, yet they stood

Within a bow-shot,—where the Caesars dwell,

And dwell the timeless birds of night, amidst

A grove which springs through level'd battlements,

And twines its roots with the imperial heart's,

ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth;—

But the gladiator's bloody Circus stands,

A noble wreck in ruinous perfection!

While Caesar's chambers, and the Augustan halls,

Grov'd on earth in indistinct decay;—

And thou didst shine, stout rolling moon, upon

All this, and cast a wide and tender light,

Which soften'd down the bear austerity

Of rugged desolation, and fill'd up,

As 'twere anew, the gaps of centuries;

Leaving that beautiful which still was so,

And making that which was not, till the place

Became religion, and the heart ran o'er

With silent worship of the great of old!—

The dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule

Our spirits from their urns.—

'Twas such a night

'Tis strange that I recall it at this time;

But I have found our thoughts take wildest flight

Even at the moment when they should array

Themselves in pensive order.

Enter the Abbots.

My good lord!

I crave a second grace for this approach;

But yet let not my humble zeal offend

By its abruptness—all it hath of ill

Recalls on me; its good in the effect

May light upon your head—could I say heart—

Could I touch that, with words or prayers, I should

Recall a noble spirit which hath wander'd;

But is not yet all lost.

Manfred.

Thou know'st me not:

My days are number'd, and my deeds recorded.

Retire, or 't will be dangerous—Away!

Abbott.

Thou dost not mean to menace me?

Manfred.

No I;

I simply tell thee peril is at hand,

And would preserve thee.

Abbott.

What dost mean?

Manfred.

Nothing.

Abbott.

Look there

What dost thou see?

Abbott.

Nothing.

Manfred.

Look there, I say,

And steadfastly;—now tell me what thou seest?

Abbott.

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

I see a dusk and awful figure rise

Like an infernal god from out the earth;

His face wrapt in a mantle, and his form

Robed as with angry clouds; he stands between

Thyself and me—but I do fear him not.

Manfred.

Thou hast no cause—he shall not harm thee—but

His sight may shock thine old limbs into paity,

I say to thee—Retire!
ABROTH.
And I reply—

Never—till I have battled with this fiend—

What doth he here?

**MANFRED.**
Why—say—what doth he here?
I did not send for him,—he is unbidden.

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

Avaunt!—

**MANFRED.**

Pronounce—what is thy mission?

**SPIRIT.**
Come!

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

**SPIRIT.**
The genius of this mortal.—Come! 'tis time.

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

**SPIRIT.**
Thou 'lt know anon.—Come! come!

**MANFRED.**

I have commanded

Things of an essence greater far than thine,
And griven with thy masters. Get thee hence!

**SPIRIT.**
Mortal! thine hour is come.—Away! I say.

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

**SPIRIT.**
Then I must summon up my brethren.—Rise!

[Other Spirits rise up.]

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

**SPIRIT.**

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

**MANFRED.**

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

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

**MANFRED.**

Thou false fiend, thou liest!

My life is in its last hour,—that I know,
Nor would redeem a moment of that hour;

I do not combat against death, but thee
And thy surrounding angels: my pass power
Was purchased by no compact with thy crew,
But by superior science—penance—shaming—
And length of watching—strength of mind—art skil
In knowledge of our fathers—when the earth
Saw men and spirits walking side by side,
And gave ye no supremacy: I stand
Upon my strength—I do defy—deny—

**SPIRIT.**

But thy many crimes

Have made thee—

**MANFRED.**

What are they to such as thee
Must crimes be punished by but other crimes,
And greater criminals?—Back to thy hell!
Thou hast no power upon me, that I feel;
Thou never shalt possess me, that I know;
What I have done is done; I bear within
A torture which could nothing gain from thee:
The mind which is immortal makes itself
Reckless for its good or evil thoughts—
Is its own origin of ill and end—
And its own place and time—its innate sense,
When stripp'd of this mortality, derives
No colour from the fleeting things without;
But is absorbed in suffrance or in joy,
Born from the knowledge of its own desert.
Thou didst not tempt me, and thou couldst not tempt me,
I have not been thy dupe, nor am thy prey—
But was my own destroyer, and will be
My own hereafter.—Back, ye baffled fiends!
The hand of death is on me—but not yours!

[The Demons disappear.]

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

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

**ABROTH.**
Cold—cold—even to the heart—
But yet one prayer—alas! how fares it with thee?

**MANFRED.**
Old man! 'tis not so difficult to die.

[Manfred expires.]

**ABROTH.**
He's gone—his soul hath ta'en its earless flight—
Whither? I dread to think—but he is gone.
NOTES.

Note 1. Page 20, lines 22 and 23. — The torrent vetas the many lines of heaven.

The Iris is formed by the rays of the sun over the lower part of the Alpine torrents: it is exactly like a rainbow, come down to pay a visit, and so close that you may walk into it:—this effect lasts till noon.

Note 2. Page 23, lines 27 and 28. — He who from out their mountain dwellings rose Eros and Anteros, at Gadaea.

The philosopher Laertius, The story of the raising of Eros and Anteros may be found in his life, by Eunapius. It is well told.

Note 3. Page 27, lines 12 and 13. — Words of dubious import, but full of "The story of Paussanias, king of Sparta, who commanded the Greeks at the battle of Platea, and afterwards perished for an attempt to betray the Lacedemonians, and Cleonice, is told in Plutarch's life of Cimon; and in Laconics of Paussanias the Sophist, in his description of Greece.

Note 4. Page 44, lines 19 and 20. — "I have written the great sons of the race of men.

"That the Sons of God saw the daughters of men, that they were fair," etc.

"There were giants in the earth in those days; and after that, when the Sons of God came in unto the daughters of men, and they bare children to them, the same became mighty men which were of old, men of renown."—Genesis, ch. vi. verses 2 and 4.

Marino Faliero,
DOGE OF VENICE;
A HISTORICAL TRAGEDY.

PREFACE.

The conspiracy of the Doge Marino Faliero is one of the most remarkable events in the annals of the most singular government, city, and people of modern history. It occurred in the year 1355. Every thing about Venice is, or was, extraordinary—her aspect is like a dream, and her history is like a romance. The story of this Doge is to be found in all her Chronicles, and particularly detailed in the "Lives of the Doges," by Maro Sanuto, which is given in the Appendix. It is simply and clearly related, and is, perhaps, more dramatic in itself than any scene which can be founded upon the subject.

Marino Faliero appears to have been a man of talents and of courage. I find him commander-in-chief of the land forces at the siege of Zara, where he beat the King of Hungary and his army of eighty thousand men, killing eight thousand men, and keeping the besieged at the same time in check, an exploit to which I know none similar in history, except that of Caesar at Alexandria, and of Prince Eugene at Belgrade. He was afterwards commander of the fleet in the same war. He took Capo d'Ustra. He was ambassador at Genoa and Rome, at which last he received the news of his election to the dukedom; his absence being a proof that he sought it by no intrigue, since he was apprized of his predecessor's death and his own succession at the same moment. But he appears to have been an ungovernable temper. A story is told in Sanuto, of his having, many years before, when pedesta and captain at Treviso, boxed the ears of the bishop, who was somewhat tardy in bringing the Host. For this honest Sanuto "saddles him with a judgment," as Thwackum did Square; but he does not tell us whether he was punished or reprimanded by the senate for this outrage at the time of its commission. He seems, indeed, to have been afterwards at peace with the church, for we find him ambassador at Rome, and invested with the fief of Val di Marino, in the March of Treviso, and with the title of Count, by Lorenzo, Duke of Urbino. For these facts my authorities are, Sanuto, Vettor Sandi, Andrea Navagiero, and the account of the siege of Zara, first published by the indefatigable Abbate Morelli, in his "Monumenti Veneziani de varia letteratura," printed in 1756, all of which I have looked over in the original language. The moderns, Dara, Sismondi, and Langer, nearly agree with the ancient chroniclers. Sismondi attributes the conspiracy to his jealousy; but I find this nowhere asserted by the ancient historians. Vettor Sanudo, indeed, says, that "Altri scrissero che... dalla gelosa suspezzione di caso Doge stano fatto (Michel Steno) scioccò la conciliazione," etc., etc.; but this appears to have been by no means the general opinion, her being alien to both Sanuto or Dara and Navagiero; and Sanudo himself adds, a moment after, that "per altre Veneziane memorie traspiri, che non l'edel desiderio di vendetta lo dispose alla confusione nanco, ma imposta abituale ambizion sua, per cui anelava a pari principio indipendente." The first motive appears to have been excited by the gross affront of the words written by Michel Steno on the ducal chair, and by the light and inadequate sentence of the Forty on the offender, who was one of their "tre capi." The attentions of Steno himself appear to have been directed towards one of her damsels, and not to the "Dogessa" herself, against whose fame not the slightest insinuation appears, while she is praised for her beauty, and remarked for her youth. Neither do I find it asserted (unless the hint of Sandi be an assertion) that the Doge was actuated by jealousy of his wife; but rather by respect for her, and for his own honour, warranted by his past services and present dignity.

I know not that the historical facts are alluded to in English, unless by Dr. Moore in his view of Italy. His account is false and flippant, full of stale jests about old men and young wives, and wondering at so great an effect from so slight a cause. How so acute and severe an observer of mankind as the author of Zelucio could wonder at this is inconceivable. I know that a bosom of water spilt on Mrs. Masham's gown descried the iniquity of her husband, and led to the inglorious peace of Utrecht—that Louis XIV. was plunged into the most desolating wars because his minister was nettled at his finding fault with a window, and wished to give him another occupation—that Helen lost Troy—that Lucretia expelled the Tarquins from Rome—and that Cava brought the Moors to Spain—that an insulded husband led the Gauls to Clusium, and thence to Rome—that a single verse of Frederic II. of Prussia, on the Abbé de Bernis, and a jest on Madame de Pompadour, led to the battle of Rossbach—that the eloquence of Dabbe-rat with Mac Moreland, conducted the English to the slavery of Ireland—that a personal quale between Marie Antoinette at the Duke of Orleans presented the first expounder.
of the Bourbons—and, not to multiply instances, that

Commodies, Domitian, and Caligula fell victims, not
to their public tyranny, but to private venemors—and that
an order to make Cromwell disembark from the ship in
which he would have sailed to America, destroyed both
kings and commonwealth. After these instances, a com-
least reflection, it is indeed extraordinary in Dr. Moore
to seem surprised that a man, used to command, who
had so reed and swayed in the most important offices,
should I fiercely resent, in a fierce age, an unpunished
affair, the grossest that can be offered to a man, he
be prince or peasant. The age of Faliero is little to
the purpose, unless to favour it.

"The young man's wrath is like straw on fire,
But like red-hot steel is the old man's ire.
"Young men soon give and soon forget affronts."

Dr. Moore's reflections are more philosophical:—"Tale
fi il fine ignominioso di un uomo, che la sua nascita,
la sua eti, il suo carattere dovravano tener lontano dalle
passioni produttrici di grandi delitti. I suoi talenti per
lungo tempo esercitati nel maggior impiego, la sua
capacita sperimentata nei governi e nelle ambascerie,
gli avevano acquistato la stima e la fiducia de' cittadini,
el cuore e la pietà dei suoi contemporanee, e lo sdegno
evidente contro di lui, che gli serviva di guida e che
era anche suo inseguito per collocarlo alla testa della
republica. Innalzato ad un grado che terminava glo-
rosamente la sua vita, il risentimento di un'ingiuria
taggiera insinuò nel suo cuore tale veleno che bastò a
corrompere le antiche sue qualità, e a conduire al ter-
mine de' scellerati; e povero esercitato, che prova non es-
serci eti, in eti la prudenza umana sia sicura e che nell'
man restano sempre passioni capaci a disonorarlo, que-
nnono invigil sopra se stesso."—LAUGIER, Italian

Where did Dr. Moore find that Marino Faliero begged
us life? I have searched the chronicles, and found
nothing of the kind; it is true that he avowed it.

He was conducted to the place of torture, but there is
no mention made of any application for mercy or his
part; and the very circumstance of their having taken
him to the rack, seems to argue any thing but his hav-
ing shown a want of firmness, which would doubtless
have been also mentioned by those minute historians
who by no means favour him: such, indeed, would be
contrary to his character as a soldier, to the age in
which he lived, and at which he died, as it is to the
truth of history. I know no justification at any distance
of time for calumniating a historical character; surely
truth belongs to the dead and to the unfortunate, and
they who have died upon a scaffold have generally had
faults enough of their own, without attributing to them
that which the very mourning of the perils which con-
duced them to their violent death render, or others,
the most improbable. The black wall which is painted
over the place of Marino Faliero amongst the doges,
and the Giant's Staircase, where he was crowned, and
discrowned, and decapitated, struck forcibly upon my
imagination, as did his fiery character and strange story.
I went in 1819, in search of his tomb, more than once,
to the church of San Giovanni e San Paolo; and, as I
was standing before the monument of another family,
a priest came up to me and said, "I can show you
former monuments than that." I told him that I was
in search of that of the Faliero family, and particularly of
the Doge Marino. "Oh," said he, "I will show it
you;" and, conducting me to the outside, pointed out
a large and eommon tomb, with an illegible inscription.
He said that it had been in a convent adjoining, but
was removed after the French came, and placed in its
present situation; that he had seen the tomb opened at
were nova, there were still some bones remaining, but
no positive vestige of the decapitation. The equestrar
state, of which I have made mention in the third act
as before that church, is not, however, of a Faliero
but of some other now obsolete warrior, although of a
later date. There were two other Doges of this family
prior to Marino, Osimo, who fell in battle at Zara,
in 1117 (where his descendant afterwards reigned in
the Huns), and Vital Faliero, who reigned in 1652.
The family, originally from Fano, was of the most I
histrions in blood and wealth in the city of once the
most wealthy, and still the most ancient families in Eu-
rope. The length I have gone into on this subject, will
show the interest I have taken in it. Whether I have suc-
cceeded or not in the tragedy, I have at least trans-
ferred into our language a historical fact worthy of
commemoration.

It is now four years that I have meditated this work,
and, before I had sufficiently examined the records, I
was rather disposed to have made it turn on a jealously
in Faliero. But perceiving no translation for this in
historical truth, and that jealousy is an exhausted
passion in the drama, I have given it a more historical
form. I was, besides, well advised by the late Matthew
Lewins on that point, in talking with him of my inten-
tion, at Venice, in 1817. "If you make him jealous,"
said he, "reCollect that you have to contend with estab-
lished writers, to say nothing of Shakespeare, and an
exhausted subject;—stick to the old fiery Doge's natu-
ral character, which will bear you out, if properly
drawn; and make your plot as regular as you can."—
Sir William Drummond gave me nearly the same
counsel. How far I have followed these instructions,
or what part I have availed, is not for me to de-
cide. I have had no view to the severest; in its present
state it is, perhaps, not a very exalted object of embra-
tion; besides, I have been too much behind the events
to have thought it so at any time. And I cannot con-
ceive any man of irritable feeling putting himself at
the mercy of an audience:—the sneering reader, and
the loud critic, and the tart review, are scattered and
distant calamities; but the trampling of an intelligent
or of an ignorant audience, on a production which be,
it good or bad, has been a mental labour to the writer,
is a palpable and immediate grievance, heightened by
a man's doubt of their competency to judge, and his
certainty of his own impudence in electing them his
judges. Were I capable of writing a play which could
be deemed stage-worthy, success would give me no
pleasure, and failure great pain. It is for this reason
that, even during the time of being one of the com-
mmittee of one of the theatres, I never made the attempt,
and never will. 1 But surely there is dramatic power

1 While I was in the sub-committee of Drury Lane The-
est, I have not now any colleague of mine, with whom
that we did our best to bring back the legitimate drama.
I tried what I could to get "De Montfort" revived, but in
vain, and equality in vain in favour of Nathenly's "Ken,"
which was thought an urban play; and I endeavoured also to
make Mr. Crockfie to write a tragedy. Those who are not in
the secret, will hardly believe that the "School for Scandal" is
the play which has brought least money, averaging the num-
ber of times it has been acted since its production: so Man-
ner Debin assured me. Of what has occurred since Meta-
mus's "Bertram," I am not aware; so swift I must let things
through without addressing myself, for if excellent per-
formance is the standard of the poet, I have always been
from England nearly five
and, till last year, I never read an English newspaper
since our departure, and am now only aware of theatrical
matters through the medium of the Parisian English Gazette
of Galgani, and only for the last twelve months. Let me
then deplore all offensive trash or censure, to whom
I wish well, and of whom I know nothing. The long com-
ments of the actual state of the drama arise, however, from
no future of the performers. I can conceive nothing better
than Kenmoe, Cooke, and Kenm in their very different man

somewhere,—where Joanna Baillie, and Milman, and
John Wilson exist. The "City of the Plague" and
the "Fall of Jerusalem," are full of the best material
tragical events that have been seen since Horace Walpole,
except passages of "Edwin," and "The Montfort,"—
it is the intention to modify Horace Walpole's
pride, because he was a nobleman; and secondly, because he
was a gentleman; and, to say nothing of the composition
of his incomparable "Letters," and of the "Castle
of Otranto," he is the "Ulysses Romanorum," the
author of the "Mysteries Mother," a tragedy of
high order, and not a puling love-play. He is the
father of the first romance, and of the last tragedy in
our language, and surely worthy of a higher place than
any living writer, be he who he may.

In speaking of the drama of Marino Faliero, I forgot to
mention that the desire of preserving, though still too
remote, a nearer approach to unity than the irregularity,
which is the reproach of the English theatrical com-
positions, permits, has induced me to represent the
conspiracy as already formed, and the Doge acces-
ting to it, whereas, in fact, it was of his own preparation
and that of Israel Bertuccio. The other characters
(except that of the duchess), incident, and almost the
time, which was wonderfully short for such a design in
real life, are strictly historical, except that all the con-
stitutions took place in the palace. Had I followed this,
the unity would have been better preserved; but
I wished to produce the Doge in the full assembly of
the conspirators, instead of monotonously placing him
always in dialogue with the same individuals. For the
real facts, I refer to the extracts given in the Appendix
in the Italian, with a translation.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

MEN.

Marino Faliero, Doge of Venice.
Bertuccio Faliero, Nephew of the Doge.
Lion, a Petitioner and Senator.
Benintende, Chief of the Council of Ten.
Michel Sterno, one of the three Capi of the Forty.
Israel Bertuccio, Chief of the Assemble.
PHILIP CALENDARIO,
DAGOLINO,
BERTRAND,

Signor of the Night,

"Signore di Notte," one of the
Officers belonging to the Rep-

cubile.

First Citizen,
Second Citizen,
Third Citizen,
VINCENTO,
PIETRO,
Officers belonging to the Ducal Palace.
BATTISTA,
Secretary of the Council of Ten.
Guicci, Conspirators, Citizen, the Council of Ten, the
Giunti, etc., etc.

WOMEN.

AnGOLINA, Wife to the Doge.
MARIANNA, her Friend.
Female Attendants, etc.

Scene, Venice—in the year 1355.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

An Antechamber in the Ducal Palace.

PIETRO speaks, in entering, to BATTISTA.

PIETRO.

Is not the messenger returned?

BATTISTA.

Not yet;

I have seen frequently, as you commanded
But still the signature is deep in council
And long debate on Sterno's accusation.

Too long—at least so thinks the Doge.

BATTISTA.

How bears he

These moments of suspense?

PIETRO.

With struggling patience

Placed at the ducal table, cover'd o'er

With all the appurtenance of the state: petitions,

Despatches, judgments, acts, reprieves, reports,

He sits as rap't in duty, but whenever

He hears the jarring of a distant door,

Or aught that intimates a coming step,

Or a murmur of a voice, his quick eye wanders,

And he will start up from his chair, then pause,

And seat himself again, and fix his gaze

Upon some object; but I have observed

For the last hour he has not turn'd a leaf.

BATTISTA.

'Tis said he is much moved, and doubtless 'tis was

Foul scorn in Sterno to offend so grossly.

PIETRO.

Ayi, if a poor man: Sterno's a patrician,

Young, gallant, gay, and saucy.

BATTISTA.

Then you think

He will not be judged hardly.

PIETRO.

'Twere enough

He be judged judil'y; but 'tis not for us

To anticipate the sentence of the Forty.

BATTISTA.

And here it comes,—What news, Vincenzo?

Enter VINCENZO,

VINCENZO.

'Tis decided; but as yet his doom's unknown:

I saw the president in act to seal

The parchment which will bear the Forty's judgment

Unto the Doge, and hasten to inform him.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The Ducal Chamber.

MARINO FALIERO, Doge; and his nephew, BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

Bertuccio Faliero.

It cannot be but they will do you justice.

DOGE.

Ay, such as the Avogador did,

Who sent up my appeal unto the Forty

To try him by his peers, his own tribunal.
BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS.

BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

His peers will scarce protect him; such an act
Would bring contempt on all authority.

DOGE.

Know you not Venice? know you not the Forty?
But we shall see anon.

BERTUCCIO FALIERO (addressing VENICE, then entering).

How now—what tidings?

VINCENTO.

I am charged to tell his highness that the court
Has pass'd its resolution, and that, soon
As the due forms of judgment are gone through,
The sentence will be sent up to the Doge:
In the mean time the Forty doth salute
The prince of the republic, and entreat
His acceptance of their duty.

DOGE.

Yes—

They are wondrous duteous, and ever humble.
Sentence is past, you say?

VINCENTO.

It is, your highness:
The president was sealing it, when I
Was call'd in, that no moment might be lost
In forwarding the intimation due,
Not only to the chief of the republic,
But the complainant, both in one united.

BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

Are you aware, from aught you have perceived,
Of their decision?

VINCENTO.

No, my lord; you know
The secret customs of the courts in Venice.

BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

True; but there still is something given to guess,
Which a shrewd gleaner and quick eye would catch at;
A whisper, or a murmur, or an air
More or less solemn spread o'er the tribunal.
The Forty are but men—most worthy men,
And wise, and just, and cautious—this I grant—
And secret as the grave to which they doom
The guilty; but with all this, in their aspects—
At least in some, the juniors of the number—
A searching eye, an eye like yours, Vincento,
Would read the sentence ere it was pronounced.

VINCENTO.

My lord, I came away upon the moment.
And had no leisure to take note of that
Which pass'd among the judges, even in seeming;
My station near the accused too, Michael Steno,
Made me——

DOGE (abruptly).

And how look'd he? deliver that.

VINCENTO.

Calm, but not overcast, he stood resign'd
To the decree, whatever it were:—but lo!
It comes, for the personal of his highness.

Enter the Secretary of the Forty.

SECRETARY.

The high tribunal of the Forty sends
Health and respect to the Doge Faliero,
Chief magistrate of Venice, and requests
His readiness to peruse and to approve
The sentence pass'd on Michael Steno, born
Patrician, and arraigned upon the charge
Contamin'd, together with its penalty,
Within the recessant which I now present.

BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

Retire, and wait without.—Take thou this paper:
[Lutenal SECRETARY and VINCENZO
The misty letters vanish from my eyes;
I cannot fix them.

BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

Patience, my dear uncle:
Why do you tremble thus?—nay, doubt not, all
Will be as could be wish'd.

DOGE.

Say on.

BERTUCCIO FALIERO (reading).

"De creed
In council, without one dissenting voice,
That Michel Steno, by his own confession,
Guilty on the last night of carnival
Of having graven on the ducal throne
The following words——"

DOGE.

Wouldst thou repeat them?
Wouldst thou repeat them——that, a Faliero,
Harp on the deep dishonour of our house,
Dishonour'd in his chief—that chief the prince
Of Venice, first of cities?—To the sentence.

BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

Forgive me, my good lord; I will obey——
(Reads) "That Michael Steno be detain'd a month
In close arrest."

DOGE.

Proceed.

BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

My lord, 'tis finish'd.

DOGE.

How, say you?—finish'd! Do I dream? —'Tis false—
Give me the paper——(Shoves the paper, and reads)
"'Tis decreed in council
That Michel Steno——"—Nephew, thine arm!

BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

Nay,
Cheer up, be calm; this transport is uncall'd for——
Let me seek some assistance.

DOGE.

Stop, sir——stir not——
'Tis past.

BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

I cannot but agree with you.
The sentence is too slight for the offence:
It is not honourable in the Forty
To affix so slight a penalty to that
Which was a foul affront to you, and even
To them, as being your subjects; but 'tis not
Yet without remedy; you can appeal
To them once more, or to the Avogadori,
Who, seeing that true justice is withheld,
Will now take up the cause they once declined,
And do you right upon the bold delinquent.
Think you not thus, good uncle? why do you stand
So fix'd? you heed me not:—I pray you, hear me——

DOGE (clashing down the sheet basket, and offering
To trample upon it, exclaims, as I.e. within
held by his nephew).

Oh, that the Saracen were in Saint Mark's!
Thus would I do him homage.

BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

For the sake
Of heaven and all its saints, my lord——

DOGE.

Away!

Oh, that the Genoese were in the port!
Oh that the Huns whom I o'erthrew at Zara
Were ranged around the palace!
BERTUCCIO FALIERO.  
'Tis not well

In Venice! Duke to say so.

DOGE.

Venice! Duke!

Who now is Duke in Venice? let me see him,
That he may do me right.

BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

If you forget
Your office, and its dignity and duty,
Remember that of man, and curb this passion.

The Duke of Venice——

DOGE (interrupting him).

There is no such thing—

It is a word—nay, worse—a worthless by-word;
The most despised, wrong'd, outraged, helpless wretch,
Who began his bread, if 'tis is refused by one,
May win it from another kinder heart;
But he who is denied his right by those
Whose place it is to do no wrong, is poorer
Than the rejected beggar—he is a slave—
And that am I, and thou, and all our house,
Even from this hour: the meanest artisan
Will point the finger, and the haughty noble
May spit upon us: where is our redress?

BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

The law, my prince—

DOGE (interrupting him).

You see what it has done:
I asked no remedy but from the law—
I sought no vengeance but redress by law—
I called no judges, but those named by law—
As a sovereign, I appeal'd unto my subjects,
The very subjects who had made me sovereign,
And gave me thus a double right to be so,
The rights of place and choice, of birth and service,
Honours and years, these scars, these hoary hairs,
The travel, toil, the perils, the fatigues,
The blood and sweat of almost eighty years,
Were weigh'd i the balance, 'gainst the foulest stain,
The grossest insult, most contemptuous crime
Of a rank, rash patron—and found wanting!
And this is to be borne?

BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

I say not that:
In case your fresh appeal should be rejected,
We will find other means to make all even.

DOGE.

Appeal again! art thou my brother's son?
A scion of the house of Faliero?
The nephew of a Doge? and of that blood
Which hath already given three dukes to Venice?
But thou say'st well—we must be humble now.

BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

My princely uncle! you are too much moved:—
I grant it was a gross offence; and grossly
Lest without fitting punishment; but still
This fury doth exceed the provocation,
Or any provocation; if we are wrong'd,
We will ask justice; if it be denied,
We'll take it; but may do all this in calmness—
Deep vengeance is the daughter of deep silence.
I have yet scarce a third part of your years,
I love our house, I honour you, its chief,
The guardian of my youth, and its instructor—
But though I understand your grief, and enter
In part of your distress, it doth appal me.
To see your anger, like our Adrian waves,
O'er sweep all bound, and foam itself to air.

DOGE.

I tell thee—most I tell thee—what thy father
Would have required no words to comprehend!
Hast thou no feeling save the external sense
Of torture from the touch? hast thou no soul—
No pride—no passion—no deep sense of honour?

BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

'Tis the first time that honour has been doubted,
And were the last, from any other sceptic.

DOGE.

You know the full offence of this born villain,
This creeping, coward, rank, acquitted felon,
Who threw his sting into a poisonous libel,
And on the honour of—Oh, God!—my wife,
The nearest, dearest part of all men's honour,
Left a base slur to pass from month to month
Of loose mechancies, with all coarse fail comments
And villainous jests, and blasphemies obscene;
While sneering nobles, in most polished guise,
Whisper'd the tale, and smiled upon the lie
Which made me look like them—a courteous wit,
Patient, say, proud, it may be, of dishonour.

BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

But still it was a lie—yea knew it false,
And so did all men.

DOGE.

Nephew, the high Roman
Said a Caesar's wife must not even be suspected,
And put her from him.

BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

'Twas but in those days——

DOGE.

What is it that a Roman would not suffer,
That a Venetian prince must bear? Old Dandolo
Refused the diadem of all the Caesars,
And wore the ducal cap I trample on,
Because 'tis now degraded.

BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

'Tis even so.

DOGE.

It is—at it:—I did not visit on
The innocent creature, thus most vilely slander'd
Because she took an old man for her lord,
For that he had been long her father's friend
And patron of her house, as if there were
No love in woman's heart but lust of youth
And heartless faces:—I did not for this
Visit the villain's infamy on her,
But craved my country's justice on his head,
The justice due unto the humbled being
Who hath a wife whose faith is sweet to him,
Who hath a home whose heart is dear to him,
Who hath a name whose honour's all to him,
When these are tainted by the accruing breath
Of calumny and scorn.

BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

And what redress
Did you expect as his fit punishment?

DOGE.

Death! Was I not the sovereign of the state—
Insulted on his very throne, and made
A mockery to the men who should obey me?
Was I not injured as a husband? scorn'd
As man? reviled, degraded, as a prince?
Was not offence like his a complication
Of insult and of treason? and he lives!
Had he, instead of on the Doge's throne,
Stamp'd the same brand upon a peasant's stool,
His blood had girt the threshold, for the care
And stab’d him on the spot.

BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

Do not doubt it:
He shall not live till sunset—leave to me
The means, and calm yourself.

DOGE.

Hold, nephew! this
Would have sufficed but yesterday: at present
I have no further wrath against this man.

BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

What man you? is not the offence redoubled
By this most rank—I will not say—acquittal,
For it is worse, being full acknowledgment
Of the offence, and leaving it unpunish’d?

DOGE.

It is recondite, but not now by him:
The Forty hath decreed a month’s arrest—
We must obey the Forty.

BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

Obey them!
Who have forgot their duty to the sovereign?

DOGE.

Why, yes:—boy, you perceive it then at last:
Whether as fellow-citizen who saw
For justice, or as sovereign who commands it,
They have defrauded me of both my rights
(For here the sovereignty is a citizen):—
But, notwithstanding, harm not then a hair
Of Steno’s head—he shall not wear it long.

BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

Not twelve hours longer, and you lead to me
The mode and means: if you had calmly heard me,
I never meant this miscreant should escape,
But wish’d you to repress such gusts of passion,
That we more surely might devise together
His taking off.

DOGE.

No, nephew, he must live;
At least, just now—’tis so vile as life
Were nothing at this hour; in the olden time
Some sacred ask’d a single victime.
Great expections had a locatoni.

BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

Your wishes are my law; and yet I find
Would prove to you how near into my heart
The honour of my house must ever be.

DOGE.

Fear not; you shall have time and place of proof;
But he not then too rash, as I have been.
I am ashamed of my own anger now;
I pray you, pardon me.

BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

Why, that’s my uncle!
The leader, and the statesman, and the chief
of commonwealths, and sovereign of himself!
Would’d to perceive you so forget
All prudence in your fury, at these years,
Although the cause—

DOGE.

Ay, think upon the cause—
Forget it not:—when you lie down to rest,
Let it be black among your dreams; and when
Th’ moon returns, so let it stand between
The sun and you, as an illomen’d cloud
Upon a summer-day of felicity
So well it stand to me:—but speak not, stir not,
Leave all to me:—we shall have much to do,
And you shall have a part.—But now retire,
’Tis fit I were alone.

BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

(Taking up and placing the ducal bount in the table)

Ecc. I depart,
I pray you to resume what you have spurn’d,
Till you can change it happily for a crown,
And now I take my leave, imploring you
In all things to rely upon my duty
As doth become your near and faithful kinsman,
And not less loyal citizen and subject.

[Exit BERTUCCIO FALIERO]

DOGE (sole).—Adieu, my worthy nephew.—Hollow bandle!

(Taking up the ducale exp
Besert with all the thorns that line a crown,
Without investing the insulted brow
With all the sinning majesty of kings;
Thou didst, gilded, and degraded too,
Let me resume pace as I would a vizor.

[Putts it on
How my brain aches beneath these! and my temples
Throbb’d feverish under thy dishonest weight.
Could I not turn thee to a demon?
Could I not shatter the Byzantine crowns
Which in this hundred-folded senate rares,
Making the people nothing, and the prince
A pageant? In my life I have achieved
Tasks not less difficult—achieved for them
Who thus repay me!—Can I not requite them?
Oh, for one year! Oh, but for even a day
Of my full youth, while yet my body served
My soul, as serves the generous steed his lord!
I would have dash’d amongst them, asking few
In aid to overthow these sav’l patricians;
But now I must lock round for other hands
To serve this hourly heal; but it shall plan
In such a sort as will not leave the task
Hermetical, though as yet ’tis but a chace
Of sticky-brooding thoughts: my fancy is
In her first week, more nearly to the light
Holding the sleeping images of things,
For the selection of the passing judgment—
The troops are few m—

Enter Vincenzo.

There is one without
Craves audience of your highness.

DOGE.

I’m unwell—
I can see no one, not even a patrician—
Let him refer his business to the council.

VINCENZO.

My lord, I will deliver your reply;
It cannot much import—he’s a plebeian,
The master of a gailey, I believe.

DOGE.

How! did you say the patron of a gailey?
That is—’tis mean—a servant of the state;
Admit him, he may be on public services.

[Exit VINCENZO.

DOGE (sole).—This patron may be sound’d; I will try him.
I know the people to be discontented;
They have cause, since Sapienza’s reverse day,
When Genoa conquer’d: they have further cause,
Since they are nothing in the state, and in
The city worse than nothing—mere machines,
To serve the nobles’ most patrician pleasure.
The troops have hung arrears of pay, off promised,
And murmured deeply—any hope of change
Will draw them forward: they shall pay themselves
With plunder:—but the priests—I doubt the priesthood
Will not be with us; they have hated me
Since that rash hour, when, madmen'd with the drone,
I smote the tardy bishop at Treviso;  
Quenching his holy march: yet, nevertheless,  
They may be won, at least their chief at Rome,  
By some well-timed concessions; but, above  
All things, I must be speedy; at my hour  
Of twilight, little light of life remains.  
Could I have Venice, and avenge my wrongs,  
I had lived too long, and willingly would sleep  
Next moment with my sires; and, wanting this,  
Better that sixty of my fourscore years  
Had been already here—hew soon, I care not—  
The whole must be extinguish'd;—better that  
They ne'er had been, than drag me on to be  
The thing these arch oppressors dare would make me,  
Let me consider,—of efficient troops  
There are three thousand posted at—  

Enter Vincenzo and Israel Bertuccio.  

Vincenzo.—  

May it please  
Your highness, the same patron whom I spake of  
Is here to crave your patience.  

Doge.  

Leave the chamber,  
Vincenzo.—  

[Exit Vincenzo.  

Sir, you may advance—what would you?  

Israel Bertuccio.  

Redress.  

Doge.  

Of whom?  

Israel Bertuccio.  

Of God and of the Doge.  

Doge.  

Alas! my friend, you seek it of the twins  
Of least respect and interest in Venice.  
You must address the council.  

Israel Bertuccio.  

'T were in vain;  

For he who inspired me is one of them.  

Doge.  

There's blood upon thy face—how came it there?  

Israel Bertuccio.  

'Tis mine, and not the first I've shed for Venice,  
But the first shed by a Venetian hand:  
A noble smote me.  

Doge.  

Dost he live?  

Israel Bertuccio.  

Not long—  

But for the hope I had and have, that you,  
My prince yourself a soldier, will redress  
Him, whom the laws of discipline and Venice  
Permit not to protect himself; if not—  
I say no more.  

Doge.  

But something you would do—  

Israel Bertuccio.  

Is it not so?  

I am a man, my lord.  

Doge.  

Why, so is he who smote you.  

Israel Bertuccio.  

He is call'd so;  
Nay, more, a noble one—at least, in Venice:  
But since he hath forgotten that I am one,  
And treats me like a brute, the brute may turn—  
'Tis said the worm will.  

Doge.  

Say his name and lineage?  

Israel Bertuccio.  

Barbaro.  

Doge.  

What was the cause, or the pretext?  

Israel Bertuccio.  

I am the chief of the arsenal, employ'd  
At present in repairing certain galleys  
But roughly used by the Genoese last year,  
This morning comes the noble Barbaro  
Full of reproof, because our artisans  
Had left some frivolous order of his house,  
To execute the state's decree: I dared  
To justify the men—he raised his hand;  
Behold my blood! the first time it e'er flow'd  
Di-honourably.  

Doge.  

Have you long time served?  

Israel Bertuccio.  

So long as to remember Zara's siege,  
And fight beneath the chief who beat the Huns there  
Sometimes my general, now the Doge Faliero.  

Doge.  

How! are we comrade?—the state's dock troops  
Sit newly on me, and you were appointed  
Chief of the arsenal ere I came from Rome;  
So that I recognised you not. Who placed you?  

Israel Bertuccio.  

The late Doge; keeping still my old command  
As patron of a galley; my new office  
Was given as the reward of certain scars  
(As was your predecessor pleased to say):  
I little thought his bounty would conduct me  
To his successor as a helpless plaintiff,  
At least, in such a cause.  

Doge.  

Are you much hurt?  

Israel Bertuccio.  

Irreparably in my self-esteem.  

Doge.  

Speak out; fear nothing: being stung at heart,  
What would you do to be revenged on this man?  

Israel Bertuccio.  

That which I dare not name, and yet will do.  

Doge.  

Then wherefore came you here?  

Israel Bertuccio.  

I come for justice,  
Because my general is Doge, and will not  
See his old soldier trampled on. Had any,  
Save Faliero, fill'd the ducale throne,  
This blood had been wash'd out in other blood.  

Doge.  

You come to me for justice—into me!  
The Doge of Venice, and I cannot give it;  
I cannot even obtain it—it was denied  
To me most solemnly an hour ago.  

Israel Bertuccio.  

How says your highness?  

Doge.  

Steno is condemn'd  
To a month's confinement.  

Israel Bertuccio.  

What! the same who dare  
To stain the ducale throne with those foul words,  
That have cried shame to every ear in Venice!  

Doge.  

Ay, doubtless they have echo'd o'er the arsenal,  
Keeping due time with every hammer's clack,  
As a good jest to jolly artizans;
Or making chorus to the creaking ear,
In the vile tune of every galley slave,
Who, as he sung the merry stave, exulted
He was not a shameless dotard, like the Doge.

**ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.**

Is it possible? a month's imprisonment!
No more for Steno?

**DOGE.**

You have heard the offence,
And now you know his punishment; and then
You ask redress of me! Go to the Forty,
Who pass'd the sentence upon Michel Steno;
They'll do as much by Barbaro, no doubt.

**ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.**

Ah! dared I speak my feelings?

**DOGE.**

Give them breath.
Mine have no further outrage to endure.

**ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.**

Then, in a word, it rests but on your word
To punish and avenge—I will not say
My petty wrong, for what is a mere blow,
However vile, to such a thing as I am?—
But the base insult done your state and person.

**DOGE.**

You overrate my power, which is a pageant.
This is not the monarch's crown; these robes
Might move compassion, like a beggar's rags;
Nay, more, a beggar's are his own, and these
But lent to the poor puppet, who must play
Its part with all its empire in this craining.

**ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.**

Wouldst thou be king?

**DOGE.**

Yes—of a happy people.

**ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.**

Wouldst thou be sovereign lord of Venice?

**DOGE.**

Ay,
If that the people shared that sovereignty,
So that nor they nor I were further slaves
To this o'ergrown aristocratic Hydra,
The poisonous heads of whose envenomed body
Have breathed a pestilence upon us all.

**ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.**

Yet, thou wast born and still hast lived patient.

**DOGE.**

In evil hour was I so born; my birth
Hath made me Doge to be insulted: but
I lived and could a soldier and a servant
Of Venice and her people, not the senate;
Thou great and my own honour were my girdon.
I have 'told and bled; commanded, ay, and conquer'd
Haverokes and marred peace oft in embassies,
As it might chance to be our country's vantage;
Have traversed land and sea in constant duty,
Through almost sixty years, and still for Venice,
My fathers' and my birth-place, whose dear spires,
Rising at distance o'er the blue Lagoon,
I was reward enough for me to view
These more; but not for any kind of men,
Nor sort, nor faction, did I bleed or sweat!
But would you know why I have done all this?
Ask of the bleeding pelican why she
Hath rip'd her bosom? Had the hard a voice,
She'd tell thee 'twas for all her little ones.

**ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.**

And yet they made thee Duke.

**DOGE.**

They made me so;
I sought it not; the flattering letters met me
Returning from my Roman embassy,
And never having lithiera refined
Toil, charge, or duty for the state, I did not,
At these late years, decline what was the highest
Of all in seeming, but of all most base
In what we have to do to and endure:
Bear witness for me thou, my injured subject,
When I can neither right myself nor thee.

**ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.**

You shall do both, if you possess the will,
And many thousands more not less oppress'd,
Who wait but for a signal—will you give it?

**DOGE.**

You speak in riddles.

**ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.**

Which shall soon be read,
At peril of my life, if you disdain not
To lend a patient ear.

**DOGE.**

Say on.

**ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.**

Not thou,
Nor I alone, are injured and abused,
Contemn'd and trampled on, but the whole people
Groan with the strong conception of their wrongs.
The foreign soldiers in the senate's pay
Are discontented for their long arrears;
The native mariners and civic troops
Feel with their friends; for who is he amongst them
Whose brethren, parents, children, wives, or sisters,
Have not partook oppression, or pollution,
From the patricians? And the hopeless war
Against the Genoese, which is still maintain'd
With the plebeian blood, and treasure wrong
From their hard earnings, has inflamed them further:
Even now—but I forget that, speaking thus,
Perhaps I pass the sentence of my death?

**DOGE.**

And, suffering what thou hast done, fear'st thou death?
Be silent then, and live on, to be beaten
By those for whom thou hast bled.

**ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.**

No, I will speak
At every hazard; and if Venice' Doge
Should turn debtor, be the shame on him,
And sorrow too; for he will lose far more
Than I.

**DOGE.**

From me fear nothing; out with it.

**ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.**

Know, then, that there are met and sworn in secrets
A band of brethren, valiant hearts and true;
Men who have proved all fortunes, and have long
Grieved over that of Venice, and have right
To do so; having served her in all climes,
And having rescued her from foreign foes,
Would do the same from those within her walls.
They are not numerous, nor yet too few
For their great purpose; they have arms, and means,
And hearts, and hopes, and faith, and patient courage.

**DOGE.**

For what then do they pause?

**ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.**

An hour to strike,

**DOGE (aside).**

Saint Mark's shall strike that hour!

**ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.**

I now have placed
My life, my honour, all my earthly hopes
Within thy power, but in the firm belief
That injuries like ours, springing from one cause,
Will generate one vengeance: should it be so,
Be our chief now—our sovereign hereafter.

DOGE.

How many are ye?

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

I'll not answer that

Till I am answer'd.

DOGE.

How, Sir! do you menace?

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

No; I affirm.

I have betrayed myself; but there's no torture in the mystic walls
Which undermine your palace, nor in those
Not less appalling cells, "the leaden roofs,"
To force a single name from me of others.
The Pazzi and the Pambini were in vain;
They might wring blood from me, but treachery never,
And I would pass the fearful "Bridge of Sighs,"
Joyous that mine must be the last that e'er
Would echo over the Stygian wave which flows
Between the murderers and the murder'd, washing
The prison and the palace walls: there are
Those who would live to think on't and avenge me.

DOGE.

If such your power and purpose, why come here
To sue for justice, being in the cause
To do yourself due right?

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

Because the man
Who claims protection from authority,
Shewing his confidence and his submission
To that authority, can hardly be
Suspected of combining to destroy it.

Hast you done too humbly with this blow,
A reckless brow and unctuous threats had made me
A man's man to the Forty's impulsion?

But loud complaint, however angry
It shapes its phrase, is little to be fear'd,
And less distrusted. But, besides all this,
I had another reason.

DOGE.

What was that?

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

Some rumours that the Doge was greatly moved
By the reference of the Avogadori
Of Michel Steno's sentence to the Forty
Had reach'd me. I had serv'd you, honour'd you,
And felt that you were dangerously insulted,
Being of an order of such spirit as
Respite tembloth both good and evil; it was
My wish to prove and urge you to redress.

Now you know all: and that I speak the truth,
My peril be the proof.

DOGE.

You have deeply ventured;

But all must do so who would greatly win:

Thus far I'll answer you—your secret's safe.

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

And is this all?

DOGE.

Unless with all untramm'd,

What would you have me answer?

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

I would have you

Trust him who leaves his life in trust with you.

DOGE.

But I must know your pass, your names, and numbers;

The last may then be doubted, and the former

Matured and strengthen'd.

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

We're enough already;

You are the sole ally we covet now.

DOGE.

But bring me to the knowledge of your chief's.

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

That shall be done, upon your formal pledge
To keep the faith that we will pledge to you.

DOGE.

When? where?

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

This night I'll bring to your apartment
Two of the principals; a greater number
Were hazardous.

DOGE.

Stay, I must think of this.

What if I were to trust myself amongst you,
And leave the palace?

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

You must come alone.

DOGE.

With but my nephew.

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

Not were he your son.

DOGE.

Wretch! darest then name my son? He died in arms,
At Susaenna, for this faithless state.
Oh! that he were alive, and I in ashes!
Or that he were alive ere I be ashes!
I should not need the obdurate aid of strangers.

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

Not one of all those strangers whom thou doubtest
But will regard thee with a filial feeling,
So that thou keep'st a father's faith with them.

DOGE.

The day is cast. Where is the place of meeting?

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

At midnight I will be alone and music'd
Where'er your highness pleases to direct me,

To wait your coming, and conduct you where
You shall receive our homage, and pronounce
Upon our project.

DOGE.

At what hour arises

The moon?

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

Late; but the atmosphere is thick and dusty.

'Tis a snoocho.

DOGE.

At the midnight hour, then,

Near to the church where sleep my sires; the same,

Twain-named from the apostles John and Paul;

A godlike, with one ear only, will

Lurk in the narrow channel which glides by,

Be there.

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

I will not fail.

DOGE.

And now retire—

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

In the full hope your highness will not falter
In your great purpose. Prince, I take my leave.

[Exit ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

DOGE (soliloquy).

At midnight, by the church Saints John and Paul,
Where sleep my noble fathers, I repair—

To what? to hold a council in the dark

With common rustics leagued to ruin states?

And will not my great sires leap from the vault,

Where he two Doges who preceded me,

And pluck me down amongst them? Would they could
ACT II.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Ducal Palace.

ANGIOLINA (wife of the Doge) and MARIANNA.

ANGIOLINA.

What was the Doge's answer?

MARIANNA.

That he was

Thro' moment summon'd to a conference;

But is by this time ended. I perceived

Not long ago the senators embarking;

And the last gondola may now be seen

Gliding into the throng of banks which stud

The glittering waters.

ANGIOLINA.

Would he were return'd! He has been much disquieted of late;

And Time, which has not tamed his fiery spirit,

Nor yet enfeebled even his mortal frame,

Which seems to be more nourish'd by a soul

So quick and restless that it would consume

Less hardy clay—Time has but little power

On his resentments or his griefs. Unlike

To other spirits of his order, who,

In the first burst of passion, pour away

Their wrath or sorrow, all things wear in him

An aspect of eternity—his thoughts,

His feelings, passions, good or evil, all

Have nothing of old age; and his bold brow

Beats but the scars of mind, the thoughts of years, not

their decrepitude: and he of late

Has been more agitated than his wont.

Would he were come! for I alone have power

Upon his troubled spirit.

MARIANNA.

It is true.

His highness has of late been greatly moved

By the advent of Steno, and with cause,

But the offender doubtless even now

Is deem'd to expiate his rash insult with such chastisement as will enforce respect

To female virtue, and to noble blood.

ANGIOLINA.

'Twas a gross insult; but I heed it not

For the rash scorn that falsehood in itself,

But for the effect, the deadly deep impression

Which it has made upon Faliero's soul, the proud, the fiery, the austere—ay sturdy

To all save me: I tremble when I think to

What it may conduct.

MARIANNA.

Assuredly

The Doge cannot suspect you?

ANGIOLINA.

Suspect me! Why Steno dared not: when he scrawl'd his be,

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Byron's Poetical Works</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>For I should rest in honour with the honour'd,</td>
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<tr>
<td>And not the quality they prize; the first</td>
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<tr>
<td>Who have made me thus unworthy of a name,</td>
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<td>Would have made him of the act,</td>
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<td>His own still conscience smote him for the act,</td>
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<tr>
<td>And every shadow on the walls frowned'shame.</td>
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<td>Upon his covert calmness.</td>
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<td>MARIANNA.</td>
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<tr>
<td>T were fit,</td>
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<td>He should be punish'd grievously.</td>
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<td>ANGIOLINA.</td>
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<tr>
<td>What! is the sentence pass'd? is he condemn'd?</td>
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<td>ANGIOLINA.</td>
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<td>I know not that, but he has been detected.</td>
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<td>MARIANNA.</td>
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<tr>
<td>And deem you this enough for such foul scorn?</td>
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<tr>
<td>ANGIOLINA.</td>
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<tr>
<td>I would not be a judge in my own cause,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Nor do I know what sense of punishment</td>
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<td>May reach the soul of rebels such as Steno,</td>
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<td>But if his impieties sink no deeper in</td>
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<td>The minds of the impieties than they</td>
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<tr>
<td>Have ruffled mine, he will, for all acquittance,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Be left to his own shamelessness or shame.</td>
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<tr>
<td>MARIANNA.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Some sacrifice is due to slander'd virtue.</td>
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<tr>
<td>ANGIOLINA.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Why, what is virtue if it needs a victim?</td>
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<tr>
<td>Or if it must depend upon men's verdicts?</td>
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<tr>
<td>The dying Roman said, &quot;It was but a name:&quot;</td>
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<td>It were indeed no more, if human breath</td>
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<td>Could make or mar it.</td>
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<tr>
<td>MARIANNA.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Yet full many a dame,</td>
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<td>Stainless and faithful, would feel all the wrong</td>
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<td>Of such a slander; and less rigid ladies,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Such as abound in Venice, would be loud</td>
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<td>And all-inexorable in their cry</td>
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<tr>
<td>For justice.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ANGIOLINA.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>This but proves it is the name</td>
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<tr>
<td>And not the quality they prize; the first</td>
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<td>Have found it a hard task to hold their honour,</td>
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<td>If they require it to be hazon'd both;</td>
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<tr>
<td>And those who have not kept it seek its seeming</td>
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<td>As they would look out for an ornament</td>
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<td>Of which they feel the want, but not because</td>
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<td>They think it so; they live in others' thoughts,</td>
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<td>And would seem honest as they must seem fair.</td>
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<tr>
<td>MARIANNA.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>You have strange thoughts for a patrician dame.</td>
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<tr>
<td>ANGIOLINA.</td>
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<tr>
<td>And yet they were my father's; with his name,</td>
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<td>The sole inheritance he left.</td>
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<tr>
<td>MARIANNA.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>You want none;</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wife to a prince, the chief of the republic.</td>
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<tr>
<td>ANGIOLINA.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I should have sought none, though a peasant's bride</td>
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<tr>
<td>But feel not less the love and gratitude</td>
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<tr>
<td>Due to my father, who bestow'd my hand</td>
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<td>Upon his early, tried, and trusted friend,</td>
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<tr>
<td>The Count Val di Marino, now our Doge.</td>
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<tr>
<td>MARIANNA.</td>
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<tr>
<td>And with that hand did he bestow your heart?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ANGIOLINA.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>He did so, or it had not been bestow'd.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MARIANNA.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Yet this strange disproportion in your years,</td>
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<tr>
<td>And, let me add, disparity of tempers,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Might make the world doubt whether such an union</td>
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<tr>
<td>Could make you wisely, permanently happy.</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
ANGIOLINA.
The world will think with worldlings; but my heart
Has still been in my duties, which are many,
But never difficult.

MARIANNA.
And do you love him?

ANGIOLINA.
Love all noble qualities which merit
Love, and I loved my father, who first taught me
To single out what we should live in others,
And to subdue all tendency to lend
The best and rarest feelings of our nature
To base passions. He bestow’d my hand
Upon Faliero: he had known him noble,
Brave, generous, rich in all the qualities
Of soldier, citizen, and friend: in all
Such have I found him as my father said,
His faults are those that dwell in the high bosoms
Of men who have commanded; too much pride,
And the deep passions fiercely foster’d by
The uses of patriots, and a life
Spent in the storms of state and war; and also
From the quick sense of honour, which becomes
A duty to a certain sign, a vice
When overstrain’d, and this I fear in him.
And then he has been rash from his youth upwards,
Yet tempted by redeeming nobleness
In such sort, that the warmest of republics
Has lavish’d all its chief employ upon him,
From his first light to his last embassy,
From which on his return the dukedom met him.

MARIANNA.
But, previous to this marriage, had your heart
Never beat for any of the noble youth,
Such as in years had been more meet to match
B-s any like yours? or since have you never seen
One, why, if your fair hand were still to give,
 Might now pretend to Lorelano’s daughter?

ANGIOLINA.
I answer’d your first question when I said
I married.

MARIANNA.
And the second?

ANGIOLINA.
Needs no answer.

MARIANNA.
I pray you pardon, if I have offended.

ANGIOLINA.
I feel no wrath, but some surprise: I know not
That wedded bosoms could permit themselves
To ponder upon what they now might choose,
Or aught, save their past choice.

MARIANNA.
’Tis their past choice
That far too often makes them deem they would
Now choose more wisely, could they cancel it.

ANGIOLINA.
It may be so. I knew not of such thoughts.

MARIANNA.
Here comes the Doge—shall I retire?

ANGIOLINA.
It may
B. after you should put me; he seems weaft
In thought.—How pensively he takes his way!

[Exit MARIANNA.

Enter the Doge and Pietro.

DOGE (musing).
There is a certain Philip Calendino
Now in the arsenal, who bears command
Of eighty men, and has great influence.

Besides on all the spirits of his comrades,
This man, I hear, is bold and popular,
Sudden and daring, and yet secret: ’tis said
He will that he were won: I needs must hope
That Israel Bertuccio has secured him,
But vain would he—

PIETRO.
My lord, pray pardon me
For breaking in upon your meditation,
The Senator Bertuccio, your kinsman,
Charged me to follow and inquire your pleasure
To fix an hour when he may speak with you.

DOGE.
At sunset.—Stay a moment — let me see—
Say in the second hour of night.

[Exit Pietro.

ANGIOLINA.
My lord!

DOGE.
My dearest child, forgive me—why delay
So long approaching me?—I saw you not.

ANGIOLINA.
You were absent in thought, and he who now
Has parted from you might have words of weight
To hear you from the senate.

DOGE.
From the senate?

ANGIOLINA.
I would not interrupt him in his duty
And theirs.

DOGE.
The senate’s duty! you mistake;
’Tis we who owe all service to the senate.

ANGIOLINA.
I thought the Duke had held command in Venice.

DOGE.
He shall.—But let that pass.—We will be jocund
How fares it with you? have you been abroad?
The day is overcast, but the calm wave
Favours the gondolier’s light skimming oar;
Or have you held a levee of your friends?
Or has your music made you solitary?
Say—is there aught that you would will within
The little swain now left the Duke? or aught
Of fitting splendour, or of honest pleasure,
Social or lonely, that would gild your heart,
To compensate for many a dull hour, wasted
On an old man out moved with many cares?
Speak, and ’tis done.

ANGIOLINA.
You’re ever kind to me—
I have nothing to desire, or to request,
Except to see you oftener and calmer.

DOGE.
Calmer?

ANGIOLINA.
Ay, e’en, my good lord.—Ah, why
Do you still keep apart, and walk alone,
And let such strong emotions stamp your brow
As, not betraying their full import, yet
Disclose too much?

DOGE.
Disclose too much!—of what?

ANGIOLINA.
What is there to disclose?

DOGE.
A heart so full!

At ease.

DOGE.
’Tis nothing, child,—But in the state
You know what daily cares oppress all those
Who govern this precarious commonwealth;
Now suffering from the Guzzoni without,
And malcontents within—tis this which makes me
More pensive and less tranquil than my wont.

ANGIOLINA.

Yet this existed long before, and never
Till these late days did I see you thus,
Forgive me: there is something at your heart
More than the mere discharge of public duties,
Which long use and a talent like to yours
Have render'd light, nay, a necessity,
To keep your mind from stagnating. 'Tis not
In hostile states, nor perils, thus to shake you;
You, who have stood all storms and never sunk,
And climb'd up to the pinnacle of power,
And never faint'd by the way, and stand
Upon it, and can look down steadily
Along the depth beneath, and never feel dizzy.
Were Guzzoni's galleys riding in the port,
Were civil airy raging in Saint Mark's,
You are not to be wrapt up, but would fall,
As you have risen, with an unalter'd brow:
Your feelings now are of a different kind;
Something has stung your pride, not patriotism.

DOGE.

Pride! Angiolina! Aias! none is left me.

ANGIOLINA.

Yes—the same sin that overwrought the angels,
And of all sins most easily besets
Mortal the nearest to the angelic nature:
The vile are only vain; the great are proud.

DOGE.

I had the pride of honour, of your honour,
Deep at my heart—But let us change the theme.

ANGIOLINA.

Ah no!—As I have ever shared your kindness
In all things else, let me not be shut out
From your distress: were it of public import,
You knew I never sought, would never seek
To win a word from you; but feeling now
Your grief is private, it belongs to me
To lighten or divide it. Since the day
When Josiah Steno's ribaldry, detected,
Till'd your spire, you are greatly changed,
And I would soothe you back to what you were.

DOGE.

To what I was!—Have you heard Steno's sentence?

ANGIOLINA.

No.

A month's arrest.

ANGIOLINA.

Is it not enough?

DOGE.

Enough!—Yes, for a drunken galley slave,
Who, stung by stripes, may murmur at his master;
Yet not for a deliberate, false, cruel villain,
Who... a lady's and a prince's honour;
Even on the throne of his authority.

ANGIOLINA.

I hear seems to be enough in the conviction
Of a patricular guilty of a falsehood:
All other punishment were light unto
The loss of honour.

DOGE.

Such men have no honour;
They have but their vile lives—and these are spared.

ANGIOLINA.

You would! not have him die for this offence?

DOGE.

Not now!—being still alive, I'd have him live
Long as he can; he has ceased to merit death;
The guilty saved hath damn'd his hundred judges.
And he is pure, for now his crime is theirs.

ANGIOLINA.

Oh! had this false and ribald libeller
Sucked his young blood for his absurd lampoon,
'Neer from that moment could this breast have known
A joyous hour, or dreamless slumber more.

DOGE.

Does not the law of Heaven say blood for blood?
And he who tint'st kills more than he who sheds it.
Is it the pain of blows, or shame of blows,
That makes such deadly to the sense or man?
Do not the laws of man say blood for honour?
And less than honour, for a little gold?
Say not the laws of nations blood for treason?
Is't nothing to have till'd these veins with poison
For their once healthful current? is it nothing
To have stain'd your name and name the noblest names?
Is't nothing to have brought unto contempt
A prince before his people? to have fail'd?
In the respect accorded by mankind
To youth in woman, and old age in man?
To virtue in your sex, and dignity
In ours?—But let them look to it who have saved him.

ANGIOLINA.

Heaven bids us to forgive our enemies.

DOGE.

Doth Heaven forgive her own? Is Satan saved
From wrath eternal?

ANGIOLINA.

Do not speak thus wildly—Heaven will alike forgive you and your foes.

DOGE.

Amen! May Heaven forgive them.

ANGIOLINA.

And will you?

DOGE.

Yes, when they are in heaven.

ANGIOLINA.

And not till then?

DOGE.

What matters my forgiveness? an old man's,
Worn out, scornd, spurned, abused: what matters that
My pardon more than my resentment? both
Being weak and worthless! I have lived too long.
But let us change the argument.—My child!
My abused wife, the child of Lordstan,
The brave, the glorious, how little deem'd
The father, wedling thee unto his friend,
That he was linking thee to shame!—Aias
Shame without sin, for thou art faultless. Hadst thou
But had a different husband, any husband
In Venice save the Doge, this blight, this brand,
This blasphemy had never fallen upon thee.
So young, so beautiful, so good, so pure,
To suffer this, and yet be unaveng'd!

ANGIOLINA.

I am too well avenged, for you still love me,
And trust, and honour me; and all men know
That you are just, and I am true: what more
Could I require, or you command?

DOGE.

'Tis well,
And may be better; but whate'er betide,
Be thou at least kind to my memory.

ANGIOLINA.

Why speak you thus?
Marino Faliero.

DOGE.

It is no matter why;
But I would still, whatever others think,
Have your respect both now and in my grave.

ANGIOLINA.

Why should you doubt it? has it ever fail'd?

DOGE.

Come hither, child; I would a word with you.
Your father was my friend; unequal fortune
Made him my debtor for some courtesies,
Which bind the good more firmly; when oppress
With his last necessity, he would it un
It was not to repay me, long repaid
Before by great loyalty in friendship;
His object was to place your orphan beauty
In honorable safety from the perils
Which, in this stormy nest of vice, assail
A lonely and unwed'd maid. I did not
Think with him, but would not oppose the thought
Which softened his death-bed.

ANGIOLINA.

I have not forgotten
The nobleness with which you bade me speak,
If my young heart held any preference
Which would have made me happier; nor your offer
To make my dowry equal to the rank
Of taught in Venice, and forgo all claim
My father's last injunction gave you.

DOGE.

Thus,
I was not a foolish dog at's vile caprice,
Nor the false edge of aged appetite,
Which made me covetous of giriish beauty,
And a young bride; for in my finest youth
I swar'd such passions; nor was this my age,
Infected with that leprosy of lust
Which taints the homiest years of vicious men,
Making them runn'sack to the very last
The drugs of pleasure for their vanishing joys;
Or buy in selfish marriage some young victim,
Too helpless to refuse a state that's honest,
Too feeling not to know herself a wretch.
Or w provid'd not of this sort; you had
Freedom from me to choose, and urged in answer
Your father's choice.

ANGIOLINA.

I did so; I would do so
In face of earth and heaven; for I have never
Repeated for my sake; sometimes for yours,
In pondering over your late disquietudes.

DOGE.

I knew my heart would never treat you harshly;
I knew my days could not disturb you long;
And then the daughter of my earliest friend,
His worthy daughter, free to choose again
Wed-liner and wear, in the ripest bloom
Of womanhood, more liberal to select
By passing those probationary years;
Interesting a prince's name and riches;
Secured, by the short pruness of enduring
An old man for some summers, against all
That love's chaste or curious bissen might
Have urged against her right: my best friend's child
Would I choose more likely in respect of years,
And not less truly in a faithful heart.

ANGIOLINA.

My lord, I should not to my father's wishes
Hitch'd by his last words, and to my heart
For doing all its duty, and replying
With faith to him with whom I was affianced.

Ambitious hopes ne'er cross'd my dreams; and, sound
The hour you speak of coming, it will be seen so.

DOGE.

I do believe you; and I know you true:
For love, romantic love, which in my youth
I knew to be illusion, and ne'er saw
Lasting, but often fated, it had been
No hire for me, in my most passionate days,
And could not be so now, did such exist,
But such respect, and mildly paid regard
As a true feeling for your welfare, and
A free compliance with all honest wishes;
A kindness to your virtues, watchfulness
Not shown, but shadowing; for such little failing,
As youth is apt to; so as not to check
Rashly, but win you from them ere you knew
You had been won, but thought the change your choice,
A pride not in your beauty, but your conduct—
A trust in you—a patriarchal love,
And not a doting homage—friendship, faith—
Such estimation in your eyes as these
Might claim, I hoped for.

ANGIOLINA.

And have ever had.

DOGE.

I think so For the difference in our years,
You knew it, choosing me, and chose: I trusted
Not to my qualities, nor would have faith
In such, nor outward ornaments of nature,
Were I still in my five-and-twentieth spring:
I trusted to the blood of Lorenzino,
Pure in your veins; I trusted to the soul
God gave you— to the truth, your father taught you—
To your belief in heaven— to your mild virtues—
To your own faith and honour, for my own.

ANGIOLINA.

You have done well.—I thank you for that trust,
Which I have never for one moment ceased
To honour you the more for.

DOGE.

Where is honour
Innate and precept-strengthen'd, 'tis the rock
Of faith commodious; where it is not— where
Light thoughts are lurking, or the vanities
Of worldly pleasure rankle in the heart,
Or sensu! turns convulse it, well I know
'Twere hopeless for humanity to dream
Of honesty in such infected blood.
Although I were wed to him it covets most:
An incamation of the poet's god
In all his marble-chiseled beauty, or
The demic of Alcides, in
His majesty of superhuman manhood,
Would not suffice to land where virtue is not;
It is consistency which forms and proves it;
Vice cannot fix, and virtue cannot change,
The once fallen woman must for ever fall,
For vice must have variety, while virtue
Stains like the sun, and all which rolls around
Drinks life, and light, and glory from her aspect.

ANGIOLINA.

And seeing, feeling thus this truth in others,
(If I pray you pardon me), but wherefore yield you
To the most fierce of fatal passion, and
Disquiet your great thoughts, with restless note;
Of such a thing as Steno?

DOGE.

You mistake me.
It is not Steno who could move me thus;
Had it been so, he should— but let that pass.

DUNSCORCH.
ANGIOLINA.
What is't you feel so deeply, then, even now?
DOGE.
The violated majesty of Venice,
At once insulted in her lord and laws.
ANGIOLINA.
Aas! why will you thus consider it?
DOGE.
I have thought 'on't till—but let me lend you back
To what I urged; all these things being noted,
\"added you; the world then did me justice
Upon the motive, and my conduct proved
They did me right, while yours was all to praise:
You had all freedom—all respect—all trust.
From me and mine; and, born of those who made
Princes at home, and swept kings from their thrones
On foreign shores, in all things you appear'd
Worthy to be our first of native dukes.

ANGIOLINA.
To what does this conduct lead?
DOGE.
To thus much—that
A miscreant's angry breath may blast it all—
A villain whom, for his unbridled bearing,
Even in the midst of our great festival,
I caused to be conducted forth, and taught
How to demean himself in ducal chambers;
A fretch which this may leave upon the wall
The blushing venoms of his swellering heart,
And this shall spread itself in general poison;
And woman's innocence, man's honour, pass
Into a by-word; and the doubly felon
(Who first insulted virgin modesty
R's a gross affront to your attendant damsels,
And also the noblest of our dames in public)
Requires himself for his most just expulsion,
By blackening publicly his sovereign's consort,
And be absolved by his upright enemiers.

ANGIOLINA.
But he has been condemned to captivity.
DOGE.
For such as him, a dungeon were acquired;
And his brief term of mock-arrest will pass
Within a palace. But I've done with him;
The rest must be with you.

ANGIOLINA.
With me, my lord?
DOGE.
Yes, Angiolina. Do not marvel; I
Have let this prey upon me till I feel
My life cannot be long; and pain would have you
Regard the injunctions you will find within
This scroll.  (Giving her a paper)—Fear not; they are for your advantage:
Read them hereafter, at the sitting hour.

ANGIOLINA.
My lord, in life, and after life, you shall
Be honour'd still by me; but may your days
Be many yet—and happier than the present!
This passion will give way, and you will be
Serenes, and what you would be—what you were.

DOGE.
I will be what I should be, or be nothing;
But never more—oh! never, never more,
O'er the few days or hours which yet await
The blighted old age of Felicity, shall
Sweet quiet shed her sunset!  Never more
Those summer shadows rising from the past
Of a not ill-spent nor angulous life,
Yielding the last hours as the night approaches,

Shall soothe me to my moment of long rest.
I had but little more to ask, or hope
Save the regards due to the blood and sweat
And the soul's labour through which I have toiled
To make my country honour'd.  As her servant—
Her servant, though her chief—I would have given
Down to my fathers with a name serene
And pure as theirs; but this has been denied me—
Would I had died at Zara!

ANGIOLINA.
There you saved
The state; then live to save her still.  A day,
Another day like that would be the best
Reproof to them, and sole revenge for you.
DOGE.
But one such day occurs within an age;
My life is little less than one, and 'tis
Enough for Fortune to have granted once,
That which scarce one more favou'rd citizen
May win in many states and years.  But why
Thus speak I?  Venice has forgot that day—
Then why should I remember it?—Farewell,
Sweet Angiolina! I must to my cabinet;
There's much for me to do—and the hour hastens.

ANGIOLINA.
Remember what you were.
DOGE.
It were in vain;
Joy's recollection is no longer joy,
While sorrow's memory is a sorrow still.

ANGIOLINA.
At least, what'er may urge, let me implore
That you will take some little present of rest;
Your sleep for many months has been so turbid,
That it had been relief to have awaked you,
Had I not hoped that nature would o'erpower
At length the thoughts which shook your slumberous
An hour of rest will give you to your toils
With fitter thoughts and freshen'd strength.

DOGE.
I cannot—
I must not, if I could; for never was
Such reason to be watchful: yet a few—
Yet a few days and dream-perturbed nights,
And I shall slumber—where—for it is no matter.
Adieu, my Angiolina.

ANGIOLINA.
Let me be
An instant—yet an instant your companion;
I cannot bear to leave you thus.

DOCK.
Come then,
My gentle child!—forgive me; then went made
For better fortunes than to share in mine,
Now darkling in their close toward the deep vale
Where Death sits robed in his all-sweeping shadow.
When I am gone—it may be sooner than
Even these years warrant, for there is that stirring
Within—above—around, that in this city
Will make the cemeteries populous
As ever they were by pestilence or war,—
When I am nothing, let that which I was
Be still sometimes a name on tis sweet lips,
A shadow in thy fancy, of a thing
Which would not have thee mourn but, remember;

Let us begone, my child—the time is pressing.

[Exeunt]
SCENE II.

A retired spot near the Arsenal.

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO and PHILIP CALENDARO.

CALENDARO.

How sped you, Israel, in your late complaint?

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

"Why, well,"

CALENDARO.

Is't possible? will he be punished?

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

Yes.

CALENDARO.

With what? a mulct or an arrest?

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

With death!—

CALENDARO.

Now you rave, or must intend revenge,
Such as I counsel'd you, with your own hand.

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

Yes; and for one sole draught of hate, forego
The great relief we meditate for Venice,
And change a life of hope for one of exile;
Leaving one scorpion crush'd, and thousands stinging
My friends, my family, my countrymen!
No, Calendaro; those same drops of blood,
Shed shamefully, shall have the whole of his
For their requital—but not only his;
We will not strike for private wrongs alone:
Such are for selfish passions and rash men,
But are unworthy a tyrannicide.

CALENDARO.

You have more patience than I care to boast.
Had I been present when you bore this insult,
I must have slum'd him, or exprest myself
In the vain effort to repress my wrath.

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

Thank Heaven you were not—all had else been marr'd:
As 'tis, our cause looks prosperous still.

CALENDARO.

The Dogo—what answer gave he?

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

That there was
No punishment for such as Barbaro.

CALENDARO.

I told you so before, and that 'twas idle
To think of justice from such hands.

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

At least,
It full'd suspension, showing confidence.
Had I been silent, not a shibor but
Had kept me in his eye, as meditating
A silent, solitary, deep revenge.

CALENDARO.

But whereas not address you to the Council?
The Dogo is a mere puppet, who can scarce
Obtain right for himself. Why speak to him?

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

You shall know that hereafter.

CALENDARO.

Why not now?

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

Be patient but till midnight. Get your musters,
And bid your friends prepare their companies:
Set all in readiness to strike the blow,
Perhaps in a few hours; we have long waited
For a fit time—that hour is on the dial,
It may be, of to-morrow's sun: delay

Beyond may breed us double danger. See
That all be punctual at our place of meeting,
And arm'd, excepting those of the Sixteen,
Who will remain among the troops to wait
The signal.

CALENDARO.

These brave words have breathed now life
Into my veins; I am sick of these re-acted
And hesitating councils: day on day
Craw'd on, and added but another link
To our long letters, and some fresher wrong
Inflicted on our brethren or ourselves,
Helping to swell our tyrants' bloated strength.
Let us but deal upon them, and I care not
For the result, which must be death or freedom!
I'm weary to the heart of finding neither.

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

We will be free in life or death! the grave
Is childless. Have you all the musters ready?
And are the sixteen companies completed
To sixty?

CALENDARO.

All rave two, in which there are
Twenty-five wanting to make up the number.

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

No matter; we can do without. Whose are they?

CALENDARO.

Bertram's and old Soranzo's, both of whom
Appear less forward in the cause than we are.

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

Your fiery nature makes you deem all those
Who are not restless, cold; but there exists
Of in concentrated spirits not less daring
Than in more loud avengers. Do not doubt them.

CALENDARO.

I do not doubt the elder; but in Bertram
There is a hesitating softness, fatal
To enterprise like ours: I've seen that man
Weep like an infant o'er the misery
Of others, heedless of his own, though greater
And, in a recent quarrel, I beheld him
Turn sick-at sight of blood, although a villain's.

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

The truly brave are soft of heart and eyes,
And f. e. for what their duty bids them do.
I have known Bertram long; there doth not breathe
A soul more full of honour.

CALENDARO.

It may be so,
I apprehend less treachery than weakness;
Yet, as he has no mistress, and no wife
To work upon his timidity of spirit,
He may go through the ordeal; it is well
He is an orphan, friendless save in us:
A woman or a child had made him less
Than either in resolve.

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

Such ties are not
For those who are called to the high destinies
Which purify corrupted commonwealths;
We must forget all feelings save the one—
We must resign all passions save our purpose—
We must behold no object save our country
And only look on death as beautiful,
So that the sacrifice ascend to heaven,
And draw down freedom on her evermore.

CALENDARO.

But, if we fail—
ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

They never fail who die
In a great cause: the block may soak their gore;
Their heads may sodden in the sun; their limbs
Be strong to city gates and castle walls—
But still their spirit walks abroad. Though years
Eclipse, and others share as dark a doom,
They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts
Which o'erpower all others, and conduct
The world at last to freedom. What were we,
If Brutus had not lived? He died in giving
Rome liberty, but left a deathless lesson—
A name which is a virtue, and a soul
Which multiplies itself throughout all time,
When wicked men wax mighty, and a state
Turns servile: he and his high friend were styled
"The last of Romans!" Let us be the first
Of true Venetians, sprung from Roman sires.

CALENDAR.

Our fathers did not fly from Astilla
Into these isles, where palaces have sprung
On banks redeem'd from the rude ocean's ooze,
To own a thousand deserts in his place.
Better bow down before the Hun, and call
A Tartar lord, than these scowling silk-worms masters!
The first at least was man, and used his sword
As scarce: these unmanly creeping things
Command our swords, and rule us with a word
As with a spell.

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

It shall be broken soon.
You say that all things are in readiness;
To-day I have not been the usual round,
And why thou knowest; but thy vigilance
Will better have supplied my care: these orders
In recent council to redouble now
Our efforts to repair the galleys, have
Lent a fair colour to the introduction
Of many of our cause into the arsenal,
As new artificers for their equipment,
Or fresh recruits obtain'd in haste to man
The hopefuir fleet.—Are all supplied with arms?

CALENDAR.

All who were deem'd trust-worthy: there are some
Whom it were well to keep in ignorance
Till it be time to strike, and then supply them;
When in the heat and hurry of the hour
They have no opportunity to pause;
But must must on with those who will surround them.

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

You have said well.—Have you remark'd all such?

CALENDAR.

I've noted most: and caused the other chiefs
To use like caution in their companies.
As far as I have seen, we are enough
To make the enterprise secure, if 'tis
Commenced to-morrow; but till 'tis begun,
Each hour is pregnant with a thousand perils.

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

Let the Sixteen meet at the wonted hour,
Except Serrano, Nicoletto Biondo,
And Marco Ginda, who will keep their watch
Within the arsenal, and hold all ready,
Expectant of the signal we will fix on.

CALENDAR.

We will not fail.

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

Let all the rest be there:
I have a stranger to present to them.

CALENDAR.

A stranger! doth he know the secret?
ACT III.

SCENE I.

Scene, the Space between the Canal and the Church of St. Giovanni a San Paolo. An equestrian Statue before it.—A Gondola lies in the Canal at some distance.

Enter the DOGE alone, disguised.

DOGE (solely).

I am before the hour, the hour whose voice,
Pealing into the arch of night, might strike
These palaces with ominous Petering,
And rock their marbles to the corner-stone,
Waking the sleepers from some hideous dream
Of indistinct but awful anxiety
Of that which will befal them. Yes, proud city!
Thou must be cleansed of the black blood which makes thee
A lazar-house of tyranny: the task
Is forced upon me, I have sought it not;
And therefore was I punished, seeing this
Patrician renitence spread on and on,
Until at length it smote me in my slumbers,
And I am tainted, and must wash away
The那么-spots in the healing wave. Tall fame
Whereto steep my fathers, whose dim statues shadow
The floor which doth divide us from the dead,
Where all the pregnant hearts of our bold blood,
Moulder'd into a mass of ashes, hold
In one shrunken heart what once made many heroes,
When what is now a handful shook the earth—
Fame of the twelve saints who gann our house!
Visit where two thrones rest—my sire! who died
The one of toil, the other in the field,
With a long race of other literal chiefs
And sages, whose great labours, wounds, and state
I have inherited,—let the graves venge,
Tell all those ashes he peopled with the dead,
And pour from th' portals to gaze on me!
I call them up, and them and thee to witness
What it hath been which put me to this task—
Their pure high blood, their blazon-roll of glories,
Their mighty name dishonour'd all in me,
Not by me, but by the ungrateful nobles
We fought to make our equals, not our lords:—
And chieflly then, Ordello the brave,
Who perish'd in the field where I since conquer'd,
Battling at Zara, did the hecatombs
Of then and Venice's foes, there offer'd up
By thy descendant, merit such acquittance?
 Spirits! smile down upon me, for my cause
Is yours, in all life now can be of yours—
Your fame, your name, all mingled up in mine,
And in the future fortunes of our race!
Let me but prosper, and I make this city
Free and immortal, and our house's name
Worthy of what you were, now and hereafter!

Enter ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

Who goes there?

DOGE.

A friend to Venice.

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

'Tis he.

Welcome, my lord,—you are before the time.

DOGE.

I am ready to proceed to your assembly.

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

Have with you,—I am proud and pleased to see
Such confident gravity. Your doctrine:
Since our last meeting, then, are all dispell'd?

DOGE.

Not so—but I have set my little left
Of life upon this cast; the die was thrown
When I first list'nd to your treason—Start not!
That is the word; I cannot shape my tongue
ToUILDable black deeds into smooth names,
Though I be wroth on to commit them. Where
I heard you tempt your sovereign, and forbore
To have you drag'd to prison, I became
Your greatest accomplice: now you may,
If it so please you, do as much by me.

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

Strange words, my lord, and most unmanner'd;
I am no spy, and neither are we traitors.

DOGE.

II?—II?—no matter—you have earn'd the reign
To talk of us.—But to the point.—If this
Attempt succeeds, and Venice, regard'd free
And flourishing, when we are in our graves,
Conduct her generations to our tombs,
And makes her children, with their little hands,
Strew flowers o'er their deliverers' ashes, then
The consequence will sanctify the deed,
And we shall be like the two Brutus
In the annals of hereafter; but if not,
If we should fail, employing bloody means
And secret plot, although to a good end,
Still we are traitors, honest Israel;—then
No less than he who was thy sovereign
Six hours ago, and now thy brother rebel.

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

'Tis not the moment to consider thus,
Else I could answer.—Let us to the meeting,
Or we may be observed in lingering here.

DOGE.

We are observed, and have been.

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

Let me discover—and this steel—

DOGE.

Put up;

Here are no human witnesses—look there—
What see you?

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

Only a tall warrior's statue
Restriding a proud steed, in the dun light
Of the dull moon.

DOGE.

That warrior was the sire
Of my sire's fathers, and that statue was
Decreed to him by the twice-rescued city:—
Think you that he looks down on us, or no?

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

My lord, those are mere phantasies; there are
No eyes in marble.

DOGE.

But there are in death.

I tell thee, man, there is a spirit in
Such things that acts and sees, unseen, though felt.
And, if there be a spell to stir the dead,
'Tis in such deeds as we are now upon.
Doe'st thou the souls of such a race as Venice's?
Can rest, when he, their last descendant chief,
Stands plotting on the brink of their pure graves
With stung plebeians?
BERTRAM.

BERTRAM. I spare.

I have no power to spare. I only question'd.
Thinking that even amongst these wicked men,
There might be some, whose age and qualities
Might mark them out for pity.

CALENDARO. Yes, such pity
As when the viper hath been cut to pieces,
The separate fragments quivering in the sun
In the last energy of venomous life,
Deserve and have. Why, I should think as soon
Of pitying some particular fang which made
One in the jaw of the swollen serpent, as
Of saving one of these: they form but links
Of one long chain—one mass, one breath, one body;
They eat, and drink, and live, and breed together,
Revel and lie, oppress, and kill in concert,—
So let them die as one!

DAGOLINO. Should one survive,
He would be dangerous as the whole: it is not
Their number, be it tens or thousands, but
The spirit of this aristocracy,
Which must be rooted out; and if there were
A single shoot of the whole tree in life,
'Twould flourish in the soil, and spring again
To gloomy verdure and to bitter fruit.
Bertram, we must be firm!

CALENDARO. Look to it well.
Bertram; I have an eye upon thee.

BERTRAM. Who
Distrusts me?

CALENDARO. Not I; for if I did so,
Thou wouldst not now be there to talk of trust.
It is thy softness, not thy want of faith,
Which makes thee to be doubted.

BERTRAM. You should know,
Who hear me, who and what I am; a man
Roused like yourselves to overthrow oppression;
A kind man, I am apt to think, as some
Of you have found me; and if brave or no,
You, Calendaro, can pronounce, who have seen me.
Put to the proof; or, if you should have doubts,
I'll clear them on your person.

CALENDARO. You are welcome,
When once our enterprise is o'er, which must not
Be interrupted by a private brawl.

BERTRAM. I am no brawler; but can hear myself
As far among the foe as any he
Who hears me: else why have I been selected
To be of your chief comrades? but no less
I own my natural weakness: I have not
Yet learnt to think of indiscriminate murder
Without some sense of shuddering; and the sight
Of blood which spouts through heary scalps is not
To me a thing of triumph, nor the death
Of men surprised a glory. Well—too well
I know that we must do such things on those
Whose acts have raised up such avengers; but
If there were some of those who could be saved
From out this sweeping fate, for our own sakes
And for our honour, to take off some stain
Of massacre, which else pollutes it wholly,
I had been glad; and see no cause in this
For snare, nor for suspicion!

DAGOLINO.
Calm thee, Bertram;
For we suspect thee not, and take good heart.
It is the cause, and not our will, which asks
Such actions from our hands: we'll wash away
All stains in Freedom's fountain!

Enter ISRAEL BERTUCCIO and the DOGE, disguised.

DAGOLINO.
Welcome, Israel.

CONSPIRATORS.
Most welcome.—Brave Bertuccio, thou art late—
Who is this stranger?

CALENDARIO.
It is time to name him,
Our comrades are even now prepared to greet him
In brotherhood, as I have made it known.
That thou wouldst add a brother to our cause,
Approved by thee, and thus approved by all,
Such is our trust in all theme actions. Now
Let him unfold himself.

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.
 Stranger, step forth!
[The DOGE discourses himself.

CONSPIRATORS.
To arms!—we are betray'd—it is the Doge!
Down with them both! our traitorous captain, and
The tyrant he hath sold to.

CALENDARIO (drawing his sword).
Hold! Hold!

Who moves a step against them dies. Hold! hear,
Bertuccio.—What! are you appalled to see
A lone, unguarded, weaponless old man
Amongst you?—Israel, speak! what means this mystery?

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.
Let them advance and strike at their own bosoms,
Ungrateful suicides! for on our lives
Depend their own, their fortunes, and their hopes.

DOGE.
Strike!—If I dreaded death, a death more fearful
Than any your rash weapons can inflict,
I should not now be here:—Oh, noble Courage!
The eldest born of Fear, which makes you brave
Against this solitary horrid head!
See the bold chiefs, who would reform a state
And shake down scories, mad with wrath and dread
At sight of one patron.—Butcher me,
You can: I care not,—Israel, are these men
The mighty hearts you spoke of? look upon them!

CALENDARIO.
Faith! he hath shamed us, and deservingly.
Was this your trust in your true chief Bertuccio,
To turn your swords against him and his guest?
Sheathe them, and hear him.

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.
I disdain to speak,
They might and I must have known a heart like mine
Incognizable of treachery; and the power
They gave me to adopt all fitting means
To further their design was never abused.
They might be certain that whe'er was brought
By me into this council, had been led
To take his choice—as a brother, or as victim.

DOGE.
And which am I to be? your actions leave
Some cause to doubt the freedom of the choice.

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.
My lord, we would have persisted here together,
Had these rash men proceedst; but, behold,
They are ashamed of that mad moment's impulses,
And droop their heads; believe me, they are such
As I described them.—Speak to them.

CALENDARIO.
We are all listening in wonder.

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.
(Addressing the Conspirators).
You are safe,
Nay, more, almost triumphant—listen then,
And know my words for truth.

DOGE.
You see me here,
As one of you hath said, an old, unwear'd,
Debonair, man; and yesterday you saw me
Presiding in the hall of due state,
Apparent sovereign of our hundred isles,
Robed in official purple, dealing out
The edicts of a power which is not mine,
Nor yours, but of our masters,—the patricians.
Why I was there you know, or think you know;
Why I am here he who hath been most wrong'd,
He who among you hath been most insulted,
Outraged and trodden on, until he doubt
If he be worm or no, may answer for me,
Asking of his own heart what brought him here?
You know my recent story, all men know it,
And judge of it for did disappointably
Who safe in judgment to heap scorn on scorn.
But spare me the recital—it is here,
Here at my heart, the outrage—but my words,
Already spent in unavailing plaints,
Would on'y show my fecklessness the more,
And I come here to strengthen even the strong,
And urge them on to deeds, and not to war
With woman's weapons; but I need not urge you
Our private wrongs have sprung from public vices
In this,—I cannot call it commonwealth
Nor kingdom, which hath neither prince nor people,
But all the sins of the old Spartan state
Without its virtues—temperance and labour.
The lords of Lacedemon were true heroes,
But ours are Syracusans, while we are Helots,
Of whom I am the lowest, most enslaved,
Although drest out to head a pageant, as
The Greeks of yore made drunk their slaves to form
A pastime for their children. You are met
To overthrow this monster of a state,
This mockery of a government, this spectacle,
Which must be exercised with blood, and then
We will renew the times of truth and justice,
Condensing in a fair free commonwealth
Not rash equality, but equal rights,
Proportion'd like the columns to the temple,
Giving and taking strength reciprocal,
And making form the whole with grace and beauty,
So that no part could be removed without
Infringement of the general symmetry.
In operating this great change, I claim
To be one of you—if you trust in me;
If not, strike home,—my life is compromised,
And I would rather fall by freemen's hands
Than live another day to act the tyrant
As delegate of tyrants: such I am not.
And never have been—read it in our annals.
I can appeal to my past government
In many lands and cities; they can tell you
If I were an oppressor, or a man
Feeling and thinking for my fellow-men,
Haply had I been what the senate sought,
A thing of robes and trinkets, diz'en'd out
To sit in state as for a sovereign's picture;
A popular sojourner, a ready sentence-signer,
A stickler for the Senate and "The Forty,"
A sceptic of all measures which had not
The sanction of "The Ten," a council-fawner,
A tool, a fool, a puppet,—they had never
Foster'd the wretch who stung me. What I suffer
Has reach'd me through my pity for the people;
That many know, and they who know not yet
Will one day learn: meantime, I do devote,
Whatever the issue, my last days of life—
My present power, such as it is, not that
Of Doge, but of a man who has been great
Before he was degraded to a Doge,
And still has individual means and mind;
I stake my fame, and I had fame)—my breath
(The least of all, for its last hours are nigh)—
My heart—my hope—my soul—upon this cast!
Such as I am, I offer me to you
And to your chiefs, accept me or reject me,
A prince who fain would be a citizen
Or nothing, and who has left his throne to be so.

CALENDAR.
Long live Faliero!—Venice shall be free!
CONSPIRATORS.
Long live Faliero! ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.
Comrades! did I well?
Is not this man a host in such a cause?

DOGE.
This is no time for enigmas, nor place
For exultation. Am I one of you?

CALENDAR.
Ay, and the first amongst us, as thou hast been
Of Venice—be our general and chief.

DOGE.
Chief!—General!—I was general at Zara,
And chief in Rhodes and Cyprus, prince in Venice;
I cannot stoop—that is, I am not fit
To lead a band of—patricians: when I lay
Aside the dignities which I have borne,
'T is not to put on others, but to be
Mates to my fellows—but now to the point:
Israel has stated to me your whole plan—
'T is bold, but feasible if I assist it,
And must be set in motion instantly.

CALENDAR.
Even when thou wilt—is it not so, my friends?
I have disposed all for a sudden blow;
When shall it be then?

DOGE.
At sunrise.

BERTRAM.
So soon?

DOGE.
So soon!—so late—each hour accumulates
Peril on peril, and the more so now
Since I have mused with you; know you not
The Council, and "The Ten"? the spies, the eyes
Of the patricians dubious of their slaves,
And now more dubious of the prince they have made one?
I tell you you must strike, and suddenly,
Full to the hydra's heart—its heads will follow.

CALENDAR.
With all my soul and sword I yield assent;
Our companies are ready, sixty each;
And all now under arms by Israel's order;
Each at their different place of rendezvous,
And vigilant, expectant of some blow;
Let each repair for action to his post!
And now, my lord, the signal?

DOGE.
When you hear
The great bell of Saint Mark's, which may not be
Struck without special order of the Doge
(The last poor privilege they leave their prince),
March on Saint Mark's!

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.
And there?

DOGE.
By different roosters
Let your march be directed, every sixty
Entering a separate avenue, and still
Upon the way let your cry be of war
And of the Genoese fleet, by the first dawn
Descend before the port; form round the palace,
Within whose court will be drawn out in arms
My nephew and the clients of our house,
Many and martial: while the bell tolls on,
Shout ye, "Saint Mark!"—the foe is on our waters!

CALENDAR.
I see it now—but on, my noble lord.

DOGE.
All the patricians flocking to the Council,
(Which they dare not refuse, at the dread signal
Peeled from out their patron saint's proud tower),
Will then be gathered in unto the harvest,
And we will reap them with the sword for sickle.
If some few should be tardy or absent then,
'T will be but to be taken joint and single,
When the majority are put to rest.

CALENDAR.
Would that the hour were come! we will not shun
But kill.

BERTRAM.
Once more, sir, with your pardons, I
Would now repeat the question which I ask'd
Before Bertuccio added to our cause
This great ally who renders it more sure,
And therefore safer, and as such admits
Some dawn of mercy to a portion of
Our victims—must all perish in this slaughter?

CALENDAR.
All who encounter me and mine, be sure—
The mercy they have shown, I show,
CONSPIRATORS.
All! all!
Is this a time to talk of pity? when
Have they e'er shown, or felt, or feign'd it?

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.
Bertram,
This false compassion is a folly, and
Injustice to thy comrades and thy cause!
Dost thou not see, that if we single out
Some for escape, they live but to avenge
The fallen? and how distinguish now the innocent
From out the guilty? all their acts are one—
A single emanation from one body,
Together knit for our oppression! 'Tis
Much that we let their children live: I doubt
If all of these even should be set apart:
The hunter may reserve some single cub
From out the tiger's litter, but who e'er
Would seek to save the spotted sire or dam,
Unless to perish by their fangs? however,
I will abide by Doge Faliero's counsel:
Let him decide if any should be saved.

DOGE.
Ask me not—tempt me not with such a question—
Decide yourselves.

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.
You know their private virtues
Far better than we can, to whom alone
I have had one only fount of quiet left, and that they possess'd! My pure household gods Were shiver'd on my heart, and 'twixt their shrines Safe graining ribaldry and soothing storm.

Israel Bertuccio,
You have been deeply wrong'd, and now shall be Nobly avenged before another night.

Dooge,
I had borne all— it hurt me, but I bore it— Till this last running over of the cup Of bitterness—until this last load measl, Not only unredress'd, but sanction'd; then And thus, I cast all further feelings from me— The feelings which they crush'd for me, long long Before, even in their oath of false allegiance! Even in that very hour and day, they refused Their friend, and made a sovereign, as boys make Playthings, to do their pleasure and be broken! I from that hour have seen but senators In dark suspicions conflict with the Doge, Brawling with him in internal fate and form: They dreading he should snatch the tyranny From out their grasp, and he abhorring tyrants To me, then, these men have a private life, Nor claim to ties they have cut off from others As senators for arbitrary acts Amenable, I look on them—as such Let them be dealt upon.

Calendar,
And now to action! Hence, brethren, to our posts, and may this be The last night of mere words: I'll try 'em being done! Saint Mark's great bell at dawn shall find me waked!

Israel Bertuccio,
Disperse then to your posts; be firm and vigilant; Think on the wrongs we bear, the rights we claim This day and night shall be the last of peril! Watch for the signal, and then March: I go To join my hand; let each do his part to marshal His separate charge: the Doge will now return To the palace to prepare all for the blow. We part to meet in freedom and in glory!

Calendar,
Doge, when I greet you next, my homage to you Shall be the head of Steno on this sword!

Dooge,
No; let him be reserved unto the last, Nor turn aside to strike at such a prey, Till nobler game is quaffed: his offence Was a mere chillation of the vice, The general corruption generated By the foul aristocracy; he could not— He dared not in more honourable days Have risk'd it! I have merged all private wrath Against him, in the thought of our great purpose. A slave insults me— I require his punishment From his proud master's hands; if he refuse it, The offence grows his, and let him answer it.

Calendar,
Yet, as the immediate cause of the alliance Which conservates our undertaking more, I owe him such deep gratitude, that soon I would repay him as he merits; may I? Dooge,
You would but hop the hand, and I the heart, You would but smite the scholar, I the master; You would but punish Steno, I the senate. I cannot pause on individual tito. In the absorbing, sweeping, wild event, Which, like the sheeted fire from heaven, must blast

Their public voice and most foul oppression, Have made them deadly; if there be amongst them One who deserves to be repeal'd, pronounce.

Doge,
Dolfino's father was my friend, and Landi Froghed by my side, and Marc Comaro shared My Genoese embassies: I saved the life Of Venice—shall I save it twice? Would that I could save them and Venice also! All these men, or their fathers, were my friends Till they became my subjects; then fell from me As fair less leaves drop from the overblown flower, And left me a lone blighted thorny stalk, Which, in its solitude, can shelter nothing; So, as they let me wither, let them perish!

Calendar,
They cannot co-exist with Venice' freedom!

Doge,
Ye, though you know and feel our mutual mass Of many wrongs, even ye are ignorant What fatal poison to the springs of life,
To human ties, and all that's good and dear, Lurks in the present institutes of Venice. All these men were my friends; I loved them, They requited honourably my regard:
We served and fought; we smiled and wept in concert; We reveal'd or we sorrow'd side by side; We made alliances of blood and marriage; We grew in years and honours fairly, till Their own desire, not my ambition, made Then choose me for their prince, and then farewell! Farewell all social memory! all thoughts In common! and sweet bonds which link old friendships,
When the survivors of long years and actions, Which now belong to history, sooth the days Which yet remain by treasuring each other, And never meet, but each beholds the mirror Of half a century on his brother's brow, And sees a hundred beings, now in earth,
But round them, whispering of the days gone by, And seeming not all dead, as long as two Of the brave, joyous, reckless, glorious band, Which once were one and many, still retain A breath to sigh for them, a tongue to speak Of deeds that else were silent, save on marble— Ome! Ome!—and must I do this deed? Israel Bertuccio,
My lord, you are much moved; it is not now That such matters must be dwelt upon.

Doge,
Your patience
A moment— I rejoin not: mark with me The gloomy vices of this government. From the hour that made me Doge, the Doge told me— Farewell the past! I died to all that had been, Or rather they to me: no friends, no kindness, No privilege of life—all were cut off: They came not near me, such approach gave umbrage; They could not love me, such was not the law; They thwarted me, 'twas the state's policy; They buffeted me, 'twas a patron's duty; They wrong'd me, for such was to right the state; They could not right me, that would give suspicion: So that I was a slave to my own subjects; So that I was a foe to my own friends; Begin with spies for guards—with robes for power— With popinjay for freedom—gauders for a council— Inquisitors for friends—and hell for life!
BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS.

Within, distinction, as it fed, fell, yore, - Where the Dead Sea hath quench'd two cities' ashes.

ISABEL BERTECCIO.

Away, then, to your posts! I but remain A moment to accompany the Doge To our last place of trust, to see no spies Have been upon the scent, and turn'd I hasten To where my allotted band is under arms.

CALENDARIO.

Farewell, then, until dawn.

ISABEL BERTECCIO.

We have them in the toil—it cannot fail! Now threaten'd indeed a sovereign, and will make A name immortal greater than the greatest: Free citizens have struck at kings ere now; Ceruses have fallen, and even patrician hands Have crush'd dictators, as the popular steel Has crush'd patricians; but until this hour, What prince has plotted for his people's freedom? Or risk'd a life to liberate his subjects? For ever, and for ever, they conspire Against the people, to abuse their hands To chains, but had aside to carry weapons Against the fellow nations, so that yoke On yoke, and slavery and death may whet. Not glut the never-gorged Leviathan! Now, my lord, to our enterprise: 'tis great, And greater the reward; why stand you rapt? A moment back, and you were all impatience.

DOGE.

And is it then decided? must they die?

ISABEL BERTECCIO.

Who?

DOGE.

My own friends by blood and courtesy, And many deeds and days—the senators.

ISABEL BERTECCIO.

You pass'd their sentence, and it is a just one.

DOGE.

Ay, so it seems, and so it is to you; You are a patriot, a plebeian Gracchus— The rebel's oracle—the people's tribune— I blame you not, you act in your vocation; They smote you, and opprest you, and despoil'd you; So they have me: but you never spake with them; You never broke their bread, nor shared their salt; You never had their wine-cup at your lips; You grew not up with them, nor laugh'd, nor wept, Nor held a revel in their company; Never smil'd to see them smile, nor cham'd their smile In social interchange for yours, nor trusted, Nor wore them in your heart of hearts, as I have: These hairs of mine are gray, and so are theirs, The elder's: the comend: I remember When all our locks were like the raven's wing, As we went forth to take our prey around The isles wrong from the false Mahometan: And can I see them dabbled o'er with blood? Each stal to them will seem my suicide.

ISABEL BERTECCIO.

Doge! Doge! this vapitation is madly A void; if you are not in second childhood, Cut back your nerves to your own purpose, nor

Thus shame yourself and me. By heavens! I'd rather Forgo even now, or fall in our intent, Than see the man I venerate subside From high resolves into such shallow weakness! You have seen blood in battle, shed it, both Your own and that of others: can you shrink then From a few drops from veins of leoky vampires, Who but give back what they have drain'd from millions.

DOGE.

Bear with me! Step by step, and blow on blow, I will divide with you; think not I want: Ah! no; it is the certainty of all Which I must doth make me tremble thus. But let these last and lingering thoughts have way, To which you only and the night are conscious, And both regardless: when the hour arrives, 'Tis time to sound the knell, and strike the blow, Which shall unpeople many palaces, And hew the highest genealogical trees Down to the earth, strew'd with their bleeding fruit, And crush their blossoms into barrenness; This will I—now I have sworn to do, Nor might can turn me from my destiny: But still I quiver to behold what I Must be, and think what I have been! Bear with me.

ISABEL BERTECCIO.

Re-man your breast; I feel no such remorse, I understand it: why should you change? You acted, and you act on your free will.

DOGE.

Ay, there it is—you feel not, nor do I, Else should stib thee on the spot, to save A thousand lives, and, killing, do no murder; You feel not—you go to this butcher-work As if these high-born men were steers for shambles! When all is over, you'll be free and merry, And calmly wash those hands unarme'd: But I, outgoing thee and all thy fellows In this surpassing massacre, shall be, Shall see, and feel—oh God! oh God, 'tis true, And then dost well to answer that it was "My own free will and act," and yet you err, For I will do this! Doubt not—fear not! I Will be your most unmerciful accomplice! And yet I act no more on my free will, Nor my own feelings—both compel me back; But there is hell within me and around, And, like the demon who believes and trembles, Must I abhor and do. Away! away! Get thee unto thy fellows, I will lie me To gather the remnant of our house, Doubt me, Saint Mark's great bell shall wake all Venice Except her slaughter'd swine: ere the sun Be broad upon the Adriatic, there Shall be a voice of weeping, which shall drown The roar of waters in the cry of blood. I am resolved—come on.

ISABEL BERTECCIO.

With all my soul! Keep a firm rein upon these horses of passion; Remember what these men have dealt to thee, And that this sacrifice will be succeeded By ages of prosperity and freedom To this unshackled city: a true tyrant Would have depopulated empires, nor Have felt the strange compensation which hath wrong you To punish a few traitors to the people! Trust me, such were a pity more misplaced Than the late mercy of the state to Steno.
ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Palazzo of the Patriarch. LION. LIONI laying aside the mask and cloak which the Venetian Nobles wore in public, attended by a Domestic.

LION.

I will to rest, right weary of this revel,
The guest we have held for many moons, And yet, I know not why, it cheere me not; There came a heaviness across my heart, Which in the lightest movement of the dance, Though eye to eye and hand in hand united, Even with the lady of my love, oppressed me, And through my spirit chills'd my blood, until A dump like death rose o'er my brow; I strove To laugh the thought away, but 'twould not be; Through all the music ringing in my ears A knee'd was sounding as distinct and clear, Though low and far, as o'er the Adrian wave Rose o'er the city's murmurer in the night, Dashing against the outward Labo's bulwark; So that I left the festival before It reach'd its zenith, and with me my pillow For thoughts more troublous, or forgetfulness. Antonio, take my mask and cloak, and light The lamp within my chamber.

ANTONIO.

Yes, my lord,

Command you no refreshment?

LIONI.

Nought, save sleep,

Which will not be commanded. Let me have it,

[Exit.]

ANTONIO.

Though my breast feels too anxious; I will try Whether the air will calm my spirits; 'Tis A goodly night; the cloudy wind which blow From the Levant hath crept into its cave, And the broad moon has brightened. What a stillness!

[To another.]

And what a contrast with the scene I left, Where the tall torches' glare, and silver lamps' More palfial gleam along the tapestried walls, Spread over the reluctant gloom which haunts Those vast and dimly-latticed galleries A dazzling mass of artificial light, Which shov'd all things, but nothing as they were. There Age essaying to recall the past, After long striving for the laws of youth At the sad labour of the toilet, and Tell many a glance at the too faithful mirror, Peep'd forth in all the pride of ornament, Forgets itself, and trusting to the falsehood Of the indulgent beams, which show, yet hide, Believed itself forgotten, and was feald. There Youth, which need not, nor thought of vain adornments, lavish'd its true bloom, and health, And broider beauty, in the unholosome press Of flesh'd and crowded wassailers, and wasted Its hours of rest in dreaming this was pleasure, And so waste them till the sunrise streams On sallow cheeks and sunken eyes, which should not Have worn this aspect yet for many a year. The music, and the banquet, and the wine— The garlands, the rose scents, and the flowers—

The sparkling eyes and flashing ornaments— The white arms and the raven hair—the brads And bracelets; swanlike bosoms, and the necklaces, An India in itself, yet dazzling not The eye like what it enred; the thin robes Floating like light clouds twist our gaze and heaven, The many twinkling feet so small and sylphlike, Suggesting the more secret symmetry Of the fair forms which terminate so well— All the declension of the dizzy scene, Its false and true enchantments—art and nature, Which swarm before my giddy eyes, that drank The sight of beauty as the parch'd pilgrim's On Arab sand the false mirage, which offers A hard task to his chesed thirst, Are gone,—Around me are the stars and waaters— Worlds mirror'd in the ocean, gaudier sight Than torches glared back by a gandy glass; And the great element, which is to space, What ocean is to earth, spreads its blue depths, Soften'd with the first breathings of the singing; The high moon sails upon her bounteous way, Soothingly smiling o'er the holy walls Of those tall niles and sea-girl palaces, Where their pyramid pillars, and whose costly fronts, Frught with the orient spoil of many marbles, Like altars ranged along the broad canal, Seem each a trophy of some mighty deed Rou'ad up from out the waters, scarce less strangely Than those more massy and mysterious giants Of architecture, those 'starian fabrics, Which point in Egypt's plains to times that have No other record. All is gentle; nothing Stirs radely; but, congeald with the night, Whatever walks is glinging like a spirit. The tinklings of some vigilant guitars Of sleepless lovers to a wak'dful mistress, And cautious opening of the casement, showing That he is not unheard; while her young hand, Fair as the moonlight of which it seems part, So delicately white, it trembles in The act of opening the flared glass lattice, To let in love through music, makes his heart Thrill like his lyre-strings at the sight,—the dash Phosphoric of the ear, or rapid twinkle Of the far lights of skimming gondolas, And the responsive voices of the ele guitar, Of boatmen answering back with verse for verse, Some dusty shadow chequer'd the Rialto; Some glimmering palace roof, or tapering spire, Are all the sights and sounds which here pervade The ocean-born and earth-commanding city. How sweet and soothing is this hour of calm! I thank thee, night! for thou hast chased away Those horrid bodements which, amidst the throng, I could not dissipate: and, with the blessing Of thy benediction, and quiet influence, Now will I to my coach, although to rest Is almost wrongery such a night as this—

[Hark! what is that? or who at such a moment?]

[Enter.]

ANTONIO.

My lord, a man without, on urgent business, Implies to be admitted.

LIONI.

Is he a stranger?

ANTONIO.

His face is muff'd in his cloak, but both His voice and gestures seem familiar to me;
BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS.

I crave his name, but this he seem'd reluctant
To trust, save to yourself; most earnestly
He seems to be permitted to approach you.

LIONI.
'Tis a strange hour, and a suspicious bearing!
And yet there is slight peril: 'Tis not in
Their houses noble men are struck at; still,
Although I know not that I have a foe
In Venice, 'twill be wise to use some caution.
Admit him, and retire; but call up quickly
Some of thy fellows, who may wait without.—
Who can this man be?

Exit Antonio, and returns with Bertram muffled.

BERTRAM.
My good lord Lioni,
I have no time to lose, nor thou—dismiss
This memhal hence; I would be private with you.

LIONI.
It seems the voice of Bertram—go, Antonio.

[Exit Antonio.

Now, stranger, what would you at such an hour?

BERTRAM (discovering himself). A boon, my noble patron; you have granted
Many to your poor client, Bertram; add
This one, and make him happy.

LIONI.
Thou hast known me
From boyhood, ever ready to assist thee
In all thy objects of advancement, which
Resemled one of thy station; I would promise
To thy request was heard, but that the hour,
Thy bearing, and this strange and hurried mode
Of suing, gives me to suspect this visit
Hitherto so my superior import—but say on—
What has occurred, some rash and sudden broil?
A cup too much, a scuffle, and a stab!—
More things of every day; so that thou hast not
Sustained noble blood, I guarantee thy safety;
But then thou must withdraw, for angry friends
And relatives, in the first burst of vengeance,
Are things in Venice deadlier than the laws.

BERTRAM.
My lord, I thank you; but—

LIONI.
But what? You have not
Raised a rash hand against one of our order?
If so, withdraw and fly, and own it not;—
I would not slay—but then I must not save thee!
He who has shed patrician blood—

BERTRAM.
I come
To save patrician blood, and not to shed it!
And therefore I must be speedy, for
Each minute lost may lose a life: since Time
Has changed his slow tyde for the two-edged sword,
And is about to take, instead of sand,
De dust from sepulchres to fill his hour-glass!—

Go not thou forth to-morrow!—

LIONI.
Wherefore not?—

What means this menace?

BERTRAM. Do not seek its meaning;
But do as I implore thee;—stay not forth,
Whatever he is staving; though the roar of crowds—
The cry of women, and the shrieks of labourers—
The groans of men—the crash of arms—the sound
Of rolling drum, shrill trumpet, and hollow bell,
Pea, in one wide armal—Go not forth
Until the becon's silent, nor even then
Til I return!

LIONI. Again, what does this mean?
BERTRAM. Again, I tell thee, ask not; but by all
Thou holdest dear on earth or heaven—by all
The souls of the great fathers, and thy hope
To emolate, and to leave behind
Descendants worthy both of them and thee—
By all thou hast of blest in hope or memory—
By all thou hast to fear here or hereafter—
By all the good deeds thou hast done to me,
Good I would now repay with greater good,
Remain within—trust to thy household gods
And to my word for safety, if thou dost
As I now counsel—but if not, thou art lost!

LIONI.
I am indeed already lost in wonder:
Surely thou must have the wood?
Who are my foes? or, if there be such, why
Art thou leagued with them?—I am, or, if so leagued
Why comes thou to tell me at this hour,
And not before?

BERTRAM.
I cannot answer this.
Wilt thou go forth despite of this true warning?

LIONI. I was not born to shrink from idle threats,
The cause of which I know not: at the hour
Of council, be it soon or late, I shall not
Be found among the absent.

BERTRAM.
Say not so!
Once more, art thou determined to go forth?

LIONI. I am; nor is there aught which shall impede me!

BERTRAM.
Then Heaven have mercy on thy soul!—Farewell!

[Gang.

LIONI. Stay—there is more in this than my own safety
Which makes me call thee back; we must not part thus:
Bertram, I have known thee long.

BERTRAM. From childhood, signor
You have been my protector; in the days
Of reckless infancy, when rank forgets,
Or rather, is not yet taught to remember
Its cold protegat, we play'd together;
Our sports, our studies, our tears, were mingled:—
My father was your father's client,
His son's scarce less than foster-brother; years
Saw us together—happy, heart-full hours!—
Oh God! the difference! twist those hours and this!

Bertram, 'tis thou who hast forgot them.

BERTRAM. Nor now, nor ever; whatever betide,
I would have saved you: when to manhood's growth
We spring, and you, devoted to the state,
As units your station, the more humble Bertram
Was left unto the labours of the humble,
Still you forsook me not: and if my fortunes
Have not been towering; 'twas no fault of him
Who oft-times rescued and supported me
When struggling with the tides of circumstance
Which bear away the weaker: noble blood
Never man! in a tender heart than thine
Has proved to me, the poor plebeian Bertram.
Would that thy fellow senators were like thee!

LIONI. Why, what hast thou to say against the senate?
BERTRAM.

Nothing.

LION.

I know that there are angry spirits
And turbulent mutterings of studied treason,
Who seek in narrow places, and walk out
Malice to whisper curses to the night;
Disbanding soldiers, discontented rafters,
And desperate libertines who brawl in taverns.
True hence not with such: 'tis true, of late
I have lost sight of thee, but thou wert wont
To lead a temperate life, and break thy bread
With honest mates, and hear a cheerful aspect.
What hath come to thee? in thy hollow eye
And hulking cheek, and those unquiet motions,
Sorrow and shame and conscience seem in war
To waste thee.

BERTRAM.

Rather shame and sorrow light
On the accursed tyranny which rides
The very air in Venice, and makes men
Madden in in the last hours of the plague
Which sweeps the soul deliciously from life!

LION.

Some villains have been tampering with thee, Bertram
This is not thy old language, nor own thoughts;
Some wretch has made thee drink with dissatisfaction.
But thou must not be lost so: thou art good
And kind, and art not fit for such base acts
As vice and vilany would put thee to;
Confess—confide in me—thou know'st at my nature—
What is it thou and thine are bound to do,
Which should prevent thy friend, the only son
Of him who was a friend unto thy father,
So that our good-old is a heritage
We should bequeath to our posterity
Such as ourselves received it, or augmented;
I say what is it thou must do, that I
Shall in deed thee dangerous, and keep the house
Like a sick girl?

BERTRAM.

 Nay, question me no further:
I must be gone—

LION.

And I be murdered!—say,
Was it not thus thou saidst, my gentle Bertram?

BERTRAM.

Who talk of murder! what said I of murder?
'T is false: I did not utter such a word.

LION.

Thou didst not; but from out thy woful eye,
So change from what I know it, there glares forth
The glimmer. If my life's thine object,
Take it—I am unworthy,—and then away!
I could not hold my breath on such a tenure
As the capricious mercy of such things
As thou and those who have set thee to thy task-work
BERTRAM.

Sooner than soil the blood, I peril mine;
Sooner than harm a hair of time, I place
In jeopardy a thousand heads, and some
As noble, nay, even nobler than thine own.

LION.

Art, is it even so? Excuse me, Bertram;
I am not worthy to be singled out
From such exalted neocentos—who are they
That are in danger, and that make the danger?

BERTRAM.

Venice, and all that she inherits, are
Divided like a house against itself;
And so will perish ere to-morrow's twilight!

LION.

More mysteries, and awful ones! But now,
Or thou, or I, or both, it may be, are
Upon the verge of ruin: speak once out,
And thou art safe and glorious; for 't is more
Glorious to save than slay, and slay 't the dark too—
Fie, Bertram! that was not a craft for thee!
How would it look to see upon a spear
The head of him whose heart was open to thee,
Borne by thy hand before the shuddering people?
And such may be my doom; for here I swear,
Whatever the peril or the penalty
Of the denunciation, I go forth,
Unless thou dost detail the cause, and show
The consequence of all which led thee here!

BERTRAM.

Is there no way to save thee? minutes fly,
And thou art lost! thou! my sole benefactor,
The only being who was constant to me
Through every change. Yet, make me not a traitor
Let me save thee—but spare my honour!

LION.

Where
Can lie the honour in a league of murder?
And who are traitors save into the state?

BERTRAM.

A league is still a compact, and more binding
In honest hearts when vows must stand for law;
And in my mind, there is no traitor like
He whose domestic treason plants the poniard
Within the breast which trusted to his truth.

LION.

And who will strike the steel to mine?

BERTRAM.

Not I;
I could have wound my soul in all things
Save this. Thou must not die! and think how dear
Thy life is, when I risk so many lives,
Nay, more, the life of lives, the liberty
Of future generations, not to be
The assassin thou miscall'st me—once, once more
I do adjure thee, pass not o'er thy threshold!

LION.

It is in vain—this moment I go forth.

BERTRAM.

Then perish Venice rather than my friend!
I will disclose—enforce—betray—destroy——
Oh, what a villain I become for thee!

LION.

Saveth, thy friend's salvation and the state's—
Speak—conspire—all rewards, all pledges for
Thy safety and thy welfare; wealth such as
The state accords her worthiest servants; nay,
 Nobility as if I guaranty thee,
So that thou art sincere and penitent.

BERTRAM.

I have thought again: it must not be—I love thee—
Though known as I that stand here is the proof,
Not least through last; but, having done my duty
By thee, I now must do it by my country!
Farewell!—we meet no more in life!—farewell!

LION.

What, ho! Antonio—Pedro—to the door!
See that none pass—arrest this man!—

Enter Antonio and other armed Domesticos, who seize

BERTRAM.

LION (continues).

Take care:
He hath no harm; bring me my sword and cloak.
And man the gondola with four oars—quick—

Exit Antonio
We will unto Giovanni Gradengo's,
And send for Marc Cornaro.—Fear not, Bertram;
This needful violence is for thy safety,
No less than for the general weal.

**BERTRAM.** Where wouldst thou
Bear me a prisoner?

**LION.**
Firstly, to "The Ten;"

**NEXT, TO the Doge.**

**BERTRAM.** To the Doge?

**LION.** Assuredly;

**BERTRAM.** Perhaps at sunrise—

**LION.** What mean you?—but we'll know anon.

**BERTRAM.** Art sure?

**LION.** Sure as all gentle means can make; and if
They fail, you know "The Ten" and their tribunal,
And that Saint Mark's has dungeons, and the dungeons
A rack.

**BERTRAM.** Apply to it before the dawn
Now hastening into heaven.—One more such word,
And you shall perish piecemeal, by the death
Ye think to doom to me.

**RE-enter ANTONIO.**

**ANTONIO.** The bark is ready,

My lord, and all prepared.

**LION.** Look to the prisoner.

Bertram, I'll reason with thee as we go
To the Magnifico's, sage Gradengo. 

[Exeunt.]

**SCENE II.**

*The Ducal Palace—the Doge's Apartment.*

**THE DOGE and his nephew BERTUCCIO FALIERO.**

**DOGE.** Are all the people of our house in muster?

**BERTUCCIO FALIERO.** They are array'd, and eager for the signal,
Within our pleasant precincts at San Polo.* I come for your last orders.

**DOGE.** It had been
As well had there been time to have got together
From my own side, Val di Marino, more
Of our retainers—but it is too late.

**BERTUCCIO FALIERO.** Methinks, my lord, 'tis better as it is;
A sudden swelling of our retinue
Had waked suspicion; and, though fierce and trusty,
The vassals of that district are too rude
And quick in quarrel to have long maintain'd
Th' secret discipline we need for such
A service, till our foes are dealt upon.

**DOGE.** True; but when once the signal has been given,
These are the men for such an enterprise;
These city slaves have all their private bias,
Their prejudice against or for this noble,
Which may induce them to o'erdo, or spare
Where mercy may be madness; the fierce peasants,

*Serfs of my country of Val di Marino,
Would do the bidding of their lord without
Distinguishing for love or hate his foes;
Alike to them Marc'olo or Cornaro,
A Gradengo or a Foscari;
They are not used to start at those vain names,
Nor how the knee before a civic senate:
A chief in armour is their suzerain,
And not a thing in robes.*

**BERTUCCIO FALIERO.**

**DOGE.** We are enough;
And for the dispositions of our clients
Against the senate, I will answer.

**DOGE.** Well,
The die is thrown; but for a warlike service,
Done in the field, commend me to my peasants;
They made the sun shine through the host of Hung
When loyal burgars shank back to their tents,
And cover'd to hear their own victorious trumpet.
If there be small resistance, you will find
These citizens all lions, like their standard;
But if there's much to do, you'll wish with me
A band of iron rustics at our backs.

**BERTUCCIO FALIERO.**

**DOGE.** Thus thinking, I must marvel you resolved
To strike the blow so suddenly.

**DOGE.** Such blows
Must be struck suddenly or never. When
I had o'ermaster'd the weak false remorse
Which yearned about my heart, too fondly yielding
A moment to the feelings of old days,
I was most fond to strike: and, firstly, that
I might not yield again to such emotions;
And, secondly, because of all these men,
Save Israel and Philip Calendario,
I knew not well the courage or the faith
To-day might find 'neath them a traitor to us,
As yesterday a thousand to the senate;
But once in, with their bills hot in their hands,
They must on for their own sales; one stroke struck;
And the mere instinct of the first-born Cain,
Which ever lurks somewhere in human hearts,
Though circumstance may keep it in abeyance,
Will urge the rest on like to wolves; the sight
Of blood to crowds begets the thirst of more,
As the first wine-cup leads to the long revel;
And you will find a harder task to quell
Than urge them when they have commenced; but to
That moment, a mere voice, a straw, a shadow
Is capable of turning them aside.—
How goes the night?

**BERTUCCIO FALIERO.** Almost upon the dawn.

**DOGE.** Then it is time to strike upon the bell.
Are the men posted?

**BERTUCCIO FALIERO.** By this time they are;
But they have orders not to strike, until
They have command from you through me in person.

**DOGE.** "Tis well.—Will the morn never put to rest
These stars which twinkle yet o'er all the heavens?
I am settled and bound up, and being so,
The very effort which cost me to
Resolve to cleanse this commonwealth with fire
Now leaves my mind more steady. I have wept,
And trembled at the thought of this dread duty;
But now I have put down all idle passion,
And oke the growing tempest in the face;
As doth the plot of an admiral gallery;
Yet (wouldst thou think it, kinsman?) it hath been
A greater struggle to me, than wien nations
He'old their fate merged in the approaching fight,
Where I was leader of a phalanx, where
Thousands were sure to perish—Yes, to spill
The rank polluted current from the veins
Of a few bolder despots needed more
To stem to a purpose such as made
Tirailon immortal, than to face
The toils and dangers of a life of war.

BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

It gladdens me to see your former wisdom
Subdue the forces which so wrong you are
You were decided.

DOGE.

It was ever thus
With me; the hour of agitation came
In the first gimmerings of a purpose, when
Passion had too much room to sway; but in
The hour of action I have stood as calm
As were the dead who lay around me; this
As knew who made me what I am, and trusted
To the subduing power which I preserved
Over my soul, when its first burst was spent.
But they were not aware that there are things
Which make revenge a virtue by reflection,
And not an impulse of mere anger: though
The laws sleep, justice wakes, and injured souls
Off do a public right with private wrong.
And justified their deeds unto themselves.
-M-thinks the day breaks—Is it not so? look,
True: eyes are clear with youth—the air puts on
A morning freshness, and, at least to me,
I use looks prayer through the lattice.

BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

True.

The morn is dappling in the sky.

DOGE.

Away, then!—
See that they strike without delay, and with
The first toll from St. Mark's, march on the palace
With all our house's strength; here I will meet you—
The Sixteen and their companies will move
In separate columns at the selfsame moment—
Be sure you post yourself by the great gate,
I would not trust "The Ten" except to us—
The rest, the rabble of patriarchs, may
Glut the more careless swords of those leagued with us,
Remember that the cry is still "Saint Mark!"
The Genoese are come—ho! to the rescue!
Saint Mark and liberty!—Now—now to action!

BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

Farewell then, noble envoys! we will meet
In freedom and true sovereignty, or never!

DOGE.

Come hither, my Bertuccio—one embrace
Spend, for the day grows broader—Send me soon
A messenger to tell me how all goes
When you join our troops, and then sound—sound
The storm bell from Saint Mark's!

[Exit Bertuccio Faliero.

DOGE [within].

He is gone,
And on each footstep moves a life.—"Tis done.
Now the destroying angel hovers o'er
Venice, and passes ere he pours the vital
Even as the eagle overlooks his prey,
And for a moment poised in middle air,
Suspend the motion of his gig ty wings,
Tha's swoops with his snaring beak.—Thou day!
That slowly walks the waters! march—march on!
I would not smile if the dark, but rather see
That no stroke errs. And you, ye blue sea-waves
I have seen you dyed ere now, and deeply too,
With Genoa's, Saracen, and Hunnish gore,
While that of Venice flow'd too, but victorious:—
Now thou must wear an unmix'd crimson; no
Barbaric blood can reconcile us now
Upto that horrible inclemence,
But friend or foe will roll in civic slaughter.
And have I lived to fourscore years for this?
I, who was named preserver of the city
I, at whose name the million's caps were fang
Into the air, and cries from tens of thousands
Rose up, imploring Heaven to send me blessings,
And fame and length of days—to see this day?
But this day, black within the calendar,
Shall be succeeded by a bright millennium.

Doge Dandolo survived to ninety summers
To vanquish empires and refuse their crown;
I will resign a crown, and make the state
Renew its freedom—but oh! by what means?
The noble end must justify them—What
Are a few drops of human blood?—'tis false,
The blood of tyrants is not human; they,
Like to incense Molochs, feed on ours,
Like to incense Molochs, feed on ours,
Like to incense Molochs, feed on ours.
Oh world!—
Oh men! what are ye, and our best designs,
That we must work by crime to punish crime?
And say as if Death had but this one gate,
When a few years would make the sword superfurious?
And I, upon the verge of the unknown realm,
Yet send so many herds on before me?—
I must not ponder this.

A pause.

Hark! was there not
A murmur as of distant voices, and
The tramp of feet in martial martial
What phantommen even of sound our wishes raise?
It cannot be—yet the signal hath not rung!
Why pauses it? My nephew's messenger
Should be upon his way to me, and he
Himself perhaps even now draws grating back
Upon its ponderous hinge the steep tower portal,
Where swings the sullen huge circular bell,
Which never knells but for a princely death,
Or for a state in peril, pealing forth
Tremendous bellowings; but it do its office,
And be this real its awfullest and last,
Sound till the strong tower rock!—What, silent still?
I would go forth, but that my post is here,
To be the centre of common action
The noblest and choicest men of the city
United in this war, in which fate
Leagues of this nature, and to keep compact
The waverings or the weak, in case of conflict;
For if they should do battle, it will be here,
Within the palace, that the strife will thicken;
Then here must be my station, as becomes
The master-nover.—Hark! he comes—he comes,
My nephew, brave Bertuccio's messenger.
What tidings? Is he marching? Hath he sped?
They here!—all's lost—yet I'll make an effort
Enter a Signor of the Night, with Guards, etc.

SIGNOR OF THE NIGHT.

Doge, I arrest thee of high treason!

Doge. Me!—

Thy prince, of treason!—Who are they that dare
Cloak their own treason under such an order?

**Signor of the Night.** (shadowing his order.)

Rebold my order from the assembled Ten.

**Doge.**

At: where are they, and why assembled? no
Such council can be lawful, till the prince
Preside there, and that duty's mine: on thine
I charge thee, give me way, or marshal me
To the council chamber.

**Signor of the Night.**

Duke, it may not be;
Nor are the sign of the wond'ring Hall of Council,
But sitting in the convent of Saint Saviour's.

**Doge.**

You dare to disobey me then?

**Signor of the Night.**

I serve
The state, and needs must serve it faithfully.
My warrant is the will of those who rule it.

**Doge.**

And till that warrant has my signature
It is illegal, and, as now applied,
Rebellions—Hast thou weigh'd well thy life's worth?
That thus you dare assume a lawless function?

**Signor of the Night.**

'Tis not my office to reply, but act—
I am placed here as guard upon thy person,
And not as judge to hear or to decide.

**Doge (aside).**

I must gain time—No that the storm-bell sound,
All may be well yet.—Kinsman, speed—speed—speed!
Our fate is trembling in the balance, and
Woe to the vanquish'd! be they prince and people,
Or slaves and senate—

(The great bell of St. Mark's tolls.
Lo! itsounds—it tolls!

**Doge (aloud).**

Hark, Signor of the Night! and you, ye hirelings,
Who wield my necessary swords in fear,
It is your knell—Swell on, then lusty peel!
Now, kurves, what ransom for your lives?

**Signor of the Night.**

Confusion!

Stand to your arms, and guard the door—all's lost,
Unless that fearful bell be silenced soon.
The officer hath miss'd his path or purpose,
Or met some unforeseen and hideous obstacle.
Assume, with thy company proceed
Straight to the tower; the rest remain with me.

*(Eat a part of the Guard.*

**Doge.**

Wretch! if thou wouldst save thy woe life, implore it:
It is not now a lease of sixty seconds,
Av, send thy miserable ruffians forth;
They never shall return.

**Signor of the Night.**

So let it be!
They die then in their duty, as will I.

**Doge.**

Fool! the high cape flies at nobler game
Then thou and thy base murmurers—live on,
So thou provok'd not peril by resistance,
And learn if souls so much obscured can bear
To give upon the sunbeams to be free.

**Signor of the Night.**

And learn then to be captive—it hath ceased,

*(The bell ceases to toll.*

The traitorous signal, which was to have set
The bloodhounds on their patriotic prey—
The sword hath rung, but it is not the senate's!

**Doge (after a pause).**

All's silent, and all's lost!

**Signor of the Night.**

Now, Doge, denounce me
As rebel slave of a revolted council!
Have I not done my duty?

**Doge.**

Peace, thou thing!
Thou hast done a worthy deed, and earn’d the price
Of blood, and they who use thee will reward thee.
But thou went sent to watch, and not to prate,
As thou saidst even now—then do thine office,
But let it be in silence, as behoves thee,
Since, though thy prisoner I am thy prince.

**Signor of the Night.**

I did not mean to fail in the respect
Due to your rank: in this I shall obey you.

**Doge (aside).**

There now is nothing left me save to die;
And yet how near success! I would have fallen,
And proudly, in the hour of triumph, but
To miss it thus!

**Enter other Signors of the Night with Bertuccio Faliero prisoner.**

**Second Signor.**

We took him in the act
Of issuing from the tower, where, at his order,
As delegated from the Doge, the signal
Had thus begun to sound.

**First Signor.**

Are all the passes
Which lead up to the palace well secured?

**Second Signor.**

They are—besides, it matters not; the chieftains
Are all in chains, and some even now on trial—
Their followers are dispersed, and many taken.

**Bertuccio Faliero.**

Uncle!

**Doge.**

It is vain to war with Fortune;
The glory hath departed from our house.

**Bertuccio Faliero.**

Who would have done't it—Ah! one moment sooner

That moment would have changed the face of ages:

*This gives us to eternity. We'll meet it
As men whose triumph is not in success,
But who can make their own minds all in all
Equal to every fortune. Drop not, 'tis
But a brief passage—I would go alone,
Yet if they send us, as 'tis like, together,
Let us go worthy of our sires and selves.

**Bertuccio Faliero.**

I shall not shame you, uncle.

**First Signor.**

 Lords, our orders
Are to keep guard on both in separate chambers,
Until the Council call ye to your trial.

**Doge.**

Our trial! will they keep their mockery up
Even to the last? but let them deal upon us
As we had dealt on them, but with less pomp.
'Tis but a game of mutual homicides,
Who have cast lots for the first death, and hey
Have won with false dice?—Who hath been our Jove

**First Signor.**

I am not warranted to answer that.

**Bertuccio Faliero.**

I'll answer for thee—'t is a certain Bertram,
Even now deposing to the secret gianta.
DOGE.

Bertram, the Bergamask! With what vile tools
We operate to slay or save! This creature,
Back with a double treason, now will earn
Rewards and honours, and be stamp’d in story
With the greeze in the Capitol, which gabbed
Till Rome awake, and had an annual triumph,
While Mantis, who hurld down the Gauls, was cast
From the Tarpeian.

FIRST SIGNOR.

He inspired to treason,
And sought to rule the state.

DOGE.

He saved the state,
And sought but to reform what he revil’d—
But this is idle—Come, sirs, do your work.

FIRST SIGNOR.

Noble Bertuccio, we must now remove you
Into an inner chamber.

BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

Farewell, uncle! If we shall meet again in life I know not,
But they perhaps will let our ashes mingle.

DOGE.

Yes, and our spirits, which shall yet go forth,
And do what our frail clay, thus clos’d, hath fail’d in!
They cannot quench the memory of those
Who would have hurl’d them from their guilty thrones,
And such examples will find heirs, though distant.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

The Hall of the Council of Ten assembled with the
additional Senators, who, on the Trial of the Conspira-
tors for the Treason of Marino Faliero, com-
pared what was called the Giunta.—Guards, Of-
Ficers, etc., etc.—Israel Bertuccio and Philip
Calendar or Prisoners.—Bertram, Lions, and
Witnesses, etc.

The Chief of the Ten, Benintende.

Benintende.

There now rests, after such conviction of
Their manifold and manifest offences,
But to pronounce on these obstinate men;
The sentence of the law: a grievous task
To those who hear and those who speak. Alas!
That it should fall to me, and that my days
Of office should be stagnated through all
The years of coming time, as bearing record
To this most flat and complicated treason
Against a just and free state, known to all
The earth as being the Christian bulwark against
The Saracen and the schismatic Greek,
The savage Ilum, and not less barbarous Frank;
A city which has open’d India’s wealth
To Europe; the last Roman refuge from
Overturning Attila; the ocean’s queen;
Pestilential Genoa’s prouder rival! ’Tis to sap
The throne of such a city, these lost men
Have risk’d and destined their worthless lives—
So let them die the death.

Israel Bertuccio.

We are prepared;
Your ranks have done that for us. Let us die.

Benintende.

If ye have that to say which would obtain
Abatement of your punishment, the Giunta
Will hear you; if you have ought to confess,
Now is your time, perhaps it may avail ye.

Israel Bertuccio.

We stand to hear, and not to speak.

Benintende.

Your crimes
Are fully proved by your accomplices,
And all which circumstance can add to aid them;
Yet we would hear from your own lips complete
Avowal of your treason; on the verge
Of that dread gulf which none repass, the truth
Alone can profit you on earth or heaven—
Say, then, what was your motive?

Israel Bertuccio.

Justice!

Benintende.

What

Your object?

Israel Bertuccio.

Freedom!

Benintende.

You are brief, sir.

Israel Bertuccio.

So my life grows:

Was bred a soldier, not a senator.

Benintende.

Perhaps you think by this blunt brevity
To brave your judges to postpone the sentence?

Israel Bertuccio.

Do you be brief as I am, and, believe me,
I shall prefer that mercy to your pardon.

Benintende.

Is this your sole reply to the tribunal?

Israel Bertuccio.

Go, ask your ranks what they have wrung from us,
Or place us there again; we have still some blood left,
And some slight sense of pain in these wrenched limbs:
But this ye dare not do; nor if we die there—
And you have left me little life to spend
Upon your engines, gorged with pangs already—
Ye lose the public spectracle with which
You would appeal your slaves to further slavery!
Grosses are not words, nor agony assent,
Nor affirmation truth, if nature’s sense
Should overcome the soul into a lie,
For a short respite—Must we bear or die?

Benintende.

Say, who were your accomplices?

Israel Bertuccio.

The senate

Benintende.

What do you mean?

Israel Bertuccio.

Ask of the suffering people,
Whom your patrician crimes have driven to crime.

Benintende.

You know the Doge?

Israel Bertuccio.

I served with him at Zara

In the field, when you were prevailing here your way
To present office; we exposed our lives,
While you but hazarded the lives of others,
Alike by accusation or defence;
And, for the rest, all Venice knows her Doge,
Through his great actions, and the senate’s insults.
BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS.

BENINTENDE.

You have held conference with him?

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

I am weary—

Even wearier of your questions than your tortures:
I pray you pass to judgment.

BENINTENDE.

It is coming—

And you, too, Philip Calendaro, what
Have you to say why you should not be doom'd?

CALENDARO.

Most true, it will do so,
A former application did so; but
It will not change my words, or, if it did—

BENINTENDE.

What then?

CALENDARO.

Will my avowal on your rack
Stand good in law?

BENINTENDE.

Assuredly.

CALENDARO.

Who'er

The culprit be whom I accuse of treason?

BENINTENDE.

Without doubt, he will be brought up to trial.

CALENDARO.

And on this testimony would he perish?

BENINTENDE.

So your confession be detail'd and full,
He will stand here in peril of his life.

CALENDARO.

Then look well to thy proud self, President!
For by the eternity which yawns before me,
I swear that thou, and only thou, shalt be
The traitor I denounce upon that rack,
If I be stretched there for the second time.

ONE OF THE GIUNTA.

Lord President, 't were best to proceed to judgment;
There is no more to be drawn from these men.

BENINTENDE.

Unhappy men! prepare for instant death.
The nature of your crime—our law—and peril
The state now stands in; leave not an hour's respite—
Guards! lead them forth, and upon the balcony
Of the red columns, where, on feastl Thursday, the
The Doge stands to behold the chase of bulls,
Let them be justified: and leave exposed
Their wavering lives, in the place of judgment,
To the full view of the assembled people!
And Heaven have mercy on their souls!

THE GIUNTA.

Amen!

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

Signors, farewell! we shall not all again
Meet in one place.

BENINTENDE.

And lest they should essay
To stir up the distracted multitude—
Guards! let their mouths be gagged, even in the act
Of execution. — Lead them hence!

CALENDARO.

What, must we
Not even say farewell to some fond friend,
Nor leave a last word with our confessor?

BENINTENDE.

A priest is waiting in the ante-chamber;
But, for your friends, such interviews would be
Painful to them, and useless all to you.

CALENDARO.

I knew that we were gag'd in life; at least,
All those who had not heart to risk their lives
Upon their open thoughts; but still I dens't
That, in the last few moments, the same idle
Freedom of speech accorded to the dying,
Would not now be denied to us; but since—

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

Even let them have their way, brave Calendaro
What matter a few syllables? let's die
Without the slightest show of favour from them;
So shall our blood more readily arise
To Heaven against them, and more testify
To their atrocities, than could a volume
Spoken or written of our dying words!
They tremble at our voices—may, they dread
Our very silence—let them live in fear!—
Leave them unto their thoughts, and let us now
Address our own above!—Lead on; we are ready.

CALENDARO.

Israel, hast thou but hearkn't unto me,
It had not now been thus; and ye pale villain,
The coward Bertram, would—

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

Peace, Calendaro!

What breaks it now to ponder upon this?

BERIAM.

Alas! I fear you died in peace with me:
I did not see this task; 'twas forced upon me:
Say, you forgive me, though I never can
Retrieve my own forgiveness—born not thus!

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

I die and pardon thee!

CALENDARO (spitting at him).

I die and scorn thee!

[Exeunt Israel Bertuccio and Philip Calendaro, Guards, etc.

BENINTENDE.

Now that these criminals have been disposed of,
'Tis time that we proceed to pass our sentence
Upon the greatest traitor upon record
In any courts, the Doge Faliero!
The proofs and process are complete; the time
And crime require a quick procedure; shall
He now be call'd in to receive the award?

THE GIUNTA.

Ay, ay.

BENINTENDE.

Avogadori, order that the Doge
Be brought before the council.

ONE OF THE GIUNTA.

And the rest,
When shall they be brought up?

BENINTENDE.

When all the clocks
Have been disposed of. Some have fled to Chiozza; But there are thousands in present of them, And such precaution taken on terra firma, As well as in the i-lands, that we hope None will escape to utter in strange lands
His illustrious tale of treason 'gainst the senate.
Enter the Doge as Prisoner, with Guaraz, etc. etc.

The Doge

Doge—for such still you are, and by the law Must be consider'd, till the hour shall come When you must doff the ducal bonnet from That head, which could not wear a crown more noble Than empires can confer, in quiet honour, But it must plot to overthrow your peers, Who made you what you are, and spew in blood A city's glory—we have laid already Before you in your chamber at full length, By the Avogados, all the proofs Which have appear'd against you; and more ample Never reared their sanguinary shadows to Confront a traitor. What have you to say In your defence?

Doge.

What shall I say to ye, Since my defence must be your condemnation? You are at once offenders and accusers, Judges and executioners!—Proceed Upon your power.

Beniende.

Your chief accomplices Having confess'd, there is no hope for you. And who be they?

Beniende.

In number they; but The first now stands before you in your court, Bertram, of Borgo, would you question him? 

Doge (looking at him contemptuously).

No. 

Beniende.

And two others, Israel Bertuccio, And Philip Calendario, have admitted Their fellowship in treason with the Doge! 

Doge. 

And where are they?

Beniende.

Gone to their place, and now Answering to Heaven for what they did on earth.

Doge.

Ah! the plebeian Brutus, is he gone? And the quick Cassius of the arsenal?— How did they meet their doom?

Beniende.

Think of your own; It is approaching. You decline to plead, then? 

Doge. 

I cannot plead to my inferiors, nor Can recognize your legal power to try me: Show me the law!

Beniende.

On great emergencies, The law must be remold'd or amended: Our fathers had not fix'd the punishment Of such a crime, as on the old Roman tables The sentence against pericide was left In pure forgetfulness; they could not render That penalty, which had neither name nor thought In their great bosoms; who would have foreseen That nature could be filed to such a crime As some 'gainst sires, and princes 'gainst their realms? Your sin hath made us lose a law which will Become a precedent 'gainst such haughty traitors, As would with treason mount to tyranny; Not even contented with a sceptre, till They can overturn it to a two-edged sword! Was not the place of Doge sufficient for ye? What's nobler than the signory of Venice?

Doge.

The signory of Venice! You betray 'me— You—you, who sit there, traitors as ye are! From my equality with you in birth, And my superiority in action, You draw me from my honourable toils In distant lands—in flood—in field—in cities— You singled me out like a victim, to Stand crowd'd, but bound and helpless, at the altar Where you alone could minister. I knew not— I sought not—wish'd not—dream'd not the election, Which reach'd me first at Rome, and I obey'd; But found, on my arrival, that besides The jealout vigilance which always led you To mock and mar your sovereign's best intents, You had, even in the interregnum of My journey to the capital, curtail'd And mutilated the few privileges Yet left the duke: all this I bore, and would Have borne, until my very heart was stain'd By the pollution of your ribaldry, And he, the ribald, whom I see amongst you— 

Put judge in such tribunal! —

Beniende (interrupting him).

Michel Steno

Is here in virtue of his office, as One of the Forty; "The Ten" having erazed A Guanta of patriots from the senate To aid our judgment in a trial arduous And novel as the present, he was set Free from the penalty pronounced upon him, Because the Doge, who should protect the law, Seek'd to abrogate all law, can claim No punishment of others by the statutes Which he himself denies and violates!

Doge.

His punishment! I rather see him there, Where he now sits, to glut him with my death, Than in the mockery of castigation, Which your foul, outward, jugglery show of justice Decreed as sentence! Base as was his crime, 'Twas purity compared with your protection.

Beniende.

And can it be, that the great Doge of Venice, With three parts of a century and honours on his head, could thus allow His fury, like an angry boy's, to master All feeling, wisdom, faith, and fear, on such A provocation as a young man's petulance?

Doge.

A spark creates the flame; 'tis the last drop Which makes the cup run o'er, and mine was full Already; you oppress'd the prince and people; I would have freed both, and have faul't in both. The price of such success would have been glory, Vengeance, and victory, and such a name As would have made Venetian history Rival to that of Greece and Syracuse, When they were freed, and flouris'd ages after, And mine to Gecon and to Thrasybulus: Failing, I know the penalty of failure Is present infamy and death—the future Will judge, when Venice is no more, or free; Till then, the truth is in abeyance. Pause not; I would have shown no mercy, and I seek none; My life was staked upon a mighty hazard, And being lost, take what I would have taken! I would have stood alone amidst your tombs; Now you may flock round mine, and trample on it, As you have done upon my heart while living
BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS.

BENINTENDE.
You do confess then, and admit the justice
Of our tribunal?

DOGE.
I confess to have fail'd:
Fortune is female; from my youth her favours
Were not withheld; the fault was mine to hope
Her former smiles again at this late hour.

BENINTENDE.
You do not then in aught arraign our equity?

DOGE.
Noble Venetians! sin me not with questions,
I am resign'd to the worst; but in me still
Have something of the blood of brighter days,
And am not over-patient. Pray you, spare me
Further interrogation, which boots nothing,
Except to turn a trial to debate.
I shall but answer that which will offend you,
And please your enemies—a host already:
'T is true, these sudden walls should yield no echo;
But walls have ears—day, more, they have tongues;
and if
There were no other way for truth to o'erleap them,
You who condemn me, you who fear and slay me,
Yet could not hear in silence to your graves
What you would hear from me of good or evil;
The secret were too mighty for your sons:
Then let it sleep in mine, unless you court
A danger which would double that you escape.
Such my defence would be, had I full scope
To make it famous; for true words are things,
And dying men's are things which long outlive,
And oftentimes avenge them; bury mine,
If ye would fain survive me: take this counsel,
And though too oft ye made me live in wrath,
Let me die calmly; you may grant me this;—
I deny nothing—defend nothing—nothing
I ask of you, but silence for myself,
And sentence from the court!

BENINTENDE.
This full admission
Spares us the harsh necessity of ordering
The torture to elicit the whole truth.

DOGE.
The torture! you have put me there already
Daily since I was Doge; but if you will
Add the corporal rack, ye may; these limits
Will yield with age to crushing iron; but
There's that within my heart shall strain your engines.

Enter an Officer.

OFFICER.
Noble Venetians! Duchess Failero
Requests admission to the Giunta's presence.

BENINTENDE.
Say, conscript fathers, shall she be admitted?

ONE OF THE GIUNTA.
She may have revelations of importance
Unto the state, to justify compliance
With her request.

BENINTENDE.
Is this the general will?

ALL.
It is.

DOGE.
Oh, admirable laws of Venice!
Such would admit the wife, in the full hope
That she might testify against the husband.
What glory to the chaste Venetian dames!
But such blasphemers against all honour, as
Sit here, do well to act in their vocation.

Now, villain嵊! if this woman fail,
I'll pardon thee thy lie, and thy escape.

The Duchess enters.

BENINTENDE.
Lady! this just tribunal has resolved,
Though the request be strange, to grant it, and,
Whatever be its purport, to accord
A patient hearing with the due respect
Which fits your ancestry, your rank, and virtues
But you turn pale—ho! there, look to the lady!
Place a chair instantly,

ANGIOLINA.
A moment's faintness—
'Tis past; I pray you pardon me, I sit not
In presence of my prince, and of my husband,
While he is on his feet.

BENINTENDE.
Your pleasure, lady?

ANGIOLINA.
Strange rumours, but must true, if all I hear
And see be sooth, have reach'd me, and I come
To know the worst; even at the worst; forgive
The abruptness of my entrance and my bearing,
Is it—I cannot speak—I cannot shape
The question—but you answer it ere spoken,
With eyes averted, and with gloomy brows—
Oh God! this is the silence of the grave!

BENINTENDE (after a pause).
Spare us, and spare thyself the re-iteration
Of our most awful, but in excorable
Duty to Heaven and man!

ANGIOLINA.
Yet speak; I cannot—
I cannot—no—even now believe these things;
Is he condemn'd?

BENINTENDE.
Aias!

ANGIOLINA.
And was he guilty?

BENINTENDE.
Lady! the natural distraction of
Thy thoughts at such a moment makes the question
Merit forgiveness; else a doubt like this
Against a just and paramount tribunal
Were deep offence. But question even the Doge;
And if he can deny the proofs, believe him
Guiltless as thy own bosom.

ANGIOLINA.
Is it so?
My lord—my sovereign—my poor father's friend—
The mighty in the field, the sage in council;
Unsay the words of this man!—Thou art silent!

BENINTENDE.
He hath already own'd to his own guilt,
Nor, as thou seest, doth he deny it now.

ANGIOLINA.
Ay, but he must not die! Spare his few years,
Which grief and shame will soon cut down to days,
One day of baffled crime must not efface
Near sixteen lustres crowded with brave acts.

BENINTENDE.
His doom must be fulfilled without remission
Of time or penalty—'tis a decree.

ANGIOLINA.
He hath been guilty, but there may be mercy.

BENINTENDE.
Not in this case with justice.

ANGIOLINA.
Aias! sigh!
He who is only just is cruel; who
Upon the earth would live, were all pulsed justly?
BENVENIDE.
His punishment is safety to the state.

ANGIOLINA.
He was a subject, and hath served the state:
He was your general, and hath saved the state;
He is your sovereign, and hath ruled the state.

ONE OF THE COUNCIL.
He is a traitor, and betray'd the state.

ANGIOLINA.
And, but for him, there now had been no state
To save or to destroy; and you, who sit
There to pronounce the death of your deliverer,
Had now been groaning at a Moslem ear,
Or digging in the Humiliates in flters.

ONE OF THE COUNCIL.
No, lady, there are others who would die
Rather than breathe in slavery!

ANGIOLINA.
If there are so
Within these walls, thou art not one of the number:
The truly brave are generous to the fallen:—
Is there no hope?

BENVENIDE.
Lady, it cannot be.

ANGIOLINA (turning to the Doga)l.
Then die, Faliero! since it must be so;
But with the spirit of my father's friend.
Thou hast been guilty of a great offence.
Half-cancell'd by the harshness of these men.
I would have said to them—have pray'd to them—
Have begg'd as faithful menlicants for bread—
Have wept as they will cry unto their God
For mercy, and he answer'd as they answer—
Had it been fitting for thy name or mine,
And if the cruelty in their cold eyes
Had not announced the heartless wrath within.
Then, as a prince, address thee to thy doom!

DOGE.
I have lived too long not to know how to die!
 Thy singing to these men were but the beating
Of the lamb to the butcher, or the cry
Of seamen to the surge: I would not take
A life eternal, granted at the hands
Of wretches, from whose monstrous villanies
I sought to free the groaning nations!

MICHEL STENO.
Doge,
A word with thee, and with this noble lady,
Whom I have grievously offended. Would
Sorrow, or shame, or penance on my part,
Could cancel the inexorable past?
But since that cannot be, as Christians let us
Say farewel, and in peace: with full contrition
I crave, not pardon, but compassion from you,
And give, however weak, my prayers for both.

ANGIOLINA.
Sage Benviende, now chief judge of Venice,
I beseech thee in answer to you signor,
Inform the rash Steno, that his words
Never weigh'd in mind with Loreldano's daughter.
Further than to create a moment's pity
For such as he is; would that others had
Despised him as I pity! I prefer
My honour to a thousand lives, could such
Be multiplied in mine, but would not have
A single life of others lost for that
Which nothing human can impugn—the sense
Of virtue, looking not to what is called
A good name for reward, but to itself.
To me the scourer's wrongs were as the wind

Unto the rock: but as there are—alas!
Spirits more sensitive, on which such things
Light as the whirlwind on the waters; souls
To whom dishonour's shadow is a substance
More terrible than death here and hereafter;
Men whose vice is, to start at vice's scolding,
And who, though proof against all blashphemies,
Of pleasure, and all pangs of pain, are feeble
When the proud name on which they pummelled
Their hopes is breathed on, jealous as the eagle
Of her high airy; let what we now
Beloved, and feel, and suffer, be a lesson
To wretches how they tamper in their spleen
With beings of a higher order. Insects
Have made the lion mad ere now; a shaft
I the heele o'erthrow the bravest of the brave,
A wife's dishonour was the bane of Troy;
A wife's dishonour mak'dg Rome for ever;
An injured husband brought the Gauls to Clusium,
And thence to Rome, which perish'd for a time;
An obscure gesture cost Caligula
His life, while earth yet bore his crutches;
A virgin's wrong made Spain a Moorish province;
And Steno's lie, couched in two worthless lines,
Hath decimated Venice, put in peril
A senate which hath stood eight hundred years,
Discour'd a prince, cut off his croessless head,
And forged new fetters for a groaning people!
Let the poor wretch, like to the courtesan
Who fired Persopolis, be proud of this,
It so pleas'd him—'twere a pride fit for him!
But let him not insult the last hours of
Him, who, whilst he now is, was a hero,
By the intrusion of his very prayers;
Nothing of good can come from such a source,
Nor would we aught with him, nor now, nor ever.
We leave him to himself, that lowest depth
Of human baseness. Pardon is for men,
And not for reptil's—we have none for Steno,
And no resentment; things like him must sting,
And higher beings suffer; 'tis the charter
Of life. The man who dies by the adder's fang
May have the crawler crush'd, but feels no anger;
'T was the worm's nature; and some men are worm
In soul, more than the living things of tombs.

DOGE (to BENVENIDE).
Signor, complete that which you deem your duty.

BENVENIDE.
Before we can proceed upon that duty,
We would request the princess to withdraw;
'T will move her too much to be witness to it.

ANGIOLINA.
I know it will, and yet I must endure it;
For 'tis a part of mine—I will not quit,
Except by force, my husband's side.—Proceed!
Nav, fear not other shriek, or sigh, or tear;
Though my heart burst, it shall be silent.—Spoke!
I have that within which shall o'ermaster all.

BENVENIDE.
Marino Faliero, Doge of Venice,
Count of Val di Marino, Senator,
And sometime General of the Fleet and Army,
Noble Venetian, many times and oft
Entrusted by the state with high employments,
Even to the highest, listen to the sentence.
Convict by many witnesses and proofs,
And by thine own confession, of the guilt!
Of treachery and treason, yet unheard of;
Until this trial—the decree is death.
Thy goods are confiscate unto the state.
Thy name is rased from out her records, save
Upon a public day of thanksgiving,
For in our most miraculous deliverance,
Wh a tion art noted in our calendars
With earthquakes, pestilence, and foreign foes,
And the great enemy of man, as subject
Of grateful masses for Heaven's grace in snatching
Our lives and country from thy wickedness.
The place wherein as Doge thou shouldst be painted,
With thine illustrious predecessors, is
to be left vacant, with a death-black veil
Pung over these dim words engraved beneath,—
"This place is of Marino Faliero,
Decapitated for his crimes."

**DOGE.**

*What crimes?*

Were it not better to record the facts,
So that the contemplator might approve,
Or at the least learn *where* the crimes arose?
When the beholder knows a Doge conspired,
Let him be told the cause—it is your history.

**BENINTENDE.**

Time must reply to that; our sons will judge
Their fathers' judgment, which I now pronounce.
As Doge, clad in the ducal robes and cap,
Shall thou be led hence to the Giant's Staircase,
Where thou and all our princes are invested;
And there, the ducal crown being first resumed
Upon the spot where it was first assumed,
Thy head shall be struck off; and Heaven have mercy
Upon thy soul!

**DOGE.**

Is this the Giunta's sentence?

**BENINTENDE.**

It is.

**DOGE.**

I can endure it.—And the time?

**BENINTENDE.**

May be immediate.—Make thy peace with God;
Within an hour thou must be in his presence.

**DOGE.**

I am already; and my blood will rise
To Heaven before the souls of those who shed it.
Are all my lands confiscated?

**BENINTENDE.**

They are:

And goods, and jewels, and all kind of treasure,
Except two thousand ducats—these dispose of.

**DOGE.**

That's harsh—I would have fain reserved the lands
Near to Treviso, which I hold by investment
From Laurence, the Count-bishop of Ceneda,
In fee perpetual to myself and heirs,
To portion them (leaving my city spoil,
My palace and my treasures, to your forfeit)
Between my consort and my kinsmen.

**BENINTENDE.**

These

Lie under the state's ban, their chief, thy nephew,
In peril of his own life; but the council
Postpones his trial for the present. If
Thou wilt a state unto thy widow'd princess,
Fear not, for we will do her justice.

**ANGIOLINA.**

Signors,

I shun not in your spoil! From henceforth, know*
I am devoted unto God alone,
And take my refuge in the cloister.

**DOGE.**

Come!

The hour may be a hard one, but 'twill end.

Have I ought else to undergo save death?

**BENINTENDE.**

You have sought to do except confess and die.
The priest is robbed, the scissors is bare,
And both await without.—But, above all,
Think not to speak unto the people; they
Are now by thousands swarming at the gates,
But these are closed: the Ten, the Avogador,
The Giunta, and the chief men of the Forty,
Alone will be beholders of thy doom,
And they are ready to attend the Doge.

**DOGE.**

The Doge!

**BENINTENDE.**

Yes, Doge, thou hast lived and thou shalt be
A sovereign; till the moment which precedes
The separation of that head and trunk,
That ducal crown and head shall be united.
Thou hast forgot thy dignity in designing
To joint with petty traitors; not so we,
Who in the very punishment acknowledge
The prince. Thy vile accomplices have died
The dog's death, and the wolf's; but thou shalt fall,
As falls the lion by the hunters, girl
By those who feel a proud compassion for thee,
And mourn even the inevitable death
Provoked by thy wild wrath and regal fierceness.
Now we remit thee to thy preparation:
Let it be brief, and we ourselves will
Thy guides unto the place where first we were
United to thee as thy subjects, and
Thy senate; and must now be parted from thee
As such for ever on the selfsame spot.—
Guards! form the Doge's escort to his chamber.

[Exeunt.]

**SCENE II.**

The Doge's Apartment.

**The Doge as prisoner, and the Duchess attending him.**

**DOGE.**

Now that the priest is gone, 't were useless all
To linger out the miserable minutes;
But one pang more the pang of parting from thee,
And I will leave the few last grains of sand,
Which yet remain of the accursed hour,
Still falling—I have done with Time.

**ANGIOLINA.**

Ahas! And I have been the cause, the unconscious cause;
And for this funeral marriage, this black union,
Which thou, compliant with my father's wish,
Didst promise at his death, thou hast seal'd thine own
Doom.

Not so; there was that in my spirit ever
Which shaped out for itself some great reverse;
The marv'lous is, it came not until now—
And yet it was foretold me.

**ANGIOLINA.**

How foretold you?

**DOGE.**

Long years ago—so long, they are a doubt
In memory, and yet they live in annals;
When I was in my youth, and served the Senate
And signory as podesta and capitam
Of the town of Treviso, on a day
Of festival, the singular bishop who
Convey'd the Host aroused my rash young anger,
By strange delay, and arrogant reply
To my reproof; I raised my hand and smote him,
Until he red'd beneath his holy burthen;
And as he rose from earth again, he raised
His tremendous hands in pious wrath towards Heaven.
Then, in midst of the Host, which had fallen from him,
He turned to me, and said, "The hour will come
When He shall cast overthrown shall overthrow thee:
The glory shall depart from out thy house,
The wisdom shall be shaken from thy soul,
And in thy best manner of mind,
A madness of the heart shall seize upon thee;
Pass on shall tear thee when all poisonous come
In other men, or mellow into virtues;
And majesty, which decks all other heads,
Shall crown to beare thee headless; honor shall
But prove to thee the heralds of destruction,
And heavy hairs of shame, and both of death,
But not such death as fits an aged man.
Thus saying, he pass'd on.—That hour is come.

ANGIOLINA.

And with this warning couldst thou not have striven
To avert the fatal moment, and avert
By penitence for that which thou hast done?

DOGE.

I own the words went to my heart, so much
That I remember'd them amid the maze
Of life, as if they form'd a spectral voice,
Which shook me in a supernatural dream;
And I repeated; but I was not for me
To pull in resolution: what must be
I could not change, and would not fear. Nay, more,
Thou cannot not have forgot what all remember,
That on my day of landing here as Doge,
On my return from Rome, a mast of such
Unwonted density went on before
The birencourt, like the columnal cloud
Which usher'd Israel out of Egypt, till
The pilot was misted, and discern'd us
Between the pillars of Saint Mark's, when this
The custom of the state to put to death
Its criminals, instead of touching at
The Kiva delta Paglia, as the went is,—
So that all Venice shudder'd at the omen.

ANGIOLINA.

Ah! little boots it now to recolect
Such things.

DOGE.

And yet I find a comfort in
The thought that these things are the work of Fate;
For I would rather yield to gods than men,
Or cling to any creed of destiny,
Rather than deem these mortals, most of whom
I know to be as worthless as the dust,
And weak as worthless, more than instruments
Of an over-ruling power; they in themselves
Were all incapable—they could not be
Victors of him who all had conquer'd for them!

ANGIOLINA.

Employ the minutes left in aspirations
Of a more healing nature, and in peace
Even with these wretches take thy flight to heaven.

DOGE.

I am at peace: the peace of certainty
That a sure hour will come, when their sons' sons,
And this proud city, and these azure waters,
And all which makes them eminent and bright,
Shall be a desolation and a curse,
A hissing and a scoff unto the nations,
A Cartagia, and a Tyre, an Ocean-Babel!

ANGIOLINA.

Speak not thus now: the surge of passion still
Sweeps over thee to the last; thou dost deceive
Thyself and cannot not misplace—be calm.

DOGE.

I stand within eternity, and see
Into eternity, and I behold—
Ay, palpable as I see thy sweet face
For the last time—the days which I desecrate
Unto all time against these wave-built walls,
And they who are indwellers.

GUARD (coming forward).

The Ten are in attendance on your highness.

DOGE.

Then farewell, Angiolina!—one embrace—
Forgive the old man who hath been to thee
A food but fatal husband—love my memory—
I would not ask so much for me as living,
But thou canst judge of me more kindly now,
Seeing my evil feelings are at rest.
Besides, of all the fruit of these long years,
Glory, and wealth, and power, and fame, and name,
Which generally leave some flowers to bloom
Even o'er the grave, I have nothing left, not even
A little love, or friendship, or esteem,
No, not enough to extract an epitaph
From ostentatious kinsmen; in one hour
I have uprooted all my former life,
And outlived every thing, except thy heart,
The pure, the good, the gentle, which will oft
With unimpaired but not a climorous grief
Still keen—Thou turn'st so pale—Ah! she faints,
She hath no breath, no pulse! Guards! lend your aid—
I cannot leave her thus, and yet 'tis better,
Surely every lifeless moment spares a pang.
When she shakes off this temporary death,
I shall be with the Eternal—Call her women—
One look!—how cold her hand! as cold as mine
Shall be ere she recovers.—Gently tend her,
And take my last thanks.—I am ready now.

[The attendants of Angiolina enter and surround their mistress, who looks fainting.

Exeunt the Doge, Guards, etc., etc.

SCENE III.

The Court of the Ducal Palace: the outer gates are
shot against the people.—The Doge enters in his
ducal robes, in procession with the Council of Ten
and other Patricians, attended by the Guards, till
they arrive at the top of the "Giant's Staircase"
(where the Doges took the oaths); the Elevation
is performed there with his sword. On arriving, a
Chief of the Ten takes off the ducal cap from the
Doge's head.

DOGE.

So, now the Doge is nothing, and at last
I am again Marino Faliero:
'Tis well to be so, though but for a moment.
Here was I crown'd, and here, bear witness, Heaven!
With all much more contumadence I resign
That shining mockery, the ducal bauble,
Than I received the fatal ornament.

ONE OF THE TEN.

Thou trembling, Faliero!

DOGE.

'Tis with age, then.

RENIPSTEDE.

Faliero! hast thou sought further to command,
Compatible with justice, to the senate?

DOGE.

I would command my nephew to their mercy,
My consort to their justice; for methinks
My death, and such a death, might settle all 
Between the state and me. 

Benintende. 
They shall be cared for; 

Even notwithstanding thine unheard-of crime. 

Doge. 
Unheard-of? ay, there's not a history 
But shows a thousand -own'd conspirators 
Against the people; but to set them free 
One sovereign only died, and one is dying. 

Benintende. 
And who are they who fell in such a cause? 

Doge. 
The King of Sparta, and the Doge of Venice— 
Agis and Faliero! 

Benintende. 
Hast thou more 
Toutier or to do? 

Doge. 
May I speak? 

Benintende. 
Thou may's , 
But recollect the people are without, 
Beyond the compass of the human voice. 

Doge. 
I speak; 'tis Time and to Eternity, 
Of which I grow a portion, not to man. 
Ye elements! in which to be resolved 
I hasten, let my voice be as a spirit 
Upon you! Ye blue waves! which bore my banner! 
Ye winds! which flutter'd o'er as if you loved it, 
And fill'd my swelling sails as they were warft 
To many a triumph! Then, my native earth, 
Which I have bid for, and thou foreign earth, 
Which drank this willing blood from many a wound! 
Ye stones, in which my gore will not sink, but 
Rock up to Heaven! Ye skies, which will receive it! 
Thou sun! which shonest on these things, and Thou! 
Who kindliest and who quaintest suns!—Attest! 
I am not innocent—but are these guiltless? 
I perish, but not avenged;—far ages 
Float up from the abyss of time to be, 
And show these eyes, before they close, the doom 
Of this prof'd city, and I leave my curse 
On her and hers for ever:—Yes, the hours 
Are silently engrossing of the day, 
When she who built 'gainst Attila a bulwark, 
Shall yield, and how fiercely and basely yield 
Unto a bastard Attila, without 
Sobbing so much blood in her last defence 
As these old veins, of drain'd in shielding her, 
Shall pour in sacrifice.—She shall be bought 
And sold, and be an appendage to those 
Who shall despise her!—She shall stoop to be 
A province for an emperor, petty town 
In lieu of capital, with slaves for senate, 
Beggars for r -les, panders for a people. 

Then, when the Helen's in thy palaces, 
The Hun in thy high places, and the Greek 
Walks o'er th' vast mart, and smiles on it for his! 
When thy patricians beg their bitter bread 
In narrow streets, and in their shamefull need 
Make their nobility a plea for pity! 
Then, when few who still retain a wreck 
Of their great fathers' heritage shall fawn 
And a barbarian Vice of Kings' Vicegerent 
Even in the palace where they sway'd as sovereigns, 
Even in the palace where they show their sovereign, 
Bound of some name they have disgraced, or sprung 
From an adm'rs boastful of her guilt 
With some large gondolier or foreign sol'ler, 
Shall bear about their bastardy in triumph 
To the third spurious generation;—no 
Thy sons are in the lowest scale of being, 
Saves turn'd o'er to the vamphi'd by the victors, 
Despised by cowards for greater cowardice, 
And scorn'd even by the vicious for such vices 
As in the monstrous grasp of their conception 
Deify all codes to image or to name them; 
Then, when of Cyprus, now thy subject kingdom, 
All thine inheritance shall be her shame 
Rank'd on thy less virtuous daughters, grown 
A wider proverb for worse prostitution;— 
When all the ill of conquer'd states shall cling u'ce, 
Vice without splendour, sin without relief 
Even from the gloss of love to smooth it o'er, 
But in its stead coarse lusts of latitude, 
Prurient yet passionless, cold studied lewdness, 
Depraving nature's frailty to an art;— 
When these and more are heavy on thee, when 
Smiles without mirth, and pastimes without pleasure, 
Youth without honour, age without respect, 
Meanness and weakness, and a sense of wo 
'Gainst which thou wilt not strive, anddar'st not murmur 
Have made thee last and worst of peopled deserts; 
Then, in the last gasp of thine agony, 
Amidst thy many murders, think of mine! 
Then den of drunkards with the blood of princes! 

Geheima of the waters! thou sea S-dom! 
Thus I devote thee to the infernal go's; 
Thee and thy serpent seed! 

[Here the Doge turns, and addresses the Ex- 
cutioner. 
Slave, do thine office; 
Strike as I strike the foe! Strike as I would 
Have struck those tyrants! Strike deep as my curse 
Strike—and but once! 

[The Doge throws himself upon his scaxe, 
and as the Executioner raises his sword 
the scene closes. 

SCENE IV. 
The Piazza and Piazzetta of St Mark's.—The Peo- 
ples in crowds gathered round the grated gates of the 
Ducal Palace, which are shut. 

First Citizen. 
I have gain'd the gate, and can discern the Ten, 
Robed in their gowns of state, ranged round the Doge. 

Second Citizen. 
I cannot reach thee with mine utmost effort, 
How is it? let us hear at least, since sight 
Is thus prohibited unto the people, 
Except the occupiers of those bars. 

First Citizen. 
One has approach'd the Doge, and now they strip 
The ducal bonnet from his head—and now 
He raises his keen eyes to heaven. I see 
Them glitter, and his lips move—Hush! hush! No, 
'Twas but a murmur—Curse upon the distance! 
His words are inarticulate, but the voice 
Swells up like mutter , thunder; would we could 
But gather a sole sentence! 

Second Citizen. 
Hush! we perhaps may catch the sound, 

First Citizen. 
'Tis vain. 

First Citizen. 
I cannot hear him.—How his hoary hair 
Streams on the wind like foam upon the wave! 
Now—now—he kneels—and now they form a circle
Round him, and all is hidden—but I see
The luted sword in air—Ah! hark! it falls!
[The people murmur.]

THIRD CITIZEN.
Then they have murdered him who would have freed us.

FOURTH CITIZEN.
He was a kind man to the commons ever.

FIFTH CITIZEN.
Woe! they did to keep their portals shut'st.
Would we had known the work they were preparing
Ere we were summon'd here; we would have brought
Weapons, and forced them!

SIXTH CITIZEN.
Are you sure he's dead?

FIRST CITIZEN.
I saw the sword fall—Lo! what have we here?
[Enter on the Balcony of the Palace which fronts Saint
Mark's Place a CHIEF OF THE TEN, with a bloody
sward. He waves it three before the people, and
exclaims,

"Justice hath dealt upon the mighty traitor!"

[The gates are opened; the populace rush in towards
the "Giant's Staircase," where the execution has
taken place. The foremost of them exclaims to
those behind,
The gory head rolls down the "Giant's steps!"
[The curtain falls.]

NOTES.

Note 1. Page 51, line 2.
I smote the tardy bishop at I reviso.
A historical fact. See Marino Sanuto's Lives of the
Doge.

Note 2. Page 52, line 17.
A gondola with one oar only.
A gondola is not like a common boat, but is as easily
rowed with one oar as with two (though of course not
so swifly), and often is so from motives of privacy, and
(since the decay of Venice) of economy.

They think themselves
Encaged in secret to the Signory.
A historical fact.

Within our palace precincts at San Polo.
The Doge's private family palace.

Note 5. Page 164, line 31.
"Signor of the Night."
"I Signori di Notte" held an important charge in
he old Republic.

Festal Thursday.
"Giovanni Grasso," or fat or greasy Thursday," which
I cannot literally translate in the text, was the day.

Note 7. Page 174, line 32.
Gauda! let their mouths be gagg'd, even in the act.
Histo cal fer. See Sanuto, in the appendix to this
tragedy.

Say, conceit fathers, shall she be admitted?
The Venetian senate took the same title as the Ro-
man, of "Conceit Fathers."

"Ts a with age, then
This was the actual reply of Bailly, mayor of Paris, to
a Frenchman who made him the same reproach on his
way to execution, in the earliest part of their revolution,
I find in reading over (since the completion of this
tragedy), for the first time these six years, "Venice
Preserved," a similar reply on a different occasion by
Renardi, and other coincidences arising from the sub-
ject. I need hardly remind the gentle reader, that
such coincidences must be accidental, from the very
fidelity of their detection by reference to so popular a
play on the stage and in the closet as O'way's chef-
d'œuvre.

Beggar for nobles, porter for a people.
Should the dramatic picture seem harsh, let the
reader look to the historical, of the period prophesied,
or rather of the few years preceding that period. Vol-
ume calculated their "nostre benemerite Moretreni,
"at twelve thousand of regulars, without including vol-
unteers and local militia, on what authority I know not
but it is perhaps the only part of the population not
decreased. Venice now contained two hundred-thous-
sand inhabitants; there are now about fifty thou-
sand, and these! Few individuals can conceive, and
none could describe the actual state into which the
more than internal tyranny of Austria has plunged this
unhappy city.

Then, when the Hebrew's in thy palaces
The chief palaces on the Brenta now belong to the
Jews; who, in the earlier times of the Republic, were
only allowed to inhabit Mostri, and not to enter the
city of Venice. The whole commerce is in the hands of the
Jews and Greeks, and the Huns form the gar-
risson.

Then den of drunkards with the blood of princes!
Of the first fifty Doges, five abjured—five were
bannished with their eyes put out—five were massa-cree
—and nine deposed; so that nineteen out of sixty lost
the throne by violence, besides two who fell in battle:
this occurred long previous to the reign of Marino
Faliero. One of his more immediate predecessors, An-
drea Danfiddo, died of vexation. Marino Faliero him-
self perished as related. Amongst his successors, Poi-
carli, after seeing his son repeatedly tortured and ban-
nished, was deposed, and died of breaking a blood-
vessel, on hearing the bell of Saint Mark's tol'd for the
election of his successor. Morosini was impeached for
the loss of Candia; but this was previous to his disa-
com, during which he conquered the Morea, and
was styled the Poloponnesian. Faliero might truly say,
Then den of drunkards with the blood of princes!'

Note 13. Page 201, line 18.
Chief of the Ten.
"Un Capo de' i Ted" are the word of Sanuto's
Chronicle.
APPENDIX.

I.

MCCCLIV.

MARINI FALIERO DOGE XLIX.


"Il Trattato di Messer Marino Faliero Doge, tratto da un Catone Lucca. Essendo venuto il Giudice della Caccia, fu fatta giusta il solito la Caccia. E a quel tenori dopo fatta la Caccia s'andava in Palazzo del Doge in una di quelle sale, e con donne facevansi una festa, disove si ballava fino alla prima campana, e veniva una colazione; la quale apesa facevase Messer lo Doge, quando v'era la Dogareasa. E poscia tutti andavano a casa sua. Sopra la qual festa, pare, che Ser Michele Steno, molto giovane e povero gentiluomo, ma ardentissimo e astuto, il quale era immunaro in certa donzella della Dogareasa, essendo sul Solaco appresso lo donno, facevsse cert'atto non convenevole, adove che il Doge commando ch'è fosse battuto giù dal Solaco. E così quegli scelleri del Doge lo spinsero giù del Solaco. Laonde a Ser Michele parese, che fosseget stata fatta troppo grande ignominia. E non considerando altramente il fine, ma sopra quella pasione fornitò la festa, e andar
dì tutti via, quella notte egli andò, e sulla cattedra, dove sedeva il Doge nella Sala dell'Udienza (perché allora i Dagi non tenevano panno di seta sopra la cadera, ma sollevano in una cadera di legno) seresse alcune parole disoneste del Doge e della Dogareasa, ove: Marino Faliero dalla detta moglie: Altri la guard, ed egli la scanda. E la mattina furono vedute tali parole scritte, e per una brutta cosa. E per la Signora fu con messa la cosa agli Avvocatori del Comune con grande efficacia. I quali Avvogadori subito dicendo taglia grande per venire in chiaro della verità di che aveva scritto tal lettera. E finiro se, perché, di Michele Steno avvalse scritte. E fu per il Quaranta presso di rettorio; e rimanètto conferì con che, che in quella passione d'essere stato spinto giù dal Solaco, presente la sua amante, egli aveva scritto. Onere per fu placato nel detto Consiglio, e parve al Consiglio si per rispetto all' egli, come per la caldezza d'amore, di condannarlo a compiere due mesi in prigione serrato, e poi ch'è fosse bandito di Venezia e dal distretto per un' anno. Per la qual condannazione tanto piccola il Doge non prese grande vedere, povero che non fosse stata fatta quella estimazione della cosa, che ricercava la sua dignità del Ducato. E dieva, ch'egli dovevano averlo fatto aparecchio per la gola, o saltava bandirlo in perpetuo da Venezia. E perché (quando dove succedeva un' effetto) è necessario che vi concorra la cagionc a fare tale effetto) era destato, che a Messer Marino Doge fosse tagliata la testa, perciò osse- corre, che entrata la Quarinesi il giorno dopo che fu condannato il detto Ser Michele Steno, un gentiluomo da Ca Barbaro, di natura colerica, andasse all' Arsenule, domandasse certe cose ai Padroni, ed era alla presenza de' Seguori l' Annunziaggio dell Arsenule. Il quale intesa la domanda, disse, che non si poteva fare. Qual gentiluomo venne a parola col Annunziaggio, e diedegli un pugno su un' ocehio. E perché aveva un'anello in dito, col' anello gli ripone la pelle, e feco sangue. E l' Annunziaggio così battuto e inaneggiato andò al Doge a lamentarsi, acciocché il Doge facessi fare grand purissione contro il detto da Ca Barbaro: Il Doge disse: Che vuol che ti facano? Guarda le ignominiose parole scritte di te, e il modo che è stato parlo quel ribalbo di Michele Steno.
MARINO FALIERO.

che le scrive. E quale attimo hanno i Quaranta fatto della persona a sta? Lanciale l’Ammiraglio gli disse: Messer la Doge, se voi volete farvi Signore, e fare tagliare tutti questi trecchi gentiluomini a pezzi, mi basta l’ordine da voi dato, il farvi Signore di questa Terra. E allora va poteste costituire tutto questo. Inteso questo, il Doge disse, Come si può fare una simile cosa? E così entrarono in ragionamento in altro buoni uomini, e mandassero a casa de’ capi di congiurati, ut supra mettessero loro e mai abbandonati. E tolti i detti le Maestredie dell’Arsenale, accennando provisioni de’ congiurati non potessero offenderli. E si ridissero in Palazzo verso la sera. Di rivedi fecero serrare le porte della corte del Palazzo. E mandarono a ordinare al campanaro, che non suonasse le campane. E così fu eseguito, e messi le mani ad esse a tutti i nominati di sopra, furono quei condotti a Palazzo. E veleggiò il Consiglio de’ Dici, che il Doge era nella corte del Palazzo, presso a ché egli e’ primari della Terra, di giunta al detto Consiglio a consigliar, per non che potessero mettere palolett.

verso il Canale. E altri presi furono lasciati, perchè sentirono il fatto, ma non vi furono tal che fu loro dato ad intendere per questi capi, che venissero colt' armi, per prendere alcuni malfattori in servigio della Signoria, nè altro saputo. Fu ancor liberato Niccolò Alberto, Guardiaga, e Bartolommeo Cirinola, e suo figliuolo, e molti altri, che non erano in colpa.

E a 16 d'Aprile, giorno di Venerdì, fu sentenzio nell' detto Consiglio de' Dieci, di tagliare la testa a Messer Marino Faliero Doge sul poto della scia di pietra, dove i Dogi girarono il primo sagramento, quando montano prima in Palazzo. E così serrato il Palazzo, la mattina seguente a ora di terza, fu tagliata la testa al detto Doge a 17 d' Aprile. E prima la berretta fu tolta di testa al detto Doge, avanti che venisse già dalla scala. E comperita la giustizia, pare che un Capo de' Decci andasse alle Colonne del Palazzo sopra la Piazza, e mostrasse la spada insanguinata a tutti, dicendo: *E stata fatta la gran giustizia del Traditore.* E aperta la porta, tutti entrarono dentro con gran furore a vedere il Doge, ch'era stato giusitizzato. E da sapere, che a fare la detta giustizia non fu Ser Giovanni Sanuto il Consigliere, perchè era mandato a casa per difetto della persona, perchè furono quattordici soli, che bollettarono, cioè cinque Consiglieri, e nove del Consiglio de' Dieci. E fu preso, che tutti i beni del Doge fossero confiscati nel Comune, e così degli altri traditori. E fu condotto al detto Doge per detto Consiglio de' Dieci, ch'egli potesse ordinare del suo per decati due mila. Ancora fu preso, che tutti i Consiglieri, e Avvogadori del Comune, que' del Consiglio de' Dieci, e della Giunta, ch'era stato a fare la detta sentenza del Doge, e d'altri, avessero licenza di portar' armi di di e di notte in Venezia e da Grado fino a Cavazzore, ch'è sotto il Dogato, con due fanti in vita loro, stando i fanti con essi in casa al suo pano e al suo vanto. E chi non avesse fatti, potesse dar tal licenza a' suoi figliuoli ovvero fratelli, due per e non più. Essendo in data licenza dell'arme a quattro Notai della Cancelleria, cioè della Corte Maggior, che furono a prendere le depositazioni e inquisizioni, in perpetuo a loro soli, i quali furono Amadio, Ninoletto di Lorenzo, Stefaniolo, e Pietro de' Compostellieri, Scrivani de' Signori di notte. Ed essendo stati impiccati i traditori, e tagliata la testa al Doge, rimase la Terra in gran riposo e quiete. E come in una cronica ho trovato, fu portato nel corpo del Doge in una bara con otto doppieri a seppellire nella sua area a San Giovanni e Paolo, la quale al presente è in quell' ambito per mezzo la Chiesa della Santa Maria della Pace, fatta fare pel Vescovo Gabriele di Bergamo, e un case-suo in pietra con queste lettere: *Hic est locus Marino Faliero, dereliquiti pro criminibus.* E pare, che la sua casa fosse data alla Chiesa di Sant' Apostolo, la qual era quella grande sul ponte. *Tamen velo il consenso che è pure di Chi Faliero, o che i Falieri la rieccuperassero con danari dalla Chiesa.* Ne voglio restar di scrivere alcuni, che volevano, che fosse messo in suo onore, co'; *Marianus Faliero. Teveritatem me cepit.* *Venus la despectabat pro criminibus.* Altri vi fecero in distico assai degno al suo meritò, il quale è questo, in essere posto sulla sua sepoltura: *Dux Venetum gestans, inatrium qui proderit tempus, Sergit, deus, gratias, perducat altius capit.* "Non voglio restar di scrivere quello che ho letto in una cronica, ma, che Marino Faliero trovandosi Du- riello e Cavazzore a Trissino, e cavazzore furono messi, il vescovo dette troppo a far venire il Corpo di Cristo. Il detto Faliero era di tanta superbia e ar- roganza, che diede un buffetto al prefato Vescovo, per meglio ch'egli quasi cadde in terra. Però fu presso, che il Faliero perdette l'intelletto, e fece la mala morte, come ho scritto di sopra."**


**II.**

**MCCLIV**

**MARINO FALIERO, DOGE XLIX.**

On the eleventh day of September, in the year of our Lord 1334, Marino Faliero was elected and chosen to be the Duke of the Commonwealth of Venice. He was Count of Valdemarino, in the Marches of Treviso, and a Knight and a wealthy man to boot. As soon as the election was completed, it was resolved in the Great Council, that a deputation of twelve should be despatched to Marino Faliero, the Duke, who was then on his way from Rome; for, when he was chosen, he was ambassador at the court of the Holy Father, at Rome, the Holy Father himself held his court at Avignon. When Messer Marino Faliero, the Duke, was about to land in this city, on the fifth day of October, 1334, a thick haze came on, and darkened the air; and he was enforced to land on the place of Saint Mark, between the two columns, on the spot where evil doers are put to death; and all thought that this was the worst of tokens.—Nor must I forget to write that which I have read in a chronicle.—When Messer Marino Faliero was podesta and Captain of Treviso, the bishop delayed coming in with the holy sacrament, on a day when a procession was to take place. Now the said Marino Faliero was so very proud and wrathful, that he buffeted the bishop, and almost struck him to the ground. And therefore, Heaven allowed Marino Faliero to go out of his right senses, in order that he might bring himself to an evil death.

When this Duke had held the ducobon during nine months and an six days, he being wicked and ambitious, sought to make himself lord of Venice, in the manner which I have read in an ancient chronicle. When the Thursday arrived upon which they were wont to hunt the bull, the bull-hunt took place as usual; and, according to the usage of those times, after the bull-hunt had ended, they all proceeded unto the palace of the Duke, and assembled together in one of his halls; and they dispersed themselves with the women. And until the first bell tolled they danced, and then a banquet was served up. My Lord the Duke paid the expenses thereof, provided he had a Duchess, and after the banquet they all returned to their homes.

Now to this feast there came a certain Ser Michele Steno, a gentleman of poor estate and very young, but crafty and daring, and who loved one of the damsel of the Duchess. Ser Michele stood amongst the women upon the solajo; and he behaved indiscreetly, so that my Lord the Duke ordered that he should be kicked off the solajo; and the esquires of the Duke flung him down from the solajo accordingly. Ser Michele thought that such an affront was beyond all bearing; and when the feast was over, and all other persons had left the palace, he, continuing heated with anger, went to the hall of audience, and wrote certain unseemly words relating to the Duke and the Duchess, upon the chair in which the Duke used to sit; for in those days the Duke did not cover his chair with cloth of somibling, but he sat in a chair of wood. Ser Michele wrote therein:

"Ser Marino Faliero, the husband of the fair wife; others
kiss her, but he keeps her." In the morning the words were seen, and the matter was considered to be very scandalous; and the Senate commanded the Avogadori of the Commonwealth to proceed therein with the greatest diligence. A large sum of great amount was immediately professed by the Avogadori, in order to discover who had written these words. And at length it was known that Michele Steno had written them. And the Council resolved the Council of Forty that he should be arrested; and he then confessed, in that, in a fit of exasperation and spite, occasioned by his being thrust off the solajo in the presence of his mistress, he had written the words. Therefore the Council debated thereon. And the Council took his youth into consideration, and that he was a lover, and therefore they adjudged that he should be kept in close confinement during two months, and that afterwards he should be banished from Venice and the state during one year. In consequence of this merciful sentence the Duke became exceedingly wrath, it appearing to him that the Council had not acted in such a manner as was required by the respect due to his decal dignity; and he said that he ought to have been condemned. For Michele to be hanged by the neck, or at least to be banished for life. Now it was said that my Lord Duke Marino was to have his head cut off. And as it is necessary, when any effect is to be brought about, that the cause of such effect must happen, it therefore came to pass, that on the very day after sentence had been pronounced on Ser Michele Steno, being the first day of Lent, a gentleman of the house of Barbaro, a choleric gentleman, went to the arsenal and required certain things of the masters of the galleys. This he did in the presence of the admiral of the arsenal, and he, hearing the request, answered:—"No, it cannot be done.—High words arose between the gentleman and the master, and the gentleman struck him with his fist just above the eye; and as he happened to have a ring on his finger, the ring cut the admiral and drew blood. The admiral, all honored and bloody, ran straight to the Duke to complain, and with the intent of praying him to inflict some heavy punishment upon the gentleman of Ca Barbaro,—"What wouldst thou have me do for thee?" answered the Duke;—"think upon the shameful gift which hath been written concerning me; and think in the manner in which they have punished that rebel Michele Steno, who wrote it; and see how the Council of Forty respect our person."—Upon this the admiral answered;—"My Lord Duke, if you would wish to make yourself a prince, and to cut all these curiously gentleman to pieces, I have the heart, if you do but help me, to make you prince of all this state; and then you may punish them all. —Hearing this, the Duke said;—"How can such a matter be brought about?" and so they licentious therewith. The Duke called for his nephew, Ser Bertuccio Faliero, who lived with him in the palace, and they communed about this pont. And, without leaving the place, they sent for Pietro Calendaro, a seaman of great repute, and for Bertuccio Israel, who was exceedingly wily and cunning. Then, taking counsel amongst themselves, they agreed to call in some others; and so for several nights successively, they met with the Duke at home in the library, and the following men were called in successively to wit,—Niccolo Fagiuolo, Giovanni da Corso, Stefano Fagiano, Niccolo dalle Bende, Niccolo Biondo, and Stefano Triviano. —It was concerted that sixteen or seventeen leaders should be stationed in various parts of the city, each being at the head of forty men, armed and prepared; but the followers were not to know their designation. On the appointed day they were to make affairs amongst themselves here and there, in order that the Duke might have a pretence for tolling the bells of San Marco; these bells are never rung but by the order of the Duke. And at the sound of the bells, these sixteen or seventeen, with their followers, were to come to San Marco, through the streets which open upon the Piazza. And when the whole of the leading citizens should come into the Piazza, to know the cause of the riot, then, the conspirators were to cut them in pieces; and this work being finished, my Lord Marino Faliero the Duke was to be proclaimed the Lord of Venice. Things having been thus settled, they agreed to fulfil their intent on Wednesday, the fifteenth day of April, in the year 1337. So covertly did they plot, that no one ever dreamt of their machinations.

But the Lord, who hath always helped this most glorious city, and who, loving its righteousness and holiness, hath never forsaken it, inspired one Beltramo Bargaminace to be the cause of bringing the plot to light in the following manner. This Beltramo, who belonged to Ser Niccolo Lion, went to the house of Ser Niccolo Lion, and told him all the particulars of the plot. Ser Niccolo, when he heard all these things, was struck dead, as it were, with affright. He heard all the particulars, and Beltramo prayed him to keep it all secret; and if he told Ser Niccolo, it was in order that Ser Niccolo might stop at home on the fifteenth of April, and thus save his life. Beltramo was going, but Ser Niccolo ordered his servants to lay hands upon him and lock him up. Ser Niccolo then went to the house of Messer Giovanni Gradengo Nason, who afterwards became Duke, and who also lived at Sant' Stefano, and told him all. The matter seemed to him to be of the very greatest importance, as indeed it was; and they two went to the house of Ser Marco Cornaro, who lived at San Felice, and, having spoken with him, they all three then determined to go back to the house of Ser Niccolo Lion, to examine the said Beltramo; and having questioned him, and heard all that he had to say, they left him in confinement. And then they all three went into the sacristy of San Salvatore, and sent their men to summon the Councillors, the Avogadori, the Capo de' Deci, and those of the Great Council.

When all were assembled, the whole story was told to them. They were struck dead, as it were, with affright. They determined to send for Beltramo. He was brought in before them. They examined him, and ascertained that the matter was true; and, although they were exceedingly troubled, yet they determined upon their measures. And they sent for the Capo de' Quaranta, the Stinarii di Notte, the Capo de' Scettari, and the Curato della Pace; and they were ordered to associate to their men other good men and true, who were to proceed to the houses of the ringleaders of the conspiracy and secure them. And they secured the foreman of the arsenal, in order that the conspirators might not do mischief. Towards midnight they assembled in the palace. When they were assembled in the palace, they caused the gates of the quadrangle of the palace to be shut. And they sent to the keeper of the bell-tower, and forbade the tolling of the bells. All this was carried into effect. The before-mentioned conspirators were secured, and they were brought to the palace; and as the Council of Ten saw that the Duke was in the plot, they resolved that twenty of the leading men of the state should be associated to them, for
the purpose of consultative deliberation, but what
they should not be allowed to ballot.

The counsellors were the following: Ser Giovanni Mocenigo, of the Sestiere of San Marco; Ser Almaro Veniero da Santa Maria, of the Sestiere of Castello; Ser Tommaso Vaido, of the Sestiere of Camerengo; Ser Giovanni Sammo, of the Sestiere of Santa Croce; Ser Pietro Trivisani, of the Sestiere of San Paolo; Ser Fantalone Barberi Grande, of the Sestiere of Ossehoro. The Avvogadori of the Commonweal were Zunfre Morosini, and Ser Orio Pasquaio; and these did not ballot. Those of the Council of Ten were Ser Giovanni Marcello, Ser Tommaso Sammo, and Ser Michelezett Dolino, the heads of the aforesaid Council of Ten. Ser Luca de Legge, and Ser Pietro da Moso, inquisitors of the aforesaid Council. And Ser Marco Polani, Ser Marino Veniero, Ser Landi Lombardo, and Ser Niccolotto Trivisano, of Sant'Angelo.

Late in the night, just before the dawning, they chose a junta of twenty noblemen of Venice from amongst the wisest and the worthiest and the eldest. They were to give counsel, but not to ballot. And they were to be assisted by any one of the Cai Faliere, and Niccolo Faliere, and another Niccolo Faliere, of San Tommason, were expelled from the Council, because they belonged to the family of the Doge. And this resolution of creating the junta of twenty was much praised throughout the state. The following were the members of the junta of twenty:—Ser Marco Gusimianin, Procuratore, Ser Andrea Erizzo, Procuratore, Ser Lionez Gundianini, Procuratore, Ser Andrea Contarini, Ser Simone Dandolo, Ser Nicolo Volpe, Ser Giovanni Lorenzolo, Ser Marco Broddio, Ser Giovanni Gradenigo, Ser Andrea Carnara, Cavaliere, Ser Marco Saraceno, Ser Rimieri da Moso, Ser Gazoni Marcello, Ser Marino Morosini, Ser Stefano Belegio, Ser Nicolio Lami, Ser Filippo Oriu, Ser Marco Trivisano, Ser Jacopo Bragalone, Ser Giovanni Foscarin. These twenty were accordingly called in to the Council of Ten; and they went for my Lord Marino Faliere the Duke; and my Lord Marino was then consorting in the palace with people of great estate, gentlemen and other good men, none of whom knew yet how the fact stood.

At the same time Bertuccio Isacco, who, as one of the ring-leaders, was to head the conspirators in Santa Croce, was arrested and brought, and brought before the Council. Zanfino del Brin, Nicolaletto di Rosa, Nicolaletto Alberto, and the Guardia, were also taken together, with several servants, and people of various ranks. These were examined, and the truth of the plot was ascertained.

On the sixteenth of April, judgment was given in the Council of Ten, that Filippo Calendario and Bertuccio Isacco should be hanged upon the red pillars of the balcony of the palace, from which the Duke is wont to look at the bell-shout; and they were hanged with gags in their mouths.

The next day the following were condemned:—Nicolotto Zunfreo, Nicolaletto Bondo, Nicolaletto Doro, Marco Gniea, Jacomedio Dogalogno, Nicolaletto Fedele, the son of Philip Calendario, Marco Torelo, called Isacco, Stefano Trivisano, the money-changer of Santa Margherita, and Antonio dille Binda. These were all taken at Chioggia, for they were endeavouring to escape. Afterwards, by virtue of the sentence which was passed upon them in the Council of Ten, they were hanged on successive days, some single and some in couples, upon the columns of the palace, beginning from the red columns, and so going towards the canal. And other prisoners were discharged, because, after gin they and been involved in the conspiracy, yet they had not assisted in it; for they were given to understand by some of the heads of the plot, that they were to come armed and prepared for the service of the state, and in order to secure certain criminals, and they knew nothing else. Nicoletto Alberto, the Guardia, and Bartolommeo Giuoco, and his son, and several others, who were not guilty, were discharged.

On Friday, the sixteenth day of April, judgment was also given, in the aforesaid Council of Ten, that my Lord Marino Faliere, the Duke, should have his head cut off, and that the execution should be done on the landing-place of the stone staircase, where the Dukes take their oath when they first enter the palace. On the following day, the seventeenth of April, the doors of the palace being shut, the Duke had his head cut off, about the hour of noon. And the cap of estate was taken from the Duke's head before he came down stairs. When the execution was over, it is said that one of the Council of Ten went to the columns of the palace over against the place of St. Mark, and that he showed the bloody sword unto the people, crying out with a loud voice—"The terrible doom hath fallen upon the traitor!" and the doors were opened, and the people all rushed in, to see the corpse of the Duke who had been beheaded.

It must be known, that Ser Giovanni Sammo, the councillor, was not present when the aforesaid sentence was pronounced; because he was unwell and remained at home. So that only fourteen balloted; that is to say, five councillors, and nine of the Council of Ten. And it was adjudged, that all the hands and chattels of the Duke, as well as of the other traitors, should be forfeited to the state. And, as a grace to the Duke, it was resolved in the Council of Ten, that he should be allowed to dispose of two thousand ducats out of his own property. And it was resolved, that all the councillors and all the Avvogadori of the commonwealth, those of the Council of Ten, and the members of the junta who had assisted in passing sentence on the Duke and the other traitors, should have the privilege of carrying arms both by day and by night in Venice, and from Grande to Cavazore. And they were also to be allowed two footmen carrying arms, the aforesaid footmen living and boarding with them in their own houses. And he who did not keep two footmen might transfer the privilege to his sons or his brothers; but only to two. Permission of carrying arms was also granted to the four Notaries of the Chancery, that is to say, of the Supreme Court, who took the depositions; and they were Amosolo, Nicolotto di Lorusio, Stefano, and Pietro de Compagael, the secretaries of the Signori di Natale.

After the traitors had been hanged, and the Duke had had his head cut off, the state remained in great tranquility and peace. And, as I have read in a chronicle, the corpse of the Duke was removed in a barge, with eight torches, to his tomb in the church of San Giovanni e Paolo, where it was buried. The tomb is now in that aisle in the middle of the little church of Santa Maria della Pace, which was built by Bishop Gabriele o Bergamini. It is a cadum of stone, with these words engraved thereon:—"Hier jetz Dominus Marzianus Faliere Duc.

And they did not print his portrait in the hall of the Great Council.—But in the place where it ought to have been, you see these words:—"Hier ist doing Maritai Faliere decopitati pro criminius."—And it is thought that his house was granted to the church of Sant' Apostolo; it was that great one near the bridge.
Yet this could not be the case, or else the family bought it back from the church; for it still belongs to Ca Fa
nero. I must not refrain from noting, that some wished to write the following words in the place where his port
rait ought to have been, as arescond:—""Marinus Faliero Due, temperatue me copil, pernas lui, decapitat»
vo et radivabili.""—Others, also, induced a couplet, worthy of being inscribed upon his tomb.

[4] But Venetians, from boast, patron who resides there,
Scotta, decum, prendent, sogliar canto.

I am obliged for this excellent transcription of the old chronicle to Mr. C. Cohen, to whom the reader will find himself indebted for a version that I could not myself (though after many years intercourse with Italian) have given by any means so purely and as factually.  

III.

11. Al giovane Doge Andrea Dandolo succedette un vecchio, il quale tardi si pose al timone della repubblica, ma sempre prima di quel, che facea d' onore a lui, ed alla patria: egli è Marino Faliero personaggio a me noto per antica dimestichia. Falsa era l' opinione morta a lui, giacchè egli si mostrò fornito più di coraggio che di senso. Non pago della prima digitta, entrò con ministro pede nel pubblico Palazzo: imperocchè questo Doge dei Veneti, magistrato sacro in tutti i secoli, che dagli antichi fu sempre venerato quel nome in quella città l' altrì jerì fu decorato nel vestibolo dell' istesso Palazzo. Discorreremo fin dal principio le cause di un tale evento, se così varrio, ed anzi dunque non fosse il grido. Nessuno però lo sa, tutti affermano, che egli avesse voluto cangiar qualche cosa nell' ordine della repubblica a lui tramandato dei maggiori. Che desiderava egli di più? Io non d' avviso, che egli avesse estremo ciò, che non si concedette a nessun altro: tadmire adempiva gli uffici di legato presso il Pontefice, e sulle rive del Reno trattenne la pace, che in principio di lui aveva innanzo tentato di concluderle, gli fu con
ferito l' onore del Ducato, che ne chiedeva, ne' aspetta
tava. Tornate in patria, pensò a quello, cui nessuno non pose mente grammatica, e soffi quello che a nuoco accade mai de soffrire: giacchè in quel luogo celebro
ma, e chiarissimo, e belissimo infra tutti quelli, che io vidi, ove i suoi antenati avevano ricevuti grandissimi cuori in mezzo alle pone trianfoli, ivi egli fu trasci
nato in modo servile, e spogliato delle insegne ducali, perdette la testa, e macchiò col proprio sangue le soglie del tempo, l' armi del Palazzo, e le scelle marmonie ren
dute spece volte discutì o dalle sole un festaiolo, o dalle ostii spoglie. Ho notato il luogo, ora noto il tempio: e l' anno del Natale di Cristo 1335, fu il giorno 18 d' Ap
riile. Si alto è il grado spazio, che se alcuno esaminerà la disciplina, e le costumanze di quella città, e quanto mutamento di cose venga minacciato dalla morte di un sol uomo (quantunque molte altri, come narrano, es-
sendo complici, o subirono l' istesso supplizio, o lo aspettano) si accorrerai, che nulla di più grande avvenne ai nostri temi nell' Italia. Tu forse qui attendi il mio gradino; assunto il popolo, se crederete alla fama, benèché avesse potuto e castigare più minutamente, e con maggiore dolcezza vendere il suo dolore; ma non così facilmente, e moderà un' ira giusta espressa, quando interno in un numero popolo principalmente, nel grande il pr
cepsione, ed instan di volge aggrìa gli stnimoli dell' ira
condita con rapidità, e sconvolti chiamato. Compatisco, e nell' istesso tempo un udito con quell' invidiosi uomo, nel quale adorno di un' immodo onore, non so che cosa si volesse negli estremi anni della sua vita; la cala
mà di lui divinìa sempre più grave, perchè dalla solen
tenza contra di esso promulgata appariiè, e egli fu non solo miser, ma nudo, e demente, e che con vare

arti si usurpò per tanti anni una falsa fama di sapienza. Amenno se i Dogi, i quali gli succedereammo, che questo è un esempio posto innanzi ai loro occhi, quale spechia nel quale vogliono di essere non Signori, ma Ducì, anzi nomenno Ducì, ma oratori servì della Repubblica. Tu sei sano; e giacchè flattumano le pubbliche cose, sfor
zamoci di governar modestissimamente i privati nostri affari.


The above Italian translation from the Latin quoutes of Petrarch, proves—
1stly, That Marino Faliero was a personal friend of Petrarch's: "antica dimestichia," old intimacy, is the phrase of the poet.
2ndly, That Petrarch thought that he had more courage than common, "più di coraggio che di senso."
3rdly, That there was some jealousy on the part of Petrarch; for he says that Marino Faliero was treating of the peace which he himself had "vainly attempted to conclude."
4thly, That the honour of the dukedom was conferred upon him, which he neither sought nor expected, "che non chiedeva ne's aspettava," and which had never been granted to any other in like circumstances, "ei che non si concedette a nessun altro;" and proof of the high esteem in which he must have been held.
5thly, That he had a reputation for wisdom, only forfeited by the last enterprise of his life, "si purpò per tantum una falsa fama di sapienza.""He had usurped for so many years a false fame of wisdom;" rather a difficult task, I should think. People are generally found out before eighty years of age, at least in a republic.

From these, and the other historical notes which I have collected, it may be inferred that Marino Faliero possessed many of the qualities, but not the success of a hero; and that his passions were too violent. The paity and ignorant account of Dr. Moore falls to the ground. Petrarch says, "that there had been no greater event in his times" (our times literally, "nostri terri in," in Italy. He also differs from the historian in saying that Faliero was "on the banks of the Rhone," instead of at Rome, when elected; the other accounts say, that the deputation of the Venetian senate met him at Ravello. How this may have been, it is not for me to decide, and is of no great importance. Had the man succeeded, he would have changed the face of Venice, and perhaps of Italy. As it is, what are they both?

IV.

Extrait de l'ouvrage.—Histoire de la République de Venise, par P. Doria, de l'Académie Française, tom. v, liv. xxxv, p. 95, etc. Edition de Paris, MIDCCXIX.

4. A ces attaques si fréquentes que le gouvernement dirigeant contre le clergé, à ces luttes établies entre les différents corps constitués, à ces entreprises de masse de la noblesse contre les dépouillateurs de pouvoir, à toutes ces propositions d'innovation qui se terminent toujours par des coups d'état; il faut ajouter une autre cause, non moins propre à propager le mieux des anciennes doctrines, c'était l'exécution de la corruption.

L'actualité de mœurs, prét avant longtemps vantée comme la charme principal de la société de Venise, était devenue un désordre scandalieux; le bien du mariage était moins sacré dans ce pays catholique que dans ceux où les lois civiles et religieuses permettent une dis-
seur. La faute de pouvoir rompre le contrat, un sup-

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posant qu'il n'avait jamais existé, et les moyens de nullité, allégués avec impudence par les époux, étaient admis avec la même facilité par des magistrats et par des prêtres également corrompus. Ces divorces colorés d'un autre nom devaient si fréquents, que l'acte le plus important de la société civile se transforma de la compétence d'un tribunal d'exception, et que ce fut à la police de réprimer le scandale. Le conseil des dix ordona, en 1782, que toute femme qui intentionerait une demande en dissolution de mariage serait obligée d'en attendre le jugement dans un courant que le tribunal désignera,1 Honut après il évoqua devant lui toutes les causes de cette nature.2 Ce compétent sur la juridiction cecéciatique ayant occasionné des réclamations de la part de la cour de Rome, le conseil se reserva le droit de débouter les époux de leur demande; et consentit à la renvoyer devant l'officieralité, toutes les fois qu'il ne t'aurait pas rejette.3

1 Il y eut un moment où sans doute le renversement des fortunes, la perte de jeunes gens, les discorde domestiques, déterminèrent le gouvernement à s'écart er des maximes qu'il s'était fixées sur la liberté de mœurs qu'il permettait à ses sujets; ou chassa de Venise toutes ses courtesans. Mais leur absence ne suffisait pas pour ramener aux bonnes mœurs toute une population élevée dans la plus honteuse licencie. Le désordre pénétra dans l'intérieur des familles, dans les cloîtres; et l'on se crut obligé de rappeler, d'indemniser même4 des femmes qui surprennent quelquefois d'important secrets, et qu'on pouvait employer utilement à ruiner des hommes que leur fortune aurait pu rendre dangereux. Depuis, la bauné est toujours l'objet croissant, et l'on a vu non seulement des mères traquer de la virginité de leurs filles, mais la vendre par un contrat, dont l'autenticité était garanti par la signature d'un officier public, et l'exécution mise sous la protection des lois.5

4 Les parois des courtois ou étaient renfermées les filles nobles, les maisons des courtesans, quoique la police y entretint soigneusement un grand nombre de naines, étaient les seuls points de réunion de la société de Venise, et dans ces deux endroits si divers on était également libre. La musique, les collations, la galanterie, n'étaient pas plus interdites dans les paroirs que dans les maisons. Il y avait un grand nombre de maisons dédiées aux réunions publiques, où le jeûn était la principale occupation de la société. C'était un singulier spectacle de voir autour d'une table des personnes des deux sexes en masque, et de graves personnages en robe de magistrat, implorant le hasard, passant des angoisses du désespoir aux illusions de l'espérance, et cela sans proférer une parole.

5 Les richesses avaient des causes particuliers; mais ils y vivaient avec mystère; leurs femmes délaissées trouvaient un dégonflement dans la liberté dont elles jouissaient; la corruption des mœurs les avait privées de tout leur empire; on vient de parcourir toute l'histoire de Venise, et on ne les a pas vues une seule fois exercer la moindre influence."

1 Correspondance de M. Schlick, chargé d'affaires de France, dépêchée du 24 Août, 1782.

2 Ibid. Dépêche du 31 Août.

3 Ibid. Dépêche du 5 Septembre, 1783.

4 Le décret de rappel les désignait sous le nom de maîtres écoutant médiol. On leur assigna un fonds et des maisons appelées Case rampare, d'où vient la dénomination injurieuse de Carcassone.

5 Mayer, Description de Venise, tom. III et IV. De Archenholz, Tableau de "P. foi en, tom. I, chap. 2.

V.

Extract from the History of the Republic of Venice, by
P. D'Ange, Member of the French Academy, vol. v
b. xxxv. p. 95, etc. Paris Edit. 1819.

"To these attacks, so frequently pointed by the government against the clergy,—to the continual struggle between the different constitutional bodies,—to the most important act of civil society was discovered and to restrain the open scandal of such proceedings became the office of the police. In 1752 the Council of Ten decreed, that every woman who should sue for a dissolution of her marriage should be compelled to await the decision of the judges in some convent, to be named by the court.6 Soon afterwards the same council summoned all causes of that nature before itself.7 This infringement on ecclesiastical jurisdiction having occasioned some remonstrance from Rome, the council retained only the right of rejecting the petition of the married persons, and consented to refer such causes to the holy office as it should not previously have rejected.8

"There was a moment in which, doubtless, the destruction of private fortunes, the ruin of youth, the domestic discord, occasioned by these abuses, determined the government to depart from its established maxims concerning the freedom of manners allowed the subject. All the courtesans were banished from Venice, but their absence was not enough to reclaim and bring back good morals to a whole people brought up in the most scandalous licentiousness. Depravity reached the very bosoms of private families, and even into the cloister; and they found themselves obliged to recall, and even to indemnify — women who sometimes gained possession of important secrets, and who might be usefully employed in the ruin of men whose fortunes might have rendered them dangerous. Since that time licentiousness has gone on increasing, and we have seen mothers, not only selling the innocence of their daughters, but selling it by a contract, authenticated by the signature of a public officer, and the performance of which was secured by the protection of the laws.9

"The paroirs of the convents of noble ladies, and the houses of the courtesans, though the police carefully kept up a number of spies about them, were the only assemblies for society in Venice; and in these two

1 Correspondance de Mr. Schlick, French chargé d'affaires, Despatch of 21st August, 1782.

2 Ibid. Despatch, 31st August, 1783.

3 Ibid. Despatch, 31st September, 1785.

4 The decree for their recall designates them as such as ne venire mistake meretrici. A fund and some houses called Case ramare were assigned to them; hence the opprobrious appellation of Carcassone.

paces, so different from each other, there was equal free-
dom. Music, cohabitations, gallantry, were not more for-
den in the parliaments than at the casinos. There were a
number of casinos for the purpose of public assemblies,
where gaming was the principal pursuit of the company.
It was a strange sight to see persons of either sex, mas-
ed, or grave personages in their magisterial robes, round
a table, invoking chance, and giving way at once to the
agones of despair, at the next to the illusions of hope,
and that without uttering a single word.

"The rich had private casinos, but they lived incon-
scious in them; and the wives whom they abandoned
found compensation in the liberty they enjoyed. The
Corruption of morals had deprived them of their em-
pora. We have just reviewed the whole history of
Venice, and we have not once seen them exercise the
slightest influence."

From the present decay and degeneracy of Venice
under the barbarians, there are some honourable indi-
vidual exceptions. There is Pasquaugo, the last, and,
alias: posthumous son of the marriage of the Doges with
the Adriatic, who fought his frigate with far greater
gallantry than any of his French condottieri in the
memorable action off Lissa. I am busie in the squadron
with the prizes in 1811, and recollect to have heard Sir
William Hoste, and the other officers engaged in that
glorious conflict, speak in the highest terms of Pasqua-
ugo's behaviour. There is the Abbate Morelli. There is
Alvise Querini, who, after a long and honourable
diplomatic career, finds some consolation for the wrongs
of his county, in the pursuits of literature, with his
nephew, Vittor Benzon, the son of the celebrated beauty,
the heroine of "La Biondina in Gondolleta." There are
the patrician poet Moserini, and the poet Lambert, the
author of the "Biondina," and many other estimable
productions; and, not least in an Englishman's estima-
tion, Madame Micheli, the translator of Shakespeare.
There are the young Danzolo, and the imprudent
Carrer, and Giuseppe Albrizzi, the accomplished son of
an accomplished mother. There is Alegatti, and, they
are nothing else, there is the immortality of
Canova, Giojogna, Mustoelzii, Bocati, etc., etc. I do
not reckon, because the one is a Greek, and the others
were born at least a hundred miles off, which, through-
put Italy, constitutes, if not a foreigner, at least a
stranger (forestiere).

VI.

Extrait de l'ouvrage—Histoire litteraire de l'Italie, par
de Paris, MDCCCLXIX.

"Il y a une prédiction fort singulière sur Venise: "Si
fais ne change pas," disait à cette république alpine, «tu
liberté, qui d'aujourd'hui ne comptera pas un siècle après
la millénaire année.""

"En faisant remonter l'époque de la liberté Vénitien-
ujusqu'à l'établissement du gouvernement sous le-
quel la république a fleur, on trouvera que l'élection
du premier Doge date de 697, et si l'on y ajoute un siècle
après mille, c'est-à-dire onze cents ans, on trouv-
vera encore que le sens de la prédiction est littérale-
ment celui-ci: "Ta liberté ne comptera pas jusqu'à l'an
1797." Répandez-vous maintenant que Venise a cessé
être libre en l'an cinq de la République française, ou
en 1799; vous verrez qu'il n'y a jamais de prédiction
plus précise et plus ponctuellement suivie du Pefct.
Vous noterez donc comme très remarquables ces trois
vers de l'Alamanni, adressés à Venise, que personne
contenant 8 a remarques:

"So non cangi pensiero, tan non canto
Non metterà, o 'l millecima anno
Tan libertà, che la vagheggiar volo."

Bien des prophéties ont passé pour telles, et bien les gens ont été appelés prophétés à meilleur marché."

VII.

Extract from the Literary History of Italy, by P.

"There is one very singular prophecy concerning
Venice: 'If thou dost not change,' it says to that poor
republic, 'thy liberty, which is already on the wing, will
not reckon a century more than the thousandth year.'"

"If we carry back the epocha of Venetian freedom to
the establishment of the government under which the
re public flourished, we shall find that the date of the ele-
cution of the first Doge is 697; and if we add one century

to a thousand, that is, eleven hundred years, we shall
find the sense of the prediction to be literally this: 'Thy
liberty will not last till 1797.' Recollect that Venice
ceased to be free in the year 1796, the fifth year of the
French republic; and you will perceive that there never
was prediction more pointed, or more exactly followed
by the event. You will, therefore, note as very remark-
able the three lines of Alamanni, addressed to Venice,
which, however, no one has pointed out:

"Se non cangi pensiero, l'an secol solo
Non contèrà sopra 'l millècimo anno
Tia libertà, che la vagheggiar volo."

Many prophecies have passed for such, and many men
have been called prophés for much less."

If the Doge's prophecy seem remarkable, look to the above
made by Alamanni two hundred and seventy years eg.

The author of "Sketches Descriptive of Italy," etc.,
one of the hundred tours lately published, is extremely
anxious to disclaim a possible charge of plagiarism
from "Childe Harold" and "Beppo." He adds, that
still less could this presumed coincidence arise from
my conversation," as he had "repeatedly declined an
introduction to me while in Italy."

Who this person may be, I know not; but he must
have been deceived by all or any of those who "repe-
tedly offered to introduce" him, as I have invaria-
ently refused to receive any English with whom I was not
previously acquainted, even when they had letters from
England. If the whole assertion is not an inven-
tion, I request this person not to sit down with the
notion that he could have been introduced, since there
has been nothing I have so carefully avoided as any
kind of intercourse with my countrymen,—excepting
the very few who were a considerable time resident
in Venice, or had been of my previous acquaintance.
Whoever made him any such offer was possessed of
impudence equal to that of making such an assertion
without having had it. The fact is, that I hold in utter
abhorrence any contact with the travelling English, as
my friend the Consul-General Hogner, and the Count-
tess Benzon (in whose house the Conversation most-
ly frequented by them is held), could amply testify,
were it worth while. I was persecuted by these tourists
even to my riding-ground at Ido, and reduced to the
most disagreeable circuits to avoid them. At Madame
Benzoni's, I repeatedly refused to be introduced to
them;—of a thousand such presentations pressed upon
me, I accepted two, and both were to Irish women.
I should hardly have descended to speak of such
troles publicly, if the impudence of this "sketcher"
had not forced me to a refutation of a disingenuous
Heaven and Earth; A MYSTERY.
FOUND ON THE FOLLOWING PASSAGE
IN GENESIS, CHAP. VI.
And it came to pass... that the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair, and they took them wives of all which they chose.
And woman wailing for her demon lover.—Ossoridge.

SCENE I.

A woody and mountainous district near Mount Ararat.

Time—Midnight.

Enter ANAH and AHOlibamah.

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

AHOlibamah.
Let us proceed upon

Our invocation.

ANAH.
But the stars are hidden.

I tremble.

AHOlibamah.
Do so, but not with fear
Of aught save their delay.

ANAH.
My sister, though I love Azziel more than—oh, too much!

What was I going to say? my heart growsimpious.

AHOlibamah.
And where is the impiety of loving
Celestial natures?

ANAH.
But AhoLibamah, I love our God less since his angel loved me:
This cannot be of good; and though I know not
That I do wrong, I feel a thousand fears
Which are not ominous of right.

AHOlibamah.
Then woe to he
Unto some son of clay, and toll and spin!
There's Japhet loves thee well, hath loved thee long
Marry, and bring forth dust!

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

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

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

AHOlibamah.
If I thought thus of Samusas's love,
All seraphs as he is, I'd spurn him from me.

But to our invocation! 'Tis the hour.

ANAH.
Seraph!
From thy sphere!
Whatever star contain thy glory;
In the eternal depths of heaven
Albeit thou watchest with the seven!

Though through space infinite and hoary
Before thy bright wings worlds be driven,
Yet hear!

Oh! think of her who holds thee dear!
And though she nothing is to thee,
Yet think that thou art all to her.
Thou canst not tell,—and never be
Such pangs decreed to aught save me,—
The bitterness of tears.

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

Thou walkest thy many worlds, thou seest
The face of Him who made thee great,
As He hath made me of the least
Of those cast out from Eden's gate:

Yet, seraph dear!

Oh hear!

For thou hast loved me, and I would not die
Until I know what I must die in knowing,
That thou forget'st in thine eternity
Her whose heart death could not keep from overflowing
For thee, immortal essence as thou art!
Great is their love who love in sin and fear;
And such I feel are waging in my heart
A war unworthy: to an Amanite
Forgive, my seraph! that such thoughts appear,
For sorrow is our element;

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

The hour is near

1 The archangels, said to be seven in number.
HEAVEN AND EARTH.

Whate'er tells me we are not abandon'd quite. —
Appear! appear!
Scrath!
My own Azziel! be but here,
And leave the stars to their own light.

AHOLIBAMAH.
Samiasa!
Where'soe'er
Thou rulest in the upper air —
Or warring with the spirits who may dare
Dispute with Him
Who made all empires, empires; or recalling
Some wandering star which shoots through the abyss,
Whose tenants, dying while their world is falling,
Share the dim destined of clay in this;
Or joining with the inferior cherubim,
Thou deignest to partake their hymn —

Samiasa!
I call thee, I await thee, and I love thee.
Many worship thee — that will I not:
If that thy spirit down to mine may move thee,
Descend and share my lot!
Though I be form'd of clay
And thou of beams
More bright than those of day
On El-en's streams,
Thine immortality cannot repay
With love more warm than mine
My love. There is a ray
In me, which, though forbidden yet to shine,
I feel was lighted at thy God's and thine.
It may be hidden long: death and decay
Our mother Eve bespau'd us — but my heart
Defies it: though this life must pass away,
Is that a cause for thee and me to part?
Thou art immortal — so am I: I feel,
I feel my immortality o'er sweep
All pains, all tears, all mire, all fears, and peak
Like the eternal thunders of the deep,
Into my ears this truth — 'tis thou livest for ever

But if it be joy,
I know not, nor would know;
That secret rests with the Almighty giver
Who folds in clouds the fonts of bliss and woe.
But thee and me He never can destroy;
Change us He may, but not o'er sweep; we are
Of as eternal essence, and must war
With Him if He will war with us; with thee
I can share all things, even immortal sorrow;
For thou hast ventured to share life with me,
And shall I shrink from thine eternity?
No! though the serpent's sting should pierce me through;
And thou thyself worth like the serpent, coil
Around me still: and I will smile
And curse thee not; but hold
Thee in as warm a fold,
As — but descend; and prove
A mortal's love
For an immortal. If the skies contain
More joy than thou canst give and take, remain!

Ahah.

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

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

Ahah.

But if our father see the sight!

AHOLIBAMAH.
He would but deem: it was the moon

Rising unto some sorcerer's tune
An hour too soon.

Ahah.

They come! he comes! — Azziel!

AHOLIBAMAH.

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

Ahah.

Lo! they have kindled all the west,
Like a returning sunset — so!
On Ararat's late secret crest
A mild and many-colour'd bow,
The remnant of their flashing path,
Now shines! and now, behold! it hath
Return't to night, as rippling foam,
Which the leviathan hath lash'd
From his unfathomable home,
When sporting on the face of the calm deep
Subsides soon after he again hath dash'd it,
Down, down, to where the ocean's fountains sleep.

AHOLIBAMAH.

They have touch'd earth! Samiasa!

Ahah.

My Azziel

[Excit]

SCENE II.

Enter Irad and Japhet.

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

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

IRAD.
But she loves thee not.

JAPHET.

Alas!

IRAD.
And proud Aholibamah spurns me also.

JAPHET.
I feel for thee too.

IRAD.
Let her keep her pride:
Mine hath enabled me to bear her scorn;
It may be, time too will avenge it.

JAPHET.
Canst thou
Find joy in such a thought?

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

JAPHET.
What destinies?

IRAD.
I have some cause to think
She loves another.

JAPHET.
Anah?

IRAD.
No; her sister.
BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS.

JAPHET.

What other? 

IRAD. 

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

JAPHET. 

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

IRAD. 

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

JAPHET. 

True, nothing; but I love.

And so did I. 

JAPHET. 

And now thou lovèst not,
Of think'st thou lovet not, art thou happier?

IRAD. 

Yes.

I pity thee. 

IRAD. 

Me! why?

JAPHET. 

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

IRAD. 

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

JAPHET. 

And so would I,

If I could rest.

IRAD. 

Thou wilt not to our tents, then?

JAPHET. 

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

IRAD. 

Wherefore so?

JAPHET. 

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

IRAD. 

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

JAPHET. 

I, Irad, no; believe me
I fee, no evil thought, and fear no evil.

IRAD. 

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

JAPHET. 

No; neither, Irad:

I must proceed alone.
SCENE III.

The mountains.—A cavern, and the rocks of Caucasus.

JAPHET (solely).

Ye wid's, that look eternal; and thou, cave,
Which seem'st unfathomable; and ye mountains,
So varied and so terrible in beauty!
Here, in your myriad majesty of rocks
And towering trees that twine their roots with stone
Imperceptible places, where the foot
Of man would tremble, could he reach them—yes,
Ye look eternal! Yet, in a few days,
Perhaps even hours, ye will be changed, rent, hur'd
Before the mass of waters : and you cave,
Which seems to lead into a lower world,
Shall have its depths search'd by the sweeping wave,
And dolphins gambol in the lion's den!
And man—Oh men! my fellow-beings! Who
Shall weep above your universal grave,
Save I? Who shall be left to weep? My kinsmen,
Alas! what am I better than ye are,
That I must live beyond ye? Where shall be
The pleasant places where I thought of Anah
While I had hope? or the more savage haunts,
Scared less beloved, where I despair'd for her?
And can it be?—Shall you exulting peak,
Whose glittering top is like a distant star,
Lie low beneath the boiling of the deep?
No more to have the morning sun break forth,
And scatter back the mists in floating folds
From its tremendous brow? no more to have
Day's broad orb drop behind its head at even,
Leaving it with a crown of many hues?
No more to be the beacon of the world,
For angels to alight on, as the spot
Nearest the stars! and can these words "no more?"
Be meant for thee, for all things, save for us,
And the predestined creeping things reserved
By my sire to Jehovah's bidding? May
He preserve them, and I not have the power
To snatch the loveliest of earth's daughters from
A donjon which even some serpent, with his mate,
Shall'scape to save his kind to be prolong'd,
To kiss and sting through some emerging world,
Reeking and dank from out the slime, whose ooze
Shall slumber o'er the wreck of this, until
The salt morass subside into a sphere
Beneath the sun, and be the monument,
The sole and undistinguished sepulchre,
Of yet quick marvials of all life? How much
Breath will be still'd at once! All-beautious world!
So young, so mark'd out for destruction, I
With a clef heart look on thee day by day,
And night by night, thy number'd days and nights.
I cannot save thee, cannot save even her
Whose love had made me love thee more; but as
A portion of thy dust, I cannot think
Upon thy coming doom, without a feeling
Such as—Oh God! and canst thou—

[He pauses.

A rushing sound from the cavern is heard, and shouts
of laughter—afterwards a Spirit pauses.

JAPHET.

Of the Moe: High, what art thou?

SPIRIT (laughs).

Ha! ha! ha!

JAPHET.

By all that earth holds holiest, speak!

SPIRIT (laughs).

Ha! ha! ha!

JAPHET.

By the approaching deluge! by the earth
Which will be strangled by the ocean! by
The deep which will lay open all her fountains,
And the heaven which will convert her clouds to seas,
And the Omnipotent who makes and crushes!
Then, unknown, terrible, and indistinct,
Yet awful thing of shadows, speak to me!
Why dost thou laugh that horrid laugh?

SPIRIT.

Why weep'st thou

JAPHET.

For earth, and all her children.

SPIRIT.

Ha! ha! ha! [Spirit vanished

JAPHET.

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

[Various Spirits pass from the cavern

SPIRIT.

Rejoice!
The abhorred race
Which could not keep in Eden their high place,
But listen'd to the voice
Of knowledge without power,
Are navigating the hour
Of death!

Not slow, not single, not by sword, nor sorre x,
Nor years, nor heart-break, nor time's sapping motion,
Shall they drop off:
Behold their last to-morrow!
Earth shall be ocean!
And no breath,
Save of the winds, be on the unbounded wave!
Angels shall tire their wings, but find no spot:
Not even a rock from out the liquid grave
Shall lift its point to save,
Or show the place where strong Despair hath died,
After long looking o'er the ocean wide
For the expected ebb which cometh not:
All shall be void,
Destroy'd!
Another element shall be the lord
Of life, and the abhor'd
Children of dust be quench'd; and of each hue
Of earth nought left but the unbroken blue;
And of the variegated mountain
Shall nought remain
Unchanged, or of the level plain;
Cedar and pine shall lift their tops in vain.
All merged within the universal fountain,
Man, earth, and fire, shall die,
And sea and sky
Look vast and lifeless in the eternal eye.

On the foam
Who shall erect a home?

JAPHET (coming forward).

My sire!

Earth's seed shall not expire;
Only the evil shall be put away
From day.

Ay, ay! ye existing demons of the waste!
Who howl your hideous joy
When God destroys whom you dare not destroy:
Hence! haste!

567
Back to your inner caves!
Until the waves
Shall search you in your secret place,
And drive your sullen race
Forth, to be roll'd, upon the tossing winds
In restless wretchedness along all space!

SPIRIT
Son of the saved!
When thin and thine have braved
The wide and warring element;
When the great barrier of the deep is rent,
Shalt thou and thine be good or happy?—No!
Thy new world and new race shall be of woeful
Less goodly in their aspect, in their years,
Less than the glorious giants, who
Yet walk the world in pride,
The sons of Heaven by many a mortal bride.
Thine shall be nothing of the past, save tears.
And art thou not ashamed
Thus to survive,
And eat, and drink, and wive?
With a base heart so far subdued and tamed,
As even to hear this wide destruction named,
Without such grief and courage, as should rather
Bid thee await the world-dissolving wave,
Than seek a shelter with thy favour'd father,
And build thy city o'er the drown'd earth's grave?
Who would outlive their kind,
Except the base and blind?
Mine
Hatred, thine,
As of a different order in the sphere,
But not our own.
There is not one who hath not left a throne
Vacant in heaven to dwell in darkness here,
Rather than see his mates endure alone.

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

Chorus of Spirits issuing from the caverns.
Rejoice!
No more the human voice
Shall vex our joys in middle air
With prayer;
No more
Shall they adore;
And we, who ne'er for ages have adored
The prayer-exacting Lord,
To whom the omission of a sacrifice
Is vice;
We, we shall view the deep's salt sources pour'd
Until one element shall do the work
Of all in chaos; until they,
The creatures proud of their poor clay,
Shall perish, and their bleached bones shall lurk
In caves, in dens, in cliffs of mountains, where
The deep shall follow to their latest hair;
Where even the brutes, in their despair,
Shall cease to prey on man and on each other,
And the striped tiger shall lie down to die
Beside the lamb, as though he were his brother;
The all things shall be as they were,
Silent and uncrested, save the sky:
While a brief truce
Is made with Death, who shall forbear
The little remnant of the past creation,
To generate new nations for his use;

This remnant, floating o'er the undulation
Of the subsiding deluge, from its same,
When the hot sun hath baked the recking soil
Into a world, shall give again to time
New beings—years—diseases—sorrow—death—
With all companionship of hate and toil,
Until

JAPETH (interrupting them).
The eternal will
Shall deign to expound this dream
Of good and evil; and redeem
Unto himself all times, and things;
And, gather'd under his almighty wings,
Abolish hell!
And to the expatiated earth
Restore the beauty of her birth,
Her Eden in an endless paradise,
Where man no more can fail as once he fell,
And even the very demons shall do well!

SPIRITS.
And when shall take effect this wondrous spell?

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

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

Chorus of Spirits.
Brethren, rejoice!
Mortal, farewell!
Hark! hark! already we can hear the voice
Of growing ocean's gloomy swell;
The winds, too, plume their piercing wings!
The clouds have nearly fill'd their springs!
The fountains of the great deep shall be broken,
And heaven set wide her windows; while mankind
View, as unacknowledged, each tremendous token—
Still, as they were from the beginning, blind.
We hear the sounds they cannot hear,
The, muttering thunders of the threatening sphere;
Yet a few hours their coming is delay'd;
Their flashing banners, folded still on high.
Yet undislay'd,
Save to the spirits' all-pervading eye.
How! how! oh earth!
Thy death is nearer than thy recent birth;
Tremble, ye mountains, soon to shrink below
The ocean's overflow!
The wave shall break upon your cliffs; and seas,
The little shells of ocean's least things, be
Deposed where now the eagle's off-spring dwelleth—
How shall he shriek o'er the remorseless sea?
And call his nestlings up with fruitless yell,
Unanswer'd save by the encroaching swell:—
While man shall long in vain for his broad wings.
The wings which could not save—
Where could he rest them, while the whole space brings
Nought to his eye beyond the deep, his grave?

1 "And there were giants in those days, and after; mighty men, which were of old men of renown."—Genesis.
Brethren, rejoice!
And loudly lift each superhuman voice—
All die,
Save the slight remnant of Seth’s seed—
The seed of Seth,
Exempt for future sorrow’s sake from death.
But of the sons of Cain
None shall remain;
And all his goodly daughters
Must be beneath the desolating waters;
Or, feasting upward with their long hair laid
Along the wave, the cruel Heaven upbraid,
Which would not spare
Beings even in death so fair.
It is decreed,
All die!
And to the universal human cry
The universal silence shall succeed!
Fly, brethren, fly!
But still reproach
We fell?
They fall!
So perish all
These petty foes of Heaven who shrink from Hell!
[The Spirits disappear, soaring upwards.
JAPHEIT (sad).
God hath proclaimed the destiny of earth;
My father’sark of safety hath announced it;
The very demons shrink it from their caves;
The scroll of Enoch prophesied it long
In silent books, which, in their silence, say
More to the mind than thunder to the ear:
And yet men listen’d not, nor listen: but
Walk darkling to their doom; which, though so nigh
Shakes them no more in their dun disbelief,
Than their last cries shall shake the Almighty purpose.
Or deaf obedient ocean, which fulfils it.
No sign yet hangs its bannier in the air;
The clouds are few, and of their wonted texture;
The sun will rise upon the earth’s last day
As on the fourth day of creation, when
God said unto him, “Shine!” and he broke forth
Into the dawn, which lighted not the yet
Unform’d forefather of mankind—but roused
Before the human orison the earlier
Made and far sweeter voices of the birds,
Which in the open firmament of heaven
Have wings like angels, and like them salute
Heaven first each day before the Adanites!
Their matur now draw nigh—the cast is kindling—
And they will sing! and day will break! Both near,
So near the awful close! For these must drop
Their wornout pinions on the deep: and day,
After the bright course of a few brief morrows;—
Ay, day will rise; but upon what? A chaos,
Which was ere day; and which, renew’d, makes time
Nothing! for, without life, what are the hours?
No more to dust than is eternity
Unto Jehovah, who created both,
Without him, even eternity would be
A void: without man, time, as made for man,
Dies with man, and is swallowed in that deep
Which has no fountain; as his race will be
Devour’d by that; which drowns his infant world,—
What have we here? Shapes of both earth and air?
No—all of heaven, they are so beautiful.
I cannot trace their features; but their forms,
Heavily they move along the side
Of the gray mountain, scattering its mist!

1 The Rock of Enoch, preserved by the Ethiopians, is said
by them to be anterior to the flood

And after the swart savage spirit,- whose
Infernal immortality pour’d forth
Their impious hymn of triumph, they sha I be
Welcome as Eden. It may be they come
To tell me the reprieve of our young world,
For which I have so often pray’d—They come!
Anah! oh God! and with her—

Enter SAMIASA, AZAZIEL, ANAH, and AHOLIBASH.
JAPHEIT.

SAMIASA.
Lo!

A son of Adam!
AZAZIEL.

What doth the earth-born here,
While all his race are slumbering?
JAPHEIT.

Ah! what
Dost thou on earth when thou shouldst be on high?
AZAZIEL.

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

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

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

JAPHEIT.

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

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

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

Son of the patriarch, who hath ever been
Upright before his God, what’ter thy griefs,
And thy words seem of sorrow, my’ld with wrath.
How have Azaziel, or myself, brought on thee
Wrong?

JAPHEIT.

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

From what
JAPHEIT.

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

Sorrow! I ne’er thought till now
To hear an Adammite speak riddles to me.
JAPHEIT.

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

So be it!

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

ANAH.

Sister! sister! speak not
Thus.

AZAZIEL.

Fear not thou, my Anah?

ANAH.

Yes, for thee;
I would resign this greater remnant of
This little life of mine, before one hour
Of thine eternity should know a pang.

JAPETH.

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

ANAH.

Ah! he speaks of death.

SAMIASA.

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

JAPETH.

I grieve not for myself, nor fear;
I am safe, not for my own deserts, but those
Of a well-doing sire, who hath been found
Righteous enough to save his children. Would
His power were greater of redemption! or
That by exchanging my own life for hers,
Who could alone have made mine happy, she,
The last and loveliest of Cain’s race, could share
The ark which shall receive a remnant of
The seed of Seth!

AHOLIBAMAH.

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

JAPETH.

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

AHOLIBAMAH (interrupting him). And wouldst thou have her like our father’s foe
In mind, and soul? If I partook thy thought,
And dream’d that aught of Abel was in her—
Get thee hence, son of Noah; thou mak’st strife.

JAPETH.

Offspring of Cain, thy father did so!

AHOLIBAMAH.

But
He slew not Seth; and what hast thou to d—
With other deeds between his God and him?

JAPETH.

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

AHOLIBAMAH.

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

JAPETH.

They are numbered,

AHOLIBAMAH.

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

JAPETH.

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

ANAH.

Whatever our God decrees,
The God of Seth as Cain, I must obey,
And will endeavour patiently to obey;
But could I dare to pry in this dread hour
Of universal vengeance (if such should be),
It would not be to live, alone exempt
Of all my house. My sister! Oh, my sister!
What were the world, or other worlds, or all
The brightest future without the sweet past—
Thy love—my father’s—all the life, and all
The things which sprung up with me, like the stars,
Making my dim existence radiant with
Soft lights which were not mine? Aholibamah!
Oh! if there should be mercy—seek it,
Ahab, because that thou must die.

AHOLIBAMAH.

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

JAPETH.

He whose one word produced them

AHOLIBAMAH.

Who heard that word?

JAPETH.

The universe, which leaped
To life before it. Ah! smallest thou still in score;
Turn to thy seraphs; if they attest it not,
They are none.

SAMIASA.

Aholibamah, own thy God!

AHOLIBAMAH.

I have ever hail’d our Maker, Samiasa,
As thine, and mine; a God of love, not sorrow.

JAPETH.

Alas! what else is love but sorrow? Even
Almightiness. And lo! his mildest and
Least to be tempted messenger appears!

Enter Raphael, the Archangel.

Raphael.

Spirits!

Whose seat is near the throne,
What do ye here?
In thus a seraph's duty to be shown
Now that the hour is near
When earth must be alone?
Return!
And burn
In glorious homage with the elected "seven,
Your place is heaven.

Samiasa.

Raphael

The first and fairest of the sons of God,
How long hath this been law,
That earth by angels must be left untried?
Earth! which oft saw
Jehovah's footsteps not dissemble her sod!
The world He loved, and made
For love; and oft have we obey'd
His frequent mission with delighted punmons;
Adoring Him in his least works displayed;
Watching this youngest star of his dominions:
And as the latest birth of His great word,
Eager to keep it worthy of our Lord,
Why is thy brow severe?
And wherefore speak'st thou of destruction near?

Raphael.

Had Samiasa and Azazel been
In their true place, with the angelic choir,
Written in fire
They would have seen
Jehovah's late decree,
And not inquired their Maker's breath of me,
But ignorance must ever be
A part of sin;
And even the spirits' knowledge shall grow less
As they wax proud with...
For blindness is the first-born of excess.
When all good angels left the world, ye stay'd,
Stung with strange passions, and debauched
By mortal feelings for a mortal maid;
But ye are pardon'd thus far, and replaced
With your pure equals: Hence! Away! Away!
Or stay,
And lose eternity by that delay!

Azazel.

And thou! if earth be thus forbidden
In the decree
To us until this moment hidden,
Dost thou not err as we
In being here?

Raphael.

I came to call ye back to your fit sphere,
In the great name and at the word of God!
Dear, dearest in themselves, and scarce less dear
That which I came to do: till now we trod
Together the eternal space—together
Let us still walk the stars. True, earth must die
Her race, return'd into her womb, must wither,
And much which she inherits; but oh! why
Cannot this earth be made, or be destroy'd,
Without involving ever some vast void
In the immortal lands? immortal still
In their irreceivable futurity.
Our brother Satan fell; his burning will
Rather than longer worship dared endure!
BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS.

But ye was still are pure,
Seraphs 't less mighty than that mightiest one,
Think how he was undone!
And think if tempting man can compensate
For heaven desired too late?
Long have I warr'd,
Long must I war
With him who deem'd it hard
To be created, and to acknowledge Him
Who 'midst the cherubim
Made him as sun to a dependent star,
Leaving the archangels at his right hand dim.
I loved him—beautiful he was: oh Heaven!
Save His who made, what beauty and what power
Was ever like to Satan's? Would the hour
In which he fell could ever be forgiven?
The wish is impious: but oh ye!
Yet undestroy'd, be war'd! Eternity
With him, or with his God, is in your choice:
He hath not tempt'd you, he cannot tempt
The angels, from his further sauces exempt;
But man hath listen'd to his voice,
And ye to woman's—beautiful she is,
The serpent's voice less subtle than her kiss.
The snail— but vapour'd dust; but she will draw
A second host from heaven, to break Heaven's law.
Yet, yet, oh fly!
Ye cannot die,
But they shall pass away,
While ye shall fill with shrieks the upper sky
For perishable clay,
Whose memory in your immortality
Shall long outlast the sun which gave them day.
Think how your essence different from theirs
In all but suffering! Why partake
The agony to which they must be heirs—
Born to beploy'd with tears, and sown with cares,
And reap'd by Death, lord of the human soul?—
Even had their days been left to toil their path
Through time to dust, mahon't in God's wrath,
Stil, they are evil's prey and sorrow's spoil.

AHOLIBAMAH.

Let them fly!
I hear the voice which says that all must die,
Sooner than our white-bearded patriarchs died;
And that on high,
An ocean is prepared,
While from below
The deep shall raise to meet heaven's overflow.
Few shall be spared,
It seems; and, of that few, the race of Cain
Must lift their eyes to Adam's God in vain.
Sister! since it is so,
And the eternal Lord
In vain would be importuned
For the remission of one hour of woe,
Let us resign even what we have admired,
And meet the wave, as we would meet the sword,
If not immov'd, yet undeniably,
And wailing less for us than those who shall
Survive as mortal or immortal thrall,
And, when the fatal waters are alloy'd,
Weep for the myriads who can weep no more.
Fly, rapids! to your own eternal shore,
Where winds not howl nor waters roar.
Our portion is to die,
And yours to live for ever.
But which is best, a dead eternity,
Or living, is but known to the great Giver:

Obev him, as we shall obey;
I would not keep this life of mine in clay
An hour beyond His will;
Nor see ye lose a portion of His grace,
For all the mercy which Seth's race
Find still.
Fly!
And as your pinions bear ye back to heaven,
Think that my love still mounts with thee on high.
Samiusa!
And if I look up with a tearless eye,
'Tis that an angel's bride dislains to weep—
Farewell! Now rise, inexorable deep!

Ah!
And must we die?
And must I lose thee too,
Azzaziel?
Oh, my heart! my heart!
Thy prophecies were true,
And yet thouwert so happy too!
The blow, though not unklood'd for, falls as new;
But yet depart!
Ah, why?
Yet let me not retain thee—fly!
My pangs can be but brief: but thine would be
Eternal, if repuls'd from heaven for me.
Too much already hast thou deign'd
To one of Adam's race!
Our down is sorrow: not to us alone,
But to the spirits who have not disdain'd
To love us, cometh anguish with disgrace.
The first who taught us knowledge hath been hurl'd:
From his once archangelic throne
Into some unknown world;
And then, Azzaziel! No—
Thou shalt not suffer woe
For me. Away! nor weep!
Then cannot weep; but yet
May'st suffer more, not weeping: then forget
Her whom the surges of the all-strangling deep
Can bring no pang like this. Fly! fly!
Being gone, 'twill be less difficult to die.

JAPHET.

Oh say not so!
Father! and thou, archangel, thou!
Surely celestial mercy lurks below
That pure severe solemnity of bow:
Let them not meet this sea without a shore,
Save in our ark, or let me be no more!

NOAH.

Peace, child of passion, peace!
If not within thy heart yet with thy tongue
Do God no wrong!
Live as he wills it—die, when he ordains,
A righteous death, unlike the seed of Cain's.
Cease, or be sorrowful in silence: cease
To weary Heaven's ear with thy selfish plaint.
Wouldst thou have God commit a sin for thee?
Such would it be
To alter his intent
For a more mortal sorrow. Be a man!
And bear what Adam's race must bear, and can.

JAPHET.

Aye, father! but when they are gone,
And we are all alone,
Floating upon the azure desert, and
The depth beneath us hides our own dear land,
And dearer, silent friends and brethren, all
Burned in its immeasurable breast,
Who, who, our tears, our shrieks, shall then command.
Can we in desolation's peace have rest?
Oh, God! be thou a god, and spare
Yet while 'tis time!
R. not Adam's fall:
Mankind were then but twain,
But they are numerous now as are the waves
And the tremendous rain,
Whose drops shall be less thick than would their graves
Were graves permitted to the seed of Cain.

Noah.

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

Raphael.

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

Samson.

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

Raphael.

Say'st thou?

Azazel.

He hath said it, and I say, Amen!

Raphael.

Again!

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

Japhet.

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

Noah.

Hark! hark! the sea-birds cry!
In clouds they overspread the herd sky,
And hover round the mountain, where before
Never a white wing, wetted by the wave,
Yet dared to soar,
Even when the waters wax'd too fierce to brave.
Soon it shall be their only shore,
And then, no more!

Japhet.

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

Noah.

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

Japhet.

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

Noah.

Must we not leave all life to such? Begone!

Japhet.

Not I.

Noah.

Then die
With them!

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

Japhet.

Can rage and justice join in the same path?

Noah.

Blasphemous! darest thou murmur even now?

Raphael.

Patriarch, be still a father! smooth thy brow:
Thy son, despite his folly, shall not sink;
He knows not what he says, yet shall not drink
With sob's the salt foam of the swelling waters,
But be, when passion passeth, good as thou.

Nor perish like Heaven's children with man's daugh-
ters.

Ahohlam.

The tempest cometh; heaven and earth unite
For the annihilation of all life.
Unequal is the strife
Between our strength and the eternal might!

Samson.

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

Anah.

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

Azazel.

Thy spirit-lord.

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

Raphael.

Rebel! thy words are wicked, as thy deeds
Shall henceforth be but weak: the flaming sword,
Which chased the first-born out of paradise,
Still flashes in the angelic hands.

Azazel.

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

Raphael.

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

Enter Mortals, flying for refuge.

Chorus of Mortals.

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

Raphael.

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

[Exit Raphael.

Some clouds sweep on to vultures for their prey,
While others, fix'd as rocks, await the word
At which their wrathful vials shall be pour'd.
No azure more shall robe the firmament,
Nor spangled stars be glorious: death hath risen:
In the sun's place a pole and ghastly glare
Hath wound itself around, the diving air.
BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS.

AZAZIEL.

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

[AZAZIEL and SAMASMA fly off, and disappear with ANAH and Aholibamah.]

JAPHEt.

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

Chorus of Mortals.

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

A mother (offering her infant to JAPHEt).

Oh let this child embark!
I brought him forth in woe,
But thought it joy
To see him to my bosom clinging so.
Why was he born?
What hath he done—
My unwond'rn son—
To move Jehovah's wrath or scorn?
What is there in this milk of mine, that death
Should stir all heaven and earth up to destroy
My boy,
And roll the waters o'er his placid breath?
Save him, thou seed of Seth!
Or cursed be—with Him who made
Thee and thy race, for which we are betray'd!

JAPHEt.

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

Chorus of Mortals.

For prayer!!!
And where
Shall prayer ascend,
When the solemn clouds into the mountains bend
And burst,
And gushing oceans every barrier rend,
Until the very deserts know no thirst?

Accursed
Be He, who made thee and thy sire!
We, deem our curses vain; we must expire;
But, as we know the worst,
Why should our hymns be raised, our knees be bent
Before the implacable Omnigotant,
If we must fall the same?
If He hath made earth, let it be His shame,
To make a world for torture:—Lo! they come,
The leathern skies in their rage!
And with their roar make wholsome nature dumb!
The forest's trees (crouch with the hour
When paradise upspring,
Ere Eve gave Adam knowledge for her dowry,
Or Adam, his first hymn of slavery sung),
So massy, vast, yet green in their old age,
Are overtopp'd,
Then summer blossoms by the surges hopp'd,
Which rise, and rise, and rise.
Vainly we look up to the burning skies—

They meet the seas,
And shut out God from our beseeching eyes.
Fly, son of Noah, fly, and take thine case
In thine allotted ocean tract;
And view all floating o'er the element,
The corpses of the world of th' young days:
Then to Jehovah raise
Thy song of praise!

A Woman.

Blessed are the dead
Who die in the Lord!
And though the waters be o'er earth outspread
Yet, as His word,
Be the decree adored!
He gave me life—He tooketh but
The breath which is His own:
And though these eyes should be for ever shut,
Nor longer this weak voice before His throne
Be heard in suppliant tone,
Still blessed be the Lord,
For what is past,
For that which is:
For all are His,
From first to last—
Time—space—eternity—life—death—
The vast known and immeasurable unknown.
He made, and can unmake;
And shall I, for a little gasp of breath,
Blaspheme and groan?
No; let me die, as I have lived, in faith,
Nor quiver, though the universe may quake!

Chorus of Mortals.

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

Enter a Woman.

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

JAPHEt.

To die: in youth to die;
And happier in that doom,
Than to behold the universal tomb
Which I
Am thus condemn'd to weep above in vain,
Why, when all perish, why must I remain?

[The Waters rise; Men fly in every direction; many are overthrown by the waves; the Chorus of Mortals disperses in search of safety up the Mountains; JAPHEt remains upon a rock, while the Ark floats towards him in the distance.]
I. I want a hero—an uncommon want,
When every year and month sends forth a new one,
Till, after closing the gazettes with cant,
The age discovers he is not the true one;
Of such as these I should not care to vaunt,
I'll therefore take our ancient friend Don Juan;
We all have seen him in the pantomime
Sent to the devil somewhat ere his time.

II. Vernon, the butcher, Cumberland, Wolfe, Hawke,
Prince Ferdinand, Grazzy, Bourgoyne, Keppele, Howe,
Evil and good, have had their turns of fall,
And fill'd their sign-posts then, like Well-say now;
Each in their turn like Banquo's mourners stalk;
Followers of fame, "nine arrow" of that saw;
France, too, had Boumparte and Dumourier,
Recorded in the Mounfer and Courrier.

III. Birnaue, Brissot, Condorcet, Mirabeau,
Pothier Clozez, Danton Marat, La Fayette,
Were French, and famous people, as we know;
And there were others, scarce forgotten yet,
Joubert, Heche, Marceau, Lannes, Dossary, Moreau,
With many of the military, Exceedingly remarkable at times,
But not at all adapted to my rhymes.

IV. Nelson was once Britannia's god of war,
And still should be so, but the tide is turn'd;
There's no more to be said of Trinigian,
'Tis with our hero quietly mur'd;
Because the army's grown more popular,
At which the naval people are concern'd;
Besides, the prince is all for the land-services,
Forgetting Duncan, Nelson, Howe, and Jarvis.

V. Brave men were living before Agamemnon,
And since, exceeding valorous and sage,
A good deal's done to him, though quite the same none,
But then they shone not on the poet's page,
And so have been forgotten—I condemn none,
But can't find any in the present age.
Fit for my poems (that is, for my new one);
So, as I said, I'll take my friend Don Juan.

VI. Most epic poets plunge in "medias res"
(Horace makes this the heroic turnpike road),
And then your hero tells you when you please,
What went before—by way of episode,
While seated after dinner at his ease,
Beside his mistress in some soft, single
Prince or garden, paradise or cavern,
Which serves the happy couple for a tavern.

VII. That is the usual method, but not mine—
My way is to begin with the beginning;
The regularity of my design
Forbids all wandering as the worst of errors,
And therefore I shall open with a line
(Although it cost me half an hour in spinning)
Narrating somewhat of Don Juan's father,
And also of his mother, if you'll rather.

VIII. In Seville was he born, a pleasant city,
Famous for oranges and women—he
Who has not seen it will be much to pity,
So says the proverb—and I quite agree;
Of all the Spanish towns is none more pretty,
Caziz perhaps, but that you soon may see:—
Don Juan's parents lived beside the river,
A noble stream, and call'd the Guadalquivir.

IX. His father's name was Jose—Don, of course,
A true Hidalgo, free from every stain
Of Moor or Hebrew blood, he traced his source
Through the most Gothic gentlemen of Spain;
A better cavalier nor mounted horse,
Or, being mounted, ever got down again,
Than Jose, who begot our hero, who
Begot—but that's to come—Well, to renew:

X. His mother was a learned lady, famed
For every branch of every science known—
In every Christian language ever named,
With virtues equalled by her wit alone,
She made the cleverest people quite ashamed,
And even the good with inward envy groan,
Finding themselves so very much exceeded
In their own way by all the things that she did.

XI. Her memory was a mine: she knew by heart
All Calderon and greater part of Lope,
So that if any actor miss'd his part,
She could have served him for the prompter's copy
For her Feuillage's were an useless art,
And he himself obliged to shut up shop—He
Could never make a memory so fine as
That which abounds the brain of Donna Inez.

XII. Her favourite science was the mathematical,
Her noblest virtue was her meagreurnony,
Her wit (she sometimes tried at wit) was Attic all,
Her serious sayings darkened to sublimity;
In short, in all things she was fairly what I call
A prodigy—her morning dress was dimity,
Her evening silk, or, in the summer, muslin,
And other stuffs, with which I won't stay puzzling.

XIII. She knew the Latin—that is, "the Lord's prayer,"
And Greek, the alphabet, I'm nearly sure;
She read some French romances here and there,
Although her mode of speaking was not pure.
For native Spanish she had no great care,
At least her conversation was obscure;
Her thoughts were theorems, her words a problem,
As if she declaim'd that mystery would ennoble 'em.

XIV. She liked the English and the Hebrew tongue,
And said there was analogy between 'em;
She proved it somehow out of sacred song,
But I must leave the proofs to those who've seen 'em.
But this I've heard her say, and can 't be wrong,
And all may think which way their judgments lean 'em,
"T is strange—the Hebrew noun which means 'I am,'
The English always use to govern d—a-n."

**

 XVI.

In short, she was a walking calculation,
Miss Edgeworth's novels stepping from their covers,
Or Mrs. Trimmer's books on education,
Or "C virtue's Wife" set out in quest of lovers,
Moralitics' prin personification,
In which not Envy's self a flaw discovers;
To others' share let "female errors fall,"
For she had not even one—the worst of all.

XVII.

Oh! she was perfect past all parallel—
Of any modern female saint's comparison;
So far above the cunning powers of hell,
Her guardian angel had given up his garrison;
Even her minutest notions went as well
And none of the best time-piece made by Harrison
In virtues nothing earthly could surpass her,
Save thine "imcomparable oil," Macassar! 12

XVIII.

Perfect she was, but as perfection is
Insipid in the naught ye song of ours,
Where our first parents never learnt'd to kiss
Till they were exiled from their earlier bowers,
Where all was peace, and innocence, and bliss
(I wonder how they got through the twelve hours),
Don Jose, like a lineal son of Eve,
Went plucking various fruit without her leave.

XIX.

He was a mortal of the careless kind,
With no great love for learning, or the learnt'd,
Who chose to go where'er he had a mind,
And never dream'd his lady was conscious;
The world, as usual, wickedly inclined
To see a kingdom or a house o' return'd,
Whisper'd he had a mistress, some said too,
But for domestic quarrels one will do.

XX.

Now Donna Inez had, with all her merit,
A great opinion of her own good qualities;
Neglect, indeed, requires a saint to bear it,
And such indeed she was in her moralities;
But then she had a devil of a spirit,
And sometimes mix'd up fancies with realities,
And let few opportunities escape
Of getting her liege lord into a scrape.

XXI.

This was an easy matter with a man
Of the wrong, and never on his guard;
And even the wisest, do the best they can,
Have moments, hours, and days, so unprepared,
That you might "brain them with their lady's fan;"
And sometimes ladies hit exceeding hard,
And fans turn into falchions in fair hands,
And why and wherefore no one understands.

XXII.

'Tis pity learned virgins ever wed
With persons of no sort of education,

Or gentlemen who, though well-born and laud,
Grow tired of scientific conversation:
I don't choose to say much upon this head,
I'm a plain man, and in a single station,
But—oh! ye lords of ladies intellectual,
Inform us truly, have they not heen-peek'd you all?

XXIII.

Don Jose and his lady quarrell'd—why
Not any of the many could divine,
Though several thousand people chose to try,
'T was surely no concern of theirs nor mine
I loathe that low vice curiosity;
But if there's any thing in which I shine,
'T is in arranging all my friends' affairs,
Not having of my own, domestic cares.

XXIV.

And so I interfered, and with the best
Intentions, but their treatment was not kind:
I think the foolish people were possess'd,
For neither of them could I ever find,
Although their Porter afterwards confess'd—
But that's no matter, and the worst's behind.
For little Juan o'er me threw, down stairs,
A pail of household's water unwares.

XXV.

A little curly-headed, good-for-nothing,
And mischief-making monkey from his birth;
His parents ne'er agreed except in doting
Upon the most unquiet imp on earth;
Instead of quarrelling, they'd been but both in
Their senses, they'd have sent young master Faith
To school, or had him whipp'd at home,
To teach him manners for the time to come.

XXVI.

Don Jose and the Donna Inez led
For some time an unhappy sort of life,
Washing each other, not divorced, but dead;
They lived respectably as man and wife,
Their conduct was exceedingly well-bred,
And gave no outward signs of inward strife,
Until at length the smother'd fire broke out,
And put the business past all kind of doubt.

XXVII.

For Inez call'd some druggists and physicians,
And tried to prove her loving lord was mad,
But as he had some hard intermissions,
She next decided he was only bad;
Yet when they asked her for her depositions,
No sort of explanation could be had;
Save that her duty both to man and God
Required this conduct—which seemed very odd.

XXVIII.

She kept a journal, where his faults were not,
And open'd certain trunks of books and letters.
All which might, if occasion served, be quoted;
And then she had all Seville for abeters,
Besides her good old grandmother (who doted);
The hearers of her case became repeaters,
Then advocates, insurgents, and judges,
Some for amusement, others for old grudges.

XXIX.

And then this best and meekest woman bore
With such serenity her husband's woes,
Just as the Spartan ladies did of yore,
Who saw their spon's kiled, and nobly close
Never to say a word about them more—
Calmly she heard each calumny that rose,
And saw his agonies with such sublimity,
That all the world exclaimed, "What magnanimity!"

XXX.
No doubt, this patience, when the world is damning us,
Is philosophy in our former friends;
'Twas also pleasant to be deemed magnanimous,
The more so in obtaining our own ends;
And what the lawyers call a "malleus animi."

Conduct like this by no means comprehends;
Revenge in person's certainly no virtue,
But then 'tis not my fault if others hurt you.

XXXI.
And if our quarrels should rip up old stories,
And help them with a lie or two additional,
I'm not to blame, as you well know, no more is
Any one else—they were become traditional;
Besides, their resurrection aids our glories
By contrast, which is what we jest were wishing all,
And science profits by this resurrection—
Dead scandals form good subjects for dissection.

XXXII.
Their friends had tried at reconciliation,
Their relations, who made matters worse
'Twere hard to tell upon a like occasion
To whom it may be best to have recourse—
I can't say much for friend or yet relation;

The lawyers did their utmost for divorce,
But scarce a fee was paid on either side
Before, unluckily, Don Jose died.

XXXIII.
He died and most unluckily, because,
According to all hints I could collect
From counsel learned in those kinds of laws
Although their talk's obscure and circumscript,
less death contrived to spoil a charming cause;
A thousand pities also with respect
For public feeling, which on this occasion
Was manifested in a great sensation.

XXXIV.
But ah! he died; and buried with him lay
The public feeling and the lawyers' legs;
His house was sold, his servants sent away,
A Jew took one of his two mistresses,
A priest the other—at least so they say;
I assail the doctors after his disaster—
He died of the slow fever called the tertian
And left his widow to her own aversion.

XXXV.
Yet Jose was an honourable man,
That I must say, who knew him very well;
Therefore his trials I'll no further scan,
Indeed there were not many more to tell;
And if his passions now and then outran
Discretion, and were not so peaceable
As Nun's (who was also named Pomplinte),
He had been ill brought up, and was born bawdy.

XXXVI.
Whate'er might be his worthlessness or worth,
Poor fellow! he had many things to wound him,
Let's own, since it can do no good on earth;
It was a trying moment that which found him,
Standing alone beside his decaying health,
Where all his household gods lay shivered round him;
No choice was left his feelings or his pride,
Save death or Doctor's Commons—so he died.

XXXVII.
Dying intestate, Juan was sole heir
To a cannon-oil, and messuages, and lands,

Which, with a long minority and care,
Promised to turn out well in proper hands.
Inez became sole guardian, which was fine,
And answer'd but to nature's just demands
An only son left with an only mother
Is brought up much more wisely than another

XXXVIII.
Sages of women, even of widows, she
Resolved that Juan should be quite a paragon,
And worthy of the noblest pedigrees
(And his sire was of Castle, his dam from Amagon)
Then for accomplishments of chivalry,
In case our lord the king should go to war again
He learned the arts of riding, fencing, gunnery,
And how to scale a fortress—or a nursery.

XXXIX.
But that which Donna hero most desired,
And saw into herself each day before all
The learned tutors whom for him she hired,
Was that his breeding should be strictly moral,
Much into all his studies she inquired;
And so they were submitted first to her, and
Arts, sciences, no branch was made a mystery
To Juan's eyes, excepting natural history.

XL.
The languages, especially the dead,
The sciences, and most of all the abstruse,
The arts, at least all such as could be said
To be the most remote from common use,
In all these he was much and deeply read;
But not a page of any thing that's loose,
Or hints continuation of the species,
Was ever suffered, lest he should grow vicious.

XLI.
His classic studies made a little puzzle,
Because of filthy loves of gods and goddesses,
Who in the earlier ages raised a bustle,
But never put on pantaloon or boudoirs;
His reverend tutors had at times a tussle,
And for their .Eniids, Iliads, and Odysseys,
Were forced to make an odd sort of apology,
For Donna Inez dreaded the mythology.

XLII.
Ovid's a rake, as half his verses show him;
Anacreon's morals are still worse sample;
Catullus scarcely has a decent poem;
I don't think Sappho's Ode a good example,
Although Longinus tells us there is no Lynn
Where the sublime soars forth with wings more ample,
But Virgil's songs are pure, except that horrid ode
Beginning with "Parsamum postcr C resetting."

XLI.
Laccintus' ridicocles is too strong
For early scholars, to prove wholesome food,
I can't help thinking Jocundus was wrong,
Although no doubt his real intent was good,
For speaking out so plainly in his song,
So much indeed as to be unwelcome rude;
And then what proper person can be partial
To all those nauseous epigrams of Martial?

XLIV.
Juan was taught from out the best edition,
Exaggerated by learned men, who place,
Judiciously, from out the school-boy's vision,
The grosser parts; but, fearful to deform
Too much their modest bards by this omission,
And putting sure his mutilated case
They only add them all in an appendix,*
Which saves, in fact, the trouble of an index;

XLV.
For there we have them all "at one fell swoop,"
Instead of being scatter'd through the pages;
They stand forth marshalled in a handsom,e troop,
To meet the ingenuous youth of future ages,
Till some less rigid editor shall stoop
To call them back into their separate cages,
Instead of standing staring altogether,
Like garden gales—and not so decent, either.

XLVI.
The Missal too (it was the family Missal)
Was ornamented in a sort of way
Which ancient missal-books often are, and this all
Kinds of grotesques illumined; and how they
Who saw these figures on the margin kiss all,
Could turn their optics to the text and pray
Is more than I know—but Don Juan's mother
Kept this herself, and gave her son another.

XLVII.
Sermons he read, and lectures he endured,
And homilies, and lives of all the saints;
To Jerome and to Chrysostom imured,
He did not take such studies for restraint.
But how faith is acquired, and then insured,
So well not one of the aforesaid pains
As Saint Augustine, in his fine Confessions,
Which make the reader entry his transgressions.

XLVIII.
This too, was a seed'd book to little Juan—
I can't but say that his mamma was right.
If such an education was the true one,
She scarcely trusted him out her sight;
Her hands were old, and if she took a new one
You might be sure she was a perfect fright;
She did this during even her husband's life—
I recommend as much to every wife.

XLIX.
Young Juan wasn't in goodliness and grace—
At six a charming child, and at eleven
With all the promise of as fine a face
As c'er to man's maturer growth was given:
He studied steadily and grew space,
And seemed'd, at least, in the right road to heaven.
For half his days were pass'd at church, the other
Between his tutors, confessor, and mother.

L.
At six, I said he was a charming child,
At twelve, he was a fine, but quiet boy;
Although in infancy a little wild,
They tamed him down amongst them: to destroy
His natural spirit not in vain they toil'd,
At least it seem'd so; and his mother's joy
Was to declare how sage, and still, and steady,
Her young philosopher was grown already.

I.
I had my doubts, perhaps I have them still,
But what I say is neither here nor there;
I know his father well, and have some skill
In character—but it would not be fair
From sure to son to anger good or ill:
He and his wife were an ill-sorted pair—
But scandal's my aversion—I protest
Against all evil speaking, even in jest.

II.
For my part I say nothing—noting—but
This I will say—my reasons are my own—
That if I had an only son to put
To school (as G'dl be praised that I have none),
'Tis not with Donna Inez I would shut
Him up to learn his catechism alone;
Nor—no—I'd send him out betimes to college,
For there it was I pick'd up my own knowledge.

III.
For there one learns—'tis not for me to boast,
Though I acquired—but I pass over that,
As well as all the Greek I since have lost:
I say that there's the place—but *Virium surat.
I think I pick'd up, too, as well as most,
Knowledge of matters—but, no matter what—
I never married—but I think, I know,
That sons should not be educated so.

IV.
Young Juan now was sixteen years of age,
Tall, handsome, slender, but well knit; he seem'd
Active, though not so sprightly, as a page;
And every body but his mother de'rd
Him almost man; but she flow'd in a rage,
And bit her lips (for e'er she might have screamed)
If any said so, for to be precocious
Was in her eyes a thing the most atrocious.

V.
Amongst her numerous acquaintance, all
Selected for discretion and devotion,
There was the Donna *Julia, whom to call
Pretty were but to give a feble notion
Of many charms, in her as natural
As sweetness to the flower, or salt to ocean.
Her zone to Venus, or his how to Cupid
(But the last suilcue is trite and stupid).

VI.
The darkness of her orient eye
Accord'd with her Moorish origin;
(Her blood was not all Spanish, by the by;
In Spain you know, this is a sort of sin),
When proud Granada fell, and, forced to fly,
Beard'd kept, of Donna John's kin
Some went to Africa, some staid in Spain,
Her great-great-grandmamma chose to remain.

VII.
She married (I forget the pedigree)
With an Hidalgo, who transmitted down
His blood less noble than such blood should be:
At such alliances his sire would frown,
In that point so precise in each degree
That they bred in and in, as might be shown,
Marrying their cousins—say, their aunts and nieces
Which always spoils the breed, if it increases.

VIII.
This houeholdam cross restored the breed again,
Ruin'd its blood, but much improved its flesh;
For, from a root, the ugliest in Old Spain,
Sprung up a branch as beautiful as fresh;
The sons no more were short, the daughters plain,
But there's a rumour which I'tam would hush;
'Tis said that Donna Julia's grandmamma
Produced her Don more heir at once than her.

IX.
However this might be, the race went on
Improving still through every generation,
Until it centered in an only son,
Who left an only daughter; my narration
May have suggested that this single one
Could be hot Julia (whom on this occasion
She took his lady also in affection,  
And certainly this course was much the best:  
She flatter'd Julia with her sage protection,  
And complimented, Don Alfonso's taste;  
And if she could not (who can?) silence scandals,  
At least she left it a more slender handle.

LXVIII.  
I can't tell whether Julia saw the affair  
With other people's eyes, or if her own  
Discoveries made, but none could be aware  
Of this, at least no symptom o'er was shown;  
Perhaps she did not know, or did not care,  
Indifferent from the first or callous grown:  
I'm really puzzled what to think or say,  
She kept her counsel in so close a way.

LXIX.  
Juan she saw, and, as a pretty child,  
Careless'd him often, such a thing might be  
Quite innocently done, and harmless styled  
When she had twenty years, and thirteen he;  
But I am not so sure I should have smiled  
When he was sixteen, Julia twenty-three:  
These few short years make wondrous alterations,  
Particularly amongst sun-burnt nations.

LXX.  
Whate'er the cause might be, they had become  
Changed; for the dame grew distant, the youth shy  
Their looks cast down, their greetings almost dumb,  
And much embarrassment in either eye;  
There surely will be little doubt with some  
That Donna Julia knew the reason why,  
But as for Juan, he had no more motion  
Then he who never saw the sea of ocean.

LXXI.  
Yet Julia's very coldness still was kind,  
And tenderly genteel her small hand  
With drew itself from his, but left behind  
A little pressure, thrilling, and so bland  
And slight, so very slight, that to the mind  
'T was but a doubt; but ne'er magician's wand  
Wrought change with all Armada's fiery art  
Like what this light touch left on Juan's heart.

LXXII.  
And if she met him, though she smiled no more,  
She look'd a sadness sweeter than her smile,  
As if her heart had deeper thoughts in store  
She must not own, but cherished more the while,  
For that compression in its burning core;  
Even innocence itself has many a wife,  
And will not dare to trust itself with truth,  
And love is taught hypocrisy from youth.

LXXIII.  
But passion must dissipate, yet betrays  
Even by its darkness; as the blackest sky  
Foretells the heaviest tempest, it displays  
Its workings through the值班-guarded eye,  
And in whatever aspect it arrays  
Itself, 't is still the same hypocrisy;  
Coldness or anger, even disdain or hate,  
Are masks it often wears, and still too late.

LXXIV.  
Then there were sighs, the deeper for suppression.  
And stolen glances, sweeter for the thirst;  
And burning blushes, though for no transgression,  
Tremblings when met, and restlessness when left  
All these are little preludes to possession,  
Of which young passion cannot be bated,
And merely tend to show how greatly love is
Embarrass'd at first starting with a novice.

LXXV.
Poor Julia's heart was in an awkward state:
She felt it going, and resolved to make
The noblest efforts for herself and mate,
For honour's, pride's, religion's, virtue's sake:
Her resolutions were most truly great,
And I almost might have made a Tarquin quake;
She pray'd the Virgin Mary for her grace,
As being the best judge of a lady's case.

LXXVI.
She vow'd she never would see Juan more,
And next day paid a visit to his mother,
And look'd extremely at the opening door.
Which, by the Virgin's grace, let in another;
Grateful she was, and yet a little sore—
Again it opens, it can be no other.
'Tis surely Juan now—No! I'm afraid
That night the Virgin was no further pray'd.

LXXVII.
She now determined that a virtuous woman
Should rather face and overcome temptation;
That flight was base and dastardly, and no man
Should ever give her heart the least sensation;
That is to say a thought, beyond the common
Preference that we must feel on occasion
For people who are pleasanter than others,
But then they only seem so many brothers.

LXXVIII.
And even if by chance—and who can tell?
The devil's so very sly—she should discover
That all within was not so very well,
And if, still finer, that such or such a lover
Might please perhaps, a virtuous wife can quell
Such thoughts, and be the better when they're over,
And, if the man should ask, 'tis but denial
I recommend young ladies to make trial.

LXXIX.
And then there are such things as love divine,
Bright and immaculate, unmix'd and pure,
Such as the angels think so very fine,
And matrons, who would be no less secure,
Platonick, perfect, 'just such love as mine;'  
Thus Julia said—and thought so, to be sure,
And so I'd have her think, were I the man
On whom her reveries celestial ran.

LXXX.
Such love is innocent, and may exist
Between young persons without any danger;
A hand may first, and then a lip be kiss'd;
For my part, to such dosiges I'm a stranger,
But hear these freedoms for the utmost list
Of all 'er which such love may be a ranger.
If people go beyond, 'tis quite a crime,
But not my fault—I tell them all in time.

LXXXI.
ove, then, but love within its proper limits,
Was Julia's innocent determination
In young Don Juan's favour, and to him its
Exertion might be useful on occasion;
And, lighted at too pure a flame to dim its
Ethereal lustre, with what sweet persuasion
He might be taught, by love and her together—
I really don't know what, nor Julia either.

LXXXII.
Fraught with this fine intention, and well fenced
In mail of proof—her purity of soul,
She, for the future, of her strength convinced,
And that her honour was a rock, or make,
Exceeding sagely from that hour dispersed
With any kind of troublesome control.
But whether Julia to the task was equal
Is that which must be mention'd in the sequel.

LXXXIII.
Her plan she deem'd both innocent and feasible,
And, surely, with a stringing of sixteen
Not scowling's fangs could fix on much that's seiz'd.
Or, if they did so, satisfied to unseen
Nothing but what was good, her breast was peaceable
A quiet conscience makes one so serene!
Christians have born'd each other, quite persuaded
That all the apostles would have done as they did.

LXXXIV.
And if, in the mean time, her husband died,
But Heaven forbid that such a thought should cross
Her brain, though in a dream, (and then she sigh'd!)
Never could she survive that common loss;
But just suppose that moment should befall,
I only say suppose it—inter nos
(This should be entre nous, for Julia thought
In French, but then the rhyme would go for nought).

LXXXV.
I only say suppose this supposition:
Juan, being then grown up to manly estate,
Would fully suit a widow of condition;
Even seven years hence it would no be too late;
And in the interim (to pursue this vision)
The mischief, after all, could not be great,
For he would learn the rudiments of love,
I mean the scratch way of those above.

LXXXVI.
So much for Julia. Now we'll turn to Juan.
Poor little fellow! he had no idea
Of his own case, and never hit the true one;
In feelings quick as Ovid's Miss Medea,
He puzzled over what, he found a new one,
But not as yet imagined it could be a
Thing quite in course, and not at all alarming,
Which, with a little patience, might grow charming.

LXXXVII.
Silent and pensive, idle, restless, slow,
His home deserted for the lonely wood,
Tormented with a wound he could not know,
His, like all deep grief, plunged in solitude.
I'm fond myself of solitude or so,
But then I beg it may be understood
By solitude I mean a solitude, not
A hermit's, with a harem for a grot.

LXXXVIII.
"Oh love! in such a wilderness as this,
Where transport and security entwine,
Here is the empire of the perfect bliss,
And here thou art in god indeed's divine,"
The hard I quote from does not sing amiss,
With the exception of the second line,
For that same twining "transport and security" Are twisted to a phrase of some obscurity.

LXXXIX.
The poet meant, no doubt, all this appeals
To the good sense and senses of mankind,
The very thing which every body feels,
As all have found on trial, or may find,
That no one likes to be disturb'd at meals
Or love:—I won't say more about "entwined."
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Or transport, as we know all that before,
We beg "survy" will bolt the door.

XC.

Young Juan wander'd by the glassy brooks,

Thou shalt not utter things: he threw

Himself at length within the leafy nooks

Where the wild branch of the cork forest grew;

There poets find materials for their books,

And every now and then we read them through,

So that their plan and prosody are eligible,

Unless, like Wordsworth, they prove untilligible.

XCII.

He, Juan, (and not Wordsworth), so pursued

His self-communion with his own high soul,

Until his mighty heart, in its great mood,

Had mitigated part, though not the whole

Of its disease; he did the best he could

With things not very subject to control,

And turn'd, without perceiving his condition,

Like Coleridge, into a metaphysician.

XCIII.

In thoughts like these true vision may discern

Longings sublime, and aspirations high,

Which some are born with, but the most part learn

To plague themselves withal, they know not why.

"Twas strange that one so young should thus concern

His brain about the action of the sky;

If you think 't was philosophy that this did,

I can't help thinking puberty assisted.

XCIV.

He pondered upon the leaves, and on the flowers,

And heard a voice in all the winds; and then

He thought of wood-nymphs and immortal bowers,

And how the goddesses came down to men;

He missed the pathway, he forgot the hours,

And, when he look'd upon his watch again,

He found how much old Time had been a winner—

He also found that he had lost his dinner.

XCV.

Sometimes he turn'd to gaze upon his book,

Bosom, or Garzello—by the wind

Even as the page is rustled while we look,

So by the poesy of his own mind

Over the mystic leaf his soul was shoked,

As if 'twere one whereon magicians bind

Their spells, and give them to the passing gale,

According to some good old woman's tale.

XCVI.

Thus would he while his lonely hours away

Dissatisfied, nor knowing what he wanted;

Nor glowing revenge, nor poet's lay,

Could yield his spirit that for which it panted,—

A bower whereon he his head might lay,

And hear the heart beat with the love it granted,

With—several other things, which I forget,

Or which, at least, I need not mention yet.

XCVII.

These lonely walks and lengthening reveries

Could not escape the gentle Juan's eyes;

She saw that Juan was not at his ease;

But that which chiefly may and must surprise,

Is, that the Donna Inez did not tease

Her only son with question or supense;

Whether it was she did not see, or would not,

Or, like all very clever people, could not.

XCVIII.

This may seem strange, but yet 't is very common;

For instance—gentlemen, whose ladies take

Leave to o'er-step the written rights of woman,

And breach the—Which communibndum is 't they break?

(I have forgot the number, and think no man

Should rashly quote, for fear of a mistake).

I say, when these same gentlemen are jealous,

They make some blunder, which their ladies tell us.

XCVII.

A real husband always is suspicious,

But still no less suspects in the wrong place,

Jealous of some one who had no such wishes,

Or pandering blindly to his own disgrace.

By harbouring some dear friend extremely vicious;

The last indeed 's infallibly the case:

And when the spouse and friend are gone off wholly

He wonders at their vice, and not his folly.

C.

Thus parents also are at times see-sighted,

Though watchful as the lynx, they never discover,

The while the wicked world beholds, delighted,

Young Hopeful's mistress, or Miss Fanny's lover.

Tell some confounded escapade has blighted

The plan of twenty years, and all is over;

And then the mother cares, the father swears,

And wonders why the devil he got heirs.

CI.

But Inez was so anxious, and so clear

Of sight, that I must think on this occasion,

She had some other motive much more near

For leaving Juan to this new temptation;

But what that motive was, I shan't say here;

Perhaps to finish Juan's education,

Perhaps to open Don Alonzo's eyes,

In case he thought his wife too great a prize.

CII.

It was upon a day, a summer's day;

Summer's indeed a very dangerous season,

And so is spring about the end of May;

The sun, no doubt, is the prevailing reason;

But whatso' er the cause is, one may say,

And stand convicted of more truth than treason,

That there are months which nature grows more merry in—

March has its hares, and May must have its heroine.

CIII.

'T was on a summer's day—the sixth of June:

I like to be particular in dates,

Not only of the age, and year, but moon;

They are a sort of post-house, where the Fates

Change horses, making history change its tune,

Then spur away o'er empires and o'er states,

Leaving at last not much besides chronology,

Excepting the post-obs of theology.

CIV.

'T was on the sixth of June, about the hour

Of half-past six—perhaps still nearer seven,

When Juan sate within as pretty a bower

As ere held hour in that heathenish heaven

Described by Mahomet, and Amadon Moore,

To whom the lyes and laurels have been given,
With all the trophies of triumphant song—
He won them well, and may he wear them long.

Cv.
She saith, but not alone; I know not well
How this same interview had taken place,
And even if I knew, I should not tell—
People should hold their tongues in any case;
No matter how or way the thing befell,
But there were she and Juan face to face—
When two such faces are so, 't would be wise,
But very difficult, to shut their eyes.

CVI.
How beautiful she look'd! her conscious heart
Glowed in her cheek, and yet she felt no wrong;
Oh love! how perfect is thy mystic art,
Strengthening the weak and trampling on the strong,
How self-deceitful is the sable part
Of mortals whom thy bare hath led along:
The precipice she stood on was immense—
So was her crest in her own innocence.

CVII.
She thought of her own strength, and Juan's youth,
And of the folly of all prudish fears,
Victorious virtue, and domestic truth,
And then of Don Alfonso's fifty years:
I wish these last had not occurred, 'tis sooth,
Because that number rarely much endears,
And through all climes, the snowy and the sunny,
Somie ill in love, whate'er it may in money.

CVIII.
When people say, "I've told you fifty times,"
They mean to scold, and very often do;
When poets say "I've written fifty rhymes,"
They make you dread that they'll recite them too;
In gangs of fifty, thieves commit their crimes;
At fifty, love for love is rare, 't is true;
But Juan, no doubt, it equally as true is,
A good deal may be bought for fifty Louis.

CX.
Juia had honour, virtue, truth, and love
For Don Alfonso; and she duly swore,
By all the vows below to powers above,
She never would disgrace the ring she wore,
Nor have a wish which wisdom might reprove:
And while she ponder'd this, besides much more,
One hand on Juan's carelessly was thrown,
Quite by mistake—she thought it was her own;

CX.
Unconsciously she lean'd upon the other,
Which play'd within the tangles of her hair;
And to contend with thoughts she could not smoother,
She seem'd, by the distraction of her air.
'I was surely very wrong in Juan's mother
To leave together this imprudent pair,
She who for many years had watch'd her son so—
I'm very certain mine would not have done so.

CXI.
The hand which still held Juan's, by degrees
Gently, but palpably, confirm'd its grasp,
As if it said "retain me, if you please;"
Yet there's no doubt she only meant to clasp
His fingers with a pure Platonic ekease;
She would have shrink as from a toad or asp,
Had she imagined such a thing could cause
A feeling dangerous to a prudent spouse.

CXII.
I cannot know what Juan thought of this,
But what he did is much what you would do;
His young up thank'd it with a grateful kiss,
And then, abuse'd at his own joy, withdrew
In deep despair, lest he had done amiss,
Love is so very timid when 'tis new:
She blush'd and frown'd not, but she strove to speak
And held her tongue, her voice was grown so weak

CXIII.
The sun set, and up rose the yellow moon:
The devil's in the moon for mischief; they
Who call'd her chast, methinks, began too soon
Their nonencnature: there is not a day,
The longest, not the twenty-first of June,
Some half the business in a wicked way
On which three single hours of moonshine smile—
And then she looks so modest all the white.

CXIV.
There is a dangerous silence in that hour,
A stillness which leaves room for the full soul
To open all itself, without the power
Of calling wholly back its self-control;
The silver light which, hallowing tree and tower,
Sheds beauty and deep softness o'er the whole,
Breathes also to the heart, and o'er it throws
A loving languor, which is not reposs.

CXV.
And Julia sate with Juan, half embraced,
And half retiring from the glowing arm,
Which trembled like the bosom where 't was placed;
Yet still she must have thought there was no harm,
Or else 'twere easy to withdraw her waist;
But then the situation had its charm,
And then—God knows what next—I can't go on;
I'm almost sorry that I e'er began.

CXVI.
Oh, Plato! Plato! you have paved the way,
With your confounded fantasies, to more
Immoral conduct by the fancied sway
Your system fugus o'er the controlless core
Of human hearts, than all the long array
Of poets and romancers:—You're a bore,
A charlatan, a coxcomb—and have been,
At best, no better than a go-between.

CXVII.
And Julia's voice was lost, except in sighs,
Until too late for useful conversation;
The tears were gushing from her gentle eyes,
I wish, indeed, they had not had occasion;
But who, alas! can love, and then be wise?
Not that remorse did not oppose temptation,
A little still she strove, and much repented,
And whispering "I will ne'er consent"—consented

CXVIII.
'Tis said that Xeres offer'd a reward
To those who could invent him a new pleasure;
Methinks the requisition's rather hard,
And must have cost his majesty a treasure:
For my part, I'm a moderate-minded hard,
Fond of a little love (which I call leisure);
I care not for new pleasures, as the old
Are 'quite enough for me, so they but hold.

CXIX.
Oh Pleasure! you're indeed a pleasant thing,
Although one must be d蒙'd for you, no doubt,
I make a resolution every spring
Of reformation ere the year run out,
But somehow, this my vestal vow takes wing,
Yet still, I trust, it may be kept throughout:
I'm very sorry, very much ashamed,
And mean, next winter, to be quite reclaim'd

CX.
Here my chaste muse a liberty must take—
Surt out! still chaster reader,—she'll be nice henceforward, and there is no great cause to make:
This liberty is a poetical license
Which some irregularity may make
In the design, and as I have a high sense
Of Aristocratic and the Rules, 'tis fit
To beg his pardon when I err a bit.

CXI.
This license is to hope the reader will
Suppose from June the sixth (the fatal day,
Without whose epoch my poetical skill,
For want of facts, would all be thrown away),
But keeping Julia and Don Juan still
In sight, that several months have passed; we'll say
'Twas in November, but I'm not so sure
About the day—the era's more obscure.

CXII.
We'll talk of that noon,—'Tis sweet to hear,
At midnight on the blue and moonlit deep,
The song and war of Adria's gondolier,
By distance mellow'd, o'er the waters sweep;
'Tis sweet to see the evening star appear;
'Tis sweet to listen as the night-winds creep
From leaf to leaf; 'tis sweet to view on high
The rainbow, based on ocean, span the sky;

CXIII.
'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouth'd as the dawn of home;
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come;
'T is sweet to be awakened by the bark,
Or lul'd by falling waters; sweet the hum
Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of birds,
The lisp of children, and their earliest words.

CXIV.
Sweet is the vintage, when the showering grapes
In Bacchanal profusion reel to earth; purple and gushing; sweet are our escapes
From civic revelry to rural mirth;
Sweet to the miser are his glittering heaps;
Sweet to the father is his first-born's birth;
Sweet is revenge—especially to women,
Pillage to soldiers, prize-money to seamen.

CXV.
Sweet is a legacy; and passing sweet
The unexpected death of some old lady
Or gentleman of seventy years complete,
Who've made "us youth" wait too—too long already
For an estate, or cash, or country-seat,
Still breaking, but with stamina so steady,
That all the Israelites are fit to mob its
Next owner, for their double—damn'd post-obsites.

CXVI.
'Tis sweet to win, no matter how, one's laurels
By blood or ink; 'tis sweet to put an end
To strife; 'tis sometimes sweet to have our quarrels,
Particularly with a tiresome friend;
Sweet is old wine in bottles, ale in barrels;
Dear is the helpless creature we defend
Against the world; and dear the school-boy spot
We never forget, though there we are forgot.

CXVII.
But sweeter still than this, than those, than all,
Is first and passionate love—it stands a store,

Like Adam's recollection of his fall;
The tree of knowledge has been pluck'd d—ll's known
And life yields nothing further to recall
Worthy of this ambrosial sin so shown,
No doubt in fabl, as the unforgiven
Fire which Prometheus lith'd for us from heaven.

CXVIII.
Man's a strange animal, and makes strange use
Of his own nature and the various arts,
And likes particularly to produce
Some new experiment to show his parts:
This is the age of oddities let loose,
Where different talents find their different mates,
You'd best begin with truth, and when you've lost your
Labour, there's a sure market for imposture.

CXIX.
What opposite discoveries we have seen!
(Signs of true genius, and of empty pockets):—
One makes new noses, one a guideline,
One breaks your bones, one sets them in their sockets;
But vaccination certainly has been
A kind antithesis to Congreve's rockets,

CXXX.
Bread has been made (indifferent) from potatoes,
And galvanism has set some corpses gaming,
But has not answer'd like the apparatus
Of the Humane Society's beginning,
By which men are unsuffocated gratis:—
What wonderful new machines have late been spinning

CXXXI.
This is the patent age of new inventions
For killing bodies and for saving souls,
All propagated with the best intentions,
Sir Humphry Davy's lantern, by which coals
Are safely mined for in the mode he mentions;
Timeposter travels, voyages to the Poles
Are ways to benefit mankind, as true,
Perhaps, as shooting them at Waterloo.

CXXXII.
Man's a phenomenon, one knows not what,
And wonderful beyond all wondrous measure,
Is pitty though, in this sublime world, that
Pleasure's a sin, and sometimes sin's a pleasure,
Few mortals know what end they would be at,
But whether glory, power, or love, or treasure,
The path is rough perplexing ways, and when
The goal is gain'd, we die, you know—and then

CXXXIII.
What then?—I do not know, I more do you—
And so good night.—Return we to our story:
'Twas in November, when fine days are few,
And the far mountains was a little hoary,
And clap a white cape on their manes blue.
And the sea dashes round the promontory
And the loud breaker boils against the rock,
All sober sums must set at five o'clock.

CXXXV.
'Twas, as the watchmen say, a cloudy night;
No moon, no stars, the wind was low or loud
By gusts, and many a sparkling hearth was bright
With the piled wood, round which the family crowd;
There's something cheerful in that sort of light,
Even as a summer sky's without a cloud:
I'm fond of fire, and crickets, and all that,
A lobster salad, and champagne, and chat.

CXXXVI.
'Twas midnight—Donna Julia was in bed,
Sleeping, most probably,—when at her door
Arose a clatter might awake the dead,
If they had never been awoke before—
And that they have been so we all have read,
And are to be so, at the least, once more—
The door was fasten'd, but, with voice and fist,
First strokes were heard, then "Madam—Madam—hist!

"For God's sake, Madam—Madam—here's my master,
With more than half the city at his back—
Was ever heard of such a cursed disaster?
'Tis not my fault—I kept good watch—Alack!
Do, pray, undo the bolt a little faster—
They're on the stair just now, and in a crack
Will all be here; perhaps he yet may fly—
Surely the window's not so very high!"

CXXXVIII.
By this time Don Alfonso was arrived,
With torches, friends, and servants in great number;
The mayor part of them had long been wired,
And therefore paused not to disturb the slumber
Of any wicked woman, who contrived
By stealth her husband's temples to encumber:
Examples of this kind are so contagious,
Were one not punish'd, all would be outrageous.

CXXXIX.
I can't tell how, or why, or what suspicion
Could enter into Don Alfonso's head,
But for a cavalier of his condition
It surely was exceedingly ill-bred,
Without a word of previous admonition,
To hold a levee round his lady's bed,
And summon lackeys, armed with fire and sword,
To prove himself the thing he most abhor'd.

CXI.
Poor Donna Julia! starting as from sleep
(Alas! that I do not say—she had not slept),
Began at once to scream, and Yam, and weep;
Her maid, Antonia, who was an adept,
Contrived to fling the bed-clothes in a heap,
As if she had just now from out them crept:
can't tell why she should take all this trouble
To prove her mistress had been sleeping double.

CXII.
But Julia mistress, and Antonia maid,
Appear'd like two poor harmless women, who
Of robbers, but still more of men, afraid,
Had thought one man might be deterr'd by two,
And therefore side by side were gently laid,
Until the hours of assence should run through,
And trust in husband should return, and say,
"My dear I was the first who came away."

CXIII.
Now Julia found at length a voice, and cried,
"In Heaven's name Don Alfonso, what d'ye mean?

Has madness seiz'd you? would that I had died
Ere such a monster's victim I had been!
What may this midnight violence betide,
A sudden fit of drunkenness or spleen?
Dare you suspect me, whom the thought would kill
Search, then, the room!"—Alfonso said, "I will."

CXLIII.
He search'd, they search'd, and rummaged every where
Closed and clothes-press, chest and window-seat,
And found much linen, lace, and several pair
Of stockings, slippers, brushes, combs, complete,
With other articles of ladies fair,
To keep them beautiful, or leave them neat:
Arras they prick'd and curtains with their swords,
And wounded several shutters, and some boards.

CXLIV.
Under the bed they search'd, and there they found—
No matter what—it was not that they sought,
They open'd windows, gazin if the ground
Had signs or foot-marks, but the earth said nought.
And then they stared each other's faces round:
"Tis odd, not one of all these seekers thought,
And seems to me almost a sort of blunder,
Of looking in the bed as well as under.

CXLV.
During this inquisition Julia's tongue
Was not asleep—"Yes, search and search," she cried,
"Insult on insult heap, and wrong on wrong!
It was for this that I became a bride!
For this in silence I have suffer'd long
A husband like Alfonso at my side;
But now I'll bear no more, nor here remain,
If there be law, or lawyers, in all Spain.

CXLVI.
"Yes, Don Alfonso, husband now no more,
If ever you indeed deserved the name,
Is't worthy of your years?—you have threescore,
Fifty, or sixty—it is all the same—
Is't wise or fitting causeless to explore
For facts against a virtuous woman's fame?
Ungrateful, perjured, barbarous Don Alfonso!
How dare you think your lady would go on so?

CXLVII.
"Is it for this I have disclaim'd to hold
The common privileges of my sex?
That I have chosen a confessor so old
And deal, that any other it would vex,
And never once he has had cause to scold,
But found my very innocence perplex
So much, he always doubted I was married—
How sorry you will be when I've miscarried!

CXLVIII.
"Was it for this that no Cotojo are
I yet have chosen from out the youth of Seville?
Is it for this I scarce went anywhere,
Except to bull-fights, mass, play, rout, and revel?
Is it for this, what'er my suitors were,
I fanc'd none—nay, was almost murder?
Is it for this that General Count O'Reilly,
Who took Algiers, declares I used him vilely?

CXLIX.
"Did not the Italian Musico Cazzani
Sing at my heart six months at least in vain?
Did not his countryman, Count Corniani,
Call me the only virtuous wife in Spain?
Were there not also Russians, English, many?
The Count Strongtroganoff I put in pan,
And Lord Mount Caffechoose, the Irish peer,  
Who & I'd himself for love (with wine) last year.

**CL.**

"Have I not had two bishops at my feet,  
The Duke of Icar, and Don Ferran Suarez?  
And is it thus a faithful wife you treat?  
I wonder in what quarter now the moon is:  
I praise your vast fortitude not to be beat  
Me also, since the time so opportune is—  
Oh, valiant man! with sword drawn and cock'd trigger,  
Now tell me, don't you eat a pretty figure?"

**CII.**

"Was it for this you took your sudden journey,  
Under pretence of business inispensable,  
With that sublime of rascals your attorney,  
Whom I see standing there, and looking sensible  
Of having play'd the fool? though both I spurn, he  
Deserves the worst, his conduct's less defensible,  
Because, no doubt, 't was for his dirty face,  
And not for any love to you or me."

**CIII.**

"If he comes here to take a deposition,  
By all means let the gentleman proceed:  
You've made the apartment in a fit condition:  
There's pen and ink for you, sir, when you need—  
Let every thing be noted with precision,  
I would not for nothing should be fed—  
But, as my maid's undress'd, pray turn your eyes out."

"Oh!" sob'd Antomia, "I could tear their eyes out."

**CIII.**

"There is the closet, there the toilet, there  
The ante-chamber—search them under, over:  
There is the sofa, there the great arm-chair,  
The chimney—which would really hold a lover,  
Wish to sleep, and beg you will take care  
And make no further noise till you discover  
The secret cavern of this lurking treasure—  
And, when 'tis found, let me, too, have that pleasure."

**CIV.**

And now, Hidalgo! now that you have thrown  
Doubt upon me, confusion over all,  
Pray have the courtesy to make it known  
Who is the man you search for? how d' ye call Him? what's his lineage? let him but be sivvan—  
I hope he's young and handsome—is he te?  
Tell me—and be assured, that since you stam  
My honour thus, it shall not be in vain."

**CV.**

"At least, perhaps, he has not sixty years—  
At that age he would be too old for slaughter  
Or for so young a husband's jealous fears—  
(’Antomia! let me have a glass of water).  
I am ashamed of having shed these tears,  
They are unworthy of my father's daughter;  
My mother dream't not in my natal hour  
That I should fall into a monster's power."

**CVI.**

"Perhaps 't is of Antomia you are jealous,  
You saw that she was sleeping by my side  
When you broke in upon us with your fellows:  
Look where you please—we've nothing, sir, to hide;  
Only another time, I trust, you'll tell us,  
Or for the sake of decency abide  
A moment at the door, that we may be  
Dress'd to receive so much good company."

**CVII.**

"And now, sir, I have done, and say no more;  
The little I have said may serve to show  
The guileless heart in silence may grieve o'er  
The wrongs to whose exposure it is slow:—  
I leave you to your conscience as before,  
'T will one day ask you why you used me so?  
God grant you feel not then the bitterness great  
Antomia! where's my pocket-handkerchief?"

**CLVIII.**

She ceased, and turn'd upon her pillow; pale  
She lay, her dark eyes flashing through their tears  
Like skies that rain and lighten; as a veil  
Waved and overshading her wan cheek, appears  
Her streaming hair; the black curls strave, but fail,  
To hide the glossy shroud which unears  
Its snow through all;—soft lips he apart,  
And louder than her breathing beats her heart."

**CLIX.**

The Senhor Don Alfonso stood confused,  
Antonia hustled round the cassack'd room,  
And, turning up her nose, with looks abused  
Her master, and his amnious, of whom  
Not one, except the attorney, was amused;  
He, like Achates, faithful to the bond,  
So there were quarrels, cared not for the cause,  
Knowing they must be settled by the laws;"

**CLX.**

With prying sun-bemuse'd, and small eyes, he stood,  
Following Antonia's motions here and there,  
With much suspicion in his attitude;  
For reputation he had little care:  
So that a suit or action were made good,  
Small pity had he for the young and fair,  
And never believed in negatives, till these  
Were proved by competent false-witness."

**CLXI.**

But Don Alfonso stood with downcast looks,  
And, truth to say, he made a foolish figure;  
When, after searching in five hundred nooks,  
And treating a young wife with so much rigour,  
He gain'd no point, except some self rebuke,  
Added to those his lady with such vigour  
Had pour'd upon him for the last half hour,  
Quick, thick, and heavy—as a thunder-shower."

**CLXII.**

At first he tried to hammer an excuse,  
To which the sole reply were tears and sobs,  
And indications of mysteries, whose  
Prologue is always certain threats and threats,  
Gasps, and whatever else the owners choose:—  
Alfonso saw his wife, and thought of Job's;  
He saw, too, in perspective, her relations,  
And then he tried to muster all his patience."

**CLXIII.**

He stood in act to speak, or rather stammer,  
But sage Antonia cut him short before  
The anvil of his speech received the hammer,  
With "Pray, sir, leave the room, and say no more.  
Or madam dies."—"Alfonso mutter'd "I deny her."

But nothing else, the time of words was o'er,  
He cast a rueful look or two, and did,  
He knew not wherefore, that which he was but."

**CLXIV.**

With him retired his "posse comitatus,"  
The attorney last, who linger'd near the door  
Reluctantly, still tarrying there as late as  
Antonia let him—not a little sore  
At this most strange and unexample'd "hiatus"  
In Don Alfonso's facts, which just now wore
An awkward look; as he revolved the case,
The door was fast'呼吸 in his legal face.

CLXV.
No sooner was it bolt'd, than—Oh shame! 
Of sin! oh sorrow! and oh woe mankind!
How can you do such things and keep your fame,
Unless this would, and 't other too, be hid?
Nothing so dear as an unblest'd good name!
But 't is proceed—for there is more behind;
With much heart-felt reluctance be it said,
Young Juan siipp'd, half-slaughter'd, from the bed.

CLXVI.
He had been hid—I don't pretend to say
How, nor can I indeed describe the where—
Young, slender, and pack'd easily, he lay,
No doubt, in little compact, round or square;
But pity him I neither must nor may
His suffocation by that pretty pair;
'T were better, sure, to die so, than be shot,
With mandlin Clarence, in his Mahoney butt.

CLXVII.
And, secondly, I pity not, because
He had no business to commit a sin,
Forbid by heavenly, fined by human laws,—
At least 't was rather early to begin;
But at sixteen the conscience rarely gnaws
So much as when we call our old debts in
At sixty years, and draw the accounts of evil,
And find a deuced balance with the devil.

CLXVIII.
Of his position I can give no motion:
'T is written in the Hebrew Chronicle,
How the physicians, leaving pearl and potion,
Prescribed, by way of blister, a young belle,
When old King David's blood grew dull in motion,
And that the medicine answer'd very well;
Perhaps 't was in a different way applied,
For David lived, but Juan newly died.

CLXIX.
What's to be done? Alfonso will be back
The moment he has sent his foes away.
Antona's skill was put upon the rack,
But no device could be brought into play—
And how to parry the renew'd attack?
Besides, it wanted but few hours of day:
Antona puzzled; Julia did not speak,
But press'd her bloodless lip to Juan's cheek.

CLXX.
He turn'd his lip to hers, and with his hand
Call'd bad, the tangles of her wandering hair;
Even then t'ier love they could not all command,
And half forgot their danger and despair:
Antona's silence now was at a stand—
"Come, come, 'tis no time now for fooling there,"
She whisper'd in great wrath—"I must deposit
This pretty gentleman within the closet.

CLXXI.
"Pray keep your nonsense for some luckier night—
If he can put my master in his mood,
What will become on't?—'t is much in such a fright.
The devil's in the archin, and no good—
Is this a time for gigging? this a plight?
'Why, don't you know that it may end in blood?
You'll lose your life, and I shall lose my place
My mistress, for that half-girlish face.

CLXXII.
"Had it but been for a stout cavalier
Or twenty-five or thirty—come, make haste
But for a child, what piece of work is here.
I really, madam, wonder at your taste—
(Come, sir; get in)—my master must be near.
There, for the present at least he's fast,
And, if we can but till the morning keep
Our counsel—(Juan, mind you must not sleep)."

CLXXIII.
Now, Don Alfonso entering, but alone,
Closed the occurrences of the trusty maid;
She kott'd, and he told her to be gone,
An order somewhat sulkily obey'd;
However, present remedy was none,
And no great good second answer'd if she stay'd
Regarding both with slow and sidelong view,
She smil'd the candle, curtsied, and withdrew.

CLXXIV.
Alfonso paused a minute—then began
Some strange excuses for his late proceeding;
He would not justify what he had done,
To say the best, it was extreme ill-breeding:
But there were ample reasons for it, none
Of which he specified in this his pleading:
His speech was a fine sample, on the whole,
Of rhetoric, which the learned call "rigmaude.

CLXXV.
Juan said nought; though all the while there rose
A ready answer, which at once emblems
A matron, who her husband's false knows,
By a few timely words to turn the tables,
Which, if it does not silence, still must pose,
Even if it should comprise a pack of fables;
'Tis to retort with firmness, and when
Suspects with one, do you reproach with three.

CLXXVI.
Julia, in fact, had tolerable grounds,
Alfonso's love with Inez were well known;
But whether 't was that one's own guilt confounds—
But that can't be, as has been often shown;
A lady with apologies abounds:
It might be that her silence sprang alone
From delicacy to Don Juan's ear,
To whom she knew his mother's fame was dear.

CLXXVII.
There might be one more motive, which makes two.
Alfonso ne'er to Juan had alluded,
Mention'd his jealousy, but never who
Had been the happy lover, he concluded,
Conceal'd amongst his premises; 't is true,
His mind the more o'er this its mystery brooded;
To speak of Inez now were, one may say,
Like throwing Juan in Alfonso's way.

CLXXVIII.
A hint, in tender cases, is enough;
Silence is best, besides there is a tact
(That modern phrase appears to me sad stuff,
But it will serve to keep my verse compact)
Which keeps, when push'd by questions rather rough;
A lady always distant from the fact—
The charming creatures lie with such a grace,
There's nothing so becoming to the face.

CLXXIX.
They blush, and we believe them; at least I
Have always done so; 't is of no great use,
In any case, attempting a reply,
For then their eloquence grows quite profuse;
And when at length they're out of breath, they sigh,
And cast their languid eyes down, and let loose
A tear or two, and then we make it up;
And earth—-and then—and then—sit down and sup.

**CLXXX.**
Alfonso closed his speech, and begged her pardon,
Which Juan half withheld, and then half granted,
And laid conditions, he thought, very hard on
Denying several little things he wanted:
He stood, like Asham, lingering near his garden,
With useless prudence perplex'd and haunted,
Researching she no further would refuse,
When lo! he stumbled o'er a pair of shoes.

**CLXXXI.**
A pair of shoes,—what then? not much, if they
Are such as fit with lady's feet, but these
(No one can tell how much I grieve to say)
Were masquerine: to see them and to seize
Was but a moment's act.—Ah! well—a-day!
My teeth begin to chatter, my veins freeze—
Alfonso first examined well their fashion,
And then flew out into another passion.

**CLXXXII.**
He left the room for his relinquished sword,
And Julia instant to the closet flew;
"Fly, Juan, fly! for Heaven's sake—not a word—
The door is open—you may yet slip through
The passage you so often have explored—
Here is the garden-key—fly—fly—adieu!—
Haste! haste!—I hear Alfonso's hurrying feet—
Day has not broke—there's no one in the street.

**CLXXXIII.**
None can say that this was not good advice,
The only mischief was, it came too late;
Of all experience 'tis the usual price,
A sort of income-tax laid on by fate:—
Juan had reach'd the room-door in a trice,
And might have done so by the garden-gate,
But met Alfonso in his dressing-gown,
Who threaten'd death—so Juan knock'd him down.

**CLXXXIV.**
Dre was the scudle, and out went the light,
Antonia cried out "Rape!" and Julia "Fire!"
But not a servant stirr'd to aid the light.
Alfonso, pummell'd to his heart's desire,
Swore lustily he'd be revenged this night;
And Juan, too, blasphemed an octave higher;
His blood was up; though young, he was a Tartar,
And not at all disposed to prove a martyr.

**CLXXXV.**
Alfonso's sword had drop'd ere he could draw it,
And they continued battling hand to hand,
For Juan very luckily ne'er saw it;
His temper not being under great command,
If at that moment he had chanced to clav it,
or days had not been in the land
Much longer,—"Think of husbands' lovers' lives!
And how you may be doubly widooses—wives!"

**CLXXXVI.**
Alfonso grappled to detain the fray,
And Juan thrust'd him to get away;
And blood 't was from the nose' began to flow;
At last, as they more familiar wrestling lay,
Juan contriv'd to give an awkward blow,
And then his hand garment quite gave way;
He fell, like Joseph, leaving it—but there,
I doubt, all likenes ends between the par.

**CLXXXVII.**
Logs came at length, and men and maidens, who found
An awkward spectacle their eyes before;

Antonia in hysterics, Julia swoon'd,
Alfonso leaning breathless by the coon;
Some half-torn drapery scatter'd on the ground,
Some blood, and several feathers, but no more.
Juan the gate grammar, turn'd the key about
And, liking not the inside, lock'd the out.

**CLXXXVIII.**
Here ends this Cantos,—Need I sing or say
How Juan, naked, favor'd by the light
(Who favours what she should not), found his way
And reach'd his home in an unseemly plight?
The pleasant scandal which arose next day,
The nine days' wonder which was brought to sight
And how Alfonso sued for a divorce,
Were in the English newspapers, of course.

**CLXXXIX.**
If you would like to see the whole proceeding,
The depositions, and the cause at full,
The names of all the witnesses, the pleadings
Of counsel to nonsuit or to annul,
There's more than one edition, and the reading
Are various, but they none of them are full,
The best is that in short-hand, taken by Gue,
Who to Madrid on purpose made a journey

**CX.**
But Donna Inez, to divert the train
Of one of the most circulating scandal
That had for centuries been known in Spain,
At least since the retirement of the Vandals
First wrote (and never had she would in vain)
To Virgini Mary several pounds of candles;
And then, by the advice of some old bitches
She sent her son to ship'd off from Cadiz

**CXI.**
She had resolved that he should travel through
All European cities by land or sea,
To mend his former morals, and get new,
Especially in France and Italy,
(At least this is the thing most people do.)
Julia was sent into a convent; she
Grieved, but perhaps, her feelings may be better
Shown in the following copy of her letter:

**CXII.**
"They tell me it's desecrated, you depart:
'Tis wise—'tis well, but not the less a pain.
I have no further claim on your young heart,
Mine is the victim, and would be again;
To love too much has been the only art
I used:—I write in haste, and if a stain
Be on this sheet, 't is not what it appears—
My eyeballs burn and thirst, but have no tears.

**CXIII.**
"I loved, I love you; for this love have lost
State, station, heaven, mankind's, my own esteem
And yet cannot regret what it hath cost,
So dear is still the memory of that dream
Yet, if I name my guilt, 't is not to boast.—
None can deem harsher of me than I deem:
I trace this scarlet because I cannot rest—
I've nothing to procrase or to request.

**CXIV.**
Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
'Tis woman's whole existence; man may range
The court, camp, church, the vessel, and the man,
Sword, gown, gain, glory, offer in exchange
Pride, fame, ambition, to fill up his heart.
And few there are whom these cannot entice.
Men have all these resources, we but one—
To love again, and be again beloved.

CXCV.
"You will proceed in pleasure and in pride,
Beloved and loving many; all is o'er
For me on earth, except some years to hide
My shame and sorrow deep in my heart's core
These I could bear, but cannot cast aside
The passion, which still rages as before,
And so farewell—forgive me, love me—No,
That word is idle now—but let it go.

CXCVI.
"My breast has been all weakness, is so yet;
But still, I think, I can collect my mind;
My blood still rushes where my spirit's set,
As roll the waves before the settled wind,
My heart is frowning, nor can forget—
To all, except one image, wholly blind:
So shakes the needle, and so stands the pole,
As vibrates my fond heart to my fair soul.

CXCVII.
"I have no more to say, but linger still,
And dare not set my seal upon this sheet,
And yet I may as well the task fulfill,
My misery can scarce be more complete:
I had not lived till now, could sorrow kill;
Death shuns the wretch who因而 the blow would meet
And I must even survive this last, when,
And bear with her, to love and pray for you!"

CXCVIII.
This note was written upon gilt-edged paper,
With a neat little covey-pull, slight and neat:
Her small white hand could hardly reach the taper
It trembled as magnetic needles do,
And yet she did not let one tear escape her;
The seal a sunflower: "Eile instead of putter!"
The motto cut upon a white cornelian,
The wax was sealing, its hue vermilion.

CXCVIX.
This was Don Juan's earliest scrape; but whether
I shall proceed with his adventure is
Dependent on the public altogether:
We'll see, however, what they say to this
(They favour in an author's cap 'a feather,
And no great mischief 's done by their caprices);
And, if their approbation we experience,
Perhaps they'll have some more about a year hence.

CC.
My poem's epic, and is meant to be
Divided in twelve books, each book containing,
With love, and war, a heavy gate at sea,
A list of ships, and captains, and kings reigning,
New characters; the episodes are three:
A panorama view of hell's in training,
After the style of Virgil and of Homer,
So that my name of Epic's no misnomer.

CCI.
Ad these things will be explicated in time,
With strict regard to Aristotle's Rules,
The rude mechan of the true sublime,
Which makes so many poets and some fools;
Prose poets likeblankverse—I'm fond of rhyme—
Good workmen never quarrel with their tools;
I've got new mechanical machinery,
And very handsom supernatural scenery.

CCII.
There's only one slight difference between
Me and my epic brethren gone before,
And here the advantage is my own, I see,
(Not that I have not several merits more).
But this will more peculiarly be seen;
They so enchain'd, that 'tis quite a bore
Their labyrinth of fables to thread through.
Whereas this story's actually true.

CCIII.
If any person doubt it, I appeal
To history, tradition, and to facts,
To newspapers, whose truth all know and feel,
To plays in five, and operas in three acts,
All these confirm my statement a good deal,
But that which more completely truth exacts
Is, that myself and several now in Seville,
Saw Juan's last clompen with the devil.

CCIV.
If ever I should condescend to prose,
I'll write poetical commandments, which
Shall supersede beyond all doubt all those
That went before; in these I shall enrich
My text with many things that no one knows,
And carry poetic to the highest pitch:
I'll call the work "Longinus o'er a Bottle,
Or, Every Poet his own Aristotle."

CCV.
Thou shalt believe in Milton, Dryden, Pope:
Thou shalt not set up Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey
Because the first is crazed beyond all hope,
The second drunk, the third so quaint and monitory
With Creole, it may be difficult to cope,
And Campbell's Hippocrene is somewhat drowsy
Thou shalt not steal from Samuel Rogers, nor
Commence a satire with the muse of Moore:

CCVI.
Thou shalt not covet Mr. Southey's Muse,
His Pegasos, nor any thing that's his:
Thou shalt not bear false witness, like "the Blasus"—
(There's one, at least, is very fond of this):
Thou shalt not write, in short, but what I choose:
This is true criticism, and you may know—
Exactly as you please, or not—the red
But if you don't, I'll lay it on, by G—d!

CCVII.
If any person should presume to assert
The story is not moral, first, I fear
That they will not cry out before they're hurt;
Then that they 'll read it o'er again, and say
(But, doubtless, nobody will be so pert)
That this is not a moral tale, though gay;
Besides, in canto twelfth, I mean to show
The very place where wicked people go.

CCVIII.
If, after all, there should be some so blind
To their own good this warning to despise,
Led by some tortures of mind,
Not to believe my verse and their own eyes,
And cry that they the moral cannot find;—
I tell him, if a clergyman he lies—
Should captures the remark, or critics, make,
They also lie too—under a mistake.

CCIX.
The public approbation I expect,
And be they'll take my word about the moral,
Which I with their amusement will connect
(As children cutting teeth receive a coral);
Meantime, they'll doubtless please to recollect
My epical pretensions to the laurel.
For fear some prudish reader should grow skittish, I've bribed my grandmother's review—the British.

CXX.
I sent it in a letter to the editor, Who thanks'd me only by return of post—
I'm for a handsome article by my creditor; Yet, if my genius Muse be pleased to rant, And break a promise after having made it her, Denying the receipt of what it cost, And scatter his page with gain instead of honey, All I can say—is—that he had the money.

CXXI.
I think that with this holy new alliance I may secure the peace, and defy All other magazines of art or science, Daily, or monthly, or three-monthly; I have not essay'd to multiply their clients, Because they tell me 't were in vain to try, And that the Edinburgh Review and Quarterly Treat a dissenting author very martily.

"Non ego hoc ferreum calida parenta Consulat Pleonas."—Horace said, and so Say I, by which quotation there is meant a Hint that some six or seven goast years ago (Long ere I dreamt of dating from the Brenta), I was most ready to return a blow, And would not brook at all this sort of thing If my youth—when George the Third was King.

CXXIII.
But now, at thirty years, my hair is gray— (I wonder what it will be like at forty? thought of a prroke the other day,) My heart is not much greener; and, in short, I have squander'd my whole summer while 't was May, And feel no more the spirit to retort; I have spent my life, both interest and principal, And deem not, what I deem'd, my soul invincible.

CXXIV.
No more—no more—Oh! never more on me.
The freshness of the heart can fall like dew, Which out of all the lovely things we see Extracts emotions beautiful and new, Hived in our bosoms like the bag o' the bee; Think'st thou the honey with those objects grew? Alas! 'twas not in them, but in thy power, To double even the sweetness of a flower.

CXXV.
No more—no more—Oh! never more, my heart, Canst thou be my sole world, my universe! Once all in all, but now a thing apart, Thou canst not be my blessing or my curse: The illusion's gone for ever, and thou art Insensible, I trust, but none the worse; And in thy stead I've got a deal of judgment, Though Heaven knows how it ever found a judgment.

CXXVI.
My days of love are over—me no more! The charms of maid, wife, and still less of widow, Can make the love of which they made before— In short, I must not lead the life I led; The credulous hope of mortal minds is lost; The copious use of chintz is fatal, too; So, for a good old gentlemanly view, I think I must take up with unavailing.

CXXVII.
Ambition was my idol, which was broken Before the shrines of Sorrow and of Pleasure; And the two last have left me many a token O'er which reflection may be made at leisure; Now, like Friar Bacon's brazen head, I've spoken, "Time is, time was, time's past," a chimerical treason; Is gluttering youth, which I have spent betimes— My heart in passion, and my head on rhymes.

CXXVIII.
What is the end of fame? 'tis but to fill A certain portion of uncertain paper; Some like it to climbing up a hill, Whose summit, like all hills, is lost in vapour; For this men write, speak, preach, and heroes kill; And hands born what they call their "midnight taper," To have, when the original is dust, A name, a wretched picture, and a worse bust.

CXXIX.
What are the hopes of man? old Egypt's kings, Cheops, erected the first pyramid And largest, thinking it was just the thing To keep his memory whole, and mummy hid; But somebody or other, rummaging, Burglariously broke his coloss's lid; Let not a monument give you or me hopes, Since not a pinch of dust remains of Cheops.

CXXX.
But I, being fond of true philosophy, Say very often to myself, "Astris! All things that have been born were born to die, And flesh (which death mows down to hay) is grass You've pass'd your youth not so unpleasantly, And if you had it o'er again—I would pass— So thank your stars that verses are no worse, And read your Bible, sir, and mind your purse." 

CXXXI.
But for the present, gentle reader! and Still gentler purchaser! the sad—that's I— Must, with permission, shake you by the hand, And so your humble servant, and good bye! We meet again, if we should understand Each other; and if not, I shall not try Your patience further than by this short sample—'T were well if others follow'd my example.

CXXXII.
"Go, little book, from this my solitude! I cast thee on the waters, go the waves! And if, as I believe, thy vein be good, The world will find thee after many days." When Southey's read, and Wordsworth understood I can't help putting in my claim to praise— The four first rhymes are Southey's, every one. For God's sake, reader! take them not for mine
CANTO II.  

I.

Oh ye! who teach the ingenuous youth of nations,
Holland, France, England, Germany, or Spain,
I pray ye lead them upon all occasions,
It mends their morals; never unaid the pain:
The best of mothers and of educations,
In Juan's case, were but employ'd in vain,
Since in a way, that's rather of the oddest, he
 Became divested of his native modesty.

II.

Had he but been placed at a public school,
In the third form, or even in the fourth,
His daily task had kept his fancy cool,
At least had he been nurtured in the north;
Spain may prove an exception to the rule,
But then exceptions always prove its worth—
A lad of sixteen causing a divorce
Puzzled his tutors very much, of course.

III.

I can't say that it puzzles me at all,
If all things be consider'd: first, there was
His lady mother, mathematical,
A ——, never mind; his tutor, an old ass;
A pretty woman—that's quite natural,
Or else the thing had hardly come to pass;
A hoo-ban rather old, not much in unity
With his young wife—a time, and opportunity.

IV.

Well—well, the world must turn upon its axis,
And all mankind turn with it, heads or tails,
And live and die, make love, and pay our taxes,
And as the veering wind shifts, shift our sails;
The king commands us, and the doctor quacks us,
The priest instructs, and so our life exhales.
A little breath, love, wine, ambition, fame,
Fighting, devotion, that—perhaps a name.

V.

I said, that Juan had been sent to Cadiz—
A pretty town, I recollect it well—
'Tis there the marts of the colonial trade is
(Or was, before Peru learnt to rebel);
And such sweet girls—I mean such graceful ladies,
Their very walk would make your bosom swell;
I can't describe it, though so much it strike,
Nor liken it—I never saw the like.

VI.

An Arab horse, a stately stag, a barb
Now broke, a camel-leopard, a gazelle,
No—none of these will do;—and then their garb!
Their veil and petticoat—Ah! to dwell
Upon such things, would very near absorb
A canto—than their feet and noble's—well,
Thank Heaven I've got no metaphor quite ready,
And so, my sober Muse—come let's be steady—

VII.

Chaste Muse!—well, if you must, you must)—the veil
Thrown back a moment with the glancing hand,
While the overpowering eye, that turns you pale,
Flashes into the heart—all sunny land
Of love! when I forget you, may I fail
To—say my prayers—but never was there a plan't

A dress through which the eyes give such a rosey
Excepting the Venetian Fazzo.

VIII.

But to our tale: the Donna Inez sent
Her son to Cadiz only to embark;
To stay there had not answer'd her intent,
But why?—we leave the reader in the dark—
’Twas for a voyage that the young man was mean
As if a Spanish ship were Noah's ark,
To wrench him from the wickedness of earth,
And send him like a dove of promise forth.

IX.

Don Juan bade his valet pack his things
According to direction, then received
A lecture and some money: for four springs
He was to travel; and, though Inez grieved
(As every kind of parting has its stings),
She hoped he would improve,—perhaps believed
A letter, too, she gave (he never read it)
Of good advice—and two or three of credit.

X.

In the mean time, to pass her hours away,
Bravo Inez now set up a Sunday-school
For naughty children, who would rather play
(Like most rogues, the devil or the fool);
Infants of three years old were taught that day,
Dunce's were whipp'd or set upon a stool:
The great success of Juan's education
Spurr'd her to teach another generation.

XI.

Juan embark'd—the ship got under weigh,
The wind was fair, the water passing rough;
A devil of a sea rolls in that bay,
As I, who've cross'd it oft, know well enough
And, sailing upon deck, the dashing spray
Flies in one's face, and makes it weather-tough,
And there he stood to take, and take again,
His first—perhaps his last—farewell of Spain.

XII.

I can't but say it is an awkward sight
To see one's native land receding through
The growing waters—it unnams one quite;
Especially when life is rather new:
I recollect Great Britain's coast looks white,
But almost every other country's blue,
When, gazing on them, mystified by distance,
We enter on our nautical existence.

XIII.

So Juan stood bewild'red on the deck:
The wind sung, cordage strained, and sailors swore;
And the ship creak'd, the town became a speck,
From which away so fair and fast they bore.
The best of remedies is beef-steak
Against seasickness; try it, sir, before
You suffer, and I assure you this is true,
For I have found it answer—so may you.

XIV.

Don Juan stood, and gazing from the stern,
Beheld his native Spain receding far:
First partings form a lesson hard to learn,
Even nations feel this when they go to war;
There is a sort of unspeak'd concern,
A kind of shock that sets one's heart ajar:
At leaving even the most unpleasant people
And places, one keeps looking at the speck.

XV.

But Juan had got many things to leave—
His mother, and a mistress, and his wife,
DON JUAN.

So that, he had much better cause to grieve;
Than many persons more advanced in life;
And, if we now and then a sigh must leave
At quitting even those we quit in strife,
No damper we weep for those we the heart embraces—
That is, till deeper griefs congeal our tears.

 XVI.
So Juan wept, as wept the captive Jews
By Rabbi's water, still, remembering Sam;
I'd weep, but mine is not a weeping muse,
And such light griefs are not a thing to die on;
Young men should travel, if but to amused
Themselves; and the next time their servants tie on
Behind their carriages their new portmanteau,
Perhaps it may be lined with this my canto.

 XVII.
And Juan wept, and much he sigh'd, and thought,
While his salt tears dropped into the salt sea,
"Sweets to the sweet?" (I like so much to quote:
You must excuse this extract, 'tis where she,
The Queen of Denmark, for Ophelia brought
Flowers to the grave;) and thinking often, he
Reflected on his present situation,
And seriously resolved on reformation.

 XVIII.
"Farewell, my Spain! a long farewell!" he cried,
"Perhaps I may revisit thee no more,
But die, as many an exiled heart hath died,
Of its own thirst to see again thy shore;
Farewell, where Guadalupe's waters glide!
Farewell, my mother! and, since all is o'er,
Farewell, too, dearest Julia!"—(here he draw
His letter out again, and read it through.)

 XIX.
"And oh! if e'er I should forget, I swear—
But that's impossible, and cannot be—
Sooner shall this blue ocean meet to air,
Sooner shall earth resolve itself to sea,
Then I resign thine image, oh! my fair!
Or think of any thing, excepting thee;
A mind deceased no remedy can physe!"—
(Here the ship gave a lurch, and he grew sea-sick.)

 XX.
"Sooner shall heaven kiss earth—(here he fell sicker)
Oh, Julia! what is every other woeful—
(For God's sake, let me have a glass of liquor—
Pedro! Battista! help me down below).
Julia, my love!—(you cursed Pedro, quicker)
Oh, Julia!—(this cursed vessel pitches so)—
Beloved Julia! hear me still be-seeking"—
(Here he grew mortiferaute with retching).

 XXI.
He felt that chilling heaviness of heart,
Or rather stomach, which, alas! attends,
Beyond the best apothecary's art,
The loss of love, the treachery of friends,
Or death of those we doat on, when a part
Of us dies with them, as each fond hope ends:
No doubt he would have been much more pathetic,
But the sea acted as a strong exocut.

 XXII.
Love's a capricious power; I've known it hold
Out through a fever caused by its own heat,
But be much puzzled by a cough and cold,
And find a quinsy very hard to treat;
Against all noble maladies he's bold,
But vulgar illnesses don't like to meet,
Nor that a sneeze should interrupt his sigh;
Nor inflammations redden his blind eye.

 XXIII.
But worst of all is nansec, or a pain
About the lower region of the bowels;
Love, who heroically breathes a ven,
Shrinks from the application of hot towels,
And purgatives are dangerous to his reign,
Sick-sickness death: his love was perfect, how else
Could Juan's passion, while the billows roar,
Resist his stomach, never at sea before?

 XXIV.
The ship, called the most holy "Trinidad,"
Was steering dily for the port Leghorn;
For there the Spanish family Monceada
Were settled long ere Juan's sire was born.
They were relations, and for them he had a
Letter of introduction, which the morn
Of his departure had been sent him by
His Spanish friends for those in Italy.

 XXV.
His suite consisted of three servants and
A tutor, the licentiate Pedrillo,
Who several languages did understand,
But now lay sick and speechless on his pillow,
And rocking in his hammock, long'd for land,
His headache being increased by every blow;
And the waves oozing through the port-hole made
His birch a little damp, and him afraid.

 XXVI.
"T was not without some reason, for the wind
Increased at night, until it blew a gale;
And though 't was not much to a naval mind,
Some landmen would have look'd a little pale,
For sailors are, in fact, a different kind:
At sunset they began to take in sail,
For the sky shew'd it would come on to blow,
And carry away, perhaps, a mast or so.

 XXVII.
At one o'clock, the wind with sudden shift
Threw the ship right into the rough of the sea
Which struck her aft, and made an awkward rift,
Shifted the stern-post, also shatter'd the
Whole of her stern-frame, and, ere she could lift
Herself from out her present jeopardy,
The mudder tore away; 'twas time to sound
The pumps, and there were four feet water found.

 XXVIII.
One gang of people instantly was put
Upon the pumps, and the remainder set
To get up part of the cargo, and what not,
But they could not come at the leak as yet;
At last they did get at it really, but
Still their salvation was an even bet;
The water rush'd through in a way quite puzzling,
While they thrust sheets, shirts, jackets, bales of muslin

 XXIX.
Into the opening; but all such ingredients
Would have been vain, and they must have gone down
Despite of all their efforts and expeditures.
But for the pumps: I'm glad to make them known
To all the brother-tars who may have need hence
For fifty tons of water were shipped
By them per hour, and they had all been undone
But for the maker, Mr. Man, of London.

 XXX.
As day advanced, the weather seem'd to abate,
And then the leak they reckon'd to reduce.
And keep the ship afloat, though three feet yet
Koip two hand and one chain pump still in use.
The wind blew fresh again: as it grew late
A small came on, and while some guns broke loose
A gust—which all descriptive powers transcend—
Laid with one blast the ship on her beam-ends.

XXXI.
There she lay motionless, and seemed upset:
The water left the hold, and wasn't the decks,
And made a scene men do not soon forget;
For they remember battles, fires, and wrecks,
Or any other thing that brings regret,
Or breaks their hopes, or hearts, or heads, or necks:
Thus drownings are much ta'ld of by the divers
And sinners who may chance to be survivors.

XXXII.
Immediately the masts were cut away,
Both main and mizzen; first the mizzen went,
The main-mast follow'd: but the ship still lay
Like a mere log, and bullied our intent.
Foremast and bowsprit were cut down, and they
Eased her at last (although we never meant
To part with all till every hope was blighted),
And then with violence the old ship righted.

XXXIII.
It may be easily supposed, while this
Was going on, some people were unquiet;
I hat passengers would find it much amiss
To lose their lives, as well as spoil their diet;
That even the able seamen, deeming
Days nearly o'er, might be disposed to riot,
As upon such occasions tars will ask
For grog, and sometimes drank rum from the cask.

XXXIV.
There's nothing, no doubt, so much the spirit calms
As rum and true religion; thus it was,
Some plumpers'd, some drunk spirits, some sung psalms,
The high wind made the treble, and as base
The house-burst waves kept time; fright cured the 
quails
Of all the luckless landsmen's sea-sick maws:
Strange sounds of wailing, blasphemy, devotion,
Chambr'd in chorus to the roaring ocean.

XXXV.
Perhaps more mischief had been done, but for
Our Juan, who, with sense beyond his years,
Got to the spirit-room, and stood before
It with a pair of pistols; and their fears,
As if Death were more dreadful by his door
Of fire than water, quite of oaths and tears,
Kept still aloft the crew, who, ere they sunk,
Thought it would become to die drunk.

XXXVI.
"Give us more grog," they cried, "for it will he
All one an hour hence." Juan answer'd, "No!
't is true that death awaits both you and me,
But let us die like men, not sink below
Like brutes?—and thus his dangerous post kept he,
And none liked to anticipate the blow;
And even Pedrillo, his most revered tutor,
Was for some rum a disappointed sufferer.

XXXVII.
The good old gentleman was quite aghast,
And made a loud and pious lamentation;
Requested all his sins, and made a last
Inevitable vow of reformation;
Nothing should tempt him more (this peril past)
To quit his academic occupation,
In cloisters of the classic Submanica,
To follow Juan's wake like Sancho Panca.

XXXVIII.
But now there came a flash of hope once more;
Day broke, and the wind hir'd; the masts were gone,
The leak increased; shoals round her, but no shore,
The vessel swam, yet still she held her own.
They tried the pumps again, and though before
Their desperate efforts seemed all needless grown,
A glimpse of sunshine set some hands to hole—
The stronger pump'd, the weaker thrumm'd a sail.

XXXIX.
Under the vessel's keel the sail was pass'd,
And for the moment it had some effect;
But with a leak, and not a sick of mast
Nor rag of canvas, what could they expect?
But still 'tis best to struggle to the last,
'Tis never too late to be wholly wreck'd;
And though 'tis true that man can only die once,
'Tis not so pleasant in the Gulf of Lyons.

XL.
There winds and waves had hurl'd them, and from thence,
Without their will, they carried them away;
For they were forced with steering to dispense,
And never had as yet a quiet day
On which they might repose, or even commence
A jury-mast or rudder, or could say
The ship would swim an hour which, by good luck,
Still swam—though not exactly like a duck.

XLI.
The wind, in fact, perhaps was rather less,
But the ship labour'd so, they scarce could hope
To weather out much longer; the distress
Was also great with which they had to cope,
For want of water, and their solid mess
Was scant enough; in vain the telescope
Was used—not sail nor shore appear'd in sight,
Nought but the heavy sea, and coming night.

XLI.
Again the weather threaten'd,—again blew
A gale, and in the fore and after hold
Water appear'd; yet, though the people knew
All this, the most were patient, and some bold,
Until the chains and leathers were worn through
Of all our pumps—a wreck complete she rolld.
At mercy of the waves, whose mercies are
Like human beings during civil war.

XLI.
Then came the carpenter, at last, with tears
In his rough eyes, and told the captain he
Could do no more; he was a man in years,
And long had voyaged through many a stormy sea,
And if he kept at length, they were not fears
That made his eyelids as a woman's be,
But his poor fellow, had a wife and children,
Two things for dying people quite bewildering.

XLI.
The ship was evidently settling now
Fast by the head; and, all distinction gone,
Some went to prayers again, and made a vow
Of candles to their saints—but there were none
To pay them with; and some look'd o'er the bow,
Some hoisted out the boats: and there was one
That begg'd Pedrillo for an absolution,
Who told him to be dauncl'd—in his confusion.
XLV.

Some bade them in their hammocks, some put on their boat clothes as if going to a fair; some cursed the day on which they saw the sun, and gnashed their teeth, and, bowling, tore their hair; and others went on, as they had begun,

Getting the boats out, being well aware that a light boat will live in a rough sea, unless with breakers close beneath her lee.

XLVI.

The worst of all was, that in their condition,

Having been several days in great distress,

"It was difficult to get out such provision as now might render their long suffering less;

Men, even when dying, desire invention;

Their store was damaged by the weather's stress:

Two cases of biscuit and a keg of butter

Were all that could be thrown into the cutter.

XLVII.

But in the long-boat they contrived to stow

Some pounds of bread, though injured by the wet;

Water, a twenty-gallon cask or so;

Six dozen of wine; and they contrived to get a portion of their beef from below,

And with a piece of pork, moreover, met,

But scarce enough to serve them for a luncheon;

Then there was rum, eight gallons in a punchcock.

XLVIII.

The other boats, the yawl and pinnace, had been stove in the beginning of the gale;

And the longboat's condition was but bad;

As there were but two blankets for a sail,

And one oar for a mast, which a young lad

Turned in by good luck over the ship's rail:

And two boats could not hold, far less be steered,

To save one half the people then on board.

XLIX.

It was twilight, for the sunless day went down.

Over the waste of waters; like a veil,

Which, if withdrawn, would but disclose the frown

Of one who hates us, so the night was shown,

And grimly darkled over their faces pale,

And hopeless eyes, which after the deep alone

Gazed dim and desolate; twelve days had Fear

Been their familiar, and now Death was here.

L.

Some trial had been making at a raft,

With little hope in such a rolling sea,

A sort of thing at which one would have laughed,

If any laughing at such times could be,

Unless with people who too much have feared;

And have a kind of wild and horrid glee,

Half epileptic, and half hysterical;

Their preservation would have been a miracle.

LI.

At half past eight o'clock, boom, boom, boom, boom, they rose;

And all things, for a change, had been cast loose,

That still could keep about the struggling boats.

For yet they strove, although of no great use:

There was no light in heaven but a few stars;

The boats put off overcrowded with their crews;

She gave a leak, and then a breach to port,

And, going down head foremost—sink, in them.

LII.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell!

Then shriek'd too loud, and stood still the brave;

Then some break'd overboard with manifold yell,

As eager to anticipate their grave;

And the sea yawl'd around her like a hel,

And down she sunk'd with her the whirling wave,

Like one who grapples with his enemy,

And strives to strangle him before he die.

LIII.

And first one universal shriek there rush'd,

Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash

Of echoing thunder; and then all was hush'd,

Save the wild wind and the remorseless dast

Of billows; but at intervals there gush'd

Accompanied with a convulsive splash,

A solitary shriek—the bubbling cry

Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

LIV.

The boats, as stated, had got off before,

And in them crowded several of the crew;

And yet their present hope was hardly more

Than what it had been, for so strong it flew,

There was slight chance of reaching any shore;

And then they were too many, though so few—

Nine in the cutter, thirty in the boats,

Were counted in them when they got afloat.

LV.

All the rest perish'd; near two hundred souls

Had left their hales; and, what's worse, that

When over Catholics the ocean rolls,

They must wait several weeks, before a mass

Take off our pack of purgatorial souls.

Because til people know what's come to pass,

They won't lay out their money on the deal—

It costs three francs for every mass that's said.

LVI.

Juan got into the long-boat, and there

Contrived to hold Pedrillo to a place;

It would as if they had exchanged their cars,

For Juan were the magisterial tree

Which courage gives, while poor Pedrillo's pair

Of eyes were crying for their owner's case;

Battista (though a namecall'd short Tia)

Was lost by getting at some aqua-vita.

LVII.

Pedro, his violet, too, he tried to save;

But the same causes conduce to his loss,

Left him so drunk, he jump'd into the wave;

As over the cutter's edge he tried to cross,

And so he found a worse bed than any grace;

They could not rescue him, although so close,

Because the sea ran higher every minute,

And for the boat—the crew kept crowding in it.

LVIII.

A small old spaniel,—which had been Don Jose's,

His father's, whom he loved as ye may think,

For on such things the memory repose;

With tenleness, stood howling on the brink,

Knowing, (ogs have such intellectual uses!)—

No doubt, the vessel was about to sink;

And Juan caught him up, and cre he stepp'd off, threw him in, then after him he lepp'd.

LIX.

He also stuff'd his mancy where he could

About his person, and Pedrillo's too,

Who let him do it, just whatever he could;

Not knowing what himself to say or do,

As every smart wench his deal round'd;

But Juan, trusting they might well get through

And desiring there were remitt's for any ill,

Thus remembers his tutor and his spaniel.
LX.

'T was a rough night, and blow so stiffly yet,
That the sail was becalm'd between the seas;
Though on the wave's high top too much to set,
They dared not take it in for all the breeze;
Each sea curl'd o'er the stern, and kept them wet,
And made them hale without a moment's ease.
So that themselves as well as hopes were damp'd,
And the poor little cutter quickly swam'd.

LXI.

Nine souls were went in her: the long-boat still
Kept above water, with an oar for mast,
Two blankets stitch'd together, answering th
Instead of sail, were to the oar made fast;
Though every wave roll'd menacing to fill,
And present peril all before surpass'd,
They grieved for those who perish'd with the cutter,
And also for the biscuit-craks and butter.

LXII.

The sun rose red and fiery, a sure sign
Of the continuance of the gale: to run
Before the sea, until it should grow fine,
Was all that for the present could be done:
A few tea-spoonsful of their rum and wine
Was served out to the people, who began
To faint, and damaged bread wet through the bags,
And most of them had little clothes but rags.

LXIII.

They counted thirty, crowded in a space
Which left scarce room for motion or exertion;
They did their best to modify their case,
One half set up, though numb'd with the immersion,
While the other half were laid down in their place,
At watch and watch; thus, shivering like the tertian
Ague in its cold fit, they fill'd their boat,
With nothing but the sky for a great-coat.

LXIV.

'T is very certain the desire of life
Prolongs it; this is obvious to physicians,
When patients, neither plag'd with friends nor wife,
Survive through very desperate conditions,
Because they still can hope, nor shame the knife
Nor sheets of Atropos before their visions:
Despair of all recovery spalls longevity,
And makes men's miseries of alarming brevity.

LXV.

'T is said that persons living on annuities
Are longer lived than others,—God knows why
Unless to plague the grantors,—yet so true it is:
That some, I really think, do never die;
Of any creditors the worst a Jew it is,
And that's their mode of furnishing supply:
In my young days they lent me cash that way,
Which I found very troublesome to pay.

LXVI.

'Tis thus with people in an open boat,
They live upon the love of life, and bear
More than can be believed, or even thought,
And stand, like rocks, the tempest's wear and tear;
And hardship still has been the sailor's lot,
Since Noah's ark went cruising here and there—
She had a curious crew as well as cargo,
Like the first old Greek privateer, the Argo.

LXVII.

But man is a carnivorous production,
And must have meats, at least one meal a day;
He cannot live, like woodcocks, upon suet,
But, like the shark and tiger, must have prey;

Although his anatomist construction
Bears vegetables in a grumbling way
Your labouring people think, beyond all question.
Beef, veal, and mutton, better for digestion.

LXVIII.

And thus it was with this our hapless crew;
For on the third day there came on a calm,
And though at first their strength it might renew
And, lying on their weariness like balm,
Lulled them like turtles sleeping on the blue
Of ocean, when they were they felt a qualm,
And fell all ravenously on their provision,
Instead of barding it with due precision.

LXIX.

The consequence was easily foreseen—
They ate up all they had, and drank their wine,
In spite of all remonstrances, and then
On what, in fact, next day were they to dine?
They hoped the wind would rise, these foolish men;
And carry them to shore; their hopes were base,
But, as they had but one ear, and that brittle,
It would have been more wise to save their victual.

LXX.

The fourth day came, but not a breath of air,
And ocean shudder'd like an unweary'd child:
The fifth day, and their boat lay floating there,
The sea and sky were blue, and clear, and mild—
With their one ear (I wish they had had a pair)
What could they do! and hunger's rage grew wild
So Juan's spaniel, spite of his entreatings,
Was kill'd, and portion'd out for present eating.

LXXI.

On the sixth day they fell upon his hide,
And Juan, who had still refused, because
The creature was his father's dog that died,
Now feeling ad the vulture in his jaws,
With some remorse received (though first denied),
As a great favour, one of the four-paws,
Which he divided with Pedrillo, who
Devour'd it, longing for the other too.

LXXII.

The seventh day, and no wind—the burning sun
Rist'er'd and second'd; and, stagnant on the sea,
They lay like carcases, and hope was none,
Save in the breeze that came not; savagely
They glare upon each other—all was done,
Water, and wine, and food,—and you might see
The longings of the cannibal arise
(Although they spoke not) in their wolfshe eyes.

LXXIII.

At length one whisper'd his companion, who
Whisper'd another, and thus it went round,
And then into a hearer murmur grew,
An ominous, and wild, and desperate sound;
And when his comrade's thought each sufferer knew,
'T was but his own, suppress'd till now, he found:
And out they spoke of lots for flesh and blood,
And who should die to be his fellows' food.

LXXIV.

But ere they came to this, they that daj shared
Some leather cap, and what remain'd of shoes:
And then they both around them, and desir'd,
And none to be the sacrifice would choose;
At length the lots were torn up and prepared,
Put of materials that must shock the muse—
Having no power, for the want of better,
They took by force from Juan Julia's letter.
LXXV.
The lots were tule, and mark'd, and mix'd, and banded
In silent horror, and their distribution
Loll'd even the savage hunger which demanded,
Like the Prometheus vulture, this pollution;
None in particular had sought or planned it,
'T was nature gnaw'd them to this resolution,
By which none were permitted to be master—
And the lot fell on Juan's heartless tutor.

LXXVI.
He but requested to be bled to death:
The surgeon had his instruments and bled
Pedrillo, and so gently cleft his breast,
You hardly could perceive when he was dead.
He died as born, a Catholic in faith,
Like most of the belief in which they're bred,
And first a little crucifix he kiss'd,
And then held out his jugular and wrist.

LXXVII.
The surgeon, as there was no other fee,
Had his first choice of morsels for his pains;
But being thirstiest at the moment,
Prefer'd a draught from the fast-flowing veins:
Part was divided, part thrown in the sea,
And such things as the entrails and the brains
Regaled two sharks, who follow'd o'er the bilow—
The sailors ate the rest of poor Pedrillo.

LXXVIII.
The sailors ate him, all save three or four,
Who were not quite so fond of animal food;
To these was added Juan, who, before
Refusing his own Spanish, hardly could
Feel now his appetite increased much more;
'T was not to be expected that he should,
Even in extremity of their disaster,
Dine with them on his pastor and his master.

LXXIX.
'T was better that he did not, for, in fact,
The consequence was awful in the extreme:
For they, who were most ravenous in the act,
Went raging mad—Lord! how they did blaspheme!
And foam and roll, with strange convulsions rack'd,
Drinking salt water like a mountain-stream,
Tearing, and gnawing, howling, screeching, swearing.
And, with hyaena laughter, died despairing.

LXXX.
Their numbers were much thinned by this infection,
And all the rest were thin enough, Heaven knew,
And some of them had lost their recollection,
Happier than they who still perceived their woes;
But others ponder'd on a new dissection,
As if not warn'd sufficiently by those
Who had already perish'd, suffering madly;
For having used their appetites so sadly.

LXXXI.
And next they thought upon the master's mate,
As fatest; but he saved himself, because,
Besides being much averse from such a fate,
There were some other reasons: the first was
He had been rather unquiet of late,
And that which chiefly proved his saving cause
Was a small present made to him at Cadiz,
By general subscription of the ladies.

LXXXII.
Of poor Pedrillo something still remain'd,
But it was used sparingly,—some were afraid,
And others still their appetites constrain'd,
Or but at times a little supper made;

All except Juan, who throughout abated'd,
Chewing a piece of bamboo, and some bread:
At length they caught two boobies and a noddy,
And then they left off eating the dead body.

LXXXIII.
And if Pedrillo's fate should shocking be,
Remember Ugolino condescends
To eat the head of his arch-enemy
The moment after he politely ends
His tale; if foes he food in hell, at sea
'T is surely fair to dine upon our friends,
When shipwreck's short allowance grows too scanty,
Without being much more horrible than Dante.

LXXXIV.
And the same night there fell a shower of rain,
For which their mouths gasped, like the cracks of earth
When dried to summer dust; till taught by pain,
Men really know not what good water's worth:
If you had been in Turkey or in Spain,
Or with a furnish'd boat's-crew land your birth,
Or in the desert heard the camel's bell,
You'd wish yourself where Truth is,—in a cell.

LXXXV.
It pour'd down torrents, but they were no richer,
Until they found a ragged piece of sheet,
Which served them as a sort of spongy pitcher,
And when they deem'd its moisture was complete
They wrung it out, and, though a thirsty drier
Might not have thought the scanty draught so sweet
As a full pot of porter, to their thinking
They ne'er till now had known the joys of drinking.

LXXXVI.
And their baked lips, with many a bloody crack,
Suck'd in the moisture, which like nectar stream'd;
Their throats were ovens, their swollen tongues were black,
As the rich man's in hell, who vainly serean'd
To beg the beggar, who could not rain back
A drop of dow, when every drop had seem'd
To taste of heaven,—if this be true, indeed,
Some Christians have a comfortable creed.

LXXXVII.
There were two fathers in this ghastly crew,
And with them their two sons, of whom the one
Was more robust and hardy to the view,
But he died early; and when he was gone,
His nearest messmate told his sire, who throw
One glance on him, and said, "Heaven's will be done!
I can do nothing!" and he saw him thrown
Into the deep, without a tear or groan.

LXXXVIII.
The other father had a weaker child,
Of a soft cheek, and aspect delicate;
But the bow bore up long; and with a mild
And patient spirit, held aloof his fate;
Little he said, and now and then he smiled,
As if to win a part from off the weight
He saw increasing on his father's heart,
With the deep deadly thought, that they must part.

LXXXIX.
And o'er him bent his sire, and never raised
His eyes from off his face, but wiped the foam
From his pale lips, and ever on him gazed;
And when the wish'd-for shower at length was come
And the boy's eyes, which the dull film half glazed,
Brighten'd, and for a moment seemed to room.
He squeezed from out a rag some drops of rain
Into his dying child's mouth—but in vain.
XC.
The boy expired—the father held the clay,
And look'd upon it long and when at last
Death left no doubt, and the dead bulbous lay
Still on its heart, and pale and hope were past,
He watched it wistfully, and away
'T was borne by the rude wave wherein 't was cast;
Then he himself sunk down, all dumb and shivering,
And gave no signs of life, save his limbs quivering.

XCI.
Now over-head a rainbow, bursting through
The scattering clouds, alone, spanning the dark sea,
Resting its bright base on the quivering blue;
And all within its arch appeared to be
Clearer than that without, and its wide line
Wax'd broad and waving like a banner free,
Then changed like to a bow that's bent, and then
Forsook the dim eyes of these shipwreck'd men.

XCVI.
It changed, of course; a heavenly chameleon,
The airy child of vapour and the sun,
Brought forth in purple, cradled in vermilion,
Baptiz'd in molten gold, and swathed in dam;
Glitter'd like crescents 'o'er a Turk's pavilion,
And blending every colour into one,
Just like a black eye in a recent snuffle
(For sometimes we shot box without the muffle).

XCVIII.
One shipwreck'd sailor thought it a good omen—
It is as well to think so, now and then;
'T was an old custom of the Greek and Roman,
And may become of great advantage when
Foes are discouraged; and most surely no men
Had greater need to nerve themselves again
Then these, and so this rainbow look'd like hope—
Quite a celestial kaleidoscope.

XCVII.
About this time, a beautiful white bird,
Web-footed, not unlike a dove in size
And plumage (probably it might have err'd
Upon its course), pause'd off before their eyes,
And tried to perch, although it saw and heard
The men within the boat, and in this guise
It came and went, and flutter'd round them till
Night fell:—this seem'd a better omen still.

XCVII.
But in this case I must remark,
'T was well this bird of promise did not perch,
Because the tackle of our shatter'd bark
Was not so safe for roosting as a church;
And had it been the dove from Noah's ark,
Returning there from her successful search,
Which in their way that moment chanced to fall,
They would have eat her, olive-branch and all.

XCVIII.
With twilight it again came on to blow,
But not with violence; the stars shone out,
The boat made way; yet now they were so low,
They knew not where nor what they were about;
Some fanc'd they saw land, and some said "No!"
The frequent lighthawks gave them cause to doubt—
Some swear that they heard bears, others guns,
And all mistakes about the latter ones.

XCVIII.
As morning broke, the light wind died away,
When he who had the watch-sung out, and swore
Of it was not land, but rose with the sun's ray
He wish'd that land he never might see more:
And the rest rubb'd their eyes, and saw a bay
Or thought they saw, and shaped the course for shore;
For shore it was, and gradually grew
Distinct and high, and palpable to view.

XCVIII.
And then of these some part bust into tears,
And others, looking with a stupid stare,
Could not yet separate their hopes from fears,
And seem'd as if they had no further cure:
While a few pray'd—(the first time for some years)—
And at the bottom of the boat three were
Asleep; they shook them by the hand and head,
And tried to awaken them, but found them dead.

XCIX.
The day before, fast sleeping on the water,
They found a turtle of the hawk's-bill kind,
And by good fortune, gliding softly, catch'd her,
Which yield'd a day's life, and to their mind
Proved even still a more nutritious matter,
Because it left encouragement behind:
They thought that in such perils, more than chance
Had sent them this for their deliverance.

CI.
The land appear'd, a high and rocky coast,
And higher grew the mountains as they drew,
Set by a current, toward it:—they were lost
In various conjectures, for none knew
To what part of the earth they had been toss'd,
So changeable had been the winds that blew;
Some thought it was Mount Etna, some the highlands
Of Candia, Cyprus, Rhodes, or other islands.

C.
Meantime the current, with a rising gale,
Still set them onwards to the welcome shore,
Like Charon's bark of speckles, dull and pale:
Their living freight was now reduced to four;
And three dead, whom their strength could not avail
To heave into the deep with those before,
The two sharks still followed them, and draught
The spray into their faces as they splashed.

CH.
Famine, despair, cold, thirst, and heat had done
Their work on them by turns, and thim'd them to
Such things, a mother had not known her son
Amidst the skeletons of that giant crew;
By might child'd, by day search'd, thus one by one
They perish'd, one民生'd them to these few,
But chiefly by a species of self-shahing,
In washing down Petros with salt water.

CII.
As they drew nigh the land, which now was seen,
Unequal in its aspect here and there,
They felt the freshness of its growing green,
That waved in forest glens, and smoothed the air,
And fell upon their glazed eyes as a screen
From glittering waves, and skies so hot and hazy
Lovely seem'd any object that should sweep
Away the vast, salt, dwell, eternal deep.

CIV.
As they drew near the land, which now was seen,
Unequal in its aspect here and there,
They felt the freshness of its growing green,
That waved in forest glens, and smoothed the air,
And fell upon their glazed eyes as a screen
From glittering waves, and skies so hot and hazy
Lovely seem'd any object that should sweep
Away the vast, salt, dwell, eternal deep.
CV.
But in his native stream, the Guadalquivir,
To have his youthful limbs was won;
And, having learned to swim in that sweet river,
Had often turned the art to some account.
A better swimmer you could scarce see ever,
He could, perhaps, have passed the Hellestompt,
As once (a feat on which ourselves we prided)
Leander, Mr. Ekenhead, and I did.

CVI.
Jo, here, though faint, concentred, and stark,
He hurry'd his boyish limbs, and strove to ply
With the quick wave; and, gaining, ere it was dark,
The beach which lay before him, high and dry;
The greatest danger here was from a shark,
That carried off his neighbour by the thigh;
As for the other two, they could not swim,
So nobody arrived on shore but him.

CVII.
Nor yet had he arrived but for the oar,
Which, providentially for him, was wash'd
Just as his feeble arms could strike no more,
And the hard wave overwhelm'd him as 'twas wash'd
Within his grasp; he clung to it, and sore
The waters near while he thereto was wash'd;
At last, with swimming, wading, scrambling, he
Rol'd on the beach, half senseless, from the sea:

CVIII.
There, breathless, with his digging nails he clung
Fast to the sand, lest the returning wave,
From whose reluctant form his life he wrung,
Should suck him back to its insatiate grave:
And there he lay, full-length, where he was wash'd
Before the entrance of a cliff-worn cave,
With just enough of life to feel its pain,
And deem that it was saved, perhaps in vain.

CIX.
With slow and staggering effort he arose,
But sunk again upon his bleeding knee
And quivering hand; and then he look'd for those
Who long had been his mates upon the sea,
But none of them appear'd to share his woes,
Save one, a corpse from out the famish'd three,
Who died two days before, and now had found
An unknown barren beach for burial ground.

CX.
And, as he gazed, his dizzy brain spun fast,
And down he sunk, and, as he sunk, the sand
Swam round and round, and all his senses pass'd:
He fell upon his side, and his stretch'd hand
Droop'd dripping on the oar (their jury-mast),
And, like a wither'd lily, on the sand
His slender frame and pullet aspect lay,
As far a thing as 'er was form'd of clay.

CXI.
How long in his damp trance young Juan lay
He know not, for the earth was gone for him,
And time had melting more of night nor day
For his coughing blood, and senses dim:
And how this heavy fastness pass'd away
He know not, till each painful pulse and limb,
And sighing vein, seem'd throbbing back to life,
For Death, though vanquish'd, still retired with strife.

CXII.
His eyes he open'd, shut again unlosed,
For all was doubt and dazziness: he thought
He still was in the boat; and had but dozed,
And felt again with his despair o'erwrought,

And wish'd it death in which he had repose;
And then once more his feelings touch'd were brought
And slowly by his swimming eyes was seen
A lovely female face of seventeen.

CXIII.
'Twas bending close o'er his, and the small mouth
Seem'd almost praying into his for breath;
And clasping him, the soft warm hand of youth
Recall his answering spirit back from death:
And, batting his stilly temples, tried to soothe
Each pulse to animation, till beneath
Its gentle touch and trembling care, a sigh
To these kind efforts made a low reply.

CXIV.
Then was the cordial pour'd, and mantle hung
Around his scorched and bloodied limbs; and the fair arm
Raised higher the faint head which o'er it hung;
And her transparent cloth, all pure and warm,
Pillow'd his death-like forehead; then she wrung
His dewy curls, long drench'd by every storm;
And watch'd with eager eyes each throb that drew
A sigh from his heaved bosom—and hers too.

CXV.
And lifting him with care into the cave,
The gentle girl, and her attendant,—one
Young yet her elder, and of brow less grave,
And more robust of figure,—then began
To kindle fire, and as the new flames gave
Light to the rocks which roof'd them, which the sun
Had never seen, the maid, or whatso'ever
She was, appear'd distinct, and tall, and fair.

CXVI.
Her brow was overhung with cens of gold,
That sparkled over the Auburn of her hair.
Her clustering hair, whose longer locks were roll'd
In bands behind, and, though her stature were
Even of the highest for a female mould,
They nearly reach'd her hee,; and in her air
There was a something which bespoke command,
As one who was a lady in the land.

CXVII.
Her hair, I said, was Auburn; but her eyes
Were black as death, their lusses the same hue,
Of downcast length, in whose silky shadow lies
Deepest attraction, ever to the view.
Forth from its raven fringe the full glance flies,
Ne'er with such force the swiftest arrow flew;
'Tis as the snake, late coil'd, who poises his length,
And hurls at once his venom and his strength.

CXVIII.
Her brow was white and low; her cheeks' pure dye
Like twilight rosy still with the set sun;
Short upper lip—sweet lip—that make us sigh
Ever to have seen such; for she was one
Fit for the model of a statuary
(A race of mere impostors, when all's done—
I've seen much finer women, ripe and real,
Than all the nonsense of their stone ideal).

CXIX.
I'll tell you why I say so, for 'tis just
One should not rail without a decent cause:
There was an Irish lady, to whose bust
I ne'er saw justice done, and yet she was
A frequent model; and if 'er she must
Yield to stern Time and Nature's wrecking laws,
They will destroy a face which mortal thought
Ne'er compass'd, nor less mortal chess wrought,
CXX.
And such was she, the lady of the cave:
Her dress was very different from the Spanish,
Simpler, and yet of colours not so grave;
For, as you know, the Spanish women banish
Bright hues when out of doors, and yet, while wave
Around them (what I hope will never vanish)
The basquana and the mantilla, they
Seem at the same time mystical and gay.

CXXI.
But with our damsel this was not the case:
Her dress was many-col'd, finely spun;
Her locks curl'd negligently round her face,
But through them gold and gems profusely shone;
Her girdle sparkled, and the richest lace
Plew'd in her veil, and many a precious stone
Flash'd on her little hand; but, what was shocking,
Her small snow feet had slippers, but no stocking.

CXXII.
The other female's dress was not unlike,
But of inferior materials: she
Had not so many ornaments to strike:
Her hair had never bound, to be
Her dowry; and her veil, in form alike,
Was coarser; and her air, though firm, less free;
Her hair was thicker, but less long; her eyes
As black, but quicker, and of smaller size.

CXXIII.
And these two tended him, and cheer'd him both
With food and raiment, and those soft attentions.
Which are (as I must own) of female growth,
And have ten thousand delicate inventions;
They made a most superior mess of both,
A thing which poesy but seldom mentions,
But the best dish that e'er was cook'd since Homer's
Achilles order'd dinner for new comers.

CXXIV.
I'll tell you who they were, this female pair,
Lost they should seem princesses in disguise;
Besides I hate all mystery, and that air
Of clap-trap, which your recent poets prize;
And so, in short, the girls they really were
They shall appear before your curious eyes,
Mistress and maid; the first was only daughter
Of an old man who lived upon the water.

CXXV.
A fisherman he had been in his youth,
And still a sort of fisherman was he;
But other speculations were, in sooth,
Added to his connexion with the sea,
Perhaps, not so respectable, in truth:
A little smuggling, and some piracy,
Left him, at last, the sole of many masters
Of an ill-gotten million of piastres.

CXXVI.
A fisher, therefore, was he—though of men,
Like Peter the Apostle,—and he fish'd
For wandering merchant-vessels, now and then
And sometimes caught as many as he wish'd;
The cargoes he confiscated, and gain
He sought in the slave-market too, and dish'd
Foul many a mess for that Turkish trade,
By which, to doubt, a good deal may be made.

CXXVII.
He was z Greek, and on his side had built
(Of one of the wild and smaller Cyclades)
A very handsome house from out his guilt,
And there he lived exceedingly at ease;
Heaven knows what cash he got, or blood he spilt,
A sad old fellow was he, if you please,
But this I know, it was a spacious building,
Full of barbaric carving, paint, and gilding.

CXXVIII.
He had an only daughter call'd Haidee,
The greatest heiress of the Eastern isles;
Besides so very beautiful was she,
Her dowry was as nothing to her smiles:
Still in her teens, and like a lovely tree
So grew to womanhood, and between whiles
Rejected several suitors, just to learn
How to accept a better in his turn.

CXXIX.
And walking out upon the beach below
The cliff, towards sunset, on that day she found
Insensible,—not dead, but nearly so,—
Don Juan, almost famish'd, and half drown'd;
But, being naked, she was shock'd, you know,
Yet deem'd herself in common pity bound,
As far as in her lay, "to take him in,
A stranger," dying, with so white a skin.

CXXX.
But taking him into her father's house
Was not exactly the best way to save,
But like conveying to the cut the mouse,
Or people in a trance into their grave;
Because the good old man had so much "insane,"
Unlike the honest Arab thieves so brave,
He would have hospitably cured the stranger,
And sold him instantly when out of danger.

CXXXI.
And therefore, with her maid, she thought it best
(A virgin always on her maid relies)
To place him in the cave for present rest;
And when, at last, he open'd his black eyes,
Their charity increased about their guest:
And their compassion grew to such a size,
It open'd half the templete gates to heaven—
(Saint Paul says 'tis the toll which must be given
CXXXII.
They made a fire, but such a fire as they
Upon the meanest coals could contrive with such
Materials as were cast up round the bay,
Some broken planks and oars, that to the touch,
Were nearly timber, since so long they lay,
A mast was almost crumpled to a crutch;
But, by God's grace, here wrecks were in such plenty
That there was fuel to have furnish'd twenty.

CXXXIII.
He had a bed of furs and a pelisse,
For Haidee stripp'd her sables off to make
His couch; and that he might be more at ease,
And warm, in case he should awake,
They also gave a petticoat space,
She and her maid, and promised 't was a break,
To pay him a fresh visit, with a dish,
For breakfast, of eggs, coffee, bread, and tea.

CXXXIV.
And thus they call him to his bone repose;
Juan slept like a top, or like the dead,
Who sleep at last, perhaps (God only knows),
Just for the present, and in his hill'd head
Not even a vision of his former woes
Throb'd in accurset dreams, which sometimes spread
Unwelcome visions of our former years,
Till the eye, cheated, open'd thick with tears.
CXXXV.
Young Juan slept all dreamless;—but the maid
Who smooth’d his pillow, as she left the den,
Look’d back upon him, and a moment stay’d,
And turn’d believing that he call’d again.
He slumber’d; yet she thought, at least she said
(The heart will slip even as the tongue and pen),
He had pronounced her name—but she forgot
That at this moment Juan knew it not.

CXXXVI.
And pensive to her father’s house she went,
Enjoining silence strict to Zoe’ who
Better than her knew what, in fact, she meant.
She being wiser by a year or two:
A year or two’s an age when rightly spent,
And Zoe’ spent here as most women do,
In gaining all that useful sort of knowledge
Which is acquired in nature’s good old college.

CXXXVII.
The morn broke, and found Juan slumbering still
Fast in his care, and nothing dash’d upon
His rest; the resting of the neighbouring rill,
And the young beans of the excluded sun,
Troubled him not, and he might sleep his fill;
And need he had of slumber yet, for none
Had suf’red more—his hardships were comparative
To those related in my grand-dad’s narrative.

CXXXVIII.
Not so Haidee; she sadly toss’d and tumbled,
And started from her sleep, and, turning o’er,
Dream’d of a thousand wrecks, o’er which she stumbled,
And handsome corpses strew’d upon the shore;
And woke her maid so early thence, she gumbled,
And call’d her father’s old slaves up, who swore
In several oaths—Armenian, Turk, and Greek,—
They knew not what to think of such a freak.

CXXXIX.
But up she got, and up she made them get,
With some pretence about the sun, that makes
Sweet skies just when he rises, or is set;
And ’twas, no doubt, a sight to see when breaks
Bright Phoebus, while the mountains still are wet
With mist, and every bird with him awakes,
And night is flung off like a morning suit
Worn for a husband, or some other brute.

CXL.
I say, the sun is a most glorious sight,
I’ve seen him rise full oft, indeed of late
I have sat up on purpose all the night,
Which hustens, as physicians say, one’s fate;
And so all ye, who would be in the right
In health and purse, begin your day to date
From day-break, and when coffee’d at fourscore,
Engrave upon the plate, you rose at four.

CXLI.
And Haidee met the morning face to face;
Her own was freshest, though a feverish flush
Had dyed it with the headlong blood, whose race
From heart to check is curb’d into a blish.
Like to a torrent which a mountain’s base,
That overpowers some Alpine river’s rush,
Checks to a lake, whose waves in circles spread,
Or the Red Sea—but the sun is not red.

CXLII.
And down the cliff the island virgin came,
And near the cove her quick light footsteps drew,
While the sun smiled on her with his first beam,
And young Aurora kiss’d her lips with dew,

Taking her for a sister; just the same
Misfair would have mused, and looking at the two
Although the mortal, quite as fresh and fair,
Had all the advantage too of not being air.

CXLIII.
And when unto the cavern Haidee stepp’d,
All timely, yet rapidly, she saw
That like an infant Juan sweetly slept;
And then she stepp’d, and stood as in awe
(For sleep is awful), and on tip-toe crept
And wakening him, best the air, too raw,
Should reach his blood; then o’er him, still as death
Bent with hush’d lips that drank his scarce-drawn breath.

CXLIV.
And thus, like to an angel o’er the dying
Who die in righteousness, she beam’d; and there
All tranquilly the shipwreck’d boy was lying,
As o’er him lay the calm and stifless air;
But Zoe’ the meantime some eggs was fraying,
Since, after all, no doubt the youthful pair
Must breakfast, and betimes—lest they should ask u,
She drew out her provision from the basket.

CXLV.
She knew that the best feelings must have virtual
And that a shipwreck’d youth would hunger be;
Beside, being less in love, she cast’d a little
And felt her veins chill’d by the neighbouring sea;
And so, she could’t their breakfast to a title;
I can’t say that she gave them any tea,
But these were eggs, fruit, coffee, bread, fish, honey,
With Scio wine,—and all for love, not money.

CXLVI.
And Zoe’, when the eggs were ready, and
The coffee made, would him have waken’d Juan;
But Haidee stopp’d her with her quick small hand,
And without word, a sign her finger drew on
Her lip, which Zoe’ needs must understand;
And, the first breakfast spoil’d, prepared a new one,
Because her mistress would not let her break
That sleep which seemed as it would ne’er awake.

CXLVII.
For still he lay, and on his thin worn cheek,
A purple hectic play’d, like dying day
On the snow tops of distant hills; the streak
Of suffering yet upon his forehead lay,
Where the blue veins look’d shadowy, shrunk and weak
And his black curls were dewy with the spray,
Which weigh’d upon them yet, all damp and salt,
Mix’d with the stony vapours of the vault.

CXLVIII.
And she bent o’er him, and he lay beneath,
Hush’d as the babe upon its mother’s breast,
Dream’d as the willow when no winds can breath,
Lud’d like the depth of ocean when at rest,
Fair as the crowning rose of the whole wreath,
Soft as the callow eynet in its nest;
In short, he was a very pretty fellow,
Although his woes had turn’d him rather yellow.

CXLIX.
He woke and gazed, and would have slept again,
But the fair face which met his eyes, bespake
Those eyes to close, though weariness and pain
Had further sleep a further pleasure made;
For woman’s face was never forlorn in vain
For Juan, so that even when he wak’d,
He turn’d from greedy saints, and murrers hark
To the sweet portraits of the Virgin Mary.
CL.

And thus upon his elbow he arose,
And looked upon the lady in whose cheek
The pale contended with the purple rose,
As with an effort she began to speak:
Her eyes were eloquent, her words would pour,
Although she told him, in good modern Greek,
With an honor accent, low and sweet.
That he was faint, and must not talk, but eat.

CL.

New Juan could not understand a word,
Being no dreamer: but he had no ear,
And her voice was the voice of a bird,
So soft, so sweet, so distinctly clear,
That tuner, softer music never was heard;
The sort of sound we echo with a tear,
Without knowing why—an overpowering tone,
Whence melody descends, as from a throne.

CLH.

And Juan gazed, as one who is awoke
By a distant sound, doubting if he be
Not yet a dreamer, till the spell is broke
By the watchman, or some such reality,
Or by one's early valet's cursed knock;
As least it is a heavy sound to whom
Who like a morning slumber—for the night
Shows stars and women in a better light.

CLII.

And Juan too, was help'd out from his dream,
Or sleep, or whatever it was, by feeling
A most pernicious appetite: the scene
Of Zoe's cookery no doubt was stealing
Upon his senses, and the kindling beam
Of the new fire which Zoe kept up, kneading
To stir her vanda, made him quite awake
And long for food, but cindly a beef-steak.

CLIV.

But beef is rare within these casless isles:—
Goats' flesh there is, no doubt, and kid, and mutton,—
And when a holiday upon them smiles,
A joint upon their barbarous spits they put on:—
But this occurs but seldom, between whiles,
For some of these are rocks with scarce a hut on.
Others are fair and fertile among which,
This though not large, was one of the most rich.—

CLV.

I say that beef is rare, and can't help thinking
That the old fable of the Minotaur—
From which our modern morals, rightly shrinking,
Condemn the royal lady's taste who were
A cow's shape for a mask—was only (smoking
The allegory) a mere type, no more,
That Pasiphaë promoted breeding cattle,
To make the Cretans blubber in battle.

CLVI.

For we all know that English people are
Fed upon beef—I won't say much of beer,
Because 'tis liquor only, and having far
From this my subject, has no business here:—
We know, too, they are very fond of war,
A pleasure—like all pleasures—rather dear;
So were the Cretans—from which I infer
That beef and battles both were owing to her.

CLVII.

But to resume. The languid Juan raised
His head upon his elbow, and he saw
A sight on which he had not lately gazed,
CLXV.

That is, some words of Spanish, Turk, or Greek, Italian not at all, having no teachers.

Maid English I cannot pretend to speak,

Learning that language chiefly from his preachers,

Barrow, South, Tobiston, whom every week

I study, also Blair, the highest teachers

Of eloquence in pity and prose—

I hate your poets, so read none of those.

CLXVI.

As for the ladies, I have sought to say,

A wanderer from the British world of fashion,

Where I, like other "dogs, have had my day."

Like other men, too, may have had my passion—

But that, like other things, has passed away:

For all her looks whom I could lay the lash on.

Fare, friends, men, woman, now are amount to me

But dreams of what has been is more to be.
CLXXX.
Ring for your valet—bid him quickly bring
Some bock and soda-water, then you'll know bring
A pleasure worthy Xerxes the great king;
For not the best sherbet, dined with snow,
Nor the first sparkle of the desert-spring,
Nor Burgundy in all its sweetest glow,
After long sparkle, canni, love, or slaughter,
Ve with that draught of bock and soda-water.

CLXXXI.
The coast—I think it was the coast that I
Was just describing—yes, it was the coast—
Lay at this period quiet as the sea,
The sands unmarked, the blue waves untossed,
And all was stillness, save the sea-lord's cry,
And dolphin's leap, and little holly cross'd
By some low rock or ledge that made it fret
Against the boundary it scarcely wet.

CLXXXII.
And forth they wander'd, her sense being gone,
As I have said, upon an expedition;
And mother, brother, guardian, she had none,
Save Zoe's, who, although with due precision
She waited on her lady by the sea,
Though daily service was her only mission,
Bringing warm water, weaving her long tresses,
And asking now and then for cast-off dresses.

CLXXXIII.
It was the evening hour, just when the rounded
Red sun sinks down behind the azure hill,
Which then seems as if the whole earth it bounded,
Circling all nature, bush'd, and dim, and still,
With the far mountain-crescent half surrounded
On one side, and the deep sea calm and chill
Upon the other, and the rosy sky,
With one star sparkling through it like an eye.

CLXXXIV.
And thus they wander'd forth, and hand in hand,
Over the shinning pebbles and the shells,
Glided along the smooth and harden'd sand,
And in the warm and wild receptacles
Work'd by the storms, yet work'd as it were plan'd,
In hollow halls, with sparry roofs and cells,
They turn'd to rest; and, each clasped by an arm,
Yielded to the deep twilight's purple charm.

CLXXXV.
They look'd up to the sky, whose floating glow
Spread like a rosy ocean, vast and bright;
They gazed upon the glittering sea below,
Whence the broad moon rose circling into sight;
They heard the waves splash, and the wind so low,
And saw each other's dark eyes darting light
Into each other—and, beholding this,
Their lips drew near, and clung into a kiss.

CLXXXVI.
A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth, and love,
And beauty, all concentrating, like rays
Into one focus kindled from above;
Such kisses as belong to early days,
Where heart, and soul, and sense, in concert move,
And the blood's lava, and the pulse a blaze,
Each kiss a heart-sense—for a kiss's strength,
I think it must be reckon'd by its length.

CLXXXVII.
By length I mean duration; theirs endured
Heaven knows how long—no doubt they never
reckon'd;
And if they had, they could not have secured
The sum of their sensations to a second;

They had not spoken; but they felt allured,
As if their souls and lips each other beckon'd,
Which, being join'd, like swarming bees they clung—
Their hearts the flowers from whence the honey sprong.

CLXXXVIII.
They were alone, yet not alone as they
Who shut in chambers, think it loneliness;
The silent ocean, and the star-light bay,
The twilight glow, which momently grew less,
The voiceless sands, and dropping eaves, that lay
Arous'd them, made them to each other press,
As if there were no life beneath the sky
Save theirs, and that their life could never die.

CLXXXIX.
They fear'd no eyes nor ears on that lone beach,
They felt no terrors from the night, they were
All in all to each other: though their speech
Was broken words, they thought a language there—
And all the burning tongues the passions teach
Found in one sight the best interpreter
Of nature's oracle—first love,—that all
Which Eve has left her daughters since her fall.

CXC.
Haidée spoke not of secrets, asked no vows,
Nor offer'd any; she had never heard
Of plight and promises to be a spouse,
Or peril by a loving maid incurred;
She was all which pure ignorance allows,
And flew to her young mate like a young bird
And, never having dream'd of falsehood, she
Had not one word to say of constancy.

CXCII.
She loved, and was beloved—she adored,
And she was worship'd; after nature's fashion.
Their intense souls, into each other pour'd,
If souls could die, had perish'd in that passion,
But by degrees their senses were restored,
Again to be o'ercome, again to dash on;
And, beating 'gainst his bosom, Haidée's heart
Felt as if never more to beat apart.

CXCII.
Alas! they were so young, so beautiful,
So lonely, loving, helpless, and the hour
Was that in which the heart is always full,
And, having 'er itself no further power,
Prompts deeds eternity cannot annul,
But pays off moments in an endless shower
Of hell-fire—all prepared for people giving
Pleasure or pain to one another living.

CXCIII.
Alas! for Juan and Haidée! they were
So loving and so lovely—ill then never,
Excepting our first parents, such a pair
Had run the risk of being damn'd for ever;
And Haidée, being devout as well as fair,
Had, doubtless, heard about the Stygian river,
And hell and purgatory—but forgot
Just in the very crisis she should not.

CXCIV.
They look upon each other, and their eyes
Gleam in the moon-light; and her white arm clasps
Round Juan's head, and his around hers hers
Half buried in the tresses which it grasp'd;
She sits upon his knee, and drinks his sighs,
He her's until they end in broken gasps;
And thus they form a group that's quite unique,
Half naked, loving, natural, and Greek.
CXCV.
And when those deep and burning moments pass'd,
And Juno sunk to sleep within her arms,
She slept not; but all tenderly, though fast,
Sustain'd his head upon her bosom's charms,
And now and then her eye to heaven is cast,
And then on the pale cheek her breast now warms,
Pillow'd on her over-flowing heart, which pangs
With all it granted, and with all it grants.

CXCVI.
An infant when it gazes on a light,
A child the moment when it draws the breast,
A devotee when soars the host in sight,
An Arab with a stranger for a guest,
A sailor, when the prize has struck in fight,
A moor tilling his most boundless chest,
Feel rapture; but not such true joy are reaping
As they who watch o'er what they love while sleeping.

CXCVII.
For there it lies so tranquil, so beloved,
All that it hath of life with us is living;
So gentle, so tireless, so harmless,
And all unconscious of the joy it is giving,
All it hath felt, inflicted, pass'd,
And proved, Hush'd into depths beyond the watch'ry diving;
There lies the thing we love with all its errors,
And all its charms, like death without its terrors.

CXCVIII.
The lady watch'd her lover—and that hour
Of Love's, and Night's, and Ocean's solitude,
O'erflow'd her soul with their united power;
Amidst the barren sand and rocks so rude
She and her wave-worn love had made their bower,
Where sought upon their passion could intrude,
And all the stars that crowded the blue space
Saw nothing happier than her glowing face.

CXIX.
Ajax! the love of women! it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing;
For all of theirs upon that die is thrown,
And if 'tis lost, life hath no more to bring
To them but mockery of the past alone,
And their revenge is as the tiger's spring,
Deadly, and quick, and crushing; yet as real
Torture is theirs—what they inflict they feel.

CX.
They're right; for man, to man so oft unjust,
Is always so to women; one sole bond
Avoids them, treachery is all their trust:
Touched to conceit, their burning hearts despise
Over their idol, till some wealthier bid
Boys them in marriage—and what rests beyond?
A thankless husband, next a faithless lover,
Then dressing, nursing, praying, and all's over.

CXI.
Some take a lover, some take drams or prayers,
Some mind their household, others dissipation,
Some run away, and but exchange their cares,
Losing the advantage of a virtuous station;
Few changes e'er can better their affairs,
Their being an unnatural situation,
From the doll palace to the dirty hovel:
Some play the devil; and then write a revel.

CXII.
Harle was nature's brute, and know not this;
Harle was passion's child, born where the sun
Showers triple light, and scorches even the kiss
Of his gazelle-eyed daughters; she was one
Made but to love, to feel that she was his
Who was her chosen: what was said or done
Elsewhere was nothing.—She had sought to fear
Hope, care, nor love beyond, her heart here.

CXIII.
And oh! that quickening of the heart, that heat!
How much it costs us! yet each rising thrill
Is in its course as its effect so sweet.
That wisdom, ever on the watch to rob
Joy of its alchemy, and to repeat
Four truths; even conscience, too, has a tough job.
To make us understand each good old maxim,
So good—I wonder Castlereagh don't tax 'em.

CXIV.
And now 'twas done—on the lone shore were plighted
Their hearts; the stars, their mutual lover, shed
Beauty upon the beautiful they lighted:
Ocean their witness, and the cave their bed.
By their own feelings hollow'd and moistened,
Their priest was solitude, and they were wed.
And they were happy, for to their young eyes
Each was an angel, and earth paradise.

CXV.
Oh love! of whom great Caesar was the suitor,
Titus the master, Antony the slave,
Horace, Catullus, scholars, Ovid tutor,
Sappho the sage blue-stocking, in whose grave
All those may leap who rather would be under;
(Lucullus's rock still overtops the wave)—
Oh Love! thou art the very end of evil,
For, after all, we cannot call thee devil.

CXVI.
Thou makest the chaste communal state precarious
And jestest with the brows of unlighted men:
Cesar and Pompey, Mahomet, Belisarius,
Have much employ'd the muse of history's pen.
Their lives and fortunes were extremely various,—
Such worthies time will never see again:
Yet to these four in three things the same luck holds,
They all were heroes, conquerors, and cuckold's.

CXVII.
Thou makest philosophers: there's Epicurus,
And Aristippus, a material crew!
Who to immoral courses would allure us.
By theories, quite practicable too;
If only from the devil they would persuade us
How pleasant were the maxim (not quite new),
"Eat, drink, and love, what can the rest avail?"
So said the royal sage, Sardanapalus.

CXVIII.
But Juan! had he quite forgotten Julia?
And should he have forgotten her so soon?
I can't but say it seems to me most truly a
Perplexing question; but, no doubt, the moon
Does these things for us, and whenever newly a
Pulitation rises, 'tis her boon,
Else how the devil is it that fresh features
Have such a charm for us poor human creatures?

CXIX.
I hate meanness—I loathe, detest,
Abhor, condemn, abjure the mortal shade
Of such quicksilver clay that in his breast
No permanent foundation can be laid;
Love, constant love, has been my constant guest,
And yet last night, being at a masquerade,
I saw the prettiest creature, fresh from Milan,
Which gave me some sensations like a villain.
CCX.

But soon, philosophy came to my aid,
And whisper'd, "think of every sacred tie!"
"I will, my dear philosophy," I said,
"But then her tooth, and then, oh heaven! her eye!"
I'll just inquire if she be wise or mad,
Or neither—out of curiosity."

"Stop!" cried philosophy, with air so Grecian
(Though she was mask'd then as a fair Venetian)—

CCXI.

"Stop!" so I stopp'd.—But to return: that which
Men call inconsistency is nothing more
Than admiration due where nature's rich
Profusion with young beauty covers o'er
Some favour'd object; and as in the niche
A lovely statue we almost adore,
This sort of a location of the real
Is but a heightening of the "beautiful ideol."

CCXII.

Tis the perception of the beautiful,
A fine extension of the faculties,
Patrons, universal, wonderful,
Drawn from the stars, and pilot'd through the skies,
Without which life would be extremely dull;
In short, it is the use of our own eyes,
With one or two small senses added, just To hint that flesh is found of fiery dust.

CCXIII.

Yet 'tis a painful feeling, and unwilling,
For surely if we always could perceive
In the same object, graces quite as killing
As when we rose upon us as an Eve,
'Twould save us many a heartache, many a shedding
(For we must get them any how, or grieve),

Whereas, if one sole lady pleased for ever,
How pleasant for the heart, as well as liver!

CCXIV.

The heart is like the sky, a part of heaven,
But changes night and day too, like the sky;
Nor ever it sounds and thunder must be heard
And darkness and destruction as on high;
But when it hath been sorrow'd, and pierc'd, and riven,
Its storms expire in water-drops; the eye
Pour's forth at last the heart's blood turn'd to tears,
Which make the English climate of our years.

CCXV.

The liver is the heart of bile,
But very rarely executes its function,
For the first passion stays there such a while
That all the rest creep in and burn a junction,
Like knots of tigers on a doghfield's soil,
Raus, fear, hate, jealousy, revenge, compunction,
So that all mischief spring up from this entail,
Like earthquakes from the hidden fire call'd "central."

CCXVI.

In the mean time, without proceeding more
In this anatomy, I've finish'd now
Two hundred and odd stanzas as before,
That being about the number I'll allow
Each canto of the twelve, or twenty-four;
And, laying down my pen, I make my bow,
Leaving you, dear reader, to fill up
1 of them and theirs with all wise deign to read.
And, in the hope of nere, at our earnest,
Although a squall or two had mopped up our career,
By swannning one of the prizes ; he had caught
His prisoners, dividing them like chapters,
In number'd lots ; they all had cuffs and colors,
And averaged each from ten to a hundred dollars.

XVI.
Some he disposed of on Cape Matapan,
Among his friends the Maqintos ; some he sold
To his Tunis correspondents, save one man
That o'erboard must alcalie (being old ;)
The rest —save here and there some richer one,
Reserved for future ransom in the hold,—
Were linked alike; as for the common people, he
Had a large order from the Day of Tripoli.

XVII.
The merchandise was served in the same way,
Proceed out for different marts in the Levant,
Except some certain portions of the prey,
Light classic articles of female want,
French stuffs, lace, tweezers, toothbands, trapatoy tray
Guitars and castanets from Alcant,
All which selected from the spoil he gathers,
Robb'd for his daughter by the best of fathers.

XVIII.
A monkey, a Dutch mastiff, a mackaw,
Two parrots, with a Persian cat and kittens,
He chose from several animals he saw—
A terrier too, which once had been a Briton's,
Who dying on the coast of Ithania,
The peasants gave the poor dumb thing a pintoon;
These to secure in this strong blowing weather,
He caged in one huge hanger altogether.

XIX.
Then having settled his marine affairs,
Dispatching single cruisers here and there,
His vessel having need of some repairs,
He shaped his course to where his daughter was
Continued still her hospitable cares ;
But that part of the coast being dead and bare
And rough with reefs which ran out many a mile,
His port lay on the other side of the isle.

XX.
And there he went ashore with utmost delay,
Having no custom-house or quarantine,
To ask him awkward questions on the day
About the time and place where he had been:
He left his ship to be hove down next day,
With orders to the people to care for,
So that all hands were busy beyond measure,
In getting out goods, ballast, guns, and treasure.

XXI.
Arriving at the summit of a hill
Which overlook'd the white walls of his home,
He stopp'd.—What singular emotions fill
Their bosoms who have been induced to roam?
With fluttering doubts if all be well or ill—
With love for many, and with fears for some,
All feelings which o'erleap the years long lost,
And bring our hearts back to their starting-post.

XXII.
The approach of home to husbands and to wives,
After long travelling by land or water,
Most naturally some small doubt inspires—
A female family's a serious matter ;
(Not the sex more, or so much adumbrats—
But they hate flattery, so I never flatter) ;
Wives in their husbands' absences grow subtler,
And daughters sometimes run off with the butler.

XXIII.
An honest gentleman at his return
May not have the good fortune of Ulysses:
Not all lone matrons for their husband's mourne,
Or show the same dislike to suitors' kisses;
The odds are that he finds a handsome urn
To his memory, and two or three young misses
Born to some friend, who holds his wife and riches,
And that his Argus bites him by—the breeches.

XXIV.
If single, probably his plighted fair
Has in his absence wedded some rich miser;
But all the better, for the happy pair
May quarrel, and the lady growing wiser,
He may resume his amatory care
As cavalier servente, or despise her;
And, that his sorrow may not be a dumb one,
Write odes on the inconstancy of woman.

XXV.
And oh! ye gentlemen who have already
Some chaste liaison of the kind—I mean
An honest friendship with a married lady—
The only thing of this sort ever seen
To last—of all connexions the most steady,
And the true Hymen (the first's but a screen)—
Yet for all that keep not too long away;
I've known the absent wrong'd four times a-day.

XXVI.
Lambro, our sea-solicitor, who had
Much less experience of dry land than ocean,
On seeing his own chimney smoke, felt glad;
But not knowing metaphysics, had no notion
Of the true reason of his not being sad,
Or that of any other strong emotion;
He loved his child, and would have wept the loss of her,
But knew the cause no more than a philosopher.

XXVII.
He saw his white walls shining in the sun,
His garden trees all shadowy and green;
He heard his rivulet's light bubbling run,
The distant dog-bark; and perceived between
The umbrage of the wood, so cool and dunn,
The moving figures and the sparkling sheen
Of arms (in the East all arm), and various dyes
Of colour'd garbs, as bright as butterflies.

XXVIII.
And as the spot where they appear he nears,
Surprised at these unwant'd figs of idling,
He hears—ah! no music of the spheres,
But an unhallow'd, earthy sound of fiddling!
A melody which made him doubt his ears,
The cause being past his guessing or unriddling;
A pipe too, and a drum, and, shortly after,
A most mortal roar of laughter.

XXIX.
And still more nearly to the place advancing,
Descending rather quickly the declivity,
Through the waving branches, o'er the greensward glancing,
'Midst other indications of festivity,
Seeing a troop of his domestics dancing
Like devils, who turn as on a pivot, he
Perceived it was the Pyrrhic dance so martial,
To which the Levantines are very partial.

XXX.
And further on a group of Greek in girls,
The first and tallest at her helm, chief waving,
Were strong together like a row of pearls;
Link'd hand in hand, and dancing; each too having
Down her white neck long floating auburn curls—
(The least of which would seat ten poets raving);
Their Leader sang—and bounded to her song,
With coral step and voice, the virgin strong.

XXXI.
And here, assembled cross-leg'd round their trays,
Small social parties just begun to dine,
Plais and meats of all sorts met the gaze,
And flasks of Samian and of Chian wine,
And shurbet cooling in the porous vase;
Above them their desert grew on its vine,
The orange and pomegranate, nodding o'er,
Dropp'd in their laps, scarce pluck'd, their mellow store.

XXXII.
A band of children, round a snow-white ram,
There wreath'd his venerable horns with flowers;
While peaceful as if still an unweird'd lamb,
The patriarch of the flock all gently covers
His sober head majestically,
Or eats from out the palm, or playful lowers
His brow as if in act to butt, and then,
Yielding to their small hands draws back again.

XXXIII.
Their classical profiles, and glittering dresses,
Their large black eyes, and soft seraphic cheeks,
Crimson as cleft pomegranates, their long tresses,
The gesture which enchant's, the eye that speaks;
The innocence which happy childhood blesses,
Made quite a picture of these little Greeks;
So that the philosophical beholder
Sigh'd for their sakes—that they should o'er grow older.

XXXIV.
Afar, a dwarf buffoon stood telling tales
To a sedate grey circle of old smokers;
Of secret treasures found in hidden vales,
Of wonderful replies from Arab jokers,
Of charms to make good gold and cure bad ails,
Of rocks bewitched that open to the knockers,
Of magic ladies, who, by one sole act,
Transform'd their lords to beasts (but that's a fact)

XXXV.
Here was no lack of innocent diversion
For the imagination or the senses,
Song, dance, wine, music, stories from the Persian,
All pretty pastime in which no offence is;
But Lambro saw all these things with aversion,
Perceiving in his absence such expenses,
Dearing that climax of all human ills,
The inflammation of his weekly bills.

XXXVI.
Ah! what is man? what pervas still environ
The happiest mortals even after dinner—
A day of gold from out an age of iron
Is all that life allows the honest sinner;
Pleasure (where'er she sings, at least) 's a stress,
That hares to flay alive the young beginner;
Lambro's reception at his people's banquet
Was such as fire accords to a wet blanket.

XXXVII.
He—being a man who seldom used a word
Too much, and wishing gladly to surprise
(In general he surprised men with the sword)
His daughter—but not before to advise
Of his arrival, so that no one stirr'd;
And long he paused to repress his eyes,
in fact much more astonish'd than delighted
To find so much good company invited.

XXXVIII.
He did not know—(shakes! how men will be)—
That a report—(especially the Greeks)—
Avowed its death (such people never die),
And put his house in mourning several weeks.
But now their eyes and also lips were dry;
The bloom too had return'd to Hardee's cheeks;
Her tears too being return'd into their fount,
She now kept house upon her own account.

XXXIX.
Hence all this rice, meat, dancing, wine, and fiddling,
Which turn'd the isle into a place of pleasure;
The servants all were getting drunk or biling,
A life which made them happy beyond measure.
Her father's hospitality seem'd middling,
Compared with what Hardee did with his treasure;
'I was wonderful how things went on improving,
While she had not one tear to spare from loving.

XL.
Perhaps you think, in stumbling on this feast
He fell into a passion, and in fact
There was no mighty reason to be pleased;
Perhaps you suppose some sudden act,
The whip, the rack, or dungeon at the least,
To teach his people to be more exact,
And that, proceeding at a very high rate,
He should the royal pensants of a pirate.

XLI.
You're wrong.—He was the mildest-manner'd man
That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat;
With such true breeding of a gentleman,
You never could divine his real thought;
No courier could, and scarcely woman
Gird more deceit within a petticoat;
Pity he loved adventurous life's variety,
He was so great a loss to good society.

XLII.
Advancing to the nearest dinner-tray,
Tapping the shoulder of the highest guest,
With a peculiar smile, which, by the way
Besid'd no good, whatever it express'd,
He said the meaning of the holiday?
The vainous Greek to whom he had address'd
His question, much too merry to divine
The questioner, fill'd up a glass of wine,

XLIII.
And, without turning his fractions head,
Over his shoulder, with a bracelet air,
Presented the overflowing cup, and said,
"Talking's dry work, I have no time to spare."
A second hiccup'd, "Our old master's dead,
You'd better ask our mistress, who's his heir."
"Our mistress!" quoth a third: "Our mistress!—poooh! You mean our master—not the old, but new."

XLIV.
These rascals, being new comers, knew not whom
They thus address'd—and Hardee's visage fell—
And o'er his eye a momentary gloom
Pass'd, but he strove quite courteously to quell
The expression, and, endeavouring to resume,
His smile, requested one of them to tell
The name and quality of his new patron,
Who seem'd to have turn'd Hardee into a matron.

XLV.
"I know not," quoth the fellow, "who or what
He is, nor whence he came—and little care;
But this I know, that this roast capon a fat,
And that good wine never wash'd down better fare;
And if you are not satisfied with that,
Direct your questions to my neighbour there;
He'll answer all for better or for worse,
For none likes more to hear himself converse."

XLVI.
I said that Lambró was a man of patience,
And certainly he show'd the last of breeding.
Which scarce even France, the paragon of nations,
Ever saw her most polite of sons succeeding;
He bore these snears against his near relations,
His own anxiety, his heart too bleeding,
The insults too of every servile chatter,
Who all the time were cating up his mutton.

XLVII.
Now in a person used to much command—
To bid men come, and go, and come again—
To see his orders done too out of hand—
Whether the word was death, or but the chance—
It may seem strange to find his manners bland;
Yet such things are, which I cannot explain,
Though doubtless he who can command himself
Is good to govern—almost as a Guelf.

XLVIII.
Not that he was not sometimes rash or so,
But never in his real and serious mood;
Then calm, concentrated, and still, and slow,
He lay could like the box in the wood;
With him it never was a word and blow,
His angry word once o'er, he shed no blood,
But in his silence there was much to rue,
And his one blow left little work for two.

XLIX.
He ask'd no further questions, and proceeded
On to the house, but by a private way,
So that the few who met him hardly heeded,
So little they expected him that day;
If love paternal in his bosom plead'd
For Hardee's sake, is more than I can say,
But certainly to one, deem'd dead, returning,
This revel seem'd a curious mode of mourning.

L.
If all the dead could now return to life,
(Which God forbid!) or some, or a great many
For instance, if a husband or his wife
(Nuptial examples are as good as any),
No doubt whate'er might be their former strife,
The present weather would be much more rainy
Texas shed into the grave of the connexion
Would share most probably its resurrection.

LI.
He enter'd in the house no more his home,
A thing to human feelings the most trying,
And harder for the heart to overcome
Perhaps, than even the mental pangs of dying,
To find our hearthstone turn'd into a tomb,
And coul'd its once warm precincts palely lying
The ashes of our hopes, is a deep grief,
Beyond a single gentleman's belief.

LII.
He enter'd in the house—his home no more,
For without hearts there is no home—and felt
The solitude of passing his own door
Without a welcome; there he long had dwelt,
There his few peaceful days Time has swept o'er,
There his worn bosom and keen eye would melt
Over the innocence of that sweet child,
Its only shrine of feelings unveiled.

LIII.
He was a man of a strange temperament,
Of mild demeanour though of savage mood,
Moderate in all his habits, and content
With temperance in pleasure as in food,
Quick to perceive, and strong to bear, and meant
For something better, if not wholly good;
His country's wrongs and his despair to save
Had sung him from a slave to an envoy.

LIV.
The love of puer, and rapid gain of gold,
The hardness by early habits produced,
The dangerous life in which he had grown old,
The mercy he had granted oft abused,
The sights he was accus'd to behold,
The wild scenes and wild men with whom he cruised,
Had cost his enemies a long repentance,
And made him a good friend, but not acquaintance.

L.V.
But something of the sport of old Greece
Passed o'er his soul a few benign rays,
Such as set forward to the golden fleece
His predecessors in the Colchian day;
'Tis true he had no ardent love for peace;
Abst. his country should no path to praise:
Rote to the world and war with every nation
He waged, in vengeance of her degradation.

LVI.
Still o'er his mind the influence of the chase
Said its human elegances, which showed
Its power unconsumed full many a time,—
A taste seen in the choice of his abode,
A love of music and of scenes sublime,
A pleasure in the gentle stream that flow'd,
Past him in crystals, and a joy in flowers,
Before his spirit in his calmer hours.

LVII.
But whatsoever he had of love, repose
On that beloved daughter; she had been
The only thing which kept his heart undecid'd
Amidst the savage deeds he had done and seen,
A lonely pure affection unpos'd:
There wanted but the loss of this to wean
His feelings from all milk of human kindness,
And turn him like the Cyclops, mad with blindness.

LVIII.
The ruthless tiger's in her jungle raging
Is drawn to the sepulchre and the flock;
The ocean when its tempest war is raging
Is aw'd to the vessel near the rock:
But violent things will sooner bear assaying—
Than the storm, e'en mild, deep, and wordless ire
Of a strong human heart, and in a sire.

LIX.
It is a hard, although a common case,
To find our children running riot—t hey
In whom our brightest days we would restrain,
Our little selves referred in finer clay?
But no old age is creeping on apoint
And clouds come o'er the sunset of our day,
They knuckle us down, though not quite alone,
But in most cases—the gust and stone.

LX.
Yet a fine family is a fine thing,
(Provided they don't come in after owner);
'Tis beautiful to see a matron bring
Her children up (if nursing them don't then "ver,
Like cherubs round an altar-piece they cling
To the freiside (a sight to touch a finger).
A lady with her daughter or her nieces
Shine like a guinea and seven-shilling pieces.

LXI.
Old Lombo pass'd unseen a private gate
And stood within his hall at evantide;
Meantime the lady and her lover sate
At wassail in their beauty and their pride;
An ivory inlaid table spread with state
Before them, and fair slaves on every side;
Gems, gold, and silver, form'd the service mostly,
Mother-of-pearl and coral the less costly.

LXII.
The dinner made about a hundred dishes;
Lamb and pistachio-nuts—in short, all meats,
And salmon soups, and sweetbreads; and the fishes
Were of the finest that ever flower'd in nets;
Dress'd to a Sybarite's most pamper'd taste
The beverage was various sherbets
Of raisin, orange, and pomegranate juice,
Squeezed through the rind, which makes it best for use.

LXIII.
These were ranged round each in its crystal ever,
And fruits and date-bread leaves closed the repast,
And Mochi's berry, from Arabia pure,
In small fine China cups came in at last—
Gold cups of figured, made to secure
The hand from burning, underneath them placed;
Choses, cinnamon, and salifon too, were built up
With the coffee, which (I think) they spoil.

LXIV.
The hangings of the room were tapestry, made
Of velvet panels, each of different hue,
And thick with damask flowers of silk inlaid:
And round them ran a yellow border too;
The upper border, richly wrought, display'd,
Embroi'der'd delicately o'er with blue,
Soft Persian sentences, in line letters,
From poets, or the moralists their betters.

LXV.
These oriental writings on the wall,
Quite common in those countries, are a kind
Of monitors, adapted to recall,
Like skulls at Memphis banquetts, to the mind
The words which shook Belshazzar in his hall,
And took his kingdom from him.—You will find,
Though sages may pour out their wisdom's treasures,
There is no sterner moralist than pleasure.

LXVI.
A beauty at the season's close grown hectic,
A genius who has drunk himself to death,
A rake turn'd methodic or celestial—
(For that's the name they like to pray beneath) —
But most, an abbeian strain hypochondric.
Are things that really take away the breath,
And show that late hours, wine, and love, are able
To do no much less damage than the table.

LXVII.
Hades and Janu carpeted their feet
On crimson satin, bordered with pale blue;
Their sofa occupied three parts complete
Of the apartment—and appear'd quite now:
The velvet cushions,—(for a throne more meet) —
Were scarlet, from whose shover centre grew
A sun embossed in gold, whose rays of tissue,  
Mesopotamian, were seen all light to issue.

LXVIII.

Crystal and marble, plate and porcelain,  
Had done their work of splendour, Indian mats  
And Persian carpets, which the heart bled to stain,  
Over the floors were spread; gazelles and cats,  
And dwarfs and blacks, and such like things, that gain  
Their bread as ministers and favourites—(that's  
To say, by degradation)—mangled there  
As plentiful as in a court or fair.

LXIX.

There was no want of lofty mirrors, and  
The tables, most of ebony inlaid  
With mother-of-pearl or ivory, stood at hand,  
Or were of tortoise-shell or rare woods made,  
Crested with gold or silver: by command,  
The greater part of these were ready spread  
With viands, and sherbets in ice, and wine—  
Kept for all comers, at all hours to dine.

LXX.

Of all the dresses I select Hadee's:  
She wore two jellies—one was of pale yellow;  
Of azure, pink, and white, was her chemise—  
'Neath which her breast heaved like a little bower;  
With buttons for'd of pearls as large as peas,  
All gold and crimson shone her jellie's fellow,  
And the striped white gauze baracan that heamed her,  
Like fleecy clouds about the moon, slow'd round her.

LXXI.

One large gold bracelet clasped each lovely arm,  
Lockless—so pliable from the pure gold  
That the hand stretch'd and cut it without harm.  
The Emb which it adorn'd its only mould;  
So beautiful—as its very shape would charm,  
And clunging as if to lose its hold,  
The purest ore enclosed the whitest skin  
That e'er by precious metal was held in.

LXXII.

Around, as princess of her father's hand,  
A like gold bar, above her instep roll'd,  
Announced her rank; twelve rings were on her hand;  
Her hair was star'd with gems: her veil's fine fold  
Below her breast was fasten'd with a band  
Of jathel pearls, whose worth could scarce be told;  
Her orange silk full Turkish trousers furn'd  
About the prettiest ankle in the world.

LXXIII.

Her hair's long amber waves down to her heel  
Flow'd like an Alpine torrent which the sun  
Deepen'd with his morning light,—and would conceal  
Her person, if allowed at large to run;  
And still they seem resolutely to feel  
The silken filet's curf, and sought to shame  
Their bonds whence'er some zephyr caught began  
To offer her young pinion as her fan.

LXXIV.

Round her she made an atmosphere of life,  
The very air seem'd lighter from her eyes,  
They were so soft and beautiful, and rife:  
With all, we can imagine of the skies,  
And pure as Psyche ere she grew a wife—  
Too pure even for the purest human ties;  
Her overpowering presence made you feel  
It would not be idolatrie to kneel.

LXXV.

Her eyelashes, though dark as night, were tinged  
(Th is the country's custom), but in vain;  
For those large black eyes were so blankly -thinged,  
The glassy rebels mock'd the pitty stain,  
And in their native beauty stood aveng'd:  
Her nails were touch'd with henna; but again  
The power of art was turn'd to nothing, for  
They could not look more rosy than before.

LXXVI.

The henna should be deeply dyed to make  
The skin relieved appear more fair.  
She had no need of this—day never will break  
On mountain tops more heavenly white than her  
The eye might doubt if it were well awake,  
She was so like a vision; I might err,  
But Shakespeare also says: 'tis very silly  
"To gild refined gold, or paint the lily."

LXXVII.

Juan had on a stawl of black and gold,  
But a white baracan, not so transparent,  
The sparkling gems beneath you might behold,  
Like small stars through the milky way apparent  
His turban, and in many a graceful fold,  
An emerald settege with Hadee's hair in't  
Surrounded as its clasps—a glowing crescent,  
Whose rays shone ever trembling, but resumptious.

LXXVIII.

And now they were diverted by their suite,  
Dwarfs, dancing girls, black enamel, and a poet,  
Which made their new establishment complete:  
The last was of great fame, and liked to show it:  
His verses rarely wanted their due feet—  
And for his theme—he seldom sang below it,  
He being paid to satirize or flatter,  
As the psalm says, "profiting a good matter."

LXXIX.

He praised the present and abused the past,  
Reversing the good custom of old days,  
An eastern anti-jacobin at last  
He turn'd, preferring padding to no praise—  
For some few years his lot had been o'ercast  
By his seeming independenc in his lays,  
But now he sung the Sultan and the Pacha,  
With truth like Southey, and with verse like Crashaw.

LXXX.

He was a man who had seen many changes,  
And always changed as true as any needle,  
His polar star being one which rather ranges,  
And not the fixed—he knew the way to wheel—and  
So vile he 'scape d the doom which oft avenge;  
And being flour'd (were indeed when feel'd ill),  
He feel'd with such a favour of intention—  
There was no doubt he earn'd his laureate pension.

LXXXI.

But he had genius—when a tenccoat has it  
The "rats trithhals'' takes care  
That without notice few full moons shall pass it;  
But to my subject—let me see—what was it?  
Oh!—the third canto—and the pretty pair—  
Their loves, and feasts, and house, and dress, and mode  
Of living in their Insular abode.

LXXXII.

Their poet, a sad trimmer, but no less  
In company a very pleasant fellow,  
Had been the favourite of full many a muse  
Of men, and made them speeches when half mellow  
And though his meaning they could rarely guess  
Yet still they dreg'd to hiccup or to bellow.
The glorious meed of popular applause,
Of which the first no'yer knows the second cause.

LXXXIII.
But now being lifted into high society,
And having picked up several odds and ends
Of free thoughts in his travels, for variety,
He deemed, being in a lone isle among friends,
That without any danger of a rout, he
Might for long lying make himself amends;
And, singing as he sung in his warm youth,
Agree to a short armistice with truth.

LXXXIV.
He had travel'd 'mongst the Arabs, Turks, and Franks,
And knew the self-loves of the different nations;
And, having lived with people of all ranks,
Had something truly upon most occasions—
Which got him a few presents and some thanks
He varied with some skill his abidations;
To "who at Rome as Romans do," a piece
Of conduct which he observed in Greece.

LXXXV.
Thus, dam'son, when he was ask'd to sing,
He gave the different nations something national;
"Twas all the same to him—" God save the King!"
Or "God save," according to the fashion all;
His muse made increment of anything,
From the high lyrical to the low rational:
If Pindar sang horse-races, what should hinder
Himself from being as free as Pindar?

LXXXVI.
In France, for instance, he would write a chanson;
In England, a six-canto quarto tale;
In Spain, he'd make a ballad or romance on
The lost war—much the same in Portugal;
In Germany, the Peasants he'd prance on
Would be old Goethe's—(see what says de Stæl!);
In Italy, he'd ape the "Trecentisti;"—
In Greece, he'd sing some sort of hymn like this t'yea.

The isles of Greece! the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,—
Where grew the arts of war and peace,—
Where Doves rose and Phocion sprang!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Siam and the Teim muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse;
Their place of birth alone is naut
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sons' "Islands of the Bess'd."

The mountains look on Marathon—
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dream'd that Greece might still be free;
For, standing on the Persian's grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations—all were his!
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set, where were they?
And where are they? and where art thou,
My country? On thy voiceless shores
The heroic lays are muscleless now—
The heroic bosom beats no more!

And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?
'Tis something in the dearth of fame,
Though I'mt'd among a letter'd race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suf'rest my face;
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must see but weep o'er days more bless?
Must see but blush!—Our fathers blest.
Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylae.

What, silent still? and silent all?
Ah! no;—the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, "Let one living head,
But one arise,—we come, we come!"
'Tis but the living who are dumb,
In vain—in vain strike other chords;
Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the bugle call—
How answers each bold baccchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
Where is the Pyrrhic pianist now?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Callibius gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
We will not think of themes like these:
It made Aeneas's song divine:
He served—but served Polydectes—
A tyrant; but our masters the
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

And then, perhaps, some seed is sown,
The Iberian blood might own.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
That tyrant was Mithridates!
What! that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind?
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
The Iberian blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
They have a king who buys and sells,
Enslave sweets, and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells;
But Turkish force, and Lain fraud,
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
Our argus eye beneath the shade—
I see their glorious black eyes shine;
But gazing on each glowing man,
My own the burning teardrop dyes,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Samum's marked steep—
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
There, with a sigh, let me sing and die.
A hint of slaves shall never be mine—
Dash down you cup of Samian wine!

LXXXVII.
Thus sung, or would, or could, or should have sung,
The modern Greek, in tolerable verse;
If not like Orpheus quite, when Greece was young,
Yet in these times he might have done much worse:
His strain displayed some feeling—right or wrong;
And feeling, in a poet, is the source
Of others' feeling; but they are such liars,
And take all colours—like the hands of dyers.

LXXXVIII.
But words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling like dew upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think;
'Tis strange, the shortest letter which man uses,
Instead of speech, may form a lasting link
Of ages; to what straws old Time reduces
Frail man, when paper—e'en a rag like this,
Survives himself, his toil, and all that's his.

LXXXIX.
And when his bones are dust, his grave a blank,
The station, generation, even his nation,
Become a thing, or nothing, save to rank
In chronological enumeration,
Some dull MS. obyvion long has sunk,
Or grave new stone found in a barrack's station,
In digging the foundation of a closet,
May turn his name up as a rare deposit.

XC.
And glory long has made the sages smile;
'Tis something, nothing, words, illusion, wind—
Depending much upon the historian's style
Than on the name a person leaves behind;
Troy owes to Homer what which owes to Hayley;
The present century was growing blind.
To the great Marborough's skill in giving knockes,
Until his late Life by Archdeacon Cox.

XCI.
Milton's the prince of poets—so we say;
A little heavy, but no less divine;
An independent being in his days—
Learn'd, pious, temperate in love and wine;
But his life falling into Johnson's way,
We're told this great high priest of all the Nine
Was whipt at college—a harsh sire—old spouse,
For the first Mrs. Milton left his house.

XCII.
All these are, certes, entertaining facts,
Like Shakespeare's smoking deers, Lord Bacon's bribes;
Like Titus' youth, and Caesar's earliest acts;
Like Burns (whom Doctor Currie well describes);
Like Cowper's pranks—but although truth exacts
These amiable descriptions from the scribes,
As most essential to their hero's story,
They do not much contribute to his glory.

XCIII.
All are not moralists like Southey, when
He prated to the world of "Pantocracy;"
Or Wordsworth meekness, misthral, who then
Season'd his poetic poems with democracy;
Or Coleridge's song before his lofty pen
Let to the Morning Post its aristocracy:
When he and Southey, following the same path,
 Employed two partners (calliners of Ballads).

XCIV.
Such names at present cut a convoluted figure,
The very Botany Bay in moral geography:
Their loyal treason, renegado vigour,
Are good misuse for their more bare biography.
Wordsworth's last quartos, by the way, is bigger
Than any since the birth-day of typography;
A clumsy frowzy poem, call'd two "Excursions,"
Writ in a manner which is my aversion.

XCV.
He there builds up a formidable dyke
Between his own and others' intellect;
But Wordsworth's poem, and his followers, has
Joanna Southcote's Shiloh and her seat,
Are things which in this century don't strike
The public mind, so few are the elect;
And the new births of both their state vanguises
Have proved but droppings taken for divinities.

XCVI.
But let me to my story: I must own,
If I have any fault, it is digression;
Leaving my people to proceed alone,
While I soliloquize beyond expression;
But these are my addresses from the throne,
Which put off business to the ensuing session:
Forgetting such omission is a loss to
The world, not quite so great as Aristotle.

XCVII.
I know that what our neighbours call "longueurs,"
(We've not so good a word, but have the thing
In that complete perfection which misures
An epic from Bob Southey every spangle—
For not the true temptation which allure
The reader; but 'would not be hard to bring
Some fine examples of the "epopee,"
To prove its grand ingredient is ennui.

XCVIII.
We learn from Horace, Homer sometimes sleeps;
We feel without him, Wordsworth sometimes wakes,
To show with what complacency he creeps,
With his dear "Haggoneers," around his lakes;
He wishes for a "boat" to sail the deeps—
Of ocean—no, of air; and then he makes
Another outcry for a "little boat;"
And drivels scat to set it well afloat.

XCIX.
If he must fain sweep o'er the ethereal plan,
And Pegasus runs restive in his "wagon;"
Could he not beg the loan of Charles's wain?
Or pray Medea for a single dragon?
Or if, too classic for his vulgar brain,
He fear'd his neck to venture such a nag on,
And he must needs mount nearer to the moon,
Could not the blockhead ask for a balloon?

C.
"Pedlars, and sheepoats, and waggonets! Oh! ye shades
Of Pope and Dryden, are we come to this?
That trash of such sort not alone evades
Continent, but from the bathose vast abyss
Floats snatch'd like upermost, and these Jack Cades
Of sense and song above your graves may kiss
The "little bootman" and his "Peter Bell!"
Can swear at him who drew "Achatepe!"

CI.
To our tale,—The feast was over, the slaves gone
The dwarfs and dancing girls had all retired;
The Arab lore and poet's song were done,
And every sound of revelry expired;
The lady and her lover, left alone,
The rosy flood of twilight sky admired:—
Ave Maria! o'er the earth and sea,
That heavenliest hour of Heaven is worthiest thee!

CII.
Ave Maria! blessed be the hour!
The time, the place, the spot, where I sc oft
Have felt that moment in its fullest power
Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,
While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,
Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft,
And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
And yet the forest leavens seem stirc'd with prayer.

CIII.
Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of prayer!
Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of love!
Ave Maria! may our spirits dare
Look up to thine and to thy Son's above!
Ave Maria! oh that face so fair!
Those downcast eyes beneath the almighty dove—
What though 'tis but a pictured image strike—
That painting is no idol, 'tis too like.

CIV. Some kinder casuists are pleased to say,
In nameless print—that I have no devotion;
But set those persons down with me to pray,
And you shall see who has the properest notion
Of getting into heaven the shortest way;
My altars are the mountains and the ocean,
Earth and air, stars—all that springs from the great whole,
Who lone produced, and will receive the soul.

CV. Sweet hour of twilight!—in the solitude
Of the pine forest, and the silent shore
Which bounds Erechtheus's immemorial wood,
Rooted where once the Azorian wave flow'd o'er,
To where the last Casarcan fortress stood,
Ever-green forest! which Boccaccio's lore
And Dryden's lay made haunted ground to me,
How have I loved the twilight hour and thee!

CVI. The shrill cicadas, people of the pine,
Making their summer live one ceaseless song,
Were the sole echoes, save my steed's and mine,
And vespers' bell's that rose the hounds along;
The spectre huntsman of Onesti's line,
His hell-longs, and their chase, and the fair throng,
Which learnt'd from this example not to fly
From a true lover, shadow'd my mind's eye.

CVII. Oh Heavens! thou bring'st all good things—
Home to the weary, to the hungryearer,
To the young bird the parent's brooding wings,
The welcome staff to the o'er-labour'd ster;
Whate'er of peace about our household rings,
Whate'er our household goes protect of dear,
Are gather'd round me by the look of rest;
Thou bring'st the child, too, to the mother's breast.

CVIII. Soft hour! which wakes the wish and melts the heart
Of those who saw the wars, on the first day
Where they from their sweet i' the friends are torn apart;
Or fills with love the pigeon on his way,
As the far bell of vespers makes him start,
Seeming to weep the dying day's decay;
Is this a fancy which our reason seems to
Ah! surely nothing dies but something moves!

CIX. When Nero persu'd by the justest doom
Which ever the destroyer yet destroy'd,
Amidst the roar of liber'd Rome,
Of nations freed, and the world overjoy'd,
Some hands unseen strew'd flowers upon his tomb:
Perhaps the weakness of a heart not void
Of feeling for some kindness done, when power
Had left the wretch an uncorrupted heart.

CX. But I'm digressing: what on earth has Nero,
Or any such like sovereign butterflies,
To do with the transactions of my hero,
More than such madmen's fellow-man—the moon's!—
Sure my invention must be down at zero,
And I grown one of many "wooden spoons"—
Of verse (the name with which we Cantabs please
To dub the last of honours in degrees).

CXI. I feel this tediousness will never do—
'Tis being too epic, and I must cut down
(In copying) this long canto into two:
They'll never find it out, unless I own
The fact, excepting some experienced few;
And then as an improvement 'twill be shown:
I'll prove that such the opinion of the critic is,
From Aristotle's passion.—See Homer's

CANTO IV

I. Nothing so difficult as a beginning
In poetry, unless perhaps the end:
For oftentimes when Pegasus seems winning
The race, he sprains a wing, and down we tread,
Like Lucifer when hurl'd from heaven for sinning;
Our sin the same, and hard as his to mend,
Being pride, which leads the mind to soar too fast,
Till our own weakness shows us what we are.

II. But time, which brings all things to their level,
And sharp adversity, will teach at last
Man—and, as we would hope,—perhaps the devil,
That neither of their intellects are vast:
While youth's hot wishes in our red veins revel,
We know not this—her blood flows on too fast;
But as the torrent widens towards the ocean,
We ponder deeply on each past emotion.

III. As bow, I thought myself a clever fellow,
And wish'd that others held the same opinion:
They took it up when my days grew more mellow,
And other minds acknowledged my dormant
Now my seen fancy "fell into the yellow
Leaf," and imagination droops her union,
And the sad truth which invades o'er my desk
Turn'd what was once romantic to barkeope.
IV.

And if I laugh at any mortal thing,
'Tis that I may not weep; and if I weep,
'Tis that our nature cannot always bring
Itself to apathy, which we must steep
First in the icy depths of Lethe's spring.

VI.

To the kind reader of our sober clime
This way of writing will appear exotic;
Poetic was sure of the inflexible rhyme,
Who sung when chivalry was more Quixotic,
And revel'd in the fancies of the time,
True knights, claste dames, huge giants, kings des poire;
But all these, save the last, being obsolete,
I chose a modern subject as more meet.

VII.

How I have treated it, I do not know—
Perhaps no better than they have treated me
Who have imputed such designs as show,
Not what they saw, but what they wish'd to see;
But if it gives them pleasure, let it so,—
This is a liberal age, and thoughts are free:
Mean time Apollo plucks me by the ear,
And tells me to resume my story here.

VIII.

Young Juan and his lady-love were left
To their own hearts' most sweet society;
Even Time the pitiless in sorrow cleft
With his rude scythe such gentle bosoms; he
Sigh'd to behold them of their hours bereft,
Though fee to love; and yet they could not be
Meant to grow old, but die in happy spring,
Before one charm or hope had taken wing.

IX.

Their faces were not made for wrinkles, their
Pure blood to stagnate, their great hearts to fail;
The blank gray was not made to blast their hair,
But, like the climes that know nor snow nor hail,
They were all summer: lightning might assail
And shiver them to ashes, but to trial
A long and snu'e-like life of dull decay
Was not for them—they had too little clay.

X.

They were done once more; for them to be
Thus was another Eden; they were never
Weary, unless when separate: the tree
Cut from its forest root of years—the river
Damn'd from its fountain—the child from the knee
And breast maternal would at once for ever,
Would wither less than these two torn sport;
Alas! there is no instant like the heart—

XI.

The heart—which may be broken: happy they!
Three fortunate! who, of that fragile mould,
The precious porcelain of human clay,
Break with the first fall: they can never behold

The long year link'd with heavy day on day,
And all which must be borne, and never told;
While life's strange principle will often be
Deepest in those who long the most to die.

XII.

"Whom the gods love, let the young," was said of yore.
And many deaths do they escape by this:
The death of frenzies, and, that which stays even more—
The death of friendship, love, youth, all that is,
Except more breath, and since the sweet shore
Awaits at last even those whom longest miss
The old archer's shafts, perhaps the early grave
Which men weep over may be meant to save.

XIII.

Handee and Juan thought not of the dead;
The hea'ens, and earth, and air, seem'd made for them:
They found no fault with time, save that he fled;
They saw not in themselves aught to condemn:
Each was the other's mirror, and but read
Joy sparkling in their dark eyes like a gem,
And knew such brightness was but the reflection
Of their exchanging glances of affection.

XIV.

The gentle pressure, and the thrilling torch,
The least glance better understood than words,
Which still said all, and ne'er could say too much:
A language, too, but like to that of birds,
Known but to them, at least appearing such
As bad to lovers a true sense affords;
Sweet playful phrases, which would seem absurd
To those who have ceased to hear such, or ne'er heard.

XV.

All these were theirs, for they were children still,
And children still they should have ever been;
They were not made in the real world to fill
A busy character in the dull scene;
But like two beings born from out a roll,
A nymph and her beloved, all unseen
To pass their lives in fountains and on flowers,
And never know the weight of human hours.

XVI.

Mounts changing had roll'd on, and changeless found
Those whose bright rise had lighted to such joys
As rarely they beheld throughout their round:
And these were not of the vain kind which cloy
For theirs were buoyant spirits, never bound
By the mere senses; and that which destroys
Most love, possession, unto them appear'd
A thing which each endeavor more endeavor'd.

XVII.

Oh beautiful! and rare as beautiful!
But theirs was love in which the mind delights
To lose itself, when the whole world grows dull,
And we are sick of its hack sounds and sights,
Intrigues, adventures of the common school,
Its petty passions, marriages, and fights,
Where Hymen's torch but brands one strippen more;
Whose husband only knows her not a wh—re.

XVIII.

Hard words; harsh truth; a truth which many know
Enough. —The faithful and the fairy pair,
Who never found a single hour too slow,
What was it made them thus exempt from care
Young inmate feelings all have felt below,
Which perish in the rest, but in them were
Inherent; what we mortals call romance,
And always envy, though we deem it frantic.
XIX
This is in others a factitious state,
An opium dream of too much youth and reading,
But in them their nature or their fate;
No novels e'er had set their young hearts bleeding
For Haidee's knowledge was by no means great,
And Juan was a boy of sandy breeling,
So that there was no reason for their joys,
More than for those of nightingales or doves.

XX.
They gazed upon the sunset; 'tis an hour
Dear unto all! but dearest to their eyes,
For it had made them what they were: the power
Of love had first o'ern them from such skies,
When happiness had woo'd their only dower,
And twilight saw them o'er in passion's ties;
Charmed with each other, all things charm'd that brought
The past still welcome as the present thought.

XXI.
I know not why, but in that hour to-night,
Even as they gazed, a sudden tempest came,
And swept, as 't were, across their hearts' delight,
Like the wind o'er a harp-string, or a flame,
When one is shook in sound, and one in sight;
And thus some bodied flâstil through either frame,
And call'd from Juan's breast a faint low sigh,
While one new tear arose in Haidee's eye.

XXII.
That large black prophet eye seem'd to dilate
And follow far the disappearing sun,
As if their last day of a happy date
With his broad, bright, and dropping orb were gone;
Juan gazed on her as to ask his fate—
He felt a grief, but knowing cause for none,
Her glance required of hers for some excuse
For feelings caus'dless, or at least abstruse.

XXIII.
She turn'd to him, and smiled, but in that sort
Which makes not others smile; then turn'd aside:
Whatever feeling shook her, it seem'd short,
And master'd by her wisdom or her pride;
When Juan spoke, too—it might be in sport—
Of this their amiable feeling, she replied—
"If it should be so,—but—it cannot be—
Or I at least shall not survive to see."

XXIV.
Juan would question further, but she press'd
His lips to hers, and silenced him with this,
And then dismissed the Owen from her breast,
Defying augur with that fond kiss;
And no doubt of all methods 'tis the best:
Some people prefer wine—'tis not amiss;
have tried both; so those who would a part take
May choose between the head-ache and the heart-ache.

XXV.
One of the two, according to your choice,
Women or wine, you'll have to undergo;
Both maladies are taxes on our joys;
But which to choose I really hardly know;
And if I had to give a casting voice,
For both sires I could many reasons show,
And then decide, without great wrong to either,
It were much better to have both than neither.

XXVI.
Juan and Haidee gazed upon each other,
Wit's swimming looks of speechless tenderness,
Which may'd all feelings, friend, child, lover, brother,
All that the best can mingle and express,
When two pure hearts are pour'd in one at once
And love too much, and yet can not love less,
But almost sanctify the sweet excess
By the immortal wish and power to bless.

XXVII.
Men'd in each other's arms, and heart in heart
Why did they not then die?—they had lived too long
Should an hour come to bid them breathe apart;
Years could but bring them cruel things or wrong
The world was not for them, nor the world's art
For beings passionate as Sappho's song;
Love was born with them, in them, so intense,
It was their very spirit—not a scene.

XXVIII.
They should have lived together deep in woods,
Unseen as sings the nightingale; they were
Cush'd in those thick solitudes
Call'd social, where all vice and hatred are:
How lonely every freeborn creature broods!
The sweetest song-birds nestle in a pair;
The eagle scorns alone; the gull and crow
Flock o'er their carriion, just as mortals do.

XXIX.
Now pillow'd, check to check, in loving sleep,
Haidee and Juan their slumber took,
A gentle slumber, but it was not deep,
For ever and anon a something shook
Juan, and shuddering o'er his frame would creep;
And Haidee's sweet lips murmured like a brook
A wordless music, and her face so fair
Stirr'd with her dream as rose-leaves with the air:

XXX.
Or as the stirring of a deep clear stream
Within an Alpine hollow, when the wind
Walks over it, was she shaken by the dream,
The mystical whisper of the mind—
O'erpowering us to what'er may seem
Good to the soul which we no more can bind;
Strange state of being! (for 'tis still to be)
Senseless to feel, and with seal'd eyes to see.

XXXI.
She dream'd of being alone on the sea-shore,
Chain'd to a rock; she knew not how, but stir
She could not from the spot, and the loud roar
Grew, and each wave rose roughly, threatening her,
And o'er her upper lip they seem'd to pour,
Until she sobb'd for breath, and soon they were
Foaming o'er her lone head, so fierce and high
Each broke to drown her, yet she could not die.

XXXII.
Anon—she was released, and then she stray'd
O'er the sharp shingles with her bleeding feet,
And stumbled almost every step she made;
And something roll'd before her in a sheet,
Which she must still pursue hov'ring afraid;
'T was white and abdintinct, nor stopp'd to meet
Her glance nor grasp'd, for still she gazed and grasp'd;
And ran, but it escaped her as she clasp'd.

XXXIII.
The dream changed: in a c— the stod, its walls
Were hung with marble beautes; the work
Of ages on its water-fretted halls,
Where waves might wash, and seals might breed and luck:
Her hair was dripping, and the very balls
Of her black eyes seem'd turn'd to tears, and smoke
The sharp rocks look'd below each drop they caught,
Which froze to marble as it fell, she thought.
XXXIV.
And wet, and cold, and lifeless at her feet,
Pale as the foam that frothed on his dead brow,
Which she essay'd to van to clear, (how sweet
Were once her cares, how she seem'd they now!)

Lev Juan, nor could anguish renew the heat
Of his queen's heart; and the sea-dragons bow
Rang in her sad ears like a mariner's song,
And that brief dream appear'd a life too long.

XXXV.
And gazing on the dead, she thought his face
Faded, or alter'd into something new—
Like to her father's features, till each trace
More like and like to Lambro's aspect grew—
With all his keen worn look and Greenan grace;
And starting, she awoke, and what to view?
Oh! Powers of Heaven! what dark eye meets she there?
'Twas—it is her father—kiss'd upon the pair!

XXXVI.
Then shrieking, she arose, and shrieking fell,
With joy and sorrow, hope and fear, to see
Him whom she deem'd a habitant where dwell
The ocean-born, risen from death, to be
Petchance the death of one she loved too well;
Dear as her father had been to Handeck,
It was a moment of that avoid kind—
I have seen such—but must not call to mind.

XXXVII.
Up Juan sprang to Handeck's bitter shriek,
And caught her falling, and from off the wall
Snatch'd off his sabre, in hot haste to wreak
Vengeance on him who was the cause of all;
Then Lambro, who till now forloose to speak,
Smiled scornfully, and said, "Within my call
A thousand scumants wait the word;
Put up, young man, put up your silly sword."

XXXVIII.
And Handeck clung around him; "Juan, 'tis—
'Tis Lambro—'tis my father! Kissed me—
He will forgive us—yes—it must be—yes.
Oh! dearest father, in this agony
Of pleasure and of pain—even while I kiss
Thy garment's hem with transport, can it be
That doubt should mingle with my rapt joy?
Deal with me as thou wilt, but spare this boy."

XXXIX.
High and inscrutable the old man stood,
Calm in his voice, and calm within his eye—
Not always signs with him of calmest mood;
He look'd upon her, but gave no reply;
Then turn'd to Juan, in whose cheek the blood
Oft came and went, as there resolved to die;
In arms, at least, he stood, in act to spring
On the first foe whom Lambro's call might bring.

XL.
"Young man, your sword?" so Lambro once more said—
Juan replied, "Not while this arm is free."
The old man's cheek grew pale, but not with dread,
And drawing from his belt a pistol, he
Replied, "Your blood be then on your own head."
Then look'd chose at that, as if to see
'Twas fresh—for he had lately used the lock—
And next proceeded quietly to cook.

XLI.
It has a strange quick jar upon the ear,
That coughing of a pistol, when you know
A moment more will bring the sight to bear
Upon your person, twelve yards off, or so;

A gentlemanly distance, not too near,
If you have got a former friend for foe,
But after being tired at once or twice,
The ear becomes more Irish, and now nice.

XLII.
Lambro presented, and one instant more
Had stopp'd this cantos, and Don Juan's breath,
When Handeck throw'd herself off her boy before,
Stern as her size: "On me," she cried, "old dead
Descend—the fault is mine; this fatal shore
He found—but sought not. I have pledg'd my faith;
I love him—I will die with him: I know
Your nature's firmness—know your daughter's too."

XLIII.
A minute past, and she was all tears,
And tenderness, and fancies: but now
She stood as one who champion'd human flaws—
Pale, statued-like, and stern, she stood the blow;
And tall beyond her sex and their companions,
She drew up to her height, as to show
A finer mark; and with a sidelong sneer—
Her father's face—but never stopp'd his hand.

XLIV.
He gazed on her, and she on him; 'twas strange
How like they look'd! the expression was the same
Sternly savage, with a little change
In the large dark eye's nutrured flame,
For she too was as one who could avenge,
If cause should be—a homely, though tame;
Her father's blood before her father's face
Boil'd up, and proved her truth of his race.

XLV.
I said they were alike, their features and
Their stature differing but in sex and years;
Even to the delicacy of their hands
There was resemblance, such as true blood wears,
And now to see them, thus divided, stand
In fix'd gravity, when joyous tears,
And sweet sensations, should have welcomed both,
Show what the passions are in their full growth.

XLVI.
The father paused a moment, then withdrew
His weapon, and replaced it; but stood still,
And looking on her, as to look through her,
"Not I," he said, "have sought this stranger's ill;
Not I have made this revoluc; few
Would bear such outrage, and forswear to kill;
But I must do my duty—how thou hast
Done thou present virtues for the past.

XLVII.
"Let him disarm; or, by my father's head,
His own shall roll before you like a ball!"
He rais'd his whistle, as the word he said,
And blow; another answer'd to the call,
And rushing in disorderly, though led,
And arm'd from boot to turban, one and all,
Some twenty of his train came, rank on rank;
He gave the word, "Arrest or slay the Frank."

XLVIII.
Then, with a sudden movement, he withdrew
His daughter; while compress'd within his grasp,
'Twixt her and Juan interpos'd the crew;
In vain she struggled in her father's grasp,—
His arms were like a serpent's coil; then flew
Upon their prey, as darts an angryasp,
The file of pirates; save the foremost, who
Had fallen, with his right shoulder half cut through
XIX.

The second had his check laid open; but
The third, a wary, cool old sworder, took
The blows upon his cuisses, and then put
His own well in: so well, one could not look,
His man was flour'd, and helpless at his foot,
With the blood running like a little brook
From two smart saber gashes, deep and red—
One on the arm, the other on the head.

L.

And then they bound him where he fell, and bore
Juan from the apartment: with a sign
Old Lambro bade then take him to the shore,
Where lay some ships which were to sail at nine.
They laid him in a boat, and plied the oar
Until they reach'd some galliots, placed in line;
On board of one of these, and under hatchets,
They stow'd him, with strict orders to the watchmen.

LI.

The world is full of strange vicissitudes,
And here was one exceedingly unpleasant:
A gentleman so rich in the world's goods,
Handsome and young, enjoying all the present,
Just at the very time when he least boasted
On such a thing, is suddenly to sea sail,
Wounded and chair'd, so that he cannot move,
And all because a lady fell in love.

LII.

Here I must leave him, for I grow pathetic,
Moved by the Chinese nymph of tears, green tea!
T人家 who Cassandra was not more prophecy;
For if my pure Hictures exceed three,
I feel my heart become so sympathetic,
That I must have recourse to black Bohea:
'Tis pity wine should be so delirious,
For tea and coffee leave us much more serious.

LIII.

Unless when quaff'd? with thee, Cognac?
Sweet Nais of the Philegotthonic rill
All? why the liver with thou thus attack,
And make, like other nymphs, thy lovers ill?
I would take refuge in weak punch, but rack
(If each sense of the word), whence'er I till
My mild and midnight beckers to the brim,
Wakes me next morning with its synonym.

LIV.

I leave Don Juan for the present safe—
Not sound, poor fellow, but severely wounded;
Yet could his corporal pangs amount to half
Of those with which his Haidiee's bosom bounded?
She was not one to weep, and rare, and chaste,
And then give way, alas! because encompassed;
Her mother was a Moorish maid, from Fuzi,
Where all is Eden, or a wilderness.

LV.

There the large olive ranks its amber store
In marble fonts; there grain, and flower, and fruit,
Gush from the earth till the land runs o'er;
But there oo many a poison-ree has root,
And miffing testis to the hom's rear,
And long, long desert sorrows the camel's foot,
Or bearing whom the helpless caravan,
And this the soil is, so the heart of man.

LVI.

Arra: is all too sun's, and as her earth
Her human clay is kindled: full of power
For great or evil, burning from its birth,
The Moorish blood partakes the planet's hour,
And like the soil beneath it will bring forth:
Beauty and love were Haidiee's mother's dower;
But her large dark eye should deep passion's force
Though sleeping like a lion near a source.

LVII.

Her daughter, temper'd with a milder ray,
Like summer clouds all savoury, smooth, and fair
Till slowly charged with thunder they display
Terror to earth, and tempest to the air,
Had held till now her soft and milky way;
But, overwrought with passion and despair,
The fire burst forth from her Numidian veins,
Even as the sunshine sweeps the blasted plains.

LX.

The last sight which she saw was Juan's gore,
And he himself o'ermaster'd and cut down;
His blood was running on the very floor
Where late he trod, her beautiful, her own:
Thus much she view'd an instant and no more—
Her struggles ceased with one convincing groan;
On her sire's arm, which until now scarce held
Her wishing, fell she like a cedar fell'd.

LIX.

A vein had burst,? and her sweet lips? pure dyes
Were dabbled with the deep blood which ran o'er
And her head droop'd as when the lily lies
O'ercharged with rain: her summon'd Numidian maids
Their lady to her couch with gushing eyes;
Of herbs and cordials they produced their store,
But she defied all means they could employ,
Like one life could not hold, nor death destroy.

LX.

Days lay she in that state unchanged, though chills,
With nothing liv'd, still her lips were red;
She had no pulse, but death seem'd absent still;
No hideous signs proclaim'd her surely dead;
Corruption came not, in each mum to kill
All hope; to look upon her sweet face bred
New thoughts of life, for it seem'd full of soul,
She had so much, earth could not claim the whole.

LXI.

The ruling passion, such as marble shows
When exquisitely chased'd, still lay there,
But fix'd as marble's unchangeable aspect throws
O'er the fair Venus, but for ever fair;
O'er the Laocoön's all eternal thieves,
Their energy like life forms all their fame,
Yet looks not life, for they are still the same.

LXII.

She woke at length, but not as sleepers wake,
Rather the dead, for life seem'd something new
A strange sensation which she must partake
Perforce, since whatsoever met her view
Struck not on memory, though a heavy ache
Lay at her heart, whose earliest beat still runs
Brought back the sense of pain without the cause,
For, for a while, the furies made a pause.

LXIII.

She look'd on many a face with vacant eye,
On many a token without knowing what;
She saw them watch her without asking why,
And rock'd not who around her pillow sat,
Not speechless, though she spoke not: not a sob
Revea'd her thoughts; dull silence and quick pulse
Were tried in vain by those who serv'd; she gave
No sign, save breath, of having left the grave.
DON JUAN. 617

LXIV. Her handmaids tended, but she heeded not; her father watch't, she turn'd her eyes away;
She recognised no being, and no spot,
However dear or cherished in their day;
They changed from room to room, but all forgot,
Gentle, but without memory, she lay;
And yet those eyes, which they would fain be weaving
Back to old thoughts, seemed full of fearful meaning.

LXV. At last a slave bethattched her of a harp;
The harper came, and tuned his instrument;
At the first notes, irregular and sharp,
On him her flashing eyes a moment bent,
Then to the wall she turn'd as if to warp
Her thoughts from sorrow through her heart resum'd,
And he began a long low island song
Of ancient days, ere tyranny grew strong.

LXVI. Anon her thin wan fingers beat the wall
In time to his old time; he changed the theme,
And sung of love—the fierce name struck through all
Her recollection; on her flash'd the dream
Of what she was, and is, if ye could call
To be so being; in a gushing stream
The tears rush'd forth from her overflowed brain,
Like mountain mists at length dissolved in rain.

LXVII. Short solace, vain relief!—thought came too quick,
And whir'd her brain to madness; she arose
As one who never had dwelt among the sick,
And flew at all she met, as on her face;
But no one ever heard her speak or shriek,
Although her paroxysm drew towards its close:
Hers was a frenzy which dishon'd to rave,
Even when they smote her, in the hope to save.

LXVIII. Yet she betray'd at times a glimmer of sense;
Nothing could make her meet her father's face,
Though on all other things with looks intense
She gazed, but none she ever could retrace;
Food she refused, and raiment; no pretence
Avail'd for her; nor change of place,
Nor time, nor skill, nor remedy, could give her
Senses to sleep—'tis power seem'd gone for ever.

LXXX. Twelve days and nights she wither'd thus; at last,
Without a groan, or sigh, or glance, to show
A parting sigh, the spirit from her pass'd;
And they who watch'd her nearest could not know
The very instant, till the change that cast
Her soul, face into shadow, dull and slow,
Gazed o'er her eyes—the beautiful, the black—
Oh! to possess such lustre—and then lack!

LXXXI. She died, but not alone; she hold within
A second principle of life, which might
Have ow'n'd a fair and sinless child of sin:
But clos'd its little being without light,
And went down to the grave unbourn, wherein
Blossom and bough he wither'd with one blythe;
In vain the dews of heaven descend above
The bleeding flower and blasted fruit of love.

LXXXII. Thus lived—thus died she; never more on her,
Shall sorrow light or shame. She was not made
Through years to moone the inner weight to bear,
Which older hearts endure till they are laid
By age in earth; her days and pleasures were
Brief, but delightful—such as had not stay'd
Long with her destiny; but she sleeps well
By the sea-shore whereon she loved to dwell.

LXXXIII. That isle is now all desolate and bare,
Its dwellings down, its tenants pass'd away,
None but her own and father's grave is there,
And nothing outward tells of human clay;
Ye could not know where lies a thing so fair,
No stone is there to show, no tongue to say
What was; no dirge, except the hollow sea's,
Mourns o'er the beauty of the Cyclades.

LXXXIV. But many a Greek maid in a loving song
Sings o'er her name, and many an islander
With her sure's story makes the night less long:
Valour was his, and beauty dwelt with her;
If she loved rashly, her life paid for wrong—
A heavy price must all pay who thus err,
In some shape; let none think to fly the danger,
For soon or late Love is his own avenger.

LXXXV. Wounded and letter'd, 'a cabin'd, cull'd, confined,'
Some days and nights elapsed before that he
Could altogether cut the past to mould;
And when he did, he found himself at sea,
Sailing six knots an hour before the wind;
The shores of Lion lay beneath their lee;
Another time he might have liked to see'em,
But now was not much pleased with Cape Sanguia.

LXXXVI. There, on the green and village-cotted hill, is
(Blank'd by the Hellespont and by the sea)
Entomb'd the bravest of the brave, Achilles:
They say so—(Bryant says the contrary)
And further downward, tall and towering still is
The tumulus—of whom? Heaven knows; 'tis may be
Patroclus, Ajax, or Protesilus,
All heroes, who if living still would slay us.

LXXXVII. High barrows, without marble or a name,
A vast, until'd, and mountain-skirted plain,
And lila in the distance, still the same,
And old Scamander (if 'tis he), remain;
The situation seems still form'd for fame
A hundred thousand men might fight again
With ease; but where I sought for Lion's wall,
The quiet sheep feeds, and the tortoise crawls;

LXXXVIII. Troops of untended horses; here and there
Some little hamlets, with new names uncount;
Some shepherds (unlike Paris), led to care
A moment at the European south
Whom to the spot their sheath'd joy feelings bear,
A Turk, with beads in hand and pipe in mouth,
Extremely taken with his own religion,
Are what I found there—but the devil a Paphian.
LXXXIX.  

Don Juan, here permitted to emerge  
From his dull cabin, found himself a slave;  
Forlorn, and going on the deep-blue surge,  
O'ershadow'd there by many a hero's grave:  
Weak still with loss of blood, he scarce could urge  
A few brief questions; and the answers gave
No very satisfactory information
About his past or present situation.

LXXX.  

He saw some fellow-captives, who appear'd
To be Italians—as they were, in fact;
From them, at least, their destiny he heard,
Which was an old one; a troop going to act
In Sicily—all singers, duly rea'd
In their vocation,—had not been attack'd,
In sailing from Levorno, by the pirate,
But sold by the impresario at no high rate.  

LXXXI.  

By one of these, the buffo of the party,
Junio was told about their curious case;
For, although destined to the Turkish mart, he
Still kept his spirits up—at least his face;
The little fellow really look'd quite hearty,
And bore him with some gaiety and grace,
Shewing a much more reconciled demeanour
Than did the prima donna and the tenor.

LXXXII.  

In a few words he told his hapless story,
Saying, "Our Machiavelian impresario,
Making a signal off some promontory,
Hail'd a strange brig;  Corpo di Caio Mario!
We were transfer'd on board her in a hurry,
Without a single scud of salario;
But, if the sultan has a taste for song,
We will revive our fortunes before long.

LXXXIII.  

The prima donna, though a little old,
And haggard with a dissipated life,
And subject, when the house is thin, to cold,
Has some good notes; and then the tenor's wife,
With no great voice, is pleasing to behold;
Last carnival she made a deal of strife,
By carrying off Count Cesar Coogna,
From an old Roman princess at Bologna.

LXXXIV.  

"And then there are the dancers; there's the Nini,
With more than one profession, gains by all.
Then there's that laughing slut, the Pellegrini,
She too was fortunate last carnival,
And made at least five hundred good zecchini,
But spends so fast, she has not now a p'ice; and
Then there's the Grotesca—a dancer!—
Where men have souls or bodies, she must answer.

LXXXV.  

"As for the figuranti, they are like
The rest of all that tribe; with here and there
A pretty person, which perhaps may strike,
The rest are hardly fitted for a fair;
There's one, though tall, and stiffer than a p'ice,
Yet has a sentimental kind of air,
Which might go far, but she don't dance with vigour;
The more's the pity, with her face and figure.

LXXXVI.  

"As for the men, they are a middling set;
The Museo is but a crack'd old basin,
But, being qualified in one way yet,
May the scraggo do to set his face in,
And as a servant some proferment get,
His singing I no further trust can place in:
From all the pop's 4 makes yearly, 't would per'd
To find three perfect pipes of the third ve.

LXXXVII.  

"The tenor's voice is spoilt by affectation,
And for the bass, the beast can only bellow;
In fact, he had no singing education,
An ignorant, Noteless, timeless, tuneless fellow,
But being the prima donna's near relation,
Who swore his voice was very rich and mellow,
They hired him, though to hear him you'd believe
An ass was practising recitative.

LXXXVIII.  

'T would not become myself to dwell upon
My own merits, and though young—I see, sir—you
Have got a traveller'd air, which shows you one
To whom the opera is by no means new:
You've heard of Raucconti?—I'm the man;
The time may come when you may hear me too
You was not last year at the fair of Lugo,
But next, when I'm engaged to sing there—do go.

LXXXIX.  

"Our bartonio I almost had forget,
A pretty lad, but bursting with conceit;
With graceful action, science not a jot,
A voice of no great compass, and not sweet,
He always is complaining of his lot,
Perchance, scarce fit for ballads in the street;
In lovers' parts, his passion more to breathe,
Having no heart to show, he shows his teeth."

XC.  

Here Raucconti's eloquent recital
Was interrupted by the pirate crew,
Who came at stated moments to invite all
The captives back to their sad births; each threw
A rueful glance upon the waves (which bright all,
From the blue skies derived a double blue,
Dancing all free and happy in the sun),
And then went down the hatchway one by one.

XCII.  

They heard, next day, that in the Dardanelles,
Waiting for his sublimity's frigate—
The most imperitive of sovereign spells,
Which every body does without who can—
More to secure them in their naval cells,
Lady to lady, well as man to man,
Were to be chained and lotted out per couple
For the slave-market of Constantinople.

XCIII.  

It seems when this allotment was made out,
There chanced to be an odd male and odd female
Who (after some discussion and some doubt
If the sopranos might be doomed to be male,
They placed him over the women as a soott)
Were link'd together, and it happen'd the male
Was Juan, who—an awkward thing at his age—
Part'd off with a Bacchante's blooming visage.

XCVI.  

With Raucconti hucklessly was chain'd
The tenor; these two hated with a hate,
Found only on the stage, and each more p'n'd
With this his tuneful neighbour than his fate;
Sad strife arose, nor they were so cross-grain'd,
Instead of bearing up without debate,
That each pull'd different ways with many an oath,
a Arcades ambo, id est—blackguards both.
XCIV.

Jean's companion was a Romagnole,
But bred within the Marches of old Ancona,
With eyes that look'd into the very soul,
(And other chief points of a "bella donna");
Bright—and as black and burning as a coal;
And through her clear brunt-tre complexio shone a
Great wish to please—a most attractive diwer,
Especially when added to the power.

XCV.

But all that power was wasted upon him,
For sorrow o'er each sense held stern command;
Her eye might flash on his, but found it dim;
And though thus chang'd, as natural her hand
Touched his, nor that—nor any handlike limb
(And she had some not easy to withstand)
Could stir his pulse, or make his faith feel brittle;
Perhaps his recent wounds might help a little.

XCVI.

No matter; we should n'er too much inquire,
But facts are facts,—so light could be more true,
And firmer faith no lady-love desire;
We will omit the proofs, save one or two.
'Tis said no one in hand "can hold a fire
Be thought of frothy Cæcarius," but, few,
I really think; yet Jean's then ordered
Was more triumphant, and not much less real.

XCVII.

Here I might enter on a chaite description,
Having withstand'd temptation in my youth,
But hear that several people take exception
At the first two books having too much truth;
Therefore I'll make Don Juan leave the ship soon,
Because the publisher declares, in south,
Through needles' eyes it easier for the cannel is
To pass, than those two cantos into families.

XCVIII.

'Tis all the same to me; I'm soon of yielding,
And therefore leave them to the purer page
Of Smollett, Prior, Ario, Fielding,
Wee strange things for so correct an age;
I once had great acravity in widdling
My pen, and liked poetic war to wage,
And recollect the time when all this cant
Would have provoked remarks when now it shan't.

XCIX.

As boys love rows, my boyhood liked a squabble;
But at this hour I wish to part in peace,
Leaving such to the literary rabble.
Whether my verse's fame be done to cease
While the right hand which wrote it still is able,
Or of some centuries to take a lease,
The grass upon my grave will grow as long,
And sigh to midnight winds, but not to song.

C.

Of poets, who come down to us through distance
Of time and tongues, the foster-babies of fame,
Life seems the smallest portion of existence;
Where twenty ages gather over a name,
'Tis as a snowball which derives assistance
From every flake, and yet rolls on the same,
Even till an iceberg it may chance to grow,—
But after all 'tis nothing but cold snow.

CII.

And so great names are nothing more than munial,
And love of glory's but an airy lust,
Too often in its fury overcoming all
Who would, as 't were, identify their dust
From out the void destruction, which, entombing all,
Leaves nothing till the coming of the moot:
Sure change: I've stood upon Athelstane's town,
And heard Troy doubted; time will doubt of Rome

CIII.

The very generations of the dead
Are swept away, and tomb inherits tomb,
'Ntil the memory of an age is fled,
And, buried, sinks beneath its offspring's doom;
Where are the epitaphs our fathers read?
Save a few gleam'd from the sepulchral gloom,
Which once-named tyrants nameless lie beneath
And lose their own in universal death.

CIV.

I canter by the spot each afternoon
Where perish'd in his fame the hero-boy,
Who lived too long for men, but died too soon
For human vanity, the young De FoiX!
A broken pillar not unseemly bea,
But which neglect is hastening to destroy,
Records Racemus's carnage on its face,
While weeds and osier raddle round the base.

CV.

With human blood that column was cemented,
With human blood that column is defiled,
As if the peasant's coarse contempt were vented,
To show his loathing of the spot he spoil'd;
This is the trophy mad, and thus lamented
Should ever be those blood-hounds, from whose wild
Institut of gore and glory earth has known
These sufferings Dante saw in hell alone.

CVI.

Yet there will still be bareis; though fame is smoke,
Its fumes are frankincense to human thought;
And the unquiet feelings, which first woke
Song in the world, will seek what then they sought;
As on the beach the waves at last are broke,
Thus to their extreme verge the passions brought
Dash into poetry, which is but passion,
Or at least was so ere it grew a fashion.

CVII.

If in the course of such a life as was
At once adventurous and contemplative,
Men who partake all passions as they pass.
Acquire the deep and latter power to give
Their images again, as in a glass,
And in such colours that they seem to live;
You may do right forbidding them to show 'em,
But spoil (I think) a very pretty poem.

CVIII.

Oh! ye, who make the fortunes of all books!
Beauch ceruleans of the second sex!
Who advertise new poems by your books,
Your "imprinture" will ye not annex?
What, must I go to the oblivious cooks,—
Those Cornish plumbers of Farns'am saints' wrecks?
Ah! must I then the only minstrel be
Proscribed from tasting your Castilian tea?
CIX.

What can I prove "a lion" then no more?
A ball-room hard, a foible, hot-press darling,
To bear the compliments of many a bore,
And sigh "I can't get out," like Yorick's sparkling,
Why then shall I swear, as poet Worsley swore
(Because the world won't read him, always snarling),
That taste is gone, that fame is but a lottery,
Drawn by the blue-coat misses of a coterie.

CX.

Ob., "darkly, deep, beautifully blue,
As some one somewhere sings about the sky,
And I, ye learned ladies, say of you;
They say your stockings are so (Heaven knows why,
I have examined few pair of that hue);
Blue as the garters which serenely lie
Round the patrician left-legs, which adorn
The festal midnight and the levee morn.

CXI.

Yet some of you are most scrupulous creatures—
But times are alter'd since, a rhyming lover,
You read my stanzas, and I read your features:
And—but no matter, all those things are over;
Still I have no dislike to learned natures,
For sometimes such a world of virtues cover:
I know one woman of that purple school,
The loveliest, chastest, best, but—quite a fool.

CXII.

Humboldt, "the first of travellers," but not
The last, if late accounts be accurate,
Invented, by some name I have forgot,
As well as the sublime discovery's date,
An airy instrument, with which he sought
To ascertain the atmospheric state,
By measuring "the intensity of blue!"
Oh, Lady Daphne! let me measure you!

CXIII.

But to the narrative.—The vessel bound
With slaves to sell off in the capital,
After the usual process, might be found
At anchor under the seraglio wall;
Her cargo, from the plague being safe and sound,
Were landed in the market, one and all,
And there, with Georgians, Russians, and Circassians,
Bought up for different purposes and passions.

CXIV.

Some went off dearly; fifteen hundred dollars,
For one Circassian, a sweet girl, were given,
Warranted virgin; beauty's brightest colours,
Had deck'd her out in all the hues of heaven;
Her sail sent home some disappointed bawlers,
Who bake on till the hundreds reach'd eleven;
But when the offer went beyond, they knew
"Twas for the sultan, and at once withdrew.

CXV.

Twelve negroes from Nubia brought a price
Which the West-Indian market scarce would bring;
Though Wilberforce, at last, I am told it twice
What I was ere addition; and the thing

Need not seem very wonderful, for rice
Is always much more splendid than a king
The virtues, even the most exalted, charity,
Are saving—vice spares nothing for a rarity.

CXVI.

But for the destiny of this young troop,
How some were bought by pachas, some by Jews,
How some to burdens were obliged to stoop,
And others rose to the command of crews
As renegades; while in hapless group,
Hoping no very old vizier might choose,
The females stood, as one by one they picked 'em,
To make a mistress, or fourth wife, or victim.

CXVII.

All this must be reserved for further song;
Also our hero's lot, how'er unpleasant
(Because this canto has become too long),
Must be postponed discreetly for the present;
I'm sensible redundancy is wrong,
But could not for the muse of me put less in 't;
And now delay the progress of Ion Juan,
Till what is call'd in Ossian the fifth Du an.

CANTO V.

I.

When amatory poets sing their loves
In liquid lines mellifluously bland,
And praise their rhymes as Venus yokes her doves
They little think what mischief is in hand;
The greater their success the worse it proves,
As Ovid's verse may make you understand;
Even Petrarch's self, if judged with due severity,
Is the Platonic pimp of all posterity.

II.

I therefore do denounce all amorous writing,
Except in such a way as not to attract;
Plain—simple—short, and by no means inviting,
But with a moral to each error tack'd,
Form'd rather for instructing than delighting,
And with all passions in their turn attack'd;
Now, if my Pegasus should not be shod ill,
This poem will become a moral model.

III.

The European with the Asian shee
Sprinkled with palaces: the ocean streams,
Here and there studded with a seventy-four;
The Sophie's cupola with golden gleam:
The eypress groves; Olympus high and hoar,
The twelve Isles, and the more than I could dream
Far less describe, present the very view
Which charms'd the charming Mary Montagu.
IV.
I have a passion for the name of "Mary,"
For once it was a magic sound to me,
And still a half calls up the realms of fairy,
Where I believed what never was to be;
All feelings changed, but this was last to vary,
A spell from which even yet I am not quite free:
But I grew sad—and let a tale grow cold,
Which must not be pathetically told.

V.
The wind swept down the Elvina and the wave
Broke barking c'er the blue Simplegrodes,
"Tis a grand sight, from off " the Giant's Grave,"
To watch the progress of those rolling seas
Between the Bosphorus, as they lash and have
Europe and Asia, you being quite at ease;
There's not a sea the passenger c'er plucks it
Turns up more dangerous breakers than the Elvina.

VI.
'Twas a raw day of Autumn's bleak beginning,
When nights are equal, but not so the days;
The Paroe then cut short the further spinning
Of seamen's fates, and the loud tempests raise
The waters, and resentment for past sunning
In all who o'er the great deeps take their ways;
They vow to ascend their lives, and yet they don't;
Because if drown'd, they can't—if spilled, they won't.

VII.
A crowd of shivering slaves of every nation,
And age, and sex, were in the market ranged;
Each bevy with the merchant in his station:
Poor creatures! their good looks were sadly changed
All save the blacks seemed gilded with occupation.
From friends, and home, and freedom far estranged;
The negroes more philosophy display'd,
Used to it, no doubt, as culls are to be flay'd.

VIII.
Juan was in vector, and thus was full,
As most at his age are, of hope and health;
Yet I must own he look'd a little dull,
And now and then a tear stole down by stealth,
Perhaps his recent loss of blood might pull
His spirit down; and then the loss of wealth,
A mistress, and such comfortable quarters,
To be put up for auction amongst Tartars.

IX.
Were things to shake a store; nevertheless,
Upon the whole his carriage was serene;
His figure, and the splendour of his dress,
Of which some gilded remants still were seen,
Drew all eyes on him, giving them to guess
He was above the vulgar by his mean;
And then, though pale, he was so very handsome;
And then—they calculated on his ransom.

X.
Like a backgammon-board the place was dotted
With whites and blacks, in groups on show for sale,
Though rather more irregularly spotted;
Some bought the jet, while others chose the pale,
It chanced, amongst the other people botted,
A man of thrift, rather stout and bale,
With resolution in his dark-grey eye,
Next Juan stood, till some might choose to buy.

XI.
He had an English look; that is, was square,
In make, of a complexion white and ruddy,
Good teeth, with curling rather dark-brown hair,
And it might be from thought, or so, or study,
An open brow; a little mark'd with care.
One arm had on a bandage rather badly;
And there he stood with such wounds to feel, that greater
Could scarce be shown even by a mere spectator.

XII.
But seeing at his elbow a mere lad,
Of a high spirit evidently, though
At present weigh'd down by a doom which had
Overthrown even men, he soon began to show
A kind of blunt compassion for the sad
Lot of so young a partner in the woe,
Which for himself he seem'd to deem no worse
Than any other scape, a thing of course.

XIII.
"My boy!"—said he, "amist this motley crew
Of Georgians, Russians, Nubians, and what not
All ragamuffins differing but in hue,
With whom it is our luck to cast our lot,
The only gentlemen seem I and you,
So let us be reassured, as we ought;
If I could yield you any consolation,
'Twould give me pleasure.—Pray, what is your nation?

XIV.
When Juan answer'd "Spanish!" he replied,
In all who o'er the great deeps take their ways;
There's no such dogs as are so proudly eyed;
Fortune has play'd you here a pretty freak,
But that's her way with all men till they're tried;
But never mind,—she'll turn, perhaps, next week;
She has serv'd me also much the same as you,
Except that I have found it nothing new."

XV.
"Pray, sir," said Juan, "if I may presume,
'What brought you here?'"—"Oh! nothing very rare—
Six Tartars and a drag-chain—"—"To his doom
By what conducted, if the question's fair,
Is that which I would learn."—"I served for some
Months with the Russian army here and there,
And taking lately, by Suvarrow's bidding,
A town, was taken myself instead of Wallin."

XVI.
"Have you no friends?"—"I had—but, by God's blessing
Have not been troubled with them lately. Now
I have answer'd all your questions without pressing,
And you an equal courtesy should show."—
"Ah!" said Juan, "'twere a tale distressing,
And long besides."—"Oh! if I'm really so,
You're right on both accounts to hold your tongue
A sad tale sullens doubly when told long.

XVII.
"But droop not: Fortune, at your time of life,
Although a female moderately fickle,
Will hardly leave you (as she's not your wife)
For any length of days in such a pickle.
To strive too with our fate were such a strife
As if the corn-sheaf should oppose the sickle
Men are the sport of circumstances, when
The circumstances seem the sport of men."

XVIII.
"Tis not, said Juan, "for my present doom
I mourn, but for the past;—I loved a maid:"
He paused, and his dark eye grew full of gloom,
A single tear upon his eyelash stole
A moment, and then dropped; "but to resume,
'Tis not my present lot, as I have said,
Which I deplore so much; for I have borne
Hardships which have the hardest overcome,
XIX.

"On the rough deep. But this last blow—" and here
He stopp'd again, and turn'd away his face.

"Ay!" quoth his friend, "I thought it would appear
That there had been a lady in the case;"

And these are things which ask a tender tear
Such as I too would shed, if in your place:

I cried upon my first wife's dying day,
And also when my second ran away:

XX.

"My third!—"—Your third!" quoth Juan, turning round;
"You scarcely can be thirty:—have you three?"

"No—only two at present above ground:"
Surely 'tis nothing wonderful to see
One person thrice in holy wedlock bound!"

"Well, then, your third," said Juan; "what did she?
She did not run away, too, did she, sir?"

"No, faith,—What then?"—I ran away from her.

XXI.

"You take things coolly, sir," said Juan. "Why,
Replied the other, "what can a man do?
There still are many rainbows in your sky,
But mine have vanished. All, when life is new,
Commence with feelings warm and prospects high;
But time stirs up our illusions of those hue,
And one by one in turn, some grand mistake
Casts off its bright skin very, very, like the snake.

XXII.

"Tis true, it gets another bright and fresh,
Or fresher, brighter; but, the year gone through,
This skin must go the way too of all flesh,
Or sometimes only wear a week or two:—
Love's the first net which spreads its deadly mesh;
Ambition, avarice, vengeance—shut your eyes
The glittering baubles-tugs of our latter days,
When... till we stutter on for peace or praise.

XXIII.

All this is very fine, and may be true,"
Said Juan; "but I really don't see how
It better presents times with me or you."

"No!" quoth the other; "yet you will allow,
By setting things in their right point of view,
Knowledge, at least, is gain'd; for instance, now,
We know what slavery is, and our disasters
May teach us better to behave when masters."

XXIV.

"Would we were masters now, if but to try
Their present lessons on our pagan friends here."
Said Juan—swallowing a heart-breaking sigh:
"Heath's help the scholar whoso his fortune sends here!"

"Perhaps we shall be one day, by and by."
Reply'd the other, "when our hard luck ends here,
Meantime (you old black cunning seems to eye us)
I wish to G-d that somebody would buy us!"

XXV.

"But after all, what is our present state?
'Tis bad, and may be better—all men's lot:\nMost men are slaves, none more so than the great,
To their own whims and passions, and what not;
Society itself, which should create
Kindness, destroys what little we had got:
I feel for none is the true social art
Of the world's statesmen—men without a heart."

XXVI.

Just now a black old neutral personage
Of the third sex stopp'd up, and peering over
The captain, seem'd to mark their looks, and age,
And capabilties, as to lead scow'r
If they were fitted for the purposed cage
No lady c'er is eg'd by a lover,
Horse by a blacking, broadcloth by a tailor.
'Fee by a counsel, felon by a juror,"

XXVII.

As is a slave by his intended bidder.
"Tis pleasant purchasing our fellow-creatures;
And all are to be sold, if you consider
Their passions, and are devout'st; some by feature
Are bought up, others by a warlike leader,
Some by a place—as tend their years or nature.
The most by ready cash—but all have prices,
From crowns to licks, according to their vices.

XXVIII.

The comich having eyed them c'er with care,
Turn'd to the merchant, and began to bid
First but for one, and after for the pair;
They haggled, wrangled, swore, too—so they did!
As though they were in a mere Christian fair,
Cheapping an ox, an ass, a lamb, or kid;
So that their bargain sounded like a battle
For this superior yoke of human cattle.

XXIX.

At last they settled into simple grumbling,
And pulling out reluctant purses, and
Turning each piece of silver c'er, and tumbling;
Some down, and weighing others in their hand,
And by mistake sequins with saras jumbling,
Until the sum was accurately count'd;
And then the merchant, giving change and signing
Receipts in full, began to think of dinging.

XXX.

I wonder if his appetite was good;
Or, if it were, if also his digestion.
Methinks at meals some odd thoughts might intrude;
And conscience ask a curious sort of question,
About the right divine how far we should
Sell flesh and blood. When dinner has oppress'd one,
I think it is perhaps the gloomiest hour
Which turns up out of the sad twenty-four.

XXXI.

Voltaire says "No;" he tells you that Candide
Found life most tolerable after meals;
He's wrong—unless man was a pig, indeed,
Repletion rather adds to what he feels;
Unless he's drunk, and then he no doubt he's feed
From his own brain's oppression while it reeals.
Cited I think with Philip's son, or rather
Aminus's (ill pleased with one world and one father)

XXXII.

I think with Alexander, that the act
Of eating, with another act or two,
Makes us feel our mortality in fact.
Boiled; when a roast and a ragout,
And fish and soup, by some side dishes barel'd,
Can give us either pain or pleasure, who
Would pique himself on intellect, whose use
Depends so much upon the gastric juice?

XXXIII.

The other evening (I was on Friday last)—
This is a fact, and no poetic fable—
Just as my great coat was about me cast,
My hat and gloves still lying on the table.
I heard a shot—"It was right o'clock scarce past—
And running out as fast as I was able,"
I found the military commandant
Scooting in the street, and able scarce to pant.
XXXIV.

On a fell are for some reason, surely bad,
They had slain him with five slings; and left him there
To perish on the plains: so I had
Him borne into the house and up the stair,
And strip'd, and look'd to—But why should I add
More circumstances? vain was every care;
The man was gone: in some Italian quarril
Kia'd by five bullets from an old gun-barrel.

XXXV.

I gazed upon him, for I knew him well;
And, though I have seen many corpses, never
Saw one, whom such an accident befell,
So calm; though pierced through stomach, heart, and liver,
He seem'd to sleep, for you could scarcely tell
(As he bled inwardly, no hideous river
Of gore divul'd the cause) that he was dead:—
So as I gazed on him, I thought or said—

XXXVI.

"Can this he death? then what is life or death?
Speak!" but he spoke not; "wakcl!" but still he slept:
But yesterday, and who had mightier breath?
A thousand warriors: by their word were kept
In awe; he said, as the centurion saith,
"Go, and he goeth; ' come,' and forth he stepp'd.
The trump and bugle till he spake were dumb—
And now nought left him but the muttered drum.

XXXVII.

And they who waited once and worship'd—they
With their rough faces turn'd to the bed,
To gaze once more on the commanding day
Which for the last though not the first time bled;
And saw an end! that he who many a day
Had faced Napoleon's foes until they fled—
The foremost in the charge or in the sally
Should now be butch'd in a civic alley.

XXXVIII.

The scars of his old wounds were near his neck,
Those honourable scars which brought him fame;
And horror was the contrast to the view—
But let me quit the theme, as such things claim
Perhaps even more attention than is due.
From me: I gazed (as oft I have gazed the same)
To try if I could wrench ought of death,
Which should confirm, or shun, or make a faith;

XXXIX.

But it was in a mystery. Here we are,
And there we go;—but where? five bits of lead.
Or three, or two, or one, sent very far!
And is this blood, then, formed but to be shed?
Can every element our elements war?
And air—earth—water—fire—live—and we dead?

He's, whose musk comprehend all things! No more
But let us tell to the story as before.

XL.

The purchaser of Juan and acquaintance
Bore off his bargains to a gilded boat,
Embark'd himself and them, and off they went thence
As fast as oars could pull and water float;
They looked like persons being led to sentence,
Wondering what next, till the caique was brought
Us in a little creek below a wall
Percept'll with yew-cypress dark-green and tall.

XLI.

Here their conductor tapping at the wicket
Of a small iron door, "I was open," and
He led them onward, first through a low theket
Thank'd by large groves which tower'd on either hand:

They almost lost their way, and had to pick it—
For night was closing ere they came to land.
The emu made a sign to those on board,
Who row'd off, leaving them without a word.

XLII.

As they were probing on their winding way,
Through orange bowers and jasmine, and so forth
(Or which I might have a good deal to say,
There being no such proscription in the North
Of oriental plants, "et cetera,"
But that of into your scrivener it worth
Their while to rear whole hothouses in their wake,
Because one poet travel'd "among the Turks;"

XLIII.

As they were threading on their way, there came
Into Don Juan's head a thought, which he
Whisper'd to his companion:—"t was the same
Which might have then occurred to you or me.
"Methinks,"—you see, the turn had no great shame
If we should strike a stroke to set us free;—
Let's knock that old black fellow on the head,
And march away,—t were easier done than said,"

XLIV.

"Yes," said the other, "and when done, what then?
How get out? how the devil got we in?
And when we once were fairly out, and when
From Saint Bartholomew we have saved our skin,
To-morrow'll we see us in some other den,
And worse off than we lightheto have been;
Besides, I'm hungry, and just now would take,
Like Esau, for my birthright, a hole-steak.

XLV.

"We must be near some place of man's abode:
For the old negro's confidence in creeping,
With his two captives, by so queer a read,
Shows that he thinks his friends have not been sleeping.
A single cry would bring them all abroad:
'Tis therefore better looking before leaping—
And there, you see, the turn had no great shame
By Jove, a noble palace!—lighted too."

XLVI.

It was indeed a wide extensive building
Which open'd on their view, and o'er the front
There seemed to be a host of gilding
And varous hues, and is the Turkish word,
A gaudy taste; for they are little skill'd in
The arts of which these lands were once the first;
Each vila on the Bosphorus looks a scene
Now painted, or a pretty opera-scene.

XLVII.

And never as they walk'd, a genial savour
Of certain strong, and fragrant-meats, and pilaws,
Things which in hungry mortals' eyes find favour,
Made Juan in his hard intentions pause,
And put himself upon his good behaviour;
His friend, too, adding a new saving clause,
Said, "In Heaven's name let's get some supper now
And then I'm with you, if you're for a row."

XLVIII.

Some talk of an appeal unto some passion,
Some to men's feelings, others to their sense,
The last of these was never much the fashion,
For reason thinks all reasoning out of season.
Some speakers whine, and others lay the lash on.
But more or less continue still to tease on
With arguments according to their "fate;"
But no one ever dreams of being short.
XLIX.
Bu I digress: of all appeals,—although
I grant the power of pathos, and of gold,
Of beauty, flattery, threats, a shilling,—no
Method's more sure at moments to take hold
Of the best feelings of mankind, which grow
More tender, as we every day behold,
Than that all-subduing, overpowering knell,
The tocsin of the soul—the dinner-bell.

L.
Turkey contains no bells, and yet men dine
And Jurin and his friend, albeit they heard
No Christian knell to tale, saw no line
Of lacquered usher to the feast prepared,
Yet smelt roast-meat, beheld a huge fire shine,
And cooked in motion with their clean arms bore,
And gazed around them to the left and right
With the prophetic eye of appetite.

LI.
And giving up all notions of resistance,
They follow'd close behind their sable guide,
Who little thought that his own crack'd existence
Was on the point of being set aside:
He motion'd them to stop at some small distance,
And knocking at the gate, 'twas open'd wide,
And a magnificent large hall display'd
The Asian pomp of Ottoman parade.

LII.
I won't describe; description is my forte,
But every fool describes in these bright days
His word'rous journey to some foreign court,
And swamps his quarto, and demands your praise.
Death to his publisher, to him 'tis sport;
While nature, tortured twenty thousand ways,
Resigns herself with exemplary patience
To guide-books, rhymes, tours, sketches, illustrations.

LIII.
Along this hall, and up and down, some, squatting
Upon their haunches, were occupied at chess;
Others in muscovylocks talk chatted,
And some seem'd much in love with their own dress;
And divers smoke superb pipes decorated
With amber months of greater price or less;
And several straitened, others slept, and some
Prepared for supper with a glass of rum.

LIV.
As the black eunuch enter'd with his brace
Of purchased inferiors, some raised their eyes
A moment without slackening from their pace;
But those who sate never stirred in my view:
One or two stared the captives in the face,
Just as one views a horse to guess his price;
Some nodded to the negro from their station,
But no one troubled him with conversation.

LV.
He leads them through the hall, and, without stopping
On through a further range of goodly rooms,
Plentiful but sordid, save in one, where, dropping,
A marble fountain echoes through the glooms
Of night, which rules the chamber, or where peeping
Some female head most curiously presumes
To thrust its black eyes through the door or lattice,
As wondering what the devil noise that is.

LVI.
Some faint lamps gleaming from the lofty walls
Gave light enough to hint their further way,
But not enough to show the imperial halls
In all the flashing of their full array;

Perhaps there's nothing—I'll not say anything,
But says more by night as well as day,
Than an enormous room without a soul
To break the lifeless splendour of the whole.

LVII.
Two or three seem so little, one seems nothing
In deserts, forests, crowds, or by the shore,
There solitude, we know, has her full growth in
The spots which were her realms for evermore.
But in a mighty hall or gallery, both in
More modern buildings and those built of yore,
A kind of death comes o'er us all alone,
Seeing what's meant for many with but one.

LVIII.
A neat, snug study on a winter's night,
A book, friend, single lady, or a glass
Of claret, sandwich, and an appetite,
Are things which make an English evening pass.
Though chez们都 by no means so grand a sight
As is a theatre lit up by gas,
I pass my evenings in long galleries solely,
And that's the reason I'm so melancholy.

LIX.
Alas! man makes that great which makes him little:
I grant you in a church 'tis very well
What speaks of Heaven should by no means be little.
But strong and lasting, till no tongue can tell
Their names who reared it; but huge houses it ill—
And huge tombs worse—mankind, since Adam fell.
Methinks the story of the tower of Babel
Might touch them this much better than I am able.

LX.
Babel was Nimrod's hunting-seat, and then
A town of gardens, walls, and wealth amazing,
Where Nabuchadnezzar, king of men,
Reign'd, till one summer's day he took to grazing,
And Daniel tamed the lions in their den,
The people's awe and admiration raising;
T was famous, too, for Thiseis and for Pyramus,
And the calamitous Queen Semiramis.

LXI.

LXII.
But to resume,—should there be (what may not
Be in these days!) some inferiors, who don't
Because they can't find out the very spot
Of that same Babel, or because they won't
(Though Claudine Rich, espouse, some bricks has got
And written lately two memoirs upon it),
Believe the Jews, those unbelievers, who
Must be believed, though they believe not you:

LXIII.
Yet let them think that Horace has expressed
Shortly and sweetly the same folly
Of those, forgetting the great place of rest,
Who give themselves to architecture wholly;
We know where things and men must end at last,
A moral (like all morals) melancholy,
And "Et sepulcrum immemor striae domus"?
Shows that we build when we should but entomb us
He doubted not a few hours of reflection
Would reconcile him to the measure quite,"—
"Will it?" said Juan, sharply; "strike me dead,
But they as soon shall circumcise my head—

"Cut off a thousand heads, before—"—"Now pray!
Repel the other, who do not interrupt;
You put me out in what I had to say.
Sir!—as I said, as soon as I have supp'd,
I shall prevent if your proposals may
Be such as I can properly accept;
Provide always your great goodness still
Reunds the matter to our own free-will."—

Bada cued Juan, and said "Be so good
As dress yourself—" and pointed out a suit
In which a princess with great pleasure would
Arrive her limbs; but Juan standing more,
As not being in a musing-saving mood,
Gave it a slight kick with his Christian foot;
And when the old negro told him to "Get ready
Replied, "Old gentleman, I'm not a lady."—

"What you may be, I neither know nor care,"
Said Bada, "but pray do as I desire,
I have no more time nor many words to spare."
"At least," said Juan, "sure I may inquire
The cause of this old tragedy."—"Suicide,"
Said Bada, "to be sarcastic; it will transpose,
No doubt, in proper place, and time; and season
I have no authority to tell the reason."

"Then if I do," said Juan, "I'll be—"—"Hold!
Rejoind the negro, "pray be not provoking,
This spirit's well, but it may wax too bold,
And you will find us not too kind of joking."
"What, sir," said Juan, "will it e'er be told
That I unex'd my dress?" But Bada, stroking
The things down, said—"Inscense me, and I call
Those who will leave you of no sex at all.

"I offer you a handsome suit of clothes:
A woman's, true; but then there is a cause
Why you should wear them."—"What, though my
Soul loathes
The effeminate garb?"—Thus, after a short pause,
Sigh'd Juan, muttering also some slight oaths,
"What the devil shall I do with this gauze?"
Thus he profoundly tern'd the finest lace
Winch e'er set off a marriage-morning face.

And then he swore; and, sighing, on he slip'd
A pair of trousers of flash-colour'd silk;
Next with a virgin zone he was equipped,
Which got a slight cleanci as white as silk;
Her, tugging on his petticoat, he tripp'd,
Which—as we say—or as the Scotch say, 'whil.
(The rhyme obliges me to this;—sometimes
Kings are not more impartial than rhymeys)—

Whilk, which (or what you please) was owing to
His garment's novelty, and his being awkward
And yet at last he managed to get through
His todes, though we do it a little backward;
The negro Bada help'd a little too,
Worms some outward part of mine—stuck hard
And, wrenching both his arms into a gown,
He paused, and took a survey up and down.
LXXXIX.  
One difficulty still remain'd,—his hair
Was hardly long enough; but Baba found
So many false long tresses all to spare,
That soon his head was most completely crown'd,
After the manner then in fashion there;
And this addition with such genes was bound
As suited the ensemble of his toilet,
While Baba made him comb his head and oil it.

LXXX.
And now being femininely all array'd,
With some small aid from scissors, paint, and tweezers,
He look'd in almost all respects a maid,
And Baba stanchly exclaimed: 'You see, sir,
A perfect transformation here display'd;
And now, then, you must come along with me, sir,
That is—the lady:'—clapping his hands twice,
Four backs were at his elbow in a blaze.

LXXXI.
"You, sir," said Baba, nodding to the one,
"Will please to accompany those gentlemen
To supper? but you, worthy Christian nun,
Will follow me: no trifling, sir: for when
I say a thing, it must at once be done.
What fear you? think you this a foul den?
Why 'tis a palace, where the truly wise
Anticipate the Prophet's paradise.

LXXXII.
"You fool! I tell you no one means you harm,"
"So much the better," Juan said, "for them:
Else they shall feel the weight of this my arm,
Which is not quite so light as you may deem.
I yield thus far; but soon will break the charm,
If any take me for that which I seem;
So that I trust, for every body's sake,
That this disguise may lead to no mistake."

LXXXIII.
"Bother! come on, and see," quoth Baba; while
Don Juan, turning to his comrade, who,
Though somewhat griev'd, could scarce forbear a smile
Upon the metamorphosis in view,
"Farewell?" they mutually exclaimed: "this soil
Seems fertile in adventures strange and new;
One's mind's impair Mussulman, and one a maid,
By this old black enchantress's masquer'd aid."

LXXXIV.
"Farewell?" said Juan: "should we meet no more,
I wish you a good appetite,"—"Farewell!"
Replied the other;—though it grieves me sore;
When next we meet ne'er have a tale to tell.
We needs must follow when Fate puts from shore,
Keep your good money, though Eve herself once fell."
"Nay," added the maids, "the Sultan's wife don't carry
Unless his highness promises to carry me."

LXXXV.
And thus they parted, each by separate doors;
B to bed Juan onward, room by room,
Through glittering galleries and o'er marble floors,
Till a gigantic portal through the gloom,
Hanging and huge, along the distance towers;
And waited far arise a rich perfume;
It seemed as though they came upon a shrine,
For all was vast, still, fragrant, and divine.

LXXXVI.
The great door was broad, and bright and high,
Or stood before, and carved in curious guise;
Warriors thence were batting furious;
Here stalks the victor, there the vanquish'd foe;
There captives led in triumph drop the eye,
And in perspective many a squadron flies
It seems the work of times before the line
Of Rome transplanted fell with Constantine.

LXXXVII.  
This massy portal stood at the wide close
Of a huge hall, and on its either side
Two little dwarfs, the least you could suppose,
Were sate, like uglyimps, as if allied
In mockery to the enormous gate which rose
Over them in almost pyramidal pride:
The gate so splendid was in all its features,
You never thought about these little creatures.

LXXXVIII.
Until you nearly trod on them, and then
You started back in horror to survey
The wondrous hideousness of those small men,
Whose colour was not black, nor white, nor gray
But an extraneous mixture, which no pen
Can trace, although perhaps the pencil may;
They were misshapen piggions, deaf and dumb—
Monsters, who cost a no less monstrous sum.

LXXXIX.
Their duty was—for they were strong, and though
They look'd so little, did strong things at times—
To ope this door, which they could readily do.
The hinges being as smooth as Rogers' thymes;
And now und them, with tough strings of the bow
As is the custom of those eastern climes,
To give some rebel Pacha a cravat;
For notes are generally used for that.

XC.
They spoke by signs—that is, not spoke at all:
And, looking like two mutes, they glared
As Baba with his fingers made them fall
To heaving back the portal folds: it scared
Juan a moment, as this pair so small.
With shrining serpent optics on him stared,
It was as if their little looks could poison
Or fascinate whom'er they fix'd their eyes on.

XCI.
Before they enter'd, Baba paused to hint
To Juan some slight lessons as his guide:
"If you could just contrive," he said, "to stunt
That somewhat many-mast majesty of strike,
'T would be as well, and,—(though there's no need in this),
To swing a little less from side to side,
Which has at times an aspect of the oldest;
And also, could you look a little modest,

XCVI.
'T would be convenient; for these notes have eyes
Like needles, which might pierce those petticoats;
And if they should discover your disposition,
You know how near us the deep Bohemian floats
And you and I may chance, ere morning rise,
To find our way to Marmora without boats,
Strick'd up in sacks—a mode of navigation
A good deal practis'd here upon occasion."

XCVII.
With this encouragement, he led the way
Into a room still colder than the last;
A rich confusion form'd a disarray
In such sort, that the eye along it cast
Could hardly carry any thing away,
Objeet on object flash'd so bright and fast;
A dazzling mass of gems, and gold, and glitter,
Magnificently mingled in a litter.
DON JUAN.

XCIV.  Wealth has done wonders—has not much; such things Occur in orient palaces, and even In the more classical domes of western kings, (Of which I've also seen some six or seven), When I can't say of gold or diamond things Much harm there is much to be forgiven; Groups of bad statues, tables, chairs, and pictures, On which I cannot pass to make my structure.

XCV.  In this imperial hall, at distance lay Under a canopy, and there reclined Quite in a congenial queenly way, A lady. Raba stept'd, and kneeing, sign'd To Juan, who, thought not much need to pray, Kneel'd down by nature, wondering in his mind What all this meant; while Raba bow'd and bend'd His head, until the ceremony ended.

XCVI.  The lady, rising up with such an air As Venus rose with from the wave, on them Best like an antelope; a Paphian pair Of ears, which put out each surrounding gem: And, raising up an arm as moonlight fair, She sign'd to Raba, who first kiss'd the hem Of her deep-purple robe; and, speaking low, Pooled to Juan, who remain'd below.

XCVII.  Her presence was as full as her state; Her beauty of that overpowering kind, Whose force description only would abate; I'd rather leave it much to your own mind, Then lessen it by what I could relate Of forms and features; it would strike you blind, Could I do justice to the full accent; And, luckily for both, my phrases fail.

XCVIII.  This much however I may add—her years Were ripe, they might make six and twenty springs, But there are forms which Time to touch forsees, And turns aside his stygic to vulgar things, Such as was Mary's, Queen of Scots; true—tears And love destroy'd; and sapping sorrow wrings Choruses from the charmer—yet some never grow Ugly; for instance—Nunon de Fenacos.

XCIX.  She spake some words to her attendants, who Composed a choir of girls, ten or a dozen, And were all clad alike; like Juan, too. Who wore their uniform, by Raba chosen; They form'd a very nymph-like looking crew, Which might have call'd Danae's chorus "consin," As far as outward show very correspond; I won't be bait for any thing beyond.

C.  They bow'd obedience and withdrew, retiring, But not by the same door though which came in Raba and Juan, which last stood admiring, At some small distance, all he saw within This strange salon, much suited for insuring Masonry and praise; for both or none things win; And I must say I never could see the very Great happiness of the "Nil admirari."

Cl.  "Not to admire is all the art I know, (Plaintively, dear Murray, not free, free of speech) To make men happy, or to keep them so;" (So take it in the very words of Ovid.) Thus Horace wrote, we all know, long ago And thus Pope quotes the precept, to re-teach From his translation; but had none relinquent, Would Pope have sung, or Horace been inspired

CHI.  Baba, when at the damascenes were withdrawn, Motion'd to Juan to approach, and then A second time desired him to kneel down And kiss the lady's foot, which maxin when He heard repeated, Juan with a frown Drew himself up to his full height again, And said "It grieved him, but he could not stoop To any show, unless it shok the Pope."

CHII.  Baba, indignant at this illustined pride, Made fierce remonstrances, and then a threat To mutter'd (but the last was given aside) About a boosting—quite in vain: not yet Would Juan stoop, though 'twere to Mahomet's bride There's nothing at the world like etiquette, In kingly chambers or imperial halls, As also at the race and country balls.

CHV.  He stood like Atlas, with a world of words About his ears, and mathless could not bend; The blood of all his line's Christian lords Wof'd in his retire, and rather than descend To stain his pedigree, a thousand swords A thousand times of him had made an end; At length perceiving the "foot" could not stand, Baba proposed that he should kiss the hand.

CV.  Here was an honourable compromise, A half-way house of diplomatic rest, Where they might meet in much more peaceful guise; And Juan now his willingness express'd To use all fit and proper courtesies, Adding, that this was commonest and best, For through the South the custom still commands The gentleman to kiss the lady's hands.

CVI.  And he advanced, though with but a bad grace, Though on more thoroughbred or fairer fingers No lips ere left their transitory trace: On such as these the lip too sadly lingers, And for one kiss would fain imprint a brace, As you will see, if she you love will bring here In contact; and sometimes even a fair stranger's An almost twelvemonth's constancy endangers.

CVII.  The lady eyed him o'er and o'er; and bade Baba retire, which he obe'd in style, As if well used to the retroactive trade; And taking hints in good part all the while, He whisper'd Juan not to be afraid, And, looking on him with a sort of smile, Took leave with such a face of satisfaction, As good men wear who have done a virtuous action.

CVIII.  When he was gone, there was a sudden change, I know not what might be the lady's thought, But o'er her bright brow shone a transit strange, And into her clear cheek the blood was brought, Blister'd as summer sunbeams could which range. The verge of heaven; and in her large eyes aught A mixture of sensations might be scannd: Of half voluptuousness and half command.
CIX.

Her form had all the softness of her sex,
Her features all the sweetness of the devil,
When he put on the cambium to perplex
Eve, and paved (God knows how) the road to evil,
The sun himself was scarce more free from specks
Than she from aught at which the eye could cavil,
Yet somehow there was something somewhere wanting,
As if she rather ordered than was grating.—

CIX.

Something imperial, or imperious, throw
A chain o'er all she did; that is, a chain
Was thrown, as 'twere, about the neck of you,—
And rapture's self would seem almost a pain
With aught which looks like desperation in view:
Our souls at least are free, and 'tis in vain
We would against them make the flesh obey—
The spirit in the end will have its way.

CIXI.

Her very smile was haughty; though so sweet;
Her very nod was not an inclination;
There was a self-will even in her small feet,
As though they were quite conscious of her station—
They trud upon us pocks; and to complete
Her state (it is the custom of her nation),
A poniard deck'd her girdle, as the sign
She was a sultan's bride (thank Heaven, not mine).

CIXII.

"To hear and to obey" had been from birth
The law of all around her; to fulfil
All phantasies which yielded joy or mirth,
Had been her slave's chief pleasure, as her will;
Her blood was high, her beauty scarce of earth;
Justice, then, if her caprices o'er stood still;
Had she but been a Christian, I've a notion
We should have found out the "perpetual motion."

CIXIII.

Whate'er she saw and coveted was bought;
Whate'er she did not see, if she supposed
It might be seen, with diligence was sought,
And when't was found straightway the bargain closed.
There was no end unto the things she bought,
Nor to the trouble which her fancies caused;
Yet even her tyranny had such a grace,
The women pardoned all except her face.

CIXIV.

Juan, the latest of her whans, had caught
Her eye in passing on his way to sale;
She ordered him directly to be bought,
And Huna, who had never been known to fail
In any kind of mischief to be wrought,
Held his instructions where and how to deal;
She had no predecessor, but he had; and this
Explains at garb which Juan took amiss.

CIXV.

His youth and features favour'd the disguise,
And should you ask how she, a sultan's bride,
Could risk or compose such strange phantasies,
This I must leave suitors to decide:
Emperors are only husbands in waves' eyes,
And kings and conquerors oft are mistified,
As we may ascertain with due precision,
Some be experience, others by tradition.

CIXVI.

But to the main point, where we have been tending:—
She now conceived all difficulties past,
And deemed herself extremely condescending,
When being made her property at last,
Without more preface, in her blue eyes glowing
Passion and power, a glance on him she cast,
And merely saying, "Christian, cast that oye?"
Conceived that phrase was quite enough to move.

CIXVII.

And so it was, in proper time and place;
But Juan, who had still his mind overfrowning
With Haidee's isle and soft human face,
Felt the warm blood, which in his face was glowing;
Rush back upon his heart, which fill'd apace,
And left his cheeks as pale as snow-blooms blowing.
These words went through his soul like Arab spears,
So that he spoke not, but burst into tears.

CIXVIII.

She was a good deal shocked; not shock'd at teas.
For women shed and use them at their liking;
But there is something when man's eye appears
Wet, still more disagreeable and striking:
A woman's tear-drop melts, a man's half sears,
Like molten lead, as if you thrust a pike in
His heart, to force it out, for (to be shorter)
To them it's a relief, to us a torture.

CIXIX.

And she would have consol'd, but knew not bow;
Having no equals, nothing which had e'er
Infected her with sympathy till now,
And never having dreamt what 'twas to hear
Anguish of a serious sorrowing kind, although
There might arise some pouting petty care
To cross her brow, she wonder'd how so near
Her eyes another's eye could shed a tear.

CXX.

But nature teaches more than power can spoil,
And when a strong, although a strange sensation
Moves—female hearts are such: a equal soil
For kinder feelings, whatever their nation,
They naturally pour the "wine and oil,"
Samaritans in every situation:
And thus Gulbeyaz, though she knew not why,
Felt an old glistening moisture in her eye.

CXXI.

But tears must stop like all things else; and soon
Juan, who for an instant had been moved
To such a sorrow by the intrusive tone
Of one who dared to ask if "she had loved;"
Call'd back the sticke to his eyes, which shott
Bright with the very weakness he reproved;
And although sensitive to beauty, he
Felt most indignant still at not being free.

CXXII.

Gulbeyaz, for the first time in her days,
Was much embarrass'd, never having met
In all her life with aught save prayers and praise.
And as she also risk'd her life to get
Him whom she meant to tutor in love's ways
Into a comfortable fauteuil, to
 Lose the hour would make her quite a martyr;
And they had wasted now almost a quarter.

CXXIII.

I also would suggest the setting time,
To gentlemen in any such like case,
That is to say—in a Venetian clave:
With us there is more lax given to the case,
But here a small delay forms a great crime.
So recollect that the extreme grace
Is just two minutes for your declaration—
A moment more would burst your reputation.
CXXIV.

John's w. a. good; and might have been still better
But he had got Hecate into his head:
However strange, he could not yet forget her,
Which made him seem exceedingly ill-bred.

Guilbez, who look'd on him as her debtor
For having had him to the palace fed,
Began to blush up to the eyes; and then
Grew deadly pale, and then blush back again.

CXXV.

At length, in an imperial way, she said
Her hand on his, and leaning on his eyes,
Which needed not an empire to persuade,
Look'd into his for love, where none replies:
Her brow grew black, but she would not upbraid,
That being the last thing a proud woman tries;
She rose, and, pausing one chaste moment, threw
Herself upon his breast, and there she grew.

CXXVI.

This was an awkward test, as Juan found,
But he was steed by sorrow, wrath, and pride;
With gentle force her white arms he unwound,
And seated her all dropping by his side,
Then rising taughtly he glanced around,
And looking coldly in her face, he cried,
The prison'd eagle will not part, nor I
Serve a sultain's sensual phantasy.

CXXVII.

"Thou uckst if I can love! be this the proof
How much I have loved—that I love not thee!
In this vile ac, the distill'd web and woof
Were fitter for me: love is for the free!
I am not dazzled by this splendid roof.
Whatever the power, and great it seems to be—
Heads bow, knees bend, eyes watch around a throne,
And hands obey—our hearts are still our own."

CXXVIII.

This was a truth to us extremely trite,
Not so to her who never had heard such things;
She shou'd her least command must yield delight.
Earth being only made for queens and kings.
If hearts lay on the side or the right
She hardly knew, to such perfection brings
Legitimacy its born votaries, when
Aware of their due royal rights o'er men.

CXXIX.

Besides, as has been said, she was so fair
As even in a much humbler lot had made
A kingdom or confusion anywhere;
And also, as may be presumed, she laid
Some stress upon those charms which seldom are
By the possessors thrown into the shade;—
She thought hers gave a double 'right divine,
And half of that opinion also mine.

CXXX.

Remember, or (if you cannot) imagine,
Yet who have kept your chastity when young,
While some more desperate dowager has been waging
Love with you, and been in the dog-days stung
By your refusal, recall her raving!
Or recollect all that was said or sung
On such a subject; then suppose the face
Of a young downright beauty in this case.

CXXXI.

Suppose, but you already have supposed,
The spouse of Ph this, the Lady Bosby,
Phedra and all which story has disclosed
Of good examples; pity that so few by

Poets and private tutors are exposed,
To educate—ye youth of Europe—you by!
But when you have supposed the few we know
You can't suppose Guilbez's angry brow.

CXXXII.

A tiger's rick'ald of young, a hound,
Or any是指ng beast of prey;
Are snatches at hand for the distress
Of ladies who cannot have their own way;
But though my turn will not be served with loss,
These don't express one half what I should say;
For what is stealing young ones few or many,
To cut short their hopes of having any?

CXXXIII.

The love of off'spring's nature's general law,
From tigresses and bulls to ducks and ducklings,
There's nothing whets the beak or arms the claw.
Like an invasion of their hales and sucklings,
And all who have seen a human nursery, saw
How mothers love their children's squalls and chucklings;
And this strong extreme effect (to tire no longer
Your patience) shows the cause must still be stronger.

CXXXIV.

If I said fire flash'd from Guilbez' eyes,
'T were nothing—for her eyes flash'd always fire,
Or said her cheeks assumed the deepest dye,
I should but bring disgrace upon the dyer,
So supernatural was her passion's rise;
For n'er till now she knew a check'd desire:
Even you who know what a check'd woman is,
(Enough! God knows!) would much fall short of this.

CXXXV.

Her rage was but a minute's, and 'twas well—
A moment's more had slain her; but the while
It lasted, 'twas like a short glimpse of hell:
Nought's more sublime than ergetic bile,
Though horrible to see yet grand to tell,
Like ocean warring 'gainst a rocky isle;
And the deep passions flashing through her form
Made her a beautiful embalmed storm.

CXXXVI.

A vulgar tempest were to a Typhoon
To match a common fiery with her rage,
And yet she did not want to reach the noon,
Like moderate Hotspur on the immortal page,
Her anger pitch'd into a lower tone,
Perhaps the fault of her soft sex and age—
Her wish was but to 'kill, kill, kill,' like Lear's,
And then her thirst of blood was quench'd in tears.

CXXXVII.

A storm it raged, and like the storm it pass'd,
Pass'd without works—in fact she could not speak
And then her sex's shame broke in at last,
A sentiment till then in her but weak,
But now it 'dow'd in natural and fast,
As water through an unexpected leak,
For she felt humbled—and humiliation
Is sometimes good for people in her station.

CXXXVIII.

It teaches them that they are flesh and blood,
It also gently hints to them that others,
Although of clay, are not yet quite of mud;
That urns and pipkins are but fragile brothers,
And works of the same pottery, bad or good,
Though not all born of the same sires and mothers
It teaches—Heaven knows only what it teaches,
But sometimes it may mend, and often teach us.
CXXXIX.
Her first thought was to cut off Juan's head;
Her second, to cut only his acquaintance;
Her third, to ask him where he had been bred;
Her fourth, to rally him into repentance;
Her fifth, to call her maids and go to bed;
Her sixth, to stab herself; her seventh, to sentence
The lash to Baba—but her grand resource
Was to sit down again, and cry of course.

CXL.
She thought to stab herself, but then she had
The dagger close at hand, which made it awkward;
For eastern stays are little made to pad,
So that a pair would if 'tis stuck ha, ha!
She thought of killing Juan—but, poor lad!
Though he deserved it well for being so backward,
The cutting off his head was not the art
Most likely to attain her aim—his heart.

CXLl.
Juan was moved; he had made up his mind
To be impartial, or quarter'd as a dish
For dogs, or to be shun with pangs refined,
Or thrown to lions, or made bait for fish,
And thus heroically stood resign'd.
Rather than sim—except to his own wish:
But all his great preparatives for dying
Dissolved like snow before a woman crying.

CXLIl.
As through his palus Bob Acres' valor oozed,
So Juan's virtue o'bliv'd, I know not how;
And first he wonder'd why he had refused;
And then, if matters could be made up now;
And next his savage virtue he accused,
Just as a friar may accuse his vow,
Or as a dame repents her of her oath,
Which mostly ends in some small breach of both.

CXLIII.
So he began to stammer some excuses;
But words are not enough in such a matter,
Although you borrow'd all that c'er the noises
Have sung, or even a dandy's dastard chatter,
Or all the figures Castlereagh abuses;
Just as a languid smile began to flatter
His peace was making, but before he ventured
Further, old Baba rather briskly enter'd

CXLIV.
"Bride of the Sun! and Sister of the Moon!"
("T was thus he spake") of and Empress of the Earth!
Whose frown would put the spheres all out of tune,
Whose smile makes all the planets dance with mirth,
Your slave brings tidings—he hopes not too soon—
Which your sublime attention may be worth;
The Sun himself has sent me like a ray
To hint that he is coming up this way.

CXLV.
"Is it?" exclaim'd Galleyaz, "as you say?
I wish to heaven he would not shine till morning!
But 'd my woman form the milky way.
Never, my old counsellor, give the stars due warning—
And, Christian! mingle with them as you may;
As, if, 'as you have me pardon your past sooring—"
Here they were interrupted by a hummumg
Some, and then by a cry, "the Sultan's coming!"

CXLVI.
Just came her damoils, a decorous file,
And then his highnesses' eminences, black and white;
The train might reach a quarter of a mile;
His majesty was always so polite
As to announce his visit a long while
Before he came, especially at night;
For being the last rate of the emperor,
She was of course the favourite of the four.

CXLVII.
His highness was a man of solemn port,
Shaw'd to the nose, and bearded to the eyes,
Snatch'd from a prison to preside at court;
His lately bowstrung brother caused his rise;
He was as good a sovereign of the sort
As any mention'd in the histories
Of Cantemir, or Kindles, where few shine
Save Solymans, the glory of their line.2

CXLVIII.
He went to mosque in state, and said his prayers
With more than "oriental scrupulousy?"
He left to his vizer all state affairs,
And shou'd but little royal curiosity:
I know not if he had domed-the cars—
No process proved cannibal immensity;
Four wives and twice five hundred maidens, unseen,
Were ruled as calmly as a Christian queen.

CXLIX.
If now and then there happen'd a slight slip,
Little was heard of criminal or crime;
The story scarcely pass'd a single lip—
The sack and sea had settled all in time,
From which the secret nobody could rign:
The public knew no more than does this rhyme:
No scandals made the daily press a curse—
Morals were better, and the fish no worse.

CLI.
He saw with his own eyes the moon was round,
Was also certain that the earth was square,
Because he had journey'd fifty miles, and found
No sign that it was circular any where;
His empire also was without a bound—
'Tis true, a little troubled here and there,
By rebel pachas, and encroaching givers,
But then they never came to "the Seven Towers;"

CLl.
Except in shape of envoys, who were sent
To hedge there when a war broke out, according
To the true law of nations, which ne'er meant
Those soundbrels who have never had a sword in
Their dirty diplomatic hands, to vent
Their spleen in making strife, and safely wordii
Their lies, yept desparches, without risk or
The sugging of a single inkv whisker.

CLII.
He had fifty daughters and four dozen sons,
Of whom all such as came of age were need'd,
The former in a palace, where like nuts
They lived till some bashaw was sent abroad,
When she, whose turn it was, wasd at once,
Sometimes at six years old—though this seems odd
'Tis true; the reason is, that the bashaw
Must make a present to his sire in law.

CLIII.
His sons were kept in prison till they grew
Of years to fill a bowstring or the throw,
One or the other, but which of the two
Could yet be known unto the states alone,
Meantime the education they went d- and,
Was partly, as the proofs have always shown
So that the heir apparent still was good,
No less deserving to be hang'd than crow'd.
CLIV.
His majesty saluted his fourth spouse
With all the ceremonies of his rank,
Who could her sparkling eyes and smooth'd her brows,
As suits a matron who has play'd a pranks;
These must seem doubly mindful of their vows,
To save the credit of their breaking bank;
To no men are such cordial greetings given
As those whose wives have made them fit for heaven.

CLV.
His majesty cast around his great black eyes,
And looking, as he always look'd, perceived
Jem amongst the dances in disguise,
At which he seem'd no wint surpris'd, nor grieved
But just remark'd with air sedate and wise,
While still a flattering sigh Galleyza hearken,
"I see you've bought another girl;" his pity
That a mere Christian should be half so pretty."

CLVI.
This compliment, which drew all eyes upon
The new-bought virgin, made her blush and shake,
Her comrades, also, thought themselves undone:
Oh, Mahomet! that his majesty should take
Such notice of a gauze, while scarce to one
Of them his lips imperal ever spoke!
There was a general whisper, toss, and wriggle,
But etiquette forbade them all to giggle.

CLVII.
The Turks do well to shout—at least, sometimes—
The women up—because, in sad reality,
Their charity in these unhappy climes
Is not a thing of that astringent quality,
Which in the north prevents precarious crimes,
And makes our snow less pure than our morality;
The sun, which yearly melts the polar ice,
Has quite the contrary effect on vice.

CLVIII.
Thus far our chronicle; and now we pause,
Though not for want of matter; but 'tis time,
According to the ancient epic laws,
To slacken sail and anchor with our rhyme.
Let this fifth canto meet with due applause.
The sixth shall have a touch of the sublime;
Meanwhile, as Homer sometimes sleeps, perhaps
You'll pardon to my muse a few short maps.

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Preface

To

Cantos VI. VII. VIII.

The details of the siege of Ismail in two of the following cantos (i.e. the 7th and 8th) are taken from a French work, entitled "Histoire de la Nouvelle Russie."

Some of the incidents attributed to Don Juan really occurred, particularly the circumstance of his saving the infant, which was the actual case of the late Duke de Richelieu, then a young volunteer in the Russian service, and afterwards the founder and benefactor of Odessa, where his name and memory can never cease to be regarded with reverence. In the course of these cantos, a stanza or two will be found relative to the late Marquis of Londonderry, but written some time before his decease. Had that person's dignity died with him, they would have been suppressed; as it is, am aware of nothing in the manner of his death or his life to prevent the free expression of the opinions of all whom his whole existence was consumed in endeavours to enslave.

That he was an amiable man in private life, may or may not be true; but with his the public have nothing to do: and as to lamenting his death, it will be time enough when Ireland has ceased to mourn for his birth. As a minister, I, for one of millions, looked upon him as the most despicable in treachery, and the weakest in intellect, that ever tyrannized over a country. It is the first time indeed since the Norman, that England has been insulted by a minister (at least) who could not speak English, and that Parliament permitted itself to be dictated to in the language of Mrs. Malaprop.

Of the manner of his death little need be said, except that if a poor raising, such as Waddington or Watson, had cut his throat, he would have been buried in a cross-road, with the usual appurtenances of the stake and halter. But the minister was an elegant humanities, and an ardent erudi
ciun—be merely cut the "carotid artery" (blessings on their learning)—and ha! the pageant, and the abbey, and the syllables of "See, y'killed forth" by the newspapers—and the harangue of the coroner in an eneu over the bleeding body of the deceased—an Antony worth of such a Caesar—and the manceous and atrocious cant of a degraded crew of conspirators against all that is sincere or honourable. In his death he was necessarily one of two things by the law—a felon or a madman—and in either case no great subject for panegyric. In his life he was—what all the world knows, and half of it will feel for years to come, unless his death prove a "moral lesson" to the surviving Sejanis of Europe. It may at least serve as some consolation to the nation, that their oppressors are not happy, and in some instances judge so justly of their own actions as to anticipate the sentence of mankind.—Let us hear no more of this man, and let Ireland remove the ashes of her Grantan from the sanctuary of Westminster. Shall the Patriot of Humanity repose by the Werther of Politics!!!

With regard to the objections which have been made on another score to the already published cantos of this poem, I shall content myself with two quotations from Voltaire:

"La politique d'est conduit des cœurs, et s'est refugiee sur les livres."

"Plus les mœurs sont depravées, plus les expressions deviennent mesurées; on croit regagner en langue ce qu'on a perdu en vertu."

This is the real fact, as applicable to the degraded and hypocritical mass which dehavcs the present English generation, and is the only answer they deserve. The hackneyed and tired title of blasphemer—which with radical, liberal, Jacobin, reformer, etc., are the changes which the hangers are daily ringing in the ears of those who will listen—should be welcome to all who recollect on whom it was originally bestowed. Socrates and Jesus Christ were put to death publicly as blasphemers, and so have been and may be many who dare to oppose the most monstrous abuses of the name of God and the mind of man. But persecution

1 I spy by the bone of the head—the laws of human judge more gently; but as the levies have always the bone in their mouths, let them here make the most of it.

2 From this number must be excepted Canning's, Canning's genius, almost a universal one: an orator, a wit, a poet, a statesman; and no man of talent can long pursue the path of his life—his predecessor, Lord C. If ever man saved the country Canning can; but will he? I, if ever, hope so.
CANTO VI.

I.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood—\(\text{you know the rest,}
And most of us have found it true and then;\]
At least we think so, though but few have guess'd
The moment, till too late to come again.
But no doubt every thing is for the best—
Of which the surest sign is in the end:—
When things are at the worst, they sometimes mend.

II.

There is a tide in the affairs of women
"Which, taken at the flood, heads"—God knows where:
Those navigators must be able seamen
Whose charts lay down its currents to a hair;
Not all the reveries of Jacob Behmen
With its strange whirls and eddies can compare:
Men, with their heads, reflect on this and that—
But women, with their hearts, on Heaven knows what!

III.

And yet a headlong, headstrong, downright she,
Young, beautiful, and daring—who would risk
A throne, the world, the universe, to be
Beloved in her own way, and rather wish
The stars from out the sky, than not be free
As are the hallooms when the breeze is brisk—
Though such a she's a devil (if there be one),
Yet she would make full many a Minute man.

1 When Lord Somerville said "he did not know the difference between orthodoxy and heterodoxy,"—Wordsworth, in the famous poem, ""Ode: Intimations of Immortality for Children,"" put the doctrine of the present day as discovered, he says, a third kind of doxology, which has not greatly excited in the ears of the elect, that which Beethoven and \(\text{Church of England.}\)

IV.

Thebes, worlds, \(\text{et cetera,}\) are so oft upset
By commonest ambition, when that passion
Overthrows the same, we readily forget,
Or at the least forgive, the loving rash one.
If Antony be well remember'd yet,
'Tis not his conquests keep his name in fashion,
But Actium, last for Cleopatra's eyes,
Oustbalance all the Caesars' victories.

V

He died at fifty for a queen of forty;
I wish their years had been fifteen and twenty,
For then wealth, kingdoms, worlds, are but a sport—
I remember when, though I had no great plenty
Of worlds to lose, yet still to pay my court,
I Gave what I had—a heart: as the world went, I
Gave what was worth a world; for worlds could never
Restore me those pure feelings, gone for ever,

VI.

'T was the boy's "mite," and, like the "widow's mite," may
Perhaps be weight'd hereafter, if not now;
But whether such things do, or do not, weigh,
All who have loved, or love, will still allow
Life has nought like it. God is love, they say
And Love's a god, or was before the brow
Of Earth was wrinkled by the suns and tears
Of—but chronology best knows the years.

VII.

We left our hero and third heroine in
A kind of state more awkward than uncommon,
For gentlemen must sometimes risk their skin
For that sad temple, a forbidden woman:
Sultans too much abhor this sort of sin,
And don't agree at all with the wise Roman,
Heroic, stoic Cato, the sentenches,
Who lent his lady to his friend Hortensius.

VIII.

I know Gulhuyaz was extremely wrong;
I own it, I deplore it, I condemn it;
But I detest all fiction, even in song,
And so must tell the truth, how'er you blame it.
Her name being weak, her passions strong,
She thought that her lord's heart (even could she claim it)
Was scarce enough; for he had fifty-nine
Years, and a fifteen-hundredth circumspection.

IX.

I am not, like Cassio, "an arithmetician;"
But by the bookish theory it appears,
If his sum'd up with finumne precision,
That, adding to the account his Highness' years,
The fair Sultana err'd from intuition;
For, were the Sultan just to all his doors,
She could but claim the fifteen-hundredth part
Of what should be monopoly—the heart.

X.

It is observed that ladies are litigious
Upon all legal objects of possession,
And not the least so when they are religious,
Which doubles what they think of the trangression
With suits and prosecution they beseech us,
As the tribunals show through many a session,
When they suspect that any one goes shares
In that to which the law makes them sole heirs.

XI.

Now, if this holds good in a Christian land,
The heathens also, though with lesser latitude,
Are apt to carry things with a high hand,
And take what kings call "an imposing attitude;"
And for their rights conjugal make a stand,
When their false husbands treat them with ingratitude;
And as four wives must have quadruple claims,
The Tigris has its jealousies like Thames.

XII.
Gulbeyaz was the fourth, and (as I said)
The favourite; but what's favour amongst four?
Polygamy may well be held in dread,
Not only as a sin, but as a base;
Most wise men, with one moderate woman wed,
Will scarcely find philosophy for more;
And all (except Mainoontans) fear
To make the nuptial couch a "Bed of Ware."

XIII.
His highness, the sublimest of mankind,—
So styled according to the usual forms
Of every monarch, till they are consigned
To those sad hungry garrisons, the wars,
Who on the very holiest kings have dined,—
His highness gazed upon Gulbeyaz' charms,
Expecting all the welcome of a lover,
(A "Highland welcome" all the worldwide over)

XIV.
Now here we should distinguish; for how'er
Kisses, sweet words, embraces, and all that,
May look like what is—neither here nor there;
They are put on as easily as a hat,
Or rather bonnet, which the fair sex wear,
Triumphant either heads or hearts to decorate,
Which form an ornament, but no more part
Of heads, than their caresses of the heart.

XV.
A slight blush, a soft tremor, a calm kind
Of gentle feminine delight, and shown
More in the eyelids than the eyes, resound'd
Rather to hint what pleased most unknown,
Are the best tokens (to a modest mind) Of love, when seated on his loveable throne,
A sincere woman's breast,—for over warm
Or over cold amanuises the charm.

XVI.
For over warmth, if false, is worse than truth;
If true, 'tis no great lease of its own fire;
For no one, save in very early youth,
Would like (I think) to trust all to desire,
Which is but a precarious bond, in sooth,
And apt to be transfer'd to the first layer.
At a sad discount: while your over chilly
Women, on other hand, seem somewhat silly.—

XVII.
That is, we cannot pardon their bad taste,
For so it seems to lovers swift or slow,
Who enam would have a mutual flame confess'd,
And see a sentimental passion glow,
Even were St. Francis' paramour his guest,
In his Monastic Conclave of Snow;—
In short, the macun for the amorous tribe is
Horatian, "Modo tu tutissimi tibi."

XVIII.
The "tu" is too much,—but let it stand—the verse
Requires it, that's so say, the English rhyme,
And not the pink of old Hexameters;
But, after all, there's neither time nor time
In the last line, which cannot well be worse,
And I was thrust in to close the octave's chasse:
OWN no precisy can ever rate it
As a rule, but Truth may if you translate it.

XIX.
If fair Gulbeyaz overdid her part,
I know not—at succeeded, and success
Is much in most things, not least in the heart
Than other articles of female dress.
Self-love in men too beats all female art;
They lie, we lie, all lie, but love no less:
And no one virtue yet, except starvation,
Could stop that worst of vices—propagation.

XX.
We leave this royal couple to repose;
A bed is not a throne, and they may sleep,
Whate'er their dreams be, if of joys or woes;
Yet disappointed joys are woes as deep
As any man's clay mixture undergoes.
Our heart of sorrows are such as we weep;
'T is the vile daily drop on drop which wears
The soul out (like the stone) with petty cares.

XXI.
A scolding wife, a sullen son, a hill
To pay, unpaid, protested, or discounted
At a per-centage; a child cross, dog ill,
A favourite horse fallen lame just as he's mounted;
A bad old woman making a worse will,
Which leaves you not a trace of the wish you counted
As certain,—these are paltry things, and yet
I've early seen the man they did not fret.

XXII.
I'm a philosopher; confound them all!
Bills, beds, and men, and—no! not woman-kind!
With one good hearty curse I vent my gall,
And then my stoic leaves sought behind
Which it can either pam or evil call,
And I can give my whole soul up to mind;
Though what is soul or mind, their birth or growth
Is more than I know—the dence take them both.

XXIII.
So now all things are d—d, one feels at ease,
As after reading Athenasius' curse,
Which doth your true believer so much please.
I doubt if any now could make it worse
O'er his worst enemy when at his knees,
'T is so sententious, positive, and terse,
And decorates the book of Common Prayer,
As doth a rainbow the just clearing air.

XXIV.
Gulbeyaz and her lord were sleeping, or
At least one of them—Oh the heavy night!
When wicked wives who love some bachelor
Lie down in dudgeon to sigh for the light
Of the gray morning, and look vainly for
Its tremble through the lattice dusky quite,
To toss, to tumble, daze, revive, and quake,
Lest their too lawful bed-fellow should wake.

XXV.
These are beneath the canopy of heaven,
Also beneath the canopy of beds,
Four-posted and silk-cover'd, which are give
For rich men and their brides to lay their heads
Upon, in sheets white as what harts call "inner Snow."
Well! 't is all haphazard when one weds
Gulbeyaz was an empress, but had been
Perhaps as wretched if a peasant's queen.

XXVI.
Don Juan, in his feminine disguises,
With all the damsels in their long array,
Had bow'd themselves before the imperial eyes.
And, at the usual signal, 'twas their way.
BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS.

Back to their chambers, those long galleries
In the seraglio, where the ladies lay
Then delicate hands; a thousand bosoms there
Beating for love, as the caged bird's for air.

XXVII.
I love the sex, and sometimes would reverse
The tyrant's wish 't that mankind only had
One neck, which he with one fell stroke might pierce:
My wish is quite as wide, but not so bad,
And much more tender on the whole than fierce;
It being (not now, but on'y while a lad)
That woman-kind had but one rosy month,
To kiss them all at once from North to South.

XXVIII.
Oh curbable Briareus! with thy hands
And heads, if thou hustl all things multiplied
In such proportion!—But my muse withstands
The giant thought of being a Titan's bride,
Or traveling in Patagonian lands;
So let us back to Liliput, and guide
Our hero through the labyrinth of love
In which we left him several lines above.

XXX.
He went forth with the lovely Odalisques,
At the same signal joint'd to their array;
And though he certainly ran many risks,
Yet he could not at times keep by the way,
(Although the consequences of such frisks
Are worse than the worst dangers men pay
In moral England, where the thing's a tax),
From ogling all their charms from breasts to backs.

XXXI.
Still he forget not his disguise,—along
The galleries from room to room they walk'd,
A virgins-like and cloying throng,
By cunningly's flank'd; while at their head there stalk'd
A dame who kept up discipline among
The female ranks, so that none stirr'd or talk'd
Without her sanction on their shoulders:
Her title was "the Mother of the Maids."

XXXI.
Whether she was a "mother," I know not,
Or whether they were "maids" who call'd her mother;
But this is her seraglio title, get
I know not how, but good as any other;
So Cautious can tell you, or De Tott;
Her office was to keep aloof or smother
All bad propensities in fifteen hundred
Young women, and correct them when they blunder'd.

XXXII.
A goodly sincere, no doubt but made
More easy by the absence of all men
Except his Majesty, who, with her aid,
And guards, and bolts, and walls, and now and then
A slight example, just to cast a shade
Along the rest, contrived to keep this den
Of beauties cool as an Italian convent,
Where all the passions have, alas! but one vent.

XXXIII.
And what is that? Deceit, doubtless—how
Could you ask such a question?—but we will
Continue. As I said, this goodly room
Of ladies of all countries at the will
Of one good man, with_stately march and slow,
Like water-likes fleeting down a rill,
Or rather lakes—far rills do not run slowly,—
Paused on most maiden-like and melancholy

XXXIV
But when they reach'd their own apartments, there
Like birds, or boys, or hooligans broke loose,
Waves at spring-tide, or women any where
When freed from bonds (which are of no great est,
After all), or like Irish at a fair,
Their guards being gone, and, as it were, a trance
Establish'd between them and bondage; they
Began to sing, dance, chatter, smile, and play.

XXXV.
Their talk of course ran most on he new comer,
Her shape, her air, her hair, her every thing;
Some thought her dress did not so much become her,
Or wonder'd at her ears without a ring;
Some said her years were getting near their summer
Others contended they were but in spring;
Some thought her rather masculine in height,
While others wish'd that she had been so quite.

XXXVI.
But no one doubted, on the whole, that she
Was what her dress bespoke, a damsell fair,
And fresh, and "beautiful exceedingly."
Who with the brightest Georgians might compare
They wonder'd how Cunibayn too could be
So silly as to buy slaves who might share
(If that his Highness wearied of his bride)
Her throne and power, and every thing beside.

XXXVII.
But what was strangest in this virgin crew,
Although her beauty was enough to vex
After the first investigating view,
They all found out as few, or fewer, spots,
In the fair form of their companion now,
Than is the custom of the gente sex.
When they survey, with Christian eyes or Heaths
In a new face "the ugliest creature breathing."

XXXVIII.
And yet they had their little jealousies,
Like all the rest; but upon this occasion,
Whether there are such things as sympathies
Without our knowledge or our approbation,
Although they could not see through his disguise,
All felt a soft kind of concatenation,
Like magnetism, or devilism, or what
You please—we will not quarrel about that:

XXXIX.
But certain 't is, they all felt for their new
Companion something never still, as 't were
A sentimental friendship through and through,
Extremely pure, which made them all concern
In wishing her their sister, save a few
Who wish'd they had a brother just like her,
Whom, if they were at home in sweet Circeus,
They would prefer to Parnis or Pachus.

XL.
Of those who had most genius for this sort
Of sentiment, friendship, there were three,
Lolah, Katiuka, and Dubli:—in short,
(To save description), fair as fair can be
Were they, according to the best report,
Though differing in stature and degree,
And clime and time, and country and complexion;
They all alike admired their new connexion.

XLI.
Lolah was dusky as India, and as warm;
Katiuka was a Georgian, white and red,
With great blue eyes, a lovely hand and arm,
And feet so small they scarce seem'd made to tread
But rather shrine the earth—while Dulci's form
Look'd more adapted to be put to bed,
Being somewhat large and languishing and lazy,
Yet of a beauty that would drive you crazy.

A kind of sleepy Venus seemed Dulci,
Yet very fit to "murder sleep" in those
Who gazed upon her check's transcendent hue,
Her Attic forehead, and her Pianina nose;
Few angles were there in her form,—'tis true,
Though she might have been, and yet scarce lose;
Yet, after all, 'twould puzzle to say where
It would not spoil some separate charm to pure.

She was not violently lovely, but
Stole on your spirit like a May-day breaking;
Her eyes were not too sparkling, yet, half shut,
They put beholders in a tender raving;
She look'd (this simile's quite new) just cut
From marble, like Pygmalion's statue wakening
The mortal and the marble still at strife,
And timely expanding into life.

Lolah demanded the new damsel's name—
"Juanna."—"Well, a pretty name enough.
Kattinka ask'd her also whence she came—
"From Spam."—"But where is Spam?"—"Don't ask such stuff,
Nor show your Georgian ignorance—for shame!"
Said Lolah, with an accent rather rough,
To poor Kattinka: "Spain's an island sea,
Morocco, betwixt Egypt and Tangier."

Dulci said nothing, but sat down beside
Juanna, playing with her veil or hair;
And, looking at her steadfastly, she sigh'd,
As if she pitied her for being there,
A pretty stranger, without friend or guide.
And all absent too at the general stare
Which welcomes hopeless strangers in all places,
With kind remarks upon their men and faces.

But here the Mother of the Mends drew near,
With "Ladies, it is time to go to rest.
I'm puzzld what to do with you, my dear,
She added to Juanna, their new guest:
"Your coming has been unexpected here,
And every coach is occupied; you had best
Partake of none; but by tomorrow early
We will have all things settled for you fairly."

Here Lolah interpos'd—"Juanna, you know
You don't sleep soundly, and I cannot bear
That any body should disturb you; so
I'll take Juanna; we're a slender pair
Than you would make the half of;—don't say no,
And I of your young charge will take due care.
But here Kattinka interfered and said,
"She also had compassion and a bed,"

Besides, I hate to sleep alone," quoth she.
The matron frown'd: "Why so?"—"For fear of ghosts.
Repell'd Kattinka; "I am sure I see
A phantom upon each of the four posts;
And then I have the worst dreams that can be,
Of Ghouches, Giaours, and Gims, and Gods in hosts."—
The dame repell'd, "Between your dreams and you,
I fear Juanna's dreams would be not few.

XLIX.
"You, Lolah, must tune Cell still to be
Alone, for reasons which don't matter; you
The same, Kattinka, until by and by;
And I shall place Juanna with Dulci,
Who's quiet, meditative, silent, shy,
And will not toss and chatter the night through.
What say you, child?"—Dulci said nothing, as
Her talents were of the more silent class;
But she rose up and kiss'd the matron's brow
Between the eyes, and Lolah on both cheeks,
Kattinka too; and with a gentle bow
(Curtseys are neither used by Turks nor Greeks),
She took Juanna by the hand to show
Their place of rest, and left to both their piques,
The others posting at the matron's preference
Of Dulci, though they held their tongues from deference.

It was a spacious chamber (Oda is
The Turkish title), and ranged round the wall
Were couches, toilets—and much more than this
I might describe, as I have seen it all,
But it sufficed—little was amiss.
"There on the whole, a nobly furnished bed,
With all things ladies want, save one or two,
And even those were nearer than they knew.

But she was a soft landscape of mild earth,
Where all was harmony and calm and quiet,
Luxuriant, budding; cheerful without mirth,
Which, if not happiness, is much more nigh it
Than are your mighty passions and so forth,
Which some call "the sublime." I wish they'd try it.
I've seen your stormy seas and stormy women,
And pity lovers rather more than seamen.

But she was pensive more than melancholy,
And serious more than pensive, and serious,
It may be, more than either—not unfairly
Her thoughts, at least till now, appear to have been.
The strangest thing was, beauteous, she was wholly
Unconscious, allurn'd of quick seventeen,
That she was fair, or dark, or short, or tall;
She never thought about herself at all.

And therefore was she kind and gentle as
The Age of Gold (when gold was yet unknown,
By which its nomenclature came to pass;
Thus most appropriately has been shown
"Locus a non Lucendo," not what is, but
But what was not; a sort of style that's grown
Extremely common in this age, whose metal
The devil may decompose but never settle.

And I think it may be of "Cornelian Brass,
Which was a mixture of all metals, but
The brazen uppermost). Kind reader! pass
This long parenthesis: I could not shut
It sooner for the soul of me, and cass
My faults even with your own: which meaneth, put
A kind construction upon them and me:
But that you won't—then don't—I am not less free.

LVII.
Tis time we should return to plain narration,
And thus my narrative proceeds:—Dudù
With every kindness short of ostentation,
Shaw'd Juana, or Juanna, through and through
This labyrinthal of females, and each station
Described—what's strange, in words extremely few:
I have but one simile, and that's a blunder,
For wordless women, which is silent thunder.

LVIII.
And next she gave her (I say her, because
The gender still was epeoike, at least)
In outward show, which is a saving clause
An outline of the customs of the East,
With all their chaste integrity of laws,
By which the more a human is increased,
The stricter doubless grew the vestal duties
Of any superannuous beauties.

LIX.
And then she gave Juana a chaste kiss:
Dudù was fond of kissing—which I'm sure
That nobody can ever take amiss,
Because 'tis pleasant, so that it be pure,
And between females means no more than this—
That they have nothing better near, or newer. 
"Kiss" rhymes to "bless" in fact as well as verse—
I wish it never led to something worse.

LX.
In perfect innocence she then unmade
Her toilet, which cost little, for she was
A child of nature, carelessly array'd;
If fond of a chance ogie at her glass,
'T was like the fawn which, in the lake display'd
Beholds her own shy shadowy image pass,
When first she starts, and then returns to peep,
Admiring this new nature of the deep.

LXI.
And one by one her articles of dress
Were laid aside; but not before she offer'd
Her aid to fair Juanna, whose excess
Of modesty declin'd the assistance propos'd—
Which pass'd well off—as could she do no less:
Though by this polishe's she rather suffer'd,
Picking her fingers with those cursed pins,
Which surely were invented for our sins—

LXII.
Making a woman like a porcupine,
Not to be rashly touch'd. But still more dread,
Oh ye! whose fate it is, as once 'twas mine,
In early youth, to turn a lady's maid;—
I did my very best to bee hon and
In tricking her out for a masquerade:
The pins were placed sufficiently, but not
Stuck all exactly in the proper spot.

LXIII.
But these are foolish things to all the wise—
And I love Wisdom more than she loves me;
My tendencie is to philosophize.
On nice things, from a tyrant to a tree;
But still the spinless virgin Knowledge flies.
What are we? and whence came we? what shall be
Our ultimate existence? what's our present?
Are creatures answerless, and ye necessar,
One on the other, throughout the whole ball,
All trembling, wondering, without the least notion,
More than I have myself, of what could make
The calm Dulé so turbulently wake.

LXIX.
But wide awake she was, and round her bed,
With floating draperies and with flying hair,
With eager eyes, and light but hurried tread,
And bonnet, arms, and mules glancing bare,
As bright as any meteor ever bred
By the North Pole,—they sought her cause of care. For she seemed agitated, flushed, and frightened,
Her eye dilated and her colour brightened.

LXIII.
But what is strange—and a strong proof how great
A blessing is sound sleep, Juanna lay
As fast as ever husband by his mate
In holy matrimony evermore.
Not all the calamity broke her happy state
Of slumber, ere they shook her,—so they say,
At least,—and then she too unchased her eyes,
And yawn'd a good deal with discreet surprise.

LXIV.
And now commenced a strict investigation,
Which, as all spoke at once, and more than once
Conjecturing, wondering, asking a narration,
Alike might puzzle either wit or sense
To answer in a very clear oration.
Dulé had never pass'd for wanting sense,
But, being "no orator, as Brutus is,"
Could not at first expose what was amiss.

LXV.
At length she said, that, in a summer's son
She dreamed a dream of walking in a wood—
A "wood obscure," like that where Dante found
Himself in at the age when all grew good;
Life's half-way house, where dunes with virtue crown'd
Run much less risk of lovers turning rude;
And that the wood was full of pleasant fruits,
And trees of goodly growth and spreading roots;

LXVI.
And in the midst a golden apple grew,—
A most prodigious pippin—but it hung
Rather too high and distant; that she threw
Her glance on it, and then, lingering, hung
Some time, and whatever she could pick up,
To bring down the fruit, which still perversely clung
To its own bough, and dangled yet in sight,
But always at a most provoking height:—

LXVII.
That on a sudden, when she least had hope,
It fell down of its own accord, before
Her feet; that her first movement was to stoop
And pick it up, and bet it to the core;
That just as her young lip began to open
Upon the golden fruit the vision bore,
A bowflew out and stung her to the heart,
And so—she awaked with a great scream and start.

LXVIII.
Alas! she told with some confusion and
Dread, the moral consequence of dreams
Of the unpleasant kind, on this side at hand
To expose their vain and visionary gleams.
I've known such charming scenes which so easily blind'd
Prophecies, or that which one dreams
"A strange coming hence," to use a phrase
By which such ruses are settled nowadays.

LXXIX.
The damsel, who had thoughts of some great harm
Began, as is the consequence of fear,
To sound a little at the false alarm.
That broke for nothing on their sleeping ear.
The matron too was wrath to leave her wear
Bed for the dream she had been obliged to hear,
And chid'd at poor Dulé, who only sigh'd,
And said that she was sorry she had cried.

LXXX.
"I've heard of stories of a cock and bell;
But visions of an apple and a bee,
To take us from our natural rest, and pull
The whole Oda from their beds at half-past three;
Would make us think the moon is at its full.
You surely are unwell, child! we must see,
Tomorrow, what his highness's physician
Will say to this hysteric of a vision.

LXXXI.
"And poor Juanna, too! the child's first night
Within these walls, to be broke in upon
With such a shamour—I thought it right
That the young stranger should not lie alone,
And, as the quietest of all, she might
With you, Dulé, a good night's rest have know'd
But now I must transfer her to the charge
Of Lola—though her coach is not so large."

LXXXII.
Lolah's eyes sparkled at the proposition;
But poor Dulé, with large drops in her own,
Resulting from the scolding or the vision,
Implored that present pardon might be shown
For this first fault, and that on no condition
(Shew added in a soft and piteous tone),
Juanna should be taken from her, and
Her future dreams should all be kept in hand.

LXXXIII.
She promised never more to have a dream,
At least to dream so loudly as just now;
She wonder'd at herself how she could scream—
"T was foolish, nervous, as she must allow,
A fond hallucination, and a theme
For laughter—but she felt her spirits low,
And begg'd they would excuse her; she'd get over
This weakness in a few hours, and recover.

LXXXIV.
And here Juanna kindly interposed,
And said she felt herself extremely well
Where she then was, as her sound sleep showed
When all around rang like a tenor-bell.
She did not find herself the least disposed
To quit her gentle partner, and to dwell
Apart from one who had no sin to show,
Save that of dreaming once "applé-boppes."

LXXXV.
As thus Juanna spoke, Dulé tum'd round,
And had her face within Juanna's breast;
Her neck alone was seen, but that was round.
The colour of a budding rose's crest.
I can't tell why she blushed, nor can expand
The mystery of this rupture of their rest;
All that I know is, that the facts I state
Are true as truth has ever been of late.

LXXXVI.
And so good night to them,—or, if you will,
Good morrow—for the rock had crown'd, and light
Began to clothe each Asiatic hill,
And the mosque's crescent struggled into sight.
Of the long caravan, which in the chill
Of dewy dawn wound slowly round each head
That stretches to the stony belt which girds
Asia, where Kull looks down upon the Kurds.

LXXXVII.
With the first ray, or rather gray of morn,
Gulchevar rose from restlessness; and pale
As Passion rises, with its loom worn,
Array'd herself with beauty, grace, and veil:
The nightingale that sings with the deep thorn,
*Which Fabio places in her breast of wail,
Is lighter far of heart and voice than those
Whose headlong passions form their proper vows.

LXXXVIII.
And that's the moral of this composition,
If people would but see its real drift:
But that they will not do so, out suspicion;
Because all gentle reader have the gift
Of closing against the light, their orbs of vision;
While gentle writers ever love to lift
Their voices against calm, after which is natural—
The numbers are too great for them to flatter all.

LXXXIX.
Rose the sun from a bed of splendour,—
Sober than the soft Shevartie's, who cried
Aloud because his feelings were too tender,
To break a ruffled roseleaf by his side,—
So beautiful that art could little mend her,
Though pale with conflicts between love and pride:—
So agitated was she with her error,
She did not even look into the mirror.

XC.
Also arose about the self-same time,
Perhaps a little later, her great lord,
Master of thirty kingdoms so sublime,
And of a size by whom he was abhorr'd;
A thing of much less import in that clime—
At least to those of incomes which afford
The filling up their whole commodious cargo—
Than where two wives are under an embargo.

XCI.
He did not think much on the matter, nor
Indeed on any other: as a man,
He liked to have a handsome paramour.
At hand, as one may like to have a fan,
And therefore of Circassians had good store,
As an amusement after the Divan;
Though an unusal fit of love, or duty,
Had made him lately look in his bride's beauty.

XCII.
And now he rose: and after due ablations,
Loosed by the costumes of the East,
And prayer, and other porn evolutions,
He drank six cups of coffee at the least,
And then withdrew to hear about the Russians,
Whose victories had recently increased,
In Catherine's reign, whom glory still adores
As greatest of all sovereigns and w——e.s.

XCIII.
But oh, thou grand legitimate Alexander!
Her son's son, let not this last phrase offend
Those ear, if it should reach—and not rhymes wander
Almost as far as Peterborough, and land
A dreadful impasse to each head mailer
Of murmuring Liberty's side waves, which blend
Their roar even with the Baltic,—so you be
Your father's son, 'tis quite enough for me.

XCIV.
To call men love-begotten, or predestined
Their mothers as the antipodes of Titan,
That hater of mankind, would be a shock,
A libel, or whatever you please to rhyme it at.
But people's ancestors are history's game;
And if one hate's ship could leave a crime on
All generations, I should like to know
What legislist the best would have to show?

XCV.
Had Catherine and the sultan understood
Their own true interest, which kings rarely know
Until 'tis taught by blood rather than ruck,
There was a way to end their strife, although
Perhaps precarious, had they but thought good,
Without the aid of prince or plebe:
She to dismiss her guards, and he his harem,
And for their other matters, meet and share'em.

XCVI.
But as it was, his Highness had to hold
His daily council upon ways and means,
How to encounter with this martial sedd,
This modern Amazon and Queen of queens:
And the perplexity could not be told
Of all the pillars of the state, which lean
Sometimes a little heavy on the backs
Of those who cannot lay on a new tax.

XCVII.
Meantime Gulchevar, when her king was gone,
Retired into her boudoir, a sweet place
For love or breakfast: private, pleasing, lone,
And rich with all contrivances which grace
Those gay recesses:—many a precious axis
Sparkled along its roof, and many a vase
Of porcelain held in the letter'd flowers,
Those captive mothers of a captive's hours.

XCVIII.
Mother-of-pearl, and porphyry, and marble,
Viel with each other on this easily spot,
And singing-birds without were heard to warble;
And the stain'd glass which lighted this fair gem
Varied each ray:—but all descriptions garble
The true effect, and so we would better not
Be too minute; an outline is the best,—
A lively reader's fancy does the rest.

XCIX.
And here she summons'd Baba, and required
Don Juan at his hands, and information
Of what had pass'd since all the slaves retired,
And whether he had occupied their station;
If matters had been managed as desired,
And his disguise with due consideration
Kept up; and, above all, the where and how
He had pass'd the night, was what she wish'd to know.

CI.
Baba, with some embarrassment, replied
To this long catechism of questions ask'd,
More easily than answer'd,—that he had tried
His best to obey in what he had been task'd,
But there seemed something that he wish'd to hide
Which his station more betray'd than mask'd;
He scratch'd his ear, the inoffable resource
To which embarrassed people have recourse.

CII.
Gulchevar was no model of true patience,
Nor much disposed to wait in word or deed;
She liked quick answers in all conversations,
And when she saw him stammering like a stodg
In his replies, she puzzled him for fresh ones;
And as his speech grew still more broken-kneed,
Her cheek began to throb, her eyes to sparkle,
And her proud brow's blue veins to swell and darkle.

CII.
When Baba saw these symptoms, which he knew
To bode him no good end, he deprecated
Her anger, and beseech'd she'd hear him through—
He could no help the thing which he related:
Then out it came at length, that to Daddi
Juan was given in charge, as had been stated;
But not by Baba's fault, he said, and swore on
The holy canon's hump, besides the Koran.

CIII.
The chief dame of the Ohi, upon whom
The discipline of the whole harem here,
As soon as they resented their own room,
For Baba's function step'd short at the door,
Had settled all; nor could he then presume
(The aforesaid Baba) just then to do more,
Without exciting such suspicion as
Might make the matter still worse than it was,

CIV.
He bethink'd, indeed he thought he could be sure,
Juan had not betray'd himself; in fact,
"Twas certain that his conduct had been pure,
Because a foolish or impudent act
Would not alone have made him insecure,
But end'd in his being come out and sent
And thrown into the sea.—Thus Baba spoke
Of all save Daddi's dream, which was no pike.

CV.
This he discreetly kept in the dark great,
And told'd awry—and might have told'd till now,
For my further answer that he found,
So deep an anguish wrung Guilevaz' bow;
Her cheek turn'd ashy, ears rang, brain shrill round,
As if she had received a sudden blow,
And the heart's dew of pain spung fast and chillly
Over her fair front, like mornings on a lily.

CVI.
Although she was not of the fighting sort,
Baba thought she would find, or not there he err'd—
It was but a resolution, when, though short,
Cannot be describ'd; we all have heard,
And some of us have felt thus: "cl am not,"
When things beyond the common have occur'd it;
Colley's poem is in the least a Ragug
What she could never express—how should I?

CVII.
She stood a moment, as a Pythia
Stands on her tripod, apocalyptic, and full
Of inspire a gather'd from distress,
When all the heart-stones like wild horses pull
The heart number—when, as more or less
Their speed staid, or these strength grew skilful,
She sank down on her seat by slow degrees,
And how'd her throbbing heart; o'er trembling knees.

CVIII.
Her face declined, and was unseen; her hair
Fall'd long, loose locks like the weeping willow,
Swaying the marble under her chair,
Or rather sofa (for it was all pillow—
A box, soft ottoman), and black despair
Surr'd up and down her brows like a bit of
Which rushes to some shore, whose single's check
Its farther course, but must receive its wreck.

CIX.
Her head hung down, and her long hair in stooping
Conceal'd her features better than a veil;
And one hand o'er the autumn hay drooping
Winter, waken'd, and as alabaster pale;
Would that I were a painter! to be grouping
All that a poet draws into detail!
Oh that my words were colours! but their tints
May serve perhaps as outlines or slight lines.

CX.
Baba, who knew by experience when to talk
And when to hold his tongue, now held it all
This passion might bow o'er, nor dared to hurl
Guilevaz' taciturn or speaking will.
At length she rose up, and began to walk
Slowly along the room, but silent still,
And her brow cloud'd, but not her troubled eye—
The wind was down, but still the sea ran high.

CXI.
She step'd'd, and raised her head to speak—but paused,
And then moved on again with rapid pace;
Then shake'd it, which is the march most caused
By deep emotion;—you may sometimes trace
A feeling in each footstep, as disclosed
By Satan in his Canitone, who, Crested
By all the demons of all passions, show'd
Their work even by the way in which he trode.

CXII.
Guilevaz step'd'd and beckon'd Baba:—"Slave!
Bring the two slaves!" she said, in a low tone,
But one which Baba did not like to brave,
And yet he shudder'd, and seem'd rather prone
To prove reluctant, and begg'd leave to crave
(Though he well knew the meaning) to be show'd
What savers her highness wliich'd to indicate,
For fear of any error like the late.

CXIII.
The Georgian and her paramour," replied
The imperial bride,—and added, "my the boat
Be ready by the secret portal's side,
You know the rest?" The words stuck in her throat
Despite her injured love and fiery pride;
And of this Baba willingly took note,
And knowing, by every hair of Mahomet's beard,
She would revolve the order he had heard.

CXIV.
"To hear is to obey," ne said; "but still,
Sultana, think upon the consequence;
It is not that I shall not all hold
Your orders, even in their severest sense;
But such precipitation may end ill,
Even at your own imperative expense;
I do not mean destruction and exposure,
In case of any premature disclosure;

CXV.
"But your own feelings,—Even should all the rest
Be hidden by the rolling wavel's, which hide
Already many a once love-beaten breast
Deep in the caverns of the deadly wave—
You love this boyish, new seragio guest,
And—if this violent remedy be tried—
Excruciate my freedom, when I here assure you
That killing him is not the way to cure you."

CXVI.
"What dest thou know of love or feeling?—wretch!
Be gone!" she cried, with kindling eyes, "and do
My bidding!" he cried; for to stretch
His own renunciation further, he well knew.
I say no more than has been said in Dante's
Verse, and by Solomon, and by Cervantes;
IV.

By Swift, by Machiavel, by Rokofocsanslak,
By Fendoch, by Luther, and by Plato;
By Tiltonon, and Wesley, and Rousseau,
Who know this life was not worth a potato.
'Tis not their fault, nor mine, if this be so—
For my part, I pretend not to be Cato,
Nor even Diogenes.—We live and die,
But which is best, you know no more than I.

V.

Socrates said, our only knowledge was,
"To know that nothing could be known," a pleasant
Science enough, which leads to an ass
Each man of wisdom, future, past, or present.
Newton (that proverb of the mind), alas!
Declared, with all his grand discoveries recent,
That he himself felt only "like a youth
Picking up shells by the great ocean—truth."

VI.

Ecclesiastes said, all that is vanity—
Most modern preachers say the same, or show
Their examples of true Christianity;
In short, all know, or very soon may know it;
And in this scene of all-confes.s'd impiety
By saint, by sage, by preacher, and by poet,
Must I restrain me, through the fear of strife,
From holding up the nothingness of life?

VII.

Dogs, or men! (for I flatter you in saying
That ye are dogs—your betters far) ye may
Read, or read not, what I am now essaying;
To show ye what ye are in every way.
As little as the moon stone for the baying
Of wolves, will the bright Muse withdraw one ray
From out her skies;—then bowl your idle war!
While she still silvers o'er your gloomy path.

VIII.

"Fierce loves and faithless wars"—I am not sure
If this be the right reading,—'tis no matter;
The fact's about the same; I am secure;—
I sing them both, and am about to batter
A town which did a famous siege endure,
And was beleaguer'd both by land and water
By Suvaroff, or anglicd Suwarrow,
Who loved blood as an allroadman loves marrow.

IX.

The fortress is call'd Ismail, and is placed
Upon the Danube's left branch and left bank,
With buildings in the oriental taste,
But still a fortress of the foremost rank,
Or was, at least, unless it is since defaced,
Which with your commorers is a common prais;
It stands some eighty versets from the high sea,
And measures round of torses thousands three.

X.

Within the extent of this fortification
A borough is comprised, along the height
Upon the left, which, from its loftier station,
Commands the city, and upon its site
A Greek had raised around this elevation
A quantity of palisades upright,
So placed as to impede the fire of those
Who hold the place, and to assist the foe's.

XI.

This circumstance may serve to give a notion
Of the high talents of this new Vauban;
But the town duch below was deep as ocean,
The rampart higher than you’d wish to hang:
But then there was a great want of precaution,
(Prithie, excuse this engineering slang).
Nor work advanced, nor cover’d way was there,
To hint at least “Here is no thoroughfare.”

But a stone bastion, with a narrow gorge,
And walls as thick as most skulls seen as yet;
Two batteries, cap-a-pie, as our Saint George,
Case-mounted one, and ‘t other a “charlotte,”
tof Danube’s bank took formidable charge;
While two-and-twenty cannon, duly set,
Rose over the town’s right side, in bristling tier,
Forty feet high, upon a cavalier.

But from the river the town’s open quite,
Because the Turks could never be persuaded
A Russian vessel o’er would heave in sight;
And such their creed was, till they were invade,
When it grew rather late to act things right.
But as the Danube could not well be waded,
They took up the Muscovite flethias,
And only shouted, “Alla!” and “Bri Million!”

The Russians now were ready to attack;
But oh, ye goddesses of war and glory!
How shall I spell the name of each Cossack
Who were immortal, could one tell their story?
Ahas! what to their memory can lack?
Achilles self was not more grim and gory
Than thousands of this new and polish’d nation,
Who ever want nothing but—pronunciation.

O’er I’ll record a few, if but to increase
Our euphony—there was Struengamoff, and Strokenoff,
Yeknop, Serge Ludov, & sonew of modern Grecia,
And Tschitshakoff, and Roguenoff, and Chokenoff,
And others of twelve consomants acepe;
And more might be found out, if I could poke enough
Into gazettes; but Fame (capricious strumpet)
It seems, but got an ear as well as trumpet,

And cannot tune those discourses of narration,
Which may be names at Moscow, into rhyme.
Yet there were several worth communication,
As o’er was virgin of a mental clime;
Soft words too, fitted for the peroration
Of Londonderry, dwelling against time,
Ending in “ischakoff,” “oonskin,” “zrichley,” “oonski,”
Of whom we can insert but Rosanouff,

Schermatoff and Chreematoff, Keklephi,
Kochels, Kourakun, and Morskin Pouskin,
All proper men of weapons, as o’er scoul’d high
Against a foe, or ran a saubre through foes.
Little cared they for Mahomet or Mufi,
Unless to make their kettle-drums a new skin
Out of their hides, if pursuivant had grown dear,
Ano n’ore more handy substitute been near.

XVIII.
Then were we foreigners of much renown,
Or various nations, and all volunteers,
Not fighting for their country or its crown,
But wishing to be one day brothers;
Also to have the sacking of a town—
A pleasant thing to young men at their years.
Mongst them were several Englishmen of juth,
Sixteen call’d Thompson, and nineteen named Smith.

XIX.
Jack Thompson and Bill Thompson,—all the rest
Had been call’d “Jennyw,” after the great hard
I don’t know whether they had arns orcrest,
But such a godfather’s as good a card.
Three of the Smiths were Peters; but the best
Amongst them all, hard blows to inflict or ward,
Was he, since so renown’d “in country quarters
At Halifax;” but now be serve the Tartars.

XX.
The rest were Jacks and Gills, and Wills and Bills,
But when I’ve added the elder Jack Smith
Was born in Cumberland among the hills,
And that his father was an honest blacksmith,
I’ve said all I know of a name that fills
Three-limes of the despatch in taking “Schmacksmith,”
A village of Moldavia’s waste, wherein
He fell, immaterial in a bulletin.

XXI.
I wonder (although Mars no doubt’s a god I
Prayse) if a man’s name in a bulletin
May make up for a ballet in his body?
I hope this little question is no sin,
Because, though I am but a simple noodle,
I think one Shakespeare puts the same thought in
The mouth of some one in his plays so doting,
Which many people pass for wits by quoting.

XXII.
Then there were Frenchmen, gallant, young, and gay:
But I’m too great a patriot to record
Their gallant names upon a glorious day;
I’d rather tell ten less than say a word
Of truth;—such truths are treason; they betray
Their country, and, as traitors are abhor’d,
Who name the French and English, save to show
How peace should make John Emil the Frenchman’s foe.

XXIII.
The Russians, having built two batteries on
An isle near Ismail, had two ends in view;
The first was to bombard it, and knock down
The public buildings, and the private too,
No matter what poor souls might be undone.
The city’s shape suggested this, it is true;
Form’d like an amphitheatre, each dwelling
Presented a fine mark to throw a shell in.

XXIV.
The second object was to profit by
The moment of the general consternation,
To attack the Turk’s flethias, which lay high,
Extremely tranquil, anchore’d at its station:
But a third motive was as probably
To frighten them into capitulation;
A phantasy which sometimes seizes warriors,
Unless they are game as bull-dogs and fox-terriers.

XXV.
A habit rather blameable, which is
That of despising ‘hose we combat with,
Common in many cases, was in this
The case of killing Tschitshikoff and Smith;
One of the valorous “Smiths” whom we shall miss
Out of those nineteen who late rhythmed to “path,”
But it’s a name so spread o’er “Sir” and “Madam,”
That one would think the first who bore it “Adam.”

XXVI.
The Russian batteries were incomparable,
Because they were constructed in a hurry.
Thus, the same cause which makes a verse want feet,
And throws a cloud o’er Longman and John Murray,
When the sale of new books is not so fleet
As they who print them think is necessary,
May likewise put off for a time what story
Sometimes calls "murder," and at others "glory."

Whether it was their engineers' stupidity,
Their haste, or waste, I neither know nor care,
Or some contractor's personal caprice,
Saving has sold by cheating in the ware
Of honestude; but there was no solility
In the new batteries erected there;
They either miss'd, or they were never miss'd,
And added greatly to the missing list.

A sad miscalculation, about distance
Made all their naval matters incorrect;
Three fire-ships lost their amiable existence,
Before they reached a spot to take effect;
The match was lit too soon, and no assistance
Could remedy this lubberly defect;
They blew up in the middle of the river,
While, though it was dawn, the Turks slept fast as ever.

At seven their rose, however, and survey'd
The Russ fatig in getting under way;
'Twas nine, when still advancing medusa'y,
Within a cable's length their vessels lay
Off Ismail, and commenced a cannonade;
Which was return'd with interest, I may say,
And by a fire of musketry and grape,
And shells and shot of every size and shape.

For six hours bore they without intermission
The Turkish fire; and, aided by their own
Land batteries, work'd their guns with great precision:
At length they found mere cannonade alone
By no means would produce the town's submission,
And made a signal to retreat at once.
One bark blew up; a second, near the works
Running aground, was taken by the Turks.

The Moslem too had lost both ships and men;
But when they saw the enemy retire,
Their Delins manned some boats, and sail'd again,
And gall'd the Russians with a heavy fire,
And tried to make a landing on the main.
But here the effect fell short of their desire:
Count Damas drove them back into the water
Pell-mell, and with a whole gazette of slaughter.

"If!" (says the historian here) "I could report
All that the Russians did upon this day,
I think that several volumes would fall short,
And I should still have many things to say;"
And so he says no more—but pays his court
To some distinguished strangers in that fray,
The Prince de Ligne, and Laforge, and Damas,
Names great as any that the roll of fame has.

This being the case, may show us what fame is:
For out of three "prince chevaliers," how
Many of common readers give a guess
That such existed? (and they may live now
For ought we know). Romein's all but one or miss;
There's fortune even in Fawke, we must allow.
Is true the Memoir of the Prince de Ligne
Have half withdrawn from him oblivion's screen.

But here are men who fought in gallant actions
As gallantly as ever heroes fought,
But buried in the heap of such transactions—
Their names are seldom found, nor often sought.
Thus even good fame may suffer sad contractions.
And is extinguish'd sooner than she ought.
Of all our modern battles, I will bet
You can't repeat nine names from each gazette.

In short, this last attack, though rich in glory,
Shone'd that somewhere, somehow, there was a fault
And Admiral Ribas (known in Russian story)
Most strongly recommended an assault;
In which he was opposed by young and hoary,
Which made a long debate—but I must halt;
For if I wrote down every warrior's speech,
I doubt few readers e'er would mount the breach.

There was a man, if that he was a man,—
Not that his meedhood could be call'd in question,
For, had he not been Hercules, his span
Had been as short in youth as indigestion
Made his last illness, when, all worn and wan,
He died beneath a tree, as much unhoped on
The soil of the green province he had wasted,
As e'er was bestow on the land it blazed:

This was Potemkin—a great thing in days:
When homicide and harlotry made great,
If stars and titles could entail long praise,
His glory might half equal his estate.
This fellow, being six foot high, could raise
A kind of phantasm proportionate
In the then sovereign of the Russian people,
Who measured men as you would do a steep.

While things were in abeyance, Ribas sent
A courier to the prince, and he succeeded
In ordering matters after his own bent.
I cannot tell the way in which he pleased,
But shortly he had cause to be content.
In the mean time the batteries proceeded,
And four-exam cannon on the Dambeh's border
Were briskly tried and answer'd in the order.

But on the thirteenth, when already part
Of the troops were embark'd, the siege to raise,
A courier on the spur inspired new heart
Into all panters for newspaper praise,
As well as distant in war's art,
By his despatches cou'd'd in pathy phrase,
Announcing the appointment of that lord of
Battles to the command, Field-Marshall Suvrof.

The letter of the prince to the same marshal
Was worthy of a Spartan, had the cause
Been once to which a good heart could be partial;
Defence of freedom, country, or of laws;
But as it was mere lust of power so o'erarch all
With its proud brow, it merits slight applause.
Save for its style, which said, all in a trice,
"You will take Ismail, at whatever price."

Let there be light!" said God, "and there was light.
Let there be land!" says man, and there's a sea.
The tot of this should child of the night
(For day never saw his merits) could decree
More evil in an hour, than thirty bright
Swarow could removate, though they should be
Ioway as these wines ripen'd Eden's fruit—
For war cuts up not only branch but root.

XLII.
Our friends the Turks, who with loud "Alas!" now
Began to signalize the Russ retreat,
Were damnable mistaken; few are slow
In thinking that their enemy is beat
(Or better, if you insist on grammar, though
I never think about it in a heat);—
But here I say the Turks were much mistaken,
Who, hating hogs, yet wished to save their bacon.

XLIII.
For, on the sixteenth, at full gallop drew
In sight two horsemen, who were deëd Cossacks
For some time, till they came in nearer view.
They had but little baggage at their backs,
For there were but three shirts between the two;
But on they rode upon two Ukraine laces,
Till, in approaching, were at length descried
In this plain pair, Swarow and his guide.

XLIV.
"Great joy to London now!" says some great fool;
When London had a grand illumination,
Which, to that bottle-compan, John Bull,
Is of all dreams the first hallucination;
So that the streets of colour'd lamps are full,
That swag (said John) surrenders at discretion
His purse, his soul, his sense, and even his nonsense,
To gratify, like a huge moth, this one sense.

XLV.
Tis strange that he should further "damn his eyes; For they are shame'd; that once all-famous oath
Is t' the devil now no further price,
Since John has lately lost the use of both.
Debt he calls wealth, and taxes, paradise;
And famine, with her guest and lorn gouty,
When comes non in the face, he won't examine,
Or swears that Ceres hath begotten famine.

XLVI.
But to the tale: Great joy unto the camp!
To Russian, Tartar, English, French, Cossack,
O'er whom Swarow shone like a gas-lamp,
Presaging a most luminous attack;
Or, like a wisp along the marsh so damp,
Which leads beholders on a beggar walk,
He flitted to and fro, a dancing light,
Which all who saw it follow'd, wrong or right.

XLVII.
But, certain, matters took a different face;
There was enthusiasm and much applause,
The host and camp sufficed with great grace,
And all presaged good fortune to their cause.
Within a cannon-shot of the place,
They drew, constructed aduers, recon'd flaws
In former works, made new, prepared fascines,
And all kinds of beneficent machines.

XLVIII.
Tis thus the spirit of a single mind
Makes that of multitudes take one direction,
As roll the waters to the breathing wind,
Or round the herd beneath the bull's protection;
Or as a little dog will lead the blind,
Or a bellweather form the duck's concourse
By tinkling sounds when they go forth to virtual:
Such is the array of your men o'er line.

XIX.
The whole camp rang with joy; you would have thought
That they were going to a marriage-feast,
This metaphor, I think, holds good as well,
Since there is discord after both at least;
There was not now a baggage-boy but sought
Danger and spoil with arbor much increased;
And why? because a little, odd, old man,
Stript to his shirt, was come to lead the van.

XL.
But so it was, and every preparation
Was made with all acrimony; the first
Detachment of three columns took its station,
And waited but the signal's voice to burst
Upon the foe: the second's ordination
Was also in three columns, with a thrust
For glory gaping o'er a sea of slaughter;
The third, in columns two, attack'd by water.

LI.
Now batteries were erected; and was held
A general council, in which unanimity
That stranger to most councils, here prevail'd,
As sometimes happens in a great extremity;
And, every difficulty being expell'd,
Glory began to dawn with due obscurity,
While Swarow, determined to claim it,
Was teaching his recruits to use the bayonet.

LII.
It is an actual fact, that he, commander-
In-chief, in proper person design'd to drill
The awkward squad, and could affect to squawr
His time, a corporal's duties to fulfill
Just as you'd break a sucking salmon
To swallow flame, and never take it ill;
He show'd them how to mount a ladder (which
Was not like Jacob's) or to cross a ditch.

LIII.
Also he dress'd up, for the nonce, fascines
Like men, with turbans, scimitars, and dials,
And made them charge with bayonets these machines.
By way of lesson against actual Turks.
And, when well practised in these mimic scenes,
He judged them proper to assist the works;
At which your wise men sner'd, in phrases witty:
He made no answer; but he took the city.

LIV.
Most things were in this posture on the eve
Of the assault, and all the camp was in
A stern repose; which you would scarce conceive:
Yet men resolved to dash through thick and thin
Are very silent when they once believe
That all is settled;—there was little din,
For some were thinking of their home and friends,
And others of themselves and latter ends.

LV.
Swarow chirldly was on the alert—
Surveying, shilling, ordering, jesting, pondering:
For the man was, as I saidly may assert,
A thing to wonder at beyond most wondering;
Herc, baton, half-demon, and half dirt,
Praying, instructing, decoiling, blundering.
Now Mars, now Minos; and when bent to storm
A fortress, Harlequin in uniform.

LVI.
The day before the assault, wake upon drill—
For this great composer play'd the corporal—
Some Cossacks, hovering like hawks round a hill.
Had met a party, towards the twilight's fall.
One of whom spoke their tongue, or well or ill—
"T'was much that he was understood at all;
But whether from his voice, or speech, or manner,
They found that he had fought beneath their banner.

LVII.
Whereon, immediately at his request,
They brought him and his comrades to head-quarters:
Their dress was Moslem, but you might have guessed
That these were merely masquerading Tartars,
And that beneath each Turkish-burnished vest
Lurk'd Christianity; who sometimes barters
Her inward grace for outward show, and makes
It difficult to shun some strange mistakes.

LVIII.
Suwarow, who was standing in his shirt,
Before a company of Cossacks, drilling,
Exclaiming, soothing, swearing at the inert,
And lecturing on the noble art of killing,—
For, deeming human clay but common dirt,
This great philosopher was thus instilling
His maxims, which, to martial comprehension,
Proved death in battle equal to a pension:—

LIX.
Suwarow, when he saw this company
Of Cossacks and their prey, turned round and east
Upon them his slow brow and piercing eye:—
"Whence come ye?"—"From Constantinople last,
Captives just now escaped," was the reply.
"What are ye?"—"What you see us," Briefly past
This dialogue; for he who answer'd knew
To whom he spoke, and made his words but few.

LX.
"Your names?"—"Mire's Johnson, and my comrade's
Juan;
The other two are women, and the third
Is neither man nor woman." The chief threw on
The party a slight glance, then said:—"I have heard
Your name before, the second is a new one;
To bring the other three here was absurd;
But let that pass;—I think I've heard your name
In the Nikolaiow regiment?"—"The same."—

LXI.
"You served at Wilin?"—"Yes,"—"You not the attack?"
"I did."—"What next?"—"I really hardly know,"
"You were the first I the breach?"—"I was not slack,
At least, to follow those who might be so."—
"What follow'd?"—"A shot laid me on my back,
And I became a prisoner to the foe."—
"You shall have vengeance, for the town surrounded
Is twice as strong as that where you were wounded.

LXII.
"Where wilt you serve?"—"Where'er you please."—
"I know
You like to be the hope of the forlorn,
And doubtless be foremost on the foe.
After the hardships you've already borne,
And this young fellow? say what can he do?—
He with the beard of clay, and garments torn;
"Why, general, if he hath no greater fault
Is war than love, he had better lend the assault."—

LXIII.
"He shall, if that he dare." Here Juan how'd
Lads, as the compliment desired, Suwarow
Continued: "Your old regiment's allowed,
By special permission, to lead to-morrow,
Or it may be to-night, the assault: I vow'd
To several saints, that should proply or harrow
Shall pass o'er what was 1-m-all, and its task
Be manned by the strongest mosque.

LXIV.
"So now, my lads, be for glory!"—"Hear, 'e 'march,
And drill'd away in the most classic Russian,
Until each high, heroic bosom burn'd
For cash and conquest, as if from a cushion
A preacher had held forth (who nobly spurn'd
All earthly goods save tithes) and made then patter.
To slay the Pagans who resisted, battering
The armies of the Christian Empress Catherine.

LXV.
Johnson, who knew by this long colloquy
Himself a favourite, ventured to address
Suwarow, though engaged with accents high
In his resumed amnestee, "I confess
My debt, in being thus allowed to die
Among the foremost; but if you'd express
Explicitly our several posts, my friend
And self would know what duty to attend."—

LXVI.
"Right! I was busy, and forgot. Why you
Will join your former regiment, which should be
Now under arms. Ho! Katskoff, take him to—
(Here he call'd up a Polish orderly)—
His post, I mean the regiment Nikolaiow.
The stranger stripping may remain with me;
He's a fine boy. The women may be sent
To the other baggage, or to the sick tent."—

LXVII.
But here a sort of scene began to ensue:
The ladies,—who by my means had been bred
To be disposed of in a way so new,
Although their natural education led
Doubtless to that of doctrines the most true,
Passive obedience,—now raised up the head,
With flashing eyes and starting tears, and flung
Their arms, as bents their wings about their youn'

LXVIII.
Over the promoted couple of brave men
Who were thus honour'd by the greatest chief
That ever peopled helt with heroes slain,
Or plunged a province or a realm in grief.
Oh, foolish mortals! always taught in vain!
Oh, glorious laurel! since for one sole leaf
Of thine imaginary indefatigable tree,
Of blood and tears must flow the unceasing son.

LXIX.
Suwarow, who had small regard for tears,
And not much sympathy for blood, survey'd
The women with their hair about their ears,
And natural agonies, with a slight shade
Of feeding; for, however habit sans
Men's hearts against whole millions, when their trade
Is butchery, sometimes a single sorrow
Will touch even heroes,—and such was Suwarow.

LXX.
He said—and in the kindest Cacambe tone—
"Why, Johnson, what the devil do you mean
By bringing women here! They shall be show
All the attention possible, and seen
In safety to the wagons, where alone
In fact they can be safe. You should I've been
Aware this kind of baggage never thrives;
Save well a year, I hate recruits with waves,"

LXXI.
"May it please your excellency," thus replied
Our British friend, "these are the wives of others,
And not our own. I am too qualified
By service with my military brethren,

BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS.
To break the rules by enraging one's own bride into a camp; I know that brought so bothers
the hearts of the heroes on a charge,
leaving a small family at large.

LXXII.

But these are but two Turkish ladies, who
With their attendant aided our escape.
And afterwards accompanied us through
A thousand perils in this dubious shape.
To me this kind of life is not so new;
To them, poor things! it is an awful step;
Therefore, if you wish me to fight freely,
Request that they may both be used genteelly."

LXXIII.

Meantime, these two poor girls, with swimming eyes
Look'd on as if in doubt if they could trust
Their own protectors; nor was their surprise
Less than their grief (and truly not less just)
To see an old man, rather wild than wise
In aspect, plainly clad, besmeard'd with dust,
Stript to his waistcloth, and that too not clean,
More fear'd than all the sultans ever seen.

LXXIV.

For every thing seem'd resting on his nod,
As they could read in all eyes. Now, to them,
Who were accustum'd, as a sort of god,
To see the sultan, rich in many a gem,
Like an imperial peacock stuck abroad
(That royal bird, whose tail's a diadem),
With all the pomp of power, it was a doubt
How power could cooceed to do without.

LXXV.

John Johnson, seeing their extreme dismay,
Though little versed in feelings oriental,
Suggested some slight comfort in his way
Don Juan, who was much more sentimental,
Were they should see him by the dawn of day,
Or that the Russian army should repent all:
And strange to say, they found some consolation
In this—for females like exaggeration.

LXXVI.

And then, with tears, and sighs, and some slight kisses
They par'd for the present—these to await,
According to the artillery's hits or misses,
What sages call Chance, Providence, or Fate—
( Uncertainty is one of many blisses,
A mortgage on Humanity's estate)—
While their beloved friends began to arm,
To burn a town which never did them harm.

LXXVII.

Swarrows, who but saw things in the gross—
Being much too gross to see them in detail;
Who calculated life as so much grass,
And as the wind a widow'd nation's wail,
And cared as little for his army's loss
( So that their efforts should at length prevail)
As wife and friends did for the bold of Job;—
What wasn't to him to hear two women sob?

LXXVIII.

Not ing. The work of glory still went on,
In preparations for a cannonade
A terrible as that of Ilium,
If Homer had found mortals ready made;
But now, instead of slaying Priam's son,
We only can but talk of escalade,
Bombs, drums, guns, bastions, batteries, bayonets,
Bullets,
Hard words which stick in the soft Muse's gullets.

LXXIX.

Oh, thou eternal Homer! who couldst charm
All ears, though long—all ages, though so short,
By merely wielding with poetic arm
Arms to which men will never more resort,
Unless gunpowder should be found to harm
Much less than is the hope of every coast,
Which now is haughtly young Freedom to annoy;
But they will not find Liberty a Troy:

LXXX.

Oh, thou eternal Homer! I have now
To paint a siege, wherein more men were slain
With deadlier engines and a speedier blow,
Than in the Greek gazette of that campaign;
And yet, like all men else, I must allow,
To vie with thee would be about as vain
As for a brook to cope with ocean's flood;
But still we modorus equal you in blood—

LXXXI.

If not in poetry, at least in fact:
And fact is truth, the grand desideratum!
Of which, however the Muse describes each act,
There should be, nevertheless, a slight substantia
But now the town is going to be attack'd;
GREAT deeds are done—how shall I relate them?
Souls of immortal genius! Phœbus watches
To colour up his rays from your despatches.

LXXXII.

Oh, ye great bulleins of Bonaparte!
Oh, ye less grand long lists of kill'd and wounded!
Shade of Leonidas! who fought so heartily,
When my poor Greece was once, as now, surrounded!
Oh, Caesar's Commentaries! now impart ye,
Shadows of glory! (lest I be contended)
A portion of your fading twilight hues,
So beautiful, so fleeting to the Muse.

LXXXIII.

When I call "fading" martial immortality,
I mean, that every age and every year,
And almost every day, in sad reality,
Some sucking hero is compell'd to rear,
Who, when we come to sum up the totality
Of deeds to human happiness most dear,
Turns out to be a butcher in great business,
Afflicting young folks with a sort of dizziness.

LXXXIV.

Medals, ranks, ribbons, lace, embroidery, scarlet,
Are things immoral to immoral man,
As purple to the Babylonian harlot:
An uniform to boys is like a fan
To women; there is scarce a crimson varlet,
But deems himself the first in glory's van,
But glory's glory; and if you would find
What that is—ask the pig who sees the wind!

LXXXV.

At least he feels it, and some say so sees,
Because he runs before it like a pig;
Or, if that simple sentence should displease,
Say that he scuds before it like a brig,
A schooner, or—but it is time to cease
This canto, ere my Muse perceives fatigue.
The next shall ring a peal to shake all people,
Like a bob-major from a village-steeple.

LXXXVI.

Hark! through the silence of the cold dull night
The hum of armies gathering rank on rank!
Lo! dusky masses steal in dubious sight
Along the leaguer'd wall and arisling bark.
Of the arm'd river, while with straggling light
The stars peep through the vapours dim and dank,
Which curl in curious wreaths—How soon the smoke
Of hell shall pall them in a deeper cloak!

LXXXVII.
Her pause we for the present—as even then
That awful pause, dividing life from death,
Struck for an instant on the hearts of men,
Thousands of whom were drawing their last breath!
A moment—and all will be life again!
The march! the charge! the shouts of either faith!
Hurra! and Allah! and—one moment more—
The death-cry drowning in the battle's roar.

CANTO VIII.
I.
On blood and thunder! and oh blood and wounds!
These are but vulgar oaths, as you may deem,
Too gentle reader! and most shocking sounds:
And so they are; yet thus is Glory's dream
Unbridled, and as my true Muse expounds
At present such things, since they are her theme,
So be they her inspirers! Call them Mars,
Bellona, what you will—they mean but wars.

II.
All was prepared—the fire, the sword, the men
To whirl them in their terrible array.
The army, like a lion from his den,
March'd forth with nerve and sinews bent to slay—
A human Hydra, issuing from its den
To breathe destruction on its winding way,
Whose heads were heroes, which cut off in vain,
Immediately in others grew again.

III.
History can only take things in the gross;
But could we know them in detail, perchance
In balancing the profit and the loss,
War's merit it by no means might enhance,
To waste so much gold for a little cross,
As hath been done, mere conquest to advance.
The drying up a single tear has more
Of honest fame, than shedding seas of gore.

IV.
And why? because it brings self-appreciation;
Whereas the other, after all its glare,
Shouts, bridges, arches, pensions from a nation—
Which (it may be) has not much left to spare—
A higher title, or a loftier station,
Though they may make corruption gape or stare,
Yet, in the end, except in freedom's battles,
Are nothing but a child of murder's rattle.

V.
And such they are—and such they will be found
Not so Leonidas and Washington,
Whose every battle-field is holy ground,
Which breathes of nations saved, not worlds undone.
How sweetly on the ear such echoes sound!
While the mere victors may appal or stun
The servile and the vain, such names will be
A watchword till the future shall be free.

VI.
The night was dark, and the thick must allow'd
Nought to be seen save the artillery's flame,
Which arch'd the horizon like a fiery cloud.
And in the Danube's waters shone the same,
A mirror'd hell! The volleying rear, and loud
Long booming of each peal on peal, o'er came
The ear far more than thunder; for Heaven's flashes
Spare, or smite rarely—Man's make millions ashes!

VII.
The column order'd on the assault scarce pass'd
Beyond the Russian batteries a few toises,
When up the bristling Moslem rose at last,
Answering the Christian thunders with like voices;
Then one vast fire, air, earth, and stream embraced,
Which rock'd as 'twere beneath the mighty noises;
While the whole rampart blazed like flames, when the
Restless Titan hiccup'd in his den.

VIII.
And one enormous shout of "Allah!" rose
In the same moment, loud as ever the roar
Of war's most mortal engines, to their fees
Hurling defiance: city, stream, and shore
Resounded "Allah!" and the clouds, which close
With thickening canopy the conflict o'er,
Vibrate to the Eternal Name! Hark! through
All sounds it pierceth, "Allah! Allah! Hu!"

IX.
The columns were in movement, one and all:
But, of the portion which attack'd by water,
Thicker than leaves the lives began to fall,
Though led by Arseniey, that great son of slaughter,
As brave as ever faced both boon and ball.
"Carnage (so Wordsworth tells you) is God's daugh-
ter!" If he speak truth, she is Christ's sister, and
Just now behavéd as in the Holy Land.

X.
The Prince de Ligne was wounded in the knee;
Count Chapeau-Bras too had a ball between
His cap and head, which proves the head to be
Aristocratic as was ever seen,
Because it then received no injury
More than the cap; in fact the ball could mean
No harm unto a right legitimate head:
"Ashes to ashes"—why not head to lead?

XI.
Also the General Markow, Brigadier,
Insisting on removal of the prince,
Amidst some groaning thousands dying near,—
All common fellows, who might write and wine,
And shriek for water into a dead ear,—
The General Markow, who could this erraze
His sympathy for rain, by the same token,
To teach him greater, had his own leg broken.

XII.
Three hundred cannon threw up their enemi,
And thirty thousand muskets thong their pits
Like hail, to make a bloody dance.
Mortality! this hast thou hereby kill'd.
Thy plagues, thy famines, thy physicians, yet tick,
Like death-watch, within our ears the ills
Past, present, and to come;—but all may yield
To the true portrait of one battlefield.

XIII.
There still the varying pang, which multiply
Until their very number makes men hard
By the infinites of agony,
Which meet the gaze, whilst' er it may regard—
The groan, the roll in dust, the all-white eye
Turn'd back within its socket,—these reward
Your rank and file by thousands, while the rest
May win, perhaps, a ribbon at the breast!

XIV.
Yet I love glory; glory's a great thing;
Think what it is to be in your old age
Mammoth'd at the expense of your good king:
A moderate pension slack's full many a sage,
And heroes are but made for hard to sing,
Which is still better; thus in verse to wage
Your wars eternally, besides enjoying
Half-play for life, make mankind worth destroying.

XV.
The troops already despatch'd push'd on
To take a battery on the right; the others,
Who land'd low down, their landing done,
Had set to work as briskly as their brothers:
Being gronioders, they mounted, one by one.
Gin could as children clinch the breasts of mothers,—
O'er the enchanted and the palsied,
Quite orderly, as if upon parade.

XVI.
And this was admirable; for so hot
The fire was, that were red Vesuvius loaded,
Besides its lava, with all sorts of shot
And shells or hells, it could not more have goaded.
Of officers a third fell on the spot,
A thing which victory by no means boded
To gentlemen engaged in the assault:
Hounds when the huntsman tumbles, are at fault.

XVII.
But here I leave the general concern,
To track our hero on his path of fame;
He must his laurels separately earn;
For fifty thousand heroes, name by name,
Though all deserving equally to turn
A combat, or an elegy to chant,
Would form a lengthy lexicon of glory,
And, what is worse still, a much longer story:

XVIII.
And therefore we must give the greater number
To the gazette—which doth not fairly dwell
By the deceased, who lie in famous shambles
In ditches, fields, or wherever they fell
That day for the last time their souls encumber,—
Those happy he whose name has been well spelt
In the desparch I knew a man whose loss
Was named Groce, although his name was Grosc.
But by the mass who go below without
Those ancient good intentions, which once shone
And smooth'd the brimstone of that street of hell
Which bears the greatest likeness to Pail Mall.

XXVII.
Juan, by some strange chance, which oft divides
Warrior from warrior in their grim career,
Like chastest wives from constant husbands' sides,
Just at the close of the first bridal year,
By one of those odd turns of fortune's tides,
Was on a sudden rather puzzeled here,
When, after a good deal of heavy firing,
He found himself alone, and friends retiring.

XXVIII.
I don't know how the thing occur'd—it might
Be that the greater part were kill'd or wounded,
And that the rest had faced unto the right
About; a circumstance which has confounded
Cesar himself, who, in the very sight
Of his whole army, which so much abounded
In courage, was obliged to snatch a shield
And rally back his Romans to the field.

XXIX.
Juan, who had no shield to snatch, and was
No Crosser, but a fine young lad, who fought
He knew not why, arriving at this pass,
Stop'd for a minute, as perhaps he ought
For a much longer time; then, like an ass—
(Start not, kind reader; since great Homer thought
This simile enough for Ajax, Juan
Perhaps may find it better than a new one:)—

XXX.
Then, like an ass, he went upon his way.
And, what was stranger, never look'd behind;
But seeing, flashing forward, like the day
Over the hill, a fire enough to blind
Those who dislike to look upon a fray,
He stumbled on, to try if he could find
A path, to add his own slight arm and forces
to corps, the greater part of which were corses.

XXXI.
Perceiving then no more the commandant
Of his own corps, nor even the corps, which had
Quite disappear'd—the gods know how! (I can't
Account for every thing which may look bad
In history; but we at least may grant
It was not marvellous that a mere lad,
In search of glory, should look on before,
Nor care a pinch of stuff about his corps:)—

XXXII.
Perceiving nor commander nor commanded,
And left alone, like a young heir, to make
His way to—where he knew not—single-handed;
As travellers follow over bog and brake
An "ignis fatuus," or as sailors stranded
Unto the nearest hut themselves betake,
So Juan, following honour and his hope,
Rush'd where the thickest fire announced most foes.

XXXIII.
He knew not where he was, nor greatly cared,
For he was dizzy, hazy, and his veins
Felt'd as with lightning—for his spirit shone
The hour, as is the case with lovely braves;
And, where the hottest fire was seen and heard,
And the loud cannon peal'd its hearse-st strains,
He rush'd, while earth and air were sadly shaken
By 'ty humane discovery, friar Bacon,\(^8\)

XXXIV.
And, as he rush'd along, it came to pass he
Fell in with what was late the second column,
Under the orders of the general Lacey,
But now reduced, as is a bulky volume,
Into an elegant extract (much less musty)
Of heroes, and took his place with solemn
Air, "undst the rest, who kept their valiant faces,
And level'd weapons, still against the glaces.

XXXV.
Just at this crisis up came Johnson too,
Who had "retreated," as the phrase is, when
Men ran away much rather than go through
Destruction's jaws into the devil's den;
But Johnson was a clever fellow, who
Knew when and how "to cut and come again,"
And never ran away, except when running
Was nothing but a valorous kind of cunning.

XXXVI.
And so, when all his corps were dead or dying,
Except Dan Juan—a mere novice, whose
More virginal valour never dreamt of flying,
From ignorance of danger, which induces
Its votaries, like innocence relying
On its own strength, with careless nerves and thews;
Johnson retired a little, just to rally
Those who catch cold in "shadows of death's valley."

XXXVII.
And there, a little shelter'd from the shot,
Which rain'd from bastion, battery, parapet,
Rampart, wall, casement, house—for there was not
In this extensive city, sure beset
By Christian soldiery, a single spot
Which did not combat like the devil as yet.
He found a number of chasseurs, all scatter'd
By the resistance of the chaise they batter'd.

XXXVIII.
And then, he call'd on; and, what's strange, they came
Unto his call, unlike "the spirits from
The vasty deep," to whom you may exclaim,
Says Hotspur, long ere they will leave their home.
Their reasons were uncertainty, or shame
At shrinking from a bullet or a broad
And that old impulse, which, in wars or creeds,
Makes men, like cattle, follow him who leads.

XXXIX.
By Jove! he was a noble fellow, Johnson,
And though his name be Ajax or Achilles
Sounds less harmonious, underneath the sun soon
We shall not see his likeness: he could kill his
Man quite as quietly as blows the moonsoon
Her steady breath (which some months the same
still is?)
Solomon he varied feature, hue, or muscle,
And could be very busy without baste.

XL.
And therefore, when he ran away, he did so
Upon reflection, knowing that behind
He would find others who would fain be rid so
Of idle apprehensions, which, like wind,
Trouble heroic stomachs. Though their lids so
Oft are soon closed, all heroes are not blind,
But when they light upon immediate death,
Retire a little, merely to take breath.

XLI.
But Johnson only ran off to return
With many other warriors, as we said,
Unto that rather somewhat misty hour,
Which Hamlet tells us is a pass of dread.
Pervaded and Amidst
But 'phe a LII.

Egal! they found the second time what they
The first time thought quite terrible enough
To fly from, naught all which people say
Of glory, and all that immortal stuff
Which bids a regiment (besides their pay)
That daily sliding which makes warriors tough—
They found on their return the selfsame welcome,
Which made some think, and others know, a hell come.

They fell as thick as harvests beneath hail,
Grass before sycamors, or even below the sickle,
Proving that trite old truth, that night's as frail
As any other boon for which men steady.
The Turkish batteries thrust'd them like a hail,
Or a good boxer, into a sad pickle,
Put on the very bravest, who were knock'd
Upon the head before their guns were cock'd.

The Turks, behind the traverses and flanks
Of the next bastion, fired away like devils,
And swept as gales sweep bare away, whole ranks:
However, Heaven knows how, the Fete who levels
towns, nations, worlds, in her revolving pranks,
So order'd it, amidst those sulphury reeds,
That Johnson, regiment first who had not scamper'd,
Reach'd the interior tapis of the rampart.

First one or two, then five, six, and a dozen,
 Came mounting quickly up, as it was now
All neck or nothing, as, like pitch or resin,
 Flame was shower'd forth above as well's below,
So that you scarce could say who best had chosen,—
The gentlemen that were the first to show
Their martial faces on the parapet,
Or those who thought it brave to wait as yet.

But those who scalled found out that their advance
Was favour'd by an accident or blunder:
The Greek or Turkish Cohorn's ignorance
Had palisaded in a way you'd wonder
To see in forts of Netherland or France—
(Though these to our Gibraltar must knock under)—
Right in the middle of the parapet
Just named, those palesades were privily set:

So that on either side some nine or ten
Places were left, wherein you could contrive
To march; a great convenience to our men,
At least to all those who were left alive,
Who thus could form a line and fight again;
And that which further added to them to strive
Was, that they could kick down the palesades,
Which scarcely rose much higher than grass blades.

Among the first,—I will not say the first,
For such precedence upon such occasions
Will oftentimes make deadly quarrels burst
Out between friends as well as allied nations;
The Briton must be bold who really burst
Put to such trial John Bull's partial patience,
As say that Wellington at Water-loo
Was hor'd—though the Prussians say so too;—

And that if Blucher, Buhrow, Guise, and
And God knows who besides in "an" and "ou,"
Had not come up in time to meet an awe
Into the hearts of those who fought till now
As tigers combat with an empty claw,
The Duke of Wellington had ceased to show
His orders, also to receive his pensions,
Which are the heaviest that our history mentions.

L.
But never mind,—"God save the king!" and kings!
For if he don't, I doubt if men will longer,—
I think I hear a little bird, who sings,
The people by and by will be the stronger:
The vertest jade will wince whose harness wrings
So much into the raw as quite to wrong her
Beyond the rules of posting,—and the mob
At last fall sick of imitating Job.

LI.
At first it grumbles, then it swears, and then,
Like David, flings smooth pebbles against a giant,
At last it takes to weapons, such as men
Smatch when despair makes human hearts less plant.
Then "comes the tug of war;"—it will come again,
I rather doubt; and I would fain say "tie on it,"
If I had not perceived that revolution
Alone can save the earth from hell's pollution.

LI.
But to continue:—I say not the first,
But of the first, our little friend Don Juan
Walk'd o'er the walls of Ismail, as if nursed
Amidst such scenes—though this was a new one
To him, and I should hope to most.
The thrust
Of glory, which so pierces through and through one,
Perverted him—although a generous creature,
As warm in heart as feminine in feature.

LII.
And here he was—who, upon woman's breast,
Even from a child, felt like a child; however
The man in all the rest might be cusses'd;—
To him it was Elysium to be there;
And he could even withstand that awkward test
Which Rousseau points out to the dubious fan
"Observe your lover when he kisses your arms;"—
But Juan never left them while they'd charms,
LIV.
Unless compell'd by fate, or wave or wind,
Or near relations, who are much the same.
But here he was!—where each tie that can bind
Humannity must yield to steel and flame:
And he, whose very body was all mind,—
Plunging here by fate or circumstance, which tame
The boldest,—buried by the time and place,—
Dashed on like a sparrow'd blood-horse in a race.

LV.
So was his blood stir'd while he found resistance,
As is the hunter's at the five-bar gate,
Or double post and rail, where the existence
Of Britain's youth depends upon their weight
The lightest being the safest; at a dis-tance
He hated emulation, as all men hate
Blood, until heated—and even there his own
At times would bubble o'er some heavy groin.

LVI.
The General Lacey, who had been hard press'd,
Seeing arrive an aid so opportune
As were some hundred youngsters all abreast,
Who came as if just drop'd down from the moon,
To Juan, who was nearest him, address'd
His thanks, and hopes to take the city soon,
Not reckoning him to be a "base Bezouman"
(As Pistol calls it), but a young Livonian.

LVII.
Juan, to whom he spoke in German, knew
As much of German as of Sanscrit, and
In answer made an inclination to
The general who held him in command;
For, seeing one with ribbons black and blue,
Stars, medall, and a bloody sword in hand,
Addressing him in tones which seem'd to thank,
He recognised an officer of rank.

LVIII.
Short speeches pass between two men who speak
No common language; and besides, in time
Of war and taking towns, when many a shrick
Rings o'er the dialogue, and many a crime
Is perpetrated ere a word can break
Upon the ear, and sounds of horror chime
In, like church-bells, with sigh, howl, groan, yell, prayer,
There cannot be much conversation there.

LIX.
And therefore all we have related in
Two long octaves, pass'd in a little minute;
But in the same small minute, every sin
Contrived to get itself comprised within it.
The very cannon, desen'd from the sky,
Grew dumb, for you might almost hear a humet,
As soon as thunder, 'midst the general noise
Of human nature's agonizing voice!

LX.
The town was enter'd. Oh eternity!—
"God made the country, and man made the town,"
So Cooper says—and I begin to be
Of his opinion, when I see cast down
Romu, Babylon, Tyre, Carthage, Nineveth—
All walls men know, and many never known;
And, pondering on the present and the past,
To deem the woods shall be our home at last.

LXI.
Of all men, saving Sylva the man-slayer,
Who passes for in life and death most lucky,
Of the great names, which in our faces stare,
The General Boon, backwoodsman of Kentucky,
Was happiest amongst mortals any where;
For killing nothing but a bear or buck, he
Enjoy'd the lonely, vigorous, harmless days,
Of his old age in wilds of deepest maze.

LXII.
Crime came not near him—she is not the child
Of solitude; health shunn'd not from him—for
Her home is in the rarely-trodden wild,
Where if men seek her not, and death be more
Their choice than life, forgive them, as beguiled
By habit to what their own hearts abhor—
In cities caged. The present case in point I
Cite is, that Boon lived hunting up to ninety;

LXIII.
And what's still stranger, left behind a name—
For which men vainly dermate the throng,—
Not only famous, but of that good fame
Without which glory's but a tavern song—
Simple, serene, the antipodes of shame,
Which hate nor envy ever could inaugurate wrong;
At active hermit, even in age the child
Of nature, or the Man of Ross run wild.

LXIV.
'Tis true he shrank from men, even o his nation,
When they built up into his daring trees,—
He moved some hundred miles off, for a station
Where there were fewer houses and more ease—
The inconvenience of civilization
Is, that you neither can be pleased nor please—
But, where he met the individual man,
He showed himself as kind as mortal can.

LXV.
He was not all alone; around him grew
A sylvan tribe of children of the chase,
Whose young, unwarren'd world was ever new,
Nor sword nor sorrow yet had left a trace
On her unwarried brow, nor could you view
A frown on nature's or on human face;—
The free-born forest found and kept them free,
And fresh as is a torrent or a tree.

LXVI.
And tall and strong and swift of foot were they
Beyond the dwarfin' city's pale abortions,
Because their thoughts had never been the prey
Of care or gain; the green woods were their portion;
No sinking spirits told them they grew gray;
No fashion made them averse of their distortions.
Simple they were, not savage; and their miles,
Though very true, were not yet used for truks.

LXVII.
Motion was in their days, res in their numbers,
And cheerfulness the handmaid of their flat;
Nor yet too many nor too few of their numbers;
Corruption could not make their hearts he sour;
The last which stung, the spleen'don which embittered;
With the free foresters divide no spoil;
Serene, not sullen, were the solitude.
Of this unsignifying people of the woods.

LXVIII.
So much for nature—by way of variety,
Now back to thy great joys, civilization!
And the sweet consequence of large society,—
War, pestilence, the despot's desolation,
The kingly scourge, the last of anachrony,
The millions slain by soldiers for their nation,
The scenes like Catherine's bower at threescore,
With Isma'il's storm to soften it the more.

LXIX.
The town was enter'd; first one column made
Its sanguinary way—then another;
The reeking bayonet and the flashing blade
Clash'd against the scimitar, and både and mother
With distant shrieks were heard heaven to earth;
Still closer sulphury clouds began to another
The breath of men and man, whom, far by fact,
The maiden'd Turks their city still dispute.

LXX.
Kontowsk, he who afterwards beat back
(With some assistance from the frost and in war)
Napoleon on his bold and bloody track,
It happen'd that Lusseuf beat back just now.
He was a jolly fellow, and could crack
His jest alike in face of fire or sleet,
Though life, and death, and veep, were at a' hand—
But here it seem'd his jokes had ceased to take:

LXXI.
For, having thrown himself into a ruck,
Follow'd in haste by various cavalry,
Whose blood the public great did much
He clumb'd to where the parapet appears,
DON JUAN.

But there his project reach'd its utmost pitch—
'Mongst other deaths the General Ribamjour's
Was much regretted—for the Moslem men
Throw them all down into the ditch again—

LXXII.

And, had it not been for some stray troops, landing
They knew not where,—being carried by the stream
To some spot, where they lost their understanding,
And wander'd up and down as in a dream,
Until, they reach'd, as day-break was expanding,
That which a portal to their eyes did seem—
The great and gay Kontousow might have lain
Where three parts of his column yet remain.

LXXIII.

And, scrambling round the rampart, those same troops,
After the taking of the "cavalier,"
Just as Kontousow's said "foiled" of "hopes"
Tuck, like chamelions, some slight tinge of fear,
Open'd the gate call'd "Kila" to the groups
Of buffled heroes who stood stily near,
Siding knee-deep in battle-frozen mud,
Now thaw'd into a marsh of human blood.

LXXIV.

The Kozaks, or if so you please, Cossacks—
(I don't much pipe myself upon orthography,
So that I do not grossly err in facts,
Statistics, tacties, politics, and geography)—
Having been used to serve on horses' backs,
And no great dilettante in topography
Of fortresses, but fighting where it please
Their chiefs to order,—were all cut to pieces.

LXXV.

Their column, though the Turkish batteries thunder'd
Upon them, nevertheless had reach'd the rampart,
And naturally thought they could have plunder'd
The city, without being further hamp'rd;
But, as it happens to brave men, they blunder'd—
The Turks at first pretended to have scamper'd,
Only to draw them 'twixt two bastion corners,
From whence they sallied on those Christian scorers.

LXXVI.

Then being-taken by the tail—a taking
Fatal to bishops as to soldiers—these
Cossacks were all cut off as day was breaking,
And their lives were let at a short lease—
But perish'd without shivering or shaking,
Leaving as ladders their head's carcasses,
O'er which Lieutenant-Colonel Yesenskoi
March'd with the brave battalion of Polonzi—

LXXVII.

This valiant man kill'd all the Turks he met,
But could not eat them, being in his turn
Shorn by some Mussulmans, who would not yet,
Without resistance, see their city burn.
The walls were won, but 'twas an even lot
Which of the armies would have cause to mourn:
"I was blow for blow, disputing inch by inch,
For one would not retreat, nor 't other flinch.

LXXVIII.

Another column also suffer'd much;
And here we may remark with the historian,
You should but give few cartridges to such
Troops as are meant to march with greatest glory on:
When matters must be carried by the torch
Of the bright bayonet, and they all should hurry on.
They sometimes, with a hankering for existence,
Keep merely firing at a foolish distance.

LXXIX.

A junction of the General Moskop's men
(Without the General, who had fallen some time
Before, being badly wounded just then)
Was made at length, with those who dared, to climb
The death-defying rampart once again;
And, though the Turk's resistance was sudden,
They took the bastion, which the Seraskier
Defended at a price extremely dear.

LXXX.

Juan and Johnson and some volunteers,
Among the foremost, offer'd him good quarter,
A wood where little suits with Seraskier,
Or at least suited this valiant Tartar,—
He died, deserving well his country's tears,
A savage sort of military martyr.
An English naval officer, who wish'd
To make him prisoner, was also dish'd.

LXXXI.

For all the answer to his proposition
Was from a pistol-shot that laid him dead;
On which the rest, without more intermission,
Began to lay about with steel and lead,—
The pious metis most in requisition
On such occasions: not a single head
Was spared,—three thousand Moslems perish'd here,
And sixteen bayonets pierced the Seraskier.

LXXXII.

The city's taken—only part by part—
And death is drunk with gore: there's not a street
Where fights not to the last some desperate heart.
For those for whom it soon shall cease to beat.
Here War began his own destructive art
In more destroying nature: and the heat
Of carnage, like the Nile's sun-warmed slime,
Engender'd monstrous shapes of every crime.

LXXXIII.

A Russian officer, in martial tread
Over a heap of bodies, hit his heel
Sized fast, as if 't were by the serpent's head,
Whose fangs Evye taught her human seed to feel.
In vain he kick'd, and swore, and writhed, and bled
And howl'd for help as wolves do for a meal—
The teeth still kept their gratifying hold,
As do the subtle snakes described of old.

LXXXIV.

A dying Moslem, who had felt the foot
Of a foe over him, snatch'd at it, and bit
The very tendon which is most acute—
(That which some ancient Muse or modern wit
Named after thee, Achilles) and quite through 't
He made the teeth meet, nor relinquish'd it
Even with his life—for (but they say) 'tis said
To the live leg still clung the sever'd head.

LXXXV.

However this may be, 'tis pretty sure
The Russian officer for life was fain,
For the Turk's teeth stuck faster than a skeever,
And left him 'tis said the invalid's beard.
The regimental surgeon could not cure
His patient, and perhaps was to be blamed
More than the head of the javetrate foe,
Which was cut off, and scarce even then let go.

LXXXVI.

But then the fact's a fact—and it is the part
Of a true poet to escape from fiction
Whenever he can; for there is little art
In leaving verse more free from the restriction
Of truth than prose, unless to suit the mart
For what is sometimes call'd poetic diction,
And that outrageous appetite for lies
Which Satan angles with for souls like flies.

LXXVII.
The city's taken, but not rendered!—No!
There's not a Moslem that hath yielded sword:
The blood may gush out, as the Dambeck's flow
Rolls by the city wall; but deed nor word
Acknowledgment aught of dread of death or foe:
In vain the yell of victory is round
By the advancing Muscovite—the grom
Of the last foe is echoed by his own.

LXXXVIII.
The laurest paces and the sable leaves,
And human lives are lavish'd every where,
As the year closing whirs the scarlet leaves,
When the strid'd forest bows to the bleak air,
And groans; and thus the peopled city grieves,
Sion of its last and lovliest, and left bare;
But still it falls with vast and awful splinters,
As oak's blown down with all their thousand winters.

LXXXIX.
It is an awful topic—but it's not
My cue for any time to be terrific:
For chequer'd as it seems our human lot
With good, and bad, and worse, alike profuse
Of melancholy merriment, to quote
Too much of one sort would be supercilious;
Without, or with, offence to friends or foes,
I sketch your world exactly as it goes.

XC.
And one good action in the midst of crimes
Is 'quite refreshing'—in the affected phrase
Of these ambrosial, Phœnix trees,
With all their pretty unalloy'd ways,—
And may serve therefore to bedew these rhymes,
A little search'd at present with the blaze
Of conquest and its consequences, which
Make epic poesy so rare and rich.

XCI.
Upon a taken bastion, where there lay
Thousands of slaughter'd men, a yet warm group
Of murder'd women, who had found their way
To this vain refuge, made the good heart droop
And shudder;—smile, as beautiful as May,
A female child of ten years tried to sleep
And hide her poor petting breast
Amidst the bodies half in bloody rest.

XCII.
Two villainous Cossacks pursued the child
With flaming eyes and vapors: match'd with them,
The most blase that ransoms Siberia's wild
His feelings pure and polish'd as a gem,—
The bear is civilized, the wolf is wild:
And whom for this at last must we condemn?
Their masters, or their sovereigns, who employ
All arts to teach their subjects to destroy?

XCIII.
Their sabres glitter'd o'er her little head,
Wherein her fair hair rose trembling with affright,
Her hidden face was plunged amidst the dead:
When Juan caught a glimpse of this sad sight,
I shall not say exactly what he said,
Because it might not sound 'ears polite;
But what he did, was to lay on their backs,
The readiest way of reasoning with Cossacks.

XCIV.
One's hip he slash'd, and split the other's side
And drove them with their brutal yells to seek
If there might be chorogenic who could sicken
The wounds they richly merited, and shrick
Their lated rage and pain; while waxing color
As he turn'd o'er each pale and gory cheek.
Don Juan raised his little captive from
The heap a moment more had made her tomb

XCV.
And she was chill as they, and on her face
A slender streak of blood announced how near
Her fate had been to that of all her race;
For the same blow which hid her mother here
Had scar'd her brow, and left its crimson trace
As the last link with all she had held dear;
But else unhurt, she open'd her large eyes,
And gazed on Juan with a wild surprise.

XCVI.
Just at this instant, while their eyes were fix'd
Upon each other, win dilated glance,
In Juan's look, pain, pleasure, hope, fear, mix'd
With joy to save, and dread of some mischance
Unto his protegé; while hers, transfapp'd
With mirthful terror, gazed as from a trance,
A pure, transparent, pale, yet radiant face,
Like a lighted alchemist's vase;—

XCVII.
Up came John Johnson—I will not say "Jack." For that were vulgar, cold, and commonplace
On great occasions, such as an attack
On cities, as hath been the present case—
Up Johnson came, with hundreds at his back,
Exclaiming:—"Juan! Juan! Oh, boy! brave
Your arm, and I'll bet Moscow to a dollar,
That you and I will win Saint George's collar."* 

XCVIII.
"The Scraskier is knock'd upon the head,
But the stone bastion still remains, wherein
The old pasha sits among some hundred dead,
Smoking his pipe quite calmly, 'midst the din
Of our artillery and his own: It is said
Our kill's already piled up to the chin,
Lee round the battery: but still it batter's,
And grape in volleys, like a vineyard, scatters.

XCIX.
"Then up with me!"—But Juan answer'd, "Look
Upon this child—I saved her—must not leave
Her life to chance; but point me out some nook
Of safety, where she less may shirk and grieve,
And I am with you."—Whereupon Johnson took
A glance around—and shrug'd—and twitch'd his sleeve
And black silk necknether—and replied, "You're right;
Poor thing! what's to be done? I'm puzzled quite."

C.
Said Juan—"Whatsoever is to be
Done, I'll not quit her till she seems secure
Of present life a good deal more than we."—
Quoth Johnson—"Neither will I quite insure
But at the least you may die gloriously."—
Juan replied—"At least I will endure
Whatever is to be borne—but not retrace
This child, who's parentless, and therefore none."—

Cl.
Johnson said—"Juan, we're no time to lose;
The child's a pretty child—a very pretty—
I never saw such eyes—but hark! now choose
Between your fame and feelings, pride and pay.
Hark! how the roar increases!—no excuse
Will serve when there is plunder in a city;—
I should be bold to march without you, but,
By God! we'll be too late for the first cut."

CII.
But Juan was immovable; until
Johnson, who really loved him in his way,
beck’d out amongst his followers with some skill,
Sensed he thought the least given up to prey:
And swearing if the infant came to ill
That they should all be shot on the next day,
But if she were deliver’d safe and sound,
They should at least have fifty roubles round,

CIII.
And all allowances besides of plunder
In fair proportion with their comrades;—then
Juan consented to march on through plunder,
Which thaw’d at every step their ranks of men;
And yet the rest rush’d eagerly—no wonder,
For they were heated by the hope of gain,
A thing which happens every where each day—
No hero trusteth wholly to half-play.

CIV.
And such is victory, and such is man!
At least nine-tenths of what we call so;—God
May have another name for half we scan
As human beings, or his ways are odd.
But to our subject: a brave Tartar Khan,—
Or “sultan,”* as the author (to whose nod
In prose I bend my humble verse) doth call
The cinchum—somehow would not yield at all:

CV.
But, flank’d by five brave sons (such is polyanxia,
That she spawns warriers by the score, where none
Are prosecuted for that fatal crime bigamy!)
He never would believe the city won,
While courage clung but to a single twig.—Am I
Describing Priam’s, Pelens’, or Jove’s son? no
Neither—but a good, plain, old, temperate man,
Who fought with his five children in the van.

CVI.
To take him was the point. The truly brave,
When they behold the brave opprised with odds,
Are touch’d with a desire to shield or save;—
A mixture of wild beasts and demi-gods
Are they—now furious as the sweeping wave,
Now moved with pity; even as sometimes nads
The rugged tree into the summer wind,
Compassion breathes along the savage mind.

CVII.
But he would not be taken, and replied
To all the propositions of surrender
By moving Christians down on every side,
As obstinate as Swedish Charles at Bender.
His five brave boys no less the foe defied:
Whereon, the Russian pathos grew less tender,
As being a virtus, like terrestrial patience,
Apt to wear out or trifling provocations.

CVIII.
And spite of Johnson and of Juan, who
Expanded all their eastern phraseology
In beguiling him, for God’s sake, just to show
So much less twist as might form an apology
For them in saving such a de-pretor foe—
He haul’d away, like doctors of theology
When they dispute with scepters; and with curses
Struck at his friends, as babies beat their nurses.

CIX.
Nay, he had wounded, though but slightly, noth
Juan and Johnson, where-upon they fell—
The first with sighs, the second with an oath—
Upon his angry sultanism, pull-well,
And all around were groan exceeding wreath
At such a pertussive infidel,
And pour’d upon him and his sons like rain,
Which they resisted like a sandy plain.

CX.
That drinks and still is dry. At last they perish’d;—
His second son was level’d by a smita
His third was subdued; and the fourth, most cherish’d
Of all the five, on bayonets met his lot;
The fifth, who, by a Christian mother nourish’d,
Had been neglected, ill-used, and what not,
Because deform’d, yet died all game and bottom,
To save a sive who blush’d that he begot him.

CXI.
The eldest was a true and nameless Tartar,
As great a seerom of the Nazarene
As ever Mahomet pick’d out for a martyr,
Who only saw the black-eyed girls in green,
Who make the beds of those who won’t take quarter
On earth, in Paradise; and, when once seen,
Those Hours, like all other pretty creatures,
Do just whatever they please, by dint of features.

CXII.
And what they pleased to do with the young Khan
In heaven, I know not, nor pretend to guess;
But doubtless they prefer a fine young man
To rough old heroes, and can do no less;
And that’s the cause, no doubt, why, if we scan
A field of battle’s ghostly wilderness,
For one rough, weather-beaten, veteran body,
You’ll find ten thousand handsome cowards bloody.

CXIII.
Your Hours also have a natural pleasure
In lopping off your lately married men
Before the bridal honors had been their measure.
And the sad second moon grows dam again,
Or dull Repeutance hath had dreary leisure
To wash him back a bachelor now and then.
And thus your Hours (it may be) disputes
Of these brief blossoms the immediate fruits.

CXIV.
Thus the young Khan, with Hours in his sight,
Thought not upon the charms of fair young braves;
But bravely rush’d on his first heavenly night.
In short, however our better faith deviles,
These black-eyed virgins make the Moslem’s fight,
Although there were one heaven and none besides,—
Whereas, if all be true we hear of heaven
And hell, there must at least be six or seven.

CXV.
So fully flash’d the phantom on his eyes,
That when the very lance was in his heart,
He shout’d, “‘Al! Allah!” and saw Paradise
With all its veil of mystery drawn apart,
And bright eternity without disguise.
On high, as well, like a careless sunrise, dart,—
With prophets, hours, angels, saints, describ’d
In one voluptuous blaze,—and then he died:

CXVI.
But, with a heavenly rapture on his face,
The good old Khan—who long had ceased to see
Hours, or ought except his florid race,
Who grew like cedar round him gloriously—
When he beheld his latest hero grace
The earth, which he became like a field's tree,
Paused for a moment from the fight, and cast
A glance on that slain son, his first and last.

CXVII.
The soldiers, who beheld him drop his point,
Sang'd as if once more willing to concede
Quarter, in case he had them not "around!"—
As he before had done. He did not heed
Their pause nor signs; his heart was out of joint,
And shook (till now unshaken) like a reed,
As he look'd down upon his children gone,
And fell—though done with life—he was alone.

CXVIII.
But 'twas a transient tremor—with a spring
Upon the Russian steel his heart he flung,
As carelessly as hurst the moth her wing
Against the light wherein she dies: he chang'd
Closer, that all the deadlier they might wring,
Unto the haynotes which had pierced his young;
And, throwing back a dim look on his sons,
In one wide wound pour'd forth his soul at once.

CXIX.
'Tis strange enough—the rough, tough soldiers, who
Spared neither sex nor age in their career
Of carnage, when this old man was pierced through,
And by before them with his children near,
Touch'd by the heroism of him they slow,
Were melted for a moment; though no tear
Flew from their blood-shot eyes, all red with strife,
They honour'd such determined scorn of life.

CX.
But the stone bastion still kept up its fire,
Where the chief Pacha calmly held his post:
Some twenty times he made the Russ retire,
And called the assaults of all their host;
At last he desisted to inquire
If yet the city's rest were won or lost;
And, being told the latter, sent a Bey
To answer Kham's summons to give way.

CXI.
In the mean time, cross-legg'd, with great sang-froid,
Among the smoking rums he sat smoking
Tobacco on a 111 carpet:—Troy
Saw nothing like the scene around:—yet, looking
With martial stocks: he thought seemed to annoy
His stern patience; yet, but gently stroking
His beard, he pull'd his pipe's unrivald gales,
As if he had three lives, as well as taws.

CXII.
The town was taken;—whether he might yield
Himself or hasten into matter'd now;
His stubborn valor was no future shield.
"Bash' no more! The convoy's silver bow
Such, and the crimson cross glanced over the field,
But red with no redeeming grace, it glow
Of burning streets, like moonlight on the water,
Was imaged back in blood; the sea a slaughter.

CXIII.
All that the mind would shrink from of excesses;
All that the body perpetuates of bad;
All that we read, hear, dream, of men's diseases,
All that the devil would do if run stark mad,
All that doth the worst which pen expresses;
All by which he is peopled, or as said
As fell—mere mortals who their power abuse,—
Was here (as herebefore and since) the least.

CXXIV.
If here and there some transient trait of pity,
Was shown, and some more noble heart witnessed
Its bloody bond, and saved perhaps some pretty
Child, or an aged helpless man or two—
What's this in one annihilated city,
Where thou and loves, and ties, and duties grow
Just ponder what a pious pastime war is.

CXV.
Think how the joys or reading a gazette
Are purchased by all agencies and crimes;
Or, if these do not move you, don't forget
Such doom may be your own in after times.
Meaning the taxes, Castlereagh, and debt,
Are but as good as sermons, or as rhymes.
Read your own hearts and Ireland's present story
Then feed her famine with Welleney's glory.

CXVI.
But still there is unto a patriot nation,
Which loves so well its country and its king,
A subject of sublimest exaltation—
Bear it, ye Musees, on your brightest wing!
Hover the mighty host, Desolation,
Strip your green fields, and to your harvests cling
Gaunt Fatmeine never shall approach the throne—
The Ireland starve; great George weighs twenty stone.

CXVII.
But let me put an end unto my theme;
There was an end of Ireland—hapless town!
Far flash'd her burning towers o'er Dublin's stream,
And really ran his blushing waters down.
The horrid war—whooop and the shiller scream
Rose still; but fainter were the thunders grown
Of forty thousand who had mourn'd the wall,
Some hundreds breathed—t'were rest were silent all.

CXVIII.
In one thing nevertheless 'tis fit to praise
The Russian army upon this occasion,
A virtue much in fashion now-a-days,
And therefore worthy of commemoration:
The topic's tender, so shall be my phrase—
Perhaps the season's chill, and their long stanch
In winter's depth, or want of rest and victual,
Had made them chaste;--they ravish'd very little.

CXIX.
Much did they stay, more plunder, and no less
Might here and there occur some violation
In the other line;—but not to such excess
As when the French, that dissipate nation,
Take towns by storm: no causes can I guess
Except cold weather and commiseration;
But all the ladies, save some twenty score,
Were almost as much virgins as before.

CX.
Some old mistakes too happen'd in the dark,
Which should a' want of lanterns, or of taste—
Indeed the smoke was such they scarce could mark
Their friends from foes,—besides such things from haste
Occur, though rarely, when there is a spark
Of light to save the venerable chaste:—
But six old chambers, each of seventy years,
Were all deliver'd by different grenadiers.

CXI.
But on the whole their continuance was great,
So that some disappointment there caused
To those who had felt the incumbrance state
Of "single blessedness," and thought it good
CXXXI.

Some virices of the bayon stubble-saged
Were also heard to wonder in the din
(Widows of forty were these birds long saged)
"Wherefore the ravishing did not begin."

But, while the thirst for gore and plunder saged,
There was small leisure for superfluous suds;
But whether they escaped or not, hies hid
In darkness—I can only hope they did.

CXXXII.

Swarrows now was companions—a watch
For Timer or for Zimbos he in trade,
Whiles mosquitoes and streets, heir all his eyes, like hatch
Haste'd, and the cannon's roar was scarce alloy'd,
With bloody hands he wrote his first despair;
And here exactly follows what he said—
"Glory to God and to the Empress!" (Powers
Eternal! such names ungaled?) "Ismail's sons!"

CXXXIII.

Methinks these are the most tremendous words,
Since "Men", "Men", Tezel," and "Ucharin;"
Which hands or pens have ever traced of swords.

Heaven help me! I'm but little of a person;
What Daniel read was shortsight of the Lord's,
Severe, sublime; the prophet wrote no face on
The fate of nations—but this Russ, so wily,
Come rhyme, like Nero, over a burning city.

CXXXIV.

He wrote this polar melody, and set it,
Duly accompanied by shrieks and groans,
Which few will sing, I trust, but none forget it—
For I will teach, if possible the stones
To rise against earth's tyrants. Never let it
Be said, that we still tremble unto thrones;
But ye—our children's children, think how we
Should tell things once before the world was free!

CXXXV.

That hour is not for us, but 'tis for you;
And as, in the great joy of your millennium,
You hardly will believe such things were true.
As now occur, I thought that I would pen you 'em
But may your memory perish not—
Yet, if perchance remember'd, still disdain you 've;
More than you seem the sadness of yore;
Who plaited their bare limbs, but not with gore.

CXXXVI.

And when you hear historical talk of thrones,
And then that state upon them let it be
As we now gaze upon the Macamba's house,
And wonder what old world such things could see;
Or hieroglyphics on Egyptian stones,
The pleasant riddles of fate—
Guessing at what shall happen he bid
As the real purpose of a pyramids.

CXXXVII.

Reader! I have kept my word—at least so far
As the first canto promised. You have here
That sketches of love, triumph, war—
As very accurate, you must allow,
And eke, if plain truth should prove no bost
For I have drawn much less with a long bow
Than my forerunners. Carefully I sung,
But Phoebus lends me now and then a string.

CXXXVIII.

With which I still can harp, and earp, and fiddle.
What further hath befallen or may befall
The hero of this grand poetic riddle,
I by and by may tell you, if at all;
But now I choose to break off in the middle,
Worn out with battering Ismail's stubborn wall
While Juan is sent off with the deplan;
For which all Petersburgh is on the watch.

CXXXIX.

This especial honour was conferred, because
He had behaved with courage and humanity—
Which few men like, when they have time to pause
From their favours produced by vanity.
His little captive gain'd him some applause,
For saving her amidst the wild insanity
Of carouses, and I think he was more glad in her
Safety, than his new order of St. Vladimir.

CXLI.

The Moslem orphan went with her protector,
For she was homeless, homeless, helpless: all
Her friends, like the sad family of Hector,
Had perished in the field or by the wall;
Her very place of birth was but a speck
Of what it had been; there the Muezzin's call;
To prayer was heard no more!—and Juan went
And made a vow to shield her, which he kept.

CANTO IX.

I.

Out, Wellington! or "Vilainot"—for tame
Sounds the heroic syllables both ways;
France could not even conquer your great name,
But punish'd it down to this facetious phrase—
Riding or beaten she will laugh the same—
You have obtained great purposes and much praise.
George has years should any dare gainsay,
Humility would rise, and thunder "Nay!"

II.

I don't think that you used K—n—rd quite well
In M. de's affair—in fact it was shabby,
And, like some other things, won't do to tell
Upon your tomb in Westminster's old abbey.
Upon the rest its not worth while to dwell,
Such titles being for the tea hours of some tory—
But though your years as men tend fast to zero
In fact your grace is still but a young hira.

III.

Though Britain owes (and pays you too) so much
Yet Europe doubtless owes you greatly more;
Yet have regard'd legitimacy's crutch—
A prophecy quite so certain as before:
The Spanish, and the French, as well as Dutch,
Have seen, and felt, how strongly you restore;
And Waterloo has made the world your debtor—
I wish your hands would sing it rather better.
IV.
You are "the best of cut-throats?":—be not start;
The phrase is Shakespeare's, and not misapplied;
War's a brain-splattering, windpipe-shattering art,
Unless her cause by right be sanctified.
If you have acted once a generous part,
The world, not the world's masters, will decide,
And I shall be delighted to learn who,
Save you and yours, have gain'd by Waterloo?

V.
I am no flatter'er—you have supply'd all of flattery:
They say you like it too—'tis no great wonder:
He whose whole life has been assault and battery,
At last may get a little tired of thunder;
And, swallowing energy more than satire, he
May also be praised for every handy boulder:
Call'd "Saviour of the Nations"—not yet saved,
And "Europe's Liberator"—still embattled.

VI.
I've done. Now go and dine from off the plate
Presented by the Prince of the Brazils,
And send the sentiment before your gate; 2
A slice or two from your luxurious meals;
He fought, but has not fed so well of late,
Some hunger too they say the people feels.
There is no doubt that you deserve your ration—
It pray give back a little to the nation.

VII.
I don't mean to reflect—a man so great as
You, my Lord Duke! is far above reflection.
The high Roman fashion too of Cincinnatus
With modern history has but small connexion:
Though as an Ishmael you love potatoes,
You need no, take them under your direction;
And half a million for your S-ohn's farm
Is rather dear! I'm sure I mean no harm.

VIII.
Great men have always scorn'd great recompenses:
Epaminondas saved his Thieves, and died,
Not leaving even his funeral expenses:
George Washington had thanks and nought besides,
Except the almighty glory (which few men's is)
To free his country: Pitt too had his pride,
And, as a high-sou'd minister of state,
Remdn'd for running Great Britain, gains.

IX.
Never had mortal man such opportunity,
Except Napoleon, or abused it more:
You might have freed fall'n Europe from the unity
Of tyrants, and been bless'd from shore to shore;
And now—what is your fame? Shall the muse tune it ye?
Now—that the rabble's first vain shouts are o'er?
Go, bear it in your famish'd country's cries!
Behold the world! and curse your victories!

X.
As these new cantos touch on warlike feats,
To you the unflattering Muse designs to inscribe
Truths that you will not read in the gazettes,
But which, 'tis time to teach the bairding tribe
Who fatten on their country's gore and debts,
Must be recited, and—without a bribe.
You, did great things; but, not being great in mind,
Have left undone the greatest—and mankind.

XI.
Death laughs—Go ponder o'er the skeleton
With which men image out the unknown thing
That hides the past world, like to a set sun
Which still elsewhere may raise a brighter spring:
Death laughs at all you weep for;—look up:
This hourly dread of all whose threaten'd hang
Turns life to terror, even though in its sheal!
Mark! how its lipless mouth grins without a breath
Mark! how it laughs and scorns at all you a;
And yet was what you are: from ear to ear
It laughs not—there is now no fleshly bar
So call'd;—the antie long hath ceased to hear
But still he smiles; and whether near or far,
He strips from man that mantle—(far more dear
Than even the tailor's)—his incarnate skin,
Whites, black, or copper—the dead bones will grin.

XII.
And thus Death laughs,—it is sad merciement,
But still it is so; and with such example
Why should not Life be equally content,
With his superior, in a smile to trample
Upon the nothings which are daily spent
Like bubbles on an ocean much less ample
Than the eternal deluge, which devours
Suns as rays—worlds like atoms—years like hours?

XIV.
"To be, or not to be, that is the question"
Says Shakespeare, who just now is much in fashion.
I am neither Alexander nor Hemhestou,
Nor ever had for abstract fame much passion;
But would much rather have a sound digestion,
Than Bonaparte's courage: could I dash on
Through fifty victories to shame or fame,
Without a stomach—what were a good name?

XV.
"Oh, dura illia pressorum!"—Oh, Ye rigid guts of reapers! I translate
For the great benefit of those who know
What indigesta is—that inward into
Which makes all Styx through one small liver flow
A peasant's sweat is worth his lord's estate:
Let this one toll for bread—blessed rack for rent,—
He who sleeps best may be the most content.

XVI.
"To be, or not to be!"—Ere I decide,
I should be glad to know which is being,
'Tis true we speculate both far and wide,
And deem, because we see, we are all-seeing.
For my part, I'll insist on neither side,
Until I see both sides for once agreeing;
For me, I sometimes think that life is death,
Rather than life's a mere affair of breath.

XVII.
"Que sais-je?" was the motto of Montaigne,
As also of the first academicians:
That all is dubious which man may attain,
Was one of their most favourite positions.
There's no such thing as certainty, that's plain
As any of mortality's conditions:
So little do we know what we're about in
This world, I doubt if doubt itself be doubting.

XVIII.
It is a pleasant voyage perhaps to float,
Like Pyrrha, on a sea of speculation;
But what if carrying sail capsize the boat?
Your wise men don't know much of navigation,
And swimming long in the abyss of thought
Is apt to tire: a calm and shallow station
Will nigh the shore, where one steeps down and gathers
Some pretty shell, is best for moderate bathers.
XIX.

But heaven? as classic says, is above all.—
No more of this then,—let us pray! We have
Souls to save, since Eve's slip and Adam's fall,
Which unbled all mankind into the grave,
Besides fish, beasts, and birds.
'The sparrow's fall
Is special providence; though how it gave
Offence, we know not; probably it perch'd
Upon the tree which Eve so bravely search'd.

XX.
O! ye immortal gods! what is thine gory?
Oh, thou too mortal man! what is philanthropy?
On, world, which was and is! what is cosmogony?
Some people have accused me of amasothy,
And yet I know no more than the ungoggy
That forms this desk, of what they mean;—Lypman-

I comprehend; for, without transformation,
Men become wolves on any slight occasion.

XXI.
Bar ! the mildest, meekest of mankind,
Like Moses, or Melancthon, who have never
Done any thing exceedingly unkind,—
And (though I could not now and then forbear
Following the bent of body or of mind )
Have always had a tendency to spare,—
Why do they call me masanthropy? Because
They hate me, and I them;—And here we 'll pause.

XXII.
'Tis time we should proceed with our good poem,
For I maintain that it is really good,
Not only in the body, but the prose,
However little be'st be understood
Just now,—By by and by the truth will show'em
Herself in her sublimest attitude;
And till she doth, I fain must be content
To share her beauty and her banishment.

XXIII.
Our hero (and, I trust, kind reader! yours)
Was left upon his way to the chief city
Of the immortals;—Per's polish'd hoors,
Who still have shown themselves more brave than
witty;
I know its mighty empire now allures
Much flatterers—even Voltaire's, and that's a pity.
For me, I deem an absolute atrocity
Not a barbarian, but much worse than that.

XXIV.
And I will war, at least in words (and—should
My chance so happen—books) with all who war
With thought;—and of thought's foes by far most rude,
Tyrants and sophists have been and are.
I know not who may conquer: if I could
Have such a precession, it should be no bar
To this my plain, sworn, downright detestation
Of every despotism in every nation.

XXV.
It is not that I abdicate the people;
Without me there are demagogues enough,
And adepts to pull'd them every street;
And yet, in their stead some proper stuff,
Whether new or very, very, scripture to read, how,
As is the Christian dogmat rather rough,
I do not know;—I wish men to be free
As much from mobs as kings—from you as me.

XXVI.
The consequence is, being of no party,
I shall offend all parties—never mind!
My words, at least, are more sincere and lofty
Than if I sought to sail before the wind.

He who has sought to gain can have small ut: he
Who neither wishes to be bound nor bind;
May still expatiate freely, as will I,
Nor give my voice to slavery's jackal cry

XXVII.
That's an appropriate simile, that jackal:
I've heard them in the Ephesian romes howl
By night, as do that mercenary pack all,
Power's base purveyors, who for packings now;
And sent the prey their masters would attack all.
However the poor jackals are less foul
(As being the brave home's keen providers)
Than human insects, catering for spiders.

XXVIII.
Raise but an arm! it will brush their web away,
And without that, their poison and their claws
Are useless. Mind, good people! what I say—
(Or rather peoples)—so on without pause!
The web of these tarantulas each day
Increases, till you shall make common cause;
None, save the Spanish fly and Attic bee,
As yet are strongly stinging to be free.

XXIX.
Don Juan, who had shone in the late slaughter,
Was left upon his way with the despatch
Where blood was talk'd of as we would of water;
And carcasses that lay as thick as thatch
Over silenced cities, merely served to flatter.
Fair Catherine's pasture—who lock'd on the mat;
Between these nations as a main of coots,
Whom she liked her own to stand like rocks.

XXX.
And there in a bylane he roll'd on
(A cursed sort of carriage without springs,
Which on rough roads leaves scarcely a whole bone)
Pondering on glory, chivalry, and kings,
And orders, and on all that he had done—
And wishing that post-horses had the wings
Of Pegasus, or at the least post-chaises
Had feathers, when a traveller on deep ways is.

XXXI.
At every jolt—and there were many—still
He turn'd his eyes upon his little charge,
As if he wish'd that she should fare less ill
Than he, in these sad highways left at large
To rats and flints, and lovely nature's skill,
Who is no pasha, nor admits a barge
On her canals, where God takes sea and land,
Fishery and farm, both into his own hand.

XXXII.
At least he pays no rent, and has best right
To be the first of what we used to call
"Gentlemen farmers"—a race worn out quite,
Since lately there have been no rents at all,
And "gentlemen" are in a pitious plight,
And "farmers" can't raise Ceres from her fall;
She fell with Bonaparte:—what strange thoughts
Arose, when we saw emperors fall with oats!

XXXIII.
But Juan turn'd his eyes on the sweet child!
When he had saved from slaughter—what a trophy
Oh! ye who build up monuments, defiled
With gore, like Noah Shur, cut crass Sephry,
Who, after leaving Hindostan a wid,
And scoring to the Mogul a cup of coffee
To soothe his woes outhed, was skin, the sooner
Because he could not more digest his dinner.
XXXIV.

Oh ye! or we! or she! or he! reflect,
That one life saved, especially if young
Or pretty, is a thing to reflects
For sweeter than the greenest laurels sprang
From the manure of human clay, though deck'd
With all the praises ever said or sung:
Though hymn'd by every harp, unless within
Your heart joins chorus, fame is but a din.

XXXV.

Oh, ye great authors luminous, voluminous!
Ye twain one hundred thousand daily scribes!
Whose pamphlets, volumes, newspapers slumber us!
Whether you're paid by government in bribes,
To prove the public debt is not consuming us—
Or, roughly reading on the "courier's kites"
With clowndish heed, your popular circulation
Feeds you by printing half the realm's starvation:

XXXVI.

Oh, ye great authors!—"A propos de batte—"
I have forgotten what I meant to say,
As sometimes have been greater sages' bets:
'Twas something calculated to allay
All wrath in barracks, palaces, or cops:
Cerets would have been but thrown away,
And that's one comfort for my lost advice,
Although no doubt it was beyond all price.

XXXVII.

But let it go:—it will one day be found
With other relics of a "former world."
When this world shall be former, underground,
Thrown topsy-turvy, twisted, crisp'd, and curld.
Baked, fried, or burnt, turn'd inside out, or drownd.
Like all the worlds before, which have been hurld
First out of and then back again to chaos,
The superstratum which will overlay us.

XXXVIII.

So Cuvier says;—and then shall come again
Unto the new creation, rising out.
From our old erath, some mystic, ancient strain
Of things destroy'd and left in any doubt:
Like to the notions we now entertain
Of Titans, giants, floods, of eat
Some hundred feet in height, not to say miles,
And mammaloids, and your winged crocodiles.

XXXIX.

Think if then George the Fourth should be dug up!
How the new worldlings of the then new east
Will wonder where such animals could sap?
(For they themselves will be but of the least:
Even worlds miscarry, when too oft they pap,
And every new creation hath decreased.
In size, from overworking the material:
Men are but nuggets of some huge earth's burial.)—

XL.

How wilt—unto these young people, just thrust out
From some fresh paradise, and set to plough,
And dig, and sweat, and turn themselves about,
And plant, and reap, and spin, and grind, and sow,
 till all the arts at length are brought about,
Especially of war and taxing,—how,
I say, will these great relics, when they see 'em,
Look like the monsters of a new museum?

XLI.

But I am apt to grow too metaphysical:
"The time is out of joint,"—and so am I;
I quite forget this poem's purely quizzical,
And deviate into matters rather dry.

I never decide what I shall say, and th' I call
Much too poetical: men should know why
They write, and for what end; but note r text,
I never know the word which will come next.

XLII.

So on I ramble, now and then narrating,
Now pondering:—it is time we should narrate
I left Don Juan with his horses baiting—
Now we'll get over the ground at a great rate.
I shall not be particular in stating
His journey, we've so many tours of late:
Suppose him then at Pansborough; suppose
That pleasant capital of painted caves—

XLIII.

Suppose him in a handsome uniform
A worded coat, black facings, a long plume,
Waving, like this new shiver'd in a storm,
Over a cock'd hat, in a crowded room,
And brilliant breeches, bright as a Caming Gorne,
Of yellow kerseymere we may presume,
White stockings drawn, unreeled as new mills,
On'limbs whose symmetry set off the silk:

XLIV.

Suppose him, sword by side, and hat in hand,
Made up by youth, fame, and an army-tabor—
That great enchantor, at whose red's command
Beauty springs forth, and nature's self times past
Seeing how art can make her work more grand,
(When she don't pin men's limbs in like a pillar)—
Rebuk'd him placed as if upon a pillar! He
Seems Love turn'd a lieutenant of artillery!

XLV.

His bandage shipp'd down into a crevat,
His wings subsum'd to epolett's; his quiver
Shrunk to a scabbard, with his arrows at
His side as a small-sword, but sharp as ever;
His bow converted into a cock'd hat;
But still so like, that Psyche were more clever.
Then some wires (who make blunders no less stupid)
If she had not mistaken him for Cupid.

XLVI.

The courtiers stared, the ladies whispered, and
The empress smiled; the regnig favourite's brow
I quite forget which of them was in hand
Just then, as they are rather numerous found,
Who took by turns that difficult command
Since first her majesty was singly conscious;
But they were mostly nervous six-foot fellows,
All fit to make a Patagian palmus.

XLVII.

Juan was none of these, but slight and slim,
Fondling and handless; and yet worthless
There was a something in his turn of head,
And still more in his eye, which seemed to express
That though he held one of the seraphim,
There lurk'd a man beneath the spirit's dress.
Besides, the empress sometimes liked a boy,
And had just buried the fair-faced Lancelot:

XLVIII.

No wonder then that Veredoff, or Moumoff,
Or Scherbatoiff, or any other off,
Or off, might dread her majesty had not room enough
Within her bosom (which was not too tough)
For a new flame: a thought to cast of gloom enough
Along the aspect, whether smooth or rough,
Of him who, in the language of his station,
Then held that "high official station."
XLIX.

Ch., gentle ladies! should you seek to know
The import of this diplomatic phrase,
B'd Ireland's Londonderry's Marquess's show
His parts of speech; and in the strange displays
Of that odd string of words all in a row,
Which none divine, and every one obeys,
Perhaps you may pick out some queer re-meaning,
Of that weak worldly harvest the sole gleaming.

L.

I think I can explain myself without
That sad inexplicable beast of prey—
That sphinx, whose words would ever be a doubt,
Did not his deeds unfigure them each day—
That monstrous hieroglyphic—that long spectro
Of blood and water, leader Castlereagh!
And here I want an anecdote relate,
But luckily of no great length or weight.

LI.

An English lady ask'd of an Italian,
What were the actual and official duties
Of the strange thing some women set a value on,
Which lovers oft about some married beauties,
Called "a Cavalier Servante?"—a Pygmalion
Whose statues warm (I fear, alas! too true'tis)
Benefit his art. The dame, press'd to disclose them,
Said—"Lady, I beseech you to suppose them."

LII.

And thus I supplicate your supposition,
And mildest, matron-like interruption
Of the imperial favourite's condition,
'Twas a high place, the highest in the nation
In fact, if not in rank; and the suspicion
Of any one's attaining to his station,
No doubt gave pain, where each new pair of shoulders,
If rather broad, made stocks rise and their holders.

LIII.

Juan, I said, was a most beauteous boy,
And had retain'd his boyish look beyond
The usual hirsute seasons, which destroy,
With beards and whiskers and the like, the fond
Parthian aspect which upset old Troy
And founded Doctor's Commons;—I have count'd
The history of divorces, which, though chequ'ed, 'd
Calls J.ion's the first damages on record.

LIV.

And Catherine, who loved all things (save her lord,
Who was gone to his place), and pass'd for much,
Admiring those (he dainty dames abhor'd)!
Gigantic gentlemen, yet had a touch
Of sentiment; and he she most adored
Was the lamented Linn's, who was such
A lover as had cost her many a tear,
And yet but made a middling grenadier.

LV.

Oh, thou "teterima causa" of all "hellip!"—
Thou gate of life and death!—thou tenebræscript!
Whereas is our exit and our entrance,—well I
May pause in pondering how all souls are dupp'd
In thy perennal fountain?—how thin 67? I
Know not, since knowledge saw her branches strapp'd!
Of her first fruit; but how he falls in roses
Since, thou hast settle'd beyond all summer.

LVI.

Some call thee "the worst cause of war," but I
Maintain thou art the best; for, after all,
From thee we come, to thee we go; and why,
To get at thee, not batter down a wall,
Or waste a world? Since no one can durst
Though dost replanish worlds both great and small.
With, or without thee, all things at a stand
Are, or would be, thou sea of life's dry land!

L VII.

Catherine, who was the grand epitome
Of that great cause of war, or peace, or what
You please (it causes all the things which be),
So you may take your choice of this or that—
Catherine, I say, was very glad to see
The handsome herald, on whose plumes sat
Victory; and, passing as she saw him kneel
With his dispatch, forgot to break the seal.

L VIII.

Then recollecting the whole empress, nor
Forgetting quite the woman (which composed
At least three parts of this great whole), she tore
The letter open with an air which posed
The court, that watch'd each look her visage wore,
Until several smiles at length disclose'd
Far weather for the day. Though rather scrupulous
Her face was noble, her eyes fine, mouth gracious.

LIX.

Great joy was hers, or rather joy— the first
Was a 'twixt sixty, thirty thousand slay.
Glorious and triumph o'er her aspect burst,
As an East-Indian sunrise on the man.
These quench'd a moment her ambition's thirst—
So Arab deserts drink in summer's rain:
In vain!—As fill the dews on quenchless sages,
Blood only serves to wash ambition's hands!

LX.

Her next amusement was more fanciful;
She smiled at and Swarrows's rumes, who threw
Into a Russian couple, rather dull,
The whole gazette of thousands whom he slew.
Her third was feminine enough to amuse
The shepherd which runs naturally through
Our veins, when things called sovereigns think it best
To kill, and generals turn it into jest.

LXI.

The two first feelings ran their course complete,
And lighted first her eye and then her mouth;
The whole court how'd immediately most sweet,
Like flowers well water'd after a long drought;
But when on the lieutenant, at her feet,
Her majesty—who liked to gaze on youth
Almost as much as on a new dispatch—
Glimmed mildly, all the world was on the watch.

LXII.

Though somewhat large, exuberant, and turbulent,
When在职; while job settled, she was as fine a figure
As those who like things rosy, ripe, and succulent,
Would wish to look on, whilst they are in vigour.
She could repay each munificence you lent
With interest; and in turn was wont with rigour
To exact of Cuj's bills the full amount
At sight, nor would permit you to discount.

LXIII.

With her the latter, though at times convenient,
Was not so necessary; for they tell
That she was handsome, and, the letter, 'look'd hexact.
And always used her favourites too well.
If once beyond her bower's precincts in ye way,
Your 'fortune' was in a far way to swell
A man," as Giles says; "for, the she would win all
Nations, she liked man as an individual.
LXIV.

What a strange thing is man! and what a stranger
Is woman? What a whirlwind is her head,
And what a whirlpool full of depth and danger
Is all the rest about her! whether wed,
Or widow, maid, or mother, she can change her
Mind like the wind; whatever she has said
Or done, is light to what she'll say or do,—
The oldest thing on record, and yet new!

LXV.

Oh, Catherine! (for of all interjections
To thee both oh! and oh! belong of right
In love and war) now odd are the conceptions
Of human thoughts, which jostle in their flight!
Just now you were cut out in different sections;
First, Isma'il's capture caught your fancy quite;
Next, of new knights the fresh and glorious batch;
And thirdly, he who brought you the despatch!

LXVI.

Shakespeare talks of "the herald Mercury
New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;"
And some such visions cross'd her majesty
While her young herald knelt before her still.
'Tis very true the hill seem'd rather high
For a lieutenant to climb up; but skill
Smooth'd even the Simplic's steep, and, by God's bless-
ing,
With youth and health all kier-se are "heaven-kissing."

LXVII.

Her majesty look'd down, the youth look'd up—
And so they fell in love,—she with his face,
His grace, his God-knows-what; for Cupid's cup
With the first draught intoxicates space,
A quintessential laumbom or "black drop."
Which makes one drunk at once, without the base
Equidistant of full bumpers; for the eye
In love drinks all his fountain's (save tears) dry.

LXVIII.

He, on the other hand, if not in love,
Fell into that no less imperious passion,
Self-love—which, when some sort of thing above
Ourselves, a singer, dancer, much in fashion,
Or duchess, princess, empress, "deigns to prove,"
(Tis Pope's phrase) a great hanging, tho' a rash one,
For one especial person out of many,
Makes us believe ourselves as good as any.

LXIX.

Besides, he was of that delighted age
Which makes all female ages equal—when
We don't much care with whom we may engage,
As bold as Daud in the house den,
So that we can our native sin assume
In the next ocean, which may blow just then,
To make a twighit meal—just as Sol's heat is
Quench'd in the lap of the salt sea, or Thetis.

LXX.

And Catherine (we must say thus much for Catherine),
Though bold and bloody, was the kind of thing
Whose temporary passion was quite flattering,
Because each lover look'd a sort of king,
Most up upon an ancien't pattern—
A royal husband in all save the size—
Which being the damndest part of matrimon,
Spare out taking the sting to leave the honey.

LXXI.

And when you add to this,—her womanhood
In her meridian, her blue eyes, or gray—
The last, if they have soul, are quite as good.
Or better, as the best examples say:

Napoleon's, Mary's (Queen of S'tand) should
Lend to that colour a transcendent ray;
And Pallas also sanctions the same hue—
Too wise to look through optics black or blue.

LXXII.

Her sweet smile, and her then majestic figure,
Her plumpness, her imperial condescension,
Her preference of a boy to men much bigger
(Fellows whom Messalam's self would pension)
Her prime of life, just now in juicy vigour,
With other extras which we need not mention,—
All these, or any one of these, explain
Enough to make a stripping very van.

LXXIII.

And that's enough, for love's vanity,
Falsish in its beginning as its end,
Except where 'tis a mere insanity,
A maddening spirit which would strive to blend
Itself with beauty's frat inanity,
On which the passion's self seems to depend:
And hence some heathenish philosophers
Make love the mainspring of the universe.

LXXIV.

Besides Platonic love, besides the love
Of God, the love of sentiment, the living
Of faithful pairs—(I needs must rhyme with dove),
That good old steam-boat which keeps verses moving
'Gainst reason—reason ne'er was hand and glove
With rhyme, but always lend'd less to improving
The sound then sense)—in these all these pretences
To love, there are those things which words name sense,

LXXV.

Those movements, those improvements in our bodies,
Which make all bodies anxious to get out
Of their own sand-pits to mix with a goddess—
For such all women are at first, no doubt.
How beautiful that moment! and how old is
That fever which preceded the languid rout
Of our sensations! What a curious way
The whole thing is of clothing souls in clay!}

LXXVI.

The noblest kind of love is love Platonic,
To end or to begin with; the next grand
Is that which may be christen'd love canonical,
Because the clergy take the thing in hand;
The third sort to be noted in our chronicle,
As flourishing in every Christian land,
Is, when chaste matrons to their other ties
Add what may be call'd marriage in disguise.

LXXVII.

Well, we won't analyze—our story must
Tell for itself: the sovereign was sitten,
Joan much flatter'd by her lover—
I cut all steps to alter words once written,
And the two are so mix'd with human dust,
That he who knows one, both prelacy may hit on
But in such matters Russia's mighty empress
Behaved no better than a common sempstress.

LXXVIII.

The whole court melted into one wide whirl;
Or, in all fine phrases, into one cloud.
The older ladies wrinkles could much shorten
As they beheld; the younger cast some tears
On one another, and each lovely bidding
Smiled as she talk'd the matter o'er: but tears
Of rivalry rose in each clouded eye
Of all the standing army who stood by.
DON JUAN.

LXXIX.

All the ambassadors of all the powers
Inquired, who was this very new young man,
Who promised to be great in some few hours?
Which is full soon (though life is but a span),
Already they beheld the silver showers
Of roulades rain, as fast as specie can,
Upon his cabinet, besides the presents
Of several ribbons and some thousand peasants.

CANTO X.

I.

When Newton saw an apple fall, he found
In that slight startupt from his contemplation—
’Tis said (for I’ll not answer above ground
For any sage’s creed or calculation)—
A mode of proving that the earth turn’d round
In a most natural whirl, call’d ‘gravitation;’
And thus is the sole mortal who could grapple,
Since Adam, with a fall or with an apple.

II.

Man fell with apples, and with apples rose,
If this be true; for we must deem the mode
In which Sir Isaac Newton could disclose,
Through the then unpaved stars, the turnpike road
A thing to counterbalance human woes;
For, ever since, immortal man hath gloat’d
With all kinds of mechanisms, and full soon
Steam-engines will conduct him to the moon.

III.

And wherefore this exordium?—Why, just now,
In taking up this paltry sheet of paper,
My bosom underwent a glorious glow,
And my internal spirit cut a caper:
And though so much inferior, as I know,
To those who, by the dint of glass and vapour,
Discover stars, and sail in the wind’s eye,
I wish to do as much by poesy.

IV.

In the wind’s eye I have sail’d, and sail’d; but for
The stars, I own my telescope is dim;
But at the least I’ve shunn’d the common shore,
And, leaving land far out of sight, would skim
The ocean of eternity; the road,
Of breakers has not daunted my sight, trim,
But still sea-worthy skill; and she may float
Where ships have founder’d, as doth many a boat.

V.

We left our hero Juan in the bloom
Of fountains, but not yet in the blush;
And far be it from my Muse to presume
(For I have more than one Muse at a push)
To follow him beyond the drawing-room:
It is enough that fortune found him then
Of youth and vigour, beauty, and those things
Which for an instant chip enjoyment’s wings.

VI.

But soon they grow again, and leave their nest.
“Oh!” saith the Psalmist, “that I had a dove’s
Punions, to flee away and be at rest!”
And who, that recollects young years and loves,—
Though hoary now, and with a withering brow,
And pulsed fancy, which no longer roves
Beyond its dimm’d eye’s sphere, but would much rather
Sigh like his son, than cough like his grandfather?

VII.

But sighs subside, and tears (even widows’) shrink
Like Arno, in the summer, to a shallow,
So narrow as to shame their wintry brink,
Which threatens inundations deep and yellow
Such difference doth a few months make. You’d think
Grief a rich field which never would be fallow;
No more it doth, its ploughs but change their boys,
Who sowed some new soil to sow for joys.

VIII.
But doths will come when sighs depart—and now
And then before sighs cease; for oft the one
Will bring the other, ere the lake-like brow
Is ruffled by a wrinkle, or the sun
Of life reach ten o'clock; and, while a glow,
Herculean and brief as summer's day nigh done,
O'er-speaks the check which seems too pure for clay,
Thousands blaze, love, hope, die—how happy they—!

IX.
But Juan was not meant to die so soon.
We left him in the focus of such glory
As may be won by favour of the moon,
Or ladies' fancies—rather transitory.
Perhaps: but who would scorn the month of June,
Because December, with his breath so hoary,
Must come? Much rather should he court the ray,
To board up warmth against a wintry day.

X.
Besides, he had some qualities which fix
Middle-aged ladies step more than young:
The former know what's what; while new-pledged chicks
Know little more of love than is sung.
In rhymes, or dream'd (for fancy will play tricks),
In visions of those skies from whence love sprung.
Some reckon women by their sins or years—
I rather think the moon should do the darts.

XI.
And why? because she's changeable and chaste.
I know no other reason, whatsoever
Suspicious people, who find fault in haste,
May choose to tax me with; which is not fair,
Nor flattering to "their temper or their taste;"
As my friend Jeffrey writes with such an air:
However, I forgive him, and I trust
He will forgive himself;—if not, I must.

XII.
Old enemies who have become new friends
Should so continue:—'tis a point of honour;
And I know nothing which could make amends
For a return to hatred: I would shun her
Like garlic, however she extends
Her hundred arms and legs, and fan out her
Old flames, new wives, because our bitterest foes—
Converted foes should soon to join with those.

XIII.
This were the worst desertion: renegades, Even shuffling Southery—that incarnate lie—
Would scarcely join again the "reformed,"
Would hie he forsook to fill the laureate's sty;
And honest men, from Icandl to Barbadoes,
Whether in Caledon or Italy,
Should not veer round with every breath, nor seize
To pain, the moment when you cease to please.

XIV.
The lawyer and the critic but behold
The baser sides of literature and life,
And ought remains unseen, but much untold,
By those who scor their double vales of strife,
While common men grow ignorantly old,
The lawyer's brief is like the surgeon's knife,
Dissecting the whole inside of a question,
And with it all the process of digestion.

XV.
A legal broom's a moral chimney-sweeper,
And that's the reason he himself's so dirty;
The endless soul^ bestows a tint far deeper
Than can be hid by altering his shirt; he
Retains the sable stains of the dark deeper—
At least some twenty-nine do out of thirty,
In all their habits: not so you, I own;
As Caesar wore his robe you wear your gown.

XVI.
And all our little feats, at least all \\
. Dear Jeffrey, once my most redoubled fee,
(As far as rhyme and criticism combine
To make such puppets of us things below),
Are over: Here's a health to "Auld Lang Syne;"
I do not know you, and may never know
Your fate—but you have acted on the whole
Most nobly, and I own it from my soul.

XVII.
And when I use the phrase of "Auld Lang Syne;"
'Tis not address'd to you—the more's the pity
For me, for I would rather take my wine
With you, than aught (save Scott) in your proud city.
But somehow,—it may seem a school-boy's whim,
And yet I seek not to be grand nor witty,
But I am half a Scot by birth, and bred
A whole one, and my heart thies to my head:—

XVIII.
As "Auld Lang Syne" brings Scotland one and all,
Scottish plains, Scotch snows, the blue hills, and clear streams.
The Dee, the Don, Balgounie's Brig's black u' all,
All my boy feelings, all my gentle dreams
Of what I then dream'd, clothed in their own pall,
Like Banquo's offspring—floating past me seems
My childhood in this childishness of mine:
I care not—'tis a glimpse of "Auld Lang Syne;"

XIX.
And though, as you remember, in a fit
Of wrath and rhyme, when juvenile and curly,
I rail'd at Scotts to show my wrath and wit,
Which must be own'd was sensitive and surly,
Yet 'tis in vain such satires to permit;
They cannot quench young feelings fresh and early:
I "scotch'd, not kill'd," the Scotchman in my blood,
And love the land of "mountain and of flood;"

XX.
Don Juan, who was real or ideal—
For both are much the same, since what men think
Exists when the once thinkers are less real
Than what they thought, for mind can never sink,
And 'gainst the body makes a strong appeal;
And yet 'tis very puzzling on the brink
Of what is call'd eternity, to stare,
And know no more of what is here than there:—

XXI.
Don Juan grew a very polish'd Russian—
How we won't mention, why we need not say:
Few youthful minds can stand the strong concussion
Of any slight temptation in their way;
But his just now were spread as is a cushion
Smooth'd for a monarch's seat of honour: gay
Dances, and dances, revels, ready money,
Made me seem paradise, and winter sunny.

XXII.
The favour of the empress was agreeable;
And though the duty was'd a little hard,
Young people at his time of life should be able
To come off handsomely in that regard,
He now was growing up like a green tree, able
For love, war, or ambition, which reward
Their lusciee vortices, till old age's rednum
Make some prefer the circulating medium.

XXIII.
About this time, as might have been anticipated,
Seduced by youth and dangerous examples,
Don Juan grew, I fear, a little dissipated;
Which is a sad thing, and not only tramples
Or our fresh feelings, but—as being anticipated
With all kinds of memorable samples
Of trud humanity—must make us selfish,
And shut our souls up in us like a shellfish.

XXIV.
This we pass over. We will also pass
The usual progress of intrigues between
Unequal matches, such as are, alas!
A young lieutenant's with a not old queen,
But one who is not so youthful as she was,
In all the novelty of sweet seventeen.
Sovereigns may sway materials, but not matter,
And wrinkles (the did—do demonstrate) won't flatter.

XXV.
And Death, the sovereign's sovereign, though the great
Graceful of all mortality, who leaves
With his Aenean laws, the high estate
Of him who boasts, and fights, and roars, and revels,
To one small grass-grow patch (which must await
Corruption for its crop) with the poor devils.
Who never had a foot of land till now,—
Death's a reformer, all men must allow.

XXVI.
He lived (not Death, but Juan) in a hurry
Of waste, and haste, and glare, and glow, and glitter,
In this gay clime of heart-skins black and fury—
Which (though I hate to say a thing that's better)
Peep out sometimes, when things are in a hurry,
Through all the "purple and fine linen," litter
For Belshy's than Rucus's royal haberd—
And neutralize her outward show of scarlet.

XXVII.
And this same state we won't describe; we would
Perhaps from hearsay, or from recollection;
But getting nigh grim Dante's "obscene wood,
That horrid equal, that hateful section
Of human tears, that half-way house, that rude
Har,' where wise travelers are driven with revulsion
Life's sad post-horses over the weary frontier
Of age, and, looking back to youth, give one tear;—

XXVIII.
I won't describe—that is, if I can help
Description: and I won't reflect—that is,
If I can scarce off thought, which—as a whole
Clinges to its text—sticks to me through the abyss
Of this odd labyrinth; or as the help
 Helds by the rock; or as a lover's kiss
Drips its first draught of lips; but, as I said,
I won't philosophize, and will be read.

XXIX.
Juan, instead of courting courts, was courted,
A thing which happens rarely: this he owed
Much to his youth, and much to his reported
Vir.o.m.; much also to the blood he showed,
Like a race-horse; much to each dress he sported,
Which set the beauty off in which he glow'd,
As purple clouds before the sun; but most
He owed to an old woman and his post.

XXX.
He wrote to Spain:—and all his near relations,
Perceiving he was in a handsome way
Of getting on himself, and finding nations
For consuls also, answer'd the same day,
Several prepared themselves for emigrations;
And, eating now, were overheard to say,
That with the addition of a slight pelisse,
Madrid's and Moscow's climes were of a-piece.

XXXI.
His mother, Donna Inez, finding too
That the lion of drawing on his banker,
Where his assets were wasting rather few,
He had a sight his spending to a handsome noble,—
Reply'd, "that she was glad to see him through
Those pleasures after which void youth will hunger,
As the sole sign of man's being in his senses
Is, learning to reduce his past expenses.

XXXII.
She also recommended him to God,
And no less to God's Son, as well as Mother,
Warn'd him against Greek worship, which looks odd
In Catholic eyes; but told him too to smoother
Outward diviner, which don't look well abroad;
Instruct'd him that he had a little brother
Born in a second week; and above all,
Praised the empress's maternal love.

XXXIII.
"She could not too much give her approbation
Unto an empress, who prefer'd young men
Whose age, and, what was better still, whose nature
And climate, stop'd all scandal (now and then):—
At home it might have given her some vexation;
But where thermometers sunk down to ten,
Or five, or one, or zero, she could never
Believe that virtue dian'd before the river.

XXXIV.
Oh for a forty-person power to chant
The praise, hypocrisy! Oh for a hymn
Lead as the virtues thou dost loudly van'm,
Not practise! Oh for trumps of chimerum!
Or the ear-trumpet of my good old aunt,
Who, though her spectacles at last grew dim,
Drew quiet conclusion through its hint,
When she no more could read the pious print.

XXXV.
She was no hnioscrite, at least, poor soul!
But went to heaven in so succeed a way
As any body on the elect'd roll,
Which portions out upon the judgment day
Heaven's freeholds, in a sort of downstair scroll,
Such as the conqueror William did repay
His knights with, lotting others' properties
Into some sixty thousand new knights' fees.

XXXVI.
I can't complain, whose ancestors are there,
Francis, Radolphus—eight-and-forty monarchs
(If that my memory doth not greatly err)
Were their reward for following Billy's banners,
And, though I can't help thinking 'twas scarce fan
To strip the Savons of their habits, five manners
Yet as they founded churches with the produce,
You'd deem, no doubt, they put it to a good use.

XXXVII.
The gentle Juan flowers'd, though at times
He felt like other plants—call'd sensitive,
Which shrank from touch, as monstrels do from rhymes
Save such as Southerly can afford to give.
Perhaps he long'd, in bitter frost, for climes
In which the Neva's ice would cease to live
Before May day: perhaps, despite his duty,
In royalty's vast arms he sigh'd for beauty:

XXXVIII.
Perhaps,—but, now perhaps, we need not seek
For causes young or old— the earlier form
Will feed upon the finest, freest head,
As well as further drain the writer's form;
Care, like a housekeeper, brings every week
His bills in, and, however we may storm,
They must be paid: though six days smoothly run,
The seventh will bring blue devils or a dun.

XXXIX.
I don't know how it was, but he grew sick:
The empress was alarmed, and her physician
(The same who physic'd Peter) found the tick
Of his fierce pulse betoken a condition
Which augur'd of the dead, however quick
Itself, and show'd a feverish disposition;
At which the whole court was extremely troubled,
The sovereign shock'd, and all his minosomes doubled.

XL.
Low were the whispers, manifold the rumours:
Some said he had been poison'd by Potemkian;
Others talk'd learnedly of certain tumours,
Exhaustion, or disorders of the same kind;
Some said 't was a connection of the humour
Which with the blood too readily will claim kin;
Others again were ready to maintain,
"I'was only the fatigue of last campaign."

XLI.
But here is one prescription out of many:
"Soda-sulphat. 3. vi. 3. s. Mann's opsim.
Ac. fercent. F. 3. iss. 3. ij. tinct. Senna
Haustrus" (and here the surgeon came and cupp'd him)
"R. Priv. Com. gr. iii. Ipecacuanha"
(With more besidg, if Juan had not stopp'd 'em)
"Rub. potass. sulphurat. sumctissu
Et hauster ter in captecundis."

XLII.
This is the way physicians mend or end us,
Scantum artem: but although we sueer
In health—when ill, we call them to attend us,
Without the least propensity to j eer;
While that "hiatus maxime defendit,"
To be fill'd up by spade or mattock, 's near,
Instead of gliding graciously down Lothe,
We teaze mild Bailee, or soft Abernethy.

XLIII.
Juan dommurld at this first notice to
Quit; and, though death had threaten'd an ejection,
His youth and constitution bore him through,
And sent the doctors in a new direction.
But still his state was delicate: the true
Of health but flicker'd with a faint reflection
Along his wasted cheek, and seem'd to gravell
The faculty—who said that he must travel.

XLIV.
The climate was too cold; they said, for him,
Meridian-born, to bloom in. This opinion
Made the chaste Catherine look a little grim,
Who did not like at first to lose her mission:
But when she saw his dazzling eye wax dim,
And drooping like an eagle's with clipped pinion,
She then resolved to send him on a mission,
But in a style becoming his condition.

XLV.
There was just then a kind of a discussion,
A sort of treaty or negociation
Between the British cabinet and Russian,
Maintain'd with all the due prevencion.
With which great states such things are apt to push on
Something about the Baltic's navigation,
Hides, train'd, tailor'd, and; the rights of Theins,
Witch Britons deem their "uti possidetis."

XLVI.
So Catherine, who had a handsome way
Of fitting out her favourites, confer'd
This secret charge on Juan, to display
At once her royal splendor, and reward
His services. He kiss'd hands the next day,
Received instructions to play his card,
Was laden with all kinds of gifts and honours,
Which shew'd what great discernment was the donor's.

XLVII.
But she was lucky, and luck's all. Your queens
Are generally prosperons in reigning;
Which puzzles us to know what fortune means.
But to continue: though her years were waning
Her chimerie teasr her like her tours;
And though her dignity brook'd no complaining
So much did Juan's setting off distress her,
She could not find at first a fit successor.

XLVIII.
But time, the comforter, will come at last;
And four-and-twenty hours, and twice that number
Of candidates requesting to be placed,
Made Catherine taste next night a quiet slumber;
Not that she meant to fix again in haste,
Nor did she find the quantity cumbersome,
But, always choosing with deliberation,
Kept the place open for their emulation.

XLIX.
While this high post of honour's in abeyance,
For one or two days, reader, we request
You'll mount with our young hero the conveyance
Which wafted him from Peterburgh; the best
Baroche, which had the glory to display once
The fair Caarina's autocratic crest,
(When, a new Iphigen, she went to Tauris),
Was given to her favourite, and now bore his'

I.
A bull-dog, and a bull-fitch, and an ermine,
All private favourites of Don Juan; for
(.telegramr shorter says the true cause determine)
He had a kind of inclination, or
Weakness, for what most people deem mere vanities
Live animals—an old maid of threescore
For cats and birds more penchant ne'er display'd
Although he was not old, nor even a maid.

II.
The animals above said occupied
Their station; there were valets, secretaries,
In other vehicles; but at his side
Sat little Leila, who survived the parries
He made against Cossette, sabres, in the wide
Slaughter of Iomali. Though my wild Miss vn't's
Her note, she don't forget the infant girl
Whom he preserved, a pure and living heart.

III.
Poor little thing! She was as fair as delicate,
And with that gentle, serious character,
As rare in living beings as a fossil
Man, 'most thy modest amanuensis, "grand Couver!"
Ill fitted with her ignorance to pose
With this overwhelming world, where all must err:
But she was yet but ten years old, and therefore
Was tranquil, though she knew not why or wherefore.

LIII.

Don Juan loved her, and she loved him, as
Nor brother, father, sister, daughter love.
I cannot tell exactly what it was;
He was not yet quite old enough to prove
Parental feelings, and the other class,
Could brotherly affection, could not move
His bosom—for he never had a sister:
Ah! if he had, how much he would have missed her.

LV.

And still less was it sensual; for besides
That he was not an ancient debauchee,
(Who like sour fruit to stir their veins salt tides,
As acids raise a dormant ailment),
Although (‘till happen as our planet gods—)
His youth was not the chasest that might be,
There was the purest platonia at bottom
Of all his feelings—only he forgot 'em.

LV.

Just now there was no peril of temptation;
He loved the infant orphan he had saved,
As patriots (now and then) may love a nation;
His pride too felt that she was not ensnared,
Owing to him;—as also her salvation,
Through his means and the church's, might be paved.
But one thing's odd, which here must be inserted—
The little Turk refused to be converted.

LVI.

'Twas strange enough she should retain the impression
Through such a scene of change, and dread, and slaughter;
But, though three bishops told her the transgression,
She show'd a great dislike to holy water;
She also had no passion for confession;
Perhaps she had nothing to confess:—no matter;
Whate'er the cause, the church made little of it—
She still held out that Mahomet was a prophet.

LVII.

In fact, the only Christian she could hear
Was Juan, whom she seemed to have selected
In place of what her home and friends once were.
He naturally loved what he protected;
And thus they form'd a rather curious pair:
A guardian green in years, a ward connected
In neither crime, vice, blood, with her defender;
And yet this want of ties made theirs more tender.

LVIII.

They journey'd through Poland and through Warsaw,
Famous for mines of salt and yokes of iron:
Through Courland also, which that famous Faxe saw
Which gave her dukes 'the graceless name of Brem.'
'T is the same landscape with which the modern Mars saw,
Who march'd to Moscow, led by four, the ayres?
To lose, by one month's frost, some twenty years
Of conquest, and his guard of grenadiers.

LIX.

Let not this seem an anti-loxus:—"Ah! my guard!—my old guard!" exclaimed that god of clay—
Think of the thunder-cer's falling down below
Carrolls-artery-cutting Castlecraft—
Alas! that glory should be laid by snow!
But, should we wish to warm us on our way
Through Poland, there is Kosciusko's name
Might scatter fire through ico, like Hecla's flame.

IX.

From Poland they came on through Prussia Proper,
And Kongsberg the capital, whose vaunt,
Besides some veins of iron, lead, or copper,
Has lately been the great Professor Kant.
Juan, who cared not a balancerostopper
About philosophy, pursued his point
To Germany, whose somewhat tardy millions
Have princes who spur more than their postillions.

LXI.

And thence through Berlin, Dresden, and the like,
Until he reach'd the castellated Rhine—
Ye glorious Gothic scenes! how much ye strike
All phantasties, not even excepting mine:
A gray wall, a green ruin, rusty pile,
Make my soul pass the equinocial line
Between the present and past worlds, and hover
Upon their airy conline, half-seas-over.

LXII.

But Juan posted on through Muhlheim, Bonn,
Which Drachenfels freezes o'er, like a spectacle
Of the good feudal times for ever gone,
On which I have not time just now to lecture.
From thence he was he driven onwards to Cologne,
A city which presents to the inscet
Eleven thousand marble-heads of bone,
The greatest number flesh hath ever known.

LXIII.

From thence to Holland's Hague and Helvoetslyshes,
That water land of Dutchmen and of ditches,
Where Juniper expresses its best peace—
The poor man's sparkling sub-tentive for riches.
Sontes and sages have condenm'd its use—
But to deny the mob a cordial which is
Too often all the clothing, meat, or fuel,
Good government has left them, seems but cruel.

LXIV.

Here he embark'd, and, with a flowing sail,
Went bounding for the island of the free,
Towards which the impudent wind blew half a gale,
High dash'd the spray, the bows dipp'd in the sea.
And sea-sick passengers turn'd somewhat pale:
But Juan, saucy'st, as he well might be,
By former voyages, stood to watch the skiffs
Which pass'd, or catch the first glimpse of the cliffs.

LXV.

At length they rose, like a white wall along .
The blue sea's border; and Don Juan felt—
What even young strangers feel a little strong
At the first sight of Albion's chalky belt—
A kind of pride that he should be among
Those haughty shop-keepers, who steedily dealt
Their goods and eddies out from pole to pole,
And made the very billows pay them toll.

LXVI.

I have no great cause to hate that spot of earth,
Which holds what might have been the noblest nation—
But, though I owe it little but my birth,
I feel a mix'd regret and veneration
For its decaying fame and former worth.
Seven years (the usual term of transmigration)
Of absence lay one's old resentments level,
When a man's country's going to the devil.

LXVII.

Ah! could she nat fully, truly, know
How her great name is now throughout abhor'd,
How eager all the earth is for the blow
Which shall lay bare her bosom to the sword;
How all the nations deem her their worst foe,
That worse than worst of foes—the once adored
False friend, who he out freedom to mankind,  
And now would chain them to the very mold;—  
LXVIII.

Would she be proud, or boast herself the free  
Who is but first of slaves? The names are  
In prison; but the jailor, what is he?  
No less a victim to the bolt and bar;  
L- the poor privilege to turn the key.  
Upon the captive, freedom! He's as far  
From the enjoyment of the earth and air  
Who watches o'er the chain, as they who wear.  
LXIX.

Don Juan now saw Alison's earliest beauties—  
Thy ciffs, dear Dover! harbour, and hotel;  
Thy custom-house with all its delicate duties;  
Thy waterers running muckis at every bell;  
Thy packets, all whose passengers are heedles  
To those who upon land or water dwell;  
And last, not least, to strangers un instructed,  
Thy long, long bills, whence nothing is deducted.  
LXX.

Juan, though careless, young, and magnific,  
And rich in roundles, diamonds, cash, and credit,  
Who did not limit much his bills per week,  
Yet stared at this a little, though he paid it—  
(His maggior duomo, a smart subtle Greek)  
Before him sunned the awful scroll and read it:  
But doubtful is the air, though seldom sunny,  
Is free, the respiration's worth the money.  
LXXI.

On with the horses! Off to Canterbury!  
Trump, tramp, ber pebble, and splash, splash through puddle;  
Hurrah! how swiftly speeds the post so merry!  
Not like slow Germany, wherein they muddle  
Along the road, as if they went to bury  
Their fare; and also pause, besides, to saddle  
With "schump's"—sad dogs! whom "Hundson's" or  
"Forlholter"  
Affect no more than lightning a conductor.  
LXXII.

Now, there is nothing given a man such spirits,  
Leavening his blood as Cayenne doth a curry;  
As going at full speed—no matter where its  
Direction be, so 'ts but in a hurry,  
And merely for the sake of its own merits:  
For the less cause there is for all this flurry,  
The greater is the pleasure in arriving  
At the great end of travel—which is driving.  
LXXIII.

They saw at Canterbury the Cathedral;  
Black Edward's helm, and Bécket's bloody stone,  
Were pointed out as usual by the herald,  
In the same quaint, uninterested tone:  
There's glory again for you, grave reader! all  
Ends in a rusty casque and dubious bone,  
Half-solved into those solas or magnesias,  
Which form that bitter strait, the human specie.  
LXXIV.

The effect on Juan was of coarse sublime:  
He breathed a thousand Crescys, as he saw  
That casque, which never stoop'd, except to Time.  
Even the bold churchman's tomb excited awe;  
Who died in the then great attempt to climb  
O'er kings, who now at least must talk of law,  
Before they butcher. Little Leda gaz'd,  
And ask'd why such a structure had been rais'd.  
LXXV.

And being told it was "God's house," she said  
He was well lodged, but only wonder'd how  
He suffereth models in his homestead,  
The casa Nazarenos, who had low  
His holy, empty in the lands which beard  
Th., true believers,—and her infant brow  
War lost with grief that Mahomet should reign  
A masque so noble, flung like pearls to swine.  
LXXVI.

On, on! through meadows, managed like a garden,  
A paradise of hops and high production;  
For, after years of travel by a hard in  
Countries of greater heat but lesser suction,  
A green field is a sight which makes him pardon  
The absence of that more sublime construction,  
Which makes up vases, olives, precipices,  
Glaciers, volcanoes, oranges, and bees.  
LXXVII.

And when I think upon a pot of beer—  
But I won't weep!—and so, drive on, positions  
As the smart boys spurr'd fast in their career,  
Juan admired these highways of free nations;  
A country in all senses the most dear  
To foreigner or native, save some silly ones,  
Who "back against the pricks" past at this puncture,  
And for their pains get only a fresh puncture.  
LXXVIII.

What a delightful thing's a turnpike road!  
So smooth, so level, such a mode of shaving  
The earth, as scarce the eagle in the broad  
Air can accomplish, with his wide wings waving;  
Had such been cut in Flanders' time, the god  
Had told his son to satisfy his craving  
With the York mail;—but, onward as we roll,  
"Saget amari tranquillitatem!"—the toll  
LXXIX.

Alas! how deeply painful is all payment!  
Take lives, take wives, take aught except men  
purse;  
As Marchant shows those in purple raiment,  
Such is the shortest way to general cursers.  
They hate a sunder much less than a clamant  
On that sweet one, which every body nurses;  
Kill a man's family, and he may brook it—  
But keep your hands out of his breeches' pocket.  
LXXX.

So said the Florentine; ye monarces, haarken  
To your instructor. Juan now was born,  
Just as the day began to wane and darken,  
O'er the high hill which looks with pride or scorn  
Toward the great city:—ye who have a spark in  
Your veins of Cockney spirit, smile or mourn.  
According as you take things well or ill—  
Bold Britons, we are now on Shooter's Hill!  
LXXXI.

The sun went down, the smoke rose up, as from  
A half-unquenched volume, over a sere  
Which well becalmed the "Devil's drawing-room,"  
As some have quelled that woundous place.  
But Juan felt, though not appraising hours;  
As one who, though he were not of the race.  
Revered the soil, of those true sons the mother,  
Who butcher'd h of the earth, and bullied 't other.  
LXXXII.

A mighty mass of brick, and smoke, and shipping,  
Dirty and dusky, but as wide as eye  
Could reach, with here and there a sail just skipping;  
In sight, then lost amidst the forest  
Of mast's; a wildness of steeples peeping  
On tiptoe, through their sea-coal canons
DON JUAN.

CANTO XI.

I.

WHEN Bishop Berkeley said "there was no matter,"
And proved it—"it was no matter what he said
They say his system "tis in vain to batter,
Too subtle for the dullest human head;
And yet who can believe it? I would shatter,
Glibly, all matters down to stone or lead,
Or adamant, to find the world a spirit,
And wear my head, denying that I wear it.

II.

What a sublime discovery 'twas, to make the
Universe universal egotism!
That all's ideal—all ourselves! I'll stake the
World (be it what you will) that 's materialism.
Oh, doubt!—if thou be'st doubt, for which some, take
Theirs, but which I doubt exceedingly—then sole prior
Of the truth's rays, spoil not my draught of spirit.
Heaven's brandy—though our brain can hardly bear it.

III.

For, ever and anon comes indigestion
(Not the most "damny Ariel"), and perplexes
Our sorrows with another sort of question:
And that which, after all, my spirit vexes
Is, that I find no spot where men can rest eye on,
Without confusion of the sorts and sexes,
Of beings, stars, and this muddled wonder,
The world, which at the worst's a glorions blunder—

IV.

If it be chance; or if it be according
To the old text, still better! lest it should
Turn out so, we'll say nothing against the wording
As several people think such hazards rule:
They're right; one day are too brief for affording
Space to dispute what no one ever could decide, and every body one day will
Know very clearly—or at least lie still.

V.

And therefore will I leave off metaphysical
Discussion, which is rather here nor there.
If I agree that what is, then this I call
Being quite perspicuous and extremely fair.
The truth is, I've grown lately rather phthisical:
I don't know what the reason is—the air
Perhaps; but as I suffer from the shocks
Of illness, I grow much more orthodox.

VI.

The first attack at once proved the divinity
(But that I never doubted, nor the devil);
The next, the Virgin's mystical virginity;
The third, the usual origin of evil;
The fourth at once establish'd the whole Trinity
On so incontrovertible a level,
That I devoutly wish the three were four,
On purpose to believe so much the more.

VII.

To our theme:—The man who has stood on the Acropolis,
And look'd down over Attica; or he
Who has sail'd where picturesque Constantinople is,
Or seen Tombuctoo, or hath taken tea
In small-eyed China's crockery-ware metropolis
Or sat amidst the brack of Nurevth,
May not think much of London's first appearance—
But ask him what he thinks of it a year hence?

VII.
Don Juan had got out on Shooter's Hill—
Sunset the time, the place the same derelity
Which looks along that vale of good and ill
Where London streets ferment in full activity;
While every thing around was calm and still,
Except the creak of wheels, which on their pivot he
Heard—and that because, bubbling, busy hum
Of cities, that boils over with their sum:—

IX.
I say, Don Juan, wrapt in contemplation,
Walk'd on behind his carriage, o'er the summit,
And, lost in wonder of so great a nation,
Gave way to 't, since he could not overcome it.
"And here," he cried, "is Freedom's chosen station;
Here peals the people's voice, nor can entomb it
Raics, prisons, inquisitions; resurrection
Awaits it, each new meeting or election.

X.
"Here are chaste wives, pure lives; here people pay
But what they please; and if that things be dear,
'Tis only that they love to throw away
Their cash, to show how much they have a-year.
Here laws are all inviolate; none lay
Traps for the traveller, every highway's clear:
Here—" he was interrupted by a knife,
Wish "Damn your eyes! your money or your life."

XI.
These fire-born sounds proceeded from four pads,
In ambush laid, who had perceived him loiter
Reluc'd his carriage; and, like handy lads,
Had seized the lucky hour to reconnoitre,
In which the heedless gentleman who gads
Upon the road, unless he prove a fighter,
May find himself, within that isle of riches,
Exposed to lose his life as well as brecces.

XII.
Juan, who did not understand a word
Of English, save their shibboleth, "God damn!"
And even that he had so rarely heard,
He sometimes thought 'twas only their "salam;"
Or "God be with you,"—and 'tis not absurd
To think so; for, half English as I am
'To my misfortune), never can I say
I heard them wish "God with you," save that way:—

XIII.
Juan yet quickly understood his gesture,
And, being somewhat choleric and sudden,
Slew forth a pocket-pistol from his vesture,
And fired it into one assailant's punding—
Who fell, as rolls an ox o'er in his pasture,
And roar'd out, as he writhed his native mud in,
Cute his nearest follower or banchman,
"Oh Jack! I'm的通知'd by that ere bloody Frenchman!"

XIV.
Or which Jack and his trun set off at speed,
And Juan's sone, late scatter'd at a distance,
Came up, 'till marvelling at such a deed,
And off they flew, as word, late assistance.
Juan, who saw the moon's late humano blood
As if his veins would pour out his existence,
Stood calling out for bandages and hot,
And wish'd he'd been less hasty with his flint.

XV.
"Perhaps," thought he, "it is the country's want
To welcome foreigners in this way: now
I recollect some makepeers who don't
Differ, except in robbing with a bow,
In lieu of a bare blade and brazen front.
What is to be done? I can't allow
The fellow to lie groaning on the road:
So take him up; I'll help you with the load."

XVI.
But, ere they could perform this pious duty,
The dying man cried, "Hold! I've got my grain."
Oh! for a glass of marl! We've miss'd our boosey,
Let me die where I am!! And, as the toil
Of life shrank in his heart, and thick and sorry
The drops fell from his death-wound, and he drew in
His breath, he from his swelling throat united
A keech'd, crying "Give Sal that!"—and died.

XVII.
The cravat, stain'd with bloody drops, fell down
Before Don Juan's feet: he could not tell
Exactly why it was before him thrown,
Nor what the meaning of the man's farewell.
Poor Tom was once a kiddy upon town,
A thorough varmint, and a real swell,
Full flash, all fancy, until fairly diddled—
His pockets first, and then his body riddled.

XVIII.
Don Juan, having done the best he could
In all the circumstances of the case,
As soon as "crowner's quest" allow'd, pursu'd
His travels to the capital space:—
Esteeming it a little hard he should
In twelve hours' time, a very little space,
Have been obliged to slay a fire-bomd native
In self-defence: this made him meditative.

XIX.
He from the world had cut off a great man,
Who in his time had made heroic haste.
Who in a row like Tom could lead the van,
Booze in the ken, or at the spilliken haste?
Who queer a flat? Who (spite of Hoe-street's ban
On the high toby-space so flash the muzzle?
Who on a rack, with black-eyed Sal (his blowing,
So prime, so swell, so natty, and so knowing!?

XX.
But Tom's no more—and no more of Tom.
Heroes must die; and by God's blessing, 'tis
Not bug before the most of them go home.—
Hail! Thames, hail! Upon thy verge it is
That Juan's chariot, rolling like a drum
In thunder, holds the way it can't well miss,
Through Kemington and all the other "toms,"
Which make us wish ourselves in town at once,

XXI.
Through groves, so call'd as being void of trees,
(Like lanes from so light; through prospects nam'd
Mount Pleasant, as containing nought to please,
Nor much to climb; through little boxes framed
Of bricks, to let the dust in at your case,
With "To be let," upon their doors proclaimed;
Through "rows" most modestly call'd "Paradise,"
Which Eve might quit without much sacrifice:—

XXII.
Through coachers, drays, choked turnpike's, and a whirl
Of wheels, and roar of voices, and confusion:
Here taverns wooming to a pint of "purl,"
There mails fast flying off like a delusion,
There barbers' blocks with periwigs in curl
In windows, here the lamp-lighter's infusion
Slowly did I into the glimmering glass—
(For in those days we had not got to gas):—

XXIII.
Through this, and much and more, is the approach
Of travellers to nightly Habbous,
Whether they come by horse, or coach, or coach,
With slight exceptions, all the ways seem one.
I could say more, but do not choose to encroach
Upon the guide-book's privilege. The sun
had set some time, and night was on the ridge
Of twilight, as the party cross'd the bridge.

XXIV.
That's rather fine, the gentle sound of Thanasis—
Who vindicates a moment too his stream—
Though hardly heard through multifarious "dam'mees,"
The lamps of Westminster's more regular gleam,
The breadth of pavement, and you shun where Fame is
A spectral resident—whose palest beam
In shape of moonshine hovers o'er the pile—
Make this a sacred part of Alison's isle.

XXV.
The Denis' groves are gone—so much the better;
Stone-Henge is not—but what the devil is it?—
But Brilliant still exerts with its sageetter,
That madness may not bite you on a visit;
The Bench too seats or seats fall many a debtor;
The Mansion-house too (though some people quizz it),
To me appears a stiff yet grand erection;
But then the Abbey's worth the whole collection.

XXVI.
The line of lights too up to Claring-Cross,
Pall-Mall, and so forth, have a consecration,
Like god as in comparison to dress,
Match'd with the continent's illumination,
Whose cities night by no means dozes to gloss;
The French were not yet a lamp-litinating nation,
And when they grew so—on their now-found lantern,
Instead of wicks, they made a wicked man turn.

XXVII.
A row of gentlemen along the streets
Suspected, may illuminate mankind,
As also bonfires made of country-seats;
But the old way is best for the public!
The other looks like phosphorus on sheets,
A sort of ignis fatuus to the mind,
Which, though 'tis certain to perplex and frighten,
Must burn more mildly ere it can enlighten.

XXVIII.
But London's so well lit, that if Tydegenes
Could recommence to hunt his beared man,
And found him not amidst the various progenies
Of this enormous city's spreading spawn,
'Twas not for want of lamps to aid his dodging his
Yet undiscover'd treasure. What I can,
I've done to find the same throughout life's journey,
But see the world is only one attorney.

XXIX.
Over the stones still rattling to Pall-Mall,
Through crowds and carriages—but waving thinner
As thunder'd knackers broke the long-end swell
Of doors 'gainst dusk, and to an early dinner
Admitted a small party as might fell,—
Don Juan, our young diplomatic sir,
Pursued his path, and drove past some hotels,
St James's Palace and St. James's "Heels,"

XXX.
They reach'd the hotel; forth-stream'd from the front door
A tide of well clad waiters, and around

The mob stood, and as us, several score
Of these pedestrian Paphians who abound
In decent London when the daylight's o'er;
Commotions but immortal, they are found
Useful, like Malthus, in promoting marriage;
But Juan now is stepping from his carriage.

XXXI.
Into one of the sweetest of hotels,
Especially for foreigners—and mostly
For those whom favour or whom fortune swells,
And cannot find a hill's small items costly.
There many an envoy either dwell or dwell
(Or the den of many a diplomatic lost lie),
Until to some conspicuous square they pass,
And blazon o'er the door their names in brass.

XXXII.
Juan, whose was a delicate commission,
Private, though publicly important, bore
No title to point out with due precision
The exact affair on which he was sent o'er.
'T was merely known that on a secret mission
A foreigner of rank had grace'd our shore,
Young, handsome, and accomplish'd, who was seen
(In whispers) to have turn'd his sovereign's head.

XXXIII.
Some rumour also of some strange adventures
Had gone before him, and his wars and loves;
And as romantic heads are pretty painters,
And above all, an Englishwoman's roves
Into the extensive, breaking the indomites
Of sober reason, wherever it moves,
He found himself extremely in the fashion,
Which serves our thinking people for a passion.

XXXIV.
I don't mean that they are possible but, quite
The contrary; but then 'tis in the head;
Yet, as the consequences are as bright
As if they acted with the heart instead,
What after all can signify the site
Of ladies' incursions? So they lead
In safety to the place for which they start,
What matters if the road be head or heart?

XXXV.
Juan presented in the proper place,
To proper phrenamen, every Ross credential,
And was received with all the due granmeres.
By those who govern in the mead potential,
Who, seeing a handsome striped with smooth face
Thought (what in state affairs is most essential
That they as early might do the youngster,
As hawks may pounce upon a woodland songster.

XXXVI.
They err'd, as aged men do; but by
And by we'll talk of that; and if we don't,
'T will be because our notion is not high
Of politicians and their double front,
Who live by lies, yet dare not hold lie:—
Now what I love in women is, they won't
Or can't do otherwise than lie, but do it
So well, the very truth seems falsehood to it.

XXXVII.
And, after all, what is a lie? 'Tis but
The truth in masquerade; and I defy
Historians, heroes, lawyers, priests, to put
A fact without some heaven of a lie.
The very shadow of true truth would shut
Up annals, evolutions, poesy,
And prophecy—except i. should be daed
Some years before the incidents related.

XXXVIII.

Praised he all liars and all lies! Who now
Can tax my mild Muse with misanthropy?
Shuns the world's "To Dust!" and her brow
Blinds for those who will not:—but to sigh
Is site; let us, like most others, bow,
Kiss hands, feet—any part of Majesty.
After the good example of "Green Kim,"
Whose shamrock now seems rather worse for wearing.

XXXIX.

Don Juan was presented, and his dress
And much excited general admiration—
I don't know which was most admired or less:
One monstrous diamond drew much observation,
Which Catherine, in a moment of "pressey,"
(In love or brandy's fervent fermentation),
Bestow'd upon him as the public learned;
And, so say truth, it had been fairly card'd.

X.

Besides the ministers and Maulcilders,
Who must be courteous to the accredited
Diplomats of rather wavering kings,
Vani their royal Folleys's full reed,
The very clerks—those somewhat dirty springs
Of office, or the horses of office, fed
By foul corruption into streams—even they
Were hardly rude enough to earn their pay:

XL.

And insolence no doubt is what they are
Employ'd for, since it is their daily labour,
In the dear offices of peace or war;
And should you doubt, pray ask of your next neigh-
bor,
When for a passport, or some other bar
To Freiberg, be applied (a grief and a bore).
If he found not this spawn of taxifron riches,
Like lollipops, the least civil sons of b—s,

XLI.

But Juan was receiv'd with much "coppression:"
These phrases of reprimand I must borrow
From our next neighbour's land, where lies a chessman.
There is a move set down for joy or sorrow,
Not only in more talking, but the press.
Man, in islands, is, it seems, downright and thorough,
More than on continent, as the sea
(See Billing's gate) made even, the tongue more free.

XLII.

And yet the British "Damaine" is rather Arts.
Your continental oaths are but mountainous,
And turn on things which no aristocratic
Spirit would name, and therefore even I won't name;
This subject quote, as it would be obscene
In poet's, and have a sound affronting in't:—
But "Damaine" is quite eternal, though too daring—
Patrician blasphemy, the soul of swearing.

XLIII.

For downright rancour, you may stay at home;
For true or false politeness (and scarce that
Nor) you may erase the blue deep and white form—
The first the emblem (tarily though) of what
You have beheld, the next of much you come
To meet. However, 'tis no time to chat
On general topics: people must confine
Themselves to unity, like this of mine.

XLIV.

In the great world,—which, being interpreted,
Meant the west or worst end of the city,
And about twice two thousand people bred
By no means to be very wise or witty,
But to sit up while others lie in bed,
And look down on the universe with pity
Juan, as an invertebrate patronus,
Was well received by persons of condition.

XLVI.

He was a bachelor, which is a matter
Of import both to virgin and to bride,
The former's hymenial hopes to flatter;
And (should she not hold fast by love) st price,
'Tis also of some moment to the latter:
A rub's a thing on a well gallant side,
Requires decorum, and is apt to double
The horrid sin—and, what's still worse, the trouble

XLVII.

But Juan was a bachelor—of arts,
And parts, and hearts: he danc'd and sung, and had
An air as sentimental as Mozart's
Softest of melodies; and could be sate
Or cheerful, without any "daws or start's,"
Just at the proper time; and, though a lad,
Had seen the world—which is a curious sight,
And very much unlike what people write.

XLVIII.

Fair virgins blest'd upon him, weld'd dames
Bloom'd also in less transitory lines;
For both commodies dwell by the Thames,
The painting and the painted; youth, cervine,
Against his heart prefer'd their usual claims,
Such as no gentleman can quite refuse;
Daughters admired his dress, and sons mothers
Inquired his income, and if he had brothers.

XLIX.

The milliners who furnish "drapery mistress,"
Throughout the season, upon speculation,
Of payment ere the honeymoon's last kiss
Have warded into a crook'd, crook'd occupation.
Thought such an opportunity as this is,
Of a rich foregemi's imitation,
Not to be overbra’d, and gave such credit,
That future bachelors swore, and sigh’d, and paid it.

L.

The Blues, that tender tribe, who sigh 'er sons
And with the pages of the last review
Line the interior of their heads or bonnets,
Advanced in all their azure's highest line:
They talk'd had French of Spanish, and upon its
Late authors ask'd him for a hint or two;
And which was softer, Russian or Castilian?
And whether in his travels he saw Iran?

LI.

Juan, who was a little superficial,
And not in literature a great Drewcansir,
Examined by that learned and especial
Jury of matrons, scarce knew what to answer—
His duties warlike, loving, or official,
His steady application as a dancer,
Had kept him from the brink of Hippocrene,
Which now he found was blue instead of green.

LII.

However, he replied at hazard, with
A modest confidence and calm assurance,
Which lent his learned calculations pith,
And pass'd for arguments of good endured,
That poet's, Miss Amunata Smith,
(Who, at sixteen, translated "Hercules Furens")
I have long since heard him address the highest of his profession, and even that noble order of the liberal professions, with a freedom that was only equalled by his decision and determination in action.

He never stood his ground, and was always ready to give way to any party or faction, to any scheme or project, to any theory or system. He always had an eye for the man, and a heart for the cause.

He was a man of great energy and decision, and never failed to carry out his purpose. He was a man of great Zeal and enthusiasm, and never failed to carry out his purpose.

He was a man of great energy and decision, and never failed to carry out his purpose. He was a man of great Zeal and enthusiasm, and never failed to carry out his purpose.
Which opers to the thousand happy few
An earthy paradise of "or mock."

LXVIII.
There stands the noble hostess, nor shall sink
With the three-thousandth curse: there the waltz—
The only dance which teaches girls to think—
Makes one in love even with its faults.
School, room, all o'erflow beyond their brink,
And long the latest of arrivals halts,
"Mist'-royal dukes and dames condoned't to climb,
And gain an inch of starcasse at a time.

LIX.
Thrice happy he who, after a survey
Of the good company, can win a corner,
A door that's in, or barrier out of the way,
Where he may fix himself like small "Jack Horner,"
And let the Baked round run as it may,
And look on as a murmurer, or a soarer,
Or an approver, or a mere spectator,
Yawning a little as the night grows later.

LX.
But this won't do, save by and by; and he
Who, like Don Juan, takes an active share,
Must steer with care through all that glittering sea
Of gems and plumes, and pearls and silks, to where
He deems it is his proper place to be;
Dissolving in the waltz to some soft air,
Or prouder prancing with mercurial skill
Where science marshals forth her own quadrille.

LXI.
Or, if he dance not, but hath higher views
Upon an heiress, or his neighbour's bride,
Let him take care that that which he pursues
Is not at once too palpably descried.
Fall many an eager gentleman of nesc
His haste: impatience is a blinding guide,
Amongst a people famous for reflection,
Who like to play the fool with circumspection.

LXII.
But, if you can contrive, get next at supper;
Or, if forestalled, get opposite and ogre:—
Oh, ye ambrosial moments! always upper
In mind, a sort of sentimental blogue,
Which sits for ever upon memory's crupper;
The ghost of vanished pleasures once in Vogue! It
Can render some relate the rise and fall
Of hopes and fears which shake a single ball.

LXIII.
But these precautionary hints can touch
Only the person, who must pursue,
And watch, and ward; whose plans a word too much
Or little o'ertakes; and not the few
Or many (for the number's sometimes such)
Whom a good mean, especially if new,
Or fame, or name, for wit, war, sense, or nonsense,
Permits whatever they please, or did not long since.

LXIV.
Ours hero, as a hero, young and handsome,
Noble, rich, celebrated, and a stranger,
Like other slaves of course must pay his ransom
Before he can escape from so much danger
A wi., environ a conscious man. Some
Talk about poetry, and "rack and manger;"
And ugliness, disease, as boll and trouble;—
I wish they knew the life of a young noble.

LXV.
They are young, but know not youth—it is anticipated;
Handsome but wated, rich without a sorrow;
Their vigour in a thousand arms is dissipated;
Their cash comes from, their wealth goes to, a Jew.
Both senators see their nightly votes participated
Between the tyrant's and the tribune's crew;
And, having voted, dined, drank, gamshed, and whores.
The family Quiet receives another lord.

LXV.
"Where is the world," cries Young, "at righty? Where
This world in which a man was born?" Alas!
Where is the world of eight years past? "Twas there.
I look for it—it is gone, a globe of glass!
Crack'd, shiver'd, vanish'd, scarcely gaz'd on ere
A silent change dissolves the glittering mass.
Statesmen, chiefs, orators, queens, patrons, kings,
And dandies, all are gone on the wind's wings.

LXVI.
Where is Napoleon the Grand? God knows:
Where little Castlereagh? The devil can tell:
Where Grattan, Curran, Sheridan, all those
Who bound the bar or senate in their spell?
Where is the unhappy queen, with all her woes?
And where the daughter, whom the isles loved well?
Where are those mastery's saints, the five per cents?
And where—oh, where the devil are the rents?

LXVII.
Where's Brummel? Dish'd. Where's Long Pole
Welshboy? Dabbled.
Where's Whitbread? Roomily? Where's George the Third?
Where is his will? (That's not so soon unriddled).
And where is "Pam," the Fourth, our "royal bird?"
Gone down it seems to Scotland, to be fiddled
Unto by Savoy's violin, we have heard;
"Caw, caw, caw thee!" for six months hath been hatching
This scene of royal rich and loyal scratching.

LXVIII.
Where is Lord Tis? And where my Lady That?
The Honourable Mistress and Misses?
Some lad aside like an old operatic,
Married, unmarried, and remarried—(this is
An evolution oft perform'd of late).
Where are the Dublin sham—London hisses?
Where are the Grenvilles? Turn'd, as usual. Where
My friends the Wings? Exactly where they were.

LXX.
Where are the Lady Caroline and Franceses?
Divorced or doing thence. Ye amends
So brilliant, where the list of routs and dances is—
Thion Morning Post, sole record of the punch
Broken in carriages, and all the phantasmagories
Of fashion—what streams now fill those channels?
Some die, some fly, some languish on the coronary!
Because the times have hardly led them on earnest.

LXXI.
Some who once set their cup at cautious dials,
Have taken up at length with younger brothers;
Some heroines have hit at sharpers' hooks;
Some maids have been made wives—some merry mothers;
Others have lost their fresh and fairy looks;
In short, the list of alterations hothers.
There's little strange in this, but something stranger is
The unusual quickness of these common changes.

LXXII.
Talk not of seventy years as age; in seven
I have seen more changes, down from monarchs to
The humblest individual under heaven;
Then might suffice a moderate century through.
I know that ought was lasting, but now even
Change grows too chronicleable without being new

BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS.
Nought's permanent among the human race,
Except the Whigs not getting into place.

LXXXIII.
I have seen Napoleon, who seemed quite a Jupiter,
Shrink to a Saturn. I have seen a duke
(No mat or which) turn politician stupid,
If that can well be, than his wooden look.
But it is time that I should hoist my "blue Peter,"
And sail for a new theme; I have seen—and shook
To see it—the king hissed, and then cursed;—
But don't pretend to settle which was best.

LXXXIV.
I have seen the tandholders without a rap—
I have seen Johanna Southcate—I have seen
The House of Commons turn'd to a tax-trap—
I have seen that sad affair of the late queen—
I have seen crowns worn instead of a fool's-cap—
I have seen a Congress doing all that's mean—
I have seen some nations like overloaded ass's
Kick off their burdens—meaning the high classes.

LXXXV.
I have seen small poets, and great prosers, and
Interchangeable—no eternal—speakers
I have seen the funds at war with house and land—
I have seen the country gentlemen turn squeakers
I have seen the people ridden o'er like sand
By slaves on horseback—I have seen malf liquors exchanged for "thin potations" by John Bull—
I have seen John half detect himself a fool.

LXXXVI.
Rut "carpe diem," Juan, "carpe, carpe!"
To-morrow sees another race as gay
And transient, and devour'd be the same happy.
"Latin's a poor player?"—then "play out the play,
Ye villains!" and, above all, keep a sharp eye
Much less on what you do than what you say:
Be hypothesis, be cautious, be
Not what you seem, but always what you see.

LXXXVII.
But how shall I relate in other cantos
Of what befell our hero, in the land
Which is the common cry and lie to vaunt as
A moral country? But I held my hand—
For I desirous to write an Atlantus
But 'tis as well at once to understand,
You are not a moral people, and you know it,
Without the aid of too sincere a poet.

LXXXVIII.
What Juan saw and underwent shall be
My topic, with of course the due restriction
Which is required by proper courtesy;
And reflect the work is only fiction,
And that I sing of neither mine nor me.
Though every sentence, in some slight turn of diction,
Will hint allusions never mean. Ne'er doubt
That—when I speak, I don't hint, but speak out.

LXXXIX.
Whether he married with the third or fourth
Offering of same sage, husband-hunting countess,
Or whether with some virgin of more worth
(I mean in fortune's matrimonial bounties)
He took to regularly peopling earth,
Of which your lawful avow'd friend found us—
Or whether he was taken in for damages,
For being too excessive in his homages—

XC.
Is yet within the unred events of time.
Thus far, go forth, thou lay, which I will back
Against the same given quantity of rhyme,
For being as much the subject of attack
As ever yet was any work sublime,
By those who love to say that white is black.
So much the better!—I may stand alone,
But would not change my free thoughts for a throne

CANTO XII.

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

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

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

IV.
Love or lust makes man sick, and wine much sicker
Ambition reads, and gaming gains a loss;
But making money, slowly first, then quicker,
And adding still a little through each cross
(Which well came over things), beats love or liquor.
The gammer's counter, or the statesman's dress.
Oh gold! I still prefer thee unto paper,
Which makes bank credit like a bark of vapour.

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

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

VII.
Why call the miser miserable? as
I said before: the frugal life is his,
Which in a saint or cynic ever was
The theme of praise: a hermit would not miss
Commutation for the self-same cause,
And wherefore blame gaunt wealth's austerity?
Because, you'll say, nought calls for such a trial;—
Then there's more merit in his self-denial.

VIII.
He is your only poet;—passion, pure
And sparkling on from heap to heap, displays,
Peace—peace, the arc, of which more hope endure
Nations around the deep; the golden rays
Flash up in ingots from the more obscure
On him the diamond pours its brilliant blaze;
While the mild emerald's beam slances down the dyke
Of other stones, to soothe the miser's eyes.

IX.
The lands on either side are hie; the ship
For Ceylon, India, or for Carlyle, unloads
For him the fragrant produce of each trip;
Beneath his cares of Cores groan the roads,
And the vine blushes like Aurora's lip;
His very ceiling might be kings' abodes;
While he, despising every sensual call,
Commands—the intellectual lord of all.

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

XI.
But whether all, or each, or none of these
May be the founder's principle of action,
The fool will call such mania a disease:
What is his own? Go—look at each transaction,
Wage, revenue, lawsuits these may make more ease
Than the mere planking three such vulgar frigate
Or do they benefit mankind? Lean miser!
Let spendthrifts heirs inherit of yours—who's wiser?

XII.
How handsome are routs! how charming bees
Consuming ingots, bags of dollars, coins
(Not of old victors, all whose heads and crowns
Weigh not the thin ore where their visage shines,
But of fine unpol'd gold, where daily rests
Some likeness which the glittering crown confounds,
Of modern, reignning, steering, stupid stamp:—
Yet ready money is Aladdin's lamp.

XIII.
"Love rules the camp, the court, the grove,"—ah love
Is heaven, and heaven is love!—so sings the bard;
Which it were rather difficult to prove,
(A thing with poetry, in general hard).
Perhaps there may be something in "the grove,"
At least it rhymes to "love," but I'm prepared
To doubt (no less than landlords of their rental)
If courts and camps be quite so sentimental.

XIV.
But if love don't, cash does, and cash alone:
Cash rules the grove, and tells it too besides,
Without cash, camps were vain, and courts were none;
Without cash, Maltrials tells you—"take no bribes."
So cash rules love, the ruler of his own
High ground, as Vergil Cynthia always the tube;
And, as for "heaven" being "love," why not say honey
Is wax? Heaven is not love, 'tis immensity.

XV.
Is not all love prohibited whatever,
Excepting marriage, which is love, no doubt, After a sort; but somehow people never
With the same thought the two words have helping on
Love may exist with marriage, and should ever.
And marriages also may exist without,
But love must be both a sin and shame,
And ought to go by quite another name.

XVI.
Now if the "court" and "camp" and "grove" be no,
Recruited all with constant married men,
Who never coveted their neighbour's lot,
I say that line is a lapsus of the pen;
Strange too in my "boon camerado" Scott,
So celebrated for his morals, when
My Jeffrey held him up as an example
To me;—of which these morals are a sample.

XVII.
Well, if I don't succeed, I have succeeded,
And that's enough; succeeded in my youth,
The only time when much success is needed;
And my success produced what I in so th
Cared most about; it need not so be needed—
Whatever it was, 'twas mine; I've paid, in truth.
Of late, the penalty of such success,
But have not heard'd to wish it any less.

XVIII.
That suit in Chancery,—which some persons plead
In an appeal to the unborn, whom they,
In the faith of their precr rate creed,
Baptize posterity, or future clay,—
To me seems but a dubious kind of need
To lean on for support in any way;
Since odds are that posterity will wiser
No more of them, than they of her, I tow.

XIX.
Why, I'm posterity—and so are you;
And whom do we remember? Not a hundred.
Were every memory written down all true,
The tenth or twentieth name would the bard blunder'd
Even Piathe's Lives have but picked out a few
And against those few your annals have thunder'd
And Miflled, in the nineteenth century,
Gives, with Greek truth, the good old Greek the lie.

XX.
Good people all, of every degree,
Ye gentle readers and ungentle writers,
In this twelfth canto 'tis my wish to be
As serious as if I had for masters
Maltrials and Wiberforce; the last set free
The negroes, and is worth a million fighters;
While Wellington has but enslaved the whites,
And Maltrials does the thing against which he write.

XXI.
I'm serious—so are all men upon paper:
And why should I not form my speculation,
And hold up to the sun my little taper?
Mankind just now seem wrap in meditation
On constitutions and steam-boats of vapour;
While rage write against all precr rate.
Unless a man can calculate his means
Of feeling brats the moment his wife wears.

XXII.
That's noble! that's romantic! For my part,
I think that "philosophy" is—
(Now here's a word quite after my own heart,
Though there's a shorter a good deal than this)
If that boldness set it not apart;
But I'm resolved to say that's amuse.
I say, methinks that "philosophersnessness."  
Might meet from men a little more forgiveness.  

XXIII.  
And now to business.  
Oh, my gentle Juan!  
Thou art in London—un that pleasant place.  
Where every kind of music's daily brewing.  
Which can await warm youth in its wild race.  
'Tis true, that thy career is not a new one;  
Then art no novice in the headlong chase  
Of early life; but this is a new kind,  
Which foreigners can never understand.  

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

XXV.  
But I am sick of politics.  
"Pablo mayor!" Juan, undenred  
Amongst the paths of being "taken up."  
Above the ice had like a skater gazed;  
When tired of play, he flirted without sin  
With some of those fair creatures who have prided  
Themselves on innocent tantalization,  
And hate all vice except its reputation.  

XXVI.  
But these are few, and in the end they make  
Some devilish escapade or stir, which shows  
That even the purest people may mistake  
Their way through virtue's primrose paths of snows;  
And then men starve, as if a new ass spake  
To Balasum, and from tongue to ear o'erflows  
Quicksilver small-talk, ending (if you note it)  
With the kind world's amen—"Who would have thought it!"  

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

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

XXIX.  
In one point only were you settled—and  
You had reason; it was that you was a young chil'd of grace;  
As beautiful as her own native bud,  
And far away, the last bud of her race,  
How'er our friend Don Juan might command  
Himself for five, four, three, or two years' space,  
Would be much better taught beneath the eye  
Of peeceseres whose modes had run dry.  

XXX.  
So first there was a generous emulation:  
And then there was a general competition.

To undertake the orphan's education.  
As Juan was a person of common,  
It had been an effect on this occasion  
To talk of a subscription or pension;  
But sixteen dowagers, ten unmoved she says,  
Whose tale belongs to 'Hali's Middie Ages,'  

XXXI.  
And one or two sad, separate wives, without  
A front to blow upon their withering hou't;  
Begg'd to bring up the little girl, and "not, and—"  
For that's the phrase that settles all things now  
Meaning a virgin's first blush at a rout,  
And all her parts as thoroughbred to show  
And I assure you, that like virgin honey  
Tastes their first season (mostly if they have money)  

XXXII.  
How all the needy honourable misters,  
Each out-at-elbow poor, or desperate dandy,  
The watchful mothers and the careful sisters,  
(This, by the by, when clever, are more handy  
At making matches, where "it's gold that glistes,  
Than their he relatives), she flies o'er Randy  
Buzz round "the Fortune" with their busy battery,  
To turn her head with wafting and win flattering.  

XXXIII.  
Each aunt, each cousin both her speculation;  
Nay, married damsels will now and then discover  
Such pure disinterestedness of passion,  
I've known them cast an heiress for their lover  
"Tantarae!" Such the virtues of high station,  
Even in the hopeful isle, whose outles "Divor"  
While the poor rich wretch, object of these cares,  
Has cause to wish her sire had had male heir.  

XXXIV.  
Some are soon begg'd, but some reject three dozen.  
'Tis fine to see them scattering refusals  
And wild dinner o'er every angry cousin  
(Friends of the party, who beg acresals  
Such as—"Unless Miss (Black) meant to have chosen  
Poor Frederick, why did she accend perusals  
To his office? If'hy waltz wuth him? Why, I pray  
Look see last night, and yet say no to-day!  

XXXV.  
"Why?—Why?—Besides, Fred, really was attach'd;  
'Twas not her fortune—he has enough without  
The time will come she'll wish she had snatch'd  
So good an opportunity, no doubt:—  
But the old marchmoose some plan had hatch'd,  
As I'll tell Aaron at tomorrow's rout;  
And after all poor Frederick may do better—  
Pray, did you see her answer to his letter?"  

XXXVI.  
Smart uniforms and sparkling cornets  
Are spar'd in turn, until her turn arrives,  
After male bess of time, and hearts, and beas  
Upon the sweep-strikes for substantial wives:  
And when at last the pretty creature gets  
Some gentleman who fights, or writes, or drives.  
It soothes the awkward squad of the rejected  
To find how very badly she selected.  

XXXVII.  
For sometimes they accept some long pursuer  
Worn out with importunity; or fail  
(But here perhaps the instances are fewer)  
To the lot of him who scarce pursued at all.  
A hazy widower turn'd of forty's sure;  
(If 'tis not vain examples to recall)
To draw a high prize: now, however he got her, I
See nought more strange in this than t'other lottery.

XXXVII.
I, for my part—one "modern instance" more),
"True, 'tis a pity—pity 'tis, 'tis true!"
Was chosen from out an anatomy score,
Albeit my years were less discreet than few;
But though I also had reform'd before
Those became one who soon were to be two,
I'll not gainsay the generous public's voice—
That the young lady made a monstrous choice.

XXXIX.
Oh, pardon me digression—or at least
Peruse! "'Tis always with a moral end
That I dissent, like grace before a feast;
For like an aged aunt, or tinnecous friend,
A rigid guardian, or a zealous priest,
My Muse by exhortation means to mend
All people, at all times, and in most places,
Which puts my Pegasus to these grave paces.

XL.
But now I'm going to be immoral; now
I mean to show things really as they are,
Not as they ought to be; for I know,
That till we see what's what in fact, we're far
From much improvement with that virtuous plough
Which skims the surface, leaving scarce a scar
Upon the black loan long manured by Vice,
Only to keep its corn at the old price.

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

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

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

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

XLV.
While the harsh pride indignant her virtue
By railing at the unknown and envied passion,
With music; the most moderate shine as wits, 
White others have a genius turn'd for fits.

LIII.
But what her fits, or wits, or harpischords, 
The coq'y, fine arts, or finer stays, 
May be the hats for gentlemen or lords 
With regular descent, in these our days: 
The last year to the new transfers its boards; 
New vestals claim men's eyes with the same praise 
Of "elegant," et cetera, in fresh matches— 
All matchless creatures, and yet bent on matches.

LIV.
But now I will begin my poem. "Tis 
Perhaps a little strange, if not quite new, 
That from the first of cantus up to this 
I've not begun what we have to go through. 
These first twelve books are merely flourishing, 
Preludes, trying just a string or two 
Upon my lyre, or making the pegs sure; 
And when so, you shall have the overture.

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

LVI.
Don Juan saw that microcosm on stilts, 
Veiled the great world; for it is the least, 
Although the highest, but as swords have hilts 
By which their power of mischief is increased, 
When men in battle or in quarrall'd tills, 
Thus the low world, north, south, or west, or east, 
Must still obey the high—which is their handle, 
Their moon, their sun, their gas, their farthing candle.

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

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

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

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

LXI.
I've known a dozen weddings made even thus, 
And some of them high names: I have also known 
Young men who—though they hated to discuss 
Prettensions which they never dream'd to have shown— 
Yet neither frighten'd by a female fuse, 
Nor by mustachios moved, were let alone, 
And lived, as did the broken-hearted fair, 
In happier plight than if they form'd a pair.

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

LXIII.
Such is your old coquette, who can't say "No," 
And won't say "Yes," and keeps you on and off-ing, 
On a lee shore, till it begins to blow— 
Then sees your heart 'reck'd, with an inward scoffing, 
This works a world of sentimental woe, 
And sends new Walters yearly to their coffin, 
But yet is merely innocent flirtation, 
Not quite adultery, but adulteration.

LXIV.
"Ye gods, I grow a taller!" Let us prate. 
The next of perils, though I place it sternest, 
Is when, without regard to "Church or State," 
A wife makes or takes love in upright earnest. 
Abroad, such things decide few women's fate— 
(Such, early travel'er! is the truth thou learn'st) 
But in old England when a young bride ere— 
Poor thing! Eve's was a trifling case to hers: 

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

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

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

LVIII.
But coming young from lands and scenes romantic,
Where lives, not lawsuits, must be risk'd for passion,
And passion's self must have a spice of frantic,
Into a country where 'tis half a fashion,
Seem'd to him half commercial, half pedantick,
Howe'er he might esteem this moral nation;
Besides (alas! his taste—forgive and pity!)
At first he did not think the women pretty.

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

LXX.
Though travel'd, I have never had the luck To trace up those shuffling negroes, Nile or Niger,
To that impracticable place, Tombuctoo,
Where geography finds no one to oblige her
With such a chart as may be safely stuck to,—
For Europe ploughs in Africa like "boss piger;"—
But if I had been at Tombuctoo, there
No doubt I should be told that black is fair.

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

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

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

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

LXXV.
She cannot step as does an Arab barb,
O. Arabian girl from mass returning,
Nor wear as gracefully as Ganes her garb,
Nor in her eye Ausonius's glance is cunning,
Her voice, though sweet, is not so fit to warm
Like those benvanias (which I still am learning
To like, though I have been seven years in Italy,
And have, or had, an ear that served me prettily);

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

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

LXXVIII.
The reason's obvious: if there's an echo,
They lose their caste at once, as do the Parias,
And when the delicacies of the law
Have fill'd their papers with their comments various,
Society, that China without flaw,
(The hypocrite!) will banish them like Marius,
To sit amidst the ruins of their guilt:
Our Fame's a Carthage not so soon rebuilt.

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

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

LXXXI.
But Juan was no casuist, nor had ponder'd
Upon the moral lessons of mankind:
Besides, he had not seen, of several hundred,
A lady altogether to his mind.
A little "blasé"—it is not to be wonder'd
At, that his heart had got a rougher mind:
And though no vainer from his past success,
No doubt his sensibilities were less.

LXXXII.
He also had been away seeing sights—
The parliament and all the other houses;
Had sung beneath the galleries at nights,
To hear debates whose thunder reverberated,
The world to gaze upon those northern lights—
Which flash'd as far as where the indolent browser:
DON JUAN.

I.

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

II.

The Lady Adeline Ammealcine
"Tis an old Norman name, and to be found
In pedigrees by those who wander still
Along the last fields of that Gotive ground)
Was high-born, wealthy by her father's will,
And beauteous, even where beauty most is abroad
In Britain—which of course true patriots find
The goodliest soil of body and of mind.

III.

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

IV.

And after that serene and somewhat dull
Eposon, that awkward corner turn'd for days
More quiet, when our moon's no more at full,
We may presume to censure or praise;
Because indifference begins to fill
Our passions, and we walk in wisdom's ways;
Also because the figure and the face
Hint, that 'tis time to give the younger place.

V.

I know that some would fain postpone this era,
Reistant as all pacemakers to resign
Their post; but theirs is merely a chimera,
For they have past's life's equinoctial line;
But then they have their chariot and madeira
To irrigate the dryness of declining
And many meetings and the Parliament,
And debt, and what not, for their solace seem.

VI.

And is there not religion and reform,
Peace, war, the taxes, and what's call'd the "nation"?
The struggle to be pilots in a storm?
The landed and the money'd speculation?
The joys of mutual hate to keep them warm,
Instead of love, that mere hallucination?
Now hatred is by far the longest pleasure;
Men love in haste, but they detest at leisure.

VII.

Rough Johnson, the great moralist, profess'd,
Right honest, 'he liked an honest hater'—
The only truth that yet has been confess'd
Within these latest thousand years or later,
Perhaps the fine old fellow spoke in jest;—
For my part, I am but a mere spectator,
And gaze where'er: the palace or the hovel is,
Much in the mode of Goethe's Mephistopheles;

VIII.
But neither love nor hate in much excess;
Though't was not once so. If I sneer sometimes,
It, because I cannot well do less,
And now and then it also suits my rhymes.
should be very willing to redress
Men's wrongs, and rather check than punish crimes
Had not Cervantes, in that too true tale
Of Quixote, shown how all such efforts fail.

IX.
Of all tales, 'tis the saddest—and more sad
Because it makes us smile; his hero's right
And still pursues the right;—to curb the bad,
His only object, and 'gainst odds to fight,
His guardian; 'tis his virtue makes him mad!
But his adventures form a sorry sight;
A sorrier still is the great moral taught
By that real epic unto all who have thought.

X.
Redressing injury, revenge wrong,
'To aid the dastard and destroy the caitiff;
Opening singly the united strong,
From foreign yoke to free the helpless nature;
Alas! must modest views, like an old song,
Be far more fancy's sport a thing creative?
A jest, a riddle, through thin and thick sought?
And Socrates himself but Wisdom's Quixote?

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

XII.
'm "at my old Lanes"—degression, and forget
The Lady Adeline Amaduleville;
The fair most Fatal Juan ever met,
Although she was not evil nor mean ill;
But Destiny and Passion spread the net,
(Fate is a good excuse for our own will),
And caught them; what do they not catch, methinks?
But I'm not Eneas, and life's a sphinx.

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

XIV.
Chaste was she to distraction's desperation,
And wept into one she had loved well—
A man known in the councils of the nation,
Cool, and quite English, unperturbable,
Thought apt to act with fire upon occasion,
Proud of himself and her: the world could tell
Nought against either, and both seem'd secure—
She in her virtue, he in his hamble.

XV.
Chancer some diplomatic relations,
Arrang'd out of business, often brought
Himself and Juan in their mutual stations
Into close contact. Though reserved, nor caught
By specious seeming, Juan's youth, and patience,
And taken, on his naughty spirit wrought,
And form'd a basis of esteem, which ends
In making men what courtesy calls friends.

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

XVII.
His friendships, therefore, and no less aversions,
Though oft well founded, which confirm'd but more
His propensities, like the laws of Persians
And Medes, would never revoke what went before.
His feelings had not those strange fads, like tertiants,
Of common likings, which make some deplore
What they should laugh at—the mere ago still
Of men's regard, the fewer or the chief.

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

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

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

XXI.
These were advantages: and then he thought—
It was his fable, but by no means sinister—
That few or none more than himself had caught
Court mysteries, having been himself a minister:
He liked to teach that which he had been taught,
And greatly shone whenever there had been a stir
And reconciled all qualities which grace man,
Always a patriot, and sometimes a placeman.

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

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

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

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

Also there bin another prime reason  
For making squares and streets anonymous;  
Which is, that there is scarce a single reason  
Which doth not shake some very splendid house  
With some slight heart-quake of domestic treason.  
A topic scandalous doth delight to raise:  
Such I might stumble over unwares,  
Unless I knew the very clearest squares.

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

At Henry's mansion then in Blank-Blank Square,  
Was Juan a recherché, welcome guest,  
As many other noble seions were;  
And some who had but talent for their crest;  
Or wealth, which is a passport everywhere;  
Or even more fashion, which indeed's the best  
Recommendation, and to be well dress'd  
Will very often supersede true cast.

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

But as "there's safety graven in the number  
Of con sellers" for men—thus for the sex  
A large acquaintance lets not virtue shudder;  
Or, should it shake, the choice will more perplex  
—Variety itself will more encumber.  
'Midst many rocks we guard more against wrecks  
And thus with women; howsoever it shock some's  
Self-love, there's safety in a crowd of coxcombs.

But Adeline had not the least occasion  
For such a shield, which leaves us little merit  
To virtue proper, or good education.  
Her chief resource was in her own high spirit,  
Which judged unkind at their due estimation;  
And for coryphey, she disdain'd to wear it:  
Secure of admiration, its impression  
Was faint, as at an every-day possession.

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

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

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

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

But Adeline was not indifferent: for,  
(Now for a commonplace!) beneath the snow  
As a volcano holds the lava more  
Within—et extera. Shall I go on?—No!  
I hate to hunt down a tired metaphor:  
So let the over-weened volcano go.  
Poor thing! how frequently, 'by me and others,  
It hath been stirr'd up, till its smoke quite smother's

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

XXXVIII.
'Tis the whole spirit brought to a quintessence;
And thus the chilliest aspects may concord
A hidden nectar under a cold presence,
And such are many—though I only meant her
From whom I now deduce these moral lessons.
On which the Muse has always sought to enter;
And your cold people are beyond all price,
When once you've broken their confounded ice.

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

XL.
And young beginners may as well commence
With quiet cruising over the ocean woman;
While those who're not beginners, should have sense
Enough to make for port, ere Time shall summon
With her gray signal-flag; and the past tense,
The dreary "Fames" of all things human,
Must be defeated, whilst life's thin thread's spun out
Between the gaping heir and gnawing gout.

XLII.
But, heaven must be diverted: its diversion
Is sometimes prudent—but not mere mind:
The work upon the whole is worth the assertion
(If but for comfort) that all things are kind:
And that same deviant doctrine of the Persian,
Of the two principles, but leaves behind
As many doubts as any other doctrine
Has ever puzzled Faith withal, or yoked her in.

XLIII.
The English winter—ending in July,
To recommence in August—now was done.
'Tis the position's paradise: wheels fly;
On roads east, south, north, west, there is a run.
But for post-horses who finds sympathy?
Man's pity's for himself, or for his son,
Always promising that said son at college
Has not contracted much more debt than knowledge.

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

When its quicksilver's down at zero,—lo!
Couch, chariot, baggage, baggage, equipage;
Wheels whirled from Carlton Palace to Soho,
And happiest who horses can engage;
The turpilxes glow with dust, and Rotten Row
Sleeps from the cirrhotic of this height age;
And tradesmen, with long bills and longer faces,
Sidle, as the post-boys hasten on the traces.

XLV.
They and their bills, or Arcadian both, are left
To he Greek kalends of another session.

Ahas! to them of ready mail, hereat.
What hope remains? Of hope the real possession
Or generous draft, concealed as a gift,
At a long date—till they can get a fresh one.—
Hawk'd about at a discount, small or large;—
Also the solace of an overcharge.

XLVI.
But these are tribes. Downward flie my Lord,
Nothing beside my Lady in his carriage.
Away! away! "Fresh horses!" are the word,
And changed as quickly as hearts after marriage.
The obsequious landlord hath the change restored;
The post-boys have no reason to disparage
Their fees; but, ere the water'd wheels may hence
The outer plenish for a reminiscence.

XLVII.
'Tis granted; and the valet mouns the dicky—
That gentleman of lords and gentlemen;
Also my Lady's gentlewoman, trickly,
Truck'd out, but modest more than poet's pen
Can paint, "Cosa regzgova! reti cura!"
(Excuse a foreiga shipwax now and then,
If but to show I've travell'd; and what's travel,
Unless it teaches one to quote and cavil?)

XLVIII.
The London winter and the country summer
Were well nigh over. "It is perhaps a pity,
When Nature wears the gown that death become her
To lose these last months in a seditious city,
And wait until the nightigale grows dumber,
Listening debates not very wise or witty,
Ere patrons their true country can remember;
That there's no shooting (save grouse) till September.

XLIX.
I've done with my trade. The word was go,
The twice two thousand for whom earth was made
Were vanished to be what they call abate,
That is, with thirty servants for parade,
As many guests or more; before whom grown
As many coves, daily, duly, laid
Let none accuse old England's hospitality
Its quantity is but condensed to quality.

L.
Lord Henry and the Lady Adeline
Departed, like the rest of their companions,
The peerage, to a mansion very fine;
The Gothic Babel of a thousand years.
None than themselves could boast a longer life,
Where time through horses and through blemishes steer;
And oaks, as olden as their pedigree,
Told of their ages, a comb in ever' tree.

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

III.
"We understand the splendid host intends
To entertain, this autumn, a select
And numerous party of his noble friends;
'Most whom, we have heard from sources quite correct,
DON JUAN

The Duke of D—— the shooting season spends,
With many more by rank and fashion deck'd;
Also a foreigner of high condition,
The envoy of the secret Russian mission.

LVII.
Ann thus we see—who doubts the Morning Post!
(Whose articles are like the "thirty-nine.
Which those most swear to who believe them most)—
Our gay Ross Spurzard was ordain'd to shine,
Dock'd by the rays reflected from his host,
With those who, Pope says, "greatly dread him.
'Tis cold, but true,—last war, the news abounded.
More with these duvans than the kill'd or wounded.

LV.
As thus: "On Thursday there was a grand dinner;
Prencet, lords A. B. C."—E tris, dukes, by name.
Announced with no less pomp than victory's winner.
Then underneath, and in the very same
Column:—"Date, Fulmouth, There has lately been here
The slip-dash regiment, so well known to Rume;
Whose loss in the late action we regret:
The vacancies are fill'd up—see Gazette.

LVII.
To Norman Abbey whir'd the noble pair,
An old, old monastery once, and now
Still older mansion, of a rich and rare
Mix'd Gothic, such as artists all allow
Few specimens yet left us can compare
With it; it lies perhaps a little low,
Because the monks prefer'd a hill behind;
To shelter their devotion from the wind.

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

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

LVIII.
1s outlet dash'd into a deep cascade,
Sparkling with foam, until again subsiding
Its shriller echoes,—like an infant made
Quiet—sink into softer ripples, gliding
Into a rivulet; and, thus allay'd,
Pursued its course, now gleaming, and now hiding
In windings through the woods; now clear, now blue,
According as the skies their shadows throw.

LIX.
A glorious remnant of the Gothic pile
(While yet the church was Rome's) stood half apart
In a grand arch, which once screen'd many an aisle.
These last had disappear'd—a loss to art:
The first yet found'll superby o'er the soil,
And kindled feelings in the roughest heart,
Which moun'd the power of time's or tempest's march,
In gazing on that venerable arch.

LX.
Within a niche, high to its pinnacle,
Twelve saints had once stood sanctify'd in stone;
But these had fallen, not when the frame fell,
But in the war which struck Charles from his throne.
When each house was a fortress—as tell
The annals of full many a line amongst—
The gallant cavaliers, who fought in vain
For those who knew not to resign or reign.

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

LXII.
A mighty window, hollow in the centre,
Shorn of its glass of thousand coloring,
Through which the deeper'd glory once a'd enter
Streaming from off the sun like scarce a vision,
Now yawns all desolate; now bow'd, as fair or,
The gale sweeps through its fretwork, and of sound
The owl his anthem, where the sward quite
Lies with their halleluia's quench'd like fire.

LXIII.
But in the monthide of the mor'e'ad when
The wind is wrung from our part of heaven,
There means a strange uncle'; round, which then
Is musick,—a dying accent driven
Through the huge arch, which soars and sinks again.
Some deem it but the distant echo given
Back to the night-wind in the waterfall,
And harmoniz'd by the old choral wall.

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

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

LXVI.
The mansion's self was vast and venerable,
With more of the monastic than has been
Elsewhere preserved: the cloisters still were stable,
The cells too and refectoriy, I ween:
An exquisite small chapel had been able,
Still unmarry'd, to decorate the scene;
The rest had been reform'd, replaced, or su'd,
And spoke more of the baron than the monk.

LXVII.
Huge halls, long galleries, spacious chambers, you kno'w
By no quite lawful marriage of the arts,
Might shock a connoissoir: but, when combined
Form'd a whole which, irregular in parts,
Yet left a grand impression on the mind,
At least of those whose eyes are in their hearts.
We gazed upon a giant for his stature,
Nor judge at first if all be true to nature.

LXVIII.
Steel barons, nolten the next generation
To sit upon the ashes of garter'd cardinals,
Ganced from the walls in goatly preservation;
And Lady Mary, blooming into girls,
With fair long locks, had also kept their station;
And countesses mature in robes and pearls:
Also some beauties of Sir Peter Lely,
Whose drapery hints we may admire them freely:

LXIX.
Judges, in very formidable ermine,
Were there, with brows that did not much invite
The accused to think their borships would determine
His cause by leaning much from right to left;
Bishops, who had not left a single sermon:
Attorneys-general, awful to the sight,
As hiding more (unless our judgment warps us)
Of the "Star Chamber" than of "Habacuc Corpus."

LXX.
Generals, some all in armour, of the out
And iron time, one head had taken the lead;
Or worse in wigs of Marlborough's martial field,
Huger than twelve of our degenerate breed;
Lordlings, with staves of white or keys of gold:
Ninrods, whose canvas scarce contain'd the steed
And here and there some stern high patriarch stood,
Who could not get the place for which he sanned.

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

LXXII.
Here sweetly spread a landscape of Lorraime;
There Rembrandt made his darkness equal light,
Or gloomy Caravaggio's gloomier stain
Bronzed o'er some solemn and stoen anchorite.—
But lo! a Teniers wows, and not in vain,
Your eyes to revel in a livelier sight:
Her bell-mouth'd golden nest makes me feel quite Danish
Or Dutch with tharst.—What ho! a flask of Rhenish.

LXXIII.
Oh, reader! if that thou canst read,—and know
'T is not enough to spell, or even to read,
To constitute a reader; there must go
Virtues of which both you and I have need.
Firstly, begin with the beginning (though
That clause is hard), and secondly, proceed;—
Thirdly, commence not with the end—but, summing
This sort, end at least with the beginning.

LXXIV.
But, read; thou hast patient been of late,
While I, without remorse of rhyme, or fear,
Have built and laid out ground at such a rate,
Dun Phoebus takes me for an untoucher.
That poets were so from their earliest date,
By Homer's "Catalogue of Ships" is clear;
But a more modern must be moderate—
it spare you, then, the furniture and plate.

LXXV.
The mellow autumn came, and with it came
The promised party, to enjoy its sweets.
The corn is cut, the manor full of game;
The pointer ranges, and the sportsman beats
In russet jacket,—lynx-like is his aim,
Full grows his bag, and wonderful his feats.
Ah, nut-brown partridges! ah, brilliant pheasants! And ah ye peacocks! "Tis no sport for peasants.

LXXVI.
An English autumn, though it hath no vines,
Blushing with Bacchus coronals along
The paths, o'er which the fair festoon entwines
The red grape in the sunny lands of song,
Hath yet a purchased choice of choicest wins;
The claret light, and the madeira strong.
If Britain mourn her blackness, we can tell her,
The very best of vineyards is the cellar.

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

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

LXXIX.
The noble guests, assembled at the Abbey
Consisted of—we give the sex the pas—
The Duchess of Fitz-Patrick; the Countess Crabbe:
The Ladies, Sally Basey; Miss Eclat,
Miss Bambazon, Miss Mackstay, Miss O'Tabby,
And Mrs. Rabbi, the rich banker's squaw:
Also the Honourable Mrs. Slop,
Who bold'd a white lamb, yet was a black sheep.

LXXX.
With other countesses of Blank—but rank;
At once the "lie" and the "elite" of crowds;
Who pass like water filter'd in a tank,
All purged and pious from their native clouds,
Or paper turn'd to money by the Bank;
No matter how or why, the passport'ed irons
The "pass's" and the past; for good society
Is no less famed for tolerance than piety.

LXXXI.
That is, up to a certain point; which point
Forms the most difficult in punctuation.
Appearances appear to form the joint
On which it hinges in a higher station;—
And so that no explosion cry "arrest
Thee, witch!" or each Medea has her Jason,
Or (to the point with Horace and with Pulci)
"Omnis latit, punctum, quae vincit utile dulce."

LXXXII.
I can't exactly trace their rule of right,
Which hath a little leaning to a lottery;
I've seen a virtuous woman put down quite
By the mere combination of a cotter.
Also a so-so matron holds a fight
Her way back to the wolds by dint of plottery,
And shine the very Sire of the spheres,
Semping with a few slight careless sneers.

**LXXXVII.**
I've seen more than I'll say—but we will see
How our education will get on.
The party might consist of thirty-three
Of highest caste—the Brahmins of the ton,
've named a few, not foremost in degree,
But a'ye at hazard as the rhyme may run.
By way of sprinkling, scatter'd amongst these,
There also were some Irish absentees.

**LXXXIV.**
There was Parolles, too, the legal bully,
Who limits all his battles to the bar
And senate; when invited elsewhere, truly,
He shows more appetite for words than war.
There was the young bard Rackhyme, who had newly
Come out and glimmer'd as a six-weeks' star,
There was Lord Pyrhon, too, the great free-thinker;
And Sir John Patteredep, the mighty drinker.

**LXXXV.**
There was the Duke of Dash, who was a duke,
"Ay, every inch a' d' duke;" there were twelve peers
Like Charlemagne and all such peers in look
And intellect, that neither ever cars
For connoisseurs had ever them to sport.
There were the Miss Rawbolds—pretty damsels!
All song and sentiment; whose hearts were set
Less on a convent than a coronet.

**LXXXVI.**
There were four Honorable Misters, whose
Honour was more before their names than after;
There was the preux Chevalier de la Ruse,
Whom France and Fortune lately deign'd to wait here,
Whose chiefly harmless talent was to amuse;
But the Clubs found it rather serious laughter.
Because—such was his magic power to please,—
The dice seemed charm'd too with his repartee.

**LXXXVII.**
There was Dick Duhbion, the metaphysician,
Who loved philosophy and a good dinner,
Anglo, the so-delicate mathematician;
Sir Henry Silver-cup the great race-winner;
There was the Reverend Booth Royalist Precision;
Who did not hate so much the sin as sinner;
And Lord Augustus Fitz-Plantagenet,
Good at all things, but better at a bet.

**LXXXVIII.**
There was Jack Jargon, the gigantic guardman;
And General Fireface, famous in the field,
A great tactician, and no less a swordsman,
Who at, last war, more Yankees than he kill'd.
There was the waggish Welsh Judge, Jeffries Hardmirk,
In his grave office so completely skil'd,
But when a culprit came for condemnation,
He had his judge's jokes for consolation.

**LXXXIX.**
Go, company's a cross-board—there are kings,
Queens, bishops, knights, rooks, pawns; the world's a game.
Save that the puppets pull at their own strings;
Methinks gay Punch hath something of the same.
My Muse, the butterfly, hath her wings,
Not stings; and this through ether without aim.
A thing rarely: were she but a hornet,
Perhaps there might be vices which would morn it.

**XC.**
I had forgotten—but must not forget—
An orator, the latest of the session,
Who had deliver'd well a very set
Smooth speech, his first and unmedian transgress on
upon debate: the papers eschew yet
With this debit, which made a strong impression,
And rank'd with what is every day display'd—
"The best first speech that ever yet was made."

**XCII.**
Proud of his "Hear him!" proud too of his vote,
And lost virginity of oratory,
Proud of his learning (just enough to quote),
He revel'd in his Ciceronian glory:
With memory excellent to get by note,
With wit to hatch a pun or tell a story,
Grace'd with some merit and with more effrontery,
"His country's pride," he came down to the country.

**XCIII.**
There also were two wits by acclamation,
Longbow from Ireland, Strongbow from the Tweed.
Both lawyers, and both men of education;
But Strongbow's wit was of more polish'd breed;
Longbow was rich in an imagination
As beautiful and bounding as a steed,
But sometimes stumbling over a potato,—
While Strongbow's best things might have come from Cato.

**XCIII.**
Strongbow was like a new-tuned harpsichord;
But Longbow wild as an Abolion harp,
With which the winds of heaven can claim accord.
And make a music, whether flat or sharp.
Of Strongbow's talk you would not change a word;
At Longbow's phrases you might sometimes carp;
Both wits—one born so, and the other bred,
This by his heart—his rival by his head.

**XCIV.**
If all these seem a heterogeneous mass,
To be assembled at a country-seat,
Yet think a specimen of every class
Is better than a hurduum ōcēi-ōcēi-ōcēi.
The days of comedy are gone, alas!
When Congreve's fool could vie with Molière's blu
Society is smoothed to that excess,
That manners hardly differ more than dress.

**XCV.**
Our ridicules are kept in the back ground,
Ridiculous enough, but also dull;
Professions too are no more to be found
Professional; and there is nought to call
Of folly's fruit; for though your fools abound,
They're barren, and not worth the pains to pull.
Society is now one polish'd horse,
Form'd of two mighty tribes, the Bessa and Bored

**XCVI.**
But from being farmers, we turn gleaners, gleaning
The scanty but right well-threshold cars of truth;
And, gentle reader! when you gather musing,
You may be Buonar, and —modest Ruth,
Further I'd quote, but Scripture, intervening,
Forbids. A great impression in my youth
Was made by Mrs. Adams, where she cries
"That scriptures out of church are blasphemies."

**XCVII.**
But when we can, we glean from this vice age
Of chaff, although our gleanings be no grist.
I must not quite omit the taking sage,
Kit-Cat, the famous country-rationalist.
XCVIII.

Firstly, they must allure the conversation
By many windings to their clever clinch;
And secondly, must let slip no occasion,
Nor ubs (abate) their hearers of an inch,
But take an el—and make a great sensation,
If possible; and thirdly, never flinch
When some smart talker puts them to the test,
But seize the last word, which no doubt's the best.

XCIX.

Lord Henry and his lady were the hosts;
The party we have touch'd on were the guests;
Their table was a board to tempt even ghosts.
To pass the Styx for more substantial feasts.
I will not dwell upon ragouts or roasts,
Albeit all human history attests
That happiness for man—the hungry sinner!—
Since Eve ate apples, much depends on dinner.

C.

Witness the lands which "thou'ld with milk and honey,"
Hold out unto the hunger Israelites;
To this we've added since the love of money,
The only sort of pleasure which requires.
Youth fades, and leaves our days no longer sunny;
We tire of mistresses and parasites:
But oh, ambrosial cash! ah! who would lose thee?
When we no more can use, or even abuse thee!

CI.

The gentlemen got up betimes to shoot,
Or hunt; the young because they liked the sport—
The first thing boys like after play and fruit;
The unield-saged, to make the day more short;
For ennui is a growth of English root,
Though nameless in our language; we retort
The fact for words, and let the French translate
That awful yawning which sleep cannot abate.

CII.

The elderly walk'd through the library,
And tumbling books, or criticized the pictures,
Or counter'd through the gardens pietzously,
And made upon the horizons several structures,
Or rode a nag which trotted not too baggy,
Or on the morning papers read their lectures,
Or on the watch their moving eyes would fix,
Languing, at sixty, for one hour of six.

CIII.

But none were "gênè;" the great hour of union
Was rang by dinner's knell; till then all were
Masters of their own time—or in commerce,
Or solitary, as they chose to bear
The hours, which how to pass is but to few known.
Each rose up at his own, and had to spare
What time he chose for dress, and broke his fast
Where he, when, and how he chose for that repast.

CIV.

The ladies—some rouged, some a little pale—
Met the morn as they might. If fine, they rode,
Or walk'd; if soot, they read, or told a tale;
Sung, or discussed the last dance from abroad
Danced, the fashion which might next prevail;
And settled banquets by the newest code;
Or cram'd twelve sheets into one little letter,
To make each correspond it a new debtor.

CV.

For some had absent lovers, all had irremes
The earth has nothing like a she epistle.
And hardly heaven—because it never ends,
I love the mystery of a female misal.
Whence, like a creed, 'ne'er says as it intends,
But full of cunning as Ulysses's whistle.
When he allowed poor Doral—you had better
Take care what you reply to such a letter.

CVI.

Then there were billiards; cards too, but no dice,
Save in the Clubs no man of honour plays;—
Boats when it was water, skaiting when it was ice,
And the hard frosts dress'd the sleeping days.
And angling too, that solitary vice.
Whatever Isaac Walton sings or says:
The quaint, old, cruel coxcomb in his gullet
Should have a hook, and a small trout to pull it.

CVII.

With evening came the banquet and the wine,
The conversation; the dact,
Attuned by voices more or less divine,
(Or my heart or head aches with the memory yet.)
The four Miss Rawbolds in a glee would shine;
But the two youngest loved more to be set
Down to the harp—because to music's charms
They added graceful necks, white hands and arms.

CVIII.

Sometimes a dance (though rarely on field days,
For then the gentlemen were rather tired)
Display'd some syllable happily in its maze:
Then there was small-talk ready when required;
Fritation—but decorous; the mere praise
Of charms that should or should not be admired;
The hunters fought their fox-hunt o'er again,
And then retreated soberly—at ten.

CIX.

The politicians, in a nook apart,
Discuss'd the world, and settled all the spheres;
The wise watch'd every loop-hole for their set,
To introduce a bon-s mot head and ears;
Small as the rest of those who would be smart—
A moment's good thing may have cost them years
Before they find an hour to introduce it,
And then, even then, some bane may make them lose it.

CX.

But all was genteel and aristocratic
In this our party; polished, smoth, and cold,
As Phidian forms cut out of marble Attic,
There now are no Squero Westerns, as of old;
And our Sophias are not so emphatic,
But fair as then, or finer to behold.
We've no accomplish'd blackguards, like Tom Jones.
But gentlemen in stays, 'as stiff as stones.'

CXI.

They separated at an early hour;
That is, ere midnight—which is London's noon;
But in the country, ladies seek their bower
A little earlier than the waning moon.
Peace to the simblers of each folded flower—
May the rose call back its true colours soon!
Good hours of fair cheeks are the fairest tincts,
And lower the price of range—at least some winters.

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CANTO XIV.

I.

I've from great Nature's, or our own abuse
Of thought, as we could but match a certainty,
Perhaps maternal might find the path they miss—
But then 'tis would spoil much good philosophy.
Our system eats another up, and this
Much as old Saturn ate his progeny;
For when his pious consort gave him stones
In ben of some of these he made none hence.

II.

But system doth reverse the Titans' breakfast,
And eats her parents, albeit the digestion
Is difficult. Pray tell me, can you make fast,
After due search, your faith to any question?
Look back o'er ages, ere unto the stake fast
You bind yourself, and call some made the best one.
Nothing more true than not to trust your senses;
And yet what are your other evidences?

III.

For me, I know nought; nothing I deny,
Admit, reject, content; and what know you,
Except perhaps that you were born to die?
And both may after all turn out untrue.
An age may come, foot of eternity,
When nothing shall be either old or new.
Death, so call'd, is a thing which makes men weep,
And yet a third of life is pass'd in sleep.

IV.

A sleep without dreams, after a rough day
Of toil, is what we covet most; and yet
Blow clay shrinks back from more quiescent clay!
The very suicide that pays his debt
At once without instruments (an old way)
Of paying debts, which creditors regret
Lets out ingenuously his resting breath,
Less from disgust of life than dread of death.

V.

'Tis round him, near him, here, there, every where,
And there's a courage which grows out of fear.
Perhaps of all most desperate, which will dare
The worst to know it—when the mountains rear
Their peaks beneath your human foot, and there
You look down o'er the precipice, and dread
The gulf of rock yawns—you can't pause a minute
Without an awful wish to plunge within it.

VI.

'Tis true, you don't—but, pale and struck with terror,
Retire: but look into your past impression!
And you will find, though shuddering at the mirror
Of your own thoughts, in all their self-confession,
The lurking bias, be it truth or error,
To the unknown; a secret prepossession,
To plunge with all your fears—but where? You know me,
And that's the reason why you do—or do not.

VII.

But what's this to the purpose? you will say.
Gen. reader, nothing; a mere speculation,
For which my sole excuse is—'tis my way.
Sometimes with and sometimes without occasion.
I'll write what's uppermost, without delay;
This narrative is not meant for narration,
But a mere airy and fantastic basis,
To build up common things with commonplace.

VIII.

You know, or don't know, that great Bacon saith,
"Fling up a straw, 'twill show the way the wind blows?"
And such a straw, borne on by human grace,
Is poesy, according as the mind blows.
A paper kite which flies 'twixt life and death,
A shadow which the onward soul shall thrive;
And mine's a bubble not blown up for praise,
But just to play with, as an infant plays.

IX.

The world is all before me—or behind;
For I have seen a portion of that same
And quite enough for me to keep in mind.—
Of passions, too, I've proved enough to blame.
To the great pleasure of our friends, mankind,
Who like to mix some slight alloy with fame:
For I was rather famous in my time,
Until I fairly knock'd it up with rhyme.

X.

I have brought this world about my ears, and else
The other: that's to say, the clergy—who
Upon my head have bid their thunders break
In pious helms by no means a few,
And yet I can't help scribbling once a week,
Tiring old readers, nor discovering now,
In youth I wrote because my mind was full,
And now because I feel it growing dull.

XI.

But "why then publish?"—There are u. reasons
Of fame or profit, when the world grows weary
I ask it now—why do you play at earth?
Why drink? Why read?—To make some hour less dreary.
It occupies me to turn back regards
On what I've seen or ponder'd, sad or cheery;
And what I write I cast upon the stream,
To swim or sink—I have had at least my dream.

XII.

I think that were I certain of success,
I hardly could compose another line:
So long I've battled either more or less,
That no defeat can drive me from the Nurse.
This feeling is not easy to express,
And yet it is not affected, I opine.
In play, there are two pleasures for your choosing—
The one is winning, and the other losing.

XIII.

Besides, my Muse by no means deals in fiction:
She gathers a repertory of facts,
Of course with some reserve and slight restriction,
But mostly sings of human things and acts—
And that's one cause she meets with contradiction:
For too much truth, at first sight, me'er attracts;
And were her object only what's call'd glory,
With more ease too, she'd tell a different story.

XIV.

Love, war, a tempest—surely there's variety;
Also a reasoning slight of incitement;
A bird's-eye view too of that wild, Society;
A slight glance thrown on men of every station.
If you have sought else, here's at least sameness:
Both in performance and in preparation;
And though these lines should only fine portents mean,
Trade will be all the better for these canto's.
The grand Arcanum’s not for men to see at all,
My music has some mystic charmed:
And there is much which could not be appreciated
In any manner by the uninitiated.

The world (as, since that history, less polite
Than true, hath been a creed so strictly held),
Has not yet given up the practice quite:
Poor thing of usages! coerced, compell’d,
Victim when wrong, and martyr oft when right
Condemn’d to child-bed, as men, for their sins,
Have shaving too entail’d upon their chins,—

A daily plague which, in the aggregate,
May average on the whole with parturition.
But as to women, who can penetrate
The real sufferings of their sex condition?
Man’s very sympathy with their estate
Has much of selfishness and more suspicion.
Their love, their virtue, beauty, education,
But form good housekeepers, to breed a nation.

All this were very well, and can’t be better;
But even this is difficult, Heaven knows!
So many troubles from her birth beset her,
Such small distinction between friends and foes,
The guiding wears so soon from off her fetter,
That— but ask any woman if she’d choose
(Take her at thirty, that is) to have been
Female or male? a school-boy or a queen?

“Petiteost influence?” is a great reproach,
Which even those who obey would find be thought
To fly from, as from hungry pikes a roach;
But, since beneath it upon earth we are brought
By various joystings of life’s way-wanderer,
I for our venerable a petitcoat—
A garment of a mystical sublimity,
No matter whether russet, silks, or dimity.

Much I respect, and much I have adored,
In my young days, that chaste and goodly ver,
Which holds a treasure, like a miser’s hoard,
And more attracts by all it dons with a coronal—
A golden scabbard on a Damascus sword,
A loving letter with a mystic seal,
A care for grief—for what can ever rankle
Before a petticoat and peeping angle?

And when upon a silent, solemn day,
With a Strozoc, for example, blowing,—
Where even the sea looks dim with all its spray
And sunkly the river’s ripple’s flowing,
And the sky shows that very ancient gray,
The sober, sad antithesis to glowing—
’Tis pleasant, if then any thing is pleasant,
To catch a glimpse even of a pretty peasant.

We left our heroes and our heroines
In that fair clime which don’t depend on climate
Quite independent of the Zodiac’s signs,
Though certainly more delightful to rhyme at
Because the sun and stars, and angel that shines,
Mountains, and all we can be most sublime at.
Are there oft dull and dreary as a dun—
Whether a sky’s or tradescant’s, is all one.
XXX.
And m-door life is less poetical;
And out-of-door bath showers, and mists, and sleet,
With which I could not brew a pastoral.
But he it as it may, a hard must meet
All difficulties, whether great or small,
To spoil his undertaking or complete,
And work away like spirit upon matter,
Embarrass'd somewhat both with fire and water.

XXXI.
In this respect at least like saints—
Was all things unto people of all sorts,
And lived contentedly, without complaints,
In camp, in ship, in cottages, or courts—
Born with that happy soul which seldom faints,
And laughest modestly in toil or sports.
He knew could be most things to all women,
Without the coxcombry of certain stile men.

XXXII.
A fox-hunt to a foreigner is strange;
'Tis also subject to the double danger
Of tumbling first, and having in exchange
Some pleasant jesting at the awkward stranger;
But Juan had been early taught to range
The wilds, as doth an Arab turn'd avenger,
So that his horse, or charger, hunter, hack,
Knew that he had a rider on his back.

XXXIII.
And now in this new field, with some applause,
He cleared hedge, ditch, and double post, and rail,
And never cromely, and mude but few—
''Long pax''
And only fretted when the scent 'gan fail.
He broke,—'Tis true, some statutes of the laws
Of hunting—for the sagrest youth is trait;
Rod's o'er the hounds, it may be, now and then,
And once o'er several country gentlemen.

XXXIV.
But, on the whole, to general admiration
He acquitted both himself and horse; the squires
Marv'led at merit of another nation:
'The hours cried—'Dang it! who'd have thought
it'—Sires,
The Nestors of his sporting generation,
Scare prouder, and recall'd their former fires;
The huntsmen's self related to a grin,
And rated him almost a whipper-in.

XXXV.
Saw were his trophies—not of spear and shield,
But heaps, and bursts, and sometimes fierce' brashings; yet
I must own,—although in this I yield
To patriot sympathy a Briton's blushes,—
He thought at heart like courtly Chesterfield,
Who, after a long chase of other bulls, horses, breeds,
And of what not, though he rode beyond all price,
As'd, next day, 'if men ever handed twice?'

XXXVI.
He also had a quality un-unison
To carry news after a long chase,
Who wake in winter ere the cock can summon
December's drowsy day to his dull race,—
A quality agreeable to woman,
When her soft liquid words run on space,
Who likes a listener, whether saint or sinner,—
He did not fail asleep just after dinner.

XXXVII.
But, sight and airy, stood on the alert,
And shone in the best part of dialogue,
By humouring always what they might assert,
And listening to the topic most in vogue;

Now grave, now gay, but never dull or pret;
And smiling but in secret—ruminating rogue!
He never presumed to make an error clear;
In short, there never was a better hearer.

XXXVIII.
And then he danced—self foreigners execl
The serious Angles in the elegance
Of pantomime—he danced, I say, right well,
With emphasis, and also with good sense—
A thing in feeling indispensable:
He danced without theatrical pretence,
Not like a ballet-master in the van
Of his drill'd nymphs, but like a gentleman.

XXXIX.
Chaste were his steps, each kept within due bound
And elegance was sprinkled o'er his figure;
Like swift Camilla, he scarce skim'd the ground
And rather held in than put forth his vigour,
And then he had an ear for music's sound,
Which might defy a crotchet-critic's rigour.
Such classic pass-sans flaws—set off our hero
He glanced like a personified boleto.

XL.
Or, like a flying hour before Aurora,
In Guido's famous fresco, which alone
Is worth a tour to Rome, although no more a
Remnant were there of the old world's sole throne.
The ''lost ensemble'' of his movements were
Grace of the soft ideal, seldom shown,
And ne'er to be described; for, to the demon
Of bard's and prosers, words are void of colour.

XLI.
No marvel then he was a favourite;
A fall-grown Cupid, very much admired;
A little sportif, but by no means so grave;
At least he kept his vanity retired.
Such was his tact, he could alike delight
The chaste, and those who are not so much inspired
The Duchess of Fitz-Fulke, who loved ''travestere'','
Began to treat him with some small ''aguerie.''

XLII.
She was a fine and somewhat falliblown blonde,
Desirable, distinguish'd, celebrated
For several winters in the grand, grand monde.
I'd rather not say what might be related
Of her exploits, for this were ticklish ground;
Besides there might be false',d in what's stated;
Her late performance had been a dead set
At Lord Augustus Fitz-Plantagenet.

XLIII.
This noble personage began to look
A little black upon this new formation;
But such small licenses must lower brook;
More freedoms of the female corporation.
Woe to the man who ventures a rebuke,!
'Twill but precipitate a situation
Extremely disagreeable, but common
To calculators, when they count on woman.

XLIV.
The circle smiled, then whisper'd, and then sner'd;
The Muses bribed, and the matrons frown'd;
Some hoped things might not turn out as they fear'd;
Some would not deem such women could be found;
Some never believed one-half of what they heard;
Some rank'd poetry'd, and others book'd profound;
And several pitied with sincere regret
Poor Lord Augustus Fitz-Plantagenet.
But, w'is is old, none ever named the duke,
Who, one might think, was something in the affair
True, he was absent, and, *was rumoured, look*  
But small concern about the when, or where,
Or what his consort did: if he could break
Her gayeties, none had a right to stare;
There was that best of unions, past all doubt,
Which never meets, and therefore can't fall out

But, oh that I should ever pen so sad a line!
Fired with an abstract love of virtue, she,
My Diana of the Ephesians, Lady Adeline,
Began to think the duchess' conduct free;
Regretting much that she had chosen so bad a line,
And wading chiller in her courtesy,
Look'd grave and pale to see her friend's fragility
For which most friends reserve their sensibility

There's sought in this bad world like sympathy:
'Tis so becoming to the soul and face;
Sets to soft music the harmonious sigh,
And robes sweet friendship in a Brussels lace.
Without a friend, what are humanity,
To hunt our errors up with a good gra.e.s
Consoling us with—"Would you had thought twice
Ah! if you had but follow'd my advice?"

Oh, Job! you had two friends: one's quite enough,
Especially when we are all at ease;
They're but bad pilots when the weather's rough,
Doctors less famous for their cures than fees.
Let no man grumble when his friends fall off,
As they will do like leaves at the first breeze;
When your affairs come round, one way or t'other.
Go to the coffee-house, and take another.

But this is not my maxin': had it been,
Some heart-aches had been spared me; yet I care not—
I would not be a tortoise in his screen
Of stubborn shell, which waves and weather wear not;
'Tis better on the whole to have felt and seen
That which humanity may bear, or bear not:
'Til will teach discernment to the acute,
And not to pour their ocean in a sieve.

All of the bard, hallowed notes of woe,
Sadder than owl-songs or the midnight blast,
Is that portentous phrase, "I told you so."
Utter'd by friends, those prophets of the past,
Who, 'stead of saying what you now should do,
Often they foresaw that you would fall at last,
And solace your slight lapse against "bonos mora,"
With a long memorandum of old stories.

The Lady Adeline's serene severity
Was not confined to feeling for her friend,
Whose fame she rather doubted with posterity,
Unles her habits should begin to mend;
But Jesus also shared in her austerity,
But ming'd with pity, pure as ever was pent'd;
His inexperience moved her gentle ruth,
And (as her junior by six weeks) his youth.

These forty days' advantage of her years—
And hers were those which can for ever calculate,
Boldly referring to the list of peers,
And noble births, nor dread the enumeration—

Gave her a right to have maternal fear
For a young gentleman's fit education,
Though she was far from that leap-year, when leap
In female dates, strikes time all of a heap.

This may be fix'd at somewhere before thirty—
Say seven-and-twenty; for I never knew
The strictest in chronology and virtue
Advance beyond, while they could pass for me.
Oh, Time! why dost not pause! Thy setting, so di:
With rust, should surely cease to hack and how
Reset it; shave more smoothly, also slow,
If but to keep thy credit as a mower.

But Adeline was far from that ripe age,
Whose openness is but bitter at the best:
'Twas rather her experience made her sage,
For she had seen the world, and stood its test,
As I have said in—I forget what page;
My Muse despises reference, as you have guessed,
By this time;—but strike six from seven-and-twenty,
And you will find her sum of years in plenty.

At sixteen she came out; presented, vanned,
She put all coroutines into commotion;
At seventeen too the world was still enchanted
With the new Venus of their brilliant ocean;
At eighteen, though below her feet still panted
A hundred of suitors with devotion,
She had consented to create again
That Adam, call'd "the happiest of men."

Since then she had sparkled through three glowing winters,
Adored, adored; but also so correct.
That she had puzzled all the acutest hunters,
Without the apparel of being circumspect;
They could not even glean the slightest splinters
From off the marble, which had no defect.
She had also snatch'd a moment since her marriage
To bear a son and heir—and one uncourteous.

Fondly the wheeling fire-flies flew around her,
Those little glisterers of the London night;
But none of these possess'd a string to wound her—
She was a pitch beyond a commonplace flight.
Perhaps she wish'd an amiable profaner;
But, whatso'er she wish'd, she acted right;
And whether coldness, pride, or virtue, dignify
A woman, so she's good, what does it signify?

I hate a motive like a lingering bottle,
Which with the landlord makes too long a stand
Leaving all careless the unmosten'd throttle,
Especially with politics on hand;
I hate it, as I hate a drove of cattle,
Who whirr the dust as Simoons whirr the sand.
I hate it, as I hate an argument,
A laureate's ode, or servile poet's "content."

'Tis sad to back into the roots of things,
They are so much intertwined with the earth
So that the branch a goodly venture springs,
I seek not if an arrow gave it birth,
To trace all rootages to their secret springs
Would make indeed some melancholy mirth:
But this is not at present my concern,
And I refer you to wise Ozenstein.
IX.
With the kind view of saving an evil,
They to the duchess and diplomatist,
The Lady Adeline, as soon's she saw
That Juan was unlikely to resist—
(For foregeways don't know that a fault out
In England ranks quite on a different list
From these of other lands, unblest'd with juries,
Whose verdict for such sin a certain cure is)—

LXI.
The Lady Adeline resolved to take
Such measures as she thought might best impede
The further progress of this sad mistake.
She thought with some simplicity indeed;
But innocence is hard even at the stake,
And simple in the world, and doth not need
Nor use those palisades by names erected,
Whose virtue lies in never being detected.

LXII.
it was not that she fear'd the very worst:
His grace was an endur'd, married man,
And was not likely all at once to burst
Into a scene, and swell the clients' clan
Of P.xyz'rs, Commons; but she dread'd first
The magic of her grace's talisman,
And next a quarrel (as he seem'd to fret)
With Lord Augustus Putz-Plantagenet.

LXIII.
Her grace too pass'd for being an intricate,
And somewhat mucicste in her amorous sphere;
One of these pretty, precious plagares, which haunt
A lover with caprices soft and dear;
That like to make a quarrel, when they can't
Find one, each day of the delightful year;
Bewitching, torturing, as they freeze or glow,
And—what is worst of all—won't let you go:

LXIV.
The sort of thing to turn a young man's head,
Or make a Werter of him in the end.
No wonder then a purer soul should dread
This sort of chase liaison for a friend;
It were much better to be wed or dead,
Than wear a heart a woman loves to read.
'Tis best to pause, and think, ere you rush on,
If that a "hospice fortune" be really brave.

LXV.
And first, in the o'erflowing of her heart,
Which really knew or thought it knew no gale,
She call'd her husband new and they apart,
And bore him counsel Juan, With a smile,
Lord Henry heard her plans of arts and art.
To wean Don Juan from the siren's wife;
And answer'd, like a statesman or a prophet,
In such wise that she could make nothing of it.

LXVI.
Firstly, he said, "he never interceded
In any lady's business but the king's;"
Next, that "he never judged from what appeared,
Without strong reason, of these sorts of things;"
Thirdly, that "Juan had more brain than head,
And was not to be hold in leedings-stings;"
And fourthly, what need hardly be said twice,
That good, but rarely came from good advice.

LXVII.
And, therefore, doubtless, to approve the truth
Of the last axiom, he advised his spouse
To leave the parties to themselves, fossooth,
At least as far as benevolence allows:
That time would temper Juan's faults of youth;
That young men rarely made homastic vows;
That opposition only more attaches—
But here a messenger brought in despatches:

LXVIII.
And being of the council call'd 'the privy,'
Lord Henry walk'd into his cabinet,
To furnish matter for some future Lay
To tell how he reduced the nation's debt;
And if their full contents I do not give,
It is because I do not know them yet;
But I shall add them in a brief appendix,
To come between mine epic and its index.

LXIX.
But ere he went, he added a slight hint,
Another gentle commonplace or two,
Such as are cou'd in conversation's mint,
And pace, for want of better, though not new.
Then broke his packet, to see what was in't,
And having casually glanced it through,
Retired; and, as he went out, truly kiss'd her,
Less like a young wife than an aged sister.

LXX.
He was a cold, good, honourable man,
Poss'd of his birth, and proud of every thing;
A godly spirit for a state, divan,
A figure fit to walk before a king;
Tall, stately, form'd to head the courtly van
On birth-day's, glorious with a star and string,
The very model of a chamberlain—
And such I mean to make him when I reign.

LXXI.
But there was something wanting on the whole—
I don't know what, and therefore cannot tell—
Which pretty women—the sweet souls!—call soul.
Cortes it was not body; he was well
Proportion'd, as a poplar or a pole,
A handsome man, that human miracle;
And in each circumstance of love or war,
Had still preserved his perpendicular.

LXXII.
Still there was something wanting, as I've said—
That unblemish'd "je ne suis pas;"
Which, for what I know, may of yore have led
To Homer's Iliad, since it drew to Troy
The Greek Eve, Heber, from the Spartan's bed;
Though on the whole, no doubt, the Dardian boy
Was much inferior to King Menelaus—
But thus it is some women will betray us.

LXXIII.
There is an awkward thing which much perplexes,
Unless wise Tiresias we had proved
By turns the difference of the several sexes:
Neither can show quite how they would be loved.
The sensual for a short time but concentrates;
The sentimental basest to be unmoved;
But both together form a kind of centaur
Upon whose back 'tis better not to venture.

LXXIV.
A something all-sufficient for the heart
Is that for which the sires are always seeking,
But have to fill up that same vacant part—
There lies the rub—and this they are but weak in.
Feil mariners want what without a chart,
They run before the wind in high seas breaking;
And when they have na the shore, through the very shock
'Tis odd, or odd's, it may turn out a rock.
LXXV.
I here is a flower call’d "love in idleness,"
For which see Shakspere’s ever-blooming garden;—
I will not make his great description less,
And beg his British godship’s humble pardon,
If, in my extremity of rhyme’s distress,
I touch a single leaf where he is warden;
But though the flower is different, with the French
Or Swiss Rousseau, cry, “olla la pereceni”!

LXXXVI.
Eureka! I have found it! What I mean
To say is, not that love is idleness,
But that in love such idleness has been
An accessory, as I have cause to guess.
Hard labour’s an indifferent go-between;
Your men of business are not apt to express
Much passion, since the merchant-ship, the Argo,
Convey’d Medea as her succour care.

LXXXVII.
"Bento ille provid!” from "necotius,"
Saith Horace; the great little poet’s wrong;
His other maxim, “Noviter a sociis,”
Is much more to the purpose of his song;
Though even that were sometimes too ferocious;
Unless good company he kept too long;
But, in his teeth, whate’er their state or station,
Three happy they who have an occupation!

LXXXVIII.
Adieu exchanged his paradise for ploughing;
Eve made up millinery with fig-leaves—
The earliest knowledge from the tree so knowing,
As far as I know, that the church receives;
And since that time, it need not cost much showing
That many of the ill’s o’er which man grieves,
And still more women, spring not from employing
Some hours to make the remnant worth enjoying.

LXXXIX.
And hence high life is oft a dreary void,
A rack of pleasures, where we must intent
A something wherewith to be amoy’d.
Bards may sing what they please about content;
Contented, when translated, means but cloy’d;
And hence arise the woes of sentiment,
Blue devils, and blue-stockings, and romances
Reduced to practice, and perform’d like dances.

LXXX.
I do declare, upon an affidavit,
Romances I never read like those I have seen;
Nor, if unto the world I ever gave it,
Would some believe that such a tale had been:
But such intent I never had, nor have it;
Some truths are better kept behind a screen,
Especially when, they would look like lies;
I therefore deal in generalities.

LXXXI.
"An oyster may be cross’d in love,“—and why?
Because he moistens all in his shell,
And de leaves a lovely subterraneous sigh;
Much as a monk may do within his cell;
And if propos of monks, their party
With shell hath found it difficult to dwell;
These vegetables of the Catholic creed
Are apt exceedingly to run to seed.

LXXXII.
Oh, Wiltshire! thou man of black renown,
Whose merit none enough can sing or say,
Thou hast struck one immense colossal down,
Thou moral Washington of Africa!

But there’s another little thing, I owe,
Which you should perpetrate some summer’s day
And set the other half of earth to rights:
You have freed the blacks—now pray shut up the whites.

LXXXIII.
Shut up the bald-cost bully Alexander;
Ship off the holy three to Senegal,
Teach them that "sauce for goose is sauce for gander,
And ask them how they like to be in thrall.
Shut up each high heroic salamander,
Who eats fire gratis (since the pay’s but small)
Shut up—no, not the king, but the pavilion,
Or else it will cost us all another million.

LXXXIV.
Shut up the world at large; h. Bedlam out,
And you will be perhaps surprised to find
All things pursue exactly the same route,
As now with those of "sinistram" sound mind.
This I could prove beyond a single doubt,
Were there a jot of sense among mankind;
But till that point d’oppai is found, alas!
Like Archimedes I leave earth as ‘t was.

LXXXV.
Our gentle Adeline had one defect—
Her heart was vacant, though a splendid mansion;
Her conduct had been perfectly correct,
As she had seen nought claiming ‘t expansion.
A wavering spirit may be easier wreck’d,
Because ’tis flailer, doubtless, than a staunch oar;
But when the latter works its own undoing,
Its inner crash is like an earthquake’s rum.

LXXXVI.
She loved her lord, or thought so; but that love
Cost her an effort, which is a sad toil,
The stone of Syphias, if once we move
Our feelings ’gainst the nature of the soil.
She had nothing to complain of, or reprove,
No bickerings, no connubial turmoil;
Their union was a model to behold,
Serene and noble,—conjugal but cold.

LXXXVII.
There was no great disparity of years,
Though much in temper; but they never clash’d;
They moved like stars united in their spheres,
Or like the Rhone by Loman’s waters wash’d,
Where mingled and yet separate appears
The river from the lake, all bluely dash’d
Through the serene and placid glassy deep,
Which fan would fill its river-child to sleep.

LXXXVIII.
Now, when she once but tal’en an interest
In any thing, however she might flatter
Herself that her intentions were the best,
Intense intentions are a dangerous matter:
Impressions were much stronger than she guess’d,
And gather’d as they run, like growing water
Upon her mind; the more so, as her breast
Was not at first too readily impres’d.

LXXXIX.
But when it was, she had that lurking demon
Of double nature, and thus boldly nam’d—
Frances yclept in heroes, loue, and science.
That is, when they succeed; but greatly blamed
As obstinacy, both in men and women,
Where’er their triumph rules, or star is tun’d:
And ‘twill perplex the casuals in morality,
To fix the due bounds of this dangerous quality.
XC.

Had Bonaparte won at Waterloo,

It had been firmness; now 'twas pertinacity;

Must the event decide between the two?

I leave to your people of sagacity

To draw the line between the false and true,

If such can e'er be drawn by man's capacity;

My business is with Lady Adeline,

Who in her way too was a heroine.

XCI.

She knew not her own heart; then how should I?

I think not she was then in love with Juan;

If so, she would have had the strength to fly

The wild sensation, into her a new one;

She merely felt a common sympathy

(I will not say it was a false or true one)

In him, because she thought he was in danger—

Her husband's friend, her own, young, and a stranger.

XCII.

She was, or thought she was, his friend—and this

Without the tare of Priestship, or romance

Of Platonism, which leads so oft amiss

Ladies who have studied friendship but in France,

Or Germany, where people purely kiss,

To thus much Adeline would not advance;

But of such friendship as man's may to man be,

She was as capable as woman can be.

XCIII.

No doubt the secret influence of the sex

Will there, as also in the ties of blood,

An innocent predominauce annex,

And time the concert to a finer mood.

If free from passion, which all friendship checks,

And your true feelings fully understood,

No friend like to a woman earth discovers,

So that you have not been nor will be lovers.

XCIV.

Love bears within its breast the very germ

Of change; and how should this be otherwise?

That violent things more quickly find a term

Is shown through Nature's whole analogies:

And how should the most fierce of all be firm?

Would you have endless lightning in the skies?

Methods love's very title says enough:

How should "the tender passion" e'er be tough?

XCV.

Alas! by all experience, seldom yet

(I merely quote what I have heard from many)

Hath lovers not some reason to regret

The passion which made Solomon a Zany.

I've also seen some wives (not to forget

The marriage state, the best or worst of any)

Who were the very paragons of wives,

Yet made the misery of at least two lives.

XCVI.

I've also seen some female friends (It is odd,

that true—as, if expedient, I could prove)

That faithful were, through thick and thin, abroad,

At home, far more than ever yet was love—

Who did not quit me when oppression tried

Upheld me; whom no scandal could remove,

Who fought, and light, in absence too, my battle,

Despite the snake society's loud railes.

XCVII.

Whether Don Juan and chaste Adeline

Grew friends in this or any other sense,

Will be discours'd hereafter, I opine:

At present I am glad of a pretence

To leave them hovering, as the effect is fine,

And keeps the atrocious reader in suspense;

The surest way for ladies and for books

To bat their tender or their tenter hooks.

XCVIII.

Whether they rode, or walk'd, or studied Spanish,

To read Don Quixote in the original,

A pleasure before which all others vanish;

Whether their talk was of the kind call'd "small

Or serious, are the topics I must banish

To the next canto; where, perhaps, I shall

Say something to the purpose, and display

Considerable talent in my way.

XCIX.

Above all, I beg all men to forbear

Anticipating ought about the matter:

They'll only make mistakes about the fair,

And Juan, too, especially the latter,

And I shall take a much more serious air

Than I have yet done in this epic satire

It is not clear that Adeline and Juan

Will fall; but if they do, 't will be their ruir.

C.

But great things spring from little—would you think

That, in our youth, as dangerous a passion

As e'er brought man and woman to the brink

Of ruin, rose from such a slight occasion

As few would ever dream could form the link

Of such a sentimental situation?

You'll never guess, I'll bet you millions, milliards—

It all spring from a harmless game at billiards.

Cl.

'T is strange—but true; for truth is always strange.

Stranger than fiction: if it could be told,

How much would novels gain by the exchange!

How differently the world would men behold!

How oft would virtue and vice places change!

The new world would be nothing to the old,

If some Columbus of the moral seas

Would show mankind their souls' antipodes.

CH.

What "antres vast and deserts ille" then

Would be discover'd in the human soul!

What ice-berg's in the hearts of mighty men,

With self-love in the centre as their pole!

What Anthropophagi are none of ten

Of those who hold the kingdoms in control!

Were things but only call'd by their right names,

Caesar himself would be ashamed of fame.
CANTO XV.

I.

Art!—what should follow slips from my reflection:  
Whatever follows nevertheless may be  
As a propos of hope or retrospection,  
As though the lurking thought had follow'd free.  
All present life is but an interjection,  
An "Oh!" or "Ah!" of joy or misery,  
Or a "Ha! ha!" or "Bah!"—a yawn, or "Pooh!"  
Of which perhaps the latter is most true.

II.

But, more or less, the whole's a syncope,  
Or a singulur—emblems of emotion,  
The grand anthesis to great ennui,  
Wherewith we break our bubbles on the ocean,  
That watery outline of eternity,  
Or miniature at least, as is my notion,  
Which ministers unto the soul's delight,  
In seeing matters which are out of sight.

III.

But all are better than the sigh suppress,  
Corroding in the cavern of the heart,  
Making the countenance a mask of rest,  
And turning human nature to an art.  
Few men dare show their thoughts of worst or best  
Dissimulation always sets apart  
A corner for herself; and therefore fiction  
Is that which passes with least contradiction.

IV.

Ah! who can tell? Or rather, who can not  
Remember, without telling, passion's errors?  
The drainer of oblivion, even the sea,  
Hath got blue devils for his morning mirrors:  
What though on Lothe's stream he seem to float,  
He cannot sink his tremors or his tears:  
The ruby glass that shales within his hand  
Leaves a sad sediment of Time's worst sand.

V.

And as for love—Oh, Love!—We will proceed.  
The Lady Adeline Amundeville,  
A pretty name as one would wish to read,  
Most perch harmonious on my tuneful quill.  
There's music in the sighing of a reed;  
There's music in the gushing of a rill;  
There's music in all things, if men had ears;  
Their earth is but an echo of the spheres.

VI.

The Lady Adeline, right honourable,  
And hon'rd, ran a risk of growing less so;  
For few of the soft sex are very stable  
In their resolves—but that I should say so!  
They differ as wine differs from its label,  
When once decanted;—I presume to guess so,  
But will not swear; yet both upon occasion,  
Till old, may undergo abatements.

VII.

But Adeline was of the purest vintage,  
The unmingled essence of the grape; and yet  
Bright as a new Napoleon from its mantling,  
Or glorious as a diamond rely set;  
A page where Time should hesitate to print age,  
And for which Nature might forego her debt—  
Sole creditor whose process 'tis involve in't.  
The luck of finding every body solvent.

VIII.

Oh, Death! thou dunest of all duns!  
The daily Knockest at doors, at first with modest tap,  
Like a meek tradesman when approaching pauper  
Some splendid debtor he would take by rap.  
But oft denied, as patience 'gins to fail, he  
Advances with exasperated rap,  
And (if let in) insists, in terms unhandsome  
On ready money, or a "draft on Ransom."

IX.

Whate'er thou takest, spare awhile poor Bantu!  
She is so rare, and thou hast so much prey.  
What though she now and then may slip from duty,  
The more's the reason why you ought to stay.  
Gan't Gourmand! with whole nations for your booty  
You should be civil in a modest way:  
Suppress then some slight feminine diseases,  
And take as many heroes as Heaven pleases.

X.

Fair Adeline the more ingenious  
Where she was interested (as was said),  
Because she was not apt, like some of us,  
To like too readily, or too high bred  
To show it—points we need not now discuss—  
Would give up artlessly both heart and head  
Unto such feelings as seem'd innocent,  
For objects worthy of the sentiment.

XI.

Some parts of Juan's history, which rumour  
That live gazette, had scatter'd to disfigure,  
She had heard; but women hear with more good humour  
Such aberrations than we men of rigour.  
Besides his conduct, since in England, grew more  
Strict, and his mind assumed a manlier vigour;  
Because he had, like Alciphrodus,  
The art of living in all climates with ease.

XII.

His manner was perhaps the more seductive,  
Because he never seem'd anxious to seduce,  
Nothing affected, studied, or constructive  
Of cormovany or conquest: no abuse  
Of his attractions mar'd the fair perspective,  
To indicate a Capridon broke loose,  
And seem to say, "resist us if you can"—  
Which makes a dandy while it spoils a man.

XIII.

They are wrong—that's not the way to set about it;  
As, if they told the truth, could well be shown.  
But, right or wrong, Don Juan was without it;  
In fact, his manner was his own alone:  
Sincere he was—at least you could not doubt it,  
In listening merely to his voice's tone.  
The devil hath not in all his quiver's choice  
An arrow for the heart like a sweet voice.

XIV.

By nature soft, his whole address held off  
Suspicion; though not timid, his regard  
Was such as rather seem'd to keep aloof,  
To shield himself, than put you on your guard  
Perhaps 't was hardly quite assured enough,  
But modesty's at times its own reward,  
Like virtue; and the absence of pretension  
Will go much further than there's need to mention.

XV.

Serene, accomplish'd, cheerful, but not loud;  
Insmatting without imputation;
Of tyranny of all kinds, my description
Were more,—but I was born for opposition.

XVIII.
But then 'tis mostly on the weaker side:
So that I verily believe if they
Who now are bucking in their full-blown pride,
Were shaken down, and "hogs had had their day,"
Though at the first I might by chance deride
Their tumble, I should turn the other way
And wax an ultra-revolted in loyalty,
Because I hate even democratic royalty.

XXIV.
I think I should have made a decent spouse,
If I had never proved the soft condition;
I must: I should have made monastic vows,
But for my own peculiar superstition;
"Gainst rhyme I never should have knock'd my brow
Nor broken my own head, nor that of Priscian;
Nor worn the medley mantle of a poet,
If some one had not told me to forego it.

XXV.
But "liaison after"—knights and dames I sing,
Such as the times may furnish. "Tis a flight
Which seems at first to need no lofty wing,
Pinned by Longinus or the Stagyrite:
The difficulty lies in colouring
(Keeping the due proportions still in sight)
With nature manners which are artificial,
And rendering general that which is especial.

XXVI.
The difference is, that in the days of old
Men made the manners: manners now make men—
Pam'd like a book, and fiddled too in their fold.
At least mine, and a much beside of ten.
Now this at all events must render cold
Your writers, who must either draw again
Days better drawn before, or else assume
The present, with their commonplace costume.

XXVII.
We 'll do our best to make the host on 't:—March 't
March, my Morn! If you cannot fly, yet futter;
And when you may not be sublime, be arch;
Or stanch, as are the erect statesmen utter.
We surely shall find something worth research:
Columbus found a new world in a cutter,
Or briuagiiite, or pink, of so great tournage,
While yet America was in her non-age.

XXVIII.
When Adeline, in all her growing sense
Of Juan's merits and his situation,
Felt on the whole an interest intense—
Partly perhaps because a fresh sensation,
Or that he had an air of innocence,
Which is for innocence a sad temptation,—
As women hate half measures, on the whole,
She 'gan to ponder how to save his soul.

XXIX.
She had a good opinion of advice,
Like all who gave and eke receive it grate,
For which small thanks are still the market prize
Even where the article at highest rate is.
She thought upon the subject twice or thrice,
And morally decided, the best state is,
For morals, marriage; and this question carries
She seriously advised him to get married.

XXX.
Juan replied, with all becoming deference;
He had a prediction for that tie;
But that at present, with immediate reference
To his own circumstances, there might be
Some difficulties, as in his own preference,
Or that of her to whom he might apply;
That still he'd wed with such or such a lady,
If that they were not married all already.

XXXI.
Next to the making matches for herself,
And daughters, brothers, sisters, kith or kin,
Arranging them like books on the same shelf.
There's nothing women love to dabble in
More (like a stockholder in growing self)
Than match-making in general: 'tis no sin
Cerets, but a preventive, and therefore
That is, no doubt, the only reason wherefore.

XXXII.
But never yet (except of course a miss
Unwed, or mistress never to be wed,
Or wed already, who object to this)
Was there chaste dame who had not in her head
Some drama of the marriage unities,
Observed as strictly both at board and bed,
As those of Aristotle, though sometimes
They turn out melodramas or pantomimes.

XXXIII.
They generally have some only son,
Some heir to a large property, some friend
Of an old family, some gay Sir John,
Or gave Lord George, with whom perhaps might end
A line, and leave posterity undone,
Unless a marriage was applied to mend
The prospect and their morals; and besides,
They have a hand a blooming glut of brides.

XXXIV.
From these they will be careful to select,
For this an heres, and for that a beauty;
For one a songstress who hath no defect,
For t'other one who promises much duty;
For this a lady no one can reject,
Whose sole accomplishments were quite a booty;
A second for her excellent connexions;
A third, because there can be no objections.

XXXV.
When Rapp the harmonist embarks'd marriage?
In his harmonious settlement—(which flourishes
Strangely enough as yet without miscarriage,
Because it breeds no more mouths than it nourishes
Without those sad expenses which disfigure
What Nature naturally most encourages)—
Why call'd he "Harmony" a state sans wedlock?
Now here I have got the preacher at a dead lock.

XXXVI.
Because he either meant to shine at harmony
Or marriage, by divorcing them thus oddly,
But whether reverend Rapp learn'd this in Germany
Or no, 'tis said his sect is rich and gossly,
Pious and pure, beyond what I can term any
Of ours, although they propagate more broadly.
My objection's to his title, not his ritual,
Although I wonder how it grew habitual.

XXXVII.
But Rapp is the reverse of zealous matrons,
Who favor or unlike Malthus, generation—
Professors of that genial art, and patrons
Of all the modest part of propagation,
Which after all at such a desperate rate runs,
That half its produce tends to emigration,
That sad result of passions and potatoes—
Two weeds which pose our economic Cato's.

XXXVIII.
Had Adeline read Malthus? I can't tell;
I wish she had: his book's the eleventh commandment
Which says, "thou shalt not marry"—unless well.
This he (as far as I can understand) meant:
'T is not my purpose on his views to dwell,
Nor canvass what 'so eminent a hand" meant?
But certes it conduits to lives ascetic,
Or turning marriage into arithmetic.

XXXIX.
But Adeline, who probably presumed
That Juan had enough of maintenance,
Or separate maintenance, in case it was doom'd—
As on the whole it is an even chance
That bridegrooms, after they are fairly groom'd,
May retrograde a little in the dance
Of marriage—(which might form a painter's fame,
Like Holbein's "Dance of Death"—but 'tis the same):

XL.
But Adeline determined Juan's wedding,
In her own mind, and that's enough for woman.
But then, with whom? There was the sage Miss Reading,
Miss Raw, Miss Flaw, Miss Showman, and Miss Knowman,
And the two fair co-heiresses Gilbedding.
She decreed his merits something more than common
All these were unobjectionable matches,
And might go on, if well wound up, like watches.

XLI.
There was Miss Milpound, smooth as summer's sea,
That usual paragon, an only daughter,
Who seem'd the dream of equanimity,
Till skim'd—and then there was some milk and water,
With a slight shade of Blue too it might be,
Beneath the surface; but what did it matter?
Love's riotous, but marriage should have quiet,
And, being consumptive, live on a milk diet.

XLII.
And then there was the Miss Ambacia Shoestring,
A dashing demimouche of good estate,
Whose heart was fix'd upon a star of bloostring;
But whether English dudes grew rare of late,
Or that she had not harp'd upon the true string,
By which such sirens can attract our great,
She took up with some foreign younger brother,
A Russ or Turk—the one's as good as t'other.

XLIII.
And then there was—but why should I go on,
Unless the ladies should go off?—there was
Indeed a certain fair and fairy one,
Of the best class, and better than her class,—
Aurora Raby, a young star who shone
Of life, too sweet an image for such glass
A lovely being, scarcely form'd or mould'd,
A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded;

XLIV.
Rich, noble but an orphan; left an only
Child to the care of guardians good and kind,
But still her aspect had an air so lovely!
Blood is not water; and where shall we find
Feelings of youth like those which overthrown he
By death, when we are left, alas! alone,
To feel, in friendless palaces, a home
Is wanting, and our best ties in the tomb?
XLV.
Early in years, and yet more infantine
In figure, she had something of sublime
In eyes which sadly shone, as seraphs' shine.
All youthful—buth with an aspect beyond time;
Radiant and grave—as pitting man's decline;
Mournful—but mournful of another's crime.
She looked as if she sat by Eden's door,
And graced for those who could return no more.

XLVI.
She was a Catholic too, sincere, austere,
As far as her young gentle heart allowed,
And deemed that fallen worship far more dear,
Perhaps because it was fallen: her sieves were proud
Of deeds and days when they had held the car
Of nations, and had never hurt or bow'd
To novel power: and as she was the last,
She held their old faith and old feelings fast.

XLVII.
She gazed upon a world she scarcely knew,
As seeking not to know it; silent, lone,
As grows a flower, thus quietly she grew,
And kept her heart serene within its zone.
There was awe in the homage which she drew;
Her spirit seem'd as seated on a throne
Apart from the surrounding world, and strong
In its own strength—most strange in one so young.

XLVIII.
Now it so happen'd, in the catalogue
Of Adeline, Aurora was omitted,
Although her birth and wealth had given her vogue
Beyond the charmers we have already cited:
Her beauty also seem'd to form no clog
Against her being mention'd as well fitted,
By many virtues, to be worth the trouble
Of single gentlemen who would be double.

XLIX.
And this omission, like that of the best
Of Britons at the pageant of Tiberius,
Made Juan wonder, as no doubt he must,
This he express'd half smiling and half serious;
When Adeline reply'd with some disgust,
And with an air, to say the least, imperious,
She marcell'd what he saw in such a baby
As that prim, silent, cold Aurora Braly?

L.
Juan rejoind'd—"She was a Catholic,
And therefore fitter, as of his persuasion;
Since he was sure his mother would fall sick,
And the Pope thunder excommunication,
If—" But here Adeline, who seem'd to pop
Herself extremely on the inoculation
Of others with her own opinions, started—
As usual—the same reason which she late did.

LI.
And wherefore not? A reasonable reason,
If good, is none the worse for repetition;
It had, the best way's certainly to be used
And amplify: you lose much by concession
Whereas insisting in or out of season
Convinces all men, even a politician;
Or—what is just the same—it wears out.
So the end's gain'd, what signifies the route?

LII.
Why Adeline had this slight prejudice—
For prejudice it was—against a creature
As pure as sanctity itself from vice,
With all the added charm of form and feature,
For me appear'd a question far too nice,
Since Adeline was liberal by nature,
But nature's nature, and has more express
Than I have time, or will, to take to pieces.

LIII.
Perhaps she did not like the quiet way
With which Aurora on those banal's book'd,
Which charm most people in their earlier day:
For there are few things by mankind less brief
And understand less, if we so may say,
Than finding thus their genius stand rebuk'd,
Like "Antony" by Caesar," by the few
Who look upon them as they ought to do.

LIV.
It was not easy—Adeline had none;
Her place was far beyond it, and her mind.
It was not scorn—which could not light on one
Whose greatest fault was letting few to find.
It was not jealousy, I think; but shun
Following the "ignis fatuus" of mankind.
It was not—but 'twas easier far, alas!
To say what it was not, than what it was.

LV.
Little Aurora deem'd she was the theme
Of such discussion. She was there a guest,
A beauteous ripple of the brilliant stream,
Of rank and youth, though purer than the rest,
Which flow'd on for a moment in the beam
Time sheds a moment of each sparkling crest.
Had she known this, she would have candidly smiled—
She had so much, or little, of the child.

LVI.
The dashing and proud air of Adeline
Imposed not upon her; she saw her blaze
Much as she would have seen a glow-worm shine,
Then turn'd unto the stars for softer rays.
Juan was something she could not divine,
Being no sylph in the new world's ways;
Yet she was nothing dazzled by the meteor,
Because she did not pin her faith on feature.

LVII.
His fame too—for he had that kind of fame
Which sometimes plays the dance with womankind
A heterogeneous mass of glorious flame,
Half virtues and whole vices being combined;
Faults which attract because they are not tame;
Foolish trick'd out so brightly that they blind.
These seals upon her wax made no impression,
Such was her coolness or her self-possession.

LVIII.
Juan knew nought of such a character—
High, yet resembling not his lost Hellee;
Yet each was radiant in her proper sphere:
The island girl, bred up by the lone sea,
More warm, as lovely, and not less sincere,
Was nature's all: Aurora could not be
Nor would be thus;—the difference in them
Was such as lies between a flower and gem.

LIX.
Having wound up with this sublime comparison,
Met thanks we may proceed upon our narrative,
And, as my friend Scott says, "I sound my Warson,"
Scott, the superlative of my comparative—
Scott, who can paint your Christian knight or Saracen,
Sor'; bed, man, with such skill as none would sha n it, if
There had not been one Shakespeare and Voltaire,
Of one or both of whom he seems the heir.
I say, in my sight way I may proceed.  
To play upon the surface of humanity.  
I write the world, nor care if the world read,  
At least for this I cannot spare its vanity.  
My Muse hath heerd, and still perhaps may aver.  
More foes by this same scroll: when I began it,  
That thought that might turn out somehow I knew it,  
But still I am, or was, a pretty poet.

The conference or congress (for it ended  
As congresses of late do) of the Lady  
Adeline and Don Juan rather blamed.  
Some acids with the sweets—for she was heady;  
But, ere the matter could be marr’d or mended,  
The silver bell rang, not for our dinner ready.  
But for that hour, call’d half-brown, given to dress,  
Though ladies’ robes seem scant enough for less.

Great things were now to be achieved at table,  
With massy plate for armour, knives and forks  
For weapons; but what Muse since Fomer’s able  
(For his beasts are not the worst part of his works)  
To draw up in array a single day-bill  
Of modern dinners? where more mystery lurks  
In soups or sauces, or a sole ragout,  
Than witches, be-ches, or physicians brew.

There was a godly "some a home favour,"  
Though God knew whenout came from; there was too  
A turbot for relief of those who cram,  
Relived with duncon a la Perigueux;  
There also was—the dinner that I am!  
How shall I get this gourmand stanza through?  
Some a la Beaurnais, whose relief was dory,  
Relieved itself by pork, for greater glory.

But I must creep all into one grand mess  
Or mess; for should I stretch into detail,  
My Muse would run much more into excess,  
Than when some squawish people deem her frail.  
But, though a "home vivante," I must confess  
Her stomach’s not her pleasant part; this tale  
However doth require some slight reflection,  
Just to relieve her spirits from dejection.

Fowls a la Comité, slices eke of salmon,  
With sauces Genevoise, and launch of veison;  
Wines too which might again have slain young Ammon,  
A man like whom I hope we shan’t see many soon;  
They also set a glued Westphalian ham on,  
Whereon Aupins would be-tow his benison;  
And then there was champagne with foaming whirs,  
As white as Cleopatra’s melted pearls.

Then there was God knows what "à l’Allemande,"  
"A l’Espagnole," "tumballe," and "Salpicon;"  
With things I can’t withstand or understand,  
Though swallow’d with much zest upon the whole;  
And "extrémates" to pickle with at hand,  
Gently to all down the subsiding soul;  
While great Lucullus make triumphale muffles  
(There’s fame)—young partridge fillets, deck’d with truffles.

What are the fillets on the victor’s brow  
To these? They are rage or dust. Where is the arch  
Which nobler to the nation spoils below?  
Where the name at chariot’s haughty march?
LXXV.
By some odd chance too he was placed between
Aurora and the Lady Adeline—
A situation difficult, I warn,
For man therein, with eyes and heart, to shun.
Also the conference which we have seen
Was not such as to encourage him to shine;
1 r Adeline, addressing few words to him,
With twoscented eyes seemed to look through him.

LXXVI.
I sometimes almost think that eyes have ears:
This much is sure, that, out of ear-shot, things
Are somehow echoed to the pretty, dear,
Of which I can't tell whence their knowledge springs;
Like that same mystic music of the spheres,
Which no one hears so loudly though it rings.
'Tis wonderful how oft the sex have heard
Long dialogues which pass'd without a word!

LXXVII.
Aurora sat with that indifference
Which paves a praxi chevalier—as it ought:
All offences that's the worst offence,
Which seems to hint you are not worth a thought.
New Juan, though no coax in pretence,
Was not exactly pleased to be so caught;
Like a good ship entangled among ice,
And after so much excellent advice.

LXXVIII.
To his gay notions, nothing was replied,
Or something which was nothing, as required.
Aurora scarcely look'd aside,
Nor even smiled enough for any vanity.
The devil was in the girl! Could it be pride,
Or modesty, or absence, or inanity,
Heaven knows! But Adeline's malicious eyes
Sparkled with her successful prophecies.

LXXIX.
And look'd as much as if to say, "I said it!"—
A kind of triumph I'll not recommend,
Because it sometimes, as I've seen or read it,
Both in the case of lover and of friend,
Will pique a gentleman, for his own credit,
To bring what was a jest to a serious end;
For all men propesy what is or was,
And hate those who won't let them come to pass.

LXXX.
Juan was drawn thus into some attentions,
Slight but select, and just enough to express,
To females of perspicuous comprehensions,
That he would rather make them more than less.
Aurora at the last (so history mentions,
Though probably much less a fact than guess)
So far had her thoughts from their sweet prison,
As once or twice to sweet, if not to listen.

LXXXI.
From answering, she began to question: this
With her was rare; and Adeline, whc as yet
Though her predictions went no, much anise,
Began to dread she'd thaw to a coquette—
So very difficult, they say, it is
To keep extremes from meeting, when once set
In motion; but she here too much refined—
Aurora's spirit was not of that kind.

LXXXII.
But Juan had a sort of winning way,
A proud humility, if such there be,
Which shou'd such deference to what Remauer say.
As if each charming word were a decree
His net too teiper'd him from grave to gay,
And taught him when to be reserve'd or free:
He had the art of drawing people out,
Without their seeing what he was about.

LXXXIII.
Aurora, who in her indifference
Confounded him in common with the crowd
Of flattering, though she deign'd he had more sense
Than whispering feelings, or than waltzes look—
Commenced (from such slight things will great com-

LXXXIV.
To feel that flattery which attracts the proud
Rather by deference than éloquence,
And was even by a delicate dissent,
And then he had good looks— that point was carried
Now, con, amongst the women, which I gave
To say, leads off to crea. con, with the married—
A case which to the purists we may leave,
Since with digressions we too long have lurked.
Now though we know of oid that looks deceav.
And always have done, somehow these good books
Make more impression than the best of books.

LXXXV.
Aurora, who look'd more on books than faces,
Was very young, although so very sage,
Admirin more Minerva than the Graces,
Especially upon a praxi page.
But virtue's self with all her o'liest faces.
Has not the natural stays of street old age;
And Socrates, that model of all duty.
Oxal'd to a peniact, though diserved, for beauty.

LXXXVI.
And girls of sixteen arc thus far Socrate:
But innocently so, as Socrates:
And really, if the sage sublime and Attic
At seventy years had phantasties like those,
Which Plato in his dialogues dramatic
Has shown, I know not why they should dispeax
In vircans—always in a modest way,
Observe; for that with me's a "vace qua."

LXXXVII.
Also observe, that like the great Lord Coke,
(See Littleton) whose I have express'd
Opinions two, which at first sight may look
Twin opposites, the second is the best.
Perhaps I have a third too in a book.
Or some at all—which seems a sorry jest;
But if a writer should be quite consistent,
How could he possibly show things existent?

LXXXVIII.
If people contradict themselves, can I
Help contradicting them, and everyone,
Even my veracious self?—but that's a lie;
I never did so, nor will—how should I?
He who doubts all things, nothing can deny;
Truth's fontains may be clear—her streams are
Muddy,
And cut through such canals of contradiction,
That she must often navigate o'er fiction.

LXXXIX.
Apologe, fable, poesy, and paradox,
Are falsr, but may be render'd also true
By those who sow them in a land that's arable.
"Tis wonderful what fable will not do!
"Tis said it makes reality more bearable:
But what's reality? Who has its clue?
Philosophy? No; she too much rejects.
Religion? Yes; but which of all her sects?
XC.
Some millions must be wrong, that's pretty clear;
Perhaps it may turn out that all were right.
God keep us! Since we've need on our career
To keep our holy beacons always bright,
'Tis time that some new prophet should appear
Or old misguided man with a second-sight.
Opinions wear out in some thousand years,
Without a small refreshment from the spheres.

XCI.
But here again, why will I thus entangle
Myself with metaphysics? None can hate
So much as I do any kind of wrangle;
And yet such is my folly, or my fate,
I always knock my head against some angle
About the present, past, and future state;
Yet I wish well to Trojan and to Tyrian,
For I was bred a moderate Presbyterian.

XCII.
But though I am a temperate theologian,
And also mean as a metaphysician,
Impartial between Tyrian and Trojan,
As Ethon on a humane commission,—
In politics, my duty is to show John
Bull something of the lower world's condition.
It makes my blood boil like the springs of Hecla,
To see men let these soundless sovereigns break law.

XCIII.
But politics, and policy, and piety,
Are topics which I sometimes introduce,
Not only for the sake of their variety,
But as subservient to a moral use;
Because my business is to dress society,
And stuff with sauce that very verdant goose.
And now, that we may furnish with some matter all
Tastes, we are going to try the supernatural.

XCIV.
And now I will give up all argument:
And positively henceforth no temptation
Shall "foul me to the top up of my bent;"
Yes, I'll begin a thorough reformation.
Indeed I never knew what people meant
By deeming that my Muse's conversation
Was dangerous;—I think she is as harmless
As some who labour more and yet may charm less.

XCV.
Grim reader! did you ever see a ghost?
Not, but you've heard—I understand—be dumb!
And don't regret the time you may have lost,
For you have got that pleasure still to come:
And do not think I mean to sneer at most
Of these things, or by ridicule heap
That source of the sublime and the mysterious:—
For certain reasons my belief is serious.

XCVI.
Serious? You laugh:—you may; that will I not;
My smiles must be sincere or not at all.
I say I do believe a haunted spot
Exists—and where? That shall I not recall,
Because I'd rather it should be forgot.
"Shadows the soul of Richard" may appal:
In short, upon that subject, I've some quips, very
Like those of the philosopher of Maulsbury.

XCVII.
The night (I sang by night—sometimes an owl,
And now and then a nightingale)—is dim,
And the loud shriek of sage Minerva's soul
Rattles around me her discordant hymn;

Old portraits from old walls upon me scorn—
I wish to heaven they would not look so grand,
The dying embers dwindle in the grate—
I think too that I have sate up too late:

XCVIII.
And therefore, though 'tis by no means my way
To rhyme at noon—when I have other things
To think of, if I ever think,—I say
I feel some chilly midnight shuddering
And rudely postpone, until mid-day,
Treading a topic which alas! but brings
Shadows;—but you must be in my condition
Before you learn to call this superstition.

XCIX.
Between two worlds life hovers like a star,
'Twixt night and morn, upon the horizon's verge
How little do we know that which we are!
How less what we may be! The eternal surge
Of time and tide rolls on, and bears afar
Our bubbles; as the old bust, new emerge,
Lashed from the foam of ages; while the graves
Of empires heave but like some passing waves

CANTO XVI.

I.
For antique Persians taught three useful things,—
To draw the bow, to ride, and speak the truth.
This was the mode of Cyrus—best of kings—
A mode adopted since by modern youth.
Bows have they, generally with two strings;
Horses they ride without remorse or ruth;
At speaking truth perhaps they are less clever
But draw the long bow better now than ever.

II.
The cause of this effect, or this defect,
"For this effect defective comes by cause,"—
Is what I have not leisure to inspect;
But this I must say in my own applause,
Of all the Muses that I recollected,
Whate'er may be her follies or her flaws
In some things, mine's beyond all contradiction
The most sincere that ever dealt in fiction.

III.
And as she treats all things, and ne'er retreats
From any thing, this Epic will contain
A wilderness of the most rare conceits,
Which you might elsewhere hope to find in vain
'Tis true there be some bitters with, the sweets,
Yet not so slightly that you can complain,
But wonder they so few are, since my tale is
"De rebus cunctis et quibusdam aliis."
IV.

But of all truths which she has told, the most
True is that which she is about to tell.
I said it was a story of a ghost—
What then? I only know it so before.

Have you explored the limits of the coast
Where all the dwellers of the earth must dwell?
'Tis time to strike such p Fay answers dumb as
The sceptics who would not believe Columbus.

V.

Some people would impose now with authority,
Turpin's or Monmouth Godfly's Chronicle;
Men whose historical superiority
Is always greatest at a miracle.

But Saint Augustine has the great priority,
Who bids all men believe the impossible,
Because 'tis so. Who mible, scribile, quibble, he
Quiets at once with "qua impossible."

VI.

And therefore, mortals, cast not at all;
Believe—if 'tis improbable, you must;
And if it is impossible, you shall;
'Tis always best to take things upon trust.

I do not speak profoundly to recall
Those hoher mysteries, which the wise and just
Receive as gospel, and which grow more rooted,
As all truths must, the more they are disputed.

VII.

I merely mean to say what Johnson said,
That in the course of some six thousand years,
All nations have believed that from the dead
A visitor at intervals appears;
And what is strangest upon this strange head,
Is that whatever bar the reason rears
Gains such belief, there's something stronger still
In its behalf, let those deny who will.

VIII.

The dinner and the soirée too were done,
The supper too discussed, the names admired,
The banquets had dropt off one by one—
The song was silent, and the dance expired:
The last thin petticoats were vanished, gone,
Like fleecy clouds into the sky retired,
And nothing brighter gleam'd through the saloon
Than dying tapers—and the peeping moon.

IX.

The evaporation of a jovous day
Is like the last glass of champagne, without
The foam which made its virgin bumper gay;
Or like a system coupled with a doubt;
Or like a soda-bottle, when its spray
Has sparkled and let half its spirit out;
Or like a bilow left by storms behind,
Without the animation of the wind;

Or like an opiate which brings troubled rest,
Or none; or like—like nothing that I know
Except itself,—such is the human breast;
A thing of which similitudes can show
No real likeness.—From the old Tyrian vest
Do I plunge, now at present can tell how,
If from a shell-fish or from coccus yellow,
So perish every tyrant's robe precociously!

XI.

But next to dressing for a rout or ball,
Undressing is a vice; our robe-de-chambre
May sit like that of Nesmus, and recall
Thoughts quite as yellow, but less clear than amber.

Thus exclaimed, 'I've lost a day!' Of ah
The nights and days most people can remember
(I have had of both, some not to be disdained),
I wish they'd state how many they have gained.

XII.

And Juan, on retiring for the night,
Felt restless and perplex'd, and compromised.
He thought Aurora Raby's eyes ever more bright
Than Adeline (such is advice) advised;
If he had known exactly his own plight,
He probably would have philosophized;
A great resource to all, and never denied
Till wanted; therefore Juan only sigh'd.

XIII.

He sighed:—the next resource is the full moon,
Where all sights are deposited; and now,
It happened luckily, the chaste one shone
As clear as such a chaste one will allow;
And Juan's mind was in the proper tone
To hail her with the apostrophe—'Oh, thou!'
Of amatory ecstasies, the tuition,
Which farther to explain would be a truism.

XIV.

But lover, poet, or astronomer,
Shepherd, or svain, whoever may behold,
Feel some abstraction when they gaze on her,
Great thoughts we catch from thence (besides a cot)
Sometimes, unless my feelings rather err;
Deep secrets to her radiating light are told;
The ocean's tides and mortals' brains she sways,
And also hearts, if there be truth in lars,

XV.

Juan felt somewhat pensive, and disposed
For contemplation rather than his pillow;
The Gothic chamber, where he was enshrouded,
Let in the rippling sound of the lake's bellow
With all the mystery by midnight caused;
Below his window waved (of course) a willow;
And he stood gazing out on the expanse
That flash'd and after dar'd it in the shade.

XVI.

Upon his table or his toiles—which
(If these is not exactly ascertained)
(I state this, for I am cautious to a pitch
Of novelty, where a fact is to be gained)
A lamp burn'd high, while he leant from a niche;
Where many a Gothic ornament remained,
In chisel'd stone and painted glass, and all
That time that has left our fathers of their half.

XVII.

Then, as the night was clear, though cold, he threw
His chamber-door wide open—and went forth
Into a gallery, of a sombre hue,
Long, furnish'd with old pictures of great worth,
Of knights and dames heroic and chaste too,
As doubtless should be people of high birth.
But by dim lights the portraits of the dead
Have something ghastly, decalque, and dread.

XVIII.

The forms of the great knights and pictured saints
Look living in the moon; and as you turn
Backward and forward to the echoes loud
Of your own footsteps—voices from the urn
Appear to wake, and shadows wild and quaint
Start from the frames which bear their aspects stern
As if to ask how long you dare to keep
A vigil there, where all but death would sleep.
BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS.

XIX.

And the pale smile of beauties in the grave.
The charms of other days, in starlight gleams
Dimmer on high; their buried looks still wave
On ours, or spark within some dusky cave.
But death is leaped in their shadowy beams.
A picture is the past; even ere its frame
Be girt, who sate hath ceased to be the same.

XX.

As Juan mused on mortality,
Or on his mis-trust—terms synonymous—
No sound except the echo of his sigh
Or step ran sadly through that antique house,
When suddenly he heard, or thought to hear,
A supernatural agent—or a ghost.
Whose little nibbling rustle will terrify
Most people, as it plays along the arms.

XXI.

It was no moon, but, lo! a monk, array'd
In cowl and bands and dusky garb, appear'd,
Now in the moonlight, and now hapsed in shade,
With steps that trod as heavy, yet unheard;
His garments only a slight murmur made;
He moved as shadowy as the sisters weird,
But slowly; and as he pass'd Juan by,
Glanced, without pausing, on him a bright eye.

XXII.

Juan was petrified; he had heard a hint
Of such a spirit in these halls of old,
But thought, like most men, there was nothing in't
Beyond the rumour which such spots unfold,
Could't from surviving superstition's mint;
Which passes ghosts in currency like gold,
But rarely seen, like gold compared with paper.
And did he see this? or was it a vapour?

XXIII.

Once, twice, thrice pass'd, repass'd—the thing of air.
Or earth beneath, or heaven, or 'tother place;
And Juan gaz'd upon it with a stare,
Yet could not speak or move; but, on its base
As stands a statue, stood: he felt his hair
Twine like a knot of snakes around his face;
He touch'd his tongue for words, which were not granted,
To ask the reverend person what he wanted.

XXIV.

The third time, after a still longer pause,
The shadow pass'd once more—but where? the hall
Was long, and thus far there was no great cause
To think his vanishing material;
Doors there were many, through which, by the laws
Of physics, bodies, whether short or tall,
Might come or go; but Juan could not state
Through which the spirit seem'd to evaporate.

XXV.

He stood, how long he knew not, but it seem'd
An age—expectant, powerless, with his eyes
Swell'd on the spot where first the figure gleam'd;
Then by degrees recall'd his energies,
And would have pass'd the whole off as a dream,
But could not wake; he was, he did surprise,
Waking already, and return'd at length
Back to his chamber, short of half his strength.

XXVI.

All there was as he left it; still his taper
Bore, and not blue, as modest tapers use,
Receiving spirits with sympathetic vapoour;
He rubb'd his eyes, and they did not refuse
Their office; he took up an old newspaper.
The paper was right easy to peruse.
He read an article the king attacking,
And a long eulogy of "Putten Blacking."

XXVII.

This favour'd of this world, out his hand shook—
He shut his door, and after having read
A paragraph, I think about Horne Tooke,
Undress'd, and rather slowly went to bed.
There, couch'd all snugly on his pillow's neck,
With what he'd seen his phantasy he fed,
And thought it was no quiet, slumber crept
Upon him by degrees, and so he slept.

XXVIII.

He woke betimes; and, as may be supposed,
Ponder'd upon his visitant or vision,
And whether it ought not to be disclosed,
At risk of being quiz'd for superstition.
The more he thought, the more his mind was poesi,
In the mean time his valet, whose precision
Was great, because his master need'd no less,
Knock'd to inform him it was time to dress.

XXIX.

He dress'd; and, like young people, he was wont
To take some trouble with his toilet; but,
This morning rather spent less time upon't;
Aside his very mirror soon was put;
His curls fell negligently over his front,
His clothes were not card'd to their usual cut,
His very neckcloth's Gordon knot was tied
Almost a hair's breadth too much on one side.

XXX.

And when he walk'd down into the saloon,
He sate him penive o'er a dish of tea,
Which he perhaps had not discover'd soon,
Had it not happen'd sliding hot to be,
Which made him have recourse unto his spoon,
So much distract he was, that all could see
That something was the matter—Adeline
The first—but what she could not well divine.

XXXI.

She look'd and saw him pale, and turn'd as pale
Herself; then hastily look'd down and muttered
Something, but what's not stated in my tale.
Lord Henry sate, his muffin was ill but'ter'd;
The Duchess of Fitz-Wrbke play'd with her veil,
And look'd at Juan hard, but nothing uttered.
Aurora Rubie, with her large dark eyes,
Sway'd him with a kind of calm surprise.

XXXII.

But seeing him all cold and silent still,
And every body wondering more or less,
Fair Adeline inquir'd if he were ill?
He started, and said, "Yes—no—rather—yes."—
The family physician had great skill,
And, being present, now begin'd to express
His readiness to feel his pulse, and tell
The cance, but Juan said, "he was quite well."

XXXIII.

"Quite well; yes, no."—These answers were mysteri-

ous.
And yet his looks appear'd to sanction both
However they nght savour of delirium,
Something like illness of a sudden growth
Weigh'd on his spirit, though by no means serious
But for the rest, as he himself seem'd both
To state the case, it might be taken for granted.
It was not the physician that he wanted.
XXXIV.
Lord Henry, who had now discuss'd his chocolate,
Also the muffin, whereas he complain'd,
Said, Joan had not got his usual look elate,
At which he marvellt, since it had not rain'd;
Then ask'd her grace what news were of the duke of late?
Her grace replied, his grace was rather pain'd
With some slight, light, hereditary twinges
Of goot, which rests aristocratic hinges.

XXXV.
Then Henry turn'd to Joan, and address'd
A few words of condolence on his state:
"You look," quoth he, "as if you'd had your rest
Broke in upon by the Black Friar of late."
"What friar?" said Joan; and he did his best
To put the question with an air sedate,
Or candid; but the effort was not valid
To hinder him from growing still more pall'd.

XXXVI.
"Oh! have you never heard of the Black Friar?
The spirit of those walls?" — "In truth not I."
"Why fame— but fame you know sometime's a liar—
Tells an odd story, of which by the by:
Whether with time the spectre has grown shyer,
Or that our sire's had a more gifted eve
For such sights, though: the tale is half believed,
The fear of late has not been oft perceived.

XXXVII.
"The last time was — " I pray," said Adeline—
(Who watch'd the changes of Don Juan's brow
And from its context thought she could divine
Connexions stronger than he chose to avow
With this same legend), — "if you but design
To jest, you'll choose some other theme just now,
Because the present tale has oft been told,
And is not much improved by growing old."

XXXVIII.
"Jest!" quoth Micas, "Why, Adeline, you know
That we ourselves— I was in the honey-moon—
Saw — — "Well, no matter, I was so long ago;
But come, I'll set your story to a tune."
Graceful as Don when she draws her bow,
She seized her harp, whose strings were kindled soon
As touch'd, and plaintively began to play
The air of " T'was a Friar of Orders Gray."

XXXIX.
"But add the words," cried Henry, "which you made
For Adeline is half a poetess,
Turning round to the rest, he smiling said,
Of course the others could not but express
In courtesy their wish to see display'd
By one three talents, for there were no less—
The voice, the woods, the harper's skill, at once
Could hardly be muted by a dunce.

XL.
After some fascinating hesitation,—
The charming of these charmers, who seem bound,
I can't tell why, to this dissimulation—
Fair Adeline, with eyes fix'd on the ground
At first, then kindling into animation,
Addict her sweet voice to the lyric sound,
And sang with such simplicity,—a merit
Not the least precious, that we seldom hear it.

1.
Beware, beware! of the Black Friar,
Who sitteth by Norman stone,
For he utters his prayer in the midnight air,
And his mass of the days that are gone.
When the Lord of the Hill, Amundeville,
Made Norman Church his pray'r,
And expell'd the friars, one friar still
Would not be driven away.

2.
Though he came in his might, with King Henry's right
To turn church hands to lay,
With sword in hand, and torch to light
Their walls, if they said nay,
A monk remain'd, unchased, unchast'ned,
And he did not seem form'd of clay,
For he's seen in the porch, and he's seen in the church,
Though he is not seen by day.

3.
And whether for good, or whether for ill,
It is not mine to say;
But still to the house of Amundeville,
He abideth night and day.
By the marriage-bed of their lords, 'tis said,
He fits on the bridal eve;
And 'tis held as faith, to their bed of death
He comes—but not to grieve.

4.
When an heir is born, he is heard to mourn,
And when aught is to befall
That ancient line, in the pale moonshine
He walks from hall to hall,
His form you may trace, but not his face,
'T is shadow'd by his cowl;
But his eyes may be seen from the folds between
And they seem of a parted soul.

5.
But beware! beware! of the Black Friar,
He still retains his sway,
For he is yet the church's heir
Whoever may be the lay.
Amundeville is lord by day,
But the monk is lord by night,
Nor wine nor wassail could raise a vassal
To question that friar's right.

6.
Say nought to him as he walks the ha'n,
And he'll say nought to you;
He sweeps along in his dusky pall
As over the grass the dew,
Then grancery! for the Black Friar;
Heaven sum him! fair or foul,
And whatso'er may be his prayer,
Let ours be for his soul.

XL.
The lady's voice ceased, and the thrilling wires
Died from the touch that kindled them to sound
And the pause follow'd, which, when song expires,
Pervades a moment those who listen round;
And then of course the circle much admires,
Nor less applauds, as in politeness bound
The tone's, the feeling, and the execution,
To the performer's different emotion.

XLII.
Fair Adeline, though in a careless way,
As if she rated such accomplishment
As the mere pastime of an idle day,
Pressed an instant for her own content.
Would now and then as "t were without corps;
Y's with display in fact, at time's request,
To such performances with hautty smile,
To show she could, if it were worth her while.
XLIII.
Now this (but we will whisper it aside)
Was—pardon the pedantic illustration—
Tripping on Plato's pride with greater pride,
As did the Cynic on some like occasion;
Deeming the sage would be much mortified,
Or thrown into a philosophic passion,
For a speckled carpet—but the "Attic Bee."
Was much consol'd by his own repartee. 2

XLIV.
Thus Adeline would throw into the shade
(If doing so'ly, where'er she chose,
What dilettanti do with vast parade),
Their sort of half profession; for it grows
To something like this when too of display'd,
And that it is so every body knows
Who've heard Miss That or This, or Lady That other,
Show off—to please their company or mother.

XLV.
Oh! the long evenings of days and truce!
The amusements and the spectacles;
The "Mamma Miss!" and the "Amor Miss!"
The "Tanti Palpitii" on such occasions;
The "Lascamines," and quivering "Adlisis!"
Amongst our own most musical of nations;
With "Tu mi chiamasse" from Portingale,
To soothe our ears, lest Italy should fail. 3

XLVI.
In Babylon's bravura—as the home
Heart-ballads of Green Erin or Gray Highlands,
That bring Lochaber back to eyes that roam
O'er far Atlantic continents or islands,
The caletunes of music which once
All mountaineers with dreams that they are nigh lands,
No more to be believed but in such visions,—
Was Adeline well vers'd as compositions.

XLVII.
She also had a twilight sings of "Blar,
Coolie write rhymes, and compose more than she wrote;
Made epigrams occasionally too
Upon her friends, as every body ought.
But still from that sublim arzene hum."
So much the present dye, she was remote;
Was weak enough to deem Pope a great poet,
And, what was worse, was not ashamed to show it.

XLVIII.
Aurora—since we are touching upon taste,
Which now-a-days is the thermometer
By whose degrees all characters are class'd—
Was more Shakespearian, if I do not err.
The worlds beyond this world's perplexing waste
Had more of her existence, for in her
There was a depth of feeling to embrace
Thoughts, boundless, deep, but silent too as space.

XLIX.
Not so her gracious, graceful, graceless grace,
The full-grown Hebe of Frie-Fulke, whose mind,
If she had any, was upon her face,
And that was of a fascinating kind,
A little turn for nothing you might trace
Also thereon—but that's not much; we find
Few females without some such gentle heaven,
For fear we should suppose us quite in heaven.

L.
I have not heard she was at all poetic,
Though she was soon reading the "Bath Guide,"
And "Hayley's Triumphs," which she didn't readthither,
It cause she said, her temper had been tried
So much, the bard had really been prophetic
Of what she had gone through with,—since a Muse
But of all verse what most insured her praise
Were sonnets to herself, or "bouts rimes."

LI.
'Twere difficult to say what was the object
Of Adeline, in bringing this same lay
To bear on what appeared'to her the subject
Of Juan's nervous feelings on that day,
Perhaps she merely had the simple project
To laugh him out of his supposed dismzy
Perhaps she might wish to confirm him in it,
Though why I cannot say—at least this minute.

LII.
But so far the immediate effect
Was to restore him to his self-propriety,
A thing quite necessary to the elect,
Who wish to take the tone of their society;
In which you cannot be too circumspect,
Whether the mode be persiflage or jests,
But wear the newest mantle of hypocrisy,
On pain of much displeasing the gynocracy.

LIII.
And therefore Juan now began to rally
His spirits, and, without more explanation,
To jest upon such themes in many a sally,
Her grace too also seized the same occasion,
With various similar remarks to tally,
But wish'd for a still more detail'd narration
Of this same mystic friar's curious doings,
About the present family's deaths and woosings.

LIV.
Of these few could say more than has been said,
They pass'd as such things do, for superstition
With some, while others, who had more in dread
The theme half credhis the strange tradition
And much was talk'd on all sales on that head;
But Juan, when eeen-up-t'head on the vision,
Which some supposed though he had not avow'd it
Had stir'd him, answer'd in a way to cool it.

LV.
And then, the mid-day having worn to one,
The company prepared to separate:
Some to their several pastimes, or to morn;
Some wondering it was so early, some so late.
There was a busy match, too, to be run
Between some grayhounds on my lord's estate,
And a young race-horse of old pedigrees,
Match'd for the spring, whom several went to see.

LVI.
There was a picture-dealer, who had brought
A special Titan, warranted original,
So precious that it was not to be bought,
Though princes the possessor were bringing all
The king himself had cheapen'd it, but thought
The civil list (he designs to accept, obliging all
His subjects by his gracious accaptation):
Too scantly, in these times of low taxation.

LVII.
But as Lord Henry was a connoisseur—
The friend of arts, if not the owner,
With motives the most classical and pure,
So that he would have been the very donor,
Rather than seller, had his wants been fewer;
So much he deene't his patronage an honour
Had brought the capo d'opere, not for sale,
But for his judgment—never known to fail.
LVIII. There was a modern Goth, I mean a Gothic
Brick-slayer of Babel, can't an architect,
Bought to survey these gray walls, which, though so
thin,
Might have from time acquired some slight defect;
Who, after cunningly the Abbey through the
And thus, produced a plan, wherein to erect
New buildings of correct conformity,
And threw down old—which he call'd "restoration."

LV. The cost would be a trata—an "old song."
Set to some thousands ('tis the usual burden
Of that same tune, when people hum it long)—
The price would speedily repay its worth in
An edifice no less sublime than strong,
By which Lord Henry's good taste would go forth in
Its glory, through all ages shining sunny,
For Godlie shaming even in English money.

LX. There were two lawyers busy on a mortgage
Lord Henry wish'd to raise for a new purchase;
Also a lawsuit upon tenures haggard.
And one on titles which sure are discord's torches,
Kindling Religion till she throws down her gove,
"Utingy! squares to fight against the churchmen!"
There was a prize ox, a prize pig, and ploughman,
For Henry was a sort of Sublime showman.

LXI. There were two poachers caught in a steel trap
Ready for jail, their place of convalescence;
There was a country girl in a close can
And scarlet cloak (I hate the sight to see, since—
Since—since—in youth I had the sad mishap—
But luckily I've paid few parish fees since!)
That scarlet cloak, alas! unmoistened with rugge,
Prepresents the problem of a distant figure.

LXII. A reel within a bottle is a mystery,
One can't tell how it e'er got in or out,
Therefore the present piece of natural history
I leave to those who are fond of solving doubt,
And merely state, though not for the consistency,
Lord Henry was a justice, and that Scout
The constable, beneath a warrant's banner,
Had bag'd this poacher upon Nature's manor.

LXIII. Now justices of peace must judge all pieces
Of mischief of all kinds, and keep the game
And morals of the country from caprices
Of those who've not a license for the same;
And of all things, excepting titles and leases,
Perhaps these are most difficult to tame;
Preserving partridges and pretty wenches
Are puzzles to the most precocious bachelors.

LXIV. The present culprit was extremely pale,
Pale as if painted so; her cheek being red
By nature, as in higher dames less hate,
"This white, at least when they just rise from bed,
Perhaps she was ashamed of seeming frail,
Poor soul! for she was country-bred and bred,
And knew no better in her immorality
Than to wax white—for blushes are for quality.

LXV. Her black, bright, downcast, yet expressive eye
Had gather'd a large tear into its corner,
Which the poor thing at times essay'd to dry,
For she was not a sentimental mourner,
Parading all her sensibility,
Nor insolent enough to so am the sooner,
But stood in trembling, patient tribulation,
To be called up for her examination.

LXVI. Of course those groups were scatter'd here and there,
Not nigh the gay salon of ladies gent.
The lawyers in the study; and in air
The price pig, ploughman, poachers; the men sent
From town, viz. architect and dealer, were
Both busy (as a general in his tent
Writing despatches) in their several stations,
Exciting in their brilliant impressions.

LXVII. But this poor girl was left in the great hall,
While Scout, the parish guardian of the frail,
Discusses (he hated beer yet the "small")
A mighty mug of mordant double ale;
She waited until Justice could recall
Its kind attentions to their proper pale,
To name a thing in nomenclature rather,
Perplexing for most virgins—a child's father.

LXVIII. You see here was enough of occupation
For the Lord Henry, bind'd with dogs and horses.
There was much battle too and preparation
Below stairs on the score of second courses,
Because, as units their rank and situation,
Those who in counties have great land resources.
Have "public days," when all men may carouse,
Though not exactly what's call'd "open house."—

LXIX. But once a week or fortnight, unmindful
(Thus we translate a general invitation),
All country gentlemen, esquired or knighted,
May drop in without cards, and take their station
At the full board, and sit alike delighted
With fashionable wines and conversation;
And, as the stimulus of the grand connexion,
Talk o'er themselves, the past and next election.

LXX. Lord Henry was a great electioneer,
Borrowing for boroughs like a rat or rabbit,
But country contests cost him rather dearer,
Because the neighbouring Scotch Earl of Giffgabbit
Had English influence in the self-same sphere here,
His son, the Honourable Dick Doose-dribble,
Was member for "the other interest" (meaning
The self-same interest, with a different leaning).

LXXI. Courteous and cautious therefore in his county,
He was all things to all men, and dispensed
To some civility, to others bounty,
And promises to all—which last commenced
To gather to a somewhat large amount, he
Not calculating how much they condensed;
But, what with keeping some and breaking others,
His word had the same value as another's.

LXXII. A friend to freedom and freeholders—yet
No as a friend to government, he held
That be exactly the just medium but
"Twixt place and patri otism—albeit compound,
Such was his sovereign's pleasure (though unfit,
He added modestly, when rebels rumbled),
To hold some sincerities he wish'd to abolish,
But that with them all law would be demolished.
LXXIII.
He was "free to confess"—(whence comes this phrase?)
Is't English? No—'tis only parliamentary)—
That innovation's spirit now-a-days
Had made more progress than for the last century.
He would not tread a factious path to praise,
Though for the public weal disposed to venture high;
As for his place, he could but say this of it,
That the fatigue was greater than the profit.

LXXIV.
Heaven and his friends knew that a private life
Had ever been his sole and whole ambition;
But could he quit his king in times of strife
Which threatened'thould the whole country with perdition?
When demagogues would with a butcher's knife
Cut through and through (oh! damnable incision!) the Gordan or the Gordan knot, whose strings
Have tied together Commons, Lords, and Kings.

LXXV.
Sooner "come place into the civil list,
And champion him to the utmost!"—he would keep it,
Till duly disappointed or dismissed;
Blight he cared not for, let others reap it;
But should the day come when place ceased to exist,
The country would have far more cause to weep it;
For how could it go on? Explain who can! He gloried in the name of Englishman.

LXXVI.
He was as independent—say, much more—
Than those who were not paid for independence,
As common soldiers, or a common—shore
Have in their several arts or parts ascendance
O'er the irregulars in lust or gore
Who do not give professional attendance.
Thus on the mob all statesmen are as eager
To prove their pride, as footmen to a beggar.

LXXVII.
All this (save the last stanza) Henry said,
And thought. I say no more—I've said too much;
For all of us have either heard or read
Of or upon the hangings—some slight such
Hums from the independent heart or head
Of the official candidate. I'll touch
No more on this—the dinner-bell hath rung,
And grace is said; the grace I should have sung—

LXXVIII.
But I'm too late, and therefore must make play.
'Twas a great banquet, such as Allston old
Was wont to boast—as if a gluton's tray
Were anything very glorious to behold.
But 'twas a public feast and public day,—
Quite full, right full, guests hot, and dishes cold,
Great plenty, much formality, small cheer,
And every body out of their own sphere.

LXXIX.
The squires familiarly formed,
And my lords and ladies proudly condescending;
Their servants puzzling how to hand
Their plates—without it might be too much bending
From their high places by the sidecar's stand—
Yet, like their masters, fearful of offending;
For any deviation from the graces
Might cost both men and masters too—their places.

LXXX.
There were some hunters bold, and couriers keen,
Whose bounds ne'er err'd, nor greyhounds deign'd to lurch;
Some deadly shots too, September, seen
Earliest to rise, and last to sent the scaren
Of the poor partridge through his stumpy screen.
There were some very oily members of the church,
Takers of titles, and makers of good matches,
And several who sung fewer psalms than catches.

LXXXI.
There were some country wags, too—and, alas!
Some exiles from the town, who had been driven
To gaze, instead of pavement, upon grass,
And rise at nine, in lieu of long eleven.
And lo! upon that day it came to pass,
I saw next that o'erwhelming son of Heaven,
The very powerful parson, Peter Path,
The roudest wit I ever was deafen'd with.

LXXXII.
I knew him in his livelier London days,
A brilliant dicer-out, though but a curate;
And not a joke he cut but car'd its praise.
Until preference, coming at a sure rate,
(Oh, Providence! how wondrous are thy ways,
Who would suppose the gift sometime obelish'd?)
Gave him, to lay the devil who looks o'er Lincoln,
A fat venison, and sought to thank un

LXXXIII.
His jokes were sermons, and his sermon's jokes.
But both were thrown away amongst the fens.
For wit hath no great field in anguish folks.
No longer ready ears and short-hand pens
Imbibe the gay bon-mot, or happy hoax.
The poor priest was reduced to common sense,
Or to coarse efforts very loud and long,
To hammer a hoarse laugh from the thick throng.

LXXXIV.
There is a difference, says the song, "between
A beggar and a queen," or was (of late)
The latter worse used of the two we've seen—
But we'll say nothing of affairs of state—
A difference "twixt a bishop and a dean;"
A difference between crockery-ware and plate,
As between English beef and Spartan bread—
And yet great heroes have been bred by both.

LXXXV.
But of all Nature's discrepancies, none
Upon the whole is greater than the difference
Beheld between the country and the town,
Of which the latter merits every preference
From those who've few resources of their own,
And only think, or act, or feel with reference
To some small plan of interest or ambition—
Both which are limited to no condition.

LXXXVI.
But "en avant!" The light loves languish o'er
Long banquets and too many guests, although
A slight repast makes people love much more,
Bacchus and Ceres being, as we know,
Even from our grammar upwards, friends of yours.
With vivifying Venus, who doth care
To these the invention of champagne and truffles.
Temperance delights her, but long fasting ruines.

LXXXVII.
Daily pass'd o'er the dinner of the day;
And Juan took his place he knew not where,
Confused, in the confusion, and distressed.
And sitting as if naid upon his chair;
Though knives and forks clang'd round as in vain
He seem'd unconscious of all passing there.
I'll some one, with a great, express'd a wish
(Unheeded twice) to have a tune of tafs.
LXXVIII.
On which, at the third asking of the bans,
He started; and, perceiving smiles around
Broadening to grins, he coloured more than once,
And hastily—as nothing can confound
A wise man more than laughter from a dunce—
Inflicted on the dish a deadly wound,
And with such hurry that, ere he could curb it,
He'd paid his neighbour's prayer with half a turban.

LXXIX.
This was no bad mistake, as it occur'd,
The suppleactor being an amateur;
But others, who were left with scarce a third,
Were angry—as they well might, to be sure.
They wonder'd how a young man so absurd
Lord Henry at his table should endure;
And this, and his not knowing how much oats
Had fallen last market, cost his host three votes.

XC.
They little knew, or might have sympathized,
That he the night before had seen a ghost;
A prologue, which but slightly harmonized
With the substantial company engross'd
By matter, and so much materialized,
That one scarce knew at what to marvel most
Of two things—how (the question rather odd is)
Such bodies could have souls, or souls such bodies.

XCI.
But what confounded him more than smile or stare
From all the 'squires and 'squireses around,
Who wonder'd at the abstraction of his air,
Especially as he had been renown'd
For some vivacity among the fair,
Evea in the country circle's narrow bound—
(F'r little things upon my lord's estate
Were good small-talk for others still less great)—

XCII.
Was, that he caught Aurora's eye on his,
And something like a smile upon her cheek.
Now this he really rather took amiss:
In those who rarely smile, their smile bespeaks
A strong external motive; and in this
Smile of Aurora's there was sought to pique,
Or hope, or love, with any of the wiles
Which some pretend to trace in ladies' smiles.

XCIII.
'T was a mere quiet smile of contemplation,
Indicative of some surprise and pity;
And Juan grew carnation with vexation,
Which was not very wise and still less witty,
Since he had gaunt at least her observation.
A most important outwork of the city—
As Juan should have known, had not his senses
By last night's ghost been driven from their defences.

XCIV.
But, what was bad, she did not blush in turn,
Nor seem embarrass'd—quite the contrary;
Her aspect was, as usual, still—not stern—
And she withdrew, but cast not down, her eye,
Yet grew a little pale—with what? concern?
I know not; but her colour be'er was high—
Though sometimes faintly flush'd—and always clear
As deep seas in a sunny atmosphere.

XCV.
But Adeline was occupied by fame
This day; and watching, watching, condescending
To the consumers of fish, fowl, and game,
And dignity with courtesy so blending,
As all must blend whose part it is to aim
(Exceptly as the sixth year is—wailing)
At their lord's, son's, and similar connexions!
Safe conduct through the rocks of re-elections.

XCVI.
Though this was most expedient on the whole,
And usual—Juan, when he cast a glance
On Adeline while playing her grand role,
Which she went through as though it were a dance
(Betraying only now and then her soul
By a look scarce perceptibly asking
Of weariness or scorn), began to feel
Some doubt how much of Adeline was real;

XCVII.
So well she acted all and every part
By turns—with that vivacious versatility,
Which many people take for want of heart.
They err—it is merely what is call'd mobility.
A thing of temperament, and not of art,
Though seeming so, from its supposed facility,
And false—though true; for surely they're sincere,
Who so strongly acted on by what is nearest.

XCVIII.
This makes your actors, artists, and romancers,
Heroes sometimes, though seldom—sages never:
But speakers, bards, diplomats, and dancers,
Little that's great, but much of what is clever:
Most orators, but very few financiers,
Though all Exchequer Chancellors endeavour,
Of late years, to dispense with Cocker's rigours,
And grow quite figurative with their figures.

XCIX.
The poets of arithmetic are they,
Who, though they prove not two and two to be
Five, as they would do in a modest way,
Have plainly made it out that four are three,
Judging by what they take and what they pay.
The Sinking Fund's unfathomable sea,
That most unquenching liquid, leaves
The debt unsusk, yet sinks all it receives.

C.
While Adeline dispersed her airs and graces,
The fair Fitz-Fulke seemed very much at ease,
Though too well-bred to quiz men to their faces,
Her laughing blue eyes with a glance could seize
The ridiculous of people in all places—
That honey of your fashionable bees—
And store it up for miscellaneous enjoyment;
And thus at present was her kind employment.

Cl.
However, the day closed, as days must close;
The evening also waned—and coffee came.
Each carriage was announced, and ladies rose,
And curtseying off, as curtesies country dame,
Retired: with most unfashionable bows.
Their droops and curtsies also did the same,
Delighted with the dinner and their host,
But with the lady Adeline the most.

CII.
Some praised her beauty; others her great grace,
The warmth of her politeness, whose sincerity
Was obvious in each feature of her face,
Whose traits were radiant with the rays of veracity.
Yes: she was truly worthy her high place!
No one could envy her desired prosperity;
And then her dress—what beautiful simplicity
Drapered her form with curious felicity!
CIII.

Meanwhile sweet Adeline deserved their praises,
By an impartial indemnification
For all her past exertion and soft phrases,
In a most edifying conversation,
Which turn’d upon their late guests’ mina and faces,
And families, even to the last relation;
Their licentious wives, their horrid selves and dresses,
And truculent distortion of their tresses.

CIV.

True, she said little—’t was the rest that broke
Forth into universal epigram:
But then ’t was to the purpose what she spoke:
Like Addison’s “faint praise” so wont to damn,
Her own but served to set off every joke,
As music chimes in with a melodrame.
How sweet the task to shield an absent friend!
I ask but this of mine, to— not defend.

CV.

There were but two exceptions to this keen
Stormish of wits ’er the departed; one,
Aurora, with her pure and placid muse;
And Juan too, in general behind none
In gay remark on what he’d heard or seen,
Sate silent now, his usual spirits gone;
In vain he heard the others rail or rally,
He would not join them in a single sally

CVI.

’Tis true he saw Aurora look as though
She approved his silence; she perhaps mistook
Its motive for that charity we owe
But seldom pay the absent, nor would look
Further; it might or it might not be so;
But Juan, sitting silent in his nook,
Observing little in his reverse,
Yet saw this much, which he was glad to see.

CVII.

The ghost at least had done him this much good.
In making him as silent as a ghost,
As in the circumstances which ensued
He gain’d esteem where it was worth the most.
And certainly Aurora had renew’d
In him some feelings he had lately lost
Or harden’d; feelings which, perhaps ideal,
Are so divine, that I must deem them real—

CVIII.

The love of higher things and better days;
The unbounded hope, and heavenly ignorance
Of what is call’d the world, and the world’s ways;
The moments when we gather from a glance
More joy than from all future pride or praise,
Which kindle manhood, but can not enter
The heart in an existence of its own,
Of which another’s bosom is the zone.

CIX.

Who would not sigh As ai ray Keophosau!
That hath a memory, or that hath a heart?
As! her star must wane like that of Dan.
Ray fades on ray, as years on years depart.
Amorem only had the soul to tie on
Unwithering myrtle round the unblunted dart
Of Eros; but, though thou hast play’d us many tricks
Still we respect thee, “Alma Venus Genitrix!”

CX.

And full of sentiments, sublime as billows
Heaving between this world and worlds beyond,
Don Juan, when the midnight hour of billows
Arrived, retired to his; but to desmond
Rather than rest. Instead of popples, willows
Waved o’er his couch; he meditated, fond
Of those sweet bitter thoughts which banish sleep,
And make the worldling sneer, the youngling weep.

CXI.

The night was as before: he wasundrest,
Saving his night-gown, which is an undress:
Completely “sans culotte,” and without vest;
In short, he hardly could be clothed with less;
But, apprehensive of his spectral guest,
He sate, with feelings awkward to express
(He those who have not had such visitations),
Expectant of the ghost’s fresh operations.

CXII.

And not in vain he listen’d—Hush! what’s that?
I see—I see—Ah, no! ’tis not—yet ’tis—
Ye powers! it is the—the—the—Pooh! the cat!
The devil may take that stealthy pace of his!
So like a spiritual pit-a-pat,
Or tiptoe of an amatory Miss,
Gliding the first time to a rendezvous,
And dreading the chaste echoes of her shoe.

CXIII.

Again what is ’t? The wind? No, no,—this time
It is the sable friar as before,
With awful footsteps, regular as rhyme,
Or (as rhymes may be in these days) much more.
Again, through shadows of he might subline,
When deep sleep did on men, and the world wore
The starry darkness round her like a garde.
Spangled with gems—the monk made his blood curdle.

CXIV.

A noise like to wet fingers drawn on glass,
Which sets the teeth on edge; and a slight clatter,
Like showers which on the midnight guests will pass;
ounding like very supernatural water,—
 Came over Juan’s ear, which throb’d, alas!
For immaterialism’s a serious matter;
So that even those whose faith is the most great
In souls immortal, shun them tête-a-tête.

CXV.

Were his eyes open?—Yes! and his mouth too.
Surprise has this effect—to make one dumb,
Yet leave the gate which eloquence slips through
As wide as if a long speech were to come.
Night and more nigh the awful echoes drew,
Tremendous to a mortal tympanum:
His eyes were open, and (as was before
Stated) his mouth. What open’d next?—the door

CXVI.

It open’d with a most infernal creak,
Like that of hell. “Lasciate ogni speranza,
Vio che entrate!” The hinge seemed to speak,
Dreadful as Dante’s ramp, or this stanza;
Or—but all words upon such themes are weak:
A single shade’s sufficient to entrance a
Here—for what is subsistence to a spirit?
Or how is’t matter trembles to come near it?

CXVII.

The door flew wide, not swiftly—but, as fly
The sea-gulls, with a steady, sober flight—
And then swung back; nor close—but stood away
Half letting in long shadows on the light,
Whish stick in Juan’s candlesticks burn’d high,
For he had two, both toadily bright,—
And in the door-way, darkening darkness, stood
The sable friar in his solemn hood.
CXVIII.

Don Juan shook, as erst he had been shaken
The night before; but, being sick of shaking,
He first inclined to think he had been mistaken,
And then to be ashamed of such mistaking;
His own internal ghost began to awaken
Within him, and to quell his corporal quaking—
Hating, that soul and body on the whole
Were odds against a disembodied soul.

CXIX.

And then his dread grew wrath, and his wrath fierce
And he arose—advanced—the shade retreated;
But Juan, eager now the truth to pierce,
Follow'd; his veins no longer cold, but heated,
Resolved to thrust the mystery carte and tierce,
At whatsoever risk of being defeated:
The ghost stopp'd, menaced, then retired,
He reach'd the ancient wall, then stood stone still.

CXX.

Juan put forth one arm—Eternal Powers!
It touch'd no soul, nor body, but the wall,
On which the moonbeams fell in silvery showers
Chequer'd with all the tracery of the hall:
The shade retreat'd, as no doubt the bravest cowers.
When he can't tell what 'tis that doth appal,
How odd, a single hobgoblin's nonentity
Should cause more fear than a whole host's identity.

CXXI.

But still the shade remain'd; the blue eyes glared,
And rather variably for stone death;
Yet one thing rather good the grave had spared—
The ghost had a remarkably sweet breath.
A straggling curl should he had been tur-nur'd;
A red lip, with two rows of pearl beneath,
Gleam'd forth, as through the casement's ivy shroud
The moon steep'd, just escaped from a gray cloud.

CXXII.

And Juan, puzzled, but still curious, thrust
His other arm forth—Wonder upon wonder!
It press'd upon a hard but glowing bost,
Which beat as if there was a warm heart under.
He found, as people on most trials must,
That he had made at first a silly blunder.
And that in his confusion he had caught
Only the wall instead of what he sought.

CXXIII.

The ghost, if ghost it were, seem'd a sweet soul.
As ever lurk'd beneath a holy hood;
A dimpled chin, a neck of ivory, stole
Forth into something much like flesh and blood;
Back fell the sable frock and dreary cowl,
And they reveal'd (alas! that c'e'st they should!)
In full, voluptuous, but not d'egrave told.
The phantom of her frolic grace—Fuz Fulke. 

DON JUAN.
CANTO I.

Note 1. Stanza v.
Brave men were living before Agamemnon.
Vixere fortes ante Agamemnonem," etc.—Horace.

Note 2. Stanza xvii.
Save thine "incomparable oil," Maenads!
"Description des vertus incomparables de l'huile de
Macassar."—See the advertisement.

Note 3. Stanza xlii.
Although Longinus tells us there is no button
Where the sublime soars forth on wings more ample.
See Longinus, Section 10, I" h ' n 7 i p e ri a t u m
f i d a s f a t a n t i p a t b u v h i f i o n o s .

Note 4. Stanza xlv.
They only add them all in an appendix.
Fact. There is, or was, such an edition, with all the
obnoxious epigrams of Martial placed by themselves at the
end

Note 5. Stanza lxxviii.
The bard I note from does not sing amiss.
Campbell's Gertrude of Wyoming; (I think) the
opening of Canto II., but quote from memory.

Note 6. Stanza cxlvii.
Is it for this that General O'Reilly,
Who takeed Algiers, declares he used him vily?
Donna Julia here made a mistake. Count O'Reilly
on't take Algiers—but Algiers very nearly took him;
and his army and fleet retreated with great loss, and
and much credit, from before that city, in the year 17—-

Note 7. Stanza cxxvi.
My days of love, are o'er, no more.
"Me nec femina, nec poen
Jam, nec sapienter credeis mutui;
Nec caritate pueri meris,
Nec vixere novis temporis floribus."

CANTO III.

Note 1. Stanza xlv.
For none likes more to hear himself converse.
Repasse aller Mooriste: a direct stoast.
Is none ever doin al noon, et al l'azurora;
Mat nel cappone, al leso, e vint'anni arresta;
E crede altruna volta anco nel lurno,
Nolie la crottetti, e quando? in n'ho nel mesto.
E molto non se l'aspira che al moro;
Ma senta tutta nel buon vino la fede,
E crede che sia solvo che il crede.
POLCI. Marquise Maggiorre, Canto 15, Stanza 118

Note 2. Stanza lxxii.
That o'er by precious meat was held in.
This dress is Moorish, and the brocades and bar are
worn in the manner described. The reader will perceive
hereafter, that, as the mother of Harlee was of
ex, her daughter wore the garb of the country.

Note 3. Stanza lxxii.
A like gold bar, above her instep mol'd.
The bar of gold above the instep is a mark of sov-
ereign rank in the women of the families of the
Dey's,
and is worn as such by their female relatives.

Note 4. Stanza xxxiii.
Her person if allow'd at large to rise.
This is no exaggeration; there were four women
whom I remember to have seen, who possessed their
hair in this profusion; of these, three were English, the
other was a Levantine. Their hair was of that length
and quantity that, when let down, it almost entirely
shaded the person, so as nearly to render dress a su-
perfluny. Of these, only one had dark hair; the Or-
iental's had, perhaps, the lightest colour of the four

Note 5. Stanza xcvii.
Oh Hesperus! thou bringest all good things
'Et per, canta flores,
Flores aurea, flores alia,
Flores matutina paedia.'
Fragment of Sapph.

Note 6. Stanza xcviii.
Soft hour! which wakes the wish and melts the heart.
"Era eik l' ora che volge 'I disio
A' naviganti e 'u nerierice il suore
Lo di chi' han detto a' do'iri mici addio,
E che lo nuovo percorso d' amore
Punse, so so ede Squilla di lontano
Che puj a 'I giorno pienere che si niore."
DANTO'S Purgatorio, Canto viii.

This last line is the first of Gray's Elegy, taken by
him without acknowledgement.

Note 7. Stanza cxxix.
Some hands unseen strew'd flowers upon his tomb
See Suetonius for this fact.

CANTO IV.

Note 1. Stanza xii.
"When the gods love, the young," was said of you
See Herodotus.

Note 2. Stanza xiv.
A vein had burst.
This is no very uncommon effect of the violence of
contending and different passions. The Doge Francesco
Foscari, on his deposition, in 1457, hearing the bell of
St. Mark announce the election of his successor
"mournt subitement d'une hemorrugie causée par une
voix qui s'elclata sans son potrines," (see Sassenoh and
Daru, vol. i. ii.) at the age of eighty years, when
"who would have thought the old man had so much blood
in him?" Before I was sixteen years of age, I was
witness to a melancholy instance of the same effect
of mixed passions upon a young person; who, however,
did not die in consequence, at that time, but fell
a victim some years afterwards to a seizure of the same
kind, arising from causes intimately connected with
agitation of mind.

Note 3. Stanza lxxx.
But sold by the impresario at no high rate.
This is a fact. A few years ago, a man engaged a
company for some foreign theatre; embarked them at
an Italian port, and, carrying them to Algiers, sold
them all. One of the women, returned from her cap-
tivity, I heard sing, by a strange coincidence, in Ros-
ini's opera of "L'Italiana in Algieri," at Venice, in the
beginning of 1817.

Note 4. Stanza xxxvi.
From all the pope makes yearly, 't would perplex,
To find three perfect pues of the third sex.
It is strange that it should be the pope and the sultan
who are the chief encouragers of this branch of trade—
women being prohibited as singers at St. Peter's, and
not deemed trustworthly as guardians of the harem.
Note 5. Stanza cliii.

While woods and ordure rankle round the base
The pillar which records the battle of Ravenna, is
about two miles from the city, on the opposite side of
the river to the road towards Forlì.

CANTO V.

Note 1. Stanza iii.

The ocean stream.

This expression of Homer has been much criticized.
It narrowly answers to our Atlantic ideas of the ocean,
but is sufficiently applicable to the Hellespont, and the
Bosphorus, with which the Aegian, intersected with islands.

Note 2. Stanza v.

"The Giant's Grave." "The Giant's Grave" is a height on the Adriatic
shore of the Bosphorus, much frequented by holiday
patries; like Harrow and Highgate.

Note 3. Stanza xxviii.

And running out as fast I was able.

The assassination alluded to took place on the eighth of
December, 1820, in the streets of B——, not a hundred paces from the residence of the writer.
The circumstances were as described.

Note 1. Stanza xxix.

Killed by five bullets from an old gun-barrel.

There was found close by him an old gun-barrel,
sawn half off: it had just been discharged, and was still warm.

Note 5. Stanza liii.

Prepared for supper with a glass of rum.

In Turkey, nothing is more common, than for the
Mussulmans to take several glasses of strong spirits by
way of appetizer. I have seen them take as many as
six of raki before dinner, and swear that they did
the better for it; I tried the experiment, but was like the
Scholemann, who having heard that the birds called
tucker were admirable weeds, ate six of them, and
complained that "he was no hungrier than when he
began."


Splendid but short, save in one, where, dropping,
A marble fountain echoes.

A common furniture,—I recollect being received by
Ali Pacha, in a room containing a marble basin and
fountain, etc., etc.

Note 7. Stanza lxxvii.

The crape so splendid was in all its features.

Features of a gold—a monastic metaphor; "the
feature upon which this question hung, is—See the
"Pudgy Family, or hear Castlereagh.

Note 8. Stanza cxvi.

Though on more through bird or fitter finners.

There is perhaps nothing more distinctive of birth
than the hand: it is almost the only sign of blood
which aristocracy can generate.

Note 9. Stanza cxvii.

Save Soliman, the glory of their line.

It may not be unworthy of remark, that Bacon, in
his essay on "Empire," hence that Solymans was the
best of his line; on what authority, I know not. These
are his words: "The destruction of Mustapha was so
fatal to Solymans line, as the succession of the Turks
from Solymans, and this day, is suspected to be untrue,
and of strange blood: for that Solymans the Second was
thought to be suppositionless. But Bacon, in his

CANTO VI.

Stanza lxxv.

A "wood obscure," like that where Dante found.

"Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita
Mi ritrovai per una selva oscura," etc., etc., etc.

CANTO VII.

Stanza vi.

Was teaching his recruit, to use the bayonet.

Fact: Souvaroff did this in person
CANTO VIII

Note 1. Stanza viii.
All sounds a nonsense. "Allah! Allah! Hu!"
"Allah! Hu! Hu!" is properly the war-cry of the Mussulmans, and they dwell long on the last syllable, which gives it a very wild and peculiar effect.

Note 9. Stanza ix.
"Carnage (so Wardsworth tells me) is God's daughter." "But the most dreaded instrument In working out a noble intent Is seen array'd for murder and slaughter; Yeu, Carnage is the daughter!"

WORKS WORTH'S Thanksgiving Ode.

To wit, the devil's. This is perhaps as pretty a pedegree for murder as ever was found out by Garter. King-at-arms.—What would have been said, had any free-spoken people discovered such a lineage?

Note 3. Stanza xxiii.
It was printed Grose, although his name was Groce. A fact; see the Waterloo Gazettes. I recollect remarking at the time to a friend,—"There is fame! a man is killed,—his name is Groce, and they print it Grose." I was at college with the deceased, who was a very amiable and clever man, and his society in great request for his wit, gayety, and "chansons à sore."

Note 4. Stanza xxiii.
As any other notion, and not national. See Major Vallance and Sir Lawrence Parsons.

Note 5. Stanza xxv.
'Tis pity "that such meanings should pave hell." The Portuguese proverb says that "Hell is paved with good intentions."

By the humane discovery, Fmir Bacon! Gunpowder is said to have been discovered by this friar.

Note 7. Stanza xlvii.
Which scarcely rose much higher than grass blades. They were but two feet high above the level.

Note 8. Stanza xxxvii.
That you and I will win Saint George's collar. The Russian military order.

Note 9. Stanza cxxxiii. (Powers
Eternal! such names mingled! "Islam's sons!"
In the original Russian—
"Slava bogu! slava vam!" "Kupav Zhivat, y z tatam."
A kind of couplet; for he was a poet.

CANTO IX.

Note 1. Stanza i.
Humility would rise, and thunder "Nay!"
Query, Nay?—Printer's Devil.

Note 2. Stanza vi.
And send the sentinel before your gate
A shew or two from your luxurious mens.
"I at this time got a post, being for fatigue, with four others.—We were sent to break biscuit, and make a mess for Lord Wellington's hounds. I was very hungry and thought it a good job at the time, as we got our own fill while we broke the biscuit,—a thing I had not got for some days. When thus engaged, the Prodigal Son was never once out of my mind; and I sighed, as I fed the dogs, over my humble situation and my more hopeful hopes."—Journal of a Soldier of the 1st Regt., during the war in Spain.

Note 3. Stanza xxxiii.
Because he could no more digest his dinner. He was killed in a conspiracy, after his temper had been exasperated, by his extreme constancy, to a degree of insanity.

Note 4. Stanza xxvii.
And had just burned the half-faced Lanskoi. He was the "grande passion" of the grande Catherine. —See her Lives, under the head of "Lanskoi."

Note 5. Stanza xlix.
Bel Ireland's Loudonberry's Marquess show His parts of speech.

This was written long before the suicide of that person.

Your "fortune" was in a fair way to swell A man," as Giles says.

"His fortune swells him, it is rank, he's married."—Sir Giles Overreach; Massinger.—See "A New Way to Pay Old Debts."

CANTO X.

Note 1. Stanza xiii.
Would scarcely join again the "reformados."
"Reformers," or rather "Reformed." The Baron Bradwardine, in Waverly, is authority for the word.

Note 2. Stanza xv.
The collars must be two a tint far deeper Than can be had by altering his shirt
Query, suit?—Printer's Devil.

Note 3. Stanza xviii.
Balgouinie's Bruc's black wall.
The brig of Don, near the "auld town" of Aberdeen, with its one arch and its black deep salmon stream below, is in my memory as yesterday. I still remember, though perhaps I may mispropose, the awful proverb with which I used to cross it, and yet turn over it with a childish delight, being an only son, at least by the mother's side. The saying, as recollected by me, was this—but I have never heard or seen it since I was nine years of age;—

"Bric of Balgouinie, black's your man; Wha 'n your son and a near's at Faul, Down ye shall fa!"

Note 4. Stanza xxiv.
Oh, for a man's power to chant Thy praise, hypocrisy!

A metaphor taken from the "forty-horse power" of a steam-engine. That mad wag, the Reverend S. S., sitting by a brother-clergymam at dinner, observed afterwards that his dull neighbour had a "forty-horse power" of conversation.
Note 5. Stanza xxxvi.
To strip the Saxons of their lyres, like tanners.
"Hyde."—I believe a hyde of land to be a legitimate word, and as such subject to the tax of a quibble.

I was given to her favourite, and now bore his.
The Empress went to the Crimea, accompanied by the Emperor Joseph, in the year 1853.

Note 7. Stanza livii.
Which gave her dukes the graces name of "Biron."
In the Empress Anne's time, Biron her favourite assumed the name and arms of the "Birons" of France, of which families are yet extant with that of England. There are still the daughters of Courland of that name; one of them I remember seeing in England in the blessed year of the Allies—the Duchess of S—to whom the English Duchess of S——I presented me as a name-sake.

Note 8. Stanza lxxii.
Eleven thousand maidens of bone.
The greatest number flesh hath ever known.
St. Ursula and her eleven thousand virgins were still extant in 1816, and may be so yet as much as ever.

Note 9. Stanza lxxxi.
Who butcher'd half the earth, and bullied "other Indus. America."

CANTO XI.

Note 1. Stanza xix.
Who on a bark, with black-eyed Sul (his blowing)
So prime, so swell, so busy, and so knowing!
The advance of science and of language has rendered it unnecessary to translate the above good and true English, spoken in its original purity by the select nobility and their patrons. The following is a stanza of a song which was very popular, at least in my early days:

"On the high Toby's nose fosh the muzzle,
In spite of each gallow's old scout;
If you at the swabkin can't hustle,
You'll be hoddled in making a Count.

Then your blowing will wax hollow and haughty
When she bears of your body mistake,
She'll surely turn snitch for the forty.
That her Jack may be regular weight."

If there be any gemman so ignorant as to require a translation, I refer him to my old friend and corporeal pastor and master, John Jackson, Esq., Professor of Pugilism; with I trust still retains the strength and symmetry of his model of a form, together with his good humour, and athletic as well as mental accomplishments.

Note 2. Stanza xxix.
St. James's Palace and St. James's "Hells."
"Hells," gaming-houses. What their number may now be in this life, I know not. Before I was of age I knew them pretty accurately, both "gold" and "silver." I was once nearly called out by an acquaintance, because when he asked me where I thought that his soul would be found hereafter, I answered, "In Silver Hell."

CANTO XII.

Note 3. Stanza xiii.
—and therefore even I won't anent
This subject quote.
"Amen!" was a Scotch phrase, meaning "concerning."
—"with regard to." It has been made English by the Scotch Novels; and, as the Frenchman said—"If it be not, ought to be English."

Note 4. Stanza xix.
The milliners who furnish "drapery misses."
"Drapery misses?"—This term is probably any thing new but a mystery. It was however almost so to me when I first returned from the East, in 1811-1812. It means a pretty, a high-born, a fashionable young female, well instructed by her friends, and furnished by her milliner with a wardrobe upon credit, to be repaid when married, by the husband. The riddle was first read to me by a young and pretty heiress, on my praising the "drapery" of an "untouched" but "pretty virginities" (like Mrs. Anne Page) of the then day, which has now been some years yesterday;—she assured me that the thing was common in London; and as her own thousands, and blooming looks, and rich simplicity of array, put any suspicion in her own case out of the question, I confess I gave some credit to the allegation. It necessary, authorities might be cited, in which case I could quote both "drapery" and the wearers. Let us hope, however, that it is now obsolete.

Note 5. Stanza ix.
"It's strange the mind, that very fiery particle. Should let it be snuff'd out by an article "Divine particular aura."

Note 1. Stanza xix.
Gives, with Greek truth, the good old Greek the lie.
See Mitford's Greece. "Gracia Verax." His great pleasure consists in praising tyrants, abusing Plutarch, spelling oddly, and writing quantity; and, what is strange after all, his is the best modern history of Greece in any language, and he is perhaps the best of all modern his toms whatever. Having named his sins, it is but fair to state his virtues—learning, labour, research, wrath, and partiality. I call the latter virtues in a writer, because they make him write in earnest.

Note 2. Stanza xxviii.
A hazy widower turn'd of forty's sure.
This line may puzzle the commentators more than the present generation.

Note 3. Stanza lxxiii.
Like Russians rushing from hot baths to snows.
The Russians, as is well known, run out from their hot baths to plunge into the Neva: a pleasant practical antithesis, which it seems does them no harm.

Note 4. Stanza lxxiv.
The world to gaze upon those northern lights.
For a description and print of this inhabitant of the polar region and native country of the aurora borealis, see Parry's Voyage in search of a North-West Passage.

Note 5. Stanza lxxv.
As Philip's son proposed to do with Attos.
A sculptor projected to Hew Mount Athos into a statue of Alexander, with a city in one hand, and, I believe, a
never in his pocket, with various other similar devices. But Alexander’s gone, and Athis remains, I trust, cre-
ong, to look over a nation of freemen.

CANTO XIII.

Note 1. Stanza vii.
Richf honestly, “he liked an honest latter.”
“Sir, I like a good latter.”—See the Life of Dr.
Adams, etc.

Note 2. Stanza xxvi.
Also there bin another pious reason.
“With every thing that prett’ bin,
My lady sweet arise.”—Shakespeare.

They and their hills “Arcadian both,” are left.
“Arcades ambo.”

Note 4. Stanza lxxi.
Or wilder group of savage Salvator’s.
Salvator Rosa.

Note 5. Stanza lxxii.
The bell-mouth’d goblet makes me feel quite Danish.
IF I err not, “Your Duke” is one of Iago’s Catalogue
of Nations “exquisite in their drinking.”

Note 6. Stanza lxxvii.
Even Nimrod’s self might leave the plains of Dara.
In Assyria.

Note 7. Stanza xcv.
“Then Scriptures out of church are blasphemies.”
“Mrs. Adams answered Mr. Adams, that it was blas-
phemous to talk of Scripture out of church.” This
dogma was broached to her husband—the best Chris-
tian in any book. See Joseph Andrews, in the latter
Chapters.

Note 8. Stanza cxxi.
The mutton, old, cruel excomm., in his pullet
Should have a hook, and a small trout to pull it.
It would have taught him humanity at least.
This sentimental savage, whom it is a mode to quote (amongst
the novelists) to show their sympathy for innocent sports
and old songs, teaches how to sew up frogs, and break
their legs by way of experiment, in addition to the art
of angling, the cradlest, the coldest, and the simplest
of pretended sports. They may talk about the beauties
of nature, but the angler merely thinks of his dish
of fish; he has no leisure to take his eyes off from
the streams, and a single bite is worth to him more than
all the scenery around. Besides, some fish bite best on a
rainy day. The wans, the shark, and the sunny fishery
have somewhat of noble and perilous in them; even met-
ishing, trawling, etc., are more humane and useful—but
angling!—No angler can be a good man.

“One of the best men I ever knew—as humane, de-
licate-minded, generous, and excellent a creature as any
in the world—was an angler: true, he angled with
painted flies, and would have been incapable of the
extravagances of L. Walton.”
The above addition was made by a friend in reading
over the MS.—“And alteram partem”—I leave it to
counterbalance my own observation.

CANTO XIV.

Note 1. Stanza xxxiii.
And never craned, and made but few " faux pas."
Crawling.—“To crawl!” is, or was, an expression used
to denote a gentleman’s stretching out his neck over a
hedge, “to look before he leaped”—a pause in his
"vaiting ambition," which in the field doth occasion
some delay and exaction in those who may be imme-
diately behind the equestrian spectator. “Sir, if you don’t
choose to take the leap, let me”—was a phrase which
generally sent the aspirant on again; and to good pur-
pose: for though “the horse and rider” might fall, they
made a gap, through which, and over him and his steel,
the field might follow.

Note 2. Stanza xlviii.
Go to the coffee-house, and take another.
In Swift’s or Horace Walpole’s Letters, I think
it is mentioned that somebody regretting the loss of a
friend, was answered by a universal Pylades: “When
I lose one, I go to the Saint James’s Coffee-house,
and take another.”
I recollect having heard an anecdote of the same kind.
Sir W. D. was a great gaiter. Crawling in one day to
the club of which he was a member, he was observed to
look melancholy. “What is the matter, Sir William?”
cried Hare, of facetious memory. “Ah!” replied Sir W.
“I have just lost poor Lady D.” “Lost! What—at
Quinze or Hazard?” was the consolatory rejoinder
of the querist.

Note 3. Stanza lxx.
And I refer you to wise Oxenstiern.
The famous Chancellor Oxenstiern said to his son, on
the latter expressing his surprise upon the great effects
arising from petty causes in the presumed mystery of
politics: “You see by this, my son, with how little woe
the kingdoms of the world are governed.”

CANTO XV.

Note 1. Stanza xxiv.
And then, Deviner still,
Whose lot it is to be known to be mistaken.
As it is necessary in these times to avoid ambiguity
I say, that I mean, by “Deviner still,” Christ. If ever
God was Man—or Man God—he was both.
I never ar-
raigned his crook, but the use—or abuse—made of it
Mr. Canning one day quoted Christianity to sanction
Negro Slavery, and Mr. Wilberforce had little to say in
reply. And was Christ crucified, that black men might
be scourged? If so, he had better been born a Mulatto,
to give both colours an equal chance of freedom, or at
least salvation.

Note 2. Stanza xxxv.
When Rapp the Harmonist embraced marriage
In his harmonious settlement.
This extraordinary and flourishing German colony in
America does not entirely exclude matrimony, as the
“Shakers” do; but lays such restrictions upon it as pre-
vent more than a certain quantum of births within a
certain number of years; which births (as Mr. Hume
observes) generally arrive “in a little flock like those of
a farmer’s hens, all within the same month perhaps.”
These Harmonists (so called from the name of their set-
tlement) are represented as a remarkably flourishing,
pious, and quiet people. See the various recent writers
on America.
Note 3. Stanza xxxviii.

Nor canvass what "so eminent a hand" meant.

Jacobs-Tunson, according to Mr. Pope, was accustomed to call his writers "shill. pens"—"persons of honour," and especially "eminent hands." Vide correspondence, etc.

Note 4. Stanza lvi.

While great Lucullus' rude trianglefuls—
Tu ne's fume—young patrician fists, deck'd with trifles.

A dish "la Lucullus." This hero, who conquered the East, has left his more extended celebrity to the transplantation of cherries (which he first brought into Europe) and the nomenclature of some very good dishes;—and I am not sure that (leaving indigestion) he has not done more service to mankind by his cookery than by his conquests. A cherry-tree may weigh a hundred dollars; besides, he has contrived to earn celebrity from both.

Note 5. Stanza lxviii.

But even sans "confitures," it no less true is,
There's pretty pease in these "petits plats."

"Petits plats d'amour garnis de confitures," a classical and well-known dish for part of the think of a second course.

Note 6. Stanza lxvvi.

For that with me is a "sine qua."

Snaudrum "Nas," omitted for the sake of euphony.

Note 7. Stanza xcvii.

In short, upon that subject I've some quails very like those of the Philosopher of Mahonbury.

Hobbes; who, doubting of his own soul, paid that compliment to the souls of other people as to decline their visits, of which he had some apprehension.

CANTO XVI.

Note 1. Stanza x.

If from a shell-fish or from cochineal.

The composition of the old Tyrian purple, whether from a shell-fish, or from cochineal, or from kermes, is still an article of dispute; and even its colour—some say purple, others scarlet: I say nothing.

Note 2. Stanza xiii.

For a spoil'd carpet—but the "Attie Bee"
Was much consol'd by his own repent.

I think that it was a carpet on which Diogenes trod, with—Thus I trample on the pride of Plato!"—"With greater pride," as the other replied. But as carpets are meant to be trodden upon, my memory probably misgives me; and it might be a robe, or tapestry, or a table-cloth, or some other expensive and uncynical piece of furniture.


With "Tu mi chamaues" from Portingale,
To save our ears, lest Italy should fail.

I remember that the mayoress of a provincial town,

somewhat surfeited with a similar display from foreign parts, did rather indecorously break through the applauses of an intelligent audience—an intelligent I mean, as to music,—for the words, besides being in recompose languages (it was some years before the peace, ere all the world had travelled, and while I was a collegian)—were sorely disguised by the performers;—this mayoress, I say, broke out with, "Rot your Pliny's! for my part, I loves a simple ballet!" Rossini will go a good way to bring most people to the same opinion some day. Who would imagine that he was to be no successor of Mozart? However, I state this with diffidence, as a bope and local admirer of Italian music in general, and of much of Rossini's; but we may say, as the connoisseur did of painting, in the "Vicar of Wakefield," "that the picture would be better painted if the painter had taken more pains."

Note 4. Stanza ix.

For Gothic dads shewn in English money.

"Ansa Romana, are Veneto?" is the inscription (and well inscribed in this instance) on the sea walls between the Adriatic and Venice. The walls were a republican work of the Venetians; the inscription, I believe, imperial, and inscribed by Napoleon.

Note 5. Stanza xi.

"Untying squeize to fight against the churches!"

"Though ye unten the winds, and bid them fight Against the churches."—Macbeth.

Note 6. Stanza xvii.

They err! 'tis merely what is cold'd mobility.

In French "mobilité." I am not sure that mobility is English; but it is expressive of a quality which rather belongs to other climates, though it is sometimes seen to a great extent in our own. It may be defined as an excessive susceptibility of immediate impressions—at the same time without losing the past; and is, though sometimes apparently useful to the possessor, a most painful and unhappy attribute.

Note 7. Stanza ci.

Draperied her form with curious drapery.

"Curiosa felicitas."—PETRONIUS ARBITER.

Note 8. Stanza cxiv.

A noise like to wet fingers drawn on glass.

See the account of the ghost of the uncle of Prince Charles of Saxony, raised by Schroepfer—"Karl—Kar—was—walt woll much?"

Note 9. Stanza cxx.

How odd, a single bolingbroke's moment
Should cause more fear than a whole host's identity!

"Skulldore to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers," etc., etc.

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