L. H. E.

Thomas E.

June 30th, 1865.
THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

THOMAS MOORE,

COLLECTED BY HIMSELF.

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.

PHILADELPHIA:

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

1864.
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ADVERTISEMENT.

The Edition of the works of Mr. Moore, now offered to the public, is reprinted from that recently published in London, under the supervision of the Author, and may therefore be deemed authentic and complete.

The London Edition is in ten volumes; and to each are prefixed Autobiographical Sketches and Anecdotes connected with the Poems in that volume. In order to present these in their proper connexion, and to elucidate clearly the Author's allusions, the American publishers have marked the beginning of each volume of the English Edition, and have adopted Mr. Moore's arrangement throughout the entire work.

(10)
POETICAL WORKS
OF
THOMAS MOORE.

TO THE
MARQUIS OF LANDOWNE,
IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE OF
NEARLY FORTY YEARS OF MUTUAL ACQUAINTANCE AND FRIENDSHIP,

THESE VOLUMES ARE INSCRIBED,
WITH THE SINCEREST FEELINGS OF AFFECTION AND RESPECT,
BY THOMAS MOORE.

PREFACE.

FINDING it to be the wish of my Publishers that at least the earlier volumes of this collection should each be accompanied by some prefatory matter, illustrating, by a few biographical memorials, the progress of my humble literary career, I have consented, though not, I confess, without some scruple and hesitation, to comply with their request. In no country is there so much curiosity felt respecting the interior of the lives of public men as in England; but, on the other hand, in no country is he who ventures to tell his own story so little safe from the imputation of vanity and self-display.

The whole of the poems contained in the first, as well as in the greater part of the second volume of this collection, were written between the sixteenth and the twenty-third year of the author's age. But I had begun still earlier, not only to rhyme, but to publish. A sonnet to my schoolmaster, Mr. Samuel Whyte, written in my fourteenth year, appeared at the time in a Dublin Magazine, called the Anthologia,—the first, and, I fear, almost only creditable attempt in periodical literature of which Ireland has to boast. I had even at an earlier period (1793) sent to this magazine two short pieces of verse, prefixed by a note to the editor, requesting the insertion of the "following attempts of a youthful muse;" and the fear and trembling with which I ventured upon this step were agreeably dispelled, not only by the appearance of the contributions, but still more by my finding myself, a few months after, hailed as "our esteemed correspondent, T. M."

It was in the pages of this publication,—where the whole of the poem was extracted,—that I first met with the Pleasures of Memory; and to this day, when I open the volume of the Anthologia which contains it, the very form of the type and colour of the paper brings back vividly to my mind the delight with which I first read that poem.

My schoolmaster, Mr. Whyte, though amusingly vain, was a good and kind-hearted man; and, as a teacher of public reading and elocution, had long enjoyed considerable reputation. Nearly thirty years before I became his pupil, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, then about eight or nine years of age, had been placed by Mrs. Sheridan under his care; and, strange to say, was, after about a year's trial, pronounced, both by tutor and parent, to be "an incorrigible dunce." Among those who took lessons from him as private pupils were several young ladies of rank, belonging to those great Irish families who still continued to tend to Ireland the enlivening influence of their presence, and made their country-seats, through a great part of the year, the scenes of refined, as well as hospitable festivity. The Miss Montevenrys, to whose care beauty the pencil of Sir Joshua has given immortality, were among those whom my worthy professor most boasted of as pupils; and, I remember, his description of them long haunted my boyish imagination, as though they were not earthly women, but some spiritual "creatures of the element."

About thirty or forty years before the period of which I am speaking, an eager taste for private theatrical performances had sprung up among the higher ranks of society in Ireland; and at Carton, the seat of the Duke of Leinster, at Castletown, Marley, and other great houses, private plays were got up, of which, in most instances, the superintendence was entrusted to Mr. Whyte, and in general the prologue, or the epilogue, contributed by his pen. At Marley, the seat of the Latouches, where the Masque of Comus was performed in the year 1776, while my old master

1 Some confused notion of this fact has led the writer of a Memoir prefixed to the "Pocket Edition" of my Poems, printed at Zwickau, to state that Brinsley Sheridan was my tutor. — "Great attention was paid to his education by his tutor, Sheridan."
supplied the prologue, no less distinguished a hand than that of our "ever-glorious Grattan," furnished the epilogue. This is one of his best known productions. At the time when I first began to attend his school, Mr. Whyte still continued, to the no small alarm of many parents, to encourage a taste for acting among their pupils. To this time I was long his favourite school-scholar; and among the play-bills introduced in his volume, to illustrate the occasions of his own prologues and epilogues, there is one of a play got up in the year 1790, a Lady Borwent's private theatre in Dublin, where, among the items of the evening's entertainment, is "An Epilogue, A Squeeze to St. Patrick's Master Mutton." With acting, indeed, is associated the very first attempt at verse-making to which my mind enables me to plead guilty. It was at a period, I think, even earlier than the date last mentioned, that, while passing the roof of Angier Street, by my elder sister, and some young people, at one of those lathing-places, in the neighbourhood of Dublin, which afford such fresh and healthful retreats to its inhabitants, it was proposed among us that we should combine together in solamnity to illustrate the occasions of the Poor Soldier, and a Harlequin Pantomime being the entertainments agreed upon, the parts of Patrick and the Molley hero fell to my share. I was also encouraged to write and recite an appropriate epilogue on the occasion; and the lines which I composed were printed in the theatrical gazette, and reprinted on my leaving school, and remissible only for their having lived so long in my memory, formed part of this juvenile effort: —

Our Pantaloon, who did so aged a shrub,
Must now resume his youth, his task, his hook,
Our Harlequin, who skipp'd, laugh'd, danced, and died,
Must now stand trembling by his master's side.

I have thus been led back, step by step, from an early date to one still earlier, with the view of ascertaining, for those who take any interest in literary biography, at what period I first showed an aptitude for that splendid art of theatrical composition; and the result is—so far back in childhood lies the epoch—that I am really unable to say at what age I first began to act, sing, and rhyme.

To these different talents, such as they were, the great source and chief preserving of my manly spirits, the Dublin, afforded frequent opportunities of display; while, at home, a most amiable father, and a mother, such as in heart and head has rarely been equaled, furnished me with that purest spirit to exertion—the de-ire to please those whom we, at home, most loved, and most respected. It was, I think, a year or two after my entrance into college, that a masque written by myself, and of which I had adapted one of the songs to the air of Haydn's Spirit-Song, was acted, under our own humble roof. I have heard my elder sister, myself, and one or two other young persons. The little dressing-room over the shop was our grand place of representation, and young—now an eminent professor of music in Dublin, enacted for us the part of our Cecily, at the pantomime of "Sir Toby,"

It will be seen from all this, that, however imprudent and premature was my first appearance in the London world as an author, it is only lucky that I had not much earlier assumed that responsible character; in which case the public would probably have treated my nursery productions in much the same manner in which that sensible critic, my Uncle Toby, would have disposed of the "work which the great Lisen produced on the day he was born."

While thus the turn I had so early shown for rhyme and melody. There was also a sensible circle in which I lived, called so enthusiastically into play, a far deeper feeling—and, I should hope, power—was at the same time awakened in me by the mighty change then working in the political aspect of Europe, and the stirring influence it had begun to exert on the spirit and hopes of Ireland. Born of Catholic parents, I had come into the world with the slave's yoke around my neck; and did not all in vain the conjunction of a statesman looked forward to the Bar as opening a career that might lead her son to influence and honour. As the young Papist all such avenues to distinction were closed; and even the University, the profession of public education, was to him "mountain scaled." Can any one now wonder that a people thus triumphed upon should have hailed the first dazzling outbreak of the French Revolution as a signal to the slave, wherever suffering, that the day of his deliverance was near? Thus was the first being taken by my father (1792) to one of the dinners given in honour of that great event, and sitting upon the knee of the chairman while the following toast was enthusiastically sent round:—"May the breeze from France fan our Irish flag into volume."

In a few months after was passed the memorable Act of 1783, sweeping away some of the most monstrous of the remaining sanctions of the penal code; and I was myself among the first of the young Hibernians of the land, who hastened to avail themselves of the new privilege of entering the college of university;—though still excluded from all share in those collegiate honours and emoluments by which the ambition of the youths of the accademi class was stimulated and rewarded. As I well knew that, next to the joy of my attaining the privilege of residence in this college, was that feeling that I desired to attain to would most gratify my anxious mother, I endeavoured as candidly for a scholarship, and (as far as the result of the examination went) successfully. But, of course, the mere barren credit of the effort was all I enjoyed for my pains.

It was in this year (1794), or about the beginning of the next, that I remember having, for the first time, tried my hand at poetical verse. In their very worst times of slavery and suffering, the happy disposition of my countrymen had kept their cheerfulness still unbroken and buoyant; and, at the period of which I am speaking, the hope of a brighter day dawning upon Ireland had given to the society of the middle classes in Dublin a more than usual flow of hilarity and life. Among other gay relics of this festive spirit, a club, or society, was instituted by one of our most convivial citizens, one of whose objects was to honour, gird-humouredly, the forms and pomp of royalty. With this view they established a sort of mock kingdom, and, under the name of the Dublin, was made the seat, and an eminent pawnbroker, named Stephen Arland, much renowned for his agreeable singing, was chosen the king and popular monarch.

Before public affairs had become too serious for such pastime, it was usual to celebrate, yearly, at Dalkey, the day of this sovereign's accession; and, among the gay scenes that still live in my memory, there are few so recollected with more freshness than the celebration, on a fine Sunday in summer, of one of these anniversaries of King Stephen's coronation. The picturesque sea-views from that spot, the gay crowds along the shores, the innumerable boats, full of life, flitting about, and, above all, the true spirit of mirth which a happy Irish tempest and the few days to lend such meetings, rendered the whole a scene not easily forgotten. The state ceremonies of the day were performed, with all due gravity, within the ruins of an ancient church that stands on the island, where his mock majesty stood, and bowed upon certain favoured personages, and among others, I recollect, upon Nelson, the celebrated singer, who arose from under the touch of the royal sword with the appropriate title of Sir Charles. When the mock crown was put on he turned to the public and said: "Mr. Batty, who had gained much fame by some spirited satires in the manner of Churchill, and whose kind encouragement of my early attempts in versification were to me a source of much pride.
This lady, as was officially announced, in the course of the day, had been appointed his majesty's poetess laureate, under the style and title of Henrietta, Countess of Darley.

There could hardly be devised a more apt vehicle for lively politico satire than this gay travesty of monarchical power, and its showy appurtenances, so temptingly supplied. The very day, indeed, after this communication, there appeared, in the usual record of Dailey's intelligence, the following announcement from the king offering a large reward in coruscations to the finder or finders of his majesty's crown, which, owing to his "having measured both sides of the road" in his pedestrian progress from Dublin to Limerick the preceding night, had unluckily fallen from the royal bow.

It is not to be wondered at, that whatever natural turn I may have possessed for the lighter skimming of satire should have been called into play by so pleasant a field for its exercise as the state affairs of the Dailey kingdom afforded; and, accordingly, my first attempt in this line was an Ode to his Majesty, King Stephen, containing the happy state of security in which he lived among his merry lieges, with the usual offices of other poems. Some mirth against mob violence, said to have been adopted at that time by his royal brother of England. Some portions of this juvenile quill still live in my memory; but they fall far too short of the lively demands of the subject to attract the modern, and justified, my usual attention.

In college, the first circumstance that drew any attention to my rhyming powers was my giving in a verse, in English verse, at one of the quarterly examinations. As the sort of short essays required on those occasions were considered, in general, as a mere matter of form, and were written, at that time, I believe, invariably, in Latin prose, the appearance of a theme in English verse could hardly fail to attract some notice. It was, therefore, with no small anxiety, that, when the moment for judging of the themes arrived, I saw examined the different divisions as culpable, as usual, at the bottom of the half for that purpose. Still more trying was it when I perceived that the revising inquisitor, in whose hands was my fate, had left the rest of the awful group, and was bending his steps towards the table where I was seated. Leaning across to me, he asked suspiciously, whether the verses in which I had just given in were my own; and, on my answering in the affirmative, added these cheering words, "They do you great credit, and fail to do much of the justice to the notice of the Board." This result of a step, ventured upon with some little fear and scruple, was, of course, very gratifying to me; and the premium I received from the Board was a well-bound copy of the Travels of Anacreon, together with a certificate, saying, in not very lofty Latin, that this reward had been conferred upon me, "proper and unblemished in various compositions of progress." The idea of attempting a version of some of the Songs or Tales of Anacreon had very early occurred to me; and a specimen of my first ventures in this undertaking may be found in the Dublin Magazine already referred to, where, in the number of that work for February, 1791, appeared a "Paraphrase of Anacreon's Fifth Ode, by J. Moore." As it may not be uninteresting to the readers of the present poet to compare this schoolboy experiment with my later and more laborious version of the same Ode, I shall here extract the specimen found in the Anthologia.:

"Let us, with the clustering vine,
The rose, love's blushing flower, entwine,
Fancy's hand our chaplets wreathing,
Eternal love with evergreen.
We'll daily drink our goblets quaffing,
At twilight Care securely laughing.
Roar! that balmy-scented flower,
Rise, by Spring's most soothing power;"
ODES OF ANACREON.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

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

Believe me, Sir,

With every sentiment of respect,

Your Royal Highness's

Very grateful and devoted Servant,

THOMAS MOORE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

It may be necessary to mention, that, in arranging the Odes, the Translator has adopted the order of the Vatican MS. For those who wish to refer to the original, he has prefixed an Index, which marks the number of each Ode in Barnes and the other editions.

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ODES OF ANACREON.

BY THE TRANSLATOR.

There is but little known with certainty of the life of Anacreon. Chamaeleon Heracleotes,1 who wrote upon the subject, has been lost in the general wreck of ancient literature. The editors of the poet have collected the few trilling anecodes which are scattered through the extant authors of antiquity, and, supplying the deficiency of materials by fictions of their own imagination, have arranged, what they call, a life of Anacreon. These specious fabrications are intended to indulge that interest which we naturally feel in the biography of illustrious men; but it is rather a dangerous kind of illusion, as it confounds the limits of

REMARKS ON ANACREON.

1 He is quoted by Athenæus ἐν τῷ πέρι τοῦ Ανακρήοντος.
ODES OF ANACREON.

1 The History of Anacreon, by Gacon (Le Poete sans fard, as he styles himself) is professedly a romance; nor does Mademoiselle Scudéry, from whom he borrowed the idea, pretend to historical veracity in her account of Anacreon and Sappho. These, then, are allowable. But how can Barnes be forgiven, who, with all the confidence of a biographer, traces every wandering of the poet, and settles him at last, in his old age, at a country villa near Teos? 2 The learned Bayle has detected some infelicities of quotation in Le Fevre. (Dictionnaire Historique, &c.) Madame Dacier is not more accurate than her father: she is certainly more nearly approach to Anacreon prime minister to the monarch of Samos. 3 The Asiatics were as remarkable for genius as for luxury. "Ingenia A-iatim inculata per gentes fecere Poetae, Anacreon, indes Minoeranm et Antiachus, &c." Salutis. 4 I have not attempted to define the particular Olympiad, but have adopted the idea of Bayle, who says, "Je n'ai point Marque d'Olympide: car pour un homme qui a vecu 85 ans, il me semble que l'on doit point s'enfermer dans des bornes si etroites." 5 This mistake is founded on a false interpretation of a very obvious passage in Plato's Dialogue on Temperance; it originated with Madame Dacier, and has been received by many, till a late editor of Anacreon, seems to claim to himself the merit of detecting this error; but Bayle had observed it before him. 6 Anacreonus Samios Polvкратаӯς ἀναγραφέως. Maxius. T'v. § 21. Maximus Tyrius mentions this anecdote, with the indication of the month of poetry. If Galin had read Maximus Tyrius, how could he ridicule this idea in Moutonnet, as unauthenticised? 7 In the romance of Clelia, the anecdote to which I allude is told of a young girl, with whom Anacreon fell in love while she perswaded the god Apollo in a mask. But here Mademoiselle Scuderi consulted a nature more than truth. 8 There is a very interesting French poem founded upon this anecdote, imputed to Desvetsais, and called Anacreon Cité Yen. 9 Fabricius appears not to trust very implicitly in this story. "Ux coac saxo antidem subiectus, si reddi Namid Anacreon in auctores; ali enim hic mortis genere persimilis tradunt Sophoclem."—Fabriici Bibliothec. Graec. lib. ii. cap. 15. It must be confessed that Fabricius, who says that Sophocles was choked by a grape-stone, in the very same manner treats the longevity of Anacreon, and yet is silent on the manner of his death. Could he have been ignorant of such a remarkable concidence, or, knowing, could he have neglected to remark it? See Regnier's introduction to his Anacreon. 10 At le, sane renex, acimos sub Tartara misit; Cynegrem clasuit qui tibi voceus iter. Vos, hederon, tumulum, tumulum vos cingite, harri, Hoc rosa perpetuum vernet edora loco; At vix proton hinc, procul hinc odissa facessat, Quo quicquam dare proelium, unam necem. Creditor sips minus vitam jam Bacchi amoris, In valem tantum quo fuit ansa nasa. The author of this epithal, Celinus Calcagros, has translated or imitated the epigrams των Μακρών βους, which are given under the name of Anacreon. 11 Barnes is convinced (but very gratuitously), of the synchronism of Anacreon and Sappho. In citing his authorities, he has strangely neglected the line quoted by Fulvius Ussinus, as from Anacreon, among the testimonies to Sappho:— Εμι λαδόν ωφρας Σασάφω παρελθείς άληθειας. Fabricius thinks that they might have been contemporary; but considers their amours as a tale of imagination. Vossius rejects the idea entirely: as do also Glass Bortrichus and others.
An Italian poet, in some verses on Belzoni's translation of Anacreon, pretends to imagine that our bard did not feel as he wrote:

1. An Italian poet, in some verses on Belzoni's translation of Anacreon, pretends to imagine that our bard did not feel as he wrote:

   *Laevus, Venereum, Capitidemque
   *Seque lusti Anacreon poeta.
   *Bis sex tempore natu capite
   *Rogaset cyathos, nec inquitis
   *Uncurat amicos, sed te
   *Tantum versibus et pocis amant,
   *Nullum praemium tam integerrimum.

   To Love and Eucharis ever young
   While sage Anacreon touch'd the lyre
   He neither felt the loves he sung
   Nor fill'd his bowl to Eucharis higher.

   Those flowery days had fad'd long,
   When youth could set the lover's part;
   And passion trembled in his song;
   But never, never, reached his heart.

2. Anacreon's character has been variously coloured. Barnes lingers on it with enthusiastic admiration; but he is always extravagant, if not sometimes also a little profane. Baillot runs too much into the opposite extreme, exaggerating also the testimonies which he has cautiously restrained, and surely agreed were not of the original when he cites such a complex; as Athenaeus, as "un des plus savants critiques de l'antiquite." — *Jugement des Scavans*, M.C.

Barnes could hardly have received the passage to which he refers, when he accuses Le Fevre of having censured our poet's character in a note on Longinus: the note in question being manifest truoy, in allusion to some censure passed upon Le Fevre for his Anacreon. It is clear, indeed, that praise rather than censure is intended. See the annotations of Vossius (the Utilitare Poetica), who vindicates our poet's reputation.

It is taken from the Bibliotheca of Fulvius Ursinus. Bellori has copied the same head into his *Izimnes*. Johannes Faber, in his description of the coin of Ursinus, mentions another head on a very beautiful coin, where the poet's head, with the word TIANON inscribed in the left; "volendoci denotavit (saih Cami) quae cellitidiis & consaecratione honore del sun compaatria poetis." There is also among the coins of De Wilde one, which though it bears no effigy, was probably struck at the request of Anacreon himself. He has the word TIIION, inscribed with an ivy crown. "At quidni repice te crown Anacreontem, nobilib te

creon speaks so unequivocally through his odes, that we may safely consult them as the faithful mirrors of his heart. We find him there the elegant volup'tuary, distilling the seductive charm of sentiment over passions and propensities at which rigid morality must despair. His heart, once a vessel of nectar, seems to have been scorched by the fire of vice, which he attributes to himself so feelingly, and which breathes characteristically all through that he has sung. In truth, if we omit those few verses in our estimate which religion, at first only, not only confined at, but concerted, we shall be inclined to say that the disposition of our poet was amiable; that his morality was relaxed, but not abandoned; and that Virtue, with her zone loosened, may be an apt emblem of the character of Anacreon.

Of his person and physiognomy time has preserved such uncertain memorials, that it letter, perhaps, to leave the pencil to fancy; and few can read the Odes of Anacreon without imagining to themselves the form of the animated old bard, crowned with roses, and singing cheerfully to his lyre. But the head of Anacreon, prefixed to this work, has been considered so authentic, that we scarcely could be justified in the omission of it; and some have even thought that it is by no means deficient in that benevolent salutary of expression which should characterise the countenance of such a poet.

After the very enthusiastic eulogium bestowed both by ancients and moderns upon the poems of Anacreon, we need not be dissuaded in expressing our raptures at their beauty, nor hesitate to pronounce them the most polished remains of antiquity. They are, indeed, all beauty, all enchantment. He seems to us so impossibly equal with him, before we level with him his exquisite praises.

In his amatory odes there is a delicacy of compliment not to be found in any other ancient poet. Love at that period was rather an unrifined emotion; and the intercourse of the sexes was animating more by sentiment than by passion. They knew not those little tendernesses which form the spiritual part of affection; their expression of feeling was therefore rude and unvaried, and the poetry of love deprived it of all its most captivating graces. Anacreon, however, attained such ideas of this purer folly; and such a delicacy of mind which led him to this refinement, prevented him also from yielding to the freedom of language, which has sufficed the pages of all the other poets. His descriptions are warm; but the warmth is in the ideas, not the words. He is a great writer with the ardor of a poet not ardent without being licentious. His poetic invention is always most brilliantly displayed in those allegorical fictions which so many have endeavoured to imitate, though all have confessed them to be inimitable. Simplicity is the distinguishing feature of these odes, and they interest by their innocence, as much as they fascinate by their beauty. They may be said, indeed, to be the very infants of the Muse, and to lap in numbers.

Shall not be accused of enthusiastic partiality by those who have bestowed upon him such praise; but, to others, I am conscious, this should not be the language of a translator, whose faint reflection of such beauties can but ill justify his admiration of them.

4. Besides those which are extant, he wrote hymns, elegies, epigrams, &c. Some of the epigrams still exist. Horace, in addition to the mention of him (lib. iv. 9), alludes also to a poem of his upon the rivalry of Circe and Penelope in the affairs of Ulysses, lib. 1. od. 17. and the scholar Nicander cites a fragment from a poem upon Sleep, by Anacreon, and attributes to him the composition of a medical treatise. Lucian, in his *De* genus, mentions a work of his upon the war between Jupiter and the Titans, and the origin of the consecration of the eagle.

5. See Horace, Maximi Tyrius, &c. "His style" (says Scaliger) "is sweeter than the juice of the Indian red." — *Poet. lib. i. exp. 44." From the sweetness of his verses (says Olaus Borrichius) the ancients bestowed upon him the epithets sweet, delicate, graceful, &c." — *Dissertationes Academicae*, de Poeticis, diiss. 2. Scaliger again praises him thus in a pun: speaking of the *Aeclis*, or ode, "Anacreon autem non solum dedit hac, sed et ipse, sed ei dedit." See also Scaliger in *Rapin*, quoted by all the editors. I cannot omit the following very spirited apostrophe of the author of the *Commentary prefixed to the Parthena edition: *


6. "We may perceive," says Vossius, "that the elevation of his words evinces much too much to the sweetness of his style." Henry Stephen remarks the same beauty in a note on the forty-fourth ode. This figure of iteration is his most appropriate grace. — But the modern writers of Juvenal and Horace have adopted it to an excess which destroys the effect.
In the age of Anacreon music and poetry were inseparable. These kindred talents were for a long time associated, and the poet always sung his own compositions to the lyre. It is probable that they were not set to any regular time of music, but rather a kind of melodic recitation, which was varied according to the fancy and feelings of the moment. The poems of Anacreon were sung at banquets as late as the time of Aulus Gallinus, who tells us that he heard one of the Odes performed at a birth-day entertainment.

The singular beauty of our poet's style, and the apparent facility, perhaps, of his metre, have attracted, as I have already remarked, a crowd of imitators. Some of these have succeeded with wonderful felicity, as may be discerned in the Odes of a later period. But none of his imitators have been half so dangerous to his fame as those Greek ecclesiastics of the early ages, who, being conscious of their own inferiority to their great prototypes, determined on removing all possibility of comparison, and, under a semblance of moral zeal, deprived the world of some of the most exquisite treasures of ancient times.

The work of Sappho and Alcestis were among those选择的 Greek literature which thus fell beneath the influence of ecclesiastical censure. It is truly pretended that this sacrifice of genius was hallowed by the interests of religion; but I have already assigned the most probable motive; and if Gregorius Nazianzenus had not written Anacreometrics, we might perhaps have included the work of the Tician emulador, and be empowered to say exultingly with Horace,

Ne si quid olim laudat Anacreon
Dekvit actas.

The zeal by which these bishops professed to be actuated, gave birth more innocently, indeed, to an absurd species of jandy, as repugnant to piety as it is to taste, where the poet of voluptuousness was made a preacher of the gospel, and his muse, like the Venus in armour at Lucianus, was arrayed in all the severities of priestly instruction. Such was the "Anacreon Recantatus," by Carolus de Aquino, a Jesuit, published 1717, which consisted of a series of parodies on the several songs of our poet. Such, too, was the Christian Anacreon of Patriceanus, another Jesuit, who posthumously transferred to a most sacred subject all that the Grecian poet had dedicated to festivity and love.

His metre has frequently been adopted by the modern French poets, and Scaliger, Toulain, Barbeau, and others, have shown that it is by no means uncongenial with that language. The Annals of Scaliger, however, scarcely deserve the name; as they gift or all over with conceits and, though often elegant, are always laboured. The beautiful fictions of Augerians preserve more happily than any others the delicate touch of those allegorical fables, which, passing so frequently through the mediums of version and imitation, have generally lost their grandeur in the transmission. Many of the Italian poets have indulged their fancies upon the subjects, and in the manner of Anacreon, Bernardo Tasso first introduced the metre, which was afterwards polished and enriched by Chatrierius and others.

To judge by the references of Degen, the German language abounds in Anacreontic imitations; and Hagedorn is one among many who have assumed him as a model. La Faire, Chalioux, and the other light poets of France, have also professed to cultivate the mode of verse; but they have accompanied all their elegance with little of the simple grace that endows it. In the delicate lard of Schlev we find the kindred spirit of Anacreon: some of his gazelles, or songs, possess all the character of our poet.

We come now to a review of the editions of Anacreon. To Henry Stephen we are indebted for having first recovered his remains from the obscurity in which, so singularly, they had for many ages reposed. He found the seventh Ode, as we are told, on the cover of an old look, and communicated it to Victorinus, who mentions the circumstance in his "Various Readings," Stephen was then very young; and this discovery was considered by some critics of that day as a literary omen. In 1584 however, he gave Anacreon to the world, and accompanied it with annotations and a Latin version of the greater part of his poems.

I have seen somewhere an account of the MSS of Barthius: written just after his death, which mentions many more Anacreometrics of his than I believe have ever been published.

Thus too Albertus, a Danish poet:

Fiisti tuj, monister,
Gaudere semper esse,
Gaudere semper lid
Literate tuare misit
Gaudere semper Iub
Laudare namdull
Anacreodium.

See the "Danish Poets," collected by Rosgaard.

These pretty littlenesses defy translation. A beautiful Anacreontic, by Hugo Grolmus, may be found, Lib. 1. Farraginis.

To Angerius, Prior is indebted for some of his happiest mystological subjects.

See Crescenius, Historia della Voga, Poes.

10 The "L'annable Hagedon" vant quelquofis Anacreon,"—Dorat, Idee de la Poesie Allemande.

11 See Toderini on the learning of the Turks, as reduced by de Cournard. Prince Canturin has made the Russians acquainted with Anacreon. See his Letter annexed to a translation of his Satires, by the Abbe de Guay.

12 Robertinus, in his work "De Ratione corrigendi," pronounces these verses to be the trittings of some insipid Graecist.

13 Rouard commemorates this event:— Je voy boire a Hennie Etenne Qui des enfer sous un tendu, C'est bien Anacreon perdu.

La douce lyre Teineau. Ode xv. book 5. I fill the bowl to Stephen's name. Who rescued from the gloom of night The Temian bard of festive fane, And brought his living lyre to light.
the Odes. The learned still hesitated to receive them as the reliefs of the Trojan bard, and suspected them to be the fabrication of some monks of the sixteenth century. This was an idea from which the classic muse recoiled; and the Vatican manuscript, consulted by Scaliger and Salmasius, confirmed the antiquity of most of the poems. A very inaccurate copy of this MS. was taken by Isaac Vossius, and this is the authority which Barnes has followed in his edition. Accordingly he reproduces almost as often as he quotes; and the subsequent editors, relying upon his authority, have spoken of the manuscript with not less confidence than ignorance. The literary world, however, has at length been gratified with this curious industry of the Abbé Spalletti, who published at Rome, in 1781, a fac-simile of these pages of the Vatican manuscript which contained the Odes of Anacreon. 1

A catalogue has been given by Gail of all the different editions and translations of Anacreon. Finding their number to be much greater than I could possibly have had an opportunity of consulting, I shall here content myself with enumerating only those editions and versions which I have in my power to collect; and which, though very few, are, I believe, the most important.

The edition by Henry Stephen, 1554, at Paris—the Latin version is attributed to Colomnesius to John Dorat. 2

The old French translations, by Ronard and Bel- leau—the former published in 1555, the latter in 1556. It appears from a note of Murens upon one of the sonnets of Ronard, that Henry Stephen communicated to this poet his manuscript of Anacreon, before he promulgated it to the world. 3

The edition by Le Fevre, 1660.

The edition by Madame Dacier, 1651, with a prose translation 4

The edition by Longepierre, 1684, with a translation in verse.

The edition by Baxter; London, 1695.

A French translation by La Fosse, 1704. 5

L'Histoire des Odes d'Anacreon," by Gacaon; Rotterdarn, 1712.

A translation in English verse, by several hands, 1713, in which the Odes by Cowley are inserted.

The edition by Barnes; London, 1721.

The edition by Dr. Trapp, 1733, with a Latin version in elegiac metre.

A translation in English verse, by John Addison, 1733.

A collection of Italian translations of Anacreon, published at Venice, 1736, consisting of those by Cor- sini, Regnier, 6 Salviati, Marchetti, and one by several anonymous authors. 7

1 This manuscript, which Spalletti thinks as old as the tenth century, was brought from the Palatine into the Vatican library; it is a kind of anthology of Greek epigrams, and in the 676th page of it are found the 'Hymnata Συμποσιακα of Anacreon.

2 "Le mene (M. Vossius) m'a dit qu'il avoit pres- se l'Anacreon, ou Scaliger avoit marque de sa main, qu'Henri Edme n'estoit pas l'auteur de la ver- sion Latine des Odes de ce poete, mais Jean Dorat."— Faujas Colomnesius, Particularites.

Colomnesius, however, seems to have relied too implicitly on Vossius; almost all these Particularies begin 8 with "M. Vossius m'a dit." 9

3 La fiction de ce souvenir comme l'auteur memo- ra dit, est prise d'une Ode d'Anacreon, encore non imprimée, qu'il a depuis traduit, Συ μεν φιλη χαλων. 10

4 The author of Nouvelles de la Repub, des Lett. bestows on this translation much more praise than its merits appear to me to justify.

5 The notes of Regnier are not inserted in this edition; but they must be interesting, as they were for the most part communicated by the ingenious Monage.

6 A translation in English verse, by Fawkes and Doctor Browne, 1760. 11

Another, anonymous, 1768. 12

The edition by Spalletti, at Rome, 1781; with the fac-simile of the Vatican MS.

The edition by Degen, 1786, who published also a German translation of Anacreon, esteemed the best.

A translation in English verse, by Urquhart, 1787.


ODE I.

I saw the smiling bard of pleasure,
The muses of the Trojan meaure;
I was in a vision of the night,
He beam'd upon my wandering sight,
He heard his voice, and warmly prest
The dear enthusiast to my breast.
His tiresses wore a silvery dye,
But beauty sparkled in his eye;
Sparkled in his eyes of fire,
Through the mist of soft desire.
His lip exhal'd, whene'er he sigh'd,
The fragrance of the racy balm.
And, as with weak and reeling feet
He came my cordial kiss to meet,
An infant, of the Cyprian band,
Guided him on with tender hand.
Quick from his glowing brows he drew
His braid, of many a wondrous hue.
I took the wreath, whose most twinne
Breath'd of him and blush'd with wine.

This ode is the first of the series in the Vatican manuscript, which attributes it to no other poeta than Anacreon. They who assert that the manuscript imparts it to Basilus, have been misled by the words Του αυτου Βασιλικους in the margin, which are merely intended as a title to the following ode. Whether it be the production of Anacreon or not, it has all the features of ancient simplicity, and is a beautiful imitation of the poet's happiest manner.

Sparkled in his eyes of fire,
Through the mist of soft desire.] 13 How could he know at the first look (says Baxter) that the poet was φιλαρα ους? There are surely many tell-tales of this propensity; and the following indices, which the physiognomist gives, describing a disposition perhaps not unlike that of Anacreon: "Οδήγησαι κλινοιν, κυμαντοντες εν απτοις, ιας αφοθεσια και τευχεωποιντοντες ουτε δε αδινεν, ουτε κατοικον, ουτε φυσιος φαύλης ουτε αστρον. — Lucian."

The eyes that are humid and fluctuating show a propensity to pleasure and love; they hearken to a mind of integrity and benevolence, a generosity of disposition, and a genius for poetry. 14

Baptista Porta tells us some strange opinions of the ancient physiognomists on this subject, their reasons for which were curious, and perhaps not altogether fanciful. Vide Physiognomon. Johann. Baptist. Porta.

I took the wreath, whose most twinne
Breath'd of him, &c. Philostratus has the same

1 I find in Haym's Notizia de' Libri vari, Venice, 1670, an Italian translation by Capponi, mentioned.

2 This is the most complete of the English translations.
I hung it o'er my thoughtless brow,
And ah! I feel its magic now;
I feel that even his garland's touch
Can make the bosom love too much.

thought in one of his Euphrosya, where he speaks of the
garland which he had sent to his mistress. Εἰ δὲ βουλεῖς τι οלλον χρισόμενον, τα λειψάνα αυτῆς,
λατέριν φέρετα δάναι, \νοον αλλὰ καὶ σοι. If thou art inclined to gratify thy lover, send him back
the remains of the garland, no longer breathing of roses
only, but of thee? Which pretty conceit is borrowed
(as the author of the Obscure remarks) in a well-
known little song of Ben Jonson's —

"But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent it back to me;
Since when it looks and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee!"

And ah! I feel its magic now.] This idea, as
Longepierre remarks, occurs in an epigram of the
seventh book of the Anthologia.

Τέσσαρος μοι χαίρετα αὐτήνα τὰ πρόωρα,
θανάτος τῶν άγχων ανθρεβάλει στήσανοι,
Πως οἶνον δαίτα πε. While I unconscious quaff'd my wine,
'Twas then thy fingers silly stole
Upon my brow that wreath of thine,
Which since has maddened all my soul.

**ODE IV.**

Give me the harp of epic song,
Which Homer's finger thrilled along;
But tear away the sanguine string,
For war is not the theme I sing.
Proclaim the laws of fatal rite,
I'm monarch of the board to-night;
And all around shall brim as high,
And quaff the tis as deep as I.
And when the cluster's meandering joves
Their warm enchanting bowl infuse,
Our feet shall catch the elastic bound,
And reel us through the dance's round.
Great Bacchus! we shall sing to thee,
In wild but sweet ebeneity;
Flashing around such sparks of thought,
As Bacchus could alone have taught.

Then, give me the harp of epic song,
Which Homer's finger thrilled along;
But tear away the sanguine string,
For war is not the theme I sing.

Proclaim the laws of fatal rite.] The ancient
prescribed certain laws of drinking at their festivals,
for an account of which see the commentators. Ana-
creem here acts the symposiarch, or master of the
festival. I have translated according to those who con-
sider πυγμάδα σειρανων as an inversion of σειρανων
κυπελλων.

**ODE V.**

Sculptor, wouldst thou glad my soul,
Grave me an ample bowl.
Worthy to shine in hate or bower,
When spring-time brings the reveller's hour.
Grave it with themes of chase design,
Fit for a simple board like mine.
Display not here the barbarous rites
In which religious zeal delights;
Nor any tale of tragic fate
Which History slunders to relate
No — call thy fancies from above,
Themes of heave'n and themes of love.
Let Bacchus, Jove's amorous lord,
Distil the grape in drops of joy,
And while he smiles at every tear,
Let warm-eyed Venus, dea'ning near,
With spirits of the great field,
The dewy heritage defly tread.
Let Love be there, without his arms,
In timid nakedness of charms;

Deegen thinks that this Ode is a more modern imitation
of the preceding. There is a poem by Calcius
Calcegnus, in his manner of both, where he gives
instructions about the making of a ring.

Τορναία αναλούμεν μιμή
Εὐθυμότατα, καὶ καμίνωμε, κ.κ. 

Let Love be there, without his arms, &c.] Thus
Sannazaro in the eclogue of Gallicio nell' Arcadia:

Vegetti li vaghi Amori
Sezze hammele, o satri,
Scherzando insieme pargolletti e nursi.
And all the Graces link'd with Love,
Stray, laughing, through the shadowy grove;
While rosy boys disporting round,
In circles trip the velvet ground
But ah! if there Apollo toys,
I tremble for the rosy boys.

Fluttering on the busy wing,
A true of naked Cupids came,
Sporting around in harmless ring,
Without a dart, without a ens.

And thus in the Perigevium Veneris:
Its nymphs, pouti arma, feriatus est amor.
Love is discern'd—ye nymphs in safety stray
Your bosoms now may boast a holiday!

But ah! if there Apollo toys,
I tremble for the rosy boys.
An allusion to the fable, that Apollo had killed his beloved boy Hyacinth, while playing with him at Quoit's. This (says M. La Fosse) is assuredly the sense of the text, and it cannot admit of any other.

The Italian translators, to save themselves the trouble of a note, have taken the liberty of making Anacreon himself explain this fable. Thus Salvinii, the most literal of any of them:

Ma coor longo ginotch Apollo;
Che in fiero risco
Col duro a son
A Guaranito darco il colto.

ODE VI.

As late I sought the spangled bowers,
To call a wreath of nutto flowers,
Where may an early rose was weeping
I found the urchin Cupid sleeping,
I caught the boy, a goblin's tide
Was richly mantling by my side,
I caught him by his downy wing
And whel'd him in the rose spring,
Then drank I down the poison bowl,
And left him to his own desire.
Oh, yes, my soul is Cupid's nest,
I feel him fluttering in my breast.

This beautiful fiction, which the commentators have attributed to Julian, a royal poet, the Vatican MS. pronounces to be the genuine offspring of Anacreon. It has, indeed, all the features of the poet:

et facie inselice
Necalefue ab omnibus.

Where many an early rose was weeping,
I found the urchin Cupid sleeping.) This idea is prettily imitated in the following epigram, by Andreas Naugerus:—

Florentes domo fere vagans mea Hyella per hortos
Text odoratis his casa rosis,
Ecco rosas inter fratrem invenit Amorem
Et simul amicos floribus implicitos.

Lactantius, et contra adversus alle
Indomitos teat satiere vinula pura
Mox ubiqui lacteae e dicatas maiores capitae
Vidit et orae ipsius nata moneere Deos.

Imposita comae ambrosia de scent odore
Quaeque immure-hit, boate sigis

"I (dixit) mea, quae sunum tabi, mater, Amorem,
Imperio sedes habe erit rapta mea."

As fair Hyella, through the bloomy grove,
A wreath of many mingled Sower's rose,
Within a rose a sleeping Love she found,
And the twisted wreath in the baby bound.
While he struggled, and impatient tried
To break the rosy bonds the virgin tied;
But when he saw her bosom's radiant swoll,
Her features, where the eye of Jove might dwell;
And caught th' ambralious odours of her hair,
Rich as the breathings of Arabian air;
"Oh! mother Venus!" (said the reported child,
By charms, of more than mortal bloom, beguil'd),
"Go, seek another boy, thou'lt best bine own,
Hyella's arms shall now be Cupid's throne!"

This epigram of Naugerus is imitated by Lodovico Dolese, in a poem, beginning,

Mentre raggio hor uno, hor altro sorge
Vince a un rio di piu e infido onde
Luda, &c., &c.

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

Alberti has imitated this ode, in a poem, beginning,

Nis mi dire e Clori
Tardi, tu sei pur vergile.

Whether decline has thinned my hair,
I'm sure I neither know nor care;)
Henry Stephen very justly remarks the elegant negligence of expression in the original here:

Ego de tae coras meus,
Est currus, et apudov
Omic odo.

And Longepierre has added from Catullus, what he thinks a similar instance of this simplicity of manner:

Ipsa quis siu, utrum sit, in non sit, id quoque neces.

Longepierre was a good critic; but perhaps the line which he has selected is a specimen of a carelessness not very commendable. At the same time I confess, that none of the Latin poets have ever appeared to me so capable of imitating the graces of Anacreon as Catullus, if he had not allowed a depraved imagination to hurry him so often into mere vulgar licentiousness,

That still as death approaches nearer,
The joys of life are sweeter, dearer;
Pontanus has a very delicate thought upon the subject of old age:

Quid rides, Matrona? semem quodennis unamant?
Quosque amant noli cet conditionem scelus.

Why do you scorn my want of youth,
And with a smile my brow behold?
Lady dear! believe this truth,
That he who loves cannot be old.

ODE VIII.

I care not for the idle state
Of Persia's king, the rich, the great:


Baxter conjectures that this was written upon the occasion of our poet's returning the money to Polykrates, according to the anecdote in Stobaeus.

I care not for the idle state
Of Persia's king, &c.) "There is a fragment of Archilochus in Pindicus, 'De tranquillitate animi,' which our poet has very closely imitated here; it begins,

Od mou ta Gun evo in polux horn mene.

In one of the monkish imitators of Anacreon we find the same thought:

Vesuvius nvmnum eostro,
Toun oile laxosalos;

One of the monkish imitators of Anacreon who finds the same thought:
I envy not the monarch's throne,  
Nor wish the treasure's gold my own.  
But oh! be nought the ray's width,  
Its freshness o'er my brow to breathe;  
Be mine the rich perfumes that flow,  
To cool and scent my locks of snow.  
To-day I'll haste to quaff my wine,  
As if to-morrow never would shine;  
But if to-morrow comes, why then —  
I'll haste to quaff my wine again.  
And thus while all our days are bright,  
Nor time has dimmed their bloom'ry light,  
Let us the festal hours beguile  
With mounting cup and cordial smile,  
And shed from each new bowl of wine  
The richest drop on Bacchus' shrine.  
For Death may come, with brow unpleasant,  
May come, when least we must him present,  
And beckon to the sable shore,  
And grimly bid us — drink on more!  

Be mine the rich perfumes that flow,  
To cool and scent my locks of snow.  
In the original, μυρωδας κατασκευας ἐλαφρας. On account of this idea of perfuming the beard, Cornelius de Pauw pronounces the whole ode to be the spurious production of some licentious monk, who was nursing his beard with unbridled profusion. But he should have known, that this was an ancient custom, amongst the Greeks, if we may believe Savary, still exists: "Vous voyez, Monseigneur (says this traveller), que l'usage antique de se parfumer la tete et la barbe, celebre par le prophete Roi, subsiste encore de nos jours." Lettre 12. Savary likewise cites this very ode of Anacreon. Angutrius has not thought the idea inconsistent, having introduced it in the following lines:

Hec mihi cura, tois et tinctere tempora myrto,  
Et curas multo demipare mero.  
Hec mihi cura, carmina et barbata tinctere saccu  
Anaspio et dulces continuare jocos.

This be my care, to wreath my brow with flowers,  
To drench my sorrows in the ample bowl;  
To pour rich perfumes o'er my beard in showers,  
And give full loom to mirth and joy of soul.

**ODE IX.**

I pray thee, by the gods above,  
Give me the mighty bowl I love,  
And let me sing, in wild delight,  
"I will — I will be mad to-night!"  
Alcmenone once, as legends tell,  
Was frenzied by the hands of hell;  
Orestes too, with naked head,  
Franke'cd the mountain-head:  
And why? a murder'd mother's shade  
Haunted them still where'er they strayed.  
But ne'er could I a murderer be,  
The grape alone shall bleed by me:  
Yet can I shun, with wild delight,  
"I will — I will be mad to-night."

Alcides' self, in days of yore,  
Imbr'd his hands in youthful gore;  
And brandish'd, with a maniac joy,  
The quiver of th' expiring bow:  
And Ajax, with tremendous shield,  
Infuriate scour'd the guiltless field.  
But I, whose hands no weapon ask,  
No armour but this joyous lock:  
The trophy of whose frantic hours  
Is but a scattered wreath of flowers  
Ev'n I can sing with wild delight,  
"I will — I will be mad to-night."
And I can no longer keep
Little gods, who murder sleep?
"Here, then, here," (said with joy),
"Here is silver for the boy;"
He shall be my bosom guest,
Idol of my pious breast?

Now, young Love, I have thee mine,
Warm me with that torch of thine
Make me feel as I have felt,
Or thy waxen frame shall melt;
I must burn with warm desire,
Or thou, my boy — in yonder fire.

And I can no longer keep
Little gods, who murder sleep?
I have not literally rendered the epithet Παροντος; if it has any meaning here, it is one, perhaps, better omitted.

I must burn with warm desire.
Or thou, my boy — in yonder fire.] From this
Longepierre conjectures, that, whatever Anacreon might say, he felt sometimes the inconveniences of old age, and therefore solicits from the power of Love a warmth which he could no longer expect from nature.

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

They tell how Atys, wild with love,
Roams the mount and haunted grove:
There are many contradictory stories of the loves of Cybele and Atys. It is certain that he was maltreated, but whether by his own fury, or Cybele's jealousy, is a point upon which authors are not agreed.

Cybele's name he howls around, &c.] I have here adopted the accentuation which Elias Andreas gives to Cybele: —

In meotibus Cybele
Maggio omnis beatu.

Oft too, by Claro's hallow'd spring, &c.] This fountain was in a grove, consecrated to Apollo, and situated between Colophon and Lebedos, in Ionia. The god had an oracle there. Scaliger thus alludes to it in his Anacreontica:

Semper ut concitus adesta,
Vulum qui Clarion aquam
Ehundeque,
Quo plus canebat, plura volat.

While floating odours, &c.] Spalletti has quite mistaken the import of συνέφας, as applied to the poet's mistress' dress. The line means: "— Mea tantum aurea unica;"— thus interpreting it in a sense which most want either delicacy or Giambry; if not, perhaps, both.

ODE XIII.
I will, I will, the conflict's past,
And I'll consent to love at last.
Cupid has long, with smiling art,
Invited me to yield my heart;

And I have thought that peace of mind
Should not be for a smile resign'd;
And so reflect'd the tender hue;
And hope'd my heart would sleep secure.

But, slighted in his boasted charms,
The angry infant flew to arms;
He hurled his quiver's golden frame,
He took his bow, his shafts of flame,
And proudly summon'd me to yield,
Or meet him on the martial field,
And what did I unthinking do?
I took to arms, undaunted, too;
As soon the corset, shield, and spear,
And, like Pelides, smil'd at fear.
Then (hear it, all ye powers above!)
I fought with Love! I fought with Love!
And now his arrows all were shed,
And I had just in terrify'd —
When, leaving an indignant sigh,
To see me thus unguarded fly,
And, having now no other dart,
He shot himself into my heart!
My heart — alas, the luckless day!
Reciev'd the God, and died away.
Farewell, farewell, my faithless shield!
Thy lord at length is forc'd to yield.
Vain, vain, is every outward care,
The foe's within, and triumphs there.

And what did I unthinking do?
I took to arms, undaunted, too;) Longepierre has here quoted an epigram from the Anthologia, in which the poet assumes Reason as the armour against Love.

O υπαρχη Προς επτατοι περι ιεροΐοι ιογομονι
Ος τω νυκτη Μονος ανω τον ευα
Ονας αναμενοι αναμενοι θυιν
Βασιλευς η την θυιν αναμενοι ιογομονι.

With Reason I sever my breast as a shield,
And fearlessly meet little Love in the field;
Thus lighting his godship, I'll ne'er be dismay'd;
But if Bacchus should ever advance to his aid,
Aye! then, unable to combat the two,
Unfortunate warrior, what should I do?

This idea of the irresistibility of Cupid and Bacchus united, is delicately expressed in an Italian poem, which is an truly Anacreontic, that its introduction here may be pardoned. It is an imitation, indeed, of our poet's sixth Ode.

Lavoiso Amore in quel liu' del' amaro
Omo piu di sorriso, che d'Amor
Reveli le flamine, eangi Plisto Dion,
Ch'or con l'humide piume
Lascievitio al chier, al cor interno,
Ma che acciò di et e bevessi un giorno,
Bacchus nel tuo liu'?
Sarei, piu che il somo ebro d'Amor.

The arbour of the bow and quiver
Was bathing in a neighbouring river,
Where, as I drank o'er yonder tree,
(Shepherd-youth, the tale believe)
'T was not a cooling, crystal stream,
'T was not a liquid flame I gladly quaff'd;
For Love was in the rippling tide,
I felt him to my bosom glide;
And now the wily, wanton maiden
Plays round my heart with restless pleasure.
A day it was of fatal star,
But ah, 'twere even more fatal far,
He Bacchus, in thy daly fire,
I found this shrilling, yearning desire;
Then, then indeed my soul would prove,
Ev'n more than ever, drunk with love!

And, having none other dart,
He shot himself into my heart! Dryden has
parodied this thought in the following extravagant lines: —

—— I'm all o'er Love;
O, I am Love, Love shot, and shot so fast,
He shot himself into my breast at last.
ODE XIV.

Count me, on the summer trees,
Every leaf that courts the breeze;
Count me, on the foamy deep,
Every wave that sinks to sleep;

The poet, in this catalogue of his mistresses, means nothing more, than, by a lively hyperbole, to inform us, that his heart, undistracted by any one object, was warm with devotion towards the sex in general. Cowley is indebted to this Ode for the hint of his ballad, called "The Chronicle;" and the learned Menage has imitated it in a Greek Anacreontic, which has so much ease and spirit, that the reader may not be displeased at seeing it here:

ПРОС БИОНА.

Ει ἀλολήν τα φυλλα,
Λευμανίους τα ποιας,
Κα νυκτος στρατα παντα,
Παρακοιων τας μαφανσ.
Ἄλις τε κυματωδῆ,
Ἅνυν, Βιων, ἀρθείων,
Καὶ τους ερωτε ἐρωτας
ᾆνυν, Βιων, ἀρθείων,
Κορη, γυναικα, Ἰαναρ,
Σμικρην, Νεαντ, Μυγκνον,
Λακυνη τε καν Μελαιαν,
Ορθαδας, Ναπαας,
Νιπφιδας τας πασας
Ο σο φιλος φλαρας.
Παντών κωρο μεν ειτην
Ἀυλην νων Ερωτων,
Δεσπονδαν Αφροδιτη
Χαραγη, καλα ητεικαια,
Ερατηαι, πατηαι,
Αιι μνην φλαροι
Εγυμ μη ουναμυν.

Tell the foliage of the woods,
Tell the billows of the floods.
Number midnight's starry store,
And the sands that crowd the shore,
Then, my bion, thou mayst count
Of my loves the vast amount.
I've been loving, all my days,
Many nymphs, in many ways,
Virgin, widow, maid, and wife
I've been doing all my life.
Naiads, Nereids, nymphs of fountains
Goodness of prov'd all became,
Fare and sable, great and small.
Yes, I wear I've lov'd them all:
Soon was every passion o'er,
I was but the moment's lover.
Oh! I'm such a roving elf,
That the Queen of Love herself,
Though she practis'd all her wise,
Racy blushed, wreathed smiles,
All her beauty's proud endeavour
Could not chain my heart for ever.

Count me, on the summer trees,
Every leaf, &c. This figure is called, by rhetoricians, the impossible (αδύνατον,) and is very frequently made use of in poetry. The anatory writers have exhausted a world of imagery by it, to express the infinite number of kisses which they require from the lips of their mistresses: in this Catullus led the way.

Quam sidera multis, cum tacet host,
Puvbris hominis valde amoros;
Tam te basia multa baiaria
Vexans suis et super, Catullo eat;
Quae nec pernarche carius
Pessum, nec mata fascioare lingus.
Carm. 78.

As many stellar eyes of light,
As through the silent waste of night,
Gazing upon this world of shade,
Witness some secret youth and maid,

Then, when you have number'd these
Billow'ys and leafy trees,
Count me all the flames I prove,
All the gentle nymphs I love.
First, of pure Athenian maid
Spiritual in their olive-hades,
You may reckon just a score,
Nay, I'll grant you fifteen more,
In the famed Corinthian grove
Where such countless matrons rove,
Chains of beauties may be found,
Chains, by which my heart is bound.
There, indeed, are nymphs divine
Dangers to a soul like mine.
Many bloom in Lesbos' isle;
Many in Ionia smile.
Rhodes a pretty swarm can boast;
Cariota too contains a host.
Sum them all — of brown and fair
You may count tw'o thousand there.
What, you scarce? I pray you, peace!
More I'll find before I cease.
Have I told you all my flames,
'Mong the amorous Syren dances?
Have I numbered every one,
Gloaming under Egypt's sun?
Or the nymphs, who blushing sweet
Deck the shrine of Love in Crete,
Where the God, with festal play,
Holds eternal holiday?
Still in clusters, still remain
Gaded warm, desiring train;
Still there lies a myriad more
On the sable India's shore:
These, and many far removed,
All are loving — all are lov'd!

Who fair as thou, and fond an I,
In story I'an enamore'd be,
So many kisses, ere I stumble,
Upon those dew-bright lips I'll number;
So many kisses we shall count,
Every can never tell the amount.
No tongue shall hab the sum, but mine;
No lips shall fascinate, but thine.

In the famed Corinthian grove
Where such countless matrons rove, &c.] Corinth was very famous for the beauty and number of its countesses. It was the city principally worshipped by the people, and their constant prayer was that the gods should increase the number of her worshippers. We may perceive from the application of the verb καυκασίαν τοια in Aristophanes, that the licentiousness of the Corinthians had become proverbial.

There, indeed, are nymphs divine,
Dangerous to a soul like mine!]

"With justice has the poet attributed beauty to the women of Greece."

Dogen.

M. de Pauw, the author of Dissertations upon the Greeks, is of a different opinion; he thinks, that by a capricious partiality of nature, the other sex had all the beauty; and by this supposition endeavours to account for a very singular depravation of instinct among that people.

Gaded warm, desiring train:]]

The Gadician girls were like the Faérides of Indiana, whose dances are thus described by a French author: "Les danse sa pré-que toutes des pantomimes d'amour; le pied, le dessein, les attitudes, les mesures, les sous et les cadences de ces ballets, tout respire cette passion et en exprime les voluptés et les fureurs."

"Histoire du Commerce des Eaux, dans les deux Indes. Rouillé."

""The music of the Gadician dances had all the voluptuous character of their dancing, as appears from Martial:"—

Cantica qui Nilis, qui Gaditana amantur. Lib. III. epig. 53.

Ledovico Ariosto had this ode of our bard in his mind, when he wrote his poem "De diversis amoribus." See the Anthologia Italorum.
ODE XV.

Tel me, why, my sweetest dove,
Thus your humid pinions move,
Shedding through the air in showers
Essence of the balmy flowers?
Tell me whether, whence you love,
Tell me all, my sweetest dove.

Curious stranger, I belong
To the bird of te'can song;
With his mandr of the dove;
To the nymph of pure eye;
She, whose eye has madden'd many,
But the poet in re than any.

Venus, for a hymn of love,
Wardled in her votive grove,
(T'was in sooth a gentle lay,) Gave me to the bird away,
See me now my faithful mission,
Thus with softly clinging pinion,
To his lovely girl I bear:
Some of passion through the air,
Oft he blandly whispers me.
"Soon, my bird, I'll set you free."
But in vain he'll not do me; I shall serve him till I die.

Never could my plumes sustain
Ruffling winds and chilling rain,
Over the plumes, or in the dell,
On the mount's savage swell,
Seeking in the desert wind,
Gloomy shelter, rustic food.

Now I lead a life of ease,
Far from rugged haunts like these.
From Anacreon's hand I eat,
Food delicious, wines sweet;
The dove of Anacreon, bearing a letter from the poet to his mistress, is met by a stranger, with whom this dialogue is imagined.
The ancient made use of letter-carrying piocons, when they went any distance from home, as the most certain means of conveying intelligence back. That tender domestic attachment, which attracts this delicate little bird through every danger and difficulty, till it set les in its native nest, affords to the author of "The Pleasures of Memory" a fine and interesting exemplification of his subject.

Led by what chart, transports the timid dove
The wreathes of conquest, or the vows of love?

See the poem. Daniel Heinsius, in speaking of Douai, who adopted this method at the siege of Leydeu, expresses a similar sentiment.

Quo patriae non tendit amor? 
Mandata referre
Postquam hominem sequit miserere, mutsit avem.

Fuller tells us, that at the siege of Jerusalem, the Christians intercepted a letter, tied to the legs of a dove, in which the Perian Emperor promised assistance to the besieged.—Holy War, cap. 24, book i.

She, whose eye has madden'd many, &c.] For τραγον, in the original. Zeno and Schenck conjecture that we should read τραγος, in allusion to the strong influence which this object of his love held over the mind of Poecile. See Degens.

Venus, for a hymn of love,
Wardled in her votive grove, &c.] "This passage is invaluable, and I do not think that any thing so beautiful or so delicate has ever been said. What an idea does it give of the poetry of the man, from whom Venus, the mother of the Graces and the Pleasures, purchases a little hymn with one of her favourite doves!" —Longespierre.

De Pauw objects to the authenticity of this ode, because it makes Anacreon his own panegyrist; but poets have a licence for praising themselves, which, with some indeed, may be considered as comprised under their general privilege of fiction.

Flutter o'er his goblet's brim,
Snip the foamy wine with him.
Then, when I have waft'd a round
To his lyre's beguiling sound;
Or with gently moving wings
Fain'd the minstrel while he-song:
On his harp I sink to slumber,
Dreaming still of dulcet numbers!

This is all — away — away — You have made me waste the day.
How I've chafer'd! prating crow
Never yet did chaffer so.

ODE XVI.

Thou, whose soft and rosy hues
Mimic form and soul infuse,
Blest of 

You, whose soft and rosy hues
Mimic form and soul infuse,
Blest of

Thee! for I see thee, fair damsel, thou art
But that thy beauty all by heart.
Paint her jocet ringlet-playing,
Silky locks, like tendrils straying:

This ode and the next may be called companion-pictures; they are highly finished, and give us an excellent idea of the taste of the ancients in beauty. Francisca Junius quotes them in his third book "De Pictura Veterum."

This ode has been imitated by Ronsard, Giovanni Coselini, &c. &c. Scaliger alludes to it thus in his Anacreonics:

Olim Iepore blando,
Latum versibus
Candidum Anacreon
Quam pingent amantes
Descriptum Venerum sumus.

The Teian bard of former days,
Attuned his sweet descriptive lay,
And taught the painter's hand to trace
His fair beloved's every grace.

In the dialogue of Caspar Parkeus, entitled "An unformed sit docenda," the reader will find many curious ideas and descriptions of womanly beauty.

Thou, whose soft and rosy hues
Mimic form and soul infuse,
Blest of

The lovely maid that's far away,] If this portrait of the poet's mistress be not merely ideal, the omission of her name is much to be regretted. Meleager, in an epigram on Anacreon, mentions "the golden Eurylyke" as his mistress.

Belphegos χρυσου χαμεσ επ' Ευρυπολυν.
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And, if painting hath the skill
To make the spicy balm distil,
Let every leaf be exult
A sight of perfume on the gale,
Where her tresses curly flow,
Darkles o'er the brow of snow.
Let her forehead beam to light
Burnish'd as the ivory bright.
Let her eyebrows mildly rise
In jety arches o'er her eyes.
Each, a crescent gently gliding,
Just commingling, just dividing.

But, hast thou any sparkles warm,
The lightning of her eyes to form?
Let them effuse the azure rays
That in Minerva's glances blaze,
Mix'd with the liquid light that lies
In Cytherea's languid eyes.
O'er her nose and check be shed
Flushing white and a beam red.
Mingling tints, as when there glows
In snowy milk the balsam rose.
Then her lip, so rich in blues.
Sweet pettition for kisses.

intending to bestow on her sweet mistress that one of the titles of woman's special ornament, well-haired (καλαξίαν διακοσμησαι), thought of this when he gave his painter direction to make her black-haired.

And if painting hath the skill
To make the spicy balm distil, &c. Thus Philostratus, speaking of a picture: αποθηκα των ευδοοσσων του ριζων, και φθυμε γεγαφάδω αυτα μετα της σαρην. "I admire the dainties of these roses, and could say that their very smell was painted."

Mix'd with the liquid light that lies
In Cytherea's languid eyes.] Marcelli explains thus the έγραφον of the original: --

 Dipigno umidetti
Tremulto e lascivo, quasi gli ha Chrygusa Faiana Dea d'amore.

Tasso has painted in the same manner the eyes of Armida: --

Qual moro in onde le vaccilla un riso
Nel guardi ombri ocechi tremulare e lascivo.

Within her humid, melting eyes
A brilliant ray of laughter lies,
Soft as the broken solar beam,
That trembles in the azure stream.

The mingled expression of dignity and tenderness which Anacreon requires the painter to infuse into the eyes of his mistress, is more aptly described in the subsequent ode. Both descriptions are so exactly touched, that the artist must have been great indeed, if he did not yield in painting to the poet.

Mingling tints as when there glows
In snowy milk the bashful rose.] Thus Properlius, eleg. 3, lib. ii.

Uteque rosse puro larte natant solia.

And Davenant, in a little poem called "The Mistress,"

Cath as it falls the Saxon snow,
Bring blushing roses steep'd in milk.

Thus too Taygetus: --

Quae hic aigue rosas vincis candore robustis.

These last words may perhaps defend the "flushing white" of the translation.

Then her lip, so rich in kisses,
Sweet petitioner for kisses.] The "lip, provoking kisses," in the original, is a strong and beautiful expression. Achiles Tatius speaks of γυιδε μαλακα προς τα δικλέα, "Lips soft and delicate for kiss-

Rosy nest, where lurks Persuasion,
Mutely courting Love's invasion.
Next, beneath the velvet chin,
Whose dimple hides a Love within,
Mould her neck with grace descending,
In a heaven of beauty ending;
While countless charms, above, below,
Spread and flutter around her snow.
Now let a floating, lucid veil,
Shadow her form, but not conceal;
A charm may peer, a hue may beam,
And leave the rest to Fancy's dream.

E e v. -- 'is she?' 'is all I seek?
It glows, it lives, it soon will speak!

ing." A grave old commentator, Dionysius Lambinianus, in his notes upon Lucretius, tells us with the apparent authority and experience, that "Saxum vinos uscellatur pulbere fabace, quamque sunt brevibus labris." And Annon Sylvis, in his tedious and uninteresting story of the loves of Euryalus and Lucretia, where he particularly characterizes the beauties of the heroine (in a very false and laboured style of latinity), describes her lips thus: -- "Os paramus decusans, labia coralli colorum ad morum apollisma." -- Epist. 114. lib. i.

Next, beneath the velvet chin,
Whose dimple hide a Love within, &c.] Madame Dacier has quoted here two pretty lines of Varro: --

Stilba in mento impressa Amoris digita
Vestigia demonstrat multitudinem.

In her chin is a delicate dimple;
By Cupid's own finger impressed.
There Beauty bewitchingly simple,
Has chosen her innocent nest.

Now let a floating, lucid veil,
Shadow her form, but not conceal, &c.] This delicate art of description, which leaves imagination to complete the picture, has been seldom adopted in the imitations of this beautiful poem. Rosandi is excessively minute; and Polhemus, in his charming portrait of a girl, full of rich and exquisite diction, has lifted the veil rather too much. The "questo che tu mi intendi" should always be left to fancy.

ODE XVII.

And now with all thy pencil's truth,
Portray Bathyillus, lovely youth!
Let his hair, in masses bright,
Fall like floating rays of light; And there the raven's dye confuse
With the golden sunbeam's hue.
Let no wreath, with artful twine,
The flowing of his locks confine;

The reader, who wishes to acquire an accurate idea of the judgment of the ancients on beauty, will be indulged by consulting Junius de Pictura Veterum, lib. 3, cap. 9, where he will find a very curious selection of descriptions and epithets of personal perfections. Junius compares this ode with a description of Theodoric, king of the Goths, in the second epistle, first book, of Sidonius Apollinaris.

Let his hair, in masses bright
Fall like floating rays of light, &c.] He here describes the shiny hair, the "flava comas," which the ancients so much admired. The Romans gave this colour artificially to their hair. See Staniul, Kohiemo-
ycz, de Luxu Romanorum.

Let no wreath with artful twine, &c.] If the original here, which is particularly beautiful, can admit of any additional value, that value is conferred by Gray's admirable version. See his notes to West. Some annotators have quoted on this passage the description of Pollia's hair in Auleius; but nothing
ODES OF ANACREON.

But leave them loose to every breeze,
To take what shape and course they please,
Beneath the forehead, fair as snow,
But blush'd with manhood's early glow,
And guileless as the deers of dawn,
Let the majestic brows be drawn,
Of chalyb hue, enrich'd by gold,
Such as dark, shining snakes unfold.
Mix in his eyes the power alike,
With love to win, with awe to strike;
Borrow from Mars his look of ire,
From Venus her soft glance of fire;
Blend them in such expression here,
That we by turns may hope and fear!

Now from the sunny apple seek
The velvet dawn that spreeds his cheek;
And there, if art so far can go,
Th' ingenuous blush of boyhood show.
While, for his mouth— but no,— in vain
Would words its witching charm explain—
Make it the very seat, the throne,
That Eloquence would claim her own;

can be more distant from the simplicity of our poet's manner, than that affection of richness which distinguishes the style of Apelesius:

But flash'd with manhood's early glow,
And guileless as the deers of dawn, &c.] Torreus,
upon the words "insignam tenui fronte," in Horace, Od. 33, lib. 1, is of opinion, incorrectly, I think, that "tenui" here bears the same meaning as the word ara

Mix in his eyes the power alike,
With love to win, with awe to strike; &c.] Tasso

gives a similar character to the eyes of Cloriinda:
—
Lanpeglier gli occhi, e folgorar gli sguardi
Dolci e Pira.

Her eyes were flashing with a heavenly light,
A fire that, even in ager, all was sweet.
The poetess Veronica Candara is more diffuse upon this variety of expression:
—
Occhi incendi e bellissi,
Come ever so bold in un medesmo tante
Nasceo de si nuove forme et tante?
Sfiti, mestri, superbi, humil', alieti,
Vi mostrare in un punto, onde di sperme,
Et di timor, de ampiete, &c. &c.

Oh! tell me, bright-shining eye,
Whence in your little lattice,
So many different traits of fire,
Expressing each a new desire.
Now with pride or scorn you darke,
Now with love, with gladness, sparks,
While we who view the varying mirror,
Feel by turns both hope and terror.

Cheveuax, citing the lines of our poet, in his critique
on the poems of Milhère, produces a Latin version of
them from a manuscript which he had seen, entitled
"Joan. Falcotis Anacreontici Lusus,"

That Eloquence would claim her own; &c.] In the original, as in the preceding Ode, Phoib, the goddess
of persuasion, or eloquence, it was worthy of the
delicate imagination of the Greeks to defy Persuasion,
and give her the lips for her throne. We are here reminded of a very interesting fragment of Anacreon, preserved by the scholarist upon Pindar, and supposed to belong to a poem reflecting with some severity upon Simonides, who was the first, we are told, that ever made a hireling of his muse:—

Ovd' αγ'νας πν' ταλαμια Πιδω.
Nor yet had fair Persuasion shown
In silver splendour, nor her own.

And let the lips, though silent, wear
A life look, as if words were there.
Next thou his ivory neck must trace,
Mould'd with soft but manly grace;
Fair as the neck of Paphia's boy,
Where Paphia's arms have hung in joy.
Give him the winged Hermes' hand,
With which he waves his staff no more;
Let Bacchus the broad chest supply,
And Leda's son the snowy thigh;
While, through his whole transparent frame,
Thou shoul'st his stirrings of that fame,
Which kindles, when the first love-sigh
Steals from the heart, unconscious why.

But sure thy pencil, though so bright,
Is cautious of the eye's delight,
Or its enamour'd touch would show
The shoulder, fair as sunless snow,
Which now in veiling shadow lies,
Remov'd from all but Fa'ye's eyes.
Now, for his feet—but hold— forbear—I see the sun-god's portrait there;
Why paint Bathyllus? when, in truth,
There, in that god, thou'st sketched the youth.
Enough— let this bright form be mine,
And send the boy to Banne's slatre;
Phoebus shall then Bathyllus be,
Bathyllus then, the deity!

And let the lips, though silent, wear
A life look, as if words were there; &c.] In the original
above or voy meritus
The mistress of Petrarch "parle con silenzio," which is perhaps the best method of female eloquence.

Give him the winged Hermes' hand, &c.] In Shakespeare's Cymbeline there is a similar method of description:
—
this is his hand,
His foot mercurial, his martial thigh,
The browns of Hercules.

We find it likewise in Hamlet. Longepierre thinks that the hands of Mercury are selected by Anacreon, on account of the graceful gestures which were supposed to characterize the god of eloquence; but Mercury was also the patron of ravens, and may perhaps be praised as a light-fingered deity

— But hold— forbear—
I see the sun-god's portrait there; &c.] The abrupt
turn here is spirited, but requires some explanation.
While the artist is pursuing the portrait of Bathyllus, Anacreon, we must suppose, turns round and sees a picture of Apollo, which was intended for an altar at Samos. He then instantly tells the painter to cease his work; that this picture will serve for Bathyllus; and that, when he goes to Samos, he may make an Apollo of the portrait of the boy which he had begun.

"Bathyllus (says Madame Dacier) could not be more elegantly praised, and this one passage does him more honour than the statue, however beautiful it might be, which Polyocrates raised to him."

ODE XVIII.

Now the star of day is high,
Fly, my girls, in piny fly,
Bring me wine in brimming urns,
Cool my lip, it burns, it burns!

An elegant translation of this Ode, says Degen,
may be found in Ranlib's Lyr. Blumenkese, lib. v. p. 403.

Bring me wine in brimming urns, &c.] Or-
ODE XV.

Here recline you, gentle maid,
Sweet is this embowering shade;
Sweet the young, the modest trees,
Ruffled by the kissing breeze;
Sweet the little fountains that weep,
Ebbing soft the mind to sleep;
Hark! they whistle as they roll,
Calm persuasion to the soul.
Tell me, tell me, is not this
All a stilly scene of bliss?
Who's my girl, would pass it by?
Surely neither you nor I.

The description of this bower is so natural and animated, that we almost feel a degree of coolness and freshness while we peruse it. Longepierre has quoted from the first book of the Anthologia, the following epigram, as somewhat resembling this Ode:

Εὔχεο καὶ κατ’ ἐμνὰ ἠμὲν πιτὺν, ἀ το μελαχρὸν
Πρὸς μαλακὸς τις κεκλεμένα χείροφων.
Ἦμα καὶ κρυόνισμα μελαθάγες, εὔθεις μελαθῶν.
Ἄμαυμ περιπαθεῖς ἐποῦν αὖ καλαίροις.

Come, sit by the shadowy pine
That covers my silvan retreat;
And see how the branches inclose
The breathing of zephyrs to meet.

See the fountain, that, flowing, diffuses
Around me a glittering spray;
By its brink, as the traveller muses,
I soothe him to sleep with my lays.

Here recline you, gentle maid, &c.] The Vatican MS. reads βαδυλλαον, which renders the whole poem metaphorical. Some commentators suggest the reading of βαδυλλον, which makes a pun upon the same; a grace that Plato himself has condescended to in writing of his boy Ἀστυρ. See the epigram of this philosopher, which I quote on the twenty-second Ode.

There is another epigram by this philosopher, preserved in Laelius, which turns upon the same word.

Ἀστυρ περα μεν ελαμπες ο ν ὑπων δυνος,
Νυν δε δανων λαμψεις ἀστυρος εν φαινουσιν.

In life thou wert my morning star,
But now that death has stolen thy light,
Aint thou shorn of arm and face,
Like the pale beam that weeps at night.

In the Venetian Illyricus, under the head of "Allusions," we find a number of such frigid conceits upon names, selected from the poets of the middle ages.

Who's my girl, would pass it by?
Surely neither you nor I.] The finish given to the picture by this simple exclamation τις αὐτὸν δέων παρέλθει, is insipid. Yet a French translator says on the passage: "This conclusion appeared to me too trifling after such a description, and I thought proper to add somewhat to the strength of the original."

ODE XX.

One day the Muses twin'd the bands
Of infant Love with flow'ry hands:
And to celestial Beauty gave
The captive infant for her slave.

The poet appears, in this graceful allegory, to describe the softening influence which poetry holds over the mind, in making it peculiarly susceptible to the impressions of beauty. In the following epigram, however, by the philosopher Plato, (Diog. Laert. lib. 3.) the Muses are represented as disavowing the influence of Love.

Amont'd by the meridian fire,
Panting, languid I expire.
Give me all those humid flowers,
Drop them 'mid my brow in showers.
Scarcely a breathing chaplet now
Lives upon my feverish brow;
Every dewy rose I wear,
Sheets its tears, and withers there.
But to you, my burning heart,
What can now relief impart?
Can brimming bowl, or dewret's dew,
Cool the flame that scorches you?

πειρήματα. The ammysla was a method of drinking used among the Thracians. Thus Horace, This Horace, "Tracia rumic ammysla." Mad. Dacier, Longepierre, &c.

Parthiasius, in his twenty-sixth epistle, (Thesaur. Crat. vol. i.) explains the ammysla as a draught to be exhibited without breathing, *uno haec,* A note in the margin of this epistle of Parthiasius, says, "Politianus vestem esse putabat," but adds no reference.

Give me all those humid flowers, &c.] According to the original reading of this line, the poet says, "Give me the flower of wine" — Дιε flosculos Lyaei, as it is in the version of Elias Andreas; and Deh panstetin det tore
Di quel alme e bocc incuro,
as Regnier has it, who supports the reading. The word ἀμυς would undoubtedly bear this application, which is somewhat similar to its import in the epigram of Simonides upon Sophocles:

Εὔσεβής γεραις Σοφοκλείς, ἀμῦς αὐνών.

and flos in the Latin is frequently applied in the same manner — thus Cæcilius is called by Numius, Flos columbaris populi, and quæque medulla, "The immaculate flower of the people, and the very marrow of persuasion." See these verses cited by Aulin: Celius, lib. xii., which Cicero praised, and Seneque thought ridiculous.

But in the passage before us, if we admit ἀμῦνα, according to Faber's conjecture, the sense is sufficiently clear, without having recourse to such refinements.

Every dewy rose I wear
Sheds its tears, and withers there.] There are some beautiful lines, by Angenanus, upon a garland, which I cannot resist quoting here: —

Ante fores madida hie sic pendule colunae,
Mansa orta imputis Celia vbi capta;
At quum per niveam cervicum inaudita humor,
Duxit, non rara sed pluvia bace lactae.

By Celia's armour all the night
Hang, humid wreath, the lover's vow;
And nightly, at the morning light,
My love shall twine thee round her brow.

Then, if upon her bosom bright
Some drops of dew shall fall from thee,
Tell her, they are not drops of night,
But tears of sorrow shed by me:

It is poem of Mr. Sheridan, "Uncoth is this moss-covered grove of stone," there is an idea very singularly coincident with this of Angeranus:

And thou, stony grate, in thy arch mayst preserve
Some lingering drops of the night-fallen dew;
Let them fall on her bosom of snow, and they'll serve
As tears of my sorrow entrusted to you.

But to you, my burning heart, &c.] The transition here is peculiarly delicate and impassioned; but the commentators have perplexed the sentiment by a variety of readings and conjectures.
His mother comes, with many a toy,
To ransom her beloved boy;
His mother sires, but all in vain,—
He never will leave his chains again.
Even should they take his chains away,
The little captive still would stay.

"If this," he cries, "a bondage be,
Oh, who could wish for liberty?"

A Kýnax Mousaia, korasa, taw Árphaiain
Timai, òt wou Ewto òûmûn evafupomai.
AI Mousai poï Kýnax, Aími ta stimmala tauta.
Hím ou peíamata touto to paídmaro.

"Yield to my gentle power, Parrhasian maidens!"
Thus to the Muses spoke the Queen of Ch. rats.
"Or Love shall flutter through your classic shades,
And make your grove the camp of Paphian arms!"

"No," said the virgins of the tuneful bowers,
"We scorn thine own and all thy nostrum art;
Though Mars has trembled at the infant's power,
His bait is pointless o'er a Muse's heart!"

There is a sonnet by Benedetto Guali, the thought of which was suggested by this Ode.

Schönerw der Himmel, stille ndu meine
Dell' armonia della vita mia;
Tanta una il piacer ch'ei ne senta,
Che non sapen ve nelle mente fore.
Quando ecco in voi annodar si sente il core,
Per la volta ancore convien che stia;
T'hai acciò addestrar le due orgi
Del crespo erin, per farsi eterno onore.

Onde offi in di cielo degna mercede,
A chi scieglere il fiume ta bello das
Da tutt' onda, in ch' ella strettlo il vede.
Ma voi vinti in due occhi P' arme cede:
E' affatto d'inamor, Citera;
Che' e atti li scieglere, e' legar al piede.

Love, wandering through the golden maze
Of my beloved's hair,
Found, at each step, such sweet delays,
That kept him linger'd there.

And how, indeed, was Love to fly,
Or how his freedom fine,
When every ringlet was a lie,
A chain, by Beauty wound.

In vain to seek her boy's release,
Comes Venus from above;
Fond mother, let thy efforts cease,
Love's cow the slave of love.
And, should we loose his golden chain,
The prince would return again.

His mother comes, with many a toy,
To ransom her beloved boy:—

O' ranauntys geos a'ez,
Mævdos toc, to filama to Kúpados, òv t', a'agaih vun
On yemino to filama, to t', òw ézée, ka pleo òzéz.

On him, who the haunts of my Cupid can show,
A kiss of the tender slave I'll bestow: But he, who can bring back the archon in chains,
Shall receive even something more sweet for his pains.

Subjoined to this Ode, we find in the Vatican MS. the following lines, which appear to me to boast as litile sense as metre, and which are most probably the interpolation of the transcriber:

Hémgélh A'vnakoeiv
Hémgélh os Éakf
Pívérakon to òc moû melos
Sôvéraros tâs e'agwos
Ta toa toua mo êkê
Kai Dâuvous wîsôloum
Kai Pâshy parâdxos
Kai avusos Ýres kal epâvus.

ODE XXI.

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

These critics who have endeavoured to throw the chains of precision over the spirit of this beautiful tribute, require too much from Anacreontic philosophy.

Among others, Gall very sagaciously thinks that the poet uses the epithet μελανία, because black earth absorbs moisture more quickly than any other; and accordingly he indulges us with an experimental dissertation on the subject, — see Gall's note.

One of the Capitopii has imitated this Ode, in an epitaph on a drunkard:

Dum viXI sine fine bibi, siemisreri arum
Sic tofus pluvias solo pernus bitit.
Sic loht unam citas durnm de Pontus.
Sic septem atmetos Sol maris hauto squall.
Ne le ignar jacet plus me, Silene, bunseis.
Et sunt du visites a guque, Fecuba, manna.

HIPPOLYTUS CALLIPUS.

While life was mine, the little hour
In drinking still unwaved flew;
I drank as earth imbues the shower,
Or as the rainbow drinks the dew.
As ocean quaffs the rivers up,
Or flashy sun subdues the sea;
Silexus trembled at my cup,
And Bacchus was outdone by me.

I cannot omit citing those remarkable lines of Shakspeare, where the thoughts of the Ode before us are preserved with such striking similitude:

I'll example you with this very,
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea. The moon's an ardent thief,
And her pale fire she snatcht from the sun.
The sea's a thief, and those liqu'd surge resolves
The mounds into salt tears. The earth's a thief,
That feeds, and breeds by a composte stool
From general excrements.

Timus of Athens, act iv. sc. 2.

ODE XXII.

The Phrygian rock, that braves the storm,
Was once a weeping marion's form;
And Frcggus, hapless, frantic maid,
Is now a swallow in the shade.

— a weeping marion's form —
Niobe — Ogilvie, in his Essay on the Lyric Poetry of the Ancients, in remarking upon the Odes of Anacreon, says, "In some of his pieces there is exuberance and even wildness of imagination; in that particularly, which is addressed to a young girl, where he wishes alternately to be transformed in a mirror, a cox, a stream, a bracelet, and a pair of shoes, for the different purposes which he recites; this is more sport and wantonness."

It is the wantonness, however, of a very graceful Muse; "ludit animabit;" The compliment of the Ode is exquisitely delicate, and so singular for the period in which Anacreon lived, when the scale of love had not yet been graduated into all its little progressive refinements, that if we were inclined to question the authenticity of the poem, we should find
ODES OF ANACREON.

Oh! that a mirror’s form were mine,  
That I might catch that smile divine;  
And like my own fond fancy be, 
Reflecting thee, and only thee;  
Or could I be the soul which holds  
To death a spirit in unites voids;  
Or, turn’d into a新冠 love  
Thy beauties in my circling wave.

Oh! Ibat a mirror’s form were mine,  
Tho’t I might catch that smile divine 
Ami like my own fond fancy be,  
Reflecting thee, and only thee;  
Or could I be the soul which holds  
To death a spirit in unites voids;  
Or, turn’d into a新冠 love  
Thy beauties in my circling wave.

What more would thy Anacreon be?  
Oh, any thing that touches thee;  
Nay, sadles for those airy feet —  
Ev’n to be trod by them were sweet!

Nay sandals for those airy feet —

Oh! Ibat a mirror’s form were mine,  
Tho’t I might catch that smile divine 
Ami like my own fond fancy be,  
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And, in his Passionate Pilgrim, we meet with one idea

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According to the order in which the odes are usually placed, this (Ode XXVI) belongs to the first of the series; and is thought to be peculiarly designed as an introduction to the rest. It however characterizes the genius of the Teian bard, or the inanimate, as wine, the burden of his lays, is not even mentioned in it:

EiGe KQivov ytioix.r}v Xlvkoxoov,

— ex multis Venerem confundere meco
Precept Lyrici Teia Musa at. Ovid.

The twenty-sixth Ode Συ μου λέγεις τα Θεος, might, with just as much propriety, be placed at the head of this song.

We find the sentiment of the ode before us expressed by other with much simplicity in his fourth idyl. The above translation is, perhaps, too paraphrastic; but the ode has been so frequently translated, that it could not otherwise avoid triteness and repetition.

In all the glow of epic fire —

To Hercules I wake the lyre]

Fascia crescuenes domine compasse papillae.

The women of Greece not only wore this zone, but adorned themselves to fasting, and made use of certain drugs and powders for the same purpose. To these expedients they were compelled, in consequence of their ingrate fashion of compressing the waist into a very narrow compass, which necessarily caused an excessive dimity in the bosom. See Dioscorides, lib. vi

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To Stella.

Why doth thou gaze upon the sky?  
Oh! that I were that spangled sphere,  
And every star should be an eye,  
To wonder on thy beauties here!

Asteoros isactpois, Aatrr evoos, aitv yevonuy

Oh, better still, the zone, that lies

Close to thy breast, and feels its sighs! This πάρηγγα was a rhythm, or band, called by the Romans fasces and strophon, which, the women wore for the purpose of restraining the exuberance of the bosom. Vide Polloc. Ovidn. Thus Martial:

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Close to thy breast, and feels its sighs! This πάρηγγα was a rhythm, or band, called by the Romans fasces and strophon, which, the women wore for the purpose of restraining the exuberance of the bosom. Vide Polloc. Ovidn. Thus Martial:

— ut singula Venerem confundere meco
Precept Lyrici Teia Musa at. Ovid.

The twenty-sixth Ode Συ μου λέγεις τα Θεος, might, with just as much propriety, be placed at the head of this song.

We find the sentiments of the ode before us expressed by other with much simplicity in his fourth idyl. The above translation is, perhaps, too paraphrastic; but the ode has been so frequently translated, that it could not otherwise avoid triteness and repetition.

In all the glow of epic fire —

To Hercules I wake the lyre]

Fascia crescuenes domine compasse papillae.
ODE XXIV.

To all that breathe the air of heaven,
Some boon of strength has Nature given.
In forming the majestic bull,
She fenced with her shed horns his skull;
A bond of strength he lost the last,
And winged the liminous hare with speed.
She gave the lion fangs of terror,
And, o'er the ocean's crystal mirror,
Taught the unnumber'd sea to thong
To trace their liquid path along:
While for the unbrightness of the grove,
She plumed the warbling world of love.
To man she gave, in that proud hour,
The boon of intellectual power.
Then, what, oh woman, what for thee,
Was left in Nature's treasure?
She gave thee beauty — mightier far
Than all the pomp and power of war.

as we are told by Hermogenes: "ηδας την λυραν έσώσα Σατίφω, και ηδαν αντι αποκρινομαι." — Περί Εκκλ., των. έπτ.

Henry Stephen has imitated the idea of this ode in the following lines of one of his poems:

Provida det cancilla Natura animantis arnum.
Et sua signification possidet arnum genus,
In siqulagene of defendit equum, atque ut cerum taurus,
Armata est forma quinqua aequari assum.

And the same thought occurs in those lines, spoken by Corissa in Pastor Fido:

Cum aut la belle,
Ch' e verti nostra così propria, come
La forza del beone,
P'ingestasi de l' hommo.

The lion boasts his savage powers,
And boasteth man his strength of mind,
But beauty's charm is solely own'd.

Peculiar boon, by Heav'n assigned.

"An elegant explication of the beauties of this ode (says Degen) may be found in Grimm an den Anmerk. also among Oden des Anakr."

To man she gave, in that proud hour,
The boon of intellectual power. In my first attempt to translate this ode, I had, in enframed φοινικα, with Baxter and Barnes, as implying courage and military virtue; but I do not think that the gallantry of the idea suffers by the import which I have now given to it. For, why need we consider this possession of wisdom as exclusive? and in truth, as the design of Anacreon is to extol the treasure of beauty, above all the rest which Nature has distributed, it is perhaps even refining upon the delicacy of the compliment, to prefer the radiance of female charms to the cold illumination of wisdom and prudence; and to think that woman's eye are

— the books, the academies;
From whose both spring the true Pyramatian fire.

She gave thee beauty — mightier far
Than all the pomp and power of war. Thus Achilles Taucus: — καλος οπτερον τιμωρει βελος, και ει των οφθαλμων εις την ηυλην καταρπα, Οφθαλμος γαρ δεις ερωτικα τρωτατα. "Beauty wounds more swiftly than the arrow, and passes through the eye to the very soul; for the eye is the inlet to the wounds of love."

Nor steel, nor fire itself hath power
Like woman in her conquering hour.
Be thou but fair, mankind adore thee,
Smile, and a world is weak before thee!

Be thou but fair, mankind adore thee,
Smile, and a world is weak before thee!

Longepierre's remark here is ingenious: "The Romans," he says, "were convinced of the power of beauty, that they used a word implying strength in the place of the epithet beautiful. Thus Plautus, act 2, scene 2, Bacchid.

Sed Bacchis etiam fortis tibi visa.

Fortis, id est formosus, say Servius and Nonius.

ODE XXV.

Once in each revolving year,
Gentle bird! we find thee here.
When nature wears her summer vest,
 Thou com'st to weave thy simple nest;
But when the chilling winter lowers,
Again thou seek'st the genial bowers
Of Memphis, or the shores of Nile,
Where still the hours for ever blend,
And thus thy plumes rest and waves,—
Alas! unlike the swarm of Loves,
That brook within this hapless breast,
And never, never change their nest?
Still every year, and all the year,
They fix their fated dwelling here;
And some their infant plumage try,
And on a tender winglet fly;
While in the shell, impregn'd with fires,
Still lack a thousand more delights;
Some from their tiny prisons peeping,
And some in formless embryo sleeping.
Thus people'd, like the vernal groves,
My breast resounds with warbling Loves;
One wrestler coils the other's feather,
Thus twin-desires they wing together,
And fast as they thus like their flight,
Still other arches spring to light.
But is there then no kindly art,
To chace these Cupids from my heart?
Ah! no! I fear, in sadness fear,
They will for ever nestle here!

We have here another ode addressed to the swallow.
Abercromby has imitated both in one poem, beginning
Perch to place at tu tanto,
Rondinella importuna, etc.

Alas! unlike the swarm of Loves,
That brook within this hapless breast,
And never, never change their nest! Thus Love is represented as a bird, in an epigram cited by Longepierre from the Anthology:

Ας μοι έτινε μεν εν ουανη εχος ερωτος.
Ομοώ δε σγα πασος τα γαλακακαφαι ουδε νη χει, ου έγας εκομισθης, ουλ επομεν τροον
Ην εν σκαλλαγε ενσωτε υπος τυπος.
Ο παταου, μη και τοσ εφτασαι μεν ερωτου.
Οιατη, αποπτηθαι δι' ουθ ενδοιασσε.

"This love that murmurs in my breast, And makes me shed the secret tear; Nor day nor night my soul hath rest; For night and day his voice I hear. A wound within my heart I find; And oh! this pain was e love has been; For still he leaves a wound behind. Such as within my heart is seen. Oh, bird of Love! with song so dear, Make not my soul the nest of pain; But let the wings which brough thee here, In pity wait thee hence again!"
ODE XXVI.

Thy harp may sing of Troy's alarms,
Or tell the tale of Thetis' arm;
With o'er her war's my song shall burn,
For other wounds my harp shall mourn.

'Tw ere not the crested warrior's dart,
That drank the current of my heart;
Nor caly's arms, nor mailed shield,
Have made this vanguard's bosom bleed;
Nor was it from eyes of liquid blue,
A host of quiver'd Cupids new;
And now my heart all bleeding lies
Beneath that arm of the eyes!

"The German poet Uz has imitated this ode. Compare also Weiss's Scherz. Lieder, lib. iii., der Soldat." Gail, Degen.

No — it was from eyes of liquid blue
A host of quiver'd Cupids new:—] Longepierre has quoted part of an epigram from the seventh book of the Anthologia, which has a fancy something like this.

Ou me klesh6s,
Ta^eta, Zjno6elas armacis kruptomenvs.

Archer Love! though slyly creeping,
Well I know where thou dost lie;
I saw thee through the curtain peeping,
That fringes Longepierre's eye.

The poets abound with conceits on the archery of the eyes, but few have turned the thought so naturally as Anacreon. Rousseau gives to the eyes of his mistress "un petit camp d'amours."

ODE XXVII.

We read the flying courser's name
Upon his side, in marks of flame;
And, by their husband's bow alone,
The warriers of the East are known.

But in the lover's glowing eyes,
The want to his bosom lies;
Through them we see the small faint mark,
Where Love has dropped his burning spark!

This ode forms a part of the preceding in the Vatican MS., but I have conformed to the editions in translating them separately.

"Compare with this (says Degen) the poem of Ranier Wahrzeichen der Liebe, in Lyr. Blumelese, lib. iv. p. 319."

But in the lover's glowing eyes,
The want to his bosom lies:—] "We cannot see into the heart," says Madame Bacier. But the lover answers—

Il cor ne gli occhi et ne la fronte ho scritto.

M. La Fosse has given the following lines, as enlarging on the thought of Anacreon:

Lorsque je vois un amant,
Il cache en vain son tourment,
A le trahir tout coupere,
Sa langueur, son embarrass,
Tout ce qu'il peut faire ou dire,
Meme ce qu'il ne dit pas.

In vain the lover tries to veil
The flame that in his bosom lies;
His cheeks' confusion tells the tale,
We read it in his languid eyes;
And while his words the heart betray,
His silence speaks even more than they.

ODE XXVIII.

As, by his Lemnian forge's flame,
The hand of the Pheian darne
Moulded the glowing steel, to form
Arrows for Cupid, thrilling warm;
And Venus, as he plied his art,
Shed scaly round each new made dart,
While Love, at hand, to finish all,
Tipped every arrow's point with gall;
It chance'd the Lord of Battles came
To visit that deep cave of flame.
It was from the ranks of war he rush'd,
His spear with many a life-drop blush'd;
He saw the fiery darts, and smil'd
Contemplous at the archer-child.

"What!" said the archer, "dost thou smile?
Here, hold this little dart awhile,
And thou wilt find, though swift of flight,
My bolts are not so feathery light."

Mars took the shaft — and, oh, thy look,
Sweet Venus, when the shaft he took! —
Sighing, he felt the archer's art,
And cried, in agony of heart,
"It is not light — I sink with pain!
Take — take thy arrow back again."
"No," said the child, "it must not be;
That little dart was made for thee!"

This ode is referred to by La Mothe le Vayer, who, I believe, was the author of that curious little work, called "Ilexameron Rustique." He makes use of this, as well as the thirty-fifth, in his ingenious but indelicate explanation of Homer's Cave of the Nymphs.

Journ. Quiroinus.

While Love, at hand, to finish all,
Tipped every arrow's point with gall! — Thus Claudian:

Luctor emendat fontes, hic duleo, amara
Alter, et infusis corrupti nulla venenis,
Unde Cupidum armavit fata sagittas.

InCypris's isle two rippling fountains fell,
And one with honey flows, and one with gall;
In these, if we may take the tale from fame,
The son of Venus dips his darts of flame.

See Alcinous, emblem 91, on the close connection which subsists between sweets and bitterness. "Aper idem punctum (saec Petronius), quia ubi dulce, ibi et acido invenies."

The allegorical description of Cupid's employment, in Homer, may vie with this before us in fancy, though not in delicacy:

----- seme et Cupido
Semper ardentia acubatur sagittas
Cote cruenta.

And Cupid, sharpening all his fiery darts,
Upon a whetstone stain'd with blood of hearts.

Secundus has borrowed this, but has somewhat
Whitened the image by the omission of the epithet "cruenta."

Fallor an ardentia acubatur cote sagittas? Eleg. 1.

ODE XXIX.

Yes — loving is a painful thrill,
And not to love more painful still;
But oh, it is the worst of pain,
To love, and not be lov'd again!

Yes — loving is a painful thrill,
And not to love more painful still; &c.] The following Anacreonic, addressed by Menage to Dianè Heyck, endures, with much grace, the "necessity of loving;"

——
Odes of Anacreon.

Affection now has fled from earth,
Nor fire of genius, table brine,
Nor heavenly virtue, can bemine.
From beauty's cheek a favouring smile.
Gold is the woman's only theme.
Gold is the woman's only dream.
Oh! never be that which is given—
Forgive him nor, indignant heaven!
Whose glistening eyes could first adore,
Whose heart could pant for scalded love.
Since that devoted heart began,
Man has forgot to feel for man;
The pulse of social life is dead,
And all its tender feelings fled.
War too has sull ed Nature's charms,
For gold provokes the world to arms;
And oh! the worst of all its arts,
'Neath a LAUERING hearts.

Ode XXX.
'T was in a mocking dream of night—
T'is fancied I had wings as light
As a young bird's, and flew as fleet;
While Love, around whose beauteous feet,
I knew not why, hung chains of lead,
Pursued me, as I trembling fled,
And, strange to say, as swift as thought,
Spite of my pinions, I was caught!
What does the wanton Fancy mean
By such a strange, illusive scene?
I fear she whispers to my breast,
That you, sweet maid, have stol'n its rest;
That though my fancy, for a while,
Hath hung on many a woman's smile,
I soon dissolved each passing vow,
And never was caught by love till now!

Barnes imagines from this allegory, that our poet married very late in life. But I see nothing in the Ode which alludes to such a notion, except it be the lead upon the feet of Cupid; and I agree in the opinion of Madame Dacier, in her life of the poet, that he was always too fond of pleasure to marry.

Ode XXXI.
Arm'd with hyacinthine rod,
(Arms enough for such a god.)
Cupid bade me wing my pace,
And try with him the rapid race.
O'er many a torrent, wild and deep,
By tangled brake and pentent steep,
With easy foot and painless flow,
Till my brow droop'd with chilly dew,
And now my soul, exhausted, dying,
To my lip was faintly tying;
The design of this little fiction is to intimate, that much greater pain attends incessibility than can ever result from the tenderest inspirations of love. Longinius has quoted an ancient epigram which bears some similitude to this Ode:

Lecto compositor, tua prima silentia noctis
Carab海南省, et somno hinc dea cadam;
Cum me servas Amor presens, susurante capilla
Excitat, et amorium praebet adeupur.
To manibus meos, inquit, summi cum lale puellas,
Solus Io, solus, deae jacent putes.
Exhino et adhibeo nube, torquata solutio
Omnis iter impediens, nullam iter expedit.
Non probo hanc inceptis rustique redire
Piscetur: et redder esse via media.
Ecce tacent voce hominum, strepitusque ferarum,
Et vulnerum eftis turbaque fera, nullum.
Sola eura ex ruptis pace sonantique tonarme,
Et sequor imperium, scave Cupido, tuum.

Upon my couch I lay, at night profound,
My languid eyes in magic slumber bound,
When Cupid came and stanch'd me from my bed,
And made me many a weary way to tread.
"What! (said the god) shall you, whose vows are known;
Who love so many nymphs, thus sleep alone?"
I awoke; oh! come to me, I beseech you;
All the bliss of love to taste;
Let us love both night and day,
Let me love my love away!
Oh! let us love again;
And when hearts, from loving freed,
(If indeed such hearts there be,) From upon our petal flame,
And the sweet de'st cherub's name;
This shall be my only curse,
(Could I, could I wish them worse?)
May they never the capture prove,
Of the smile from lips we love!

* This line is borrowed from an epigram by Al-
pnes of Mytilene which Menace, I think, says some-where he was himself the first to produce to the world:—

Ψυχής ευτίκως ακέραν.
ODES OF ANACREON.

And now I thought the spark had fled,
When Cupid hovered o'er my head,
And fanning high his breedy pinion,
Rescued my soul from death's dominion;
Then said, in accents half-reproving,
"Why hast thou been so late to love?"

Ode original, he says, his heart flew to his nose; but our
manner more naturally transfers it to the lips. Such
is the effect that Plato tells us he felt from a kiss, in a
discourse quoted by Aulus Gellius:

Τον Υψηλον, Αραβωνα φανον, επι χειλεσιν έκχουν.
Δεις γαρ η θλιμων ές δαιδαλοσενην.
Where'er thy nectar's kiss I sip,
And drink thy breath, in truce divine,
My soul then butters to my lip,
Ready to fly and mix with thine.

Aulus Gellius subjoins a paraphrase of this epigram,
in which we find a number of those mistranslations
of expression, which mark the effeminacy of the Latin
language.

And fanning light his breedy pinion,
Rescued my soul from death's dominion;[1] "The
facility with which Cupid recovers him, signifies that
the sweets of love make us easily forget any solicitudes
which he may occasion." — La Rose.

ODE XXXII.

Slew me a fragrant bed of leaves,
Where lusts with the myrtle weaves;
And while in luxury's dream I sink,
Let me the balm of Bacchus drink!
In this sweet hour of Love,
Young Love shall my attendant be
Dress for the task, with tunic round
His snowly neck and shoulders bound,
Himself shall hover by my side,
And minister the racy tale!

Oh, swift as wheels that kindling roll,
Our life is hurrying to the goal;
A scanty dust, to feed the wind,
Is all the trace 'twill leave behind.
Then wherefore waste the rose's bloom
Upon the cold, insensate tomb?
Can flowery breeze, or odour's breath,
Affect the still, cold sense of death?
Oh, no; I ask no balm to sleep
With fragrant tears my bed of sleep:
But now, while every pulse is glowing,
Now let me breathe the balmy flowing.
Now fill the rose, with blush exulting,
Upon my brow in sweets expire;
And bring the nymph whose eye hath power
To brighten even death's cold hour.
Yes, Cupid! ere my shade retire,
To join the blest elysian choir,
With wine, and love, and social cheer,
I'll make my own elysium here!

We here have the poet, in his true attributes, re-
clining upon myrtles, with Cupid for his cup-bearer.
Some interpreters have ruined the picture by making
Eros the name of his slave. None but Love should fill
the cistern of Anacreon. Sappho, in one of her
fragments, has assigned this office to Venus. Eadu.
Κυρια, ξυστοδαιμον εν κυκλωσα αποθεω
tεντασιν συμμετοχαϊν ναηταν αυγη
ζωντων επετεων εναντων επετεων.

Which may be thus paraphrased:

Hither, Venus, creatures of lower,
This shall be the night of bliss;
This the night, to friendship dear,
Thou shalt be our Hebe here.
Full the goblet brimming high,
Let it sparkle like thine eye;

ODE XXXIII.

'Twas noon of night, when round the pole
The slender Bear is seen to roll;
And morals, wearied with the day,
Are slumbering all their cares away:
An infant, at that dreary hour,
Come weeping to my silent bower,
And wake'd me with a piteous prayer,
To shield him from the midnight air,
And guard him, till the morning cold,
'That bid'st my blissful visions fly?'
"Ah, gentle sire!" the infant said,
"In pity take me to thy shed;"
Nor fear deceit: a lovely child
I wander o'er the gloomy wild,
Chill drops the rain, and not a ray
Illumes the drear and misty way!"

I heard the baby's tale of woe;
I heard the bitter night-winds blow;
And sighing for his piteous fate,
I trimm'd my lamp and op'd the gate.

'T was Love! the little wandering sprite,
His pinion sparkled through the night,
I knew him by his bow and dart;
I knew him by my fluttering heart,
Fondly I took him in, and rave
The dying embers' cheering blaze;
Press from his dank and censing bair
The cystal of the freezing air,
And in my hand a bosom hold
His little fingers thrilling cold.

And now the embers' genial ray
Had warm'd his anxious cares away,
"I pray thee," said the wan'der child,
(My bosom trembled as he spake)
I'pray thee let me try my bow,
For through the rain I've wandered so,
'That much I fear, the midnight shower
Has injur'd its elastic power."*
The fatal bow the archite drew:
Swell from the string the arrow flew;
As swiftly flew as glancing flame,
And to my immodest spirit came:
"Fare thee well," I heard him say,
As laughing wild he wing'd away;
"Fare thee well, for now I know
The rain has not relax'd my bow;
I'll soon end a thrilling dart, cry
As thou shalt own with all thy heart!"

M. Bernard, the author of L'Art d'aimer, has writ-
ten a ballet called "Les Surprises de l'Amour," in
which the subject of the third entree is Anacreon, and
the story of this Ode suggests one of the scenes.—
(Œuvres de Bernard, Anac. scene 4th.
"The German annotator refers us here to an imitation
by Us. lib. III., "Amore und sein Bruder," and a poem
of Kleist, "die Heilung." La Fontaine has translated,
or rather imitated, this Ode.

"And who art thou? I making cry,
That bid'st my blissful visions fly?"

Anacreon appears to have been a voluptuary even
in dreaming, by the lively regret which he expresses at
being disturbed from his visionary enjoyments. See
the Odes x and xxxiv.

'Twas Love! the little wandering sprite, &c. &c. See the
beautiful description of Cupid, by Moschus, in his
first idyl.
ODE XXXIV.

Oh, thou, of all creation blest,
Sweet insect, that delight'st to real
Upon the wild wood's leafy top,
To drink the dew that morning drops,
And chirp thy song with such a glee,
That happiest kings may envy thee.
Whatever decks the violet bed,
What'er the swelling seasons yield,
Whatever boughs, whatever blows,
For thee it buds, for thee it grows.
Nor yet art thou the peasant's fear,
To him thy friendly notes are dear;
For thou art mild as matin dew,
And still, when summer's flowery hue
Begins to paint the bloomy plain,
We hear thy sweet prophetic strain;
Thy sweet prophetic strain we hear,
And bless the notes and thee rever
The Muses love thy shrilly tone;
Apollo calls thee all his own;
'T was he who gave that voice to thee,
'T is he who tunes thy minstrelsy.

Unborn by age's dim decline,
The fadless blooms of youth are thine.
Melodious insect, child of earth,
In wisdom mild, wise in mirth;
In a Latin Ode addressed to the grasshopper, Rupin has preserved some of the thoughts of our author:

O visque viroini gramina in toro,
Corada, blanda uviis, et herbes
Saltis obtura, utpes
Ingeniosis eure cantus.
Sive forte adulis floribus inessus,
Costii caducia ebris bibat,
sic.
Oh, thou, that on the grassy bed
Which Nature's verdant hand has spread,
Recedest soft, and tun'st thy song,
The dewy herbs and leaves among!
Whether thouhy' sown flowering flowers,
Drunk with the balmy morning-slowern,
Or.

See what Licinius says about grasshoppers, cap. 93,
And 185.

And chirp thy song with such a glee. &c.] "Some authors have affirmed (says Madame Dacier), that it is only male grasshoppers which sing, and that the females are silent; and on this circumstance is founded a bon-mot of Xenocrates, the comic poet, who says εἶνα εἶνα τίτλις ως εὐφωνία λέγεται, ἃν τινι γενεσίν ένι τινι δειον ειν; are not the grasshoppers happy in having dumb wives?" This note is originally Henry Stephen's; but I chose rather to make a lady my authority for:

The Muse love thy shrilly tone. &c.]
Philo, de Animal Proprietat. calls this insect Μουσας φιλος, the darling of the Muses; and Μουσιων αριστερα, the bird of the Muses; and we find Plato compared for his eloquence to the grasshopper, in the following punning lines of Timon, preserved by Diogenes Laertius:

Τον τικτων δ' ηγοτο πλατυστος αλλ' αγωνος
'όντως της ειρον πολυχωρος, ο τ' Εκατηριν
Δελφον κενταμενμεν ρηγα των κοινοςτον λυτη.

This last line is borrowed from Homers Iliad, γ', where there occurs the very same simile.

Melodious insect, child of earth.] Longepierre has quoted the two first lines of an epigram of Antipater, from the first book of the Anthologia, where he praises the grasshopper to the swan:

Exempt from every week decay,
That withers vulgar frames away;
With not a drop of blood to stain
The current of thy purer vein;
So blest an age is pass'd by thee,
Thou scorn'dst—a little deely.

Αρκετε τεττυμας μετασα εροεος, αλλα σαντας
Αμαν κυκων εις γεγυτητον.
In dew, that drops from morning's wings,
The pay Cicada weeping floats;
And, drink with dew, his mate sings
Sweeter than nay elegy's tone.

ODE XXXV.

Cupid once upon a bed
Of roses laid his weary head;
Lackless of charm, not to see
Within the leaves a slumbering bee!

Theocritus has imitated this beautiful ode in his eleoneth idyll; but is very inferior, I think, to his original, in delicacy of point and naïveté of expression. Spencer, in one of his smaller compositions, has apostrophed more diffusely on the same subject. The poem to which I allude, begins thus:

Upon a day, as Love lay sweetly slumbering
All in his mother's lap;
A gentle bee, with his loud trumpet mourning
About him flew by hap, &c. &c.

In Almedoveo's collection of epigrams, there is one by Lucius, correspondent somewhat with the turn of Anacreon, where Love complains to his mother of being wounded by a rose.

The ode before us is the very flower of simplicity. The infantine complaining of the little god, and the natural and impressive reflections which they draw from Venus, are beauty of imitable grace. I may be pardoned, perhaps, for introducing here another of Menage's Anacreontics, not for its similitude to the subject of this ode, but for some faint traces of the same natural simplicity, which it appears to me to have preserved:

Ειςομεν ποτ' εν χοροις
Των παρθένων αυτων,
Την μοι φειδον Καρπουν,
'Ος αδειν, ως προς αυτην
Προσεκρομ' τραγυλοι
Διευρυς τα χειρας αυτων
Κεφαλι με, μητρη, εις
Καμαμαίνα Καρπουν,
Μητρι, ευθυσως,
'Ος παρθένοις μεν αυτα,
Κ' αυτων εν δυσμενιων,
'Ος ομοιας πλανιων,
Ερως ερυθραια
Εγιν, εις οι παρατας,
Μη διαναρεων, φημι.
Κατων τε και Καρπουν
Διανασθαι τον εχουν
Και οι βλεποντες ενυ.

As dancing o'er the enamelled plain,
The flow' rlet of the viret train,
My soul's Corinna lightly play'd,
Young Cupid saw the graceful maid;
He saw, and in a moment flew,
And round her neck his arms he throw'd;
Saying, with smiles of infant joy,
"Oh! kiss me, mother, kiss thy boy!"
Ancient of a mother's name,
The modest viret blush'd with shame;
And angry Cupid, scarce believing
That vision could be so deceiving—


ODES OF ANACREON.

The bee awak'd — with anger wild
The bee awak'd, and stung the child.
Loud and pitiful are his cries;
'To Venus quick he runs, he flies;
"Oh mother! I am wounded through —
I die with pain — in sooth I do!"
Stung by some little angry thing,
Some serp'd on a tiny wing —
A bee it was — for once, I know
I heard a rustic call it so!
Thus he spoke, and she the while
Heard him with a soothing smile;
Then said, "My infant, if so much
That little stinger hurt so much,
How must the heart, ah, Cupid be,
The helpless heart that's stung by thee?"

To Thus to mistake his Cyprian dame!
It made ev'n Cupid blush with shame.
"Be not ashamed, my boy," I cried,
For I was lingering by his side;
"Cornus and thy lovely mother,
Believe me, are so like each other,
That clearest eyes are oft betray'd,
And take thy Venus for the maid."

Zitto, in his Capricciosi Pessieri, has given a transla
tion of this ode of Anacreon.

ODE XXXVI.
If bearded gold possess'd the power
To lengthen life so fleeting hour,
And purchase from the hand of death
A little span, a moment's breath,
How I would love the precious ore!
And every hour should swell my store;
That when Death came, with shadowy ploun,
To waft me to his bleak dominion,
I might, by bribes, my doom delay,
And bid him call some distant day.
But, since, not all earth's golden store
Can buy for one bright hour more,
Why should we vainly mourn our fate,
Or sigh at life's uncertain date?
Nor wealth nor grandeur can illumne
The silent midnight of the tomb.
No more have to others bearded treasures —
Maid be the brilliant round of pleasures;
The goblet rich, the board of friends
Whose social souls the goblet blends;
And mine, while yet I live to live,
Those joys that love alone can give.

Fontenelle has translated this ode, in his dialogue
between Anacreon and Aristotle in the shades, where,
on weighing the merits of both these personages, he
bestows the prize of wisdom upon the poet.

"The German imitators of this ode are, Lessing, in
his poem 'Gestern Bruder,' &c.; Klein, in the ode
'Ain den Tod'; and Schmidt, in der Poet. Blumei.
Gotting, 1783, p. 7." — Degen.

That when Death came, with shadowy pinion,
To waft me to his bleak dominion, &c.] The
commentators, who are so fond of disputing 'de lan
caprici,' have been very busy on the ambiguity of the
phrase luoy av tavnov evplon. The reading of luoy
av tavnov evplon, which de Medinaeb presents in
his Annotes Literaria, was already hinted by
Le F Trevor, who seldom suggests any thing worth notice.

The goblet rich, the board of friends,
Whose social souls the goblet blends;'] This com-
munication of friendship, which sweet and the bowl of
Anacreon, has not been forgotten by the author of
the following scholiast, where the blessings of life are
emitted with proverbial simplicity. 'Τραπεζιον
μεν αναξτον νυκτα ωνυνη. Διατερου εε, καλον
νυκτον γεμισατο. Το τραπεζε εε ποιτειαν πολος
και η τετρατον συνεβαν μετα των φιλων.

Of mortal blessings here the first is health,
And next those charms by which the eye we move.
The third is wealth, unwounded with guiltless wealth,
And then, sweet intercourse with those we love.

ODE XXXVII.
'Twas night, and many a circling bowl
Had deeply warm'd my thirsty soul.
As Jove in slumber I was laid,
Bright visions o'er my fancy play'd.
With maidens, he who would desire
The opening lawn, I seem'd to skim,
Light, on tiptoe bath'd to dew,
We flew, and sported as we flew!

Some ruddy striplings, who look'd on —
With cheeks, that like the wine-god's shone,
Saw me chasing, free and wild,
These blooming maidens, and slyly smil'd;
So I'd indeed with wanton glee,
Though none could doubt they envied me.
And still I flew — and now had caught
The panting nymphs and laughing boys,
All were gone! — "Alas!" I said,
Sighing for the illusion fled,
"Again, sweet sleep, that scene restore,
Oh! let me dream o'er and o'er!"

"Compare with this ode the beautiful poem 'der
Traum' of Us!" — Degen. Le F Trevor, in a note upon this ode, enters into an elaborite
and learned justification of drunkenness; and this is probably the cause of his severe reproduc
sion which he appears to have suffered for his Anacreon. "Fuit olim factoe (says he in a note upon
Longinus), cum Sapphenn annaln. Sed ex quilia me peditissima femina pene miserrum perditid
cum seclaratassimo suo concercone, (Anacreontes dix, si nescis, Leector, tua splene, &c. etc.) He
aduces on this ode the authority of Plato, who allowed
sirety, at the Diocysian festivals, to men arrived at
their fortieth year. He likewise quotes the following line from Aeschylus, which he says no one, who is not
totally ignorant of the world, can hesitate to confess
the truth of: —

Ουδες φιλατος εστεν ανθρωπος κακος.

"No lover of drinking was ever a vicious man."

When sudden all my dream of joys,
Blushing nymphs and laughing boys,
All were gone! — "Nuncus says Baccus, almost
in the same words that Anacreon uses: —

Ευροικειος θε Παρθενον ους ειχης, και διδεις ανθρωπος ιναλων.

Wakker, he feet the phantom's charms,
The nymph had faded from his arms
Again to slumber he essay'd,
Again to chase the shadowy maid.

LONGEPIERRE.

"Aroin, sweet sleep, that scene restore,
Oh! let me dream it o'er and o'er!" — Doctor
Johnson, in his preface to Shakespeare, animadverted
upon the commentators of that poet, who pretended,
in every little coincidence of thought, to detect an
imitation of Shakespeare from ancient poetry. He dies in the following
words to the line of Anacreon before us: — "I
have been told that when Caliban, after a pleasing
dream, says, 'I cried to sleep again,' the author imi-
mates Anacreon, who had, like any other man, the
same wish on the same occasion."
ODE XXXVIII.

Let us drain the nectar'd bowl,
Let us raise the song of soul;
To him, the god who loves so well
The nectar'd bowl, the choral swell;
The god who taught the sons of earth
To thirst the tangled dance of mirth;
Him, who was clad with gentle Love,
And cradled in the Paphian grove,
Him, that the snowy Queen of Charms
So oft has foulded in her arms.
Oh, 'tis from him the transport flows,
Which sweet intimation knows no end.
With him, the brow forgets its gloom,
And brilliant graces learn to bloom.

Behold! — my boys a goblet bear
Whose sparkling foam lights up the air;
Where are now the tear, the sigh?
To the winds they fly, they fly!
Grasp the bowl; in nectar sinking,
Man of sorrow, drown thy thinking!
Say, can the tears we tend to thought
To life's account avail us sought?
Can we discern, with all our lore,
The path we've yet to journey o'er?
Alas, alas, in ways so dark,
'Tis only wine can strike a spark!
Then let me quaff the foamy tide,
And through the dance meandering glide;
Let me imbibe the spicy breath
Of odours churl'd to frigant death;
Or from the lips of love take
A more ambrosial, richer gale!
To hear'st that court the phantom Care,
Let him retire and shroud him there;
While we exhaust the nectar'd bowl,
And swell the choral song of soul.
To him, the god who loves so well
The nectar'd bowl, the choral swell!

"Compare with this beautiful Ode to Bacchus the verses of Hagedorn, lib. vi., 'das Gesellschaftliche;' and of Burger, p. 51, &c. &c." — Degen.

Him, that the snowy Queen of Charms,
So oft has foulded in her arms.] Robortillo,
on the epithalum of Catillus, mentions an ingenious derivation of Cythera, the name of Venus, παρα τον κυθην ους ερωτας, which seems to hint that her lofty fairies labours are hot, when not concealed.

Alas, alas, in ways so dark,
'Tis only wine can strike a spark!
The brevity of life allows arguments for the voluptuary as well as the moralist. Among many parallel passages which Longepierre has added, I shall content myself with this epigram from the Anthologia.

Δωραμενοι, Προδεικτη, πυκνωμεθη, και τους
Εκπεμμε, κυλχας μεζωνας αμεμα.
Ραιος δ' χαιρωντων εστι βιος, ητα τα λοιπα
Γνωρι κυλωντε και το τελον θανατος.

Of which the following is a paraphrase:

Let's fly, my love, from morning's yawn,
To plunge us in you coining stream;
Then, hastening to the fatal bower,
We'll pass in with the evening hour;
'Tis thus our age of bliss shall fly,
As sweet, though passing as that sigh,
Which seems to whisper o'er your lip.
"Come, while you may, of rapture sip."
For age will steal the graceful form,
Will chill the pulse, while drooping warm:
As a death — alas! — that hearts, which thrill
Like yours and mine, should ever be still!

ODE XXXIX.

How I love the festive boy,
Tripping through the dance of joy!
How I love the mellow sage,
Smiling through the veil of age!
And when'er this man of years
In the dance of joy appears,
Snows may dower his head be flung,
But his heart — his heart is young.

Snows may o'er his head be flung,
But his heart — his heart is young.] Saint Favin makes the same distinction in a sonnet to a young girl.

Je saie bleu que les destines
Ont mal compassé ces amours
Ne reposer que mon amour;
Peut-être en seres vous emue.
Il est jeune et oû est que du jour,
Belle pro, que je vous ai vu.
Fair and young thou bloomest now,
And I full many a year have told;
But read the heart and not the brow,
Thou shalt not find my love is old.
My love's a child; and thou canst say
How much his little age may be,
For he was born the very day
When first I set my eyes on thee.

ODE XL.

I know that Heaven hath sent me here,
To run this mortal life's career;
The scenes which I have journeyed o'er,
Return no more — alas! no more;
And all the paths I've set to go,
I neither know nor ask to know.
Away, then, wizard Care, nor think
Thy letters round this soul to link:
Never can heart that feels with me
Descend to be a slave to thee!
And oh! before the vital shrill
Which trembles at my heart, is still,
I'll gather Joy's luxuriant flowers,
And gild with bliss my fading hours;
Bacchus shall bid my winter bloom,
And Venus dance me to the tomb!

Never can heart that feels with me
Descend to be a slave to thee?] Longepierre quotes here an epigram from the Anthology, on account of the similarity of a particular phrase. Though by no means Anacreontic, it is marked by an interesting simplicity which has induced me to paraphrase it, and may alone for its infusion.

Ειςς και τω τυχε γεια χαιτες, των λευκην
Εφιον.

Οδεον εις τρυμενι, παλιτες των μετ' εμα.

At length to Fortune, and to you,
Delective Hope! a lasting dew,
The charm that once beguil'd is o'er,
And I have reach'd my destitute shore.
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!

Bacchus shall bid my winter: Moon,
And Venus dance me to the tomb!] The same commentator has quoted an epigram, write: upon our poet by Julian, in which he makes him promulgate the precepts of good fellowship even from the tomb.

Πολλακα μεν τοι' ασοτα, και εκ ταχνον εν βοσιον,
Pwete, πρελ παιτυρ αρδιδαλφης κοννυ.

This lesson oft in life I sung,
And from my grave I still shall cry,
"Drink, mortal, drink, while time is young.
Ere death has made thee cold as I."

4

ODES OF ANACREON.

37
ODE XI.

When Spring adorns the daisy scene,
How sweet to walk the velvet green,
And hear the west wind's gentle sighs,
As o'er the gentle mead it flies!
How sweet to mark the rippling vine,
Ready to burst in tears of wine;
And with some maid, who breathes but love,
To walk, as noonide, through the grove.] Thus
Horace: —
Quid habes illius, ilius
Quae praebet amores,
And does there then remain but this,
And hast thou lost each ray ray
Of her who breath'd the soul of bliss,
And stole me from myself away?

ODE XLI.

Yes, be the glorious revel mine,
Where humour sparkles from the wine.
Among men, let the youthful fountains
Respond to my enlivening lyre;
And while the red cup frames along,
Mingle in soul as well as song.
Then, while I sit, with flow'rs crown'd,
To regulate the goblet's round,
Let but the nymph, our banquet's pride,
Be seated smiling by my side,
And earth has not a gift or power
That I would envy, in that hour.
But, oh! — oh never let its light
Touched the gay hearts meet here to-night.
For hence be slander's sidelong wounds,
Nor harsh dispute, nor discord's sounds
Disturb a scene, where all should be
Atuned to peace and harmony.

Come, let us hear the harp's gay note
Upon the breeze inspiriting flow.
While round us, kindling into love,
Young maidens through the light dance move,
Thus blest with worth, and love, and peace,
Sure such a lile should never cease!

The character of Anacreon here is very strikingly depicted. His love of social, harmonised pleasures, is expressed with a warmth, spontaneity, and endearment. Among the epigrams imputed to Anacreon is the following: it is the only one worth translating, and it breathes the same sentiments with this ode:—

"Ων χάλας, δε κεφήνα παρά πλεον αυτοσταξαν,
Νικαι και πολυμενοι εκκρετοι λεγεις,
Αλλ' οι δις Μοισεων τε, και αυγες εωρ, Δροκιντης
Σπαμιαγων, εστε σιμονηκετα ευφρασινης."

When to the lip the trimming cup is prest,
And hearts are all asast upon its stream,
Then banish from my heart 'th'mumpolosh'd guest,
Who makes the feasts of war barbarous theme.
But bring the man who o'er his goblet breathes
The Muse's laurel with the Corinth flower:
Oh! give me him whose soul expansive breathes
And blends refinement with the social hour.

ODE XLIII.

While our rosy fillets shed
Freshness o'er each fervid head,
With many a cup and many a smile
The festal moments we beguile,
And while the harp impa-tion'd, fings
Tuneful rapture from its strings,
Some airy nymph, with graceful bounteous
Keeps measure to the music's sound;
Waving, in her snowy hand,
The lovely Bacchanalian wand,
Which, as the tripping wanton flies,
Tumbles all over in her sighs.
A youth the while, with loosed fair
Flying on the limitless air,
Sings, to the wild harp's tender tone,
A tale of woes, alas, his own;
And oh, the sadness in his sighs,
As o'er his lip the accents die!
Never sure on earth has been
Half so bright, so blest a scene.
It seems as Love himself had come
To make this spot his chosen home;
And Venus, too, with all her wiles,
And Bacchus, shedding rosy smiles,
All, all are here, to hail with me
The Genius of Festivity!

And while the harp, impassioned, rings
Twelveful rapture from its string, &c.]
Respecting the barbiton a host of authorities may be collected, which, after all, leave us ignorant of the nature of the instrument. There is scarcely any point upon which we are so totally uninformed as the music of the ancients. The authors extant upon this subject, it is evade, little understood; and certainly if one of their moods was a progression by quarter-tones, which we are told was the nature of the enharmonic scale, simplicity was by no means the characteristic of their melody; for this is a nicety of progression, of which modern music is not susceptible.

The invention of the barbiton is, by Athenaeus, attributed to Anacreon. See his fourth book, where it is called το χάλας το ανακρεοντος. Nuxeuth of Orician, as quoted by Gyraldus, asserts the same. Vide Chabot, in Harat, on the words "Lessebon barbiton," in the first ode.

And oh, the sadness in his sigh,
As o'er his lips the accents die! — Longepierre has quoted here an epigram from the Anthologia:—

"Κοιμήσει μ' εφαμενο πολύτερα χυλίσειν υπέρθος.
Νεκταρ έντονο χαλάς. το γαρ στόμα νεκταρις ετένειν.
Νυν μέν των χαλάς, πολυν των ερωτα πεισμένος.

Of which the following paraphrase may give some idea:—

The kiss that she left on my lip,
Like a dew-drop shall lingering lie;
"It was nectar she gave me to sip,
'Twas nectar I drank in her sigh.
From the moment she printed that kiss,
Nor reason, nor rest has been mine;
My whole soul has been drunk with the bliss,
And feels a delirium divine!

It seems as Love himself had come.
To make this spot his chosen home;—] The introduction of these deities to the festival is merely allegoric.
Madame Decker thinks that the poet describes a masquerade, where these deities were personated by the company in masks. The translation will conform with their idea.

All, all are here, to hail with me
The Genius of Festivity! — Καμιος, the deity or genius of mirth. Philostratus, in the third of his pictures, gives a very lively description of this god.
ODE XLIV.

Buds of roses, virgin flowers,
Cult’d from Cupid’s balmy bowers,
In the bowl of Bacchus sleep,
Till with crimson drops they weep.
Twine the rose, the garland twine,
Every leaf distilling wine;
Drink and smile, and learn to think
That we were born to smile and drink.
Rose, thou art the sweetest flower
That ever drank the amber shower;
Rose, thou art the fondest child
Of dimpled Spring, the wood-nymph wild.
Even the Gods, who walk the sky,
Are amorous of thy scented sigh.
Cupid, too, in Paphian shades,
His hair with rosy fillets braids.
When, with the blushing, auster Graces,
The wanton winding dance he traces.
Then bring me, showerers of roses bring,
And shed them over me while I sing.
Or, while, great Bacchus, round thy shrine,
Wreathing my brow with rose and vine,
I lead some bright nymph through the dance,
Commuelling soul with every glance!

This spirited poem is a eulogy on the rose; and again, in the fifty-fifth ode, we shall find our author rich in the praises of that flower. To a fragment of Sappho, in the romance of Achilles Tatus, to which Barnes refers us, the rose is fancifully styled "the eye of flowers;" and the same poetess, in another fragment, calls the favours of the Muse "the roses of P erotica." See the notes on the fifty-fifth ode.

"Compare with this ode (says the German annotator) the beautiful ode of Uz, ‘die Rose.’"

When with the blushing, sister Graces,
The wanton winding dance he traces.] "This sweet idea of Love dancing with the Graces, is almost peculiar to Anacreon." — Degen.

I lead some bright nymph through the dance, &c.
The ephebus Ἀφροδιτής, which he gives to the nymph, is literally "full-bosomed."

ODE XLV.

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

Then let us never vainly stray,
In search of thorns, from pleasure’s way; &c. I have thus endeavoured to convey the meaning of τις ἐπὶ θανάτου πάσης μασίν; according to Regnier’s paraphrase "the line:—

E che vai, fuor della strada
Del piacere amaro gradita.
Vaneggare in questa vita?

While virgin Graces, warm with May,
Fling roses o’er her dewy way.
The murmuring billows of the deep
Have languished into silent sleep;
And mark! the fitting sea-birds love
Their plumes in that reflective wave;
While cranes from hoary winter fly
To flutter in a kinder sky.
Now the genial star of day
Dissolves the mucky clouds away;
And culture field, and winding stream,
Are freshly glittering in his beam.

Now the earth profligates
With leafy buds and flowery bells;
Gemmaing shoots the olive twinse,
Clusters ripe festoon the vine;
All along the branches creeping,
Through the velvet foliage peeping,
Little infant fruits we see,
Nursing into luxury.

The fastidious affection of some commentators has denounced this ode as spurious. Degen pronounces the four last lines to be the patch-work of some miserable versifier, and Brunck condemns the whole ode. It appears to me, on the contrary, to be elegantly graceful; full of delicate expressions and luxuriant imagery. The abruptness of οἶς τοὺς ἑαυτὸς φαινόμενος is striking and spirited, and has been imitated rather languidly by Horace:

Vides ut alta stet dextra candidum
Boarule ——

The imperative οἶς is infinitely more impressive; as in Shakespear,

But look, the morn, in roseate mantle clad,
Walks o’er the dew of yon high eastern hill.

There is a simple and poetical description of Spring, in Catullus’s beautiful farewell to Bithynia. Carm. 44.

Barnes conjectures, in his life of our poet, that this ode was written after he had returned from Athens, to settle in his paternal seat at Teos; where, in a little villa at some distance from the city, commanding a view of the Ægean Sea and the islands, he contemplated the beauties of nature and enjoyed the felicities of retirement. Vide Barnes, in Aiacl. Vita, &c. xxxv.

This supposition, however unauthentical, forms a pleasing and interesting association, which renders the poem more interesting.

Chevreau says, that Gregory Nazianzenus has paraphrased somewhere this description of Spring; but I cannot meet with it. See Chevreau, Oeuvres Meteées.

"Compare with this Ode (says Degen) the verses of Hagedorn, book fourth, ‘der Frühling,’ and book fifth, ‘der Mai.’"

While virgin Graces, warm with May,
Fling roses o’er her dewy way.] Be favv reads, Ἀφροδίτης ὡσὶ ροζωσὶ, "the roses display their graces." This is not uningenious; but we lose by it the beauty of the personification, to the boldness of which Regnier has rather frivolously objected.

The murmuring billows of the deep
Have languished into silent sleep; &c. It has been justly remarked, that the liquid flow of the line ἁπάλαμνεας ἀληθῆ is perfectly expressive of the tranquillity which it describes.

And culture field, and winding stream, &c. By βουργία τῶν ἐργῶν "the works of men" (says Baxter), he means cities, temples, and town, which are thus illuminated by the beams of the sun.

ODE XLVI.

Behold, the young, the rosy Spring,
Gives to the breeze her scented wing;

ODE XLVII.

'Tt is true, my fading years decline,
Yet can I quaff the brimming wine,
ODE XLVIII.
When my thirsty soul I steep,
Every sorrow's balm to sleep.
Talk of monarchs! I am then
Richest, happiest, first of men.
Careless o'er my cup I sing,
Fancy makes me more than king;
Gives me wealth to Cressus' store,
Can I, can I wish for more?

On my velvet couch reclining,
Ivy leaves my brow entwining,
While my soul expends with glee,
What are kings and crowned to me.
If before my feet they lay,
I would spurn them all away.

Arm ye, arm ye, men of might,
Happy to the sonorous flight;
But let me, my budding vine
Sip only of other blood than thine.
Yonder brimming goblet see,
That alone shall vanquish me—
Who think it better, wiser far
To fall in banquet than in war.

Ivy leaves my brow entwining,
And while we dance through vernal bower,
Who e'ery breath come fresh from flow'rs,
In wine he makes my senses swim,
Till the gale breathes of truth but him!

Again I drink, and lo, there seems
A calmer light to fill my dreams;
The lately ruffled wreath I spread
With steadier hand around my head; Then like the lyre, and sung "how blest
The life of him who lives at rest!"
But then comes witching wine again,
With glorious woman in its train;
And, while rich perfumes round me rise,
I seem the breath of woman's sighs,
Bright shapes, of every hue and form,
Upon my kindling fancy swarm,
Till the whole world of beauty seems
To crowd into my dazzled dreams!
When thus I drink, my heart renews,
And rises as the cup declines;
Rises in the genial flow,
That tone but social spirits know.
When, with young revellers, round the bowl,
The old themselves grow young in soul.
Oh, when I drink, true joy is mine,
There's bliss in every drop of wine.
All other blessings I have known,
I scarcely dare to call my own;
But, when the Fates can ever destroy,
Till death o'entwinds all my joy.

And while we dance through vernal bower, [etc.]
If some of the translators had observed Dr. Trap's caution, with regard to the translation of Juvenal's "Cave ne colun intelligas," they would not have spoilt the simplicity of Anacreon's fancy, by such extravagant conceptions as the following: -

Quaeque boi meum coelestis imaginem
Que, dans un tourbillon pleine de parfums divers,
Oubias enmportant dans ses mains,
Rempli de sa liqueur divine.

Or this: -
Indi mi mema
Mente nato elvra, deliro,
Barcho in crvo
Per la vaca aura serena.

When, with young revellers, round the bowl,
The old themselves grow young in soul!
Subjoined to Gall's edition of Anacreon, we find some curious letters upon the Odean of the ancient, which appeared in the French Journals. At the opening of the Odean in Paris, the managers of that speactacle addressed Professor Gall, giving him some uncommon name for their feat. He suggested the word "Tours," which was adopted; but the litterati of Paris questioned the propriety of the term, and addressed their criticisms to Gall through the medium of the public prints.

ODE LII.

Away, away, ye men of rules,
What have I to do with schools? They'd make me learn, they'd make me think,
But would they make me love and drink? Teach me this, and let me swim
My soul upon the goblet's brim; Teach me this, and let me twine
Some end, responsive heart to mine,
For, age begins to blanch my brow,
I've time for nought but pleasure now.

Fy, and cool my goblet's glow
At venerable fountain's flow;
I'll quaff, my bow, and calmly sink
This substitut to lumber as I drink.
Soon, too soon, my jocund slave,
You'll deck your master's gravely grave;
And there's an end — for ah, you know
They drink but little wine below!

"This is doubtless the work of a more modern poet than Anacreon; for at the period when he lived rhetoricians were not known."— Degen.

Though this ode is found in the Vatican manuscript, I am much inclined to agree in this argument against its authenticity; for though the dawning of the art of rhetoric might already have appeared, the first who gave it any celebrity was Corax of Syracuse, and he flourished in the century after Anacreon.

Our poet anticipated the ideas of Epicurus, in his aversion to the labours of learning, as well as his devotion to voluptuousness. Pocos faeovus maclpoov aoxyste, said the philosopher of the garden in a letter to Euthyphocles.

Teach me this, and let me twine
Some food, responsive heart to mine. By χαρας Aaphatores here, I understand some beautiful girl, in the same manner that Auroi is often used for wine. "Golden" is frequently an epithet of beauty. Thus in Virgil, "Vegetation," and in Properius, "Exan-
thra aurosa," Thalibus, however, calls an old woman "golden.

The translation d'Autori Animoni, as usual, wants on this passage of Anacreon:

Et si libet parum detrahi
Forme accreta d'ovolare
Ad unamule beludbe
Il bel culto d'onestade.

And there's an end — for ah, you know
They drink but little wine below! Thus Mila-

ard:—
ODE LIII.

When I behold the festive train
Of dancing youth, I'm young again!
Memory wakes her magic trance,
And wings me lightly through the dance.
Come, Cybele, smiling maid!
Call the flower and twine the braid;
Bid the blush of summer's rose
Burn upon my forehead's snows;
And let me, while the wild and young
Trip theurry dance alone,
Fling my bunch of years away,
And be as wild, as young, as they.
Hither haste, some cordial soul!
Help to my lips the brimming bowl;
And you shall see this bony sage
Forget at once his barks and age.
He still can chant the festive hymn,
He still can kiss the goblet's brim;
As deeply quaff, as largely fill,
And play the fool right nobly still.

Bid the blush of summer's rose
Burn upon my forehead's snows; [sic.] Liceutus,
in his Hecloglyphics, quoting two of our poet's odes,
where he calls to his attendants garlands, remarks,
"Constantigur florset coronas poetum et polatbanus
in symposio conuenire, non autem sepulentius et philosophum
affectantibus." — "It appears that wreaths of flowers
were adapted for poets and revellers at banquets,
but by no means became those who had pretensions
to wisdom and philosophy." On this principle,
in his 1321 chapter, he discovers a refinement in
Virgil, describing the garland of the poet Silenus,
as fallen off; which distinguishes, he thinks, the divine
intoxication of Silenus from that of common drunkards,
who always wear their crowns while they drink.
Such is the "labor ineptarium" of commentators!

He still can kiss the goblet's brim; [sic.] Wine
is prescribed by Galen, as an excellent medicine for old men:
"Quod frigidos et humoribus expleos calefaciat,
&c.;" but Nature was Anacreon's physician.
There is a proverb in Erphus, as quoted by
Athenæus, which says, "That wine makes an old man
dance, whether he will or not."—

Ode LIV.

Methinks, the picture'd bull we see
Is amorous Jove — it must be he!
How fondly he seems to hear
That fairest of Phoebe's air:
How proud he bears the fancy note,
And spurs the billowy surge aside!
Could any beast of vulgar vein,
Unlaughed thus defy the main?

No; he descends from climes above,
He looks the God, he breathes of Jove!

"This Ode is written upon a picture which represented
the rape of Europa." — Madame Danaus.
It may probably have been a description of one of those
coins, which the Sidonians -truck off in honour of
Europe, nor carrying a woman across the sea by a bull.
Thus Natalis Comes, lib. viii. cap. 23.
"Sidonii numismata cum forma turisi dorso insideae
et mare transfractante cedere in ejus honore." In
the little treatise upon the goddess of Syria, attributed
very falsely to Lucian, there is mention of this coin,
and of a temple dedicated by the Sidonians to Asterie,
whom some, it appears, confounded with Europe.
The poet Moschus has left a very beautiful idyl on
the story of Europe,

No: he descends from climes above,
He looks the God, he breathes of Jove!] Thus Moschus —

ODE IV.

While we invoke the wretched spring,
Resplendent rose! to thee we'll sing;
Resplendent rose, the flower of flowers,
Whose breath is fumes th' Olympian bowers:
Whose virgin blush, of chastend dye,
Enchants so much our mortal eye.
When pleasure's spring-tide season glows,
The Graces love to wreath the rose;
And Venus, in its fresh-blowen leaves,
An emblem of herself perceives.

This Ode is a brilliant panegyric on the rose. "All
antiquity (says Earnes) has produced nothing more
beautiful!"

From the idea of peculiar excellence, which the
ancients ascribed to this flower, arose a pretty proverbial
expression, used by Aristophanes, according to
Suidas, ὅτι οὐδεὶς ἀνθέας, "You have spoken roses," a
phrase somewhat similar to the "diri des fleurettes" of
the French. In the same idea of excellence originated,
I doubt not, a very curious application of the word ὅθεον,
for which the inquisitive reader may consult Galianus
upon the epithalamion of our poet, where it is introduced in the romance of
Theodorus. Muretus, in one of his elegies, calls his mistress
his rose: —

Jem te is iutur rura tene, formosula, jam tene
(Quid tempus?) tene. [sic.] jem, rosa, te tene.
Eleg. 8.

Now I again may heap thee, dearest,
What is there now, on earth, thou fairest?
Again these boughs arms enfold thee,
Again, my rose, again I hold thee.

This, like most of the terms of endurance in the
modern Latin poets, is taken from Plautus; they were
vulgar and colloquial in his time, but are among
the elegancies of the modern Latinists.
Fassenius aludes to the ode before us, in the
beginning of his poem on the Rose: —

Carmina dupua rosa est; velenum canceret ut Ilam
Teius aurita coactum testudine vales.

Resplendent rose! to thee we'll sing! I have
paved over the line κατὰ ἐπανάληψιν, which
is corrupt in this original reading, and has been very
little improved by the annotators. I should suppose
it to be an interpolation, if it were not for a line
which occurs afterwards: μὴ ἔχων λέγων ὅθεον.

And Venus, in its fresh-blowen leaves, [sic.] Belleau,
in a note upon an old French poet quoting the original
here ἀνθέας, translates it, "comme les delices et mirjandises de Venus."
Oft hath the poet's magic tongue
The rose's fair luminous face sung;
And when the Muses, heaven's belov'd maids,
Have rend it in their tuneful shades.
When, at the early glance of morn,
It sleeps upon the glittering dawn,
'Tis sweet to dare the tangled fence,
To call the leaden flowers of heaven,
And wipe with tender hand away
The tear that on its blushing lay!
'Tis sweet to hold the infant stems,
Yet dropping with Aurora's dew,
And freshen them with spicy sighs
That from the weeping buds arise.

When revel reigns, when mirth is high,
And Bacchus beams in every eye,
Our rosy fillets scent exhale,
And fill with balm the frowning gale.
There's sought in nature bright or gay
Where roses do not shed their ray.
When morning paints the orient skies,
Her fingers burn with roseate dyes;
Young nymphs betray the rose's hue,
O'er whiet arum it kindles through.
In Cytherea's form it glows,
And mingleth with the living snows.
The rose distils a healing balm,
The beating pulse of pain to calm;
Preserves the cold invur'd clay,
And mocks the vestige of decay.

If Jove would give the leafy bowers
A queen for all their world of flowers,
The rose would be the choice of Jove,
And blush, the queen of every grove.
Sweetest child of weeping morning,
Gem, the vest of earth adorning;
Eye of gardens, light of laws,
Nursing of soft summer dawns;
Love's own earliest sum it breathes,
Beauty's brow with lustre wreathes,
And, to young Zephyr's warm caracres,
Spreads abroad its verdant tresses,
Till, blushing with the wanton's play,
Its cheek wears ev'n a riper ray!

When morning paints the orient skies,
Her fingers burn with roseate dyes;
In the original here, he enumerates the many epithets of beauty, borrowed from roses, which were used by the poets, to describe the face of a beautiful woman. We see that poets were digressed in Greece with the title of sages: even the careless Anacreon, who lived but for love and voluptuousness, was called by Plato the wise Anacreon—

Preserves the cold invur'd clay.

And when at length, in pale decline,
Its floral beauties fade and pine,
Sweet as in Ida's, is the fatal death,
Diffus'd odour even in death!
Oh! whomse could such a plant have sprung?
Listen, — for thus the tale is sung.
When, humd, from the silvery stream,
Diffusing beauty's warmest beam,
Venus appeared, in blushing hues,
Mellow'd by ocean's kindly dew.
When, in the starry courts above,
The pregnant brain of mighty Jove
Disclosed the triumph of pure grace,
The nymph who shakes the mart alance;
— Then, then, in strange eventful hour,
The earth produc'd an infant flower,
Which sprung, in blushing glories drest,
And wand'red o'er its p. real breast.
The gods beheld this brilliant birth,
And hild the Rose, the boon of earth!

Where "verum honor," though it mean every kind of flowers, may seem more particularly to refer to the rose, which our poet in another ode calls έρώτε ἀλήθιον. We read, in the Hieroglyphics of Persius, lib. iv. that some of the ancients used to order in their walls, that roses should be annually scattered on their tombs, and Persius has added some sepulchral inscriptions to this purpose.

And mocks the vestige of decay.] When he says that this flower prevails over time itself, he still alludes to its efficacy in embalming, as the rose. Proper. lib. i, eleg. 17.), or perhaps to the subsequent idea of its fragrance surviving its beauty; for he can scarcely mean to praise for duration the "flavissime floribus" of the rose. Philestratus compares this flower with love, and says, that they both defy the influence of time; χρόνοι έχουσ' εν' αυτ', ηηνας έναινειν. Unfortunately the similarity lies not in their duration, but in their transcience.

Sweet as in youth, its balmy breath
Diffus'd odour even in death:] Thus Caspar Barba, in his Flus Napaurium:

Ambrosial late rose tain quopque spargit odorem,
Cum duit, aut multo lambada sole iact.
Nor then the rose its odour loses,
When all its flushing beauties die;
Nor less ambrosial balm diffuses,
When wither'd by the solar eye.

With nectar drops, a ruby tide
The sweeterly odour buds they dyed.
T. Ver. lib. ii, 73. v. 22. p. 213.

According to the enumeration of Lipsius, in the following epigram this hue is differently accounted for:

According to the enumeration of Lipsius. In the following epigram this hue is differently accounted for:—

Fusca aprico de crassam—

hi scritta, hi verò honore soluto
Accumulat anum, patrigene in odo repontum
Corpore odoratus.

Fac tua mare.

[In the original here, he enumerates the many epithets of beauty, borrowed from roses, which were used by the poets, to describe the face of a beautiful woman. We see that poets were digressed in Greece with the title of sages: even the careless Anacreon, who lived but for love and voluptuousness, was called by Plato the wise Anacreon—

"fuit hae sequenti quaedam quintam."
ODE LVI.

He, who instructs the youthful crew
To drive them in the trimmer's dew,
And turn, uncloudy rich excesses,
All the bliss that wise possesses:
He, who inspires the youth to bound
Elastic through the dance's round,—
Bacchus, the god again is here,
And leads along the blushing year;
The blushing year with vintage teems,
Ready to shed those cordial streams,
Which, sparkling in the cup of mirth,
Illuminate the sons of earth!

Then, when the ripe and vermil wine—
Blest infant of the precious vine,
Which now in mellow clusters swells,—
Oh! when it bursts its rosate cells,
From the joyous stream the dear flow,
To balsam every mortal soul!—
None shall be then cast down or weak,
For health and joy shall light each check;
No heart will then desponding sigh;
For wine shall bid despondence fly,
Thus—till another autumn's glow
Shall bid another vintage flow.

"Compare with this elegant ode the verses of Uz, lib. ii. "die Weimelus.""— Dacier.

This appears to be one of the hymns which were sung at the anniversary festival of the vintage; one of the ἐνομία ἐνομοὺς, as our poet himself terms them in the fifty-ninth ode. We cannot help feeling a sort of reverence for these classic relics of the religion of antiquity. Horace may be supposed to have written the nine-een book of his second volume, and the twenty-fifth of the third, for some bacchic, or at least classical celebration of this kind.

Which, sparkling in the cup of mirth,
Illuminate the sons of earth!" In the original περὶ Πειραιάδος, Madame Dacier thinks that the poet here had the nuptials of Homer in his mind. Odysse, lib. iv. This nuptials was a something of exquiite charm, infused by Helen into the wine of her guests, which had the power of dispelling every anxiety. A French writer, De Motet, conjectures that this spell, which made the bowl so beguiling, was the charm of Helen's conversation. See Bayle, art. Helenae.

ODE LVII.

Whose was the artist hand that spread
Upon this dish the ocean's bed?
And, in a flight of fancy, high
As aught on earthly wing can fly,

This ode is a very animated description of a picture of Venus on a dish, which represented the goddess in her first emergence from the waves. About two centuries after our poet wrote, the pencil of the artist Apelles embellished this subject, in his famous painting of the Venus Anadyomene, the model of which, 21 Piny informs us, was the beautiful Campaspe, given to him by Alexander; though, according to Natalis Comen. lib vii. cap. 16, it was Phryne who sat to Apelles for the face and breast of this Venus.

There are a few blemishes in the reading of the ode before us, which have influenced Faber, Heyne, Bruenck, &c. to pronounce the whole poem as spurious. But, "non ego paucis offender malum." I think it is quite beautiful enough to be authentic.

Whose was the artist hand that spread
Upon this dish the ocean's bed?"

A truly express of

ODE OF ANACREON.

Depicted thus, in semblance warm,
The Queen of Love's voluptuous form
Floating along the silvery sea
In beauty's naked majesty.
Oh! let the gallant ambition's sight
A witching banquet of delight,
Where, gleaming through the waters clear,
Glimpses of undreamt charms appear,
And all that mystery loves to screen,
Fancy, like Faith, adores unseen.

Light as a leaf, that on the breeze
Of summer skims the glassy seas,
She floats along the ocean's breast,
Which undulates in sleepless rest;
While sheating on, she gently pillows
Her bosom on the heaving billows.
Her bosom, like the dew-wash'd rose,
Her neck, like April's sparkling soors,
Hume the liquid path she traces,
And born within the stream's embraces.
Thus on she moves, in languid pride,
Encircled by the azure tide,
As some fair fay o'er a bed
Of violets bends its graceful head.

Beneath their queen's inspiring glance,
The dolphins o'er the green sea dance,
Bearing in triumph young Desire,
And infant Love with smiles of fire!
While, glittering through the silver waves,
The tenants of the brine's caves,
Around the pomp their sandals play,
And gleam along the watery way.

sudden admiration, and is one of the beauties, which we cannot but admire in their source, though, by frequent imitation, they are now become familiar and unimpressive.

And all that mystery loves to screen,
Fancy, like Faith, adores unseen, &c.] The picture here has all the delicate character of the semi-reducta Venus, and attests a happy specimen of what the poetry of passion ought to be—glowing but through a veil, and stealing upon the heart from concealment. From the name of the artist, De Motet, we have all this modesty of description, which, like the golden cloud that hung over Jupiter and Juno, is impervious to every beam but that of fancy.

Her bosom, like the dew-wash'd rose, &c.] "Paeon (says an anonymous annotator) is a whimsical epithet for the bosom." Neither Callius nor Gray have been of his opinion. The former has the expression,

En his in rosea latet papilla.

And the latter,

Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd hours, &c.

Crotus, a modern Latinist, might indeed be counselled for too vague a use of the epithet "rosy," when he applies it to the eyes:—"oculis roseis oculis."

young Desire, &c.] In the original Λαούς, who was the same deity with Jove among the Romans. Aurelius Augurellus has a poem beginning—

Juvat ille Bacchus ad oenam sussu
Comum, Jocum, Cupidinem.

Which Parnell has closely imitated:—

Gay Bacchus, like Esquines wine,
A noble meal bespoke us;
And for the guests that were to dine,
Brought Comus, Love, and Jove, &c.
ODE LVIII.

When Gold, as fleet as zephyr's pinion, 
Escapes like any faults-his ministrans, 
And flies me (as he flies me ever) 
Do I pursue him? never, never! 
No, let the false defer go, 
For who would curt his direst foe? 
But, when I feel my high and mind 
No more the golden girdle shed, 
Then loose I all such changeless cares, 
And cast them to the vacant airs, 
Then feel I, toy the Muse's spell, 
And wake to life the dead shell, 
Which, round once more, to beauty sings, 
While love dissolves along the strings! 

But, scarcely has my heart been laug, 
How little Gold deserves a thought, 
When, lo! the slave returns once more, 
And with him waits delious store 
Of racy wine, whose genial art 
To shudder seals the anxious heart. 
Again he tries my soul to saver 
From love and song, perhaps for ever! 

Away, deceiver! why pursuing 
Careless thus my heart's undoing? 
Sweet is the song of amorous fire, 
Sweet the sighs that thrill the lyre; 
Oh! sweeter far than all the gold, 
Than wings can watt, thy minxes can hold, 
Well do I know thy art, thy wiles 
They wither'd Love's young weathed smiles; 
And o'er his lyre such darkness shed, 
I thought 'tis soul of song was fled! 
They dash'd the wine-cup, I, him, by 
Was hired with kisses to the brim. 

I have followed Barnes's arrangement of this ode, 
which, though deviating somewhat from the Vatican MS., appears to me the more natural order.

When Gold, as fleet as zephyr's pinion, 
Escapes like any faults-his ministrans, &c. | In the original Ο δέ ηφναθης ὑπὲρμος. There is a kind of pun in these words, as Madame Dacier has already remarked; for Chrysoe, which signifies gold, was also a frequent name for a slave. In one of Lucian's dialogues, there is, I think, a similar play upon the word, where the followers of Chrysoeus are called golden fishes. The puns of the ancients are, in general, even more vivid than our own; some of the best are those recorded of Diogenes.

And flies me (as he flies me ever), &c. | Αἰτίον, αἰτιομετώπητον. This grace of iteration has already been taken notice of. Though sometimes merely a playful beauty, it is peculiarly expressive of impassioned sentiment, and we may easily believe that it was one of the many sources of that energetic sensibility which breathed through the style of Sappho. See Gylraul, Vet. Poet. Dial. 5. It will not be said that this is a mechanical ornament by any one who can feel its charm in those lines of Catullus, where he complains of the infidelity of his mistress, Lesbia:—

Covil, Lesbia nostra, Lesbia Ila, 
Hic Lesbia, quam Catullus amant, 
Quam se atque sece amavit omnis, 
Nun, &c.

Si sic omnia disisset! — but the rest does not bear citation.

They lash'd the wine-cup, that, by him, 
Was filled with kisses to the brim.] Original: —

Φολησμον ἐκ καταβολής, 
Πολυγνυμα καρδύνος.

Go—fly to haunts of sordid men, 
But come not near the hard agam, 
Thy glister in the Muse's shade, 
Seems from her bowser the blameless maid; 
And not for worlds would I forego 
That mome of poetic glow, 
When my full soul, in Fancy's stream, 
Pours o'er the lyre its swelling theme. 
Away, away! to wandering hence, 
Who feel not this diviner sense. 
Give gold to those who love that pest, — 
But leave the poet poor and blest.

Horace has "Desidereum tempera pœtum," not figuratively, however, like Anacreon, but importing the love-philtres of the witches. By "cups of kisses" our poet may allude to a favourite gallantry among the ancients, of drinking when the lips of their mistresses had touched the brim:—

"Or leave a kiss within the cup, 
And I'll not ask for wine."

As in Ben Jonson's translation from Philostratus; and Lucian has a conceit upon the same idea, "τυα καὶ χοπροις ἀνα καταβολή, "—that you may at once both drink and kiss."—

ODE LX.

Ripe'd by the solar beam, 
Now the ruddy clusters teem, 
In osier baskets borne along 
By all the festal vintage throng. 
Of rosy youths and virgins fair, 
Ripe as the melting fruits they bear. 
Now, now they press the pregnant grapes, 
And now the captive stream a cape, 
In fervid orb of auroral gush, 
And for its bondage proudly blush! 
While, round the vat's impurpled brim, 
The choral song, the vintner's hymn 
Of rosy youths and virgins fair, 
Seeks on the waves and wine-wafted air. 
Mark, how they drink, with all their eyes, 
The orient tinge that sparkling flies, 
The infant Bacchus, born in mirth, 
While Love stands by, to hail the birth. 

When he, whose verging years decline 
As deep into the vale as mine, 
When he inhaled the vintage-cup, 
His feet, new-wag'd, from earth spring up, 
And as he spring'd, the feet of Pans 
Whispering through his silvery hair. 
Meanwhile young groups whom love invites, 
To joys ev'n rivaling wine's delights, 
Seek, arm in arm, the shadowy grave, 
And there, in woods and leafy nooks of love, 
Such as fond lovers look and say, 
Pass the sweet moonlight hours away.®

The title ἐπιλεύσεως ἱματος, which Barnes has given to this ode, is by no means appropriate. We have already had one of those hymns (ode 56.), but this is a description of the vintage; and the title as επιλεύσεως, which it bears in the Vatican MS., is more correct than any that have been suggested.

Deben, in the true spirit of literary scepticism, doubts that the ode is genuine, without assigning any reason for a such suspicion; — "you amo te, Nobili, nec possum dicere quia e." But this is far from being satisfactory criticism.

® These well acquainted with the original need hardly be reminded that in these few concluding verses, I have thought right to give only the general meaning of my author, leaving the details untouched.
ODE LX.

Awake to life, my sleeping shell,
To Phoebus let thy numbers swell;
And though no glorious prize be thine,
No lythian wreath around thee shine,
Yet every hour is thy voice to hear;
To him who gathers wisdom's flower,
Then wake thee from thy voiceless slumber,
And to the soul and Phrygian numbers,
Which, tremblingly, thy lips repeat,
Send echoes from thy chord so sweet.
'Tis thus the swan, with Palaemon,
Down the Cystern's current flows,
While amorous breezes linger round,
And sigh responsive sound for sound,

Muse of the Lyre! illumine my dream,
Thy Phoebus is my fancy's theme;
And hollow'd is the harp I bear,
Hallow'd is the wreath I wear,
Hallow'd by him, the god of lays,
Who modulates the chord so rare;
I sing the love which Iphise tw'nd
Around the godhead's yielding mind;
I sing the blushing Daphne's flight
From the e'en with son of Light;
And how the teachers hold this sport,
Fly trembling to the kindly shade,
Reign'd a form, alas, too far,
And grew a verdant laurel there;
Whose leaves, with sympathetic thrill,
In terror turned to tremble still!
The god is said, with wings so fair,
And when his hope was on fire
And when to clasp the nymph he thought,
A lifeless tree was all he caught;
And, stead of sights that pleasure beaves,
Heard but the west-wind in the leaves!

But, pause, my soul, no more, no more —
Enthusiasm, whither do I soar?
This sweeter-naming dream of soul
Hath hurst me beyond the goal.
Why should I sing the mighty darts
Which fly to wound celestial hearts,
When ah, the song, with sweeter tone,
Can tell the darts that wound my own?

This hymn to Apollo is supposed not to have been written by Anacreon; and it is undoubtedly rather a sublimation than the Teian wing. It is customary to soar.

I find the word κεντρον here has a double force, as it also signifies that "ονομαντον παρεπεμ, quom sanctus Numa, &c. &c." (See Martial.) In order to confirm the truth of the word here, those who are curious in new readings, may place the stop after φιτεος, thus:

To μεν εκπεμηνε κεντρον
Φιτεος, δ' αμηφισ μορφον.

Still be Anacreon, still inspire
The sweetest sound of the Teian lyre;
Still let the sacred numbers float,
Distilling love in every note!
And when some yon, whose lowing soul
He felt the Paphian star's enchain,
When he the liquid lay is near,
His heart willillet to his ear,
And drinking there of song divine,
Banquet on intellectual wine!

Still be Anacreon, still inspire
The dream of the Teian lyre: The original is Το Ανακραονται μοιον. I have translated it under the supposition that the hymn is by Anacreon; though, I fear, from this very line, that his claim to it can scarcely be supported.

Το Ανακραονται μοιον: "imitate Anacreon." Such is the lesson given us by the lyricist; and if, in poetry, a simple elegance of sentiment, enriched by the most playful facilities of fancy, be a charm which invites or deserves imitation, when shall we find such a guide as Anacreon? is morality, too, with some little reserve, we need not blush, I think, to follow in his footsteps. For his song to the language of his heart, though luxurious and relaxed, he was artless and benevolent; and who would not forgive a few inaccuracies, which attended for by virtues so rare and so endearing? When we think of the sentiment in those lines:

Away! I hate the staidenous dust,
Which steals to wound th' unwary heart,
how many are there in the world, to whom we would wish to say, Το Ανακραονται μοιον?

Here ends the last of the odes in the Vatican MS., whose authority helps to confirm the genuine antiquity of them all, though a few have siden among the number, which we may blunder in attributing to Anacreon. In the little essay prefixed to this translation, I observed that Barnes has quoted this manuscript incorrectly, relying upon an imperfect copy of it, which Isaac Vossius had taken. I shall just mention two or three instances of this inaccuracy — the first which occur to me. In the title of the Decejo, on the words Πτερος και λυκη, he says, "Vatican MS. Θευκος, etiam Vossiani initio;" but the MS. reads Θευκων, with συνεπιστρων interlined. Deogen, too, on the same line, is somewhat in error, in the twenty-second line of this series, line thirty-third, the MS. has Θευκων with interlined, and Barnes imputes to it the reading of Θευκων. in the fifty-seventh line, twelve, he professes to have preserved the reading of the MS. Ανακραονται δ' εν αυτη, while the latter has Ανακραονται δ' εν αυτη. Almost all the other annotators have transplanted these errors from Barnes.

ODE LXI.

Youth's endearing charms are fled;
Hoary locks deforme my head;
Bloomless grace, dullness gay,
All the flowers of life decay.

The intrusion of this melancholy ode, among the careless levities of our poet, reminds us of the statues which the Egyptians used to hang up in their banquet-rooms, to inculcate a thought of mortality even amidst the dissipations of mirth. If it were not for the beauty of its numbers the Teian Muse should shun this side. "Quod habet illius, illius quo spiritual animae?"

To Schinus we are indebted for it.

Bloomless grace, dullness gay,
All the flowers of life decay.
Horace often, with
Odes of Anacreon.

To Seythians leave these wild excesses,
Ours be the joy that soothes and blesses!
And while the temperate bowl we waft,
In concert let our voices breathe,
Beguiling every hour along,
With harmony of soul and song.

Ode LXIII.

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

"This fragment is preserved in Clemens Alexandrinus, Strom. lib. vi. and in Arsenius, Collect. Græc." — Bards.

It appears to have been the opening of a hymn in praise of Love.

Ode LXIV.

Haste thee, nymph, whose well-saimed spear
Wounds the fleeting mountain-deer!
Diana, Jove's immortal child,
Huntress of the savage wild!
Goddes with the sun bright hair!
Listen to a people's prayer.
Turn to Lethe's river turn,
There thy vanished people mourn!
Come to Lethe's wavy shore,
Tell them they shall mourn no more.
Thine their hearts, their altars thine!
Must they, Diana — must they pine?

This hymn to Diana is extant in Heptameron. There is an anecdote of our poet, which has led some to doubt whether he ever wrote any odes of this kind. It is related by the Scholiast upon Pindar (Isthmique, ed. ii. l. as cited by Barnes) that Anacreon being asked, why he addressed all his hymns to women, and none to the deities? answered, "Because women are my deities."

I have assumed, it will be seen, in reporting this anecdote, the same liberty which I have thought it right to take in translating some of the odes; and it were to be wished that these little indiscretions were always allowable in interpreting the writings of the ancients; thus, when nature is forgotten in the original, in the translation "lumen usque recurrere."

Turn, to Lethe's river turn,
There thy vanquished people mourn!

Ode LXV.

Like some wanton filly sporting,
Maid of Three, thou fliest my courting.
Wanton filly! tell me why
Thou triest away, with color'd eye,
And seem'st to think my doating heart
Is notice in the breasts of a,
Believe me, girl, it is not so:
Though I find this skillful hand can throw
The reins around that tender form,
However wild, however warm.
ODES OF ANACREON.

Yes — trust me I cannot thy force,
And turn and wash thee in the course.
Though, wasting now thy careless hours,
Then sport amid the herbs and flowers,
Soon shall thou feel the rem's control,
And tremble at the wished for goal!

This ode, which is addressed to some Thracian girl,
exists in Herculides, and has been imitated very frequently by Horace, as all the annotators have remarked. Madame Becan rejects the allegory, which runs so obviously through the poem, and supposes it to have been addressed to a young man belonging to Polycrates.

Pausanias, in the fourth book of his Hieroglyphics, cites this ode, and informs us that the horse was the hieroglyphical emblem of pride.

ODE LXVI.

To thee, the Queen of nymphs divine,
Fairest of all that fairest shine;
And oh! thou nymphal Power, to thee
Who hearest of all the guardian key,
Breathing my soul in fervent praise,
And weaving wild my voice lays.
For thee, O Queen! I wake the lyre,
For thee, thou blushing young Desire,
And oh! for thee, thou nymphal Power,
Come, and illumine this gendal hour.

Look on thy bade, too happy boy,
And while thy lambent glance o'erspay
Plays over all her blushing charms,
Delay not, snatch her to thine arms,
Before the lovely, trembling prey,
Like a young birding, wing away!
While the Sylvia, brack the happy youth,
Dear to the Queen of amorous truth,
And dear to her, whose yielding zone
Will soon resign her all thine own.
To the Sylvia, turn thine eye.
Breathe to Sylvia, break the happy sigh.
To those boughs by chaste delights turn.
For thee they blush, for thee they burn.

Not more the rose, the queen of flowers,
Outshines all the bloom of livers,
Than she unival'd grace disclosest,
The sweetest rose, where all are roses.
Oh! may the sun, benignant, shed
His blazond influence o'er thy bed;
And foster there an infant tree.
To bloom like her, and tower like thee!

This ode is introduced in the Romance of Theophrus Prodromus, and is that kind of epithalamium which was sung like a symphonia at the nuptial banquet.

Among the many works of the impassioned Sappho, of which time and ignorant superstition have deprived us, the loss of her epithalamium is not one of the least that we deplore. The following lines are cited as a relic of one of those poems:

Ουδε γαμη:σες ου μεν δη γαμος ος αρα, Επεχεισια, ευγες και παρεν' αν αρα.

See Scagleri, in his Poetics, on the Epithalamium.

And foster there an infant tree.
To bloom like her, and tower like thee! Original Κυπασστος ε πεφως στι συν ενι γαμο,
PATERATUS, upon the words "cum castum animi florum," in the Nuptial Song of Caillou, after explaining "flos" in somewhat a similar sense to that which Gauinima attributes to "flos," says, "Hic omnique vocant in flos stil capril, et Graecus flos toti : ephe: bainus ynnkahw."
And one was of th' Egyptian leaf,
The rest were res, fair and brief;
While from a g'lden vase profound,
To all on flowery beds around,
A Hebe, of celestial shape,
Pour'd the rich droppings of the grape.

Ode LXXX.

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

Compiled by Barnes, from Athenæus, Hecataëus, and Aristonius. See Barnes, 60th.

Ode LXXI.

With twenty chords my lyre is hung,
And while I wake them all for thee,
Then, O maiden, wild and young,
Despair'n in airy levity.

The nursing fawn, that in some shade
Its aunt's mother leaves behind,
Is not more wantonly afraid,
More timid of the rustling wind.

This I have formed from the eighty-fourth and eighty-fifth of Barnes's edition. The two fragments are found in Athenæus.

The nursing fawn, that in some shade
Its aunt's mother leaves behind, &c.] In the original:-
"Os ev βλη κρεποσγας
Απολαβων βπο μητρος."

"Horned" here, undoubtedly, seems a strange epithet; Madame Ducier however observes, that Sophocles, Callimachus, &c. have all applied it in the very same manner, and seems to agree in the conjecture of the scholiast Upon Pindar, that perhaps horses are not always peculiar to the males. I think we may with more ease conclude it to be a license of the poet, "jussit habere puellam coronam."

Ode LXXXII.

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

This fragment is preserved by the scholiast upon Aristophanes, and is the eighty-seventh in Barnes.

Ode LXXXIII.

Awhile I bloom'd, a happy flower,
Till Love approach'd one fatal hour,
And made my tender branches feel
The wounds of his avenging steel,
Then fast I fell, like some poor willow
That falls across the wintry billow.

This is to be found in Hecataëus, and is the eightyninth of Larmas's edition.

I have omitted, from among the scraps, a very considerable fragment imputed to our poet, Εανατδές ἐκ ἐκβαλοκι τινι μελη, &c. which is preserved in the twelfth book of Athenæus, and is the ninety-first in Barnes. If it was really Anacreon who wrote it, "nil fuit unquam sic impar sibi." It is in a style of gross satire, and abounds with expressions that never could be gracefully translated.

Ode LXXIV.

Monarch Love, resistless boy,
With whom the rosy Queen of Joy,
And nymphs, whose eyes have Heaven's hue,
Disputing bred the mountain-dew;
Propitious, oh! I receive my signs,
Which, glowing with entire fire,
That thou wilt whisp' er to the breast
Of her I love thy soft softest be
And ensew her to learn from thee,
That lesson thou hast taught to me.
Ah! if my heart no flattery felt.
Thou'lt own I've learn'd that lesson well!

A fragment preserved by Dion Chrysostom. Orat. ii. de Regno. See Barnes, 93.

Ode LXXV.

Spirit of Love, whose locks unroll'd,
Stream on the breeze like floating gold;
Come, within a fragrant cloud
Blushing with light, thy votary shrou'd;
And, on those wings that sparkle play,
Walt, oh, walt me hence away!

Love! my soul is full of thee,
Alive to all thy luxury.

But she, the nymph for whom I glow,
The lovely Lesbian mocks my wise;
Smiles at the chill and hoary hues,
That time upon my forehead strews.

Ah! I fear she keeps her charms,
In store for younger, happier arms!

This fragment, which is extant in Athenæus (Barnes, 101x), is supposed, on the authority of Chamaeleon, to have been addressed to Sappho. We have also a stanza attributed to her, which some romancers have supposed to be her answer to Anacreon. "Mais par malheur (as Bayle says), Sappho vint au monde environ cent on six vingt ans avant Anacreon." — Nouvelles de la Rép. des Litt. tom. ii. de Novembre, 1684. The following is her fragment the compliment of which is finely imagined; she supposes that the Muse has dictated the verses of Anacreon:

Καινών, ω χοοτρόθονε Μούρες' ενεπίτε
Τ'αμυναν, εκ της κολληγινυκος οδας
Της χοας βν ακε τερνουων
Περισσων τανατων.

Ω, Μουρε! ωρα αυτι ανδρι χωλων θρυ
Κελευχ' σου κατ' αυτων αυτων
Την τελικ' αυτων αυτων

Ω, Μουρε! who sitst on golden throne
Full many a hymn of watching tires
The Town song is taught by thee;
But, O! O! from thy throne of gold
The sweetest hymn thou'lt ever told,
He lately heard' and sung for me.

Ode LXXVI.

Hither, gentle Muse of mine,
Come and teach thy votary old
My a golden hymn divine,
For the nymph with vest of gold.
Pretty nymph, of tender age,
Fair thy silken locks unfold;
Listen to a lustrous sage,
Sweetest maid with vest of gold!

Formed of the 124th and 119th fragments in Barnes, both of which are to be found in Scaliger's Poetics.

De Paau thinks that those detached lines and couples, which Scaliger has added as examples in his Poetics, are by no means authentic, but of his own fabrication.

ODE LXVII.

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

Would that I were a golden vase,
That some bright nymph might hold
My spotless frame, with blushing grace,
Herself as pure as gold!

This is generally inserted among the remains of Alceus. Some, however, have attributed it to Anacreon. See our poet's twenty-second ode, and the notes.

ODE LXVIII.

When Cupid sees how thickly now,
The snows of Time fall o'er my brow,
Upon his wing of golden light,
He passes with an easiest flight,
And lifting onward seems to say,
"Fare thee well, thou 'st had thy day!"

See Barnes, 133d. This fragment, to which we have taken the liberty of adding a turn not to be found in the original, is cited by Lucian in his short essay on the Gallic Hercules.

Cupid, whose lamp has lent the ray,
That lights our life's meandering way,
That God, within this bosom stealing,
Hath waken'd a strange, mingled feeling,
Which pleasures, though so finely teasing,
And teases, though so sweetly pleasing!

Barnes, 125th. This is in Scaliger's Poetics. Gail has omitted it in his collection of fragments.

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

This fragment is extant in Arsenius and Hephæstion. See Barnes (60th), who has arranged the metre of it very skilfully.

I know thou lovest a brimming measure,
And art a kindly, cordial host;
But let me fill and drink at pleasure—
Thus I enjoy the goblet most.

Barnes, 72d. This fragment, which is found in Athenæus, contains an excellent lesson for the votaries of Jupiter Hospitalis.
ODES OF ANACREON.

And yet, oh, Bard! thou art not mute in death,
Still do we catch thy lyre's luxurious breath;
And still thy songs of soft Batllylia bloom,
Green as the ivy round thy melancholy tomb.
Nor yet has death obscured thy fire of love,
For still it lights thee through the Elysian grove;
Where dreams are thine, that bless thy elect alone,
And Venus calls thee even to death her own!

God of the grape! thou hast betray'd
In wine's bewildering dream.
The fairest swan that ever play'd
Along the Muse's stream!

The Telos, ours' with all those honey'd boys,
The young Desires light Loves, and rose-lipp'd Joy!

Still do we catch thy lyre's luxurious breath;
Thus Simonides, speaking of our poet:

Moxyns 8' ον λυθη μελετευος αλλ' ετε καινο
Βαρβητου νους θανων ευνασεν εν αιγα.
Σιμωνιδου, Ανακρεών.

Nay yet are all his numbers mute,
Though dark within the tomb he lies;
But living still, his amorous line
With sleepless animation sighs!

This is the famous Simonides, whom Plato styled
"divine," though Le Fevre, in his Poetes Grecs, supposes
that the epigrams under his name are all falsely
imputed. The most considerable of his remains is a
survival poem upon women, preserved by Stobæus,
"Favoris mugium.

We may judge from the lines I have just quoted,
and the import of the epigram before us, that the
works of Anacreon were perfect in the times of
Simonides and Antipater. Observe, the commentator
here, seems to exult in their destruction, and telling
us they were burned by the bishops and patriarchs,
he adds, "nec sane id necquiquam factum," attributing
this outrage an effect which it could not possibly
have produced.

TOY ATTOY, EIE TON ATTON.

ΤΥΜΒΟΣ Ανακρεώνος. τη Τηγρος ενθάδε κυκνος
Εθιδώ, χ' παιδων φωτατη majus.
Ακρινω καραυοντε μελιστον αμρα Βακτωδον
Ιεραν και κυπνον λεων αδων λιθως.
Ου' Αληθες ερμος αποστεωσιν, εν ο' Ακρεωνος
Ευ, οιος ωλευς Κυπρος Βεροετομ.

Here sleeps Anacreon, in this ivied shade;
Here mute in death the Teian swan is laid.
Cold, cold that heart, which while so cold it dwelt
All the sweet frenzy of love's passion felt.

And yet, oh, Bard! thou art not mute in death,
Still do we catch thy lyre's luxurious breath;
And still thy songs of soft Batllylia bloom,
Green as the ivy round thy melancholy tomb.
Nor yet has death obscured thy fire of love,
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us they were burned by the bishops and patriarchs,
he adds, "nec sane id necquiquam factum," attributing
this outrage an effect which it could not possibly
have produced.

TOY ATTOY, EIE TON ATTON.

ΕΙΕΝ, ταφον παρα ληυσιν Ανακρεώνος αλευρινος,
Ει τοι τε κββουν ρηθην εμων οφελο,
Σπειρων εμι σπειριν, σπειρων γατος, οφρα κεν
σαυρο.

Οσια γηράζοντα παμα νοτιόλειμον,
Ος 'ε Δικτωσου μεγαλεμνος ουναω κωμος,
'Ο φιλοκρατος κυνηρος δοριώμαν.

Μηδα κατασφερομενος Βακουν ελιγι τυντων οπεσω
Του γενε μεροπαν χωρον οφελεμονον.

Oh, stranger! if Anacreon's shell
Have ever taught thy heart to swell
With passions' thrum or pleasure's sigh
In pity turn, as wandering night.

The spirit of Anacreon is supposed to utter these
verses from the tomb—some say "mutus ab illo,"
at least in simplicity of expression.

—

If Anacreon's shell
Has ever taught thy heart to swell, &c.] We may
guess from the words κββουν εμων, that Anacreon
was not merely a writer of billets-doux, as some
French critics have called him. Amongst these Mr.
Le Fevre, with all his professorial admiration, has
given our poet a character by no means of an elevated
cast:

Aussi c'est pour cela que le poète
L'a toujours justement d'élogie en raison
Comme un franc goguenard, ami de laisser-aller,
Ami de billets-doux et de baladine.
And drop thy goblet's richest tear
In tenderest libation here;
So shall my sleeping ashes thrill
With visions of enjoyment still.
Not even in death can I resign
The fond joys that once were mine,
When Harmony pursued my ways,
And Bacchus wended to my lays.
Oh! if delight could charm no more,
If all the goblet’s bliss were o’er,
When love and life were nothing more,
Then dying would be death indeed;
Nor could I think, unblest by wine,
Divinity itself divine!

See the verses prefixed to his Poetes Graeci. This is unlike the language of Theocretus, to whom Anacreon is indebted for the following simple eulogium:

EI$ ANAKREONTOS ANAPLANTOS.
Θασοῦ τοῦ ανθρώπου τούτου, ἐνεργέω, σπευδά, καὶ λαγη, επαν ἵναι εὐθύς.
Ἀνακρέοντος εἰκών ἐνων ἐν Τεο, τῶν προφητευτήρων ὁ οὕτως. Ἐπισύναξι τοῦ ὁλοκληρωτικοῦ λόγου τοῦ αὐθαίρου.

UPON THE STATUE OF ANACREON.
 Stranger! who hear this statue chance to roam,
Let it while your studious eyes examine:
That you may say, returning to your home,
"I’ve seen the image of the Teian sage,
Best of the bard who decked the Muse’s page."
Then, if you add, "That stripes his soul so well,
You tell them all he was, and as it tell.
I have endeavoured to do justice to the simplicity of this inscription by rendering it as literally, I believe, as a verse translation will allow.

And drop thy goblet’s richest tear, &c.] Thus Simonides, in another of his epitaphs on our poet: —
Καὶ μνῷα τεταγμένα νυστήρ προσώπως, ἤδη γεγραμμένον Ἀπεῖρονος μᾶλλον εἰς εἰς εἰς στομάτων.
Let vines, in clustering beauty wreath’d,
Drop all their treasures on his head,
Who scarce a dew of sweetness breath’d
Richer than violets ever shed!

And Bacchus wended to my rays, &c. The original here is corrupted, the line ἤδη Δωμνον feels better, &c. is unintelligible.
Bruck’s emendation improves the sense, but I doubt if it can be commended for elegance. He reads the line thus: —

And Bacchus wended to my rays, &c. The original here is corrupted, the line ἤδη Δωμνον, &c. is unintelligible.

And Bacchus wended to my rays, &c. The original here is corrupted, the line ἤδη Δωμνον, &c. is unintelligible.


ΤΟΥ ΑΤΤΟΥ, ΕΙΣ ΤΟΝ ΑΤΤΟΝ.
Εὕδεις εἰν θρησκευον, Ανακρέον, εὐθύα ποιησάς:
ἐπειδὶ δ’ ἤ γλυκερα νυκτιλαος κίαρα, ἔτει καὶ Μελείδης, τῷ Ποσόν εἰρ, ὑπὶ μελισθών, βαρδίτη, ἀνακρέοντος εὐκαίρανον.
Παρήγαγαν ἐπὶ τοπὶ της εἰρετικῆς ὁ Παρθένος ἐπὶ τῶν ἰεροντικῶν τῶν συντροφῶν οὐδὲ συνέπιστι καὶ οὐδὲ συνάδεσσι.
At length thy golden hours have wing’d their flight,
And dusky death that eyelid steepeth;
Thy harp, that whisper’d through each lingering night,
Now mutely in oblivion sleepeth!

Thy harp, that whisper’d through each lingering night, &c.] In another of these poems, "The nightly-

She too, for woom that harp profusely shed
The purest nectar of its numbers,
She, the young spring of thy desires, hath fled,
And with her blest Anacreon slumbers!

Farewell! thou hadst a pulse for every dart
That mighty Love could scatter from his quiver;
And each new beauty found in thee a heart,
Which thou, with all thy heart and soul, didst give her!

speaking lyre of the bard is represented as not yet silent even after his death.

ἄδε φαλακροκτὸς τε καὶ ανακρέοντος ἐκείσης τοῦ φιλοκόρου
παντούχιος κρανόν τινα φιλοστάσθη χειλεν.
Εἰμινδον, εἰς ἀνακρέοντα.
To beauty’s smile and wine’s delight,
To joys he lov’d on earth so well,
Still shall his spirit, all the night,
Attend the wild, aerial shell!

She, the young spring of thy desires, &c.] The original, τὸ Ποσόν εἰρ, is beautiful. We regret that such praise should be lavished so preposterously, and feel that the poet’s mistress Eurypyle would have deserved it better. Her name was often told by Molengraver, at already quoted, and in another epigram by Anthipater.

 perí καὶ δερκόμεναν εἰν ομώμα τοῦ αὐθαίρου, αὐθαίρους λαμπρὰς αὐθαίρες ὑπέρτερ καρδίας, τῆς ἑαυτῆς τοπικῆς τηρήματος . . . . 
Long may the nymph around thee play,
Eurypyle, thy soul’s desire,
Bunking her beauties in the ray
That lights thine eyes’ dissolving fire!

Sing of her smile’s bewitching power,
Her every grace that warms and blesses;
Sing of her brows’ luxuriant flowers,
The beaming glory of her tresses.

The expression here, αὐθαίρους, "the flower of the heart," is borrowed from Anacreon himself, as appears by a fragment of the poet preserved in Sibylla: Ἀλκείρας δ’ ἀλλὰς ἀμοῦν αὐθαίρου.

The purest nectar of its numbers, &c.] Thus, says Bruck, in the prologue to the S-tires of Persius:

Cantare ercolas Pæsagelum nectar.

"Melos" is the usual reading in this line, and Curealon has defended it; but "nectar" is, I think, much more spirited.

Farewell! thou hadst a pulse for every dart, &c.] ἔφος σκέπασα, "scopol-us eras natura," not "speculator," as Barnes very falsely interprets it.

Vineceulio Obscurez, upon this passage, contrives to induce us with a little astrological wisdom, and talks in a style of learned scandal about Venus, "male posita cum Marte in domo Saturni."

And each new beauty found in thee a heart, &c.] This couplet is not otherwise warranted by the original, than as it dilates the thought which Anthipater has figuratively expressed.

Crites of Athens, pays a tribute to the legitimate gallantry of Anacreon, calling him, with elegant conciseness, γυναικικὸς ἑρωτομήχα.

Τὸν ἐν γυναικῶν μελῶν πλαγία γοῆ ἐκάστα, Πόλιν Ἁνακρέοντα καὶ Τοῖς ἐκ Ἐλλάτων ἀναγνωρίσας, Συμποσίον ἐρείπως, γυναικικὸς ἑρωτομήχα.

1 Bruck has κρονών; but κρονος, the common reading, better suits a detached quotation.

2 Thus Scaliger, in his dedication verses to Ronald: —
Blondus, mævikephus, dux Anacreon.
JUVENILE POEMS.

PREFACE BY THE EDITOR.†

The Poems which I take the liberty of publishing, were never intended by the author to pass beyond the circle of his friends. He thought, with some justice, that what are called Occasional Poems must be always insipid and uninteresting to the greater part of their readers. The particular situations in which they were written; the character of the author and of his associates; all these peculiarities must be known and felt before we can enter into the spirit of such compositions. This consideration would have always, I believe, prevented the author himself from submitting these trifles to the test of public disquisitions on criticism; and if their posthumous introduction to the world be injurious to his memory, or intrusion on the public, the error must be imputed to the injudicious partiality of friendship.

Mr. Little died in his one-and-twentieth year; and most of these Poems were written at so early an age that their errors may lay claim to some indulgence from the critic. Their author, as unambitious as indolent, scarce ever looked beyond the moment of composition; but, in general, wrote as he pleased, careless whether he pleased as he wrote. I may likewise be remembered, that they were all the productions of an age when the passions very often give a colouring too warm to the imagination; and this may palliate, if it cannot excuse, the error of levity which pervades so many of them. The "aura leges sepelie et illuc," he too much pursued, and too much indulged. Few can regret this more sincerely than myself; and if my friend had lived, the judgment of tiper years would have chastened his mind, and tempered the luxuriance of his fancy.

Mr. Little gave much of his time to the study of the amatory writers. If ever he expected to find in the ancients that delicacy of sentiment, and variety of fancy necessary to render his own refined and amatory the poetry of Love, he was much disappointed. I know not any one of them who can be regarded as a model in that style; Ovid made love like a rake, and Propertius like a schoolmaster. The mythological situations of the latter are called erudition by his commentators; but such ostentations display, upon a subject so simple as love, would be now esteemed vague and puerile, and was even in his own times pedantic. It is astonishing that so many critics should have preferred him to the gentle and touching Tibullus; but those defects, I believe, which a common reader condemning, have been regarded rather as beauties by those erudite men, the commentators; who find a field for their ingenuity and research, in his Grecian learning and quaint observations.

Tibullus abounds with touches of fine and natural feeling. The idea of his unexpected return to Delia, "Tunc veniam subito,"2 sc. is imagined with all the delicate ardour of a lover; and the sentiment of "nesc te posse carere velum," however colloquial the expression may have been, is natural, and from the heart. But the poet of Verona, in my opinion, possessed more genuine feeling than any of them. His life was, I believe, unfortunate; his associates were wild and abandoned; and the warmth of his nature took too much

When in nightly banquets smiting,
Where's the guest could ever fly him?
When with love's seduction courting,
Where's the nymph could e'er deny him?

† A portion of the Poems included in this and the succeeding volume were published originally as the works of "the late Thomas Little," with the Preface here given prefixed to them.

‡ Lib. 1, Eleg. 3.
date to allow him to perfect such a taste; but how far he was likely to have succeeded, the critic may judge from his productions.
I have found among his papers a novel, in rather an imperfect state, which, as soon as I have arranged and collected it, shall be submitted to the public eye.
Where Mr. Little was then, or what is the genealogy of his parents, are points in which few very learned readers can be interested. His life was one of those humble streams which have scarcely a name in the map of life, and the traveller may pass it by without inquiring its source or direction. His character was well known to all who were acquainted with him; for he had too much vanity to hide its virtues, and not enough of art to conceal its defects. The lighter traits of his mind may be traced perhaps in his writings; but the few for which he was valued live only in the remembrance of his friends.

TO JOSEPH ATKINSON, ESQ.

My dear Sir,—I feel a very sincere pleasure in dedicating to you the Second Edition of our friend Little's Poems. I am not unconscious that there are many in the collection which perhaps it would be prudent to have altered or omitted; and, to say the truth, I more than once revised them for that purpose; but, I know not why, I distrusted either my heart or my judgment; and the consequence is, you have them in their original form:

Non possum nostros mutare, Faustina, lituras
Inducere poeces; sed litura potest.

I am convinced, however, that, though not quite a casua til voca, you have charity enough to forgive such inoffensive follies: you know that the pious Beza was not the less revered for that sportive Juvenilism which he published under a fictitious name; nor did the levity of Bembo's poems prevent him from making a very good cardinal.
Believe me, my dear friend,
With the truest esteem,
Yours,
T. M.

FRAGMENTS OF COLLEGE EXERCISES.

Nobilitas sola est alque unica virtus. Juv.
Mark those proud boasters of a splendid line,
Like gilded robes, men, wonder what they shine,
Heavy sits that weight of alien show;
Like martial helm upon an infant's brow;
Those borrow'd splendours, whose contrasting light
Throws back the native shades in deeper night.

Ask the proud train who glory's shade pursue,
Where are the art by which that glory grew?
The genuine virtues that with eagle-gaze
Sought young renown in all her orient blaze!
Where is the heart by chymic truth refin'd,
Th' exploring soul, whose eye hath read mankind?
Where are the links that twine'd, with heavenly art,
His country's interest round the patriot's heart?

elaborate as they appear, were written with fluency,
and seldom required revision; while the simple language of Rousseau, which seems to come flowing from the heart, was the slow production of painful labour, pausing on every word, and balancing every sentence.

Is there no call, no consecrating cause,
Approv'd by Heav'n, ordain'd by nature's laws,
Where justice flies the herald of our way,
And truth's pure beams upon the banners play?
Yes, there's a call sweet as an angel's breath,
To alab'ring babes, or innocence in death;
And urgent as the tongue of Heav'n within,
When the mind's balance trembles upon air.

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

TO A BOY, WITH A WATCH.

WRITTEN FOR A FRIEND.

Is it not sweet, beloved youth,
To rove through Ecclitn's bower's,
And call the golden fruits of tru'm,
And gather Fancy's brilliant flowers?

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

It must be so to thee, my youth;
With this idea, till is lighter:
This sweetens all the fruits of tru'm,
And makes the flowers of fancy brighter.

The little gift we send thee, boy,
May sometimes teach thy soul to ponder,
If indolence or siren joy
Should ever tempt that soul to wand're.
'Twill tell thee that the winged day
Can never be chain'd by man's endeavour;
That life and time shall fade away,
While heav'n and virtue bloom for ever!

SONG.

If I swear by that eye, you'll allow,
Its look is so shifting and new,
That the oath I might take on it now
The very next glance would undo.
Those babies that nestle so shy
Such thousands of arrows have got,
That an oath, on the glances of an eye
Such as yours, may be off in a shot.

Should I swear by the dew on your lip,
Though each moment the treasure renews,
If my constancy wishes to trip,
I may kiss off the oath when I choose.

Or a sigh may disperse from that flow'r
Both the dew and the oath that are there;
And I'd make a new vow ev'ry hour,
To lose them so sweetly in air.

But clear up the heav'n of your brow
Nor fancy my faith is a feath'r;
On my heart I will pledge you my vow,
And they both must be broken together!


TO .......

Remember him thou love'st behind,
Whose heart is warmly bound to thee,
Close as the tend'rest links can bind
A heart as warm as heart can be.

Oh! I had long in freedom rov'd,
Though many seem'd my soul to share;
'T was passion when I thought I liv'd,
'T was fancy when I thought them fair.

Ev'n she, my muse's early theme,
Beguilde me only while she warm'd;
'T was young desire that fed the dream,
And reason broke what passion form'd.

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

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

Oh! trust me, when I swear thee this,
Dearest! the pain of losing thee,
The very pain in sweeter bliss
That passion's wildest ecstasy.

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

Still, my belov'd! still keep in mind,
However far remov'd from me,
That there is one thou lov'st behind,
Whose heart respires for only thee.

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

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


SONG.

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

Then, Julia, when thy beauty's flow'r
Shall feel the wintry air,
Remembrance will recall the bow
When thou alone wert fair.

Then talk no more of future gloom;
Our joys shall always last;
For Hope shall brighten days to come,
And Mement'y gild the past.

Come, Clene, fill the genial bowl,
I drink to Love and thee,
Though never can decay in soul,
Though 't still be young for me.

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

Then fill the bowl — away with gloom!
Our joys shall always last;
For Hope will brighten days to come,
And Mement'y gild the past.

But mark, at thought of future years
When love shall lose its soul,
My Clene drops her timid tear,
They mingle with my bowl.

How like this bowl of wine, my fair,
Our loving life shall fleet;
Though tears may sometimes mingle there,
The draught will still be sweet.

Then fill the cup — away with gloom!
Our joys shall always last;
For Hope will brighten days to come,
And Mement'y gild the past.


REUBEN AND ROSE.

A TALE OF ROMANCE.

The darkness that hung upon Willumburg's walls
Had long been remember'd with awe and dismay;
For years not a sunbeam had play'd in its halls,
And it seem'd as shut out from the regions of day.

Though the valleys were brighten'd by many a beam,
Yet none could find the roads of that castle illum'd;
And the lightning, which flash'd on the neighbouring stream,
Flew back, as if fearing to enter the gloom!

"Oh! when shall this horrible darkness disperse!"
Said Willumburg's lord to the Scryer of the Cave; —
"It can never dispel," said the wizard of verse,
"Till the bright star of chivalry sinks in the wave!"
And who was the bright star of chivalry then?
For Reuben was first in the combat of men,
Though Youth had scarce written his name on her page.

For Wilmberg's daughter his young heart had beat,—

Must Rose, then, from Reuben so fatally sever?
And was the words of the 'Seer of the Cave,'
That darkness should cover that castle for ever,
Or Reuben be sunk in the merciless wave!

To the wizard she flew, saying, "Tell me, oh, tell! Shall my Reuben no more be restored to my eyes?"

Twice, thrice he repeated "Your Reuben shall rise!"
And Rose felt a moment’s release from her pain;
And, quick, while she listened, the tears from her eyes, And hop’d she might yet see her hero again.

That hero, she could smile at the terrors of death,
When he felt that he died for the sires of his Rose;
To the 'Oder he flew, and there, plunging beneath,
In the depth of the billows soon found his repose—

How strangely the order of destiny fails!—
Not long in the waters the warrior lay,
When a sunbeam was seen to glimmer over the walls,
And the castle of Wilmberg bask’d in the ray!

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

There sorrow and terror lay gloomy and blank:
Two days did she wander, and all the long night, To quest of her love, on the wide river’s bank.

And often as midnight its veil would undraw,
As she look’d at the light of the moon in the stream,
She thought ‘twas his helmet of silver she saw,
As the curl of the surge glitter’d higher in the beam.

And now the third night was begemming the sky;
Poor Rose, on the cold dewy margent reclin’d,
There slept till the tear almost froze in her eye,
When — hark! — 'twas the bell that came deep in the wind!

She started, and saw, through the glimmering shade,
A form o’er the waters in majesty glide;
She knew it was her love, though his cheek was decay’d,
And his helmet of silver was wash’d by the tide.

Was this what the ‘Seer of the Cave’ had foretold?—

' Twas Reuben, but, ah! he was deathly and cold,
And fainted away like the spell of a dream!

Twice, thrice did he rise, and as often she thought From the bank to embrace him, but vain her endeavour!
Then, plunging beneath, at a billow she caught, And sunk to repose on its bosom for ever!

She felt my lips’ impassion’d touch —
'T was the first time I did so much,
And yet she chid not;
But whi-per’d o’er my burning brow,
"Oh! do you doubt I love you now?"
Sweet soul! I did not.

Warmly I felt her bosom thrill,
I press’d it closer, closer still;
Though gently did not;
Till — oh! the world hath seldom heard Of lovers, who so nearly err’d;
And yet, who did not.

TO MRS.  

ON SOME CALUMNIES AGAINST HER CHARACTER.

Is not thy mind a gentle mind?
Is not that heart a heart refined?
Hast thou not every gentle grace,
We love in woman’s mind and face?
And, oh! art thou a shrine for Sin
To hold her hateful worship in?

No, no, be happy — dry that tear —
Though some thy heart hath harboured near
May now repair its love with blame;
Though man, who ought to shield thy fame,
Ungenerous man, be first to shun thee;
Though all the world look cold upon thee,
Yet shall thy pureness keep thee still
Unharmed by that surrounding chill;
Like the famed drop, in crystal found,
Floating, while all was froze around —
Unchild, unchanging shalt thou be,
Safe in thy own sweet purity.

ANACREONTIC.

Press the grape, and let it pour Around the bawl its purple show'r; And, while the drops my goblet steep, I'll think in we the clusters weep.

1 This alludes to a curious gem, upon which Claudian has left us some very elaborate epigrams. It was a drop of pure water enclosed within a piece of crystal. See Claudian, Epigram 4de Crystallo cut aqua inerat. Addison mentions a curiosity of this kind at Milan; and adds, "It is such a rarity as this that I saw at Vendome in France, which they there pretend is a tear that our Saviour shed over Laurus, and was gathered up, by an angel, who put it into a little crystal vial, and made a present of it to Mary Magdalen."

Addison’s Remarks on several Parts of Italy.
Weep on, weep on, my pouting vine!
Heaven's grant no tears, but tears of wine.
Weep on; and, as thy sorrows flow,
I'll taste the luxury of woe.

TO . . . . . . . .
When I love you, I can't but allow
I had many an exquisite minute;
But the scorn that I feel for you now
Hath even more luxury in it.

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

TO JULIA.
IN ALLUSION TO SOME ILLIBERAL CRITICISMS.

Why, let the stingless critic chide
With all that fume of vacant pride
Which mingles o'er the pedant fool,
Like vapour on a stagnant pool.
Oh! if the song, to feeling true,
Can please the elect, the sacred few,
Whose souls, by Isaac and Nature taught,
Thrift with the genuine pulse of thought—
If some fond feeling mad like thee,
The warm-eyed child of Sympathy,
Shall say, while o'er my simple theme
She languishes in Passion's dream,
"He was, indeed, a tender soul—
"No critic law, no chill control,
"Should ever freeze, by timid art,
"The streamings of so fond a heart!"

Yes, soul of Nature I soul of Love!
That, bow'ring like a snow-wing'd dove,
Breath'd o'er my sad warblings wild,
And hail'd me Passion's warmest child,—
Grant me the tear from Beauty's eye,
From Feeling's breast the voluble sigh;
Oh! let by song, my memory find
A shrine within the tender mind;
And I will smile when critics chide,
And I will scorn the fume of pride
Which mingles o'er the pedant fool,
Like vapour round some stagnant pool.

TO JULIA.
Mock me no more with Love's beguiling dream,
A dream, I find, illusory as sweet:
One smile of friend-ship, nay, of cold esteem,
Far dearer were than passion's bland deceit!

I've heard you oft 'tongue and truth declare;
Your heart was only mine, I once believed.
Ah! shall I say that all your vows were air?
And must I say, my hopes were all deceiv'd?

Vow, then, no longer that our souls are twain'd,
That all our joys are felt with mutual zeal;
Julia:—'tis pity, pity makes you kind;
You know I love, and you would seem to feel.

But shall I still go seek within those arms
A joy in which affection takes no part?
No, no, farewell! you give me but your charms,
What I fondly thought you gave your heart.

THE SHRINE.

TO . . . .

My fate had destined me to rove
A long, long pilgrimage of love;
And many an altar on my way
Has hurl'd my pensive steps to stay:
For, if the saint was young and fair,
I turn'd and sung my vesper there.
This, from a youthful pilgrim's fire,
Is what your pretty saints require:
To pass, nor feel a single bead.
With them would be profane indeed
But, trust me, all this young devotion
Was but to keep my zeal in motion;
And, ev'ry humble altar past,
I now have reach'd the shrine at last!

TO A LADY,
WITH SOME MANUSCRIPT POEMS, ON LEAVING THE COUNTRY.

When, casting many a look behind,
I leave the friends I cherish here—
Peachance some other friends to find,
But surely finding none so dear—

I happy the little simple page,
Which voile thus I've trac'd for thee,
May now and then a lock engage,
And steal one moment's thought for me.

But, oh! in pity let not those
Whose hearts are not of gentle mould,
Let not the eye that seldom flows
With feeling's tear, my song behold,
For, trust me, they who never melt
With pity, never melt with love;
And such will frown at all I've felt,
And all my loving lays repulse.

But if, perhaps, some gentler mind,
Which rather loves to praise than blame,
Should in my praise an interest find,
And linger kindly on my name;
Tell him—oh! if, gentler still,
By female lips my name be blest;
For, where do all affections thrill
So sweetly as in woman's breast?

Tell her, that he whose loving themes
Her eye indulgent wanders o'er,
Could sometimes wake from idle dreams,
And bolder flights of fancy soar;
That Glory oft would claim the lay,
And Friendship oft his numbers more;
But whisper then, that, "soft to say,
"His sweetest song was given to Love!"

TO JULIA.

Though Fate, my girl, may bid us part,
Our souls it cannot, shall not sever;
The heart will seek its kindred heart,
And cling to it as close as ever.

But must we, must we part indeed?
Is all our dream of rapture over?
And does not Julia's bosom bleed
To leave so dear, so fond a lover?

Does she too mourn?—Perhaps she may;
Perhaps she mourns our bliss so fleeting.
But why is Julia's eye so gay,
If Julia's heart like mine is beating?
I oft have lov'd that sunny glow
Of gladness in her blue eye gleaming—
But e'en the bosom blest with woe,
While joy is in the glances beaming?

No, no!—Yet, love, I will not chide;
Although your heart was fond of loving,
Nor that, nor all the world beside
Could keep your faithful boy from loving.

You'll soon be dit test from his eye,
And, with you, all that's worth possessing.
Oh! then it will be sweet to die,
When life has lost its only blessing!

TO ...

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

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

Yes, I did love her—wildly love—
She was her sex's best deceiver!
And oft she swore she'd never love—
And I was desti'd to believe her!

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

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

NATURE'S LABELS.

A FRAGMENT.

In vain we fondly strive to trace
The soul's reflection in the face;
In vain we dwell on lines and crosses,
Crooked mouth, or short proboscis;
Boobies have book'd as wise and bright
As Pluto or the Stagirite:
And many a sage and learned skull
Has peep'd through windows dark and dull.
Since then, though art do all it can,
We never can reach the inward man,
Nor (howsoe'er 'tis learn'd Theban's doubt)
The inward woman, from without,
Methinks 't were well if Nature could
And Nature could, if Nature would
Some pithy, short descriptions write,
On tablets large, in black and white,
Which she might hang about our throats,
Like labels upon physic bottles;
And where all men might read—but stay—
As dialectic sages say,
The argument must apt and ample
For common use is the example.
For instance, then, if Nature's care
Had not portrayed, in lines so fair,
The inward soul of Lucy L-n-d-n,
This is the label she'd have pinned on.

LABEL FIRST.

Within this form there lies enshrin'd
The purest, brightest gem of mind.

Though Feeling's hand may sometimes throw
Upon its charms the shade of woe,
The lustre of the gem, when veil'd,
Shall be but mellow'd, not conceal'd.

Now, sirs, imagine, if you're able,
That Nature wrote a second label,
They're her own word— at least suppose so—
And boldly pin it on Pompeii.

LABEL SECOND.

When I compos'd the fustian brain
Of this redoubled Captain Vain,
I had at hand but few ingredients,
And so was forc'd to use expedients.
I put therein some small discerning,
A grain of sense, a grain of learning;
And when I saw the void behind,
I filled it up with— froth and wind!

TO JULIA.

ON HER BIRTH DAY.

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

And long may this guirland be sweet to the eye,
May its verdure ever be new;
Young Love shall enrich it with many a sigh,
And Sympathy nurse it with dew.

A REFLECTION AT SEA.

See how, beneath the moonbeams smile,
You little billow heaves its breast,
And foams and sparkle for awhile,—
Then murmuring subsides to rest.

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

CLORIS AND FANNY.

Cloris! if I were Persia's king,
I'd make my grateful queen of thee;
While Fanny, mild and artless thing,
Should but thy humble handmaid be.

There is but one objection in it—
That, verily, I'm much afraid
I should, in some unlucky minute,
Forsake the mistress for the maid.

THE SHIELD.

Say, did you not hear a voice of death!
And did you not mark the paly form
Which rode on the silvery mist of the heath,
And su'd a ghostly dirge in the storm?

Was it the wailing bird of the gloom,
That shrieks on the house of woe all night?
Or a shivering fiend that flew to a tomb,
To howl and to teed till the glance of light?
"T was not the death-bird's cry from the wood,
Nor shivering head that hung on the blast;
'T was the shade of Heberie — man of blood—
It screams for the guilt of days that are past.

See, how the red, red lightning strays,
And scatters the gliding ghosts of the dead!
Now on the leafless yew it plays,
Where hangs the shield of this son of death.

That shield is blushing with murder's stains;
Long has it hung from the cold yew's spray;
It is blown by storms and washed by rains,
But neither can take the blood away!

Oft by that yew, on the blasted field,
Demons dance to the red moon's light;
While the damp boughs crack, and the swinging shield
Sings to the raving spirit of night.

TO JULIA,
WEEPING.
Oh! if your tears are giv'n to care,
If real woes disturb your peace,
Come to my bosom, weeping fair!
And I will bid your weeping cease.

But if with Fancy's vis'ud tears,
With dreams of weep your bosom thrill;
You look so lovely in your tears,
That I must bid you drop them still.

DREAMS

TO • • • • •
In slumber, I prithee how is it
That souls are oft taking the air,
And paying each other a visit?
While bodies are heaven knows where?

Last night, 'tis in vain to deny it,
Your Soul took a fancy to roam,
For I heard her, on tip-toe so quiet,
Come ask, whether mine was at home.

And mine let her in with delight,
And they talk'd and they laugh'd the time through;
For, when souls come together at night,
There is no saying what they may do.

And your little Soul, heaven bless her!
Had much to complain and to say,
Of how sadly you wrong and oppress her
By keeping her prison'd all day.

"If I happen," said she, "but to steal
For a peep now and then to her eye,
"Or, to quiet the fever I feel,
"Just venture abroad on a sigh;"

"In an instant she frightens me in
With some phantom of prudence or terror,
"For fear I should stray into sin,
"Or, what is still worse, into error;"

"So, instead of displaying my graces,
"By daylight, in language and mien,
"I am shut up in corners and places,
"Where truly I blush to be seen!"

Upon hearing this piteous confession,
My Soul, looking tenderly at her,
Declared, as for grace and discretion,
He did not know much of the matter;

"But, to-morrow, sweet Spirit!" he said,
"Be at home after midnight, and then
"I will come when your lady's in bed,
"And we'll talk o'er the subject again."

So she whisper'd a word in his ear,
I suppose to her dir to direct him,
And, just after midnight, my dear,
Your polite little Soul may expect him.

TO ROSA.
WRITTEN DURING ILLNESS.
The wisest soul, by anguish torn,
Will soon unlearn the lore it knew;
And when the shriveling casket's worn,
The gem within will tarnish too.

But love's an essence of the soul,
Which sinks not with this chain of clay
Which thrives beyond the chill control
Of with'ring pain or pale decay.

And surely, when the touch of Death
Dissolves the spirit's earthly ties,
Love still attends th' immortal breath,
And makes it purer for the skies.

Oh, Rosa, when, to seek its sphere,
My soul shall leave this orb of men,
That love which form'd its treasure here,
Shall be its best of treasures then.

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

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

Let other spirits range the sky,
And play around each starry gem;
I'll bask beneath that sere eye,
Nor envy worlds of suns to them.

And when that heart shall cease to beat,
And when that breath at length is free,
Then, Rosa, soul to soul we'll meet,
And mingle to eternity.

SONG.
The wreath you wove, the wreath you wove
Is fair — but oh, how fair,
If Pity's hand had stol'n from Love
One leaf to mingle there!

If every rose with gold were tied,
Did gems for dewdrops fall,
One faded leaf where Love had sigh'd
Were sweetly worth them all.

The wreath you wove, the wreath you wove
Our emblem well may be;
Its bloom is yours, but hopeless Love
Must keep its tears for me.

THE SALE OF LOVES
I dreamed that, in the Phylias groves,
My nets by moonlight layne,
I caught a flight of wanous Loves,
Among the rose-buds playing.
Some just had left their silv'ry shell,
While some were full in feather;
So pretty a lot of Loves to sell,
Were never yet strong together.
Come buy my Loves,
Come buy my Loves,
Ye dames and rose-tipp'd misses!
They're new and bright,
The cost is light,
For the coin of this isle is kisses.

First Chorus came, with looks sedate,
The coin on her lips was worn;
"I buy," quoth she, "my Love by weight,
Full grown, if you please, and steady."
"Let mine be light," said Fanny, "pray—"
"Such lasting joys undo one;
A little light Love that will last to-day—"
"To-morrow I'll sport a new one."
Come buy my Loves,
Come buy my Loves,
Ye dames and rose-tipp'd misses!—
There's some will keep,
Some light and cheap,
At from one to twenty kazes.

But one was left, when Susan came,
One worth them all together;
At sight of her dear looks of shane,
He smil'd, and pruned his feather,
She wish'd the boy—"I was more than whim—"
Her looks, her sighs betray'd it;
But kisses were not enough for him,
I ask'd a heart, and she paid it!
Good-by, my Love,
Good-by, my Loves,
'T would make you smile to've seen us
First trial for this
Sweet child of bliss,
And thee nurse the boy between us.

TO ...............

The world had just begun to steal
Each hope that led me lightly on;
I fell not, as I wus to feel,
And life grew dark and love was gone.

No eye to mingle sorrow's tear,
No lip to mingle pleasure's breath,
No circling arms to draw me near—
'T was gloomy, and I wish'd for death.

But when I saw that gentle eye,
Oh! something seem'd to tell me then,
That I was yet too young to die,
And hope and bliss might bloom again.

With every gentle smile that cast
Your kindling cheek, you lighted home
Some feeling, which my heart had lost,
And peace, which far had learn'd to roam,
'T was then indeed so sweet to live,
Hope look'd so new and Love so kind,
That, though I mourn, I yet forgive
The ruin they have left behind.

I could have lov'd you—oh, so well!—
The dream, that wandering boyhood knows,
Is but a bright, beguiling spell,
That only lives while passion glows.

But, when this early flush declines,
When the heart's sunny morning flees,
You know not then how close it twines
Round the first kindred soul it meets.

Yes, yes, I could have lov'd, as one
Who, while his youth's enchantments fail,
Finds something dear to rest upon,
Which pays him for the loss of all.

Never mind how the pedagogue proses,
You want not antiquity's a mp;
A lip, that such fragrance discloses,
Oh! never should smell of the lamp.

Old Cloe, whose withering kiss
Has long set the Loves at defiance,
Now, done with the science of bliss,
May take to the blossoms of science.

But for you to be buried in books—
Ah, Fanny, they're pitiful sages,
Who could not in one of your books
Read more than in millions of pages.

Astronomy finds in these eyes
Better light than she studies above;
And Music would borrow your sighs,
As the melody fittest for Love.

Your Arithmetic only can trip
If to count your own charms you endeavour;
And Eloquence glows on your lip
When you aver, that you'll love me for ever.

Thus you see, what a brilliant alliance
Of arts is assembled in you;—
A course of more exquisite science
Man never need wish to pursue.

And, oh!—if a Fellow like me
May confer a diploma of hearts,
With my lip thus I send your degree,
My divine little Mistress of Arts!

ON THE DEATH OF A LADY.

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

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

The beam of morn was on the stream,
But sullen clouds the day deform:
Like these was that young, orient beam,
Like death, alas, that sullen storm!

Then wert not form'd for living here,
So link'd thy soul was with the sky;
Yet, ah, we held thee all so dear,
We thought thou wert not form'd to die.
INCONSTANCY.
And do I then wonder that Julia deceives me,
When surely there's nothing in nature more com-
mon?
She vows to be true and while vowing she leaves me—
And could I expect any more from a woman?
Oh, woman! your heart is a pitiful treasure;
And Mahomet's doctrine was not too severe,
When he held that you were but materials of plea-
sure,
And reason and thinking were out of your sphere.
By your heart, when the fond sighing lover can win it,
He thinks it an age of anxiety's paid;
But, oh, while he's best, let him die at the minute—
If he live but a day, he'll be surely betray'd.

THE NATAL GENIUS.
A DREAM.

THE MORNING OF HER BIRTHDAY.
In witching slumbers of the night,
I dreamt I was the airy sprite
That on thy natal moment smiled;
And thought I wafted on my wing
Those flowers which in Elysium spring,
To crown my lovely mortal child.

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

Such was the wild but precious boon
Which Faunus, at her magic noon,
Bade me to Nona's image pay;
And were it thus my fate to be
Thy little guardian deity,
How best around thy steps I'd play!

Thy life should glide in peace along,
Calm as some lonely shepherd's song,
That's heard at distance in the grove;
No cloud should ever dim thy sky,
No thorns along thy pathway lie,
But all be beauty, peace, and love.

Indulgent Time should never bring
To thee one blight upon his wing,
So gently o'er thy brow he'd fly;
And death itself should but be felt
Like that of daybeans, when they melt,
Bright to the last, in evening's sky!

ELEGIAE STANZAS,
SOUTH TO BE WRITTEN BY JULIA,
ON THE DEATH OF HER BROTHER.

Though sorrow long has worn my heart;
Though every day I've counted o'er
Hath brought a new and quick'ning smart
To wounds that rankled fresh before;

Though in my earliest life hereof
Of tender links by nature tied;
Though hope deceiv'd, and pleasure left;
Though friends betray'd and foes belie'd;

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

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

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

He should have stay'd, had linger'd here
To soothe his Julia's every woe;
He should have char'd each bitter tear,
And not have caus'd those tears to flow.

We saw within his soul expand
The fruits of genius, rude'd by taste,
While Science, with a for'right hand,
Upon his brow her chaplet plac'd.

We saw, by bright degrees, his mind
Grow rich in all that make's me dear;
Enlighten'd, social, and refined,
In friendship firm, in love sincere.

Such was the youth we lov'd so well,
And such the hopes that fate denied;
We lov'd, but ah! could scarcely tell
How deep, how dearly, till he die'd!

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

TO THE LARGE AND BEAUTIFUL
MISS . . . . . . .
In allusion to some Partnership in a Lottery Share

IMPROMPTU.

— Ego pars —

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

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

A DREAM.

I thought this heart enkindled lay
On Cupid's burning shrine:
I thought: he stole thy heart away,
And plac'd it near to mine.

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

TO . . . . . .

With all my soul, then, let us part,
Since both are anxious to be free;
And I will send you home your heart,
If you will send back mine to me.
We've had some happy hours together,  
But joy must oft change its wing;  
And spring would be but gloomy weather,  
If we had nothing else but spring.

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

Thus let us leave the bower of love,  
Where we have lost'd long in bliss;  
As you may weigh down that pathway rose,  
While I shall take my way through thine.

ANACREONTIC.

"She never look'd so kind before —  
"Yet why the wanton's smile recall?  
"I've seen this witchery o'er and o'er.  
"'Tis hollow, vain, and heartless all!"

Thus I said and, sighing, drain'd  
The cup which so late had tasted;  
Upon whose rim still fresh remain'd  
The breath, so oft in falsehood wasted.

I took the harp, and would have sung  
As if 'twere not of her I sang;  
But still the notes on Lamia hung —  
On whom but Lamia could they hang?  

Those eyes of hers, that floating shine,  
Like diamonds in some Eastern river;  
That kiss, for which, if worlds were mine,  
A world for every kiss I'd give her.

That frame so delicate, yet warm'd  
With flashes of love's genial hue;  
A mould transparent, as if born'd  
To let the spirit's light shine through.

Of these I sung, and notes and words  
Were sweet, as if the very air  
From Lamia's lip hung o'er the chords,  
And Lamia's voice still warbled there!

But when, alas, I turn'd the theme,  
And when of vows and oaths I spoke,  
Of truth and hope's seducing dream —  
The chord beneath my finger broke.

False harp! false woman! — such, oh such  
Are lutes too frail and hearts too willing;  
Any hand, whatever its touch,  
Can set their chords or pulses thrilling.

And when that thrill is most awake,  
And when you think Heaven's joys await you,  
The nymph will change, the chord will break —  
Oh Love, oh Music, how I hate you!

HYMN OF A VIRGIN OF DELPHI,

AT THE TOMB OF HER MOTHER.

Oh, lost, for ever lost — no more  
Shall Vesper light our dewy way  
Along the rocks of Creusa's shore,  
To hymn the fading hours of Day;

No more to Tempe's distant vale  
In holy musings shall we roam,  
Though summer's glow and winter's gale,  
To hear the mystic chaplets borne.

'Twas then my soul's expanding zeal,  
By nature warm'd and led by thee,  
In every breeze was taught to feel  
The breathings of a Deity.

Guide of my heart! still hovering round,  
Thy looks, thy words are still my own  
I see them raising from the ground.

Some laurel, by the winds o'erthrown,  
And hear thee say, "This humble bough  
Was plan'd for a doom divine;  
And, though it droop in languor now,  
Shall flourish on the Delphic shrine!  
"Thus, in the vale of earthly scene,  
"Though sunk awhile the spirit lies,  
"A viewless hand shall call it thence,  
"To bloom immortal in the skies!"

All that the young should feel and know,  
By thee was taught so sweetly well,  
Thy words fell soft as vernal snow,  
And all was brightness where they fell!  
Fond mother of my infant tear,  
Fond shaver of my infant joy,  
Is not thy shade still lingering here?  
Am I not still thy soul's employ?

Oh yes — and, as in former days,  
When, meeting on the sacred round,  
Our nymphs awak'd their choral lays,  
And danc'd around Cassotis' fount;  
As then, 'twas all thy wish and care,  
That mine should be the simplest mien,  
My lyre and voice the sweetest there,  
My foot the lightest o'er the green;

So still, each look and step to mould,  
Thy guardian care is round me spread,  
Arranging every snovy fold  
And guiding every many tread;  
And, when I lead the hymning choir,  
Thy spirit still, unseen and free,  
Hovers between my lip and lyre,  
And lends them into harmony.

Flow, Plistus, flow, thy murmuring wave  
Shall never drop its silv'ry tear  
Upon so pure, so blest a grave,  
To memory so entirely dear!

SYMPATHY.

TO JULIA.

—sine me sit nulla Venus. Subieta.

Our hearts, my love, were form'd to be  
The genuine twins of Sympathy,  
They live with one sensation:

1 The laurel, for the common uses of the temple, for adorning the altars and sweeping the pavement, was supplied by a tree near the fountain of Castalia; but upon all important occasions, they sent to Tempe for the laurel. We find, in Plutarch, that this valley supplied the boughs of which the temple was originally constructed; and Plutarch says, in his Dialogue on Music, "The youth who brings the Tempe laurel to Delphi is always attended by a player on the flute."

II. Allâ maun e tâu katakovaqiti pada tânu Temâ-pisiw ephilâri aâ Delphos paràpera aulàstis.
In joy or grief, but most in love,  
Like chords in union they move,  
And thrill with like vibration.

How oft I've heard thee fondly say,  
Thy vital pulse shall cease to play  
When mine no more is moving;  
Since, now, to feel a joy alone  
Were worse to thee than feeling none,  
So twin'd are we in loving.

---

**THE TEAR.**

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

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

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

---

**THE SNAKE.**

My love and I, the other day,  
Within a myrtle arbour lay,  
When near us, from a rosy bed,  
A little Snake put forth its head.

"See," said the maid with thoughtful eyes —  
"Yonder the fatal emblem lies!  
Who could expect such hidden harm  
Beneath the rose's smiling charm?"

Never did grave remark occur  
Less approv'd than this from her.

I rose to kill the snake, but she,  
Half-smiling, pray'd it might not be.  
"No," said the maiden — and, alas,  
Her eyes spoke volumes, while she said it —

"Long as the snake is in the grass,  
One may, perhaps, have cause to dread it;  
But, when its wicked eyes appear,  
And when we know for what they wink so,

"One must be very simple, dear,  
To let it wound one — don't you think so?"

---

**TO ROSA.**

Is the song of Rosa mute?  
Once such rays inspired her lute!  
Never doth a sweeter song  
Steel the breezy lyre along,  
When the wind, in odours dying,  
Woes it with enamour'd sighing.

Is my Rosa's lute un-trong?  
Once a tale of peace it sung  
To her lover's throbbing breast —  
Thee he divinely blest!  
Ah! but Rosa loves no more,  
Therefore Rosa's song is o'er;  
And her lute neglected lies;  
And her boy forgotten sighs.  
Silent lute — forgotten lover —  
Rosa's love and song are o'er!

---

**ELEGIAE STANZAS.**

Secundus, erg. viii.

Still the question I must party,  
Still a wayward taint prove;  
Where I love, I must not marry;  
Where I marry, cannot love.

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

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

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

Love will never bear end lying;  
Summer's means suit him best;  
Bliss itself is not worth having,  
If we're by composition blest.

---

**ANACREONTIC.**

If filled to thee, to thee I drank,  
I nothing did but drink and fill;  
The bowl by turns was bright and blank,  
'Twas drinking, filling, drinking still.

At length I bid an artist paint  
The image in this ample cup,  
That I might see the dimples saint,  
To whom I quaff'd my nectar up.

Behold, how bright that purple lip  
Now blushes through the wave of me;  
Every resolute drop I sup  
Is just like kissing wine from thee.

And still I drink the more for this;  
For, ever when the draught I drain,  
Thy lips invites another kiss,  
And — in the nectar flows again.

So, here's to thee, my gentle dear,  
And may that eyelid never shine  
Beneath a darker, bitter tear  
Than bathes it in this bowl of mine:
THE SURPRISE.
Chloris, I wear, by all I ever swore,
That from this hour I shall love thee more.
"What! love no more? Oh! why this alter'd vow?"
Because I cannot love thee more — than now!

TO MISS . . . . .
ON HER ASKING THE AUTHOR WHY SHE HAD SLEEPLESS NIGHTS.
I'll ask the sylph who round thee flies,
And in thy breast his pinion dips;
Who suns him in thy radiant eyes,
And faints upon thy sighing lips:
I'll ask him where's the veil of sleep
That us'd to shade thy looks of light;
And why those eyes their vigil keep,
When other stars are sunk in night?

And I will say — her angel breast
Has never shrub'd with guilty sting;
Her bosom in the sweetest nest,
Where Slumber could repose his wig?
And I will say — her cheeks that flush,
Lave varied roses in the sun,
Have never by shame been taught to blush,
Except for what her eyes have done?

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

THE WONDER.
Come, tell me where the maid is found,
Whose heart can love without deceit,
And I will range the world around,
To sigh one moment at her feet.
Oh! tell me where's her sanctified home,
What air receives her blessed sigh,
A pilgrimage of years I'll roam
To catch one spark of her eye!

And if her cheek be smooth and bright,
While truth within her bosom lies,
I'll gaze upon her morn and night,
Tell my heart leave me through my eyes.
Show me on earth a thing so rare,
I'll own all miracles are true;
To make one maid sincere and fair,
Oh, 'tis the utmost Heaven can do!

LYING.
Cec crou te fer bagie pajon divin. Mano d'Arcano.
I do confess, in many a sigh,
My lips have breath'd you many a lie;
And who, with such delights in view,
Would lose them, for a lie or two?

Nay, —look not thus, with brow reproving;
Lies are, my dear, the soul of living,
If half we tell the girls were true,
If half we swear to think and do,
Were aught but lyings bright illusion,
This world would be in strange confusion.
If ladies' eyes were, every one,
As lovers swear, a radiant sun,
Astronomy must leave the skies,
To learn her lore in ladies' eyes.

Oh, no — believe me, lovely girl,
When nature turns your teeth to pearl,
Your neck to snow, your eyes to fire,
Your auster locks to golden wire,
Then, only then, can Heaven decree
That you should live for only me,
Or I for you, as night and morn,
We've swearing kist, and kissing sworn.

And now, my gentle hints to clear,
For once I'll tell you truth, my dear.
Whenever you may chance to meet
Some loving youth, whose love is sweet,
Long as you're false and he believes you,
Long as you trust and he deceives you,
So long the blissful bond endures,
And while he lies, his heart is yours:
But, oh! you've wholly lost the youth
The instant that he tells you truth.

ANACREONTIC.
Friend of my soul, this goblet sip,
'T will chase that pensive tear;
'T is not so sweet as woman's lip,
But, oh! 'tis more sincere.
Like her delusive beam,
The diptick 't will steal away thy mind
But, truer than love's dream,
It leaves no sting behind.

Come, twice the wreath, thy brows to show;
These bow's were call'd at noon; —
Like woman's love the rose will fade,
But ah! not half so soon.
For though the flower's decay'd,
Its fragrance is not o'er;
But once when a lover said,
Its sweet life blooms no more.

END OF VOL. I.

PREFACE

TO THE SECOND VOLUME.
The Poems suggested to me by my visit to Bermuda, in the year 1803, as well as by the tour which I made subsequently, through some parts of North America, have been hitherto very injudiciously arranged;—any distinctive character they may possess having been disturbed and confused by their being mixed up not only with trifles of a much earlier date, but also with some portions of a classical story, in the form of Letters, which I had made some progress in before my departure from England. In the present edition, this awkward jumble has been remedied; and all the Poems relating to my Transatlantic voyage will be found classed by themselves. As, in like manner, the line of route by which I proceeded through some parts of the States and the Canadas, has been left hitherto to be traced out only through a few detached notes, I have thought that, to future readers of these poems, some clearer account of the course of that journey might not be unacceptable,—together with such verses as may still linger in my memory of events now fast fading into the back-ground of time.

For the precise date of my departure from England, in the Phaeton fragire, I am indebted to the Naval Recollection of Captain Scott, then a midshipman of that ship. "We were soon ready," says this gentleman, "for sea, and a few days saw Mr. Merritt and some embarked on board. Mr. Moore likewise took his passage with us on his way to Bermuda. We quitted Spithead on the 25th of September (1803), and in a short week lay becalmed under the lofty peak of Rico. In this situation, the Phaeton is depicted in the front-piece of Moore's Poems."
During my voyage, I dined very frequently with the officers of the guard-room; and it was no little gratifying to me to learn, from this gentleman's volume, that the cordial regard these social and agreeable meetings in men was generally returned, on their part. After mentioning our arrival at Norfolk in Virginia, Captain Scott says, "Mr and Mrs Merry left the plantation, under the usual salute accompanied by Mr. Moore, &c; and adding some kind compliments on the scene of events, i.e., he concluded with a sentence which gave me tenderer more pleasure to read,—'The sun-room most witnessed the day of his departure with genuine sorrow." From Norfolk, after a stay of about ten days, under the hospitable roof of the British Consul, I proceeded to the Driver shop of war, to Bermuda.

There was then on that station another youthful sailor, who has since earned for himself a distinguished name among English writers of travels, Captain Basil Hall, then a midshipman on board the Leander. In his 'Voyages and Travels,' this writer has called up some agreeable reminiscences of that period; in perusing which, so full of life and revery are the sketches;—I found all my own nasal recollections brought back to mind. I (at that time of age) so often, so familiar to my ears,—the Leander, the Boston, the Cambria,—transported me back to the season of youth and those Summer Isles once more.

The testimony borne by so competent a witness as Captain Hall to the truth of my sketches of the beautiful scenery of Bermuda is of far more weight to me, in my capacity of traveller, to be here omitted by me, however conscious I must feel of that debt deserving the thanks of all who had the good fortune to meet with me; and do not pretend to be at all indifferent to such kind tributes,—on the contrary, these are always most alive to me, who feel inwardly the least confidence in the soundness of their own tale to the public. In the present instance, I have been over-acquainted to look at, that, unless the imagination be deeply drawn upon, and the dictation sustained at a correspondent pitch, the words alone strike the ear, while the listener's fancy remains where it was. In Moore's account there is not only no exaggeration, but, on the contrary, a wonderful degree of temperance in the midst of a feast which to his rich fancy, must have been peculiarly tempting. He has contrived by a magic peculiarly his own, yet without departing from the truth, to sketch what was before him with a fervour which those who have never seen the spot might well be excused for setting down as the sport of the poet's invention. How truly patriotic it is in a poet to connect his verse with well-known and interesting localities,—to well up to scenes already invested with fame, and thus lend it a chance of sharing the charm which excites them,—I have my self, in more than one instance, very agreeably experienced. Among the memorials of this description, which, as ears of pure and proud pride, still remain in some of the bravest regions of the West which I visited, I shall mention but one slight instance, as showing how potently the Genius of the Place may lend to song a life and im-

perishability to which, in itself, it boast no claim or pretension. The following lines, in one of my Bermudian Poems,

'T was there, in the shade of the Calabash Tree, With a few who could feel and remember like me, Still live in memory, I am told, on the fairy shores, Connecting my name with the picturesque spot they describe, and the noble old tree which I believe still stands near it. One of the first treasures of my boyhood, I possess, is a goblet formed of one of the fruit-shells of this remarkable tree, which was brought from Bermuda, a few years since, by Mr. Dud. ey Coset, and which that gentleman, having had it tastefully mounted as a goblet, only kindly presumed to give; the following words being part of the inscription which it bears:

To Thomas Moore, Esq., this cup, formed of a calabash which grew on the tree that bears his name, near Wal-ingham, Bermuda, is inscribed by one who, &c. &c.

From Bermuda, I proceeded in the Boston, with my friend Captain (now Admiral) J. E. Douglas, to New York, from whence, after a short stay, we sailed for Norfolk, in Virginia; and about the beginning of May, 1841, I set foot on the soil of the United States. At Washington, I passed some days with the English minister, Mr. Merry, and was, by him, presented at the levee of the President, Jefferson, whom I found sitting with General Dearborn under one or two of the officers in costume, comprising slips and Congress stockings, in which Mr. Merry had been received by him—much to that formal minister's horror,—when waiting upon him, in full dress, to deliver his credentials. My song interview with this remarkable person was of very short duration; but to have seen and spoken with the man who drew up the Declaration of American Independence was an event it is to be forgotten.

At Philadelphia, the society I was gladly made acquainted with was that which had given itself to "Delaware's green banks," a sufficiently testify] I was indebted for some of my most agreeable recollections of the United States earned entirely of persons of the Federalist or Anti-Democratic party. Few and transient, too, as had been my opportunities of judging myself of the political or social state of the country, my mind was left open too much to the influence of the feelings and prejudices of these I chiefly conversed with; and, certainly, in no quarter have I found the public posters and newspapers of the State the measures or principles then prevalent throughout the Union, as among officers of the British navy, and in the ranks of an angry Federalist opposition. For any bias, therefore, that, under such circumstances, my opinions and feelings may be thought to have received, full allowance, of course, is to be made in appraising the weight due to my authority on the subject.

All I can answer for, is the perfect sincerity and correctness of the usual impressions, whether true or false, of Frenchmen, under whose eyes the United States were written; and the strong, at the time, I confess, were those impressions, that it was the only period of my past life during which I have found myself at all sceptical as to the soundness of that liberal creed of politics, in the profession and advocacy of which I may be almost literally said to have begun life, and shall most probably end it.

Reaching, for the second time, New York, I set out from thence on the new familiar and easy enterprise of visiting the Falls of Niagara. It is but true, of all grand objects, whether in nature or art, that facility of access to them, much diminishes the feeling of reverence they ought to inspire. Of this fall,

9 A representation of this calabash, taken from a drawing of it made, on the spot, by Mr. Savage, of the Royal Artillery, has been introduced in the vignettes prefixed to this volume.

See Epistle to Mr. W. R. Spencer, p. 110 of this volume.
however, the route to Niagara, at that period—at least the portion of it which led through the Genesee country—could not justly be accused. The latter part of the journey, which lay chiefly through yet half-cleared forest, we were obliged to perform on foot; and a slight accident I met with, in the course of our rugged walk, had me up for some days at buffalo, to the rapid growth, in that wonderful region of long-lying, the materials of civilization. However ultimately they may be numbered, this flourishing town, which stands on Lake Erie, bears most ample testimony. Though little better, at the time when I visited it, than a mere village, consisting chiefly of huts and wigwams, it is now, by all accounts, a populous and splendid city, with its six churches, town-hall, theatre, and other such appendages of a capital.

In advertising to the comparatively rude state of Buffalo at that period, I should be ungrateful were I to omit mentioning, that, even then, on the shores of those far lakes, the title of "Poet,"—however unworthy in that instance bestowed,—broke a kind and distinguishing welcome for its wearer; and that the Captain who commanded the packet on which I crossed, in addition to other marks of courtesy, begged, on parting with me, to be allowed to decline payment for my passage.

When we arrived, at length, at the inn, in the neighbourhood of the Falls, it was too late to think of visiting them that evening; but, awakened at the whole night with the sound of the cataract in my ears. The day following I consider as a sort of era in my life; and the first glimpse I caught of that wonderful cataract gave me a feeling which nothing in the world could awaken, again. It passed through an opening among the trees, as we approached the spot where the full view of the Falls was to burst upon us, that I caught a glimpse of the mighty mass of waters folding smoothly over the edge of the rock, and so overwhelming was the notion it gave me of the awful spectacle I was approaching, that, during the short interval that followed, imagination had far outrun the reality; and, vast and wonderful as was the scene that then opened upon my first feeling was that of disappointment. It would have been impossible, indeed, for any thing real to come up to the vision I had, in these few seconds, formed of it; and these awful scriptural words, "The fountains of the great deep were broken up," and the notion of the vague wonderers for which I was prepared.

But, in spite of the start thus got by imagination, the triumph of reality was, in the end, but the greater; for the gradual glory of the scene opened upon me slower took possession of my whole mind; presenting, from day to day, some new beauty or wonder, and, like all that is most sublime in nature or art, awakeningsad as well as elevating thoughts. I retain in my memory but one other dream—for such dreams so long past appear—to this in any respect be associated with the grand vision I have just been describing; and, however different the nature of their appeals to the imagination, I should find it difficult to say on which occasion I felt most deeply and powerfully when looking on the Falls of Niagara, or when standing by moonlight among the ruins of the Coliseum.

Some changes, I understand, injurious to the beauty of the scene, have taken place in the s*ape of the Falls since the time of my visit to them; and among these is the total disappearance, by the gradual crumbling away of the rock, of the small leafy island which then stood near the edge of the Great Fall, and whose tranquility and unapproachableness, in the midst of so much turmoil, lend it an in erest which I

1. The Commodore of the Lakes, as he is styled.
2. The two first sentences of the above paragraph, as well as a passage that occurs near the foot of this column, stood originally as part of the Notes on one of the American Poems.
3. Introduced in the Epistle to Lady Charlotte Rawdon, p. 112 of this volume.
4. This brave and amiable officer was killed at Queenston, in Upper Canada, soon after the commencement of the war with America, in the year 1812. He was called to the act of cheering on his men when they fell. The inscription is engraved on a monument raised to his memory, on Queenston Heights, does but due honour to his manly character.
5. "It is singularly gratifying," the author adds, "to discover that, to this hour, the Canadian voyageurs

Another characteristic feature of the vicinity of the Falls, which I understand no longer exists, was the interesting settlement of the Tuscarora Indians. With the gallant Brock to whom he then came command, at Fort George, I passed the great entrance to the falls. The few weeks I remained at Niagara; and a visit paid to these Indians, in company with him and his brother officers, on his going to distribute among them the customary presents and prizes, was not the least curious of the many new scenes I witnessed. These people received us in all their ancient costume. The young men exhibited for our amusement in the race, the bat-galooe, and other sports, while the old and the women sat in groups under the surrounding trees; and the whole scene was as picturesque and beautiful as it was new to me. It is said that West, the American painter, when he first saw the Apollo, at Rome, exclaimed instantly, "A young Indian warrior!" — and, however startling the association may appear, one of the most beautiful and affecting forms which I saw that day among the Tuscarora were such as would account for its arising in the young painter's mind.

After crossing the "fresh-water ocean" of Ontario, I passed down the St. Lawrence to Montreal and Quebec, staying for a short time at each of these places; and this part of my journey, as well as my voyage on from Quebec to Halifax, is sufficiently traceable through the few pieces of poetry in that were suggested to me by scenes and events on the way. And here I am again venture to avail myself of the valuable testimony of Captain Hall's characteristic views of some of these scenes through which his more practised eye followed me;—taking the liberty to omit in my extracts, as far as may be done without injury to the style or context, some of that generous superabundance of praise in which friendly criticism delights to indulge.

In speaking of an excursion he had made up the river Ottawa—"a stream," he adds, "which has a classical place in every one's imagination from Moore's Canadian Bards song," Captain Hall says:—"The fountains of the great deep were broken up, and a golden light filled the whole space. The sight was a marvel, and the wonderers for which I was prepared.

But, in spite of the start thus got by imagination, the triumph of reality was, in the end, but the greater; for the gradual glory of the scene opened up to me slow took possession of my whole mind; presenting, from day to day, some new beauty or wonder, and, like all that is most sublime in nature or art, awakening sad as well as elevating thoughts. I retain in my memory but one other dream—for such dreams so long past appear—to this in any respect be associated with the grand vision I have just been describing; and, however different the nature of their appeals to the imagination, I should find it difficult to say on which occasion I felt most deeply and powerfully when looking on the Falls of Niagara, or when standing by moonlight among the ruins of the Coliseum.

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While on the subject of the Canadian Boat Song, an anecdote connected with that once popular ballad may, for musical readers at least, possess some interest. A few years since, while staying in Dublin, I was presented, at his own request, to a gentleman who told me that his family had in their possession a curious relic of my youthful days—being the first notation I had made, in pencilling, of the air and words of the Canadian Boat Song, while on my way down the St. Lawrence,—and that it was their wish I should add my signature to attest the authenticity of the autograph. I assured him with truth that I had wholly forgotten even the existence of such a memorandum; that it would be as much a curiosity to myself as it could be to any one else, and that I should feel thankful to be allowed to see it. In a day or two after, my request was complied with, and the following is the history of this musical relic.2

In my passage down the St. Lawrence, I had with me two traveling companions, one of whom, named Harkness, the son of a wealthy Dublin merchant, has been some years dead. To this young friend, on parting with him, I gave, as a keepsake, a volume I had been reading on the way,—Priestley's Lectures on History; and it was upon a fly-leaf of this volume I found I had taken down, in pencilling, both the notes and a few of the words of the original song by which my own best-remembered glee had been suggested. The following is the form of my memorandum of the original air:

Then follows, as pencilled down at the same moment, the first verse of my Canadian Boat Song, with air and words as they are at present. From all this it will be perceived, that, in my own setting of the air, I departed in almost every respect but the time from the strain our voyageurs had sung to leaving the music of the glee nearly as much my own as the words. Yet, how strongly impressed I had become with the notion that this was the identical air sung by the boatmen,—how ineluctably it had become a part of my imagination with the scenes and sounds amidst which it had occurred to me,—may be seen by reference to a note appended to the glee as first published, which will be found in the following pages.

To the few, curious and, perhaps, invaluable collections I have thus called up, respecting the contents of our second volume, I have only to add, that the heavy storm of censure and criticism,—some of it, I fear, but too well deserved,—which, both in America and in England, the publication of my "Odes and Epistles" drew upon me, was followed by results which have far more than compensated for any pain such attacks at the time may have inflicted. In the most formidable of all my enemies, at that period, the great master of the art of criticism, in our day,—I have found ever since one of the most cordial and highly valued of all my friends; while the good will I have experienced from more than one distinguished American sufficiently assures me that any injustice I may have done to that kind of frenzied, if not long since wholly forgotten, is now remembered only to be forgiven.

As some consolation to me for the onsets of criticism, I received, shortly after the appearance of my volume, a letter from Stockton, addressed to "the author of Epistles, Odes, and other Poems," and informing me that "the Prince, Nobles, and Gentlemen, who composed the General Chapter of the most Illustrious, Equestrian, Secular, and Chapiteral Order of St. Joachim," had elected me as a Knight of this Order. Notwithstanding the grave and official style of the letter, I regarded it, I own, at first, as a mere ponderous piece of pleasantry; and even suspected that in the name of St. "Joachim" I could detect the low and irreverent pun of St. John.

On a little inquiry, however, I learned that there actually existed such an order of knighthood; that the title, insignia, &c., conferred by it had, in the instances of Lord Nelson, the Duke of Brunswick, and Colonel Imhoff, who were all knights of St. Joachim, been authorized by the British court; but that since then, this exemption of the order had been withdrawn. Of course, to the reduction thus caused in the value of the hom-nam was owing its descent in the scale of distinction to "such small deer!" of Panorama as myself. I wrote a letter, however, full of grateful acknowledgments, to Monsieur Hanxion, the Vice-Chancellor of the Order, saying that I was unconscious of having entitled myself, by any public service, to a reward due only to the benefactors of mankind; and therefore begged leave most respectfully to decline it.

JUVENTILE POEMS.

THE PHILOSOPHER ARISTIPPUS.2

TO A LAMP

WHICH HAD BEEN GIVEN HIM BY LAIS.

Dulcis conscia lectuli veterem.
Martialis, lib. xiv. epig. 39.

"Oh! love the Lamp" (my Mistress said),
"The faithful Lamp that, many a night,
Beside thy Lais' lonely bower
Hast kept its little watch of light.

2 It does not appear to have been very difficult to become a philosopher amongst the ancients. A moderate store of learning, with a considerable portion of confidence, and just wit enough to produce an occasional apophthegm, seem to have been all the qualifications necessary for the purpose. The principles of moral science were so very imperfectly understood that the founder of a new sect, in forming his ethical code, might consult either fancy or temperament, and adapt it to his own passions and propensities; so that Mahomet, with a little more learning, might have flourished as a philosopher in those days, and would have required but the polish of the schools to become the rival of Aristippus in morality. In the science of nature, too, though some valuable truths were discovered by them, they seemed hardly to know they were truths, or at least were so well satisfied with errors; and Xenophanes, who asserted

1 Page 112 of this volume.
JUVENILE POEMS.

"Full often has it seen her weep,
And in her eye upon its flame,
Till, weary, she has sunk to sleep,
Repeating her beloved's name.

Then love the Lamp — 'twill of an lead
By step through learning's sacred way;
And when the starry eyes shall lead,
At midnight, by its lonely ray.

Of things sublime, of nature's birth,
Of all that's bright in heaven or earth,
Oh, think that she, by whom it's given,
Adores thee more than earth or heaven!"

Yes — dearest Lamp, by every charm
On which my midnight brain has hung; 1
The head reclined, the graceful arm
Across the brow of ivory h ung;

The heaving bosom, partly hid,
The several lips' uncensured sighs,
The frame that from the half-shut lid
Adown the cheek of roses lies:

By these, by all that bloom untold,
And long as all shall charm my heart,
I'll love my little Lamp of gold —
My Lamp and I shall never part.

And often, as she smiling said,
In fancy's hour, thy gentle rays
Shall guide my visionary head
Through poetry's enchanting maze.
The flame shall light the page so fair,
Where still we catch the throe's breath,
Where still the bard, though cold in death,
Has left his soul unquenched behind.

Oh, or thy humber legend shine,
Of man of Aesop's d-e-a-r glasses,
To whom the nightly warbling Nine 3
A wand of inspiration gave.

Pluck'd from the greenest tree, that shade
The crystal of Castalia's wave.

Then, turning to a purer lore,
We'll cult the sages' deep-ed store,
From Science sted her golden clue,
And every my-s-tic path pursue.

Where Nature far from vulgar eyes,
Through labyrinths of wonder flies.
'T was thus my heart shall learn to know
How fleeting is this world below,

that the stars were igneous clouds, lighted up every night and extinguished again in the morning, was thought and styled a philosopher, as generally as he who anticipated Newton in developing the arrangement of the universe.

For this opinion of Xenophanes, see Plutarch, de Placi, Philosop. lib. ii. cap. 18. It is impossible to read this treatise of Plutarch, without alternately admiring the genius, and smiling at the absurdities of the philosophers.

1 The ancients had their lucernae cubiculæ or bedchamber lamps, which, as the Emperor Galienus said, "ill cas murrenir," and, with the same commendation of secrecy. Praxagora addresses her lamp to Aristophanes, Exeg. We may judge how fanciful they were, in the use and embellishment of their lamps, from the famous symbolc Lucernæ, which we find in the Romanum Museum Arch. Causes, p. 127.

2 Hesiod, who tells us in melancholy terms of his father's flight to the wretched village of Asca. 

3 Enniius ostii ron, pericallapsa oosan susan. Theod. v. 10.

4 Kai mooskenpr an edou, baphy oedulea oozou. Id. v. 30.

Where all that meets the morning light,
Is chang'd before the fall of night! 5

I'll tell thee, as I trim thy fire,
Swift, with the tide of being runs,
"And Time, who bids thy flame expire,
Will also quench your heaven of suns."

Oh, then if earth's united power
Can never chain one heathery hour;
If every print we leave to-day
To-morrow's wave will sweep away;
Who pau's to inquire of heaven
Why were the fleeting pleasures given,
The sunny days, the shady nights,
And all their brief but dear delights,
Which heaven has made for man to use,
And man should think it crime to lose?
Who that has call'd a fresh-blow'd rose
Will ask it why it breathes and glows,
Unmindful of the blushing ray,
In which it shines its soul away;
Unmindful of the scented sigh,
With which it dies and loves to die.

Pleasure, thou only good on earth! 6
One precious moment gi'Ve to thee
Oh! by my Laos' lip, it is worth
The sage's immortality.

Then far be all the wisdom hence,
That would our joys one hour delay!
Abas, the feast of soul and sense
Love calls us to in youth's bright day,
If not soon hast, flees away.

Never wert thou formed, my Lamp, to shed
Thy splendour on a lifeless page;
What's my blushing Laos said
Of thoughtful lore and studies sage.
I tell thee all — her glance of joy
Told me thy dearest, best employ;
And, soon as night shali close the eye
Of heaven's young varieder in the west;
When sears are gazing on the sky,
To find their future orbs of rest;

5 Πην τη δα δη ποτασμον έσκρι, as expressed among the dogmas of Heracleitus the Ephesian, and with the same image by Seccoma, in whom we find a beautiful diffusion of the thought. "Nemo est mae, qui frui proidize. Corpore costra rapinatur acumine more; quidquid vides current cum tempore Nihil omnis quis videns mactet. Ego ipsa, dum loquor mutari ipsa, mutatur sum," &c.

6 Arisippus considered motion as the principle of happiness, in which idea he differed from the Epicureans, who looked to a state of repose as the only truly voluptuous, and avoided even the all too lively agitations of pleasure, as a violent and ungraceful derangement of the senses.

7 Maupertus has been still more explicit than this philosopher, in ranking the pleasures of sense above the sublimest pursuits of wisdom. Speaking of the infant man, in his production, he calls him, "...ne nouvelle poésie, qui pourra remplir les chansons plus sublimes, et ce qui est bien adus, qui pourra gouter les melos plaisirs." See his Venus Physique. This appears to be one of the efforts at Fonteneau's galantie of manner, for which the learned President is so well and justly ridiculed in the Aekatie of Voltaire.

Maupertus may be thought to have borrowed from the ancient Arisippus that indiscrimination theory of pleasures which he has set forth in his Essai de Physicop Morale, and for which he was so justly condemned. Arisippus, according to Laertius, held, με ειδωλον τη θεσεις θεους, which irational sentiment has been adopted by Maupertus: "Tant qu'on ne considere que l'ét present, tous les plaisirs sont du meme genre," &c. &c.
Then shall I take my trembling way,
Unseen but to those worlds above,
And, led by thy mysterious ray,
Steal to the night-bower of my love.

TO MRS . . . .

ON HER BEAUTIFUL TRANSLATION OF
VOITURE'S KISS.

Mon ame sur mon leve etoit le jour entier;
Pour souverain le mien qui sit en vos yeux;
Mais en me retirant, elle se la derriere,
Tout de ce doux jour amoureux la restitu,

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

And, sure his soul returned to feel
That it again could wish'd be;
For in the kiss that thou didst seal,
His life and soul have fled to thee.

Rondeau.

"Good night! good night!" And is it so?
And must I from my Rosa go?
Oh Rosa, say "Good night!" once more,
And I'll repeat it o'er and o'er,
Tell the first glance of dawning light
Shall find us saying, still, "Good night!"

And still "Good night," my Rosa, say
But whisper still, "A minute stay!"
Till the first age of transport in it;
Till Time himself shall stay his flight,
To listen to our sweet "Good night!"

"Good night!" you'll murmur with a sigh,
And tell me it is time to fly:
And I will vow, will swear to go,
While still that sweet voice murmurs "No!"
Till slumber seal our weary sight:
And then, my love, my soul, "Good night!"

SONG.

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

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

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

TO ROSA.

Like one who trusts to summer skies,
And puts his little bark to sea,
Is he who, for'd by smiling eyes,
Consents his simple heart to thee.

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

Written in a commonplace book,
Called "The Book of Follies,"
In which every one that opened it was to contribute something.

TO THE BOOK OF FOLLIES.

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

TO ROSA.

Say, why should the girl of my soul be in tears
At a meeting of rapture like this?
When the glooms of the past and the sorrow of years
Have been paid by one moment of bliss?

Are they shed for that moment of blissful delight,
Which dwells in her memory yet?
Do they flow, like the dews of the love-breathing night,
From the warmth of the sun that has set?

Oh! sweet is the tear on that languishing smile,
That smile, which is loveliest then,
And if such are the drops that delight can beguile,
Thou shalt weep them again and again.

Light sounds the harp.

Light sounds the harp when the combat is over,
When heroes are resting, and joy is in bloom;
When laurels I hang loose from the brow of the lover,
And Cupid makes wings of the warrior's plumes.
JUVENILE POEMS.

But, when the foe returns,
Again the hero burns;
High flames the sword in his hand once more;
The clang of sounding arms
Is then the sound that charms,
And brazen notes of war, that stirring trump's pour;—
Then, again comes the Harp, when the combat is over.

When heroes are resting, and joy is in bloom—
When laurels hang loose from the brow of the lover,
And Cupid makes wings of the warrior's plume.
Light went the harp when the War-God, reclining,
Lay hurl'd on the white arm of beauty to rest,
When round his rich scent the myrtle hung twining,
And flights of young doves made his helmet their nest.

But, when the battle came,
The hero's eye breathed flame:
Soon from his neck the while arm was flung:
While, to his wakening ear,
No other sounds were dear
But brazen notes of war, by thousand trumpets sung.
But then came the light harp, when danger was ended,
And Beauty once more hurl'd the War-God to rest;
When tresses of gold with his laurels lay blended,
And flights of young doves made his helmet their nest.

FROM THE GREEK OF MELEAGER.1

Fill high the cup with liquid flame,
And speak my Heliodora's name;
Repeat its image over and over,
And let the sound my lips adore,
Live in the breeze, till every tone,
And word, and breath, speaks her alone.

Give me the wreath that withers there,
It was but last delicious night,
It circled her luxurious hair,
And caught her eye's reflected light.
Oh! haste, and twice it round my brow,
'Tis all of her that's left me now.
And see — each rosebud drops a tear,
To find the nymph no longer here —
No longer, where such heavenly charms
As hers should be — within these arms.

SONG.

Fly from the world, O Bessy to me,
Thou wilt never find any sincerer;
I'll give up the world, O Bessy! for thee,
I can never meet any that's dearer,
Then tell me no more with a tear and a sigh,
That our loves will be cement'd by many;
All, all have their follies, and who will deny
That ours is the sweetest of any?

When your lip has met mine in communion so sweet,
Have we felt as if virtue forlorn it?—
Have we felt as if heaven deny'd them to meet?
No, rather 'twas heaven that did it.
So innocent, love, is the joy we then sip,
So little of wrong is there in it,
That I wish all my errors were forgot on your lip,
And I'd kiss thee away in a minute.

Then come to your lover, oh! fly to his shed,
From a world which I know thou despe'sest;
And slumber will hover as light o'er our bed
As ever on the couch of the wisest.
And when o'er our pillow the tempest is drove,
And thou, pretty innocent, fearest,
I'll wilt thee, it is not the chiding of heav'n,
'Tis only our lullaby, dearest.

And, oh! while we lie on our deathbed, my love.
Looking back on the scene of our errors,
A sigh from my Bessy shall plead them above,
And Death be disarm'd of his terrors.
And each to the other embracing will say,
"Farewell! let us hope we've forgiv'n."
Thy last fading glance will illumine the way,
And a kiss be our passport to heaven!

THE RESEMBLANCE.

— vo cecand' io,
Donna, quant' e possibile, in altrui
La desunta vosta forma vedi.


Yes, if 't were any common love,
That let my plaint heart astray,
I grant, there's not a power above,
Could wipe the faithless crime away.

But, 'twas my doom to err with one
In every look so like to thee
That, underneath you blessed sun,
So fair there are but thou and she.

Both born of beauty, at a birth,
She held with thine a kindred sway,
And wore the only shape on earth
That could have hurl'd my soul to stray.

Then blame me not, if false I be,
'Twas love that wak'd the fond excess;
My heart had been more true to thee,
Had mine eye priz'd thy beauty less.

FANNY, DEAREST.

Yes! had I leisure to sigh and mourn,
Fanny, dearest, for thee I'd sigh;
And every smile on my cheek should turn
To tears when thou art nigh.
But, between love, and wine, and sleep,
So busy a life I live,
That even the time it would take to weep
Is more than my heart can give.
Then bid me not to despair and pine,
Fanny, dearest of all the dears!
The Love that's order'd to bathe in wine,
Would be sure to take cold in tears.

Reflected bright in this heart of mine,
Fanny, dearest, thy image lies;
But, ah, the mirror would cease to shine,
If dim'd too often with sighs.
They love the half of beauty's light,
Who view it through sorrow's tear;
And it is but to see thee truly bright
That I keep my eye-bands clear.
Then wait no longer till tears shall flow
Fanny, dearest — the hope is vain;
If sunshine cannot dissolve thy snow
I shall never attempt it with rain.

1 Εγχει, και παλιν ως, παλιν, παλιν, Ηλιοδώρας
Εις, συν ανυκρυ τη γυναικις μου γου σουμα.
Και ματόν δρασκελνα μους και χειζους κουτα,
Μιαναυμον κουνας, αρμιτσινοι ασθανοιν
Δικρινιν φελεραστον ιδον φιδον, ανεκα καναμ
Αλλαθει κ' ου κολας ιαστερος σουρα.

Brunc. Anacreon, tom. i., p. 28.
That, in short, you're a woman; your lips and your eyes
As mortal as ever drew gods from the sky,
But I will not believe them — no, Science, to you
I have long bid a last and a careless adieu;
Still flying from Nature to study her laws,
And drolling delight by exploring its cause,
You forget how superior, for mortals below,
Is the fiction they dream to the truth that they know.
Oh! who, that has ever enjoyed the gentle repose,
How raptures are concealed, or how parakeets fly
Through the medium rending of a glance or a sigh?
Is there one, who but once would not rather have
Known it,
Than written, with Harvey, whole volumes upon it?

As for you, my sweet-voiced and invisible love,
You must surely be one of those spirits, that rove
By the bank where, at twilight, the poet reclines,
When the star of the west on his solitude shines,
And the magical fingers of fancy have hung
Every breeze with a sigh, every leaf with a tongue.
Oh! hint to him then, his retirement alone
Can hallow his harp or ennoble its tone;
Like you, with a veil of seclusion between,
His song to the world let him utter unseen,
And like you, a legitimate child of the species,
Escape from the eye to enslave the ears
Sweet spirit of mystery! how I should love,
In the wearisome ways I am fated to rove,
To have you thus ever invisibly nigh,
Inhabiting for ever your song and your sigh
Mid the crowds of the world and the murmurs of care,
I might sometimes converse with my nymph of the air,
And turn with distaste from the clamorous crew
To steal in the pauses one whisper from you.

Then, come and be near me, for ever be mine,
We shall hold in the air a communion divine,
As sweet as, of old, was imagined to dwell
In the grotto of Numa, or Sacra's cell.
And oft, at these lingering moments of night,
When the heart's busy thoughts have put slumber to flight,
You shall come to my pillow and tell me of love,
Such as angel to angel might whisper above.
Sweet spirit! — and then, could you borrow the tone
Of that voice, to my ear like some fairy-song known,
The voice of the one upon earth, who has twined
With her being for ever my heart and my mind,
Though lonely and far from the light of her smile,
An exile, and weary and hopeless the while,
Could you shed for a moment her voice on my ear,
I will think, for that moment, that Caia is near;
That she comes with consoling enchantment to speak,
And kisses my eyelids and breathes on my cheek,
And tells me, the night shall go rapidly by,
For the dawn of our hope, of our heaven, is nigh.

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

THE RING.

A TALE.


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

1 I should be sorry to think that my friend had any

TO THE INVISIBLE GIRL.

They try to persuade me, my dear little sprite,
That you're not a true daughter of ether and light,
Nor have any concern with those fanciful forms
That dance upon rainbows and ride upon storms;

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

Do not disturb their tranquil dream,
Though love hath never the mystery warm'd;
Yet heav'n will shed a soothing beam,
To bless the bond itself form'd.

But then, that eye, that burning eye,—
Oh! it doth a-sk, with witching power,
If heaven can ever bless the tie
Where love inwreaths so genial flower?

Away, away, bewildering look,
Or all the boast of virtue's over;
Go — lure thee to the sages' hall,
And learn from him to feel no more.

I cannot warn thee: every touch,
That brings my pulses close to thine,
Tells me I want thy aid as much —
Ev'n more, alas, than thou dost mine.

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

Thou say'st, that we were born to meet,
That our hearts bear one common seal;
Think, Lady, think, how many's deceit
Can seem to sigh and feign to feel.

When, o'er thy face some gleam of thought,
Like daybeams through the morning air
Hath gradual stole, and I have caught
The feeling ere it kindled there;
The sympathy I then betray'd,
Perhaps was but the child of art,
The guide of one, who long hath ply'd
With all these wily nets of heart.

Oh! thine is not my earliest vow;
Though few the years I yet have told,
Canst thou believe I've lived till now,
With loveless heart or senses cold?

No — other nymphs to joy and pain
This wild and wandering heart mov'd;
With some it sported, wild and vain,
While some it dearly, truly, lov'd.

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

Then, scorn at once a worthless heart,
Worthless alike, or fix'd or free;
Think of the pure, bright soul thou art,
And — love not me, oh, love not me.

Enough — now, turn thine eyes again;
What, still that look and still that sigh!
Dost thou not feel my counsel then?
Oh! me, beloved, — nor do I.

THE RING.

TO THE INVISIBLE GIRL.

They try to persuade me, my dear little sprite,
That you're not a true daughter of ether and light,
Nor have any concern with those fanciful forms
That dance upon rainbows and ride upon storms;
The feast was o'er, and to the court
He hied without delay,
Resolved to break the marble hand
And force the ring away.

But mark a stranger wonders still —
The ring was there no more,
And yet the marble hand ungrasped,
And open as before!

He searched the bower, and all the court,
But nothing could be found:
Then to the castle bed he back
With some bewildered mind.

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

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

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

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

And here my song would leave them both,
Nor let the rest be told,
If 't were not for the horrid tale
It yet has to unfold.

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

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

And when he bent, the earthy lips
A kiss of horror gave;
'T was like the smell from charnel vaults,
Or from the marble ring's grave!

Ill-fated Rupert! — wild and loud
Then cried he to his wife;
"Oh! save me from this horrid fiend,
My Isabel! my life!"

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

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

"Husband, husband, I've the ring
I brought ye from the bower;
And thou to me forever wed,
As I am wed to thee!"

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

But when the dawn of day was near,
The horrid phantom fled;
And left th' afflicted youth to weep
By Isabel in bed.
And all that day a gloomy cloud
Was seen on Rupert's brow.
Fair Isabel was likewise sad,
But strove to cheer her spouse.

And, as the day advanced, he thought
Of coming night with fear;
Alas, that he should dread to view
The bed that should be dear!

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

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

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

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

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

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

Now Austin was a reverend man,
Who acted wonders main—
Whom all the country round believ'd
A devil or a saint!

To Father Austin's holy cave
Then Rupert straightway went;
And told him all, and ask'd him how
These horrors to prevent.

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

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

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

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

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

The night-fall came, and Rupert all
In pale amazement went
To where the cross-road met, as he
Was by the Fa'her sent.

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

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

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

Behind her walk'd a hideous form,
With eyeballs flashing death;
Whence'er he breathe'd, a sulphur'd smoke
Came burning in his breath.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"In Austin's name take back the ring,
"The ring thou gaz'dst to me;
"And thou'lt to me no longer wed,
"Nor longer I to thee."

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

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

Ηαραγγον με την τοδεία την ειρωνοιαν την χειρα.
Απ. Νίκηφορος Ιωνοθύρος.

Put off the vestal veil, nor, oh!
Let weeping angels view it;
Your cheeks belike is virgin snow,
And blush repeating through it.

Put off the fatal zone you wear;
The shining pearls around it
Are tears, that fell from Virtue there,
The hour when Love unbound it.
WRITTEN IN THE BLANK LEAF

OF A LADY'S COMMONPLACE BOOK.

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

TO MRS. EL—

WRITTEN IN HER ALBUM.

They say that Love had once a book
(The urchin likes to copy you),
Where, all who came, the pencil took,
And wrote, like us, a line or two.
'Twas Innocence, the maid divine,
Who kept this volume bright and fair,
And saw that no unhallowed line
Of thought profane should enter there;
And daily did the pages fill
With fond device and loving lore,
And every leaf she turn'd was still
More bright than that she turn'd before.

Beneath the touch of Hope, how soft,
How light the magic pencil ran!
Till Fear would come, alas, as oft,
And trembling close what Hope began.

A tear or two had drop'd from Grief,
And Jealousy would, now and then,
Ruille in haste some snow-white leaf,
Which Love had still to smooth again.

But, ah! there came a blooming boy,
Who often turn'd the pages o'er,
And wrote therein such words of joy,
That all who read them sigh'd for more.

And Pleasure was this spirit's name,
And though so soft his voice and look,
Yet Innocence, when'er he came,
Would tremble for his sportless book.

For, of a Baccant cup he bore,
With earth's sweet nectar sparkling bright;
And much she fear'd to test, manfully o'er,
Some drops should on the pages light.

And so it chanc'd, one lucky night,
The urchin let that goblet fall
Over the fair book, so pure, so white,
And scatter'd lines and marl and all!

In vain now, touched with shame, he tried
To wash those fatal stains away;
Deep, deep had sunk the sullying tide,
The leaves grew darker every day.

And Fancy's sketches lost their hue,
And Hope's sweet lines were all effac'd,
And Love himself now scarcely knew
What Love himself so lately trac'd.

At length the urchin Pleasure said,
(For how, alas! could Pleasure stay?)
And Love, while many a tear he shed,
Reluctant flung the book away.

The index now alone remains,
Of all the pages spoil'd by Pleasure,
And though it bears some earthly stains,
Yet Memory counts the leaf a treasure.

And oft, they say, she scans it o'er,
And oft, by this memorial aid,
Brings back the pages new and fresh,
And thinks it no more by lines that long have faded.

I know not if this tale be true,
But thus the simple facts are stated;
And I refer their truth to you,
Since Love and you are near related.

TO CARA.

AFTER AN INTERVAL OF ABSENCE

Conceal'd within the shady wood
A mother left her sleeping child,
And flew, to eulogize her food,
The fruitage of the forest wild.

But storms upon her pathway rise,
— The mother roam'd, astray and weeping;
Far from the weak appealing cries
Of him she left so sweetly sleeping.

She hopes, she fears! a light is seen,
And tender blows the night-wind's breath;
Yet no — 'tis gene — the storms are keen,
The infant may be chill'd to death!

Perhaps, even now, in darkness shrouded,
His little eyes lie cold and still;—
And yet, perhaps, they are not clouded,
Life and love may light them still.

Thus, Cara, at our last farewell,
When, fearful ev'n thy hand to touch,
I mutely asked those eyes to tell
If parting paint'd thee half so much;

I thought,—and, oh! forgive the thought,
For none was e'er by love inspir'd
Whom fancy had not also taught
To hope the bliss his soul desired.

Yes, I did think, in Cara's mind,
Though yet to that sweet mind unknown,
I left one infant wish behind,
One feeling, which I called my own.

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

And, many an hour, beseech'd by pleasure,
And many an hour of sorrow numbering,
I ne'er forget the new-born treasure,
I left within thy bosom slumbering.

Perhaps, indifference has not chill'd it,
Haply, it yet a throb may give —
Yet, no — perhaps, a doubt has chill'd it;
Say, dearest — does the feeling live?

TO CARA,

ON THE DAWNING OF A NEW YEAR'S DAY.

When midnight came to close the year,
We sighed to think it thus should take
The hours it gave us — hours as dear
As sympathy and love could make
Their blessed moments, — every sun
Saw us, my love, more closely one.
THE GENIUS OF HARMONY,
AN IRREGULAR ODE.

Ad harmoniam canere muendum.
Cicero de Nat. Deor. lib. III.

There lies a shell beneath the waves,
In many a hollow wounding breast,
Such as of old
Echec the bays that warbling sea-maids breath'd;
This magic shell,
From the white bosom of a syren fell,
As once she wander'd by the tide that laves
Sithen's mind of gold.
It bears
Upon its shining side the mystic notes
Of those entrancing airs,1

1 In the "Histoire Naturelle des Antilles," there is an account of some curious shells, found at Curacao, on the back of which were lines, filled with musical characters so distinct and perfect, that the writer assures us a very charming trio was sung from one of them. "On the nomme musical, parce qu'il paré sur le dos des lignes noircrtes pleines de notes, qui ont une espeece de cle pour les mettre en chant, de sorte que l'on droit qu'il ne manque que la lettre a cette table, fort naturelle. Ce curieux gentillhomme (M. du Montel) rapporte cette cle qu'en a vu qui avaient cinq lignes, une cle, et des notes, qui forment un accord parfait. Quelqu'un y avoit ajoute la lettre, que la nature avoit omise, et la faisait chanter en forme de trio, dont l'air et l'esprit agreable." — Chap. xix. art. II.

2 According to Cicero, and his commentator, Macrobius, the lunar tone is the greatest and faintest on the planetary hept chord. "Quam ob summum silius ubi colis stellarum cursus, cursum converso est concretion, aequo et excitato nostrum sonum; gravissimo autem lunaris atque intimus" — Somn. lib. II. Because, says Macrobius, "spiritus ut in extremitate languescens jani voluitur, et propter angustias quibus penultimus oris arat subsidium loco neceret convertitur." — Somn. lib. III. cap. 4. In their opinion, the arrangement of the heavenly bodies, the ancient writers are not very intelligible. — See Poth. lib. III.

3 Leonce Hebreo, pursuing the idea of Aristotle, that the heavens are animal, attributes their harmony to perfect and reciprocal love. "Non vero manca fra loro il perfetto et reciprocis amore; la causa principale, che ne mostra il loro amore, e la lor amicizia armonica et la concordia, che perpetuamente si trova in loro." — Diacre, li di Amore, p. 58. Thos. "reciprocis amore" of Leonce is the phaethon of the ancient Empedocles, who seems, in his Love and Hate of the Elements, to have given a glimpse of the principles of attraction and repulsion. See the fragment to which I allude in Lectius, Allor nov phaethon, v. 16, κ. τ. λ. lib. viii. cap. 2. p. 12.

4 Heracleides, upon the allegories of Homer, conjectures that the idea of the harmony of the spheres originated with this poet, who, in representing the solar beams as arrows, supposes them to emit a peculiar sound in the air.

5 In his account of Africa which D'Abancourt has translated, there is mention of a tree in that country, whose branches, when shaken by the wind produce very sweet sounds. "Le melo sonore (Abuzragar) dit, qu'il y a un certain arbre, qui produit des gales comme d'oise, et qu'en les prenant la main et les pressant, elles font une espece d'harmonie fort agreable," &c. &c. — L'AFrique de Marmot.
Welcome, welcome, mystic shell!  
Many a star has ceased to burn;  
Many a tear has Saturn's urn  
O'er the cold bosom of the ocean wept;  
Since thy aerial spell  
Had to the earthless slept.  

Now best I'll fly  
With the bright treasure to my choral sky,  
Where she, who wak'd its early swell,  
The Syren of the heavenly choir,  
Walks o'er the great a sea of my Orphic Lyre;  
Or guides around the burning pole  
The winged chariot of some blissful soul:  
While thou—  
Oh, son of earth, what dreams shall rise for thee!  
Repeast, Hesperus' sun,  
Thou 'll see a streamlet run,  
Which I've imbued with breathing melody;  
And there, when night-winds down the current die,  
Thou 'll hear how like a harp its waters sigh:  
A liquid chord in every wave that flows,  
An airy phæonum every breeze that blows.  

There, by that wondrous stream,  
Go, lay thy languid brow,  
And I will send thee such a golden dream,  
As never blessed the slumberers even of him;  
Who, many a night, with his promordial lyre,  
Safe on the chill Pangean mount,  

I found her not— the chamber seem'd  
Like some divinely haunt'd place  
Where fairy forms had lately beams,  
And left behind their odorous trace!  

And, looking to the orient dim,  
Watch'd the first flowing of that sacred fount,  
From which his soul had drank its fire.  
Oh! think what visions, in that lonely hour,  
Stole o'er his musing breast;  
What musing spread  
Wafted his prayer to that  

Oh! beaumonts!  
Whose seal upon this new born world impress!  
The vari us forms of bright divinity!  
Or, dost thou know what dreams I wove,  
Mid the deep horror of that silent hour,  
When the rapt Sannias slept his holy slumber?  
When, free  
From every earthly chain,  

There is a heaven’s voice, such as twines my hair,  
And by the seven gems that sparkle there,  
Nightingale beams  
In a soft iris of harmonious light,  
Oh, mortal! such shall be thy radiant dreams.  

And, looking to the orient dim,  
Watch'd the first flowing of that sacred fount,  
From which his soul had drank its fire.  
Oh! think what visions, in that lonely hour,  
Stole o'er his musing breast;  
What musing spread  
Wafted his prayer to that  

This is indeed the only tolerable thought in the letter. — Lib. ii. Varior.
It felt as if her lips had shed
A sigh around her, one sweet led,
Which issuing, as on a melting lake,
When all the silver chords are mute,
There lingers still a trembling breath
After the note's luxurious death,
A shade of song, a spirit air
Of melodies which had been there.

I saw the veil, which, all the day,
Had floated on her cheek of rose,
I saw the couch, where late she lay
In languor of divine repose;

And I could trace the hollow'd print
Her limbs had left, as pure and warm,
As if it were done in nature's mint,
And Love himself had stamp'd the form.

Oh, my sweet mistress, where art thou?
In pity fly not thus from me;
Thou art my life, my essence now,
And my soul dies of wanting thee.

TO MRS. HENRY TIGHE,
ON READING HER "PSYCHE."

Tell me the witching tale again,
For never has my heart or ear
Hung on so sweet, so pure a strain,
So pure to feel, so sweet to hear.

Say, Love, in all thy prime of fame,
When the high heaven itself was three;
When piety confessed the flame,
And even thy errors were divine;

Did ever Muse's hand do fair,
A glory round thy temples spread?
Did ever lips thus ambrosial air
Such fragrance o'er thy altars shed?

One maid there was, who round her lyre
The mystic mystic wildly wrought;
But all her sighs were sighs of fire.
The myrrh wither'd as she breath'd.

Oh, you, that love's celestial dream,
In all its purity, would know,
Let not the senses' ardent beam
Too strongly through the vision glow.

Love safest lies, conceal'd in night,
The night when heaven has bid him lie;
Oh! shed not there unshallow'd light,
Or, Psyche knows, the boy will fly.

Sweet Psyche, many a charmed hour,
Through many a wild and magic hour,
To the fair found and beautiful lover,
Have I, in dreams, thy light foot traced?

Where'er thy joys are numbered now,
Beneath whatever shades of rest,
The Genius of the starry brow
Hath bound thee to thy Cupid's breast.

Whether above the horizon dim,
Along wh'se verge our spirits stray,—
Half sunk beneath the shadowy rim,
Half brighten'd by the upper sky,—

Thou dwellest in a world, all light,
Or, lingering here, dost love to be,
To other souls, the guardian bright
That Love was, through the gloom, to thee;

Still be the song to Psyche dear,
The song, whose gentle voice was given
To be, on earth, to mortal ear,
An echo of her own, in heaven.

FROM THE HIGH PRIEST OF APOLLO,
TO A VIRGIN OF DELPHI.

Cum digna digna . . .
Sulpicia.

"Who is the maid, with golden hair,
With eye of fire, and foot of air,
Whose harp around my heart swells,
The sweetest of a thousand shells?"
'T was thus the deity, who reads
The arch of heaven, and proudly sheds
Day from his eyelids — thus he spoke,
As through my veil his glory broke.

Aphelia is the Delphic virg,
With eyes of fire and golden hair,
Aphelia's are the airy feet,
And hers the harp divinely sweet;

1 cannot avoid remarking here an error into which the French Encyclopedists have been led by Mr. Spoon, in their article Psyche. They say, "Psyche fait un recit de la pompe nuptialem des deux amans (Amour et Psyche) Deja, dit-il, &c. &c. The Psyche of Petronius, however, is a servant-maid, and the marriage which he describes is that of the young Pannechus. See Spoon's Recherches curieuses, &c. Dissertation 5.

2 Allusion to Mrs. Tighe's Poem.

3 Constancy.

4 By this image the Plutonians expressed the middle state of the soul between sensible and intellectual existence.

5 This poem, as well as a few others in the following volume, formed part of a work which I had early projected, and even announced to the public; but which, for various reasons, was never published, and was interrupted by my visit to America in the year 1803.

Among these impostures, which the priests of the pagan temples are known to have indulged, one of the most false was that of announcing to some far votary of the shrine, that the god himself had become enamored of her beauty, and would descend in all his glory, to pay her a visit within the recesses of the cave. An adventure of this description formed an episode in the classic romance which I had sketched out; and the short fragment, given above, belongs to an epistle by which the story was to have been introduced.

6 In the 9th Pythic of Findlar, where Apollo, in the same manner, requires of Chion some information respecting the fair Cyrene, the Centaur, in obeying,
For foot so light has never trod
The laurel caverns of the god,
Not harp so soft hath ever given
A sigh to earth or hymn to heaven.

"Then tell the virgin to unfold,
In lesser pomp, her lock of gold,
And bid those eyes more tender shine
To welcome down a spouse divine;"

Since He, who lights the path of years,
Even from the fount of morning's tears
To where his setting splend'rs burn.
Upon the western sea minds urn—
Both not, in a his course, behold
Such eyes of He, such hair of gold.
Tell her, he comes, in his ful pride,
His lip yet sparkling with the tide
That munites in Olympian bowls—
The nectar of eternal soul!

For her, for her he the skies,
And to her kiss from nectar sinn.
"Oh, he would quit his star-thron'd height,
And leave the world to pine for light;"

Nigh he but pass the hours of shade,
Beside his peerless Delphic maid,
She, more than earthily woman blest,
He, more than god on woman's breast! 17

There is a cave beneath the steep,
Where lying rolls of crystal sleep
Over the herbage of the loveliest hue
That ever spring begotten with dew;
There of the greenwa'ds glossy tint
Is brightned' by the recent print
Of many a foot and naked feet—
Scarce touching earth, their step so fleet—
That there, by moonlight's ray, had trod,
In light dance, o'er the verdant sod.

"There, there," the god, in a loud, said,
"Soon as the twilight throng is lighted up
And the dim orb of lunar souls
Along its shadowy pathway rolls—
There shall we meet,— and not ev'n He,"

The God who reigns immortal,
Where Ebal's torches paint their pride
Upon th' Emphates shining tide,—
Not ev'n when to his midnight loves
In mystic majesty he moves,
Lighted by many an odd fire,
And hallowed by all Chaldia's choir,—
Ever yet, o'er mortal bow, let shine
Such effulgence of Love Divine,
As shall to-night, blest maid, o'er thine.

very gravely apologizes for telling the God what his omniscience must know so perfectly already;

Ει δέ γα χρυσ και περ εφον αντιφρασιον
Επιστολαν Ιουλ. v. 76.

2 The Cymrican Cave, which Passianus mentions. The inhabitants of Parnassus held it sacred to the Cymrican nymphs, who were children of the river Pintus.

3 See a preceding note, ante, p. 127. It should seem that lunar spirits were of a higher order than spirits in general, as Plutarch has said by his followers to have descended from the regions of the moon. The here-ivich Muses, in the same manner, imagined that the sun and moon are the residence of Christ, and that the ascension was nothing more than his flight to so higher orbs.

4 The temple of Jupiter Belus, at Babylon; in one of whose towers there was a large chapel set apart for these celestial assignations. "No man is allowed to sleep here," says Herodotus; "but the apart ment is appropriated to a female, whom, if we believe the Chaldian priests, the deity selects from the women of the country, as his favorite." Lib. I. cap. 181.

Happy the maid, whom her ren allows
To break for heaven her virgin vows!
Hail, ye the maid!— her robes of shame
Is whitened by a heavenly flame.
Whose glory, with a dazzling trace,
Shines through and defies her race! 3

FRAGMENT.

Pity me, love! I'll pity thee,
If thou indeed hast felt like me.
All my bosom's peace is o'er
At night, when thou dost my hour of rest,
When from the page of classic lore.
From the spires of foot of a holy one,
My soul has drawn the placid balm,
Which charmed its every grief away.
Ab! there I find that balm no more.
These spells, which in us oft forget
The fleeting troubles of the day,
In deeper sorrows only what
The strings they cannot bear away.
When to my pillow rock'd I fly,
With weary sense and wakeful eye.
While my brain maddens, where, oh, where
Is that serene consoling pray'st,
Which once has hush'd my rest,
When the still soothing voice of Heaven
Hath seem'd to whisper in my breast,
"Sleep on, by errors are forgiven;"
No, no! when still in semblance pray,
My thoughts are wandering far away,
And ev'n the name of Deity
Is mummur'd out in sighs for thee.

A NIGHT THOUGHT.

How off a cloud, with envious veil,
Obscures you harshful light,
Which seems so modestly to steal
Along the waste of night!
'Tis thus the world's intrusive wrong,
Obscure with malice keen
Some timid heart, which only longs
To live and die unseen.

THE KISS.

Grow to my lip, thou savor'd kiss.
On which my soul's beloved swore
That there should come a time of bliss,
When she would mock my hopes no more.
And fancy shall thy glow renew,
In sighs at morn, and dreams at night,
And none shall steal thy holy dew,
Till thou art absolv'd by rapture's rite.
Sweet hours that are to make me blest,
Fly, swift as breezes to the god,
And let my love, my more than soul,
Come blushing to this ardent breast.
Then, while in every glance I drink
The rich overflowings of her mind,
Oh! let her all enamour'd sink
In sweet abandonment resign'd,
Blushing for all our struggles past,
And murmuring, "I am thee at last!"

Fontenelle, in his playful recapitulation of the legendary materials of Variabilis, has related in his own inimitable manner an adventure of this kind which was detected and exposed at Alexandria. See L'History des Orescles, diquiri. vii. Cestos, too, in one of his most amusing little stories, has made the Genev Mange-Tapeau, of the Isle Joquille, assert this privilege of spiritual beings in a manner rather formidable to the husbands of the island.
SONG.

Think on that look whose melting ray
For one sweet moment mix'd with mine,
And for that moment seem'd to say,
"I dare not, or I would be thine!"

Think on thy ev'ry smile and glance,
On all that lead to charm and move;
And then forgive my bosom's trance,
Nor tell me it is sin or love.

Oh, not to love thee were the sin;
For sure, if Fate's decrees be done,
Thou, thou art destin'd still to win,
As I am destin'd to be won.

THE CATALOGUE.

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

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

Pretty Martha was next, and my soul was all flame,
But my head was so fill'd of ramaże
That I fancied her into some chivalry dame,
And I was her knight of the lance.
But Martha was not of this fanciful school,
And she laugh'd at her poor little knight;
While I thought her a goddess she thought me a fool,
And I'll swear she was most in the right.

My soul was now calm, till, by Cloris's looks,
Again I was tempt'd to rove;
But Cloris, I found, was so learn'd in books
That she gave me more logic than love.
So I left this young Sappho, and hasten'd to fly
To those sweeter logicians in bliss.
And convince us at once with a kiss.
Oh! Susan was then all the world unto me,
But Susan was piously given;
And the worst of it was, we ceuld never agree
On the road that was shortest to Heaven.
Oh, Susan! I've said, in the moments of mirth,
"What's devotion to thee or to me?"
I devously believe there's a heaven on earth,
And believe that that heaven's so near!

When lightly thou didst fly to meet
The girl whose smile was then so sweet—
The girl thou lov'dst with tender pain
Thou eager thy heart can feel again.
Ye me!—your love seem'd all in one,
Like taper that'suminishing show;
Thy heart was warm enough for both,
And hers, in truth, was nothing loth.
Such were the hours that once were thine—
But ah! these hours no longer shine.
For now the nymph delights no more
In what she lov'd so much before;
And all Catullus how can do,
Is to be proud and frigid too;
Nor follow where the wanton flies,
Nor sue; he kisht that she denies.
False maid! he bids farewell to thee,
To love, and all love's misery;
The heyday of his heart is o'er,
Nor will he own one favour more.
Fly, perjur'd girl!—but whither fly?
Who now will praise thy cheek and eye?
Who now will drink the syren's tone,
Which tells him thou art all his own?
Oh, none;—and he who lov'd before
Can never, never love thee more.

"Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more!"
St. John, chap. viii.

Oh, woman, if through sinful will
Thy soul hath strayed from honour's track,
Thy mercy only can beguile,
By gentle ways, the way back.
The shun that on thy virtue lies,
Wash'd by those tears, not long will stay;
As clouds that sully morning skies,
May all be swept in show'r's away.
Go, go, be innocent,—and live;
The tongues of men may wound thee sore;
But Heaven in pity can forgive,
And bids thee "go, and sin no more!"

NONSENSE.

Good reader! if you e'er have seen
Who Phoebus has ens to his pillow,
The mermaids, with their tresses green,
Dancing upon the west-tern billow:
If you have seen, at twilight dim,
When the lone spirit's vesper hymn
Floats wild along the winding shore,
If you have seen, through mist of eve,
The fairy train their ringlets wave,
Glancing along the spangled green:
If you have seen all this, and more,
God bless me, what a deal you've seen!

EPIGRAM.

FROM THE FRENCH.

"I never give a kiss (says True.)
"To naughty man, for I abhor it."
She will not give a kiss, 't is true;
She 'll take one though, and thank you for it.

ON A SQUINTING POETESS.

To no one Muse does she her glance confide,
But has an eye, at once, to all the Nine!
TO ROSA.

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

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

Tell me at once if this be true,
And I will calm my jealous breast;
Will learn to join the daring crew,
And share your simperies with the rest.

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

I'd rather think you "false as hell;"
Then find you to be all divine,—
Thou know that heart could love so well,
Yet know that heart would not be mine.

TO PHILLIS.

Phillis, you little rosy rake,
That heart of yours I long to rifle;
Come, give it me, and do not make
So much ado about a trifle!

TO A LADY,
ON HER SINGING.

Thy song has taught my heart to feel
The e're biding moods of heavenly love,
Which o'er the sainted spirits play
When listening to the spheres above!

When, t'ird of life and misery,
I wish to sigh my latest breath,
Oh, Emma! I will fly to thee,
And then shall sing me into death.

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

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

SONG.

ON THE BIRTHDAY OF MRS.——,
WRITTEN IN IRELAND, 1799.

Of all my happiest hours of joy,
And even I have had my measure,
When hearts were full, and ev'ry eye
Hath kindled with the light of pleasure,

An hour like this I never was given,
So full of friendship's purest blisses;
Young Love mine! I seek you from the heaven.
To smile on such a day as this is.

Then come, my friends, this hour improve,
I let feel as if we ne'er could sever;
And may the birth of her love
Be thus with joy remembered ever!

Oh! banish ev'ry thought of grief,
Which could disturb our souls' communion;
Abandon'd thus to dear delight,
We'll ev'ry hour forget the Union;

On that last statement try their pow's,
And trouble them, they'll die for;
The union of the soul be ours,
And ev'ry union else we sigh for.

Then come, my friends; &c.

In ev'ry eye around I mark
The feelings of the heart overflowing;
From ev'ry soul I catch the spark
Of sympathy, in friendship glowing.

Oh! could such moments ever fly;
Oh! that we never were doomed to lose 'em;
And all as bright as Charlotte's eye;
And all as pure as Charlotte's bloom.

Then come, my friends; &c.

For me, whatever my span of years,
Whatever sun may light my moving;
Whether I weep or laugh, or mourn;
I this day shall come with aspect kind,

Wherever love may cast your rover;
He'll think of those he left behind,
And drink a health to bliss that's over!
Then come, my friends; &c.

SONG. 2

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

Fade thee well.

Few have ever I'd like me,—
Yes I have 't at thee too sincerely;
And few have e'er decided like thee,—
Alas! decided me too severely.

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

Fade thee well! I'll think of thee,
 Thou hast my many a bitter token;
For see, distracting woman, see,
Oh, my peace is gone, my heart is broken!—
Fade thee well!

MORALITY.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE.

ADDRESSED TO
J. AT—NS—N, ESQ. M.R.I.A.

Though long at school and college doing,
Of books and books of prose and verse,
And copying from their worn pages,
Fine recipes for making wines,

9 These words were written to the pathetic Scotch air "Galia Water."
Juvenile Poems.

81

Though long with those divines at school,
Who think to make us good by rule;
Who, in methodic forms advancing,
Teaching morality like dancing,
Tell us, for Heaven or for Earth,
What steps we are through life to take:
Though thus, my friend, so long employ'd,
With so much midnight rill des roy'd,
I must confess, my searches past,
I've o'erlearn'd to doubt at last.
I find the doctors and the sages
Have differ'd in all climates and ages,
And two in fifty scarce agree
Upon what is pure morality.

Thus like the rainbow's shifting zone,
And every vision makes its own.
The doctors of the Porphry wise,
As modes of living great and wise
That we should come to own or know
The luxuries that from feeling flow:
"Reason alone must claim direction,
And Apothecry's the soul's perfection.
"A dull, like the heart must be;
Nor pass on's gale nor pleasure's sigh,
Though Heaven the breeze, the breath supplied,
Must curl the wave or swell the tide!"

Such was the rigid Zen's plan
To form his philosophic man;
Such were the modes he taught mankind
To weed the garden of the mind;
They bore from thence some seeds, 'tis true,
But all the flours were ravaged too!

Now listen to the wily strains,
Which, on Cyrene's sandy plain,
When Pleasure, nymph with Rosenburg zone,
Bade the thinking flour of mind
Hear what the courtly sage's tongue
To his surrounding pupils sung
"Pleasure's the only noble end
To which all human pow'rs should tend,
And Virtue gives her heavenly lore,
But to make Virtue please us more,
Wisdom and she were both desired,
To make the senses more refined,
That man might revel, free from caviling,
Then most a sage when most enjoying."

Is this morality! — Oh, no!
Ev'n a wiser path could show,
The flours within this vase confined,
That here the unflagging flower of mind
Must not throw all its sweets away
Upon a mortal mould of clay:
No, no,— its richest breath should rise
In virtue's intestine to the skies.

But thus it is, all sects we see
Have a shrivelled moral line:
Some cry out Venus, others Law;
Here is Religion, there is Love.
But while they thus in widely wander,
While mystics dream, and doctors prate,
And some, in doctrine's firm,
Seek virtue in a middle term:
Thus while they drive, in Heaven's defence,
To claim morality with science;
The plain good man, whose actions teach
Morality hath a seat can preach,
Pursues his course, unshadily blest,
His heart whispering in his breast;
Nor could he set a purer part
Though he had Tully all by heart.
And when he o'er the tears on woe,
He little knows or cares to know
That Euphrates blaim'd that tear,
By Heaven's approval, to virtue dear!

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

The Tell-Tale Lyre.

I've heard, there was in ancient days
A Lyre of most melodious spell;
'T was heaven to hear its fairy lays,
If half be true that legends tell.
'T was play'd on by the gentlest sighs,
And to their breath it breath'd again
In such entrancing melodies
As ear had never drunk till then!
Not harmony's serenest touch
So silly could the notes prolong;
They were not heavenly so much
As they were dreams of heavenly song!

If sad the heart, whose murmuring air
Along the chords in languid stoles,
The numbers it awoke in there
Were eloquence from pity's soul,
Or if the sigh, serene and light,
Was but the breath of fancied woes,
The string, that felt its airy flight,
Soon whisper'd it to kind repose.

And when young lovers talk'd alone,
If, mid their bliss, that Lyre was near
It made their scene all its own,
And sent forth notes that heaven might hear.

There was a nymph, who long had lov'd
And she did not tell the world how well
The shades, where she at evening rov'd,
Alone could know, alone could tell.

'Tas there, at twilight time, she stole,
When the first star announce'd the night,—
With him who claimed her innocent soul,
To wander by that soothing light.

It chamber'd that, in the fairy bower
Where bliss they vowed each other's smile,
The Lyre, of strange and magic power,
Hung whispering o'er their heads the while.

And as, with eyes commingling fire,
They gaze'd; to each other's view,
The youth full of love made the Lyre
A pillow for the maiden's bow.

And while the melting words she breath'd
Were by its echoes wafted round,
Her locks had with the chords so wreathe'd,
One knew not which gave forth the sound.

Alas, their hearts but little thought,
While thus they talk'd the hours away,
That every sound the Lyre was taught
Would linger long, and long betray.
JUVENILE POEMS.

So mingled with its tuneful soul
Were all their tender murmurings grown,
That other signs unanswered stole,
Nor words it breathed but theirs alone.

Unhappy nymph! thy name was sung
To every breeze that wander'd by;
The secrets of thy gentle tongue
Were breathed in song to earth and sky.

The fatal Lyre, by Evdy's hand
Hung high amid the whispering groves,
To every gale by which it was found,
Prclaim'd the mystery of thy loves.

Nor long thus rudely was thy name
To earth's derisive echoes given;
Some puley spirit downward snee,
And took the Lyre and thee to heaven.

There, freed from earth's unholy wrongs,
Both happy in Love's houe shall be;
Then, uttering sweet songs, and sweet
And that sweet Lyre still echoing thee!

PEACE AND GLORY.

WRITTEN ON THE APPROACH OF WAR.

Where is now the smile, that lighted o'er
Every hero's couch of rest?
Where is now the hope, that brightened his
Honour's eye and Lyly's breast?
Hark! we hear the wrens we braided
For our weary warrior men?
Is the futility of life faded?
Must the day be pleur'd again?

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

Is their hour of dalliance o'er?
Must the maiden's trembling feet
Wish't her from her warlike lover
To the desert's still retreat?
Fare you well! with sighs we banish
Nymph so fair and gentle of
Yet the smile, with which you vanish,
Leaves behind a soothing light —

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

SONG.

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

Take back the kiss, that faithless sigh
With all the warmth of truth impress;
Yet, no — the fatal kiss may lie,
Upon thy lips its sweetness die,
Or bloom to make a rival blee.

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

LOVE AND REASON.

"Quand l'homme commence a raisonner, il cesse de sentir." — J. J. Rousseau.

'Twas in the summer time so sweet.
When hearts and flowers are both in season,
That — who, of all the world, should meet,
One early dawn, but Love and Reason!

Love told his dream of yesternight,
While Reason talked about the weather,
The morn, in shrub, was fair and bright,
And on they took their way together.

The boy in many a gambol flew,
While Reason, like a June, stalk'd,
And from her portly figure threw
A lengthen'd shadow, as she walk'd.

In vain he tried his wings to warm,
Or find a pathway not so dim,
For still the maid's gigantic form
Would walk between the sun and him.

"This must not be," said little Love.
"The sun was made for more than you."
So, turning through a myrtle grove,
He bid the portly nymph adieu.

Now sally roves the laughing boy,
O'er many a mead, by many a stream;
In every breeze inhaling joy,
And drinking bliss in every beam.

From all the gardens, all the bowers,
He could the many sweets they shaded,
And ste the fruits and smell'd the flowers,
Till taste was gone and colour faded.

But now the sun, in pomp of noon,
Look'd blazing over the sultry plains;
And fervid thrills through all his veins.

The dew forsake his baby brow,
No more with hearty bloom he smileth —
Oh! where was tranquil Reason now,
To cast her shadow o'er the child?

Beneath a green and aged palm,
His foot at length for shel er turning,
He saw the nymph reclining calm,
With brow as cool as his was burning.

"Oh! take me to that brow so cold,"
In murmurs at her feet he said;
And Reason op'd her garment's fold,
And flung it round his fever'd head.

He felt her bosom's icy touch,
And soon it bewild'd his pulse to rest;
For, ah! the chill was quite too much,
And Love expired in Reason's breast.

1 Quoted somewhere in St. Pierre's Etudes de la Nature.
Juvenile Poems.

83

Nay, do not weep, my Fanny dear;
While in these arms you lie,
This world hath not a wish, a fear,
To steal or to put on, thou shalt hear,
That heart, one single sigh.

The world!—ah, Fanny, Love must shun
The path where many rove;
One hour to recline upon
One heart to be his only one,
Are quite enough for Love.

What can we wish, that is not here
Between your arms and mine?
Is there on earth, a space so dear
As that within the happy sphere
Two loving arms entwine?

For me, there's not a lock of jet
Adown your temples co'd,
Within whose glows, tangling net,
My soul doth not, at once, forget
All, all this worthless world.

'Tis in those eyes, so full of love,
My only worlds I see;
Let but their orbs in sunshine move,
And earth below and skies above
May frown or smile for me.

Aspasia.

'Twas in the fair Aspasia's bower,
That Love and Learning, many an hour,
In dalliance met; and Learning small'd
With pleasure on the playful child,
Who often stole, to find a nest
Within the folds of Learning's vest.

There, as the listening statesman hung
In transport on Aspasia's tongue,
The destinies of Athens took
Their colour from Aspasia's look.
Oh happy time, when laws of state
When all that rul'd the country's fate,
Its glory, quiet, or alarms,
Was plan'd between two snow-white arms!

Blest times! they could not always last—
And yet, ev'n now, they are not past.
Though we have lost the giant mould,
In which their men were cast of old,
Woman, dear woman, still the same,
While beauty breathes through soul or frame,
While man possesses heart or eyes,
Woman's bright empire never dies!

No, Fanny, love, they ne'er shall say,
That beauty's charm hath pass'd away;
Give but the universe a soul
Attune'd to woman's soft control,
And Fanny hath the charm, the skill,
To wield a universe at will.

The Grecian Girl's Dream

Of the Blessed Islands.

1 To her lover.

—χιν τε καλος

Philosophos,ὅσαν τε χορόν σημαίνει ερωτο

Ἀπολλων περι Πλατωνο. Ovid, Met. tAc

Jahn. Opera, collecta.

Was it the moon, or was it morning's ray,
That call'd thee, dearest, from these arms away?

2 It was imagined by some of the ancients that

Scarce hadst thou left me, when a dream of light
Came o'er my spirit so distinct and bright,
That while I yet can vividly recall
Imaginary wonders, thou shalt hear them all.
Methought I saw, upon the lunar beam,
Two wined hues, such as thy muse might dream,
Descending from above, at that still hour,
And gliding, with smooth step, into my bower.
Fair as the heinous spirits that, all day,
In Amatha's warm flames impress'd me? as
But rose at midnight, from ths enchant'd hill,
To cool their plumes upon some moonlight hill.

At once I knew their mission:—'t was to bear
My spirit upward, through the paths of air,
To that elysian calm, from whence stray beams
So oft, in sleep, had visit'd my dreams.
Swift at their touch dissolv'd the touch that clung
All earth round me, and aloft I sprung;
While, heav'nward guides, the little genii flew
T'rough paths of light, refresh'd by heav'n's own dew,
And furnish'd by airs still fragrant with the breath
Of cloudless climates and worlds that know not death.

Thou know'st, that, far beyond our nether sky,
And shown but dimly to mortal eyes,
Was a bright blue ocean boundless boundless
Mild o'er its valleys stream'd a silver day,
While, all around, on lofty heads of rest,
Reclin'd the spirits of the immortal Best.

There is an ethereal ocean above us, and that the sun and moon are two floating, luminous islands, in which the spirit of the best reside. Accordingly we find that the word άκαταστό was sometimes synonymous with apo, and death was not unfrequently called άκαταστό πνευμα, or "the passage of the ocean." 1

Enapheus, in his life of lamblichus, tells us of two beautiful little spirits or loves, which lamblichus raised by enchantment from the warm springs at Gadara; 2 deus amentus (says the author of the Di Faldici, p. 160.) illos esse loco Genios; 3 which words, however, are not in Enapheus.

I find from Cellarius, that Amatha, in the neighborhood of Gadara, was also celebrated for its warm springs, and I have preferred it as a more poetical name than Gadara. Cellarius quotes Hieronymus. 4


3 This belief of an ocean in the heavens, or "waters above the firmament," was one of the many physical errors in which the early fathers bewitched themselves. Le P. Balbus, in his "Defence des Saints-Pères accusés de Platémonie," taking it for granted that the ancient's were more correct in their notions (which by no means appears from what I have already quoted) it illustrates the obscurity of the fathers, in this whimsical opinion; as a proof of their imputation to even truth from the hands of the philosophers. This is a strange way of defending the fathers, and attributes much more than they deserve to the philosophers. For an abstract of this work of Balbus, (the opponent of Fouchet, Van Dale, &c. in the famous (Gale controversy,) see Biblio hebes des Auteurs Ecclesiast, du 150 siecle, part I. tom. ii.

4 There were various opinions among the ancients with respect to their lunar es abhominant; some made it an elysium, and others a purgatory; while some supposed it to be a kind of interregnum between heaven and earth, where souls which had left their bodies,
Oh! there I met those few imperial maids,
Whom love hath warm'd, in philosophic shades;
There still Leonaut, on her sage's breast,
Found love and love, was tutor'd and cared;
And there the chap of Pythias' gentle arms
Repaid the zeal which dwelt her charms.
The Athenians, to the tender, tender past;
Forgot the yoke of less endearing ties;
While fair Thee, innocently fair,
Wreath'd playfully her Samian's flowing hair.
What soul now fix'd, its transmutations past,
Found in those arms a resting-place last;
And snailing own'd, whatever his dreamt thought
In mystic numbers long had vainly sought.
The One that form'd of I wo whom love hath bound,
Is the best number gods or men e'er found.

But, think, my Theon, with what joy I thrill'd,
When men a front, which through the valley rill'd,
My fancy's eye beheld a form recline,
(4 lunar race, but so resembling thine

and those that were on their way to join them, were
deposited in the valleys of Hecate, and remained till
further orders.
Toas περα σελήνων αερα λυγνα
αντις κατω, και απ' αυτοις κατω χραινεις των παραγωγαν γενεσιν. —

1 The pupil and mistress of Epicurus, who called him her "little Leonaut." (Aepagoras.) as appears by a fragment of one of his letters in Lactantius. This Leonaut was a woman of talent; he had the impudence (says Cicero) to write against Theophrastus; and Cicero, at the same time, gives her a name which is not less beautiful nor transliterated. "Meretricia eliam Leonauta contra Theophrastum scribere ambat et est." — De Natur. Deor. She left a daughter called Dama, who was just as rigid an Epicurean as her mother; something like Wieland's Dama in Agathon.

It would sound much better, I think, if the name were Leonaut, as it occurs the first time in Lactantius; but M. Meunor will not hear of this reading.

2 Pythias was a woman whom Aristotle loved, and to whom after her death he paid divine honours, solemnising her memory by the same devices which the Athenians offered to the Goddess Ceres. For this impious gallantry the philosopher was, of course, censured; but it would be well if certain of our modern Sluggites showed a little of this superstition about the memory of their mistresses.

3 Socrates, who used to converse himself in the society of Aspasia, for those "precious endearing ties" which he found at home with Xanthippe. For an account of this extraordinary creature, Aspasia, and her school of erudite luxury at Athens, see L'Historie de l'Acadanie, &c., tom. xxi., p. 69. Segur rather fails on the subject of Aspasia. — Les Femmes, tom. i., p. 122.

The Author of the "Voyage du Monde de Descartes" has also placed these philosophers in the moon, and has allotted seigneuries to them, as well as to the astronomers (p. 142); but he ought not to have forgotten their wives and mistresses; "cuncta non nisi in morte relinquunt."

4 There are some sensible letters extant under the name of this fair Pythagorean. They are addressed to her female friends upon the education of children, the treatment of servants, &c. One, in particular, to Niceratia, whom he had given her reasons for jealousy, contains such truly considerate and rational advice, that it ought to be translated for the edification of all married ladies. See Galle's Opuscules. Myth. Phys. p. 741.

Pythagoras was remarkable for fine hair, and Doctor Thiers (in his Histoire des Femmes) seems to take for granted it was all own's; as he has not mentioned him among those ancients who were obliged to have recourse to the "coma appositatis." L'Histoire des Femmes, chap. 1.

That, oh! 'twas not but fidelity in me,
To fly, to clasp, and worship it for thee,
No word of words the unbounded soul requests,
To waft a wish or embas'd desires;
But by a power, to spirits only given,
A deep, innate impulse, only left in heaven,
Swifter than the thunder's flash through summer skies,
From soul to soul the glancing idea flies.
Oh, my beloved, how divinely sweet
Is the pure joy, when kindred spirits meet I
Like him, the river-god, whose waters flow,
With love's only light, through caves and towers Wafting in triumph all the flowery braids,
And festal rings, with which Olympic maidens Have deck'd their current, as an offering meet
To lay at Arachus's shining feet.
Thick, when he nee'st at last his fountains-bide, What perfect love must thrill the blended tide! Each lost in each, till mingling into one,
Their lot the same for shadow or for sun,
A type of true love, to the deep they run.

2 It was this —

But, Theon, it is an endless theme,
And thou grow'st weary of my half-told dream.
Oh, would, my love, we were together now,
And I would weep at patience thy brow,
And make thee smile at all the magic tales
Of starlightowers and plane array sails,
Which my fond soul, inspired by thee and love,
In slumber's length facefully dow't.
But no — no more — soon as to-narrow's ray
O'er soft Jesus shall have died away,
I'll come, and, while love's planet in the west, Shines o'er our meeting, tell thee all the rest.

TO CLOE.

INITIATED FROM MARTIAL.

I could resign that eye of blue,
However is pledg'd or used to thrill me;
And even that cheek of roseate hue,
To lose it, Cloe, scarce would I lose me.
That snowy neck I ne'er should miss,
However much I've rav'd about it;
And sweetly as that lip can kiss,
I think I could exist without it.

In short, so well I've learnt to fast,
That, sooth my love, I know not whether
I might not bring myself at last,
To — do without you aloof her.

THE WREATH AND THE CHAIN.

I bring thee, love, a golden chain,
I bring thee too a flowery wreath;
The gold shall never wear a vein,
The flow'rets long shall sweetly breathe,
Come, tell me which the tie shall be,
To bind thy gentle heart to me.
The Chain is form'd of golden threads,
Bright as Minerva's yellow h.,
When the last beam of evening sheds
Its calm and sober lustre there.

6 The river Alpheus, which flowed by Isis or Olympia, and into which it was customary to throw offerings of different kinds, during the celebration of the Olympic games. In the pretty romance of Chlorphon and Leucippe, the river is supposed to carry the e offerings as bridal gifts to the fountain Arachis. Kαλει την Αρέσσωσαν ουτων των Ἀλφεως νυμφος τοις ὑπανω την ολυμπικων νυμφης την Αρμηνικαν. L. 2, Lib. 1.
The Wreath's of brightest myrtle wave,
With sun-shot droops of bliss amongst it,
And many a rose-leaf, builded by Love,
To heal his lip when he saw that he hung it.
Come, tell me which the tie shall be;
To bind thy gentle heart to me.

Yes, yes, I read that ready eye,
Which answers when the tongue is loath,
Thou lik'st the form of either tie,
And spread'st thy playfuy hands for both.
Ah! if there were not some thing wrong,
The world would see them blend'd off;
The Chian would make the Wreath so strong!
The Wreath would make the Chian so soft!
Then might the gold, the flow'rets be
Sweet fetters for my love and me.

But, Fanny, so unbled they twine,
That (heaven alone can tell the reason)
When mingled thus they cease to shine,
Or shine but for a transient season,
Whether the Chian may press too much,
Or that the Wreath is slightly braid'd,
Let but the gold the flow'rets touch,
And all their beauty, their glow is faded!
Oh! better to be always free,
Than thus to bind my love to me.

The timid girl now hung her head,
And, as she turn'd an upward glance,
I saw a doubt its twilight spread
Across her brow's divine expance.
Just then, the garland's brightest rose
Gave one of its love-breathing sighs—
Oh! who can ask how Fanny chose
That ever look'd in Fanny's eyes?
"The Wreath, my life, the Wreath shall be
The tie to bind my soul to thee."

TO . . . . . . . .

And hast thou mark'd the pensive shade,
That many a time obscures my brow,
Mild all the joy, beloved maid,
Which thou canst give, and only thou?
Oh! it is not that I then forget
The bright looks that before me shine;
For never throb'd a bosom yet
Could feel their witchery, like mine.
When bashful on my bosom hid,
And blushing to have felt so blest,
Then blush'd but lift thy languid lid,
Again to close it on my breast?—
Yes,—these are moments all thine own,
Thine own to give, and mine to feel;
Yet e'en in them, my heart has known
The sigh to rise, the tear to steal.
For I have thought of former hours,
When he who first thy soul possess'd
Like me awak'd its withering powers,
Like me was lov'd, like me was blest.
Upon his name thy murmuring tongue
Perhaps hath all as sweetly dwelt;
Upon his words thine ear hath hung,
With transport all as purely felt.
For him — yet why the past recall,
To damp and wither present bliss.
Thou'rt now my own, and heart, spirit, all,
And heaven could grant so more than this.
Forgive me, dearest, oh! forgive;
I would be firmer on the scene,
Thou shouldst have but begun to live,
The hour that gave thy heart to me.

Thy book of life: 'tis then effaced,
Love should have kept that leaf alone
On which he first so brightly traced
That thou wert, soul and all, my own.

TO . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .

Go then, if she, whose shade thou art,
No more will let thee soothe my pain;
Yet, tell her, it has cost this heart
Some pang, to give thee back again.
Tell her the smile was not so dear,
With which she made thy semblance mine,
As bitter is the burning tear,
With which I now the gift resign.
Yet go — and could she still restore,
As some exchange for taking thee,
The tranquil look which first I wore,
When her eyes found me calm and free;
Could she give back the careless flow,
The spirit that my heart then knew —
Yet, no, 'tis vain — go, picture, go —
Smile at me once, and then — adieu!

FRAGMENT OF A MYTHOLOGICAL HYMN
TO LOVE.

Blest infant of eternity!
Before the day-star learn'd to move,
In pomp of fire, along his grand career,
Glimpsing the beams shafts of light
From his rich quiver in the farthest sphere,
Thou went alone, oh Love!
Nestling beneath the wings of ancient Night,
Whose horrors seem'd to smile in shadowing thee.

No form of beauty south'd thine eye,
As through the dim expanse it wander'd wide—
No kindred spirit catch'd thy sigh,
As o'er the watery waste if lingering died.

Unfelt the pulse, unknown the power,
That latent in his heart was sleeping,—
Oh Sympathy! that lonely hour
Saw Love himself thy absence weeping.

But look, what glory through the darkness beams!
Celestial airs along the water glide: —
What Spirit art thou, moving over the tide
So beautiful? oh, not of earth,
But, in that glowing hour, the birth
Of the young Godhead's own creative dreams:
'Tis she!
Psyche, the firstbom spirit of the air.
To thee, oh Love, she turns,
On thee her eyebeam burns:
Blest hour, before all worlds ordain'd to be!
They meet —
The blooming god — the spirit fair
Meet in communion sweet.

1 Love and Psyche are here considered as the active and passive principles of creation, and the universe is supposed to have received its first harmonizing impulse from the spiritual sympathy between these two powers. A marriage is generally the first step in cosmogony. Timaeus held Form to be the father, and Matter the mother of the World; Eikon and Beraun, I think, are Sachonatho's first spiritual lovers, and Manco-exaue and his wife introduced creation amongst the Peruvians. In short, Harlequin seems to have studied cosmogonies, when he said "tutto il mondo e fatto come la nostra famiglia."
The weeping of those myriad urns of light,  
Within whose orbs, the almighty Power,  
At nature's Dawning hour,  
Stor'd the rich fluid of ethereal soul.  
Around,  
Soft odorous odours, that upward wing their flight  
From eastern isles  
(Where they have laden them in the orient ray,  
And with rich fragrance all their bosoms fill'd,)  
In circles flew, and, melting as they flew,  
A liquid daybreak o'er the board distill'd.  

All, all was luxury!  
All must be luxury, where Lyceus smiles.  
His locks divine  
Were crown'd  
With a bright meteor-braid,  
Which, like an ever-springing wreath of vine,  
Sho' into brilliant leafy shapes.  
And o'er his brow in lambent teardrops play'd,  
While mid the foliage hung,  
Like lucid grapes,  
A thousand clustering buds of light,  
Cull'd from the gardens of the galaxy.  

Upon his brow Cytherea's head  
Lay lovely, as when first the Syrens sung  
Her beauty's dawn,  
And all the curtains of the deep, undrawn,  
Reveal'd her sleeping in its azure bed.  
The captive deity  
Hung lingering on her eyes and lip,  
With looks of ecstasy,  
Now, on his arm,  
In blushes she repos'd,  
And, while he gazed on each bright charm,  
To shade his burning eyes her hand in dalliance stole.  

And now she rais'd her rosy mouth to sip  
The nectar'd wave  
Lyceus gave,  
And from her eyelids, half-way clos'd,  
Sent forth a melting gleam,  
Which fell, like sun-dew, in the bowl:  
While her bright hair, in many flow  
Of gold descending  
Adown her cheek's luxurious glow,  
Hung o'er the goblet's side,  
And was reflect'd in its crystal tide.  

was called Chiabreresco (as Crescenzi informs us,  
Lib. i, cap. 12) has given, amongst his Venetianme,  
A Dithyrambic, "all suo de Grece!" full of those  
Enormous epithets, which, we are told, were a chief  
Characteristics of the style (cfr. anciânt cfi les épopées  
Suid.: Διθυραμβιδοτ.) such as  
Briandante Pegasso  
Nubicnupstantsator.  

But I cannot suppose that Findar, even amidst all the  
License of Dithyrambs, would ever have descended  
To ballad-language like the following:  

Δίνω χαίρεν τοις εὐρήκον τῶν θεῶν θάνατον  
Χαίρετε μετὰ τον πρόσφατον προκατάλειψαν καὶ τὰς  
τῶν παντων ψυχών καρπανάς εκείνα, κ. τ. λ.
Like a bright crocus flower,
Whose sunny leaves, at evening hour
With roses of Cyrene blending, 1
Hang o'er the mirror of some silvery stream.

The Olympian cup
Shone in the hands
Of dimpled Hebe, as she wing'd her feet
Up the empyreal mount,
To drain the soul-drops at their stellar fount; 2
And still
As the independent rill
Gushed forth into the cup with mantling heat,
Her watchful care
Was still to cool its liquid fire
With snow-white sprinklings of that feathery air
The children of the Pole aspire,
In those enchanted lands, 3
Where life is all a spring, and north winds never blow.

But oh!
Bright Hebe, what a tear
And what a blush were thine,
When, as the breath of every Grace
Was'd thy face along the studded sphere,
With a bright cup for Jove himself to drink,
Some star, that shone beneath thy head,
Rising its amorous head
To kiss those matchless feet,
Check'd thy career too fleet;
And all heaven's host of eyes
Entranc'd, but fearful all,
Saw thee, sweet Hebe, prostrate fall
Upon the bright floor of the azure skies; 4
Where, mud its stars, thy beauty lay,
As bosom, shaken from the spray
Of a spring thorn
Lies mid the liquid starks of the morn,
Or, as in temples of the Ephesian shade,
The worshippers of Beauty's queen behold
An image of their rosy idol, laid
Upon a diamond shrine.

1 We learn from Theophrastus, that the roses of Cyrene were particularly fragrant. — Ενσυμμα τα δε τω Κυρηνω δοκοι.
2 Heracleus (Physicus) held the soul to be a spark of the stellar essence. — Σειρηελικης σωτηριας εσωτερικης.
4 The country of the Hyperboreas. These people were supposed to be placed so far north that the north wind could not affect them; they lived longer than any other mortals; passed their whole time in music and dancing, &c. &c. But the most extravagant fiction related of them is that to which the two lines preceding allude. It was imagined that, instead of our vulgar atmosphere, the Hyperboreans breathed nothing but feathers! According to Herodotus and Pliny, this idea was suggested by the quantity of snow which was observed to fall in those regions; thus the former: Τα ον πετοι εκασιασά την χειν τους Στελης τε και τους πεθυμοις δοκεις λεγειν. — Herodot. lib. iv. cap. 31. Ovid tells the fable otherwise: see Metamorphosis, lib. xv. Mr. O'Halloran, and some other Irish Antiquaries, have been at great expense of learning to prove that the strange country, where they took snow for feathers, was Ireland, and that the famous Abares was an Irish Druid. Mr. Rowland, however, will have it that Abares was a Welshman, and that his name is only a corruption of Ap Rees.
5 It is Servius, I believe, who mentions this unlucky trip which Hebe made in her occupation of cup-bearer; and Hoffman tells it after him: "Cum Hebe pecula Jovi adstramina, perque lubricum minus caute incedens, cesidiae." 6 &c.

The wanton wind,
Which had pursued the flying fair,
And sported mid the tresses unconfined
Of her bright hair,
Now, as she tell,— oh, wanton breeze!
Ruffled the robe, whose graceful flow
Hung o'er those limbs of unbound snow,
Purely as the Eleansian veil
Hangs o'er the Mysteries! 5

The brow of Juno flash'd—
Love bless'd the breeze!
The Muses blush'd;
And every cheek was hid behind a lyre,
While every eye looked laughing through the strings.

But the bright cup! the nectar'd draught
Which Jove himself was to have quaff'd?
Alas, alas, upturned'd it lay.
By the faithful Hebe's side;
While, in slow descending drops, th' ethereal tide,
As conscious of its own rich essence, o'er'd away.

Who was the Spirit that remember'd Man,
In that blest hour,
And, with a wing of love,
Brush'd off the goblet's scatter'd tears,
As, trembling near the edge of heaven they ran,
And sent them floating to our orb below? 6

Essence of immortality!
The shower
Fell glowing through the spheres;
While all around new tints of bliss,
New odours and new light,
Enrich'd its radiant flow.
Now, with a luminous kiss,
It stole along the thrilling wire
Of Jove's luminous Lyre; 7
Stealing the soul of music in its flight:
And now, amid the benes of bliss,
That whisper from the planets as they roll,
The bright libation softly spread
By all their sighs, meandering stole.
They who, from Atlas' height,
Beheld this rosy flame
Descending through the wave of night,
Thought 'twas some planet, whose empyreal frame
Had kindled, as it rapidly revolv'd
Around its servl'd axle, and dissolv'd
Into a flood so bright!

The youthful Day,
Whil'n his twilight bower,
Lay sweetly sleeping
On the flush'd bosom of a lotus-flower; 8

6 The arcane symbols of this ceremony were deposited in the cista, where they lay religiously concealed from the eyes of the profane. They were generally carried in the procession by an ass; and hence the proverb, which one may so often apply in the world, "as nota portat mysteria." See the Divine Legation, book ii. sect. 4.
7 In the Gepomica, lib. ii. cap. 17, there is a fable somewhat like this descent of the nectar to earth. "Εν υμνωι τω Σιν τω χυροσκοπεων, και τοι νεκταρος πολλω παρακιμενων, ανασενετο ιωροι των Ένωτα και ιστεσασα τω πετω των κρατηρως την βασιν, και πεπεσανε μεν αυτων το δε νεκταρ ες την χρυσον εκφυλελαν, κτ. τ. λ. Vol. Autor. de Rost. edit. Canis. 1704.
8 The constellation Lyra. The astrologers attribute great virtues to this sign in ascendant, which are enumerated by Fontano, in his Urania:

Ecco novem cum pestile cloros
Emolulentus, mulbere tene naves inepta custa,
Quo captu nascentem aemine concordia ductus
Pectora, &c.
RINGS AND SEALS.

᾿Ωσκερ σφραγῖς τὰ φιλήματα.

Achilles Tatius, lib. ii.

"Go!" said the angry, weeping maid,
"The charm is broken!—once broken,
"Never can this wrong'd heart rely
Upon word or look, on oath or sigh.
"Take back the gifts, so fondly given,
With promise'd faith and vows to heaven;
That little ring which, night and morn,
With wedded truth my hand had borne;
This seal which oft, in moments blest,
Thou hast upon my lip impress'd,
And sworn its sacred spring should be:
A fountain seal'd! 3 for only thee;
Take, take them back, the gift and vow,
All sullied, lost and hateful now!"

I took the ring—the seal I took,
While, oh, her every tear and look
Were such as angels look and shed,
When man is by the world misled.
Gently I whisper'd, "Fancy, dear,
Not half thy lover's gifts are here:
Εὐφρακεὶσ ὀρχυν ἀνατολης παιδον πνεύμων γαμφατος ἐπὶ λούτῳ καθέρωνυμι.—Plutarch. πειρόν μὴ παντομοώμενη. See also his Treatise de Isid. et Osr. Observing that the lotos seed is head above water at sunrise, and sunk again at his setting, they conceived the idea of consecrating this flower to Osiris, or the sun.

This symbol of a youth sitting upon a lotus is very frequent on the Aboriginal or Australian stones. See Montfaucon, tom. ii. plate 158, and the "Supplement," &c. tom. ii. lib. vii. chap. 5.

1 The ancient esteemed these flowers and trees the sweetest upon which the rainbow had appeared to rest; and the word they chiefly burned in sacrifices, was that which, the smile of his had consecrated. Plutarch. Sympos. lib. iv. cap. 2, where (as Vossius remarks) καίοινετα, instead of καίλουτα, is undoubtedly the genuine reading. See Vossius, for some curious particularities of the rainbow, De Origo, et Progress. Aculabat, lib. iii. cap. 13.

2 There are gardens, supposed to be those of King Solomon, in the neighbourhood of Bethlehern. The friars show a fountain, which, they say, is the 'sealed fountain to which the holy spouse in the Canticles is compared,' and they pretend a tradition, that Solomon shut up the fountains and put the signet upon the door, to keep them for his own drinking."—Mundred's Travels. See also the notes to Mr. Good's Translation of the Song of Solomon.

"Say, where are all the kisses given,
From morrow to noon, from noon to even,—
Those signals of true love, worth more
Than Solomon's own seal of joy,—
Where are those gifts, so sweet, so many?
Come, dearest,—give back all, if any."}

While thus I whisper'd, trembling too,
Lest all the nymph had sworn was true,
I saw a smile relenting rise
Mid the moist azure of her eyes,
Like a sliver o'er a sea of blue,
While yet in mad air hangs the dew.
She let her cheek repose on mine,
She let my arms around her twine;
One kiss was half allowed, and then
The ring and seal were hers again.

TO MISS SUSAN B—CKF—D3

ON HER SINGING.

I more than once have heard, at night,
A song, like those thy lip hath given,
And it was sung by shapes of light,
Who look'd and breathed, like thee, of heaven.

But this was all a dream of sleep,
And I have said, when morning shone,
"Why should the night-witch, Fancy, keep
These wonders for herself alone?"

I knew not then that fate had lent
Such tones to one of mortal birth;
I knew not then that Heaven had sent
A voice, a form like thine on earth.

And yet, in all that flowery maze
Through which my path of life has led,
When I have heard the sweetest lays
From lips of fairest lustre shed;

When I have felt the warbled word
From Beauty's lip, in sweetness sung
With music's own melodious bird,
When on the rose's bosom lying;

Through form and song at once combin'd
Their loveliest blossom and softest thrill,
My heart hath sink'd, my ear hath bin'd
For something lovelier, softer still:

Oh, I have found it all at last,
In thee, thou sweetest living lyre,
Through which the soul of song o'er pass'd,
Or feeling breath'd its sacred fire.

All that I ever, in wildest flight
Of fancy's dreams, could hear or see
Of music's sigh or beauty's light
Is real'd, at once, in thee!

IMPROPTU,

ON LEAVING SOME FRIENDS.

O dulces concilium valde coete curat! Cariissimi.

No, never shall my soul forget
The friends I found so cordial hearted;
Dear shall be the day we met,
And dear shall be the night we parted.

If fond regrets, however sweet,
Must with the lapse of time decay,
Yet still, when thus in mirth you meet,
Fill high to him that's far away!

3 The present Duchess of Hamilton
A WARNING.

Oh, fair as heaven and chaste as light!
Doh nature mould thee all so bright.
That thou shouldst e'er be brought to weep
O'er languid virtue's fatal sleep.
O'er shame extingush'd, honour fled.
Peace lost, heart wither'd, feeling dead?

No, no! a star was born with thee,
Which sheds eternal purity.
Thou hast, within those sainted eyes,
So fair a transcript of the skies.
In lines of light such heavenly lore,
That man should read them and adore.
Yet have I known a gentle maid
Whose mind and form were both array'd
In nature's purest lobe, like those—
Who wore that clear, celestial hue,
Which seems to mark the brow that's fair
For destiny's peculiar care:
Whose bosom too, like Dan's own,
Was guarded by a sacred zone,
Where the bright gem of virtue shone;
Whose eyes had, in their light, a charm
Against all wrong and guile, and harm.
Yet, hapless maid, in one sad hour,
These spells have lost their guardian power;
The sun has been beguil'd away;
Her eyes have lost their chastening ray;
The modest pride, the guiltless shame,
The smiles that from reflection came,
All, all have fled, and left her mind
A faded monument behind;
The ruins of a once pure shrine,
No longer fit for guest divine.
Oh! it was a sight I went to see—
Heaven keep the last one's fate from thee!

TO ..................

Tis time, I feel, to leave thee now,
While yet my soul is something free;
While yet those dangerous eyes allow
One minute's thought to stray from thee.
Oh! thou becom'est each moment dearer;
Every chance that brings me nigh thee,
Brings my rue nearer, nearer,
I am lost, unless I fly thee.
Nay, if thou dost not scorn and hate me,
Doom me not thus so soon to fall;
Duties, fame, and hopes await me,—
But that eye would blast them all!
For, thou hast heart as false and cold
As ever yet allur'd or sway'd,
And couldst, without a sigh, behold
The ruin which thyself had made.
Yet, could I think that, truly fond,
That eye but once would smile on me,
Even as thou art, how far beyond
Fame, duty, weal, that smile would be!
Oh! but to win it, night and day,
Inglorious at thy feet reclin'd,
I'd sigh my dreams of fame away.
The world for thee forgot, resign'd.

But no, 'tis o'er, and — thus we part,
Never to meet again,— no, never,
False woman, what a mind and heart
Thy treachery has undone for ever

WOMAN.

Away, away — you're all the same,
A smiling, flattering, jilting throng;
And, wise too late, I burn with shame,
To think I've been your slave so long.
Slow to be won, and quick to rise.
From folly kind, from cunning leash,
Too cold for lips, too weak for love,
Yet teasing all that's best in both.
Still panting o'er a crowd to reign,—
More joy it gives to woman's breast
To make tea frigid cumbrous vain,
Than one true, manly lover blest.
Away, away — your smile's a curse—
Oh! blot me from the race of men,
Kind pitying Heaven, by death or worse,
If e'er I love such things again.

TO ..................

Nocei'a 901«ilvata. Euripides.

Come, take thy harp — 't is vain to muse
Upon the garing ills we see;
Oh! take thy harp and let me lose
All thoughts of ill in hearing thee.

Sing to me, love! — though death were near,
Thy song could make my soul forget
Near, nay, in pity, dry that tear,
All may be well, be happy yet.

Let me but see that snowy arm
Once more upon the dear harp lie,
And I will cease in dream of horn,
Will smile at fate, while thou art nigh.

Give me that strain of mournful touch,
We'll love long, long ago,
Before our hearts had known as much
As now, alas! they bleed to know.

Sweet notes! they tell of former peace,
Of all that look'd so smiling then,
Now vanished, lost — oh, pray thee, cease,
I cannot bear those sounds again.

Art thou, too, wretched? yes, thou art;
I see thy tears flow fast with mine—
Come, come to this devoted heart,
'Tis breaking, but it still is thine!

A VISION OF PHILOSOPHY.

'T was on the Red Sea coast, at morn, we met
The venerable man; — a healthy bloom

1 In Plutarch's Essay on the Decline of the Oracles, Cleombrotus, one of the interlocutors, describes an extraordinary man whom he had met with, after long research, upon the banks of the Red Sea. Once in every year this supernatural personage appeared to mortals, and conversed with them; the rest of his time he passed among the Genii and the Nymphs. Περί την ερημίαν θαλασσσν κύσιν, ανθρώπους ανα παντο τοις κατηγορούντα, ταλλα δια συνιον τας νυμφας, τοιος και εϊμον, ος εκαστ. He
Mingled its softness with the vigorous thought
That tower'd upon his brow; and, when he spoke,
'T was language sweeten'd into song,—such holy
sounds
As oft, they say, the wise and virtuous hear,
I prelusive to the harmony of heaven,
With which he was mirthful 1 and still, as he unclo'd
His sacred lips, an odour, all a-blend
As ocean-breeze gather from the flowers
That blow'n in elysium, 2 breath'd around,
With silent awe we listen'd, while he sang.
Of the dark veil which many ages had hung
O'er Nature's form, till, long explored by man,
The mystic shroud grew thin and luminous,
And glimpses of that heavenly form shine through:
Of magic wonders, that were known and taught
Born by the line of Aristarchus.
Who must adorn the mighty cataclysm,
Over his rude tables of primeval lore; 3
And gathering round him, in the sacred ark,
The mighty secrets of that former globe,
Let not the living star of science 4 sink
Beneath the waters, which engulf'd a world!
Of visions, by Caliban reveal'd
To him, 5 who trac'd upon his typic lyre
spoke in a tone not far removed from singing,
and whenever he opened his lips, a fragrance filled the place:
ϕυξιγομουνε δε τον τοσον ενῳδια κατεχες,
tον στοματος χαλον άπονυντος. From him Clamensius learned the doctrine of a plurality of worlds.

1 The celebrated Janus Douai, a little before his death, imagined that he heard a strain of music in the air. See the poem of Heinsius. "'In harmoniam quam paulo aulet obitum audire sibi visus est Douas." Page 501.

2 — ενθα μακαρων

γαλακτων ανωτητοις

αναθημα περιτοιων αυθη

χερους φυλεια.

Pindar. Olymp. ii.

3 Cham, the son of Noah, is supposed to have taken with him into the ark the principal doctrines of magical, or rather of nath. al. science, which he had inscribed upon some very durable substances, in order that they might re-act the ravages of the deluge, as transmit the secrets of autidiction knowledge to his posterity. See the extracts made by Bayle, in his article, Cham. The identity of Cham and Zoroaster depends upon the authority of Berosus (or rather the impostor Anaximenes), and a few more such respectable texts, as those of Apollodorus, Homeres, &c. chap. viii., in which he takes more trouble than is necessary in refuting this gratuitous supposition.

4 Chamani a pastoris hujus aris admirabilioris

Zoroastrum, sce vivum astoni, propinqua fuisse
dictum, ut pro Deo habitum.—Becht. Geograph. Sacr.

lib. iv. cap. 1.

5 Orpheus, — Paulinus, in his Hebdomades, cap. 2.

lib. iii. has endeavoured to show, after the Platonists, that man is a diapason, or octave, made up of a di-

asson or tuning, which is his soul, and a dissonance, which is his body. These frequent allusions to music, by which the oracles and other sacred writers illustrate their sublime theories, must have tended very much to elevate the character of the art, and to enrich it with associations of the grandest and most interesting nature. See a preceding note, for their ideas upon the harmony of the spheres. Hecatius compared the mixture of good and evil in this world, to the blended melodies of harmony in a musical instrument (Plutarch. de Animae Fracere, &c.); and Euphronium, the Pythagorean,

in a fragment preserved by Stobaeus, describes human life

as a diapason, or musical instrument, (Plutarch. de Animae Fracere, &c.;) and Euphronymus, the Pythagorean,

in a fragment preserved by Stobaeus, describes human life

as a diapason, or musical instrument...

Some of the ancients were so familiar as to suppose that the operations of the memory were regulated by

The diapason of man's mingled frame,

And the grand Dioc le xipharch of heaven.

With all of pure, of woody and arcane,

Which the grave sons of Mochus, many a night,

Told to the young and bright-haired vestal.

Of Carmel's sacred mount: 6 — Then, in a flow

a kind of musical cadence, and that ideas occurred to it "per arsin et etheon," while others converted the whole man into a mere harmonized machine, whose motion depended upon a certain tendency of the body, and on to that of the strings in an instrument. Cicero indeed ridicules Aristotleus for this fancy, as "Liber sunt, intellexisse, quosque audire pendeat hominum
typic, &c." Aristotle himself, though decidedly opposed to the harmonic speculations of the Pythagoreans and Hesiods, could sometimes condescend to enliven his doctrines by reference to the harmonics of his time.

The Abbe Batteux, in his inquiry into the doctrine of the Stoics, attributes to these philosophers the same mode of illustration. "L'une etoi cause active juxta causam activam est, cum causay

et

typic: nunge agis aut dixit aulure; et 1 y pre-

nali, par son action même, un caractere, des formes,
des modifications, qu'elle n'avoit pas par elle-meme; a

peu pres comme l'air, qui, chasse dans un instrument de musique, et dont on connoit la nature, que quelqu'un avait qu'il produist, les differens modifications qu'il re-

cott." See a fine single founded upon this notion in Cardinal Polignac's poem, lib. 5. v. 734.

6 Pythagoras is represented in Ambiblocus as de-

scending with great solemnity from Mount Carmel, for which reason as it seems we have claimed him as one of their fraternity. This Mochus or Muschus, with the descendants of whom Pythagoras conversed in Phocicia, and from whom he derived the doctrines of atomic philosophy, is supposed by some to be the same with Mochus the prophet, who, according to the Philo-

7 The foundation of the Stoic, (at the conclusion of which the universe is supposed to return to its original order, and commence a new revolution,) the successive dissolution and composition of atoms maintained by the Epicureans — all these tenets are but different inflections of the same general belief in the eternity of the world.

As explained by St. Austin, the periodic year of the Stoics disagrees only so far with the idea of the Pythagoreans, that in the end of an endless transmission of the soul through a variety of bodies, it restores the same body and soul and restores the same frame of existence, so that the 'identical Platonic, who lectured in the Academy of Athens, shall again and again, at certain intervals, during the lapse of eternity, appear in the same Academy and resume the same "mo-

8 — sic exaudat temporis tempora triumque

territorum, repetit, ut e g. sicut in sacrum Plato philosophus in urbe Atheniensi, in ea schola.
Of calmer converse, he beguiled us on
Through many a tract of Garden and of Porch,

que Academia ducta est, discipulos docuit, ita per numen harlulio retro saecula, multum plexus quidem intermissis, sed certis, et idem Plato, et etdem civitas, elamique schola, idemque discipul repetiti et primum philosophum saepe responsiones suae. — De Cursu. Dei, lib. ii. cap. 13. Vannius, in his dis-
lguis, has given us a similar explication of the
periodic revolutions of the world. "Et de causa, qui non sunt in usu vitus, censes nullius facturum, totum in se sustinentes, " — Lib. iii. dissert. 2. Puf.

The paradoxical notions of the Stoics upon the
beauty, the riches, the dominion of their imaginary
cage, are among the most distinguishing characteristics
of their school, and, according to their advocate Lep-
sius, were peculiar to that sect. "Intrusa illa (secret
quo pasius in philo-sopham scholam fece obtinere, ista que peculiaria hinc sectae et habet contradictionem
: i.e. paradoxas." — Manufact. ad Stoic. Philos.,
lib. iii., dissert. 2. But it is evident (as the Abbe
Garnier has remarked, Memoires de l'Acad. , tom.
xxxv.) that even these absurdities of the Stoics are
brought, and that Plato is the source of all their
elegant paradoxes. We find their dogma, "divis
qui sapem," (which Clement of Alexandria has trans-
formed into the Sophists: "quidam a Thrasumestin, Po-
con., lib. liii. exp.) expressed in the prayer of So-
crates at the end of the Phaedrus. О фил пат кαι
αλλω δου τις θεός, δεικνυ μοι καλω γενεσιν
παιδιδωμεν ταμωδεν ταδεων ει της ραγων, των ευτως και
μοι φας. — Σωκρατες, καθεν δου παντεσ σωφρονειν
καθαρισθήναι τα παντοκρατορικα τους αθροισμοι μην
δοξασθησον. And Flutarch, though so hostile to the
followers of Epicurus, has unaccountably adopted the
very same theological error. Thus, after quoting the
opinions of Athenagoras and Plato upon divini y, he
adds, Καυς συν αματωτον αμετρόν, ητη
tου θεου εποιηθην επιτεφθερον των αθροι-
σμων. — De Placit. Philosoph. lib. i. cap. 7. Plato
himself has attributed a degree of indifference to the
gods, which is not far removed from the abythis of
Epicurus's heaven; as thus, in his Philebus, where
Proarchus a διεκ δα προοιμω, επιτιτεθηνος, των αθρο-
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Epicurus's heaven; as thus, in his Philebus, where
Proarchus a διεκ δα προοιμω, επιτιτεθηνος, των αθρο-
σ"
From the pure sun, which, though refracted all
Into a thousand hues, is sunshine still; * 
And bright through every change — he spoke of Him, 
The loe of eternal One, who dwells above, 
And of the soul’s inscrutable descent 
From that high fount of spirit, through the grades 
Of intellectual being, till it mix 
With atoms vague, corporeal, and dark; 
Nor yet even then, though sunk in earthly dress, 
Corrupted all, nor its ethereal touch 
Quite lost, but tasting of the fountain still. 
As some bright river, which has roll a long 
Through the weirds of flowery light and mystic gold, 
When pour’d at length into the dusky deep, 
Destined to take at once its briny taunt, 
But keep unchanged awhile the lustrous tinge, 
Or balmy freshness, of the scenes it left.  

Lactantius asserts that all the truths of Christianity 
may be found dispersed through the ancient philo-
sophical sects, and that any one who would collect 
these scattered fragments of orthodoxy might form a 
code in no respect differing from that of the Christian. 
"Si extississet aliquis, qui veritatem spassum per singu-
lares per secta-que diffusum colligeret in unum, ac 
redigeret in corpus, professus non dissentiat a no-
bine." Just. lib. vi. c. 2.

To morning kal érgovon.

Though Broeckhhusius here reads, "dux Epicur," 
which seems to fix the poet under the banners of Epici-
urus. Even the Stoic Seneca, whose doctrines have 
been considered so orthodox, that St. Jerome has 
ranked him amongst the ecclesiastical writers, while 
Boccaccio doubts (in consideration of his supposed 
correspondence with St Paul) whether Dante should 
have placed him in Limbo, with the rest of the Po-
gans — even the rigid Seneca has bestowed such com-
mandments on Epicurus, that if only those passages of 
his works were preserved to us, we could not hesitate, 
I think, in pronouncing him a confirmed Epicurean. 
With similar inconsistency, we find Porphyry, in his 
work upon abstinence, referring to Epicurus as an ex-
ample of the most strict Pythagorean temperance; and 
Lancelot (the author of "Farfalloni degli uni Is-
torii") has been seduced by this grave reputation of 
Epicurus into the absurd error of associating him with 
Chrysipus, just as a chief of the Stoic school. There's 
no doubt, indeed, that however the Epicurean sect 
might have relaxed from its original purity, the 
morals of its founder were as correct as those of any 
among the ancient philosophers; and his doctrines 
upon that subject, as explained in the letters of Herodes, 
are rational, amiable, and consistent with our nature. 
A late writer, De Sablonis, in his Grands Hommes 
veiges, expresses strong indignation against the En-
cyclopedia, for their just and animad prais of Epicurus, 
and discussing the question, "si e philo-
sophes pot vent vertoux" denies it upon no other au-
thority than the calumnies collected by Plutarch, who 
himself confesses that, on this particular subject, he 
consulted only "opinion and report, without passing 
to investigate their truth." — ἀλλὰ τὰν ἐκαλοῦσαν, οὐ 
τὰν ἀνθρώπους καταστημένοι. To the facts real of his 
illegitimate rivals, the Stoics, Epicurus chiefly owed these 
gross mis-representations of the life and opinions of him 
self and his associates, which, notwithstanding the 
learned exertions of Gassendi, have still left an odium 
on the name of his philosophy; and we ought to exa-
mine the ancient accounts of this philosopher with 
about the same degree of cautious belief which, in 
reading ecclesiastical history, we yield to the inve-
citives of the fathers against the heathen, considering 
as little to Flutarch upon a dream of Epicurus, as we 
would to the vehement St. Cyril upon a tenet of Nes-
torius. (1801.)

The preceding remarks, I wish the reader to ob-
serve, we were at a time, when I thought them 
worth the study to which they refer more much inter-
ested as well as more amusing than, I freely confess, they 
appear to me at present.

And here the old man ceased — a winged train 
of nymphs and genii bore him from our eyes. 
The fair illusion fled! and, as I watch. 
It was clear that my rapt soul had roamed, the while, 
To that bright realm of dreams, that spirit world, 
Which mortal knows by its long track of light 
O'er midnight's sky; and call the Galaxy. *

TO MRS. . . . . . .

To see thee every day that came, 
And find thee still each day the same; 
In pleasure's smile, or sorrow's tear 
To me still ever kind and dear; 
To meet thee early, leave thee late, 
Has been so long my bliss, my fate; 
That life, without this cheerful ray, 
Which came, like sunshine, every day, 
And all my pain, my sorrow chase'd, 
Is now a love and loveliness was.

Where are the chords she used to touch? 
The airs, the songs she used to teach? 
Those songs are hush'd, those chords are still, 
And so, perhaps, will every thrill 
Of feeling soon be false'd to rest, 
Which late I watch'd in Anna's breast. 
Yet, no — the simple notes I play'd 
For memory's tablet soon may fade; 
The songs, which Anna lov'd to hear, 
My blushes from her heart and ear; 
But friendship's voice shall ever live 
An echo in that gentle mind, 
Nor memory lose her time unprofit 
The sympathies that tremble there.

TO LADY HEATHCOTE, 
ON AN OLD RING FOUND AT TUNBRIDGE-WELLS.

"Tunbridge- Wells est a la meme distance de Louvres, que 
Fontainebleau le Pkt de Paris. Ce qu'il a de Feau et de 
Sens, le sont dans l'un et dans l'autre; c'est rassembler au 
temps des vents. La campagne." Sec. &c.

See Memoires de Grammont, Second Part. chap. iii.

Tunbridge Wells.

When Grammont grace these happy springs, 
And Tunbridge saw, upon her Families, 
The merriest weight of all the kings 
That ever ruled these g'ly, gallant isles; 
Like us, by day, they rode, they walk'd, 
At eve, they did as we may do, 
And Grammont just like Spencer talk'd, 
And lovely Stewart smile'd like you. 
The only different trait is this, 
That woman then, if man bestir her, 
Was rather given to saying "yes." 
Because,— as yet, she knew no better. 
Each night they held a coterie, 
Where, every fear to shudder charm'd, 
Lovers were all they ought to be, 
And hubbards not the least alarm'd.

* This bold Platonic image I have taken from a 
passage in Father Bouchet's letter upon the Metem-
sychosis, inserted in Picart's Cerem. Relig. tom. iv. 
4 According to Fuy-haeusus, the people of Dreams 
are souls collected together in the Galaxy. — ἐν 
teōrion ἡδονή, κατα Πολυαγωνα, αἱ ψυχαί άς συμμα-
γεζαντι φίλιν εις τον γαλαξα. — Porphyri. de 
Antro Nymph.
Then call'd they their school-days pranks,
Nor thought they much of sense or sense.
To play at tickles, quips, and cracks,
And cards shew'd wit, and little teeth.
As — "Why are husbands like the mint?" —
Because, I think, a husband's duty
Is to the Mint, as his to the Mint,
To give a currency to beauty.

"Why is a rose in nettle-hid?"
"Like a young widow, fresh and fair?"

Because I think it's best to be rid
Of weeds, that "have no business there!"

And thus they miss'd and thus they hit,
And now they struck, and now they parried;
And some lay in of full-grown wit,
While others of a pun miscarried.

'T was one of those facetious nights
That Grammont gave this forest ring
For breaking grave conundrum-rimes,
Or punning till, or — some such thing: —

From whence it can be fairly traced,
Through many a branch and many a bough,
From twig to twig, until it grew
The snowy hand that wears it now.

All this I'll prove, and then to you,
Oh, unbridge! and your springs trinical,
I swear by Heathcote's eye at blue.

To dedicate this important chronicle,
Long may your ancient inmates give
Their mandates to your modern lodgers,
And Charles's loves in Heathcote live,
And Charles's bards revive in Rogers.

Let no pedantic fools be there;
For ever to be those lgs abolish'd,
With heads as wooden as thy ware,
Aid, heaven knows not half so polished.

But still receive the young, the gay,
The few who know the rare delight
Of reading Grammont every day,
And acting Grammont every night.

THE DEVIL AMONG THE SCHOLARS.
A FRAGMENT.

Τὸ κακόν ὅ γεγονός;
Chrysost. Homil. in Epist. ad Hieros. * * *

But, whether these gentle ones,
These rosy nymphs and black-eyed nuns,
With all of Cupid's wild romancing,
Led my heart brains a dancing?
Instead of studying tones scholastic,
Ecclesiastic or monastic,
Oh! dry, careers far
In chase of Polly's, prettier far
Than any of their namesakes are,—
The Polyathus and Polyhistori,
Polyglots and all their sister.
So have I known a helpful youth
Sit down in quest of lore and truth,
With tones sufficient to confound him,
Like Tuba Bufo, help'd a round him,—
Manoura stuck to Theophrastus,
And Galen tumbling o'er Bambastus.

When I while all that's learned and wise
Absorbs the boy, he leaves his eyes,
And through the window of his study
Beholds some damsel fair and pretty,
With eyes, as brightly turn'd upon him as
The angel's were on Hecateus.
Quickly by the folios, widely scatter'd,
Old Homer's bard's brow is bursted,
And Sappho, headlong sent, flies just as
The revenged eye of St. Augustine.
Raptur'd he quite each dozing sage,
Oh, woman, for thy lovelier page!
Sweet book! — unlike the books of art,—
Whose covers are the fairest part:—
In whom the dear errata column
Is the best page in all the volume! 4

But to begin my subject rhyme —
'T was just about this devilish time,
When scarce there happened any frolics
That were not done by Diabolos,
A cold and loveness, son of Lucifer,
Who woman scornd, nor saw the use of her,
A branch of Dagob's family,
(Which Dagob, whether He or She,
Is a dispute that vastly better is
Refer'd to Seclator & cetera.)
Finding that, in this case of fools,
The wretches not his school's admiral,
Took it at once his head Satanic in,
To grow a great scholastic manikin.

Quoique heureux le Persan, l'Habu en chaque l'Arabe,
Pour ne point passer de la maniere intelligene

2. Bombastus was one of the names of that great scholar and quick Paracelsus. — "Philippus Bombastus later boli splendidio tegunse Amore Theophrasti Paracelsi," says Sindelus de circumanerae Literarum vanitate. — He used to fight the devil every night with a broadsword, to the no small terror of his pupil Opusus, who has recorded the circumstance. (Vide Up. Vit. apud Christian. Graph. Vit Select. quosdam Erudissimorum, &c.) Paracelsus had but a poor opinion of Galen: — "My very head (says he in his Paragranum) has more learning in it than either Galen or Avicenna." 3

3. The angel, who scolded S. Jerome for reading Cicero. As Gratian tells the story in his "Concordantia discordantium Canonum," and says, that for this reason his bishop was not allowed to read the Classics: — "Episcopus calidum libros non legaret," — "The notion of the Devil is seductive and false, as the illustrious pupil of Antony assent us, have got no images. Γέρχας ἢν ὡς ἢν ἢν ὡς ἢν τοι τής εἰς αὐτόν εἰς αὐτόν ἤχον ἤχον τής εἰς αὐτόν αὐτόν αυτόν αὐτόν αὐτόν αὐτὸν αὐτόν αὐτόν αὐτόν αὐτόν — Clem. Alexand. Stromata.

4. The idea of the Rabbis, respecting the origin of woman, is not at all singular. They think that man was originally so made with a tail, like a monkey, that the Devil cut off this appendage, and made man of it. Upon this extraordinary supposition the following reflection is founded: —

If such is the tie between woman and man,
The money who weeps is a pitiful end.
For he takes to his tail like an idiot; and
And thus makes a deplorable ease of himself.

Yet, if we may judge as the fashions prevail,
Every husband remembers his original plan;
And knowing his wife is no more than his tail,
Why he leaves her behind him as much as he can.

5. Seviger, de Emendat. Tempor. — Dagob was thought by others to be a certain sea-monster, who came every seven years out of the Persian to teach the Syrians husbandry. — See Jaques Gauthier (Curiosités Inquiries, chap. i.), who says he thinks this story of the sea-monster "carries little show of probability with it."
A doctor, quite as learned and fine as
Scotus John or Tom Aquinas, 1
Lully, Hates Irrigerabilis,
Or any doctor of the rabble is.
In languages 2 the Polyglot,
Compared to him, were Babble sob;* 3
He charmed more than ever Jew did,
Sanhedrin and Priest included,
Priest and holy Sanhedrin
Were one and seven tools to him,
In chief the learned demon a
Zeus, strong for gamma, delta,
That, all for Greek and learning's glory, 3
He nightly tipped "Gracie more,
And never paid a bill or balance.
Except upon the Grecian Kalenders:
From whence you scholars, when they want tick
Say, to be Attic's to be on tick,
In logs, he was quite Ho Pann; 4
Knew as much as ever man knew.

1 I wish it were known with any degree of certainty whether the Commentary on Boethius attributed to Thomas Aquinas be really the work of this Angelic Doctor. 5
2 The worst bold assertions hazarded in it: for instance, he says that Plato kept school in a town called Academia, and that Alcibiades was a very beautiful woman whom some of Aristotle's pupils fell in love with: "Alcibiades mulier fact pachydesque, quam vides quidam discipuli Aristotelis," &c. — See Freytag Adyvar. Letterar. art. 86. tom. i.
3 The following compliment was paid to Martinus Valla, upon his accurate knowledge of the Latin language:
Non postquam munes deditus Valla petivit,
Non audet Plato verba Latina legi.
Since Val arriv'd in Plato's shade,
His name and pronouns all in pat,
Plato himself would be afraid
To say his soul's his own, in Latin!

See for these lines the "Auctorum Censio" of Du Verder (page 29).

4 It is much to be regretted that Martin Luther, with all his talents for reforming, should yet be vulgar enough to laugh at Camerarius for writing to him in Greek. - Master Joachim (says he) has sent me some dates and some rations, and has also written me two letters in Greek. As soon as I am recovered, I shall go to them in Turkey, that he too may have the pleasure of reading what he does not understand." "Gracies sunt, legi n possumt," is the ignorant speech attributed to Accursius; but very unjustly: — for, far from asserting that Greek could not be read, that worthy juris consult. upon the Law D. de Donor. Passo, expressly says, "Gracias litteras parent internet et legi."
(Vide Nov. Libror. Jurior. Collection. Fascic. IV.) — Scipio Carthomanus seems to have been of opinion that there is no salvation out of the pale of Greek Literature: "Vita prima saeva Graiæ pandebat, ubi, postquam et Upsalenses, et thếbæi de Lauthamius Rundomannus cannot be sufficiently admired, when he exhorts his countrymen, "per gloriém Christi, per salutem patris, per republicam decus et emolumentum," to study the Greek language. Nor must we forget Plato, who would be the excellent Bishop of Nocera, who, careess of all the usual commendations of a Christian, required no further eulogium on his tomb than "Here lieth a Greek Lexicographer."

"O πατέρα. — The introduction of this language into English poetry has a good effect, and ought to be more universally adopted. A word or two of Greek in a stanza would serve as ballast to the most "light o' love" verses. Ausonius, among the ancients, may serve as a model:

Ός γαρ με θείος στην ἐν ἑκατέρα μενούσε Ἀφίνον ἀποκόκκινη ἑσας καμάρας.

He fought the combat syllogistic
With so much skill and art extirpate,
That though you were the learned Stagirite,
At once upon the hip he had you right.
In music, though he had no ears
Except for that among the spheres,
(Which most of all, as he aver'd it,
He dearly loved, 'cause no one heard it,
Yet aptly he, at sight, could read
Each tuneful diagram in Bede,
And find, by Euclid's corollaries,
The rates of a jig or aria.

But, as for all your wailing Delias,
Orpheus and Saint Ceciliä,
He would have thought them much surpass'd
By that redoubled Troyal blast 5
Who still could vibrate by dint of throttle,
Where'er he went to crack a bottle.

Likewise to show his mighty knowledge, he,
On things unknown in physiology,
Wrote many a chapter to divert us,
(like that great little man Albertus),
Wherein he should the reason why,
When children first are heard to cry
If they the baby chide too.
He cries O ! — if girl, O E !
Which are, quoth he, exceeding fair hints
Respecting their first sinful parents;
"Oh, Eve!" exclaimed, little madam,
While little mother cries "Oh, Adam!" 8

But, 'twas in Optics and Dioptries,
Our demon played his first and top tricks,
He held that sunshine passes quicker
Through wine than any other liquor;
And though he saw no great objection
To steady light and clear reflection,
He thought the aberrating rays,
Which play about a bumber's blaze.
Were by the Doctor look'd, in common, on,
As a more rare and rich phenomenon.
He wisely said that the sensorium
Is for the eyes a great empirum,
To which these noted picture-stellers
Send all they can and meet with dealers.
In many an optical proceeding
The brain, he said, show'd good great breeding;
For instance, when we ogle women
(A trick which Barbara introduc'd him in),
Although the dears are apt to get in a
Strange position on the retina,
Yet unsatiated the modest brain
Doth set them on their legs again !

Our doctor thus, with "stuff'd sufficiency"
Of all omnigenous omniscience,
Began (as who would not begin)
That bad, like him, so much within?
To let it out in books of all sorts,
Folios, quarto, large and small sorts;
Poems, so very deep and sensible
That they were quite incomprehensible.

Romand, the French poet, has enriched his sonnets and odes with many an exquisite moral from the Lexicon. His "chere Ovide," in addressing his mistress, can only be equal to Cowley's "Antipersonas." 5

5 Or Glass-Breaker — Morbiceus has given an account of this extraordinary man, in a work, published 1682,— "De vino scythico fructo," &c.
6 Translated almost literally from a passage in Albertus de Secrets, &c.
7 Alluding to that habitual set of the judgment, by which, notwithstanding the inversion of the image upon the retina, a correct impression of the object is conveyed to the sensorium.
8 Under this description, I believe "the Devil among the Scholars" may be included. Yet Leibnitz
POEMS RELATING TO AMERICA.

TO FRANCIS, EARL OF MOIRA,
GENERAL IN HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES, MASTER-GENERAL OF THE ORDNANCE, CON-
STABLE OF THE TOWER, ETC.

My Lord,—It is impossible to think of addressing a Dedication to your Lordship without calling to mind the well-known reply of the Spartan to a rhetori-
cian, who propounded an eulogium on Hercules. "This Hercules," said the honest Spartan, "who ever thought of blaming Hercules?" In a similar manner the concurrence of public opinion has left to the panegyrist of your Lordship a very super-
fluous task. I shall, therefore, be silent on the subject, and merely entreat your indulgence to the very hun-
table tribute of gratitude which I have here the honour to present.

I am, my Lord,
With every feeling of attachment and repect,
Your Lordship's very devoted Servant,

THOMAS MOORE.

27 Bury Street, St. James's,
April 10, 1806.

PREFACE.

The principal poems in the following collection were written during an absence of fourteen months from Europe. Though curiosity was certainly not the motive of my voyage to America, yet it happened that the gratification of curiosity was the only advan-
tage which I derived from it. Finding myself in the country of a new people, whose infancy had promised so much, and whose progress to maturity has been an object of such interesting speculation, I determined to employ the short period of time, which my plan of return to Europe afforded me, in traversing a few of the States, and acquiring some knowledge of the inhabitants.

The impression which my mind received from the character and manners of these republicans, suggested the Epistles which are written from the city of Washington and Lake Erie.1 How far I was right, in thus

1 This Preface, as well as the Dedication which precedes it, were prefixed originally to the no-cellicu-
numous volume entitled "Odes and Epistles," of which, hitherto, the poems relating to my American tour have formed a part.
2 Epistles VI., VII, and VIII.

The latter's rags of every vest,
In which the Greeks and Romans dress,
And of her figure swell'd and active
Sea's them all with arts so frantick,
That those, who saw what she had,
Declart'd undoing of Prince wallis,
Ere she wrote and scenes of troubles,
All as neat as old Turnebus's;

Egg- and alar's, cyclopalias,
Grammers, prayer-books — oh! 'twere tedious,
But I'd not tell three half, to thee; since;
Not the scrabbling lab of Polybius,
No — nor the hearty Trismegists,
(Whose writings all, think heaven! have missed us),
E'ry hild with lumber such a waterbom
As this great "poetic literatum!"

assuming the tone of a satirist against a people whom I viewed but as a stranger and a visitor, is a doubt which never did not allow me time to investi-
gate. All I presume to answer for is the fidelity of the picture which I have given; and though prudence might have dictated gentler language, truth, I think, would have justified severer.

I went to America with impressions by no means unfavourable, and indeed rather indulged in many of those illusive ideas, with respect to the purity of the government and the primitive happiness of the people, which I had early imbued in my native country, where, unfortunately, discontent at home enhances every distant temptation, and the western world has long been looked to as a retreat from real or imaginary oppression; as, in short, the elysian Atlantis, where persecuted patriots might find their visions realised, and be welcomed by kindred spirits to liberty and repose. In all these flattering expectations it now found myself completely disappointed, and felt inclined to say to America, as Horace says to his mistress, "intensa natae fit!" Instead, in the preface to his travels, observes, that "freedom in that country is curtailed to so high a degree as to border upon a state of nature," and that certainly is a close approximation to savage life, not only in the liberty which they enjoy, but in the violence of party spirit and of private animosity which results from it. This illiberal zeal embitters all its at once; and the timid scarcely could hesitate in selecting the party whose views appeared to me the more pure and amiable, yet I was sorry to observe that, in asserting their opinions, they both assume an equal share of intolerance; the Democrats considering with their principles, exhibiting a vulgarity of manner, which the Federalists too often are forgetful of their cause as to imitate.

The rude familiarity of the lower orders, and in-
deed the unpurified state of society in general, would neither suit the prelates I desired to follow; they seemed to flow from that simplicity of character, that honest ignorance of the graces of refinement which may be looked for in a new and inexperienced people. But, when we find them arrived at maturity in most of the vices, and all the pride of civilisation, while they are so far removed from its higher and better characteristic, it is impossible not to feel that this youthful decay, this natural anticipation of the natural period of corruption, must repress every sanguine hope of the future energy and greatness of America.

I am conscious that, in venturing these few remarks, I have said just enough to offend, and by no means sufficient to convince; for the limits of a preface pre-
vent me from entering into a justification of my opinions, and I am committed on the subject as actually as if I had written volumes in their defence. My reader, however, is apprized of the very curious ob-
POEMS RELATING TO AMERICA.

TO LORD VISCONT STRANGFORD.

ABOARD THE PHAETON FRIGATE, OFF THE AZORES, BY MOONLIGHT.

Sweet Moon! if, like Cretona's sige,
By any spell my hand could dare
To make thy disk its ample page,
And write my thoughts, my wishes there;
How many a friend, whose careless eye
Now wanders o'er that stately sky,
Should smile, upon thy rise to meet
The recollection, kind and sweet,
The reverie of fond regret,
The promise, never to forget,
And all my heart and soul would send
To many a dear—lovd, distant friend!

How little, when we parted last,
I thought these pleasant times were past,
For ever past, when brilliant ye,
Was all my vacant heart's employ:
When, fresh from morn to morn again,
We thought the rapid hours too few;
Our only use for knowledge then
To gather bliss from all we knew.

Delicious days of whom and soul!
When, mingling love and laugh together,
We learnt the book of Pleasure's bowl,
And turn'd the leaf with Cuffy's feather.
Little I thought that all were fed,
The winner's frown was sabred, shod,
My eye should see the sail unfurl'd
That wafts me to the western world.

And yet, 'twas time— in youth's sweet days,
To cool that Fenlab's glowing ray,
The heart awhile, with wanton wing,
Max dip and dive in Pleasure's spring:
But, if it wait for winter's breeze.
The spring will chill, the heart will freeze.
And then, that Hope, that fairy Hope,—
Oh! she awak'd such happy dreams,
And gave my soul such tempting scope
For all its dearest, fond-est schemes.

That not Verona's child of song,
When leaving the Phrygian news,
With lighter heart could bound along,
Or past to be a wanderer more.

Even now delusive hope will steal
Amid the dark regrets I feel,
Soothing, as vapours pleas'd again,
Pursues the murmurers of the deep,
And lights them with consoling gleam.
And smiles them into tranquil sleep.
Oh! such a blessed night as this,
I often think, if friends were near,
How we should feel, and gaze with bliss
Upon the moon-bright scenery here!

The sea is like a slippery lake,
And, o'er its calm the vessel glides
Gently, as if it fear'd to wake
The slumber of the silent tides,
The only veuscous cloud that lowers
Hath hung its shade on Pico's height, 4
Where dimly, hid the dark, he towers,
And scowling at this heaven's light,
Exults to see the infant storm
Cling darkly round his giant form!

Now, could I range these verdant isles,
Invisible, at this soft hour,
And see the locks, the beaming smiles,
That brighten many an orange bower;
And could I lift each lens of weal,
And see the blushing cheek it shades,—
Oh! I should have fall many a tale,
To tell of young Azor. maid's. 5

Yes, Strangford, at this hour, perhaps,
Some lover (not too dally blest,
Like those, who in their ladies' laps
May cradle every wish to rest),
Warbles, to touch his dear one's soul,
Those madrigals, of breath divine,
Which Cam. nuts' harp from Rapture stole
And gave, all glowing warm, to thine.
Oh! could the love—learn from thee,
And breathe them with thy grateful tone,
Such sweet, beguiling minstrelsy
Would make the coldest nymph his own.

But, hark!—the boatman's pippins tell
'Tis time to bid my dream farewell:
Eight bells—the middle watch is set;
Good night, my Strangford!— never forget
That, far beyond the western sea
Is one, whose heart remembers thee.

STANZAS.

γιορσ και τον ρωμος
— με προσφωνει τατην
Γεωργιος τανδρομπα η ζωναν αγαν

A beam of tranquillity smileth in the west,
The storms of the morning pursuer is no more;
And the wave, while we welcome the moment of est,
Still heaved, as remembering ills that were o'er.

3 Alluding to these animated lines in the 4th Carne. of Catoitus:—

Jane moe sylvepldans est vagari,
Jam laes nobis pedes vigacent!

4 A very high mountain on one of the Azores, from which the island derives its name. It is said by some to be as high as the Peak of Teneriffa.

5 I believe it is Guthrie who says, that the inhabitants of the Azores are much addicted to garrulity. This is an assertion in which even Guthrie may be credited.

6 These islands belong to the Portuguese.
POEMS RELATING TO AMERICA.

Serenely my heart took the hue of the hour,
Its passions were sleeping, were mute as the dead;
And the spirit becalmed but remember'd their power,
As the bellow the force of the gate that was held.

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

I reflected, how soon in the cup of Desire
The pearl of the soul may be melted away;
How quickly, alas, the pure sparkle of fire
We inherit from heav'n, may be quench'd in the clay.

And I pray'd of that Spirit whom lighted the flame,
That Pleasure no more might its purity dim;
So that, sunder'd but little, or brightly the same,
I might give back the boon I had so long from Him.

How best was the thought! it appeared as if Heaven
Had already an opening to Paradise shown;
As if, passion all chasten'd and error forgiven,
My heart then began to be purely its own.

I look'd to the west, and the beautiful sky
Where evening had clouded, was clouded no more;
"Oh! thus," I exclaimed, "may a heavenly eye
Shed light on the soul that was darken'd before."

TO THE FLYING-FISH.

When I have seen thy snow-white wing
From the blue wave at evening spring,
And show these seals of silvery white,
So gaily to the eye of light,
As if thy frame were form'd to rise,
And live amid the glorious skies;
Oh! it has made me shudd'rily feel,
How like thy wing's impatient zeal
Is the pure soul, that rests not, pent
Within this world's grove, but, even
And takes the wing that God has given,
And rises into light and heaven!

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

Oh, Virtue! when thy chime I seek,
Let not my spirit's flight be weak,
Let me not, like this feeble thing,
With bine still dropping from its wing,
Just sparkle in the solar glow
And plunge again to depths below;
But, when I leave the greater thing
With whom my soul hath dwelt so long.

1 It is the opinion of St. Austin upon Genesis, and I believe of nearly all the Fathers, that birds, like fish, were originally produced from the waters; in defence of which idea they have collected every fanciful circumstance which can tend to prove a kindred similitude between them: 

Let me, in that aspiring day,
Cast every lingering stain away,
And, panting for thy purer air,
Fly up at once and fix me there.

TO MISS MOORE.

FROM NORFOLK, IN VIRGINIA, NOVEMBER, 1803.

In days, my Kate, when life was new,
When, build'd with innocence and you,
I sped, in home's beloved shade,
The dim the world's a distance made;
When, in silent, my weary head
Sunk on its own unheeded bed.
And, mild, as evening's morn, hour,
Locks on the calmly shutting flower,
A mother saw her child's face,
And blush'd them into pure repose;
Then, happy if a week, a day,
I linger'd from that home away,
How long the little absence seemed!
How bright the look of welcome beam'd,
As mute you heard, with eager smile,
My tales of all that pass'd the while.

Yet now, my Kate, a gloomy sea
Roll'd wide between that home and me,
The moon may thrice be -ru and die,
Ere even that seal can reach mine eye,
Which used so oft, so quck to come,
Still breathing all the breath of home,—
As if, still fresh, the cordial air
From lips belov'd were lingering there.
But now, alas — far different fare;
It comes o'er ocean, slow and late,
When the dear hand that fill'd its fold
With words of sweetness may lie cold.

But hence that gloomy thought! at last,
Beloved Kate, the waves are past!
I tread on earth securely now,
And the green cedar's living bough
Breathes his more reticent to my eyes,
There could a Cidbrude's divv'n eyes,
At length I touch the happy sphere
To liberty and virtue dear,
Where man looks up, and, proud to claim
His rank within the social frame,
Sees a grand system round him roll,
Himself its centre, sun, and soul!
Far from the shores of Europe — far
From ever, wild, elliptic star
That, shooting with a devious fire,
Kind ed by heaven's avenging ire,
So oft hath into chaos hurl'd
The systems of the ancient world.

The warrior here, in arms no more,
Thinks of the foil, the coat of mail,
And glorying in the freedom won
For hearth and shrine, for sire and son,
Smiles on the dusky wets that hide
His sleeping sword's remember'd pride,
While Peace, with sunshine checks of toil,
Walks o'er the free, unforded soil,
Effacing with her splendid share
The drops that war had sprinkled there.
And happy land! where he who flies
From the dark, dim other skies,
From scena, or want's uttering woes,
May shelter him in proud repose:
Hope sings along the yellow sand
Almost in fancy, that we are present at the moment of creation, and witness the birth of the first bird from the waves.

The mighty wood, with prun, receives
The stranger in its world of leaves,
Which soon their barren glory yield
To the warm sun and cultured soil;
And he, who came, of all bereft,
To whom malignant fate had left
Nor home nor friends nor country dear,
Finds home and friends and country here.

Such is the picture, warmly such,
That Fancy, with a florid touch,
Had painted to my sangenic eye
Of man's new world of liberty.
Oh! ask me not, if Truth have yet
Her seal on Fancy's promise all;
If ev'n a glimpse my eyes behold
Of that imagin'd age of gold;—
Ah! not yet one glimpse have I
Never did y' see, who loved a face
As sketched by some fond pencil's skill,
And made by fancy lovelier still.
Shrink back with more of sad surprise,
When the live model met his eye,
That I have felt, in sorrow felt,
To find a dream on which I've dwelt
From boyhood's hour, thus fade and flee,
At touch of stern reality!

But, courage, yet, my wavering heart!
Blame not the temple's meanest part, 1
Till thou hast traced the fabric o'er:—
As yet, we have beheld no more
Than just the pinch to Freedom's face;
And, though a sable spot may stain
The vestige, 'tis wrong, 'tis sin
To doubt the godhead's regal within!
So here I pause—and now, my Kate,
To you, and those dear friends, whose fate
Touched more near this home sick soul
Than all the Powers from pole to pole,
One word at parting,—in the one
Most sweet to you, and most my own.

The simple strain I send you here,
Wild though it be, would charm your ear,
Did you but know the trance of thought
In which my mind its numbers caught,
'Twas one of those half-waking dreams,
That haunt me off, when music seems
To bear my soul in sacred song
And turn its fealty all to song.
I thought of home, the preceding lays
 Came full of dreams of other days;
Freshly in each succeeding note
I found some young remembrance float,
Till following, as a clue, that strain,
I wander'd back to home again.

Oh! love the song, and let it oft
Live on your lip in accents soft,
Say that it tells you, simply well,
All I have bid its wild notes tell,—

1 Such romantic works as "The American Farmer's Letters," and the account of Kentucky by Inlay, would seduce us into a belief, that innocence, peace, and freedom had deserted the rest of the world for Martha's Vineyard and the banks of the Ohio. The French travellers, too, almost all from revolutionary motives, have contributed their share to the diffusion of this flattering misconception. A visit to the country is, however, quite sufficient to correct the most enthusiastic prepossession.

2 Norfolk, it must be owned, presents an unfavourable specimen of America. The characteristics of Virginia in general are not such as to delight either the politician of the nor'vist, and at Norfolk they are exhibited in their least attractive form. At the time when we arrived the yellow fever had not yet disappeared, and every odour that assailed us in the streets very strongly accounted for its visitation.

3 A trifling attempt at musical composition accompanied this Epistle.

Of Memory's dream, of thoughts that yet
Glow with the light of joy that is set,
And all the food the heart keeps in store
Of friends and scenes beheld no more
And now, adieu! this artless air,
With a few rhymes, in tranq-scrip fair
Are all the gift's I yet can boast
To send you from Columbus's coast;
But when the sun, with warmer smile,
Shall light me to thy destin'd isle,
You shall have many a consilp-bell,
Where Art descends, and many a shell,
In which that gentle spirit dwelt
From honey-flowers the morning dew.

A BALLAD.

THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP.

WRITTEN AT NORFOLK, IN VIRGINIA.

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

"La poesie a ses monstres comme la nature."—D'Alembert.

"They made her a grave, too cold and damp
"For a soul so warm and true;"
"And she's gone to the lake of the Dismal Swamp,"
"Where, all night long, by a fire-fly lamp,
"She paddles her white canoe.
"And her fire-fly lamp I soon shall see,
"And her paddle I soon shall hear;
"Long and loving our life shall be,
"And I'll hide the mast in a cypress tree,
"When the footstep of Death is near."

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds—
His path was rugged and deep,
The tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
Through many a fen, where the serpents feed,
And man never trod before.

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

And near him in the she-wolf stirred the brake,
And the copper-wake breath'd in his ear,
Till he started crier, from his dream awake,
"Oh! when shall I see the dusky lake,
"And the white canoe of my dear?"

He saw the lake, and a meteor bright
Quick over its surface play'd
"Welcome," he said, "my dear-one's light!"
And the dim shore echoed, for many a night,
The name of the death-cold maid.

Till he hollowed a boat of the birchen bark,
Which carried him off from shore;
For, for he follow'd the meteor spark,
The wind was high and the clouds were dark,
And the boat return'd no more.
POEMS RELATING TO AMERICA. 99.

But oft, from the Indian hunter's camp
This lover and maid so true
Are seen at the hour of midnight damp
To cross the Lake by a fire-dy lamp,
And paddle their white canoe.

TO THE MARCHIONESS DOWAGER
OF DONEGALL.

FROM BERMUDA, JANUARY, 1804.

Lady! where'er you roam, whatever land
Wows the bright touches of that artist hand;
Whether you sketch the valley's golden meals,
Where many Lanth his lingering current leads;
Emanc'ard etch the mellow hues that sleep,
At eve, on Meilhence's immortal steep;
Or musing o'er the Lake, at day's decline,
Mark the last shadow out that holy shrine.
Where, more a night, the shade of Tell complains
Of Gallia's triumph and Helvetia's chains!
Oh! lay the pencil for a moment by,
Turn from the canvas that creative eye,
And let its splendour, like the morning ray,
Upon a shepherd's harp, illumine my lay.

Yet, Lady, no — for song so rude as mine,
Chase not the wonders of your art divine;
Still, radiant eye, upon the canvas dwell;
Still, magic finger, weave your potent spell;
And, while I sing the animated soles
Of fairy nature in these sun-born isles.
Oh, might the song awake some bright design,
Inspire a touch, or prompt one happy line,
Proud were my soul, to see its humble thought
On painting's morn so divinely caught.
While wondering Genius, as he lean'd to trace
The faint conception kindling into grace,
Might love my numbers for the spark they threw,
And bless the lay that lent a charm to you.

Say, have you oer, in nightly vision, stray'd
To those pure isles of ever-blooming shade,
Which lads of old, with kindly fancy, plac'd
For happy spirits in th' Atlantic waste?
There listening, while, from earth, each breeze that
Brought echoes of their own undying fame,
In eloquence of eye, and dreams of song,
They charm'd their lapse of nightly hours along:
— Nor yet in song, that mortal ear might suit,
For every spirit was itself a lute,
While wandering Genius, with elysian breeze,
Pure tones of thought and mental harmonies.

Believe me, Lady, when the zephyr bland
Float'd our bark to this enchanted land,—
Thee lead'st isles upon the ocean throw,
Lands of emerald, for a silver zone.
Not all the charm, that ethereal fancy gave
To blessed arbours o'er the western wave,

Lady Donegall, I had reason to suppose, was at this time still in Switzerland, where the well-known powers of her pencil must have been frequently awakened.

1 The chapel of William Tell on the Lake of Lucerne.

2 M. Gehein, says, in his 'Monde Primitif,' 'Lorsque Stracbo crit que les anciens theologians et poetes placent les champs elysees dans les isles de l'Ocean Atlantique, il pretend amis un saure deplume.' M. Gehein's supposition, I have no doubt, is the more correct; but that of Strabo is, in the present instance, most to my purpose.

3 Nothing can be more romantic than the little harbour of St. George's. The number of beautiful islets, the singular clearness of the water, and the animated play of the graceful little boats, gliding for ever between the islands, and seeming to fly from one cedar-grove into another, formed altogether as lovely a miniature of nature's beauties as can well be imagined.

4 This is an illusion which, to the few who are faceless enough to indulge in it, renders the scenery of Bermuda particularly interesting; and though we never desist from a lover's delight, the poet fancy may embellish the poor fisherman's hut with columns such as the pencil of a Claude might imitate. I had one favourite object of this kind in my walks, which the hospitality of its owner robbed me of, by asking me to visit him. He was a plain good man, and received me well and warmly, but I could never turn his house into a Grecian temple again.
TO GEORGE MORGAN, ESQ.
OF NORFOLK, VIRGINIA.

FROM BERMUDA, JANUARY, 1804.

Kept to the nearest and most propitious, and from thence, we arrived at Norfolk, the residence of Captain Compton, who in July last was killed aboard the Lily in an action with a French privateer. Poor Compton! he fell a victim to the strange impolicy of allowing such a miserable thing as the Lily to remain in the service; so small, crank, and undeniably, that a well-managed merchantman was at any time a match for her.

This epigram is by Paul the Silentarian, and may be found in the Alcataec of Brunck, vol. iii. p. 72. As the reading there is somewhat different from what I have followed in this translation, I shall give it as I had it in my memory at the time, and as it is in Heimann, who, I believe, first produced the epigram. See his Poesie.

I now turn to America. Gush from your eyest, such as that
When those who 've dearly loved must part.
Sadly you bear your head to mine,
And while those arms are round me, twine
You hair allow my bosom spread,
All glittering with the tears you shed.
In vain I 've kissed those lids of snow,
For still, like cecile's fountains they flow,
Bathing our cheeks, where'er they meet.
Why is it thus? do, tell me, sweet?
Ah, Lais! are my vergs right?
Am I to lose you? — night
Our last — go, come to heaven and me!
Your very tears are tender.

Such, while it x' rot floating hung,
Such was the siren. Me gante mo!
The muse and I together sung.
With Boreas to make out the trio.
But, bless the little fairy isle!
How sweetly after all our ills,
We saw the sunny morning smile
So evenly o'er its fragrant hills;
And felt the pure, delicious flow
Of airs, that round this Eden blow.
Freshly as ev'n the gales that come
Over our own healthy hills at home.
Could you but view the scenery fair,
That now beea h my window lies,
You'd think, that nature lavished there
Her purest wave, her softest skies,
To make a heaven for love to sigh in,
For bards to live and saints to die in.
Close to my wooded bank below,
In glassy calm the waters sleep,
And to the sunbeam proudly show
The coral rocks they love to steep.

The drowsy boat moves slowly past,
And I can almost touch its sails
A hose they flap round the mast.
The moonrise sun a splendiferous pours
That lights up all these leafy shores;
While his own heaven, its clouds and beams
So pictured in the waters lie,
That each small bark, in passing seems
To float along a burning sky.

Oh for the pinace leaf to thee,
Best dreamer, who, in vision bright,
Didst sail o'er heaven's seas,
And touch at all its isles of light.

Kea polu klychososa strobous evostrophous awgs,
' Hmecra kehalon bynq empsamwn.
Mournmeni d' efylia: to d' wos eposseis apo

Dakrma me mytwnwos piste kata storpetos
Epde d' ammromenwv, tenvo sthmea dakrma lubev;
Dakwv m vepo wstv yev ose dromopata.

4 The water is so clear around the island, that the rocks are seen beneath to a very great depth; and, as we entered the harbour, they appeared to us to near the surface that it seemed impossible we should not strike on them. There is no necessity, of course, for heaving the lead; and the negro pilot, looking down at the rocks from the bow of the ship, takes her through this difficult navigation, with a skill and confidence which seem to astonish some of the oldest seamen.

5 In Kircher's Eclectic Journey in Heaven, Cosmik, the genius of the world, gives Thesidactus a boat of ashestinum, with which he embarks into the regions of the sun. "Vides (says Cosmik) hanc ashestinum naviculam commodissima tua preparatam."

Iterum. I. Dial. i. exp. 5. This work of Kircher abounds with strange fancies.
POEMS RELATING TO AMERICA. 101

Sweet Venus, what a clime he found
With thy orbs aambrosial round! —
There spring the breezes, rich and warm,
That sigh around thy vesper car;
And angels dwell, so pure of form
That each appears a living star.
These are the sprites, celestial queen!
Thou sentest nightly to the bed
Of her love, with touch unseen
Thy planet's brightening torch to shed;
To lend that eye a light still clear,
To give that cheek one rose-blush more,
And bid that blushing lip be dearer,
Which had been all too dear before.

Bx, whither means the muse to roam?
'Tis time to call the wanderer home.
Who could have thought the nymph would perch her
Up in the clouds with Father Kircher?
So, health and live to all your passion!
Long may the bowl that pleasures bloom in,
The flow of heart, the soul's expansion,
Mirth and song, your board illumine.
At all your feasts, remember too,
When cups are sparkling to the brim,
That here is one who drinks to you,
And, oh! as warmly drink to him.

LINES WRITTEN IN A STORM AT SEA.

That sky of clouds is not the sky
To light a lover to the pillow
Of her he loves —
The swell of vaster foaming billow
Resembles not the happy sigh
That rapture moves.
Yet do I feel more tranquil far
Amid the stormy wilds of ocean,
In this dark hour,
Than when, in passion's young emotion,
I've stolen, beneath the evening star,
To Julia's bower.
Oh! there's a holy calm profound
In awe like this, that ne'er was given
To pleasure's thrill;
'Tis as a solemn voice from heaven,
And the soul, listening to the sound,
Lies mute and still.
'Tis true, it talks of danger nigh,
Of slumbering with the dead to-morrow
In the cold deep,
Where pleasure's throb or tears of sorrow
No more shall wake the heart or eye,
But all must sleep.
Well! there are some, thou stormy bed,
To whom thy sleep would be a treasure;
Oh! most to him,
Whose up to death dwell life's cup of pleasure,
Nor leave one honey-drop to shed
Round sorrow's brim.

1 When the Genius of the world and his fellow-traveller arrive at the planet Venus, they find an island of loveliness, full of colours and intelligences, where angels preside, who shed the cosmic influence of this planet over the earth; such being, according to astrologers, the "vis influxiva" of Venus. When they are in this part of the heavens, a canonical question occurs to Theodiscusus, and he asks, "Whether baptism may be performed with the waters of Venus?" — An aquas globi Venus lap sumus institui possis? unto which the genius answers, "Certainly."

2 This idea is Father Kircher's, "Tot animatos solea dixisse." — Itinerar. 1. Dial. 1. cap. 8.

Odes to Nea;
Written at Bermuda.

NEA τυφανον.
Europs. Medea, v. 967.

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

If there be climes, where never yet
The print of beauty's foot was set,
Where man may pass his loveless nights,
Uneven'd by her false delights,
Thither my wounded soul would fly,
Where ray cheek or sad eye
Should bring no more their bliss, or pain,
Nor fetter me to earth again.
Dear Nea! whose eyes of light,
Though little pro'd when all my own,
Now list before me, soft and bright
As when they first examin'd shone,—
What hon'd, and days have I been glise,
While fix'd, enchanted, by thy side,
Unmolest of the fleeting day,
I've let life's dream dissolve away.
O bloom of youth profusely shed!
O moments: simply, vainly spnt,
Yet sweetly too — for Love perfum'd
The flame which thus my life consum'd;
And brilliant was the chain of flowers,
In which he led my vic'tom-hours.

Say, Nea, say, couldst thou, like her,
When warm to feel and quick to err,
Of loving fold, of roving fonder
This thoughtless soul might wish to wander,—
Couldst thou, like her, the wish reclaim,
Endearing still, reproaching never,
Till ev'n this heart should burn with shame,
And be thy own more fix'd than ever?
No, no — on earth there's only one
Could bind such faithless folly fast;
And sure on earth but one alone
Could make such virtue raise at last!

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

— To Tell her own fate.
Propert. lib. iv. cap. 6.

I pray: you, let us roam no more
Along that wild and lovely shore,
POEMS

Ice

From ocean's rude and angry dim,
A lover's steal to bliss,
The billows kiss the shore, and then
Flow back to the deep again,
As though they did not kiss.

Remember, o'er its circling flood
In what a dangerous dream we stood—
The silent sea before us,
Around us, all the gloom of grave,
That ever lent its shade to love,
No eye but heaven's o'er us!

I saw you blush, you felt me tremble;
In vain would formal art assemble
All we then took'd and thought;
'Twas more than tongue could dare reveal,
'Twas every thing that young hearts feel,
By Love and Nature taught.

I stood to call, with faltering hand,
A shell that, on the golden sand,
Before us faintly gleam'd;
I trembling rais'd it, and when you
Had kist the shell, I kist it too—
How sweet, how wrong it seem'd!

Oh, trust me, 't was a place, an hour,
The wond'rous power could mingle me or you in;
Sweet Nest, let us man no more
Along that wild and lonely shore,
Such walks may be our rite.

You read it in these spell-bound eyes,
And there alone should love be read;
You hear me say it all in sighs,
And thus alone should love be said.

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

Heard you the wish I daint to name,
To murrmur on that lucky night,
When passion broke the bonds of shame,
And love grew madness in your eye?

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

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

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

Heedless of all, but you alone,—
And you, at last, should no condemn,
If, when such eyes before me shine,
My soul forgot all eyes but them,—
I dair'd to whisper passion's vow—
For love had ev'n of thought herc'e me—
Nay, half-way bent to kiss that brow,
But, with a bound, you blushing left me.

Forget, forget that night's off'nce,
Forgive it, if, alas! you can;
'Twas love, 't was passion—soul and sense—
'Twas all that's best and worst in man.

That moment, did th' assembled eyes
Of heaven and earth my name in view,
I should have seen through earth and sky,
But you alone—but only you.

Did not a frown from you repose,
My lids of eyes to me were none;
Enough for me to win your love,
And die upon the spot, when won.

A DREAM OF ANTIQUITY.

I just had turn'd the classic page,
And receiv'd that happy period,
When first alike were youth and age,
And love inspired the wisest sage,
And wisdom graced the tenderest lover.

Before I li'd me down to sleep
As while I from the lattice gazed
Upon that still and moonlight deep,
With waves like flowing garden's rain'd,
For Ariel there his sports to keep;
While, gliding 't west their leafy shores
The lone night-fisher plied his oars.

I felt,—so strongly fancy's power
Come o'er me in that waking hour,
As if the whole bright scenery there
Were lighted by a Grecian sky,
And I then breathed the blissful air
That late bad thrill'd to Sappho's sigh.

Thus, waking, dreamed,—and when Sleep
Came o'er me, the dream went on;
Nor, though her curtain dim and deep,
Hath ever lovelier vision shone.
I thought that, all erupt, I stray'd
Through that serene, luxurious shade,
Where Epicurus taught the Loves
To polish virtue's native brightness.

As pearls, we're told, that fondling oves
Have play'd with, wear a smoother whiteness.
'T was one of those delicious nights
So common in the climes of Greece,
When day withdraws but half its lights,
And all is moonshine, balm, and peace.
And then were there, my own belov'd
And by thy side I fondly rov'd
Through nappy a temple's venerable mom,
And the lover's seductive song,
Where Beauty learned what Wisdom taught,
And sages sigh'd and lovers thought.
Where schoolmen could no maxim's stern,
But all was form'd to soothe or move,
To make the dulcet love to learn,
To make the coldest love to love.

And now the fairy pathway seem'd
'To lead us through enchantcd ground,
Where all that bard has ever dream'd
Of love or luxury bloom'd around.
Oh! 't was a bright, bewildering scene—
Along the alley's deepening green
Soft lamps, that hang like burning flowers,
And scented and adorn'd the bowers.

Gessner1 thinks that the gardens, which Pausanias mentions, in his first book, were those of Epicurus; and Stuart, says, in his Antiquities of Athens, "Near this cove, the convent of Hagus Asmatos is the Gere called at present Kepon, or the Gardens; and Amphelos Kepos, or the Vineyard Garden; these were probably the gardens which Pausanias visited." Vol. i. cap. 2.

2 This method of polishing pearls, by leaving them awhile to be played with by doves, is mentioned by the fanciful Cardanus, de Erum Varietat, lib. vi. cap. 34.

1 Gessner.
To-morrow I sail for those cinnamon groves, 8
Where nightly the ghost of the Caribbee roves,
And, far from the light of these eyes, I may yet
Their allurements forget and their splendour forget.

Farewell to Bermuda, and long may the bloom
Of the lemon and myrtle its valley perfume;
May spring to eternity hollow the shade.
Where Ariel has waxed and Walker 10 has strayed.
And thou—when, at dawn, thou shalt begin to roam
Through the lime-covered alley that leads to thy house,
Where oft, when the dance and the revel were done,
And the stars were beginning to fade in the sun,
I have led thee along, and have told by the way
What my heart all the night had been burning to say—
Oh! I think of the past—give a sigh to those times,
And a blessing for me to that alley of times.

If I were yonder wave, my dear,
And thou the isle it charms around,
I would not let a foot come near
My land of bliss, my fairy ground.
If I were yonder conch of gold,
And thou the pearl within it placed,
I would not let an eye behold
The sacred gem my arms embrac'd.
If I were yonder orange-tree,
And thou the blossom blossoming there,
I would not yield a breath of thee
To scent the most insipid air.
Oh! bend not o'er the water's brink,
Give not the wave that odorous sigh,
Nor let its burning mirror drink
The soft reflection of thine eye.
That glossy hair, that glowing cheek,
So pictured in the waters seem,
That I could gladly plunge to seek
The image in the glassy stream.
Blest fate! at once my chilly grave
And unprofitable dream might be;
I'll wend thee in its mimic wave,
And die upon the shade of thee.

Behold the leafy manse, bending
Over the waters blue and bright;
Like Nea's fiery lashes, bending
Shadow to her eyes of light.
Oh, my belov'd! where'er I turn,
Some trace of thee enchanting mine eyes;
An every star thy glances burn;
Thy blush on every flowret lies.

If I were thine own, had at this time, some idea of paying a visit to the West Indies.

8 The inhabitant pronounced the name as if it were written Bermudes. See the commentators on the words "still vex'd Bermuths," in the Tempest. — Johnson does not think that Waller was ever at Bermuda; but the "Account of the European Settlements in America" affirms it confidently. (Vol. ii.) I mention this work, however, less for its authority than for the pleasure I feel in quoting an unacknowledged production of the great Edmund Burke.
**POEMS RELATING TO AMERICA.**

Nor find I in creationught
Of bright, or beautiful, or rare,
Sweet to the sense, or pure to thought,
But thou art found reflected there.

---

**THE SNOW SPIRIT.**

No, never did the wave in its element steep
An island of lovelier charms;
It blooms in the giant embrace of the deep,
Like Hebe in Hercules' arms.
The blush of your bower is light to the eye,
And their melody balm to the ear;
But the very planet of day is too bright,
And the Snow Spirit never comes here.

The down from his wing is as white as the pearl
That shines through thy lips when they part;
And it falls on the green earth as melting, my girl,
As a murmur of thyme on the heart.
Oh! fly to the chime, where he pillows the death,
As he cradles the birth of the year.
Bright are your bower's and balmy their breath,
But the Snow Spirit cannot come here.

How sweet to behold him, when borne on the gale,
And brightening the bower of morn,
He flings, like the priest of Diana, a veil
Over the brow of each virginal thorn.
Yet think not the veil he so chillingly casts
Is the veil of a vestal severe;
No, no, they will see, what a moment it lasts,
Should the Snow Spirit ever come here.

But fly to his region — lay open thy zone,
And he'll weep all his brilliancy dim,
To think that a bower, as white as his own,
Should not melt in the daybeam like him.
Oh! lovely the print of those delicate feet
Over his luminous path will appear —
Fly, my beloved! this island is sweet,
But the Snow Spirit cannot come here.

---

**ENTOSDA ΔΕ ΚΑΘΩΡΩΤΑΙ ΓΝΩΝ ΚΑΣ, Δ, ΤΙ ΜΕΝ ΟΝΟΜΑ ΤΗΝ ΝΗΡΟ, ΟΝΩΚ ΩΔΑΤ ΧΟΡΩΝ Θ' ΑΝ ΠΡΟΣ ΤΩ ΣΠΟΝ ΟΝΟΜΑΖΟΝΤΟ.** — Philetrot. Icon. 17. lib. ii.

I stole along the flowery bank,
While many a boding seagrape drank
The sprinkle of the feathered ear
That wing'd me round this fairy shire.

'Twas noon; and every orange bud
Hung languid o'er the crystal flood,
Faint as the lids of maiden's eyes
When love-thoughts in her bosom rise.
Oh, for a naiad's sparry bower
To shade me in that glowing hour!

A little dove, of milky hue,
Before me from a plant I flew,
And, light along the water's brim,
I steer'd my gentle bark by him;
I fancy told me, Love had sent
This gentle bird with kind intent.
To lead me steps, where I should meet, —
I knew not what, but something sweet.

And — bless the little pilot dove!
He had indeed been sent by Love,
To guide me to her secret hear
As fate allows but seldom here;  

---

1 The seaside or mangrove grape, a native of the West Indies.

One of those rare and brilliant hours,
That, like the alien's lingering flowers,
May blossom to the eye of man
But once in all his weary span.

Just where the margin's opening shade
A vista from the waters made,
My bird repose'd his silver plumo
Upon a rich banana's bloom.

Oh vision bright! oh spirit fair!
What spell, what magic round her there?
'T was Nestor slumbering calm and mild,
And bimbo as the dappled child.

Whose spirit in elysium keeps
Its playful sabbath, while he sleeps.

The broad banana's green embrace
Hung shadowy round each tranquil grace
One little beam alone could win
The leaves to let it wander in,
And, stealing over all her charms,
From lip to cheek, from neck to arms,
New lines to each beauty lent, —
Itself all trembling as it went!

Dark lay her eyelid's jetty fringe
Upon that cheek whose rosy tone Mix'd with its shade, like evening's light
Just touching on the verge of night.
Her eyes, though thus in slumber hid,
Seemed glowing through the ivory lid,

And, as I thought, a justre throw'ed
Upon her lip's reflecting dew,
Such as a night-lamp, left to shine, —
 Alone on some secluded shrine,
May shed upon the votive wreath,
Which pious hands have hung beneath.

Was ever vision half so sweet!
Think, think how quick my heart-pulse beat,
As over the rustling bank I stole: —
Oh! ye, that know the lover's soul,
It is for you alone to guess
That moment's trembling happiness.

---

**A STUDY FROM THE ANTIQUE.**

Behold, my love, the curious gem
Within this simple ring of gold;
'T is hollow'd by the touch of them
Who liv'd in classic hours of old.

Some fair Athenian girl, perhaps,
Upon her hand this gem display'd,
Nor thought that time's succeeding lapse
Should see it grace a lovelier maid.

Look, dearest, what a sweet design!
The more we gaze, it charms the more;
Come — closer bring that chace to mine,
And trace with me its beauties o'er.

Thou seest, it is a simple youth
By some enamour'd nymph embrac'd —
Look, as she leans, and say in sooth
Is not that hand most fondly plac'd?

Upon his curled head behind
It seems in careless play to lie,
Yet presses gently, half inclin'd,
To bring the grampus' lip more nigh.

2 The Agave. This, 1 am aware, is an errorescent noun, but it is quite true enough for poetry. Plato, I think, allows a poet to be "three removes from truth;" — πτωτος αν της συγκυριας.

3 Somewhat like the symplagia of Cupid and Psyche at Florence, in which the position of Psyche's hand is finely and delicately expressive of affection.
TO JOSEPH ATKINSON, ESQ.

FROM BERMUDA.

"The daylight is gone—but, before we depart,
One cup shall go round to the friend of my heart,
The kindlest, the dearest—oh! judge by the tear
I now shed while I name him, how kind and how dear."

See the Museum Florentinum, tom. ii. tab. 43, 44.

There are few subjects on which poetry could be more interestingly employed than in illustrating some of these ancient statues and gems.

Pinkerton has said that "a good history and description of the Bermudas might afford a pleasing addition to the geographical library;" but there certainly are not materials for such a work. The island, since the time of its discovery, has experienced so very few vicissitudes, the people have been so inconsiderable, and their trade so limited, that there is but little which the historian could amplify into importance; and, with respect to the natural productions of the country, the few which the inhabitants can be induced to cultivate are common in the West Indies, that they have been described by every naturalist who has written any account of those islands.

It is often asserted by the trans-Atlantic politicians that this little colony deserves more attention from the mother-country than it receives, and it certainly

'"T was thus in the shade of the Calabash-Tree.
With a few, who could feel and remember like me,
The charm that, to sweeten my goblet, I threw
Was a sigh to the past and a blessing on you."

Oh! say, is it thus, in the mirth-bearing hour,
When friends are assembled, when we, in full flower,
Shuts forth from the lip, under each lover's dew
In blossoms of thought ever springing and new—
Do you sometimes remember, and hallow the brim
Of your cup with a sigh, as you crown it to him
Who is lonely and sad in these valleys so fair,
And would pine in solitude, if friends were not there

Last night, when we came from the Calabash-Tree,
When my limbs were at rest and my spirit was free,
The glow of the grape and the dreams of the day
Set the magical springs of my fancy in play,
And oh!—such a vision as tantalized me
Would I would spend for age, to witness again.
The many I like, and the few I adore,
The friends who were dear and beloved before,
But never till now so beloved and dear,
At the call of my Fenny, surrounded me here;
And soon,—oh! once, did the light of their smiles
To a paradise brighten this region of isles;
Mine bend the wave, as they look'd on it, flawed,
And brighter the region, as they gazed on it, grow'd.
Not the valleys Heven (though water'd by rills
Of the sea last flow, from these pastoral hills,
Where the Song of the Shepherd, primeval and wild,
Was taught to the nymphs by their mystic child.)

Possesses advantages of situation, to which we should not be long insensible, if it were once in the hands of an enemy. I was told by a celebrated friend of Washington, at New York, that they had formed a plan for its increase towards the conclusion of the American War: 2 with the intention (as he expressed himself) of making it a seat of hornets for the annoyance of British trade in that part of the world. And there is no doubt it lies so eminently in the back of the West Indies, that an enemy might with ease convert it into a very harrowing incumbrance.

The plan of Elisha P. Berkeley for a college at Bermuda, where American slaves might be converted and educated, though concurred in by the government of the day, was a wild and useless speculation. Mr. Hamilton, who was governor of the island some years since, proposed, if I must be not, the establishment of a marine academy for the instruction of those children of West Indians, who might be intended for any military employment. This was a more rational idea, and for the embellishing of the island admirably calculated. But the plan should be much more extensive, and embrace a general system of education; which would relieve the colonies from the alternative in which they are reduced at present, of either sending their seamen to England for instruction, or instructing them to colleges in the status of America, where ideas, by no means favorable to great Britain, are very seriously inculcated.

The women of Bermuda, though not generally handsome, have a peculiar charm incident to their look and manner, which is always interesting. What the French imply by their epithet aimaante seems very much the character of the young Bermudian girls—that propensity to loving, which, with us being awakened by any particular object, diffuses itself through the general mass in a kind of tenderness that never fails to fascinate. The men of the island, I confess, are not very civilized; and the old philosopher, who imagined that after this life, man would be changed to animals, and women into butterflies, would find the metamorphosis in some degree anticipated at Bermuda.

2 Mountains of Sicily, upon which Daphnis, the first inventor of pastoral poetry, was nursed by the nymphs. See the lively description of these mountains in Diodorus Siculus, lib. iv. Π Η Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α Π Α Υ Α 

POEMS RELATING TO AMERICA. 105.
POEMS RELATING TO AMERICA.

Could boast such a lustre o'er land and o'er wave
As the magic of love to this paradise gave.

Oh, magic of love! unembellish'd by you,
Hath the garden a blush or the landscape a hue?
Or shines there a vis a in nature or art,
Like that which Love opes thro' the eye to the heart?

Alas, that a vision so happy should fade!
That, when morn round about in brilliancy play'd,
The rose and the stream I had thought of at night
Should still be before me, unfadingly bright;
While the friends, who had seem'd to hang over the stream,
And to gather the roses, had fled with my dream.

But look, where, all ready, in sailing array,
The bark that's to carry these pages away, 1
Impatiently flutters her wing to the wind,
And will soon leave these isles of Ariel behind.
What billows, what gales is she fated to prove.
Ere she sleep in the lee of the land that I love!
Yet pleasant the swell of the billows would be,
And the roar of those gales would be music to me.
Not the tranquillist air that the winds ever blew,
Not the sunburnt tears of the summer's dew,
Were as sweet as the storm, or as bright as the foam
Of the surge, that would hurry your wanderer home.

THE STEERSMAN'S SONG,
WRITTEN ABOARD THE BOSTON FRIGATE,
28TH APRIL.

When freshly blows the northern gale,
And under courses we fly;
Or when light breezes swell the sail,
And royals in the wind we fly;
Long live the wheel, unwearied still,
I stand, and, as my watchful eye
Doth mark the needle's faithful thrill,
I think of her I love, and cry,
Port, my boy! port.

When calms delay, or breezes blow
Right from the point we wish to siker;
When by the wind close-bound we glide,
And arrive in the port to near;
I think 'tis thus the fates defer
My bliss with one that's far away;
And while remembrance springs to her,
I watch the sails and sighing say,
Thus, my boy! thus.

But see the wind draws kindly aft,
All hands are up the yards to square,
And now the floating stunsails wait
Our stately ship through waves and air.
Oh! then I think that yet for me
Some breeze of fortune thus may spring,
Some breeze to waft me, love, to thee—
And to that hope I smiling suing.
Steady, boy! so.

TO THE FIRE-FLY. 2

At morning, when the earth and sky
Are glowing with the light of spring,
We see thee not, thou humble fly!
Nor shalt thou upbraid our gleaming wing.

1 A ship, ready to sail for England.
2 I left Bermuda in the Boston about the middle of April, in company with the Cambrian and Leander, aboad the latter of which was the Admiral, Sir Alexander Mitchell, who divides his year between Halifax and Bermuda, and is the very soul of society

But when the skies have lost their hue,
And sunny lights no longer play,
Oh, then we see and bless thee too
For sparkling o'er the dreary way.

Thus let me hope, when lost to me
The light's that now my life illumine,
Some milder joys may come, like thee,
To cheer, if not to warm, the gloom!

TO THE LORD VISCONT S FOREO.

FROM THE CITY OF WASHINGTON.

If former times had never left a trace
Of human frailty in their myriad race,
Nor o'er their pathway written, as they ran,
One dark memorial of the crimes of man;
Every age, in new uncounoius prime,
Rose, like a phoenix, from the fires of time,
To wing its way unguided and aimless,
To the future smiling and the past unknown;
Then ardent man would to himself be new,
Earth at his foot and heaven within his view:
We might the noble hope of the sanguine scheme
Of full perfection prompt his daring dream,
Ere cold experience, with her veteran lore,
Could tell him, fools had dreamt as much before.
But, tracing as we do, through age and clime,
The plans of virtue misled the deeds of crime,
The thinking folies and the reasoning rage
Of man, at once the idiot and the sage;
When still we see, through every varying frame
Of arts and polity, his course the same,
And know that ancient fools but died, to make
A space on earth for modern fools to take;
This strange, how quickly we the past forget;
That Wisdom's self should not be too'd yet, 3
Nor tire of watching for the monstrous birth
Of pure perfection midst the sons of earth!

Oh! nothing but that soul which God has given,
Could lead us thus to look on earth for heaven;
O'er dress without to shed the light within,
And dream of virtue while we see but sin.

Even here, beside the proud Potomac's stream,
Might sage's 4 ill pursue the flattering theme
Of days to come, when man shall conquer fate,
Rise above the level of his mortal state,
Belie the monuments of frailty past,
And plant perfection in this world at last!

Are they, might they say, shall power's divided reigne
Evince that patriots have not tied in vain.

Here godlike liberty's herculean youth,
Cradled in peace, and nurtur'd up by truth
To full maturity of nerve and soul.

Shall crush the giants that be ride mankind. 4

and good-fellowship to both. We separated in a few days, and the Boston after a short cruise proceeded to New York.

2 The lively and various illumination, with which these fire flies light up the woods at night, gives quite an idea of manifesting. 3 Fins ces mouchons se developpant de l'oscurite de ces arbres et s'approchant de nous, nous voyons sur les organes visuels qu'ils mettoit tout en feu; nous rendant a vue de leurs beaux fruits d'où la nuit avoit ravi. 4 Thus More. 5 Here the sciences and the arts of civilised life are to receive their highest improvements; here civil and religious liberty are to flourish, unchecked by the cruel hand of civil or ecclesiastical tyranny: here genius, aided by all the improvements of former ages, is to be exerted in humanizing man.
Of poems relating to America.

Long has the love of gold, that meanest rage,
And latest folly of man's sinking age,
Which, rarely venturing in the vale of life,
While nobler passions wage their heated strife,
Comes skulking last, with selfishness and fear,
And dies, collecting number in the rear—
Long last it palls every grasping hand
And greedy spirit through this barren land;
Tyr'd life to traffic, set the demon gold,
So loose abroad that virtue's self is sold,
And conscience, truth, and honesty are made
To rise and fall, like other wares of trade.

Already in this free, this virtuous state,
Which, Frenchmen tell us, was ordain'd by fate,
To show the world, what high perfection springs
From rable senators, and merchant kings,—
Even here already, as patriots lead them,
Their private purse's es from public weal,
And, guardians of the country's sacred fire,
Like Africa's priest, let out the flame for hire.
Those vassal demagogues, who nobly rose
From England's debouch to England's seat,
Who could their monarch in their purse forget,
And break allegiance, but to cancel debt,
Have prov'd at length, the mineral's tempting bane,
Which makes a patriot, can make him too.
Oh! Freedom, Freedom, how I hate thy cast!
Not Eastern lambast, not the sweetest air
Of purpled madness, were they number'd all
From Roman Nero down to Russian Paul,
Could grate upon my ear so mean, so base,
As the rank jargon of that factions rare,
Who, poor of heart and poor of soul, and bloods,
Forbid to be slaves, yet struggling to be lords,
Strut forth, as patriots, from their negro-masts,
And shout for rights, with rapture in their hearts.
Who can, with patience, for a moment see
The medley mass of pride and misery,
Of wraps and chanters, manaciles and rights,
Of slaving blacks and democratic whites.

2 "Nous voyons que, dans les pays où l'on n'est affecté que de l'esprit de commerce, on traque de toutes les actions humaines et de toutes les vertus morales." — Montesquieu, de l'Esprit des Lois, liv. xx. chap. 2.

3 I trust I shall not be suspected of a wish to justify those arbitrary steps of the English government which the colonies found it so necessary to resist; my only object here is to expose the selfish motives of some of the leading American demagogues.

4 The most persevering enemy to the interests of this country, amongst the politicians of the western world, has been a Virginia merchant, who, finding it easier to settle his conscience than his debts, was one of the first to raise the standard against Great Britain, and has ever since endeavoured to revenge upon the whole country the obligations which he lies under to a few of its merchants.

5 See Porcupine's account of the Pennsylvania Insurrection in 1794. In short, see Porcupine's works throughout, for ample corroboration of every sentiment which I have ventured to express. In saying this, I refer less to the comments of that writer than to the occurrences which he has related and the documents which he has preserved. Opinion may be suspected of bias, but facts speak for themselves.

6 In Virginia the effects of this system begin to be felt rather seriously. While the master race of liberty, the slave cannot but catch the contagion, and accordingly these seldom escape a mouth without some alarm of insurrection among the negroes. The apprehension of an insurrection, in fact, creates the very cause that it endeavours to prevent; and for nothing, as we have seen, is the self-esteem of the master race so promptly consumed as by the mere circumstance of the negroes being suspected of the intention to rise, of which they are informed, and the mere fact of their being so suspected, even though entirely without foundation, will probably be the means of preventing a portion of them from rising.
POEMS RELATING TO AMERICA.

AND THE PIEBALD POETRY THAT REIGNS

In free confusion o'er Columbia's plains?

To think that man, thou just and gentle God!
Should stand before thee with a tyrant's rod
And measure, like himself, with sults from thee,
Yet dare to boast of perfect liberty;

Away, away—'Tis rather hold my neck
By doubtful tenure from a suln's back,
In chains, where liberty has scarce been nam'd,
Nor can right rule that raving claim hold.

Whereas thou live, where Caesar's Freedom waves
Her diadem in mockery over slaves;
Where—money laws admit no degree
Betwixt the vily slav'd and mally free—

The brute made ruler, and the man made brute.

But, while I thus, my friend, in flowerless song,
So feebly paint, what yet I feel so strong,
The ill, the vice of the land, where first
Those rebel fiends, that rack the world, were nurs'd
Where treason's arm by novelty was nourish'd,
And Frenchmen learnt to crush the throne they serv'd.

Oh, thou, calmly indulg'd in dreams of classic thought,
By bard's Illustrated and by sage's taught,
Paint's to be all, upon this mortal scene,
That hard hath fancied or that sage hath seen.

Why should I wake thee? Why severely chase
The lovely forms of virtue and of grace,
That dwell before, like the pictures spread
By Spartan matrons round the gen'ral bed,
Moulding thy fancy, and with gradual light
Brightening the young conceptions of thy heart.

Forgive me, Forbes—and should the song destroy
One generous hope, one thro' of social joy,
One high pulsation of the zeal for man,
Which few can feel, and bless that few who can—
Oh! turn to him, beneath whose kindred eyes
Thy talents open and thy virtues rise,
Forget where nature has been dark or dim,
And proudly study all her lights in him.

Yes, yes, in him the erring world forgives,
And feel that man may reach perfection yet.


to THOMAS HUME, ESQ., M.D.

FROM THE CITY OF WASHINGTON.

Διηγημάτων έπτιγματα έσων απόστατα. καινώνα δυν

'Tis evening now; beneath the western star
Soft sinks the lover through his sweet sugar,
And fills the ears of some consenting she
With puls and wows, with snake and constancy. The patriot, fresh from Freedom's council come,
No gleam to rest on his slave's toiling home;—Or worse, perhaps, some black Aspasia's charms,
And dream of freedom in his bondsmaid's arms.

In fancy now, beneath the twilight gloom,
Come, let me lead thee over this second Rome! 1

Whereas tributes rule, where dusky Davi bow,
And what was Goose-Creek once is Tiber now:

This embryo capital, where Fancy sees
Squares in mountain-sides, which mock the smile
Which second sight sees, even now, adorn
With shrines unbuilt and heroes yet unborn,
Though sought but woods and islands 4 and 1—n they see,
Where streets should run and sages ought to be.

And look, how calmly in your radiant wave,
The dying sun prepares his golden grave.
Oh, mighty river! ye base of shade
Where the feet of Fancy, ye matchless scene,
In nature's morning made,
While still, in all their excellence of prime,
She pour'd her wonders, lavish sublime,
Nor yet had learn'd to stop, with humble care,
From grand to size, from wonderful to fair.

Say, were your towering hills, your boundless floods,
Your rich savannas and majestic woods,
Where bards should meditate and heroes rove,
And woman claim, and man deserve her love—
Oh, say, was world so bright, but born to grace
Its own half-organised, half-formed race.

Of weak barbarians, swarming o'er its breast,
Like venom gender'd on the iron's crest?
Were none but brutes to call that soil their home,
Where none but demigods dare roam?
Or worse, than those innumerable worlds doubly worse,
Did heaven design thy lordly land to nurse
The money dregs of every distant clique,
Each last of anarchy and taint of crime
Whose Euphrates shakes from her perturbed sphere,
In full malignity to rake here?

3 A little stream runs through the city, which, with
Incomparable affection, they've tyled the Tiber. It
Was originally called Goose-Creek.

"To be under the necessity of going through a
Deep wood for ever and ever, and still,
In order to see a next-door neighbour, and in the same city, is a
Curious and, I believe, a novel circumstance."—Wald, letter IV.

The Federal City (if it must be called city) has not been much increased since Mr. Weld visited it. Most of the public buildings, which were then in some degree of forwardness, have since been utterly suspended. The hotel is already a ruin; a great part of its roof is fallen in, and the rooms are left to be occupied gradually by the wandering Briton and Irish emigrants. The President's house, a very noble structure, is by no means suited to the philosophical humour of its present possessor, who inhabits but a corner of the mansion himself, and abandons the rest—a state of uncleanly desolation, which those who are not philosophers cannot look at without regret.

This grand edifice is encircled by a very rude paling, through which a common rustic style introduces the visages of the first man in America. With respect to all that is within the house, I shall imitate the prudent subincumbent of Herodotus, and say, 7α έ τι να αποτύπωσαν.

The private buildings exhibit the same characteristic display of arrogant speculation and premature ruin; and the few ranges of houses which were begun some years ago and then reman'd, now lie waste and unfinished that they are now for the most part dispa.

The picture which Belfon and De Pauw have drawn of the American Indian, though very humiliating, is, as far as I can judge, much more correct than flattering, as a consideration which Mr. Jefferson has given us. See the Notes in Virginia, where this gentleman endeavours to improve in general the opinion maintained so strongly by some philosophers that nature (as Mr. Jefferson expresses it) be-leeches her productions in this common world. M. de Pauw attributes the imperfection of animal life in America to the ravages of a very recent deluge, from whose effects upon its soil and atmosphere it has not yet sufficiently recovered.—Recherches sur les Américains, part. I. tom. I. p. 102.

1 The "black Aspasia" of the present ***** of the United States, inter Avernales hab ingotissima mufhias, has given rise to much pleasantry among the anti-democratic wits in America.

2 The original location of the ground now allotted for the seat of the Federal City (says Mr. Weld) the identical spot on which the capitol now stands was called Rome. This anecdote is related by many as a certain prognostic of the future magnificence of this city, which is to be, as it were, a second Rome."—Wald's Travels, letter IV.

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But hold,— observe ye little mound of pines,
Where the breeze murmurs and the fire-fly shines.
There let thy fancy raise, in bold relief,
The sculptur'd image of that we revered chief,
Who lost the rebel's in the hero's name,
And claim'd our prostate loyalty to fame;
Beneath whose sword Columbia's patriot train
Cast off their monarch, that their mob might reign.

How shall we rank thee upon glory's page?
Thou more than soldier and just less than sage
Of peace too fond to aid the conqueror's part,
Too long in camps to learn a statesman's art.
Nature design'd thee for a hero's mould,
But, ere she cast thee, let the stuff grow cold.

While loftier souls command, ray, make their fate,
Thy fate made thee and forest there thy great,
Yet Fortune, who so oft, so blindly sheds
Her brightest halo round the weakest heads,
Found thee unambitious, tranquil as before,
Proud to be useful, scornful to be more;
Less mov'd by glory than by duty's claim,
Known the need, but self-applaud the aim.
All that thou Wert reflects less fame on thee,
Nor yet the patriot of one land alone,—
For every thing was all thy own;
And every shore, where breath'd the good and brave,
Echo'd the plaudits thy own country gave.

Now look, my friend, where faint the moonlight falls
On yonder dome, and, in those princeful halls,—
If thou canst hate, as sure that soul must hate,
Which loves the virtuous and revives the great,
If thou canst loathe and execrate with me
The poisoned drug of French philosophy,
That nauseous slave of these frantic times,
With which false liberty dilet her crimes,—
If thou hast got, within thy freer breast,
One pulse that beats more prouder than the rest,
With honest scorn for that gluttonous soul
Which creeps and winds beneath a noble's mind,
Which court's the rabble's smile, the rabble's nod,
And makes, like Egypt, every beast its god,
There, in those walls,— but, burning tongue, forbear!
Rash must he be lenient'd, even the wretch's throat:
So here I pause — and now, dear home, I part;
But oft again, in frank exchange of heart,
Thus let us meet, and mingle converse dear
By Thames at home, or by Potomac here.
Oh, like and love, the gods, and, through fogs and fogs,
Midst bears and yankies, democrats and fogs,
Thy foot shall follow me, thy heart and eyes
With me shall wonder, and with me despise.
While I, as oft, in fancy's dream shall rove,
With thee conversing, through that land I love,

1 On a small hill near the capitol there is to be an equestrian statue of General Washington.
2 In the ferment which the French revolution excited among the democrats of America, and the licentious sympathies with which they shared in the widest excesses of Jacobinism, we may find one source of the vulgarity of vice, that hostility to all the graces of life, which distinguishes the present demagogues of the United States, and has become indeed too generally the characteristic of their countrymen. But there is another cause of the corruption of private morals, which, encouraged as it is by the government, and identified with the interests of the community, seems to threaten the decay of all honest principle in America. I allude to those frauds and connexions of neutrality to which they are indebted for the most lucrative part of their commerce and by which they have so long infringed and counteracted the maritime rights and advantages of this country. This unwar:\n
Where, like the air that fans her fields of green,
Her freedom spreads, unfev'rd and serene;
And sovereign man can condescend to see
The throne and laws more sovereign still be.

LINEs WRITTEN ON LEAVING PHILADELPHIA.

Την κει την πολικ φιλος
Ενλυντικα γαρ.

Alone by the Schuykill a wanderer rov'd,
And bright were its flowery banks to his eye;
But far, very far were the friends that he lov'd,
And he gazed on its flowery banks with a sigh.
Oh Nature, though blessed and bright are thy rays,
O'er the brow of creation enchan'tly thrown,
Yet fault are they all to the bateur that plays
In a smile from the heart that is fondly our own.
Nor long did the soul of the stranger remain
Unblush'd by the smile he had languidly thrown;
Though he and are did he hope it would soothe him again,
Till the threshold of home had been prest by his feet.
But the lays of his boyhood had stol'n to their ear,
And they lov'd what they knew of so humble a name;
And they told him, with flat'tery welcome and dear,
That they found in his heart something better than fame.
Nor did woman — oh woman! whose form and whose soul
Are the spell and the light of each path we pursue;
Whether sound in the tropics orchild at the pole,
If woman be there, is happiness too —
Nor did she her enamouring magic deny,
That magic his heart had relinquish'd so long,—
Like eyes he had lov'd was her eloquent eye,
Like them did it soften and weep at his song.
Oh, bless be the tear, and in memory oft
May its spark be shed o'er the wanderer's dream.
Those bless be that eye, and may passion as soft,
As free from a pangs, ever mellow its beam!
The stranger is gone — but he will not forget,
When at home he shall talk of the toils he has known.
To tell, with a sigh, what endearments he met,
As he stray'd by the wave of the Schuykill alone.

LINEs WRITTEN AT THE COHOKS, OR FALLS
OF THE MOHAWK RIVER.

Si era in loco ove s'udia T rimombo
Dell' acqua ——;
Dante.

From rise of morn till set of sun
I've seen the mighty Mohawk run;

3 There is a dreary and savage character in the country immediately about these Falls, which is much more in harmony with the wildness of such a scene than the cultivated lands in the neighbourhood of Niagara. See the drawing of them in Mr. Weld's book. According to him, the perpendicular height of the Cohos Fall is fifty feet; but the Marquis de Chastellux makes it seventy-six.
The fine rainbow, which is continually forming and dissolving, as the spray rises in the light of the sun, is perhaps the most interesting beauty which these wonderful cataracts exhibit.
And as I mark'd the woods of pine,
Along his mirror darkly shine,
Like tall and gloomy forms that pass
Before the wizard's midnight glass;
And as I mark’d the humble gray
Through shades that flow’d and flowers that smell’d,
Flying by every green recess.

That wood’d him to his calm, carress,
Yet, s’mudges turning with the wind,
As if to leave one look behind,—

Oft have I thought, and thinking sigh’d,
This wood’d him in Christian’s way,
Lead him, ere the grimie of day,
Lead him, ere the grimie of day.

Many a mile of madning error
Through the maze of night and terror,
Till the morn behold him lying,
On the damp earth, pale and dying.

Mock him, when his eager sight
Seeks the co-dial cottage-light;
Gleam then, like the lightning-bug,
Temp! him to the den that’s dug.

For the foul and famish’d brood
Of the she-wolf, gaunt for blood;
Or, unto the dangerous pass
O'er the deep and dark morass,

Where the trembling Indian brings
Bells of porcelain, pipes, and rings;
Truly, they would be bound, air,
To the Fiend presiding there! 6

Then, when night’s long labour past,
Wildcl’s fant, he falls at last,
Sinking where the causeway’s edge
Moulders in the slimy sedge.

Here let every noxious thing
Trail its filth and fix its stung;
Let the bull-toad tant him over,
Round him let my quires hiss.

In his ears and eyelids tingling,
With his blood their poison mingling,
Till, beneath the solar fires,
Ravelling all, the wretch expires! 7

**SONG OF THE EVIL SPIRIT OF THE WOODS.** 1

Ovid, Metam. lib. iii. v. 227.

Now the vapour, hot and damp,
Shed by day’s expiring lamp,
Through the myrrher ether spreads
Every ill the white man dejects;
Fiery fever’s thirsty thrill,
Fialus age’s shivering chill 1

Hark! I hear the traveller’s song,
As he winds the wood along—
Christian, ’tis the song of fear;
Wolves are round thee, night is near,
And the wild_thou darst to roam—

Thinks, ’twas once the Indian’s home! 1

Hither, sprites, who love to harm,
Where e’er you work your charm,
By the creeks, or by the brakes,
Where the pale witch feeds her snakes,
And the cayman loves to creep,
Torpid, to his wintry sleep! 1

1 The idea of this poem occurred to me in passing
through the very dreary wilderness between Batavia, a new settlement in the midst of the woods, and the little village of Buffalo upon Lake Erie. This is the most fatiguing part of the route, in travelling through the Genesee country to Niagara.

2 “The Five Confederated Nations (of Indians)
were settled along the banks of the Susquehannah and the adjacent country, until the year 1750, when General Sullivan, with an army of 4000 men, drove them from their country to Niagara, where, being obliged to live on salted provisions, to which they were unaccustomed, great numbers of them died. Two hundred of them, it is said, were buried in one grave, where they had encamped.” — Morse’s American Geography.

3 The alligator, who is supposed to be in a torpid

Where the bird of carion flies,
And the shuddering murderer sits,

Lies beneath a roof of blood;
While upon his bosom food,
From the corpse of him he slew.

Drops the chill and gory dew.

Either bend ye, turn ye hither,
Eyes that bluid and wings that wither,
Cross the wood in Christian’s way,

Lead him, ere the grimie of day,

Many a mile of madning error
Through the maze of night and terror,
Till the morn behold him lying,
On the damp earth, pale and dying.

Mock him, when his eager sight
Seeks the co-dial cottage-light;
Gleam then, like the lightning-bug,

Temp! him to the den that’s dug.

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With his blood their poison mingling,
Till, beneath the solar fires,
Ravelling all, the wretch expires! 7

**TO THE HONOURABLE W. R. SPENCER.**

FROM BUFFALO, UPON LAKE ERIE.

Nec ventur ad dures marea vocat Deus,
Ovid, ex Fastis lib. i. ep. 5.

Thou oft hast told me of the happy hours
Enjoy’d by thee in fair Italia’s lowers,

Where, lingering yet, the ghost of ancient wit
Mists modern monks profanely drest to fit,

And pagan spirits, by the Poje unaided,
Haunt every stream and song through every shade.

There still the bard who (if his numbers be

His tongue’s light echo) must have talk’d like thee,—

State all the water, in the bank of some creek or pond,
Having previously swallowed a large number of punktos, which are his only sustenance during the time.

This was the mode of punishment for murder (as Charlevoix tells us) among the Hurons. "They had the dead body upon poles at the top of a cabin, and the murderer was obliged to remain several days together, and to receive all that dropped from the carcass, but only on himself but on his food.

We find also rollers of porcelain, tobacco, snuff, snuff, skins, &c, by the side of difficult and dangerous ways, on rocks, or by the side of the falls; and there are so many offerings made to the spirits which reside in these places." — See Charlevoix’s Letter on the Traditions and the Religion of the Savages of Canada.

Father Hennepin too mentions this ceremony; he also says, "We took notice of one barbarian, who made a kind of sacrifice upon an oak at the Cascade of St. Anthony of Pidu, upon the river Mississippi." — See Hennepin’s Voyage into North America.
POEMS RELATING TO AMERICA. II.

The country bard, from whom thy mind has caught
Those playful, sunny holidays of thought,
In which the spirit kindly reclines.
Bright without effort, resting while it shines,—
There still he roves, and laughing loves to see
How modern priests with ancient talks agree;
And how, "heath the cow, the festal garland shines,
And Love still aids a niche in Christian shrines.

There still, too, roam those other souls of song,
With whom thy spiritWater along the hour;
That, quick as light, their rarest genii of thought,
By Memory's magic to thy lip are brought.
But here, alas! by Erie's stormy lake,
As far as such bright haunts my course I take,
No proud remembrances of the fancy play,
No classic dream, no star of other days.

Hath left that visionary light behind,
That lingering radiance of immortal mind,
Which gilds and hallows even the rudest scene,
The humblest shed, where Genius once has been.

All that creation's varying mass assumes
Of grand or lovely, here aspires and blooms;
Bold rise the mountains, rich the gardens slow,
Brief self-enveloped, expand, and men like flow;
But mind, immortal mind, without whose ray
This world's a wilderness and man but clay,
Mind, mind alone, in barren, still repose.
Nor blooms, nor rises, nor expands, nor flows.
The mind, the light, and life of every nation,
From the rude wig-wam to the congress-hall,
From man the savage, whether stay'd or free,
To man the civilized, less tame than he,—
Is one dull charis, one unfertile strife.
Betwixt half-barbarous and half-barbarous life;
Where every all the ancient world could brew
Is mix'd with every grossness of the new;
Where all corrupts, though little can enliven,
And nought is known of luxury, but its vice.

Is this the region then, is this the clime
For soaring talents? For those dreams sublime,
Which all their miracles of light reveal
To heads that meditate and hearts that feel?
Alas! not so — the Muse of Nature lights
Her glorious round; she scales the mountain heights,
And roams the forests; every yonder spot
Burns with her step, yet man regards it not.
She has but round, but love, but power, but light,
But lost, unheard, they linger freezing there;
Without one breath of soul, divinely strong,
One ray of mind to thaw them into song.

Yet, yet forgive me, oh, ye sacred few,
Whom late by Delaware's green banks I knew;
Whom known, and know'd through many a social eve,
'Twas bliss to live with, and 't was pain to leave.

1 This epithet was suggested by Charlevoix's striking description of the sufferings of the Missisippi.
2 I believe this is the finest confluence in the world.
3 The two rivers are much of the same breadth, each about half a league; but the Missisippi is by far the most rapid, and to see the eddy which it carries its white waves to the opposite shore, without mixing them: afterwards it gives its colour to the Mississipi, which it never loses again, but carries quite down to the sea.

BALLAD STANZAS.

I knew by the smoke, that so gracefully curbed
Above the green elms, that a cottage was near,
And I said, "If there's peace to be found in the world,
"A heart that was humble might hope for it here!"

Send your song, and your truth, and your light,
And your love, and your power, and your might;
You shall have them, and every thing,
And be happy, and live, and be strong.

I heard the news, that to your heart so mild
You had sent,—you were a happy girl;
And I said, "If there's peace to be found in the world,
"A heart that was humble might hope for it here!"

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And your love, and your power, and your might;
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"A heart that was humble might hope for it here!"

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And your love, and your power, and your might;
You shall have them, and every thing,
And be happy, and live, and be strong.
It was noon, and on flowers that languished around
In silence reproved the voluptuous birds,
Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound
But the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech-tree.

And, "Here in this lone little wood," I exclaimed,
With a mind so lovely as to soul and to eye,
Who would blush when I praised her, and weep if I blamed,
How best could I live, and how could I die?

By the shade of you sumach, whose red berry dips
In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to recline,
And to know that I sighed upon innocent lips,
Which had been never sigh'd on by any but mine!

A CANADIAN BOAT SONG.
WRITTEN ON THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE. 1
Et remigem canum boritur.
Quantulum
Faintly as tells the evening chime
Our voices keep time and our ears keep time.
Slow on the woods on shore hence,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn. 2
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the day-light's past.

1 I wrote these words to an air which our boatmen
sang to us frequently. The wind was so unfavourable
that they were obliged to row all the way, and we
were five days in descending the river from Kingston
to Montreal, exposed to an intense sun during the day,
and at night forced to take shelter from the dews in
any miserable hut upon the banks that would receive
us. It was the most monotonous scenery of the St.
Lawrence that repays all such difficulties.

2 Our voyageurs had good voices, and sang perfectly
in tune together. The original words of the air, to
which I adapted these stanzas, appeared to be a long,
incoherent story, of which I could understand little,
from the barbarous pronunciation of the Cana-
dians. It begins
Dans mon chemin j'entrepris
Deux cavaliers tres-bien monter,
And the refrain to every verse was,
A hombre d'un bois je m'en vais monter.
A hombre d'un bois je m'en vais chercher.

I ventured to harmonise this air, and have published it.
Without that charm which association gives to
every little memorial of scenes or feelings that are
past, the melody may, perhaps, be thought common
and trifling; but I remember when we have entered,
at sunset, upon one of those beautiful lakes, into which
the St. Lawrence so grandly and unconcealedly opens,
I have heard this simple air with a pleasure which
the finest compositions of the first masters have never
given me; and now there is not a note of it which
does not recall to my memory the dip of our cars
in the St. Lawrence so grandly and unconcealedly opens,
I have heard this simple air with a pleasure which
the finest compositions of the first masters have never
given me; and now there is not a note of it which
does not recall to my memory the Dip of our cars
in the St. Lawrence so grandly and unconcealedly opens,
I have heard this simple air with a pleasure which
the finest compositions of the first masters have never
given me; and now there is not a note of it which
does not recall to my memory the Dip of our cars
in the St. Lawrence so grandly and unconcealedly

The above stanzas are supposed to be sung by those
voyageurs who go to the Grand Portage by the Wa-
wasas River. For an account of this wonderful un-
taking see Sir Alexander Mackenzie's General His-
tory of the Fur Trade, prefixed to his Journal.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl,
But, when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary ear.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the day-light's past.

TO THE LADY CHARLOTTE RAWDON.
FROM THE BANKS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

Not many months have now been dress'd away
Since you left us, sun, but each whose evening ray
Our boat glides swiftly past these wooded shores,
St. Ann's, where Trench his nazy current pours,
And Bingham's wild oats, to every breeze,
Whisper the tale of by-gone cantons past.

Those oaks, to me as sacred as the groves,
Whence the shade the pious Persian roves,
And bears the spirit-voice of sire, or chief,
Or loved mistress, sigh in every leaf.

Here, lift, dear Lady, while thy lips hath sung
My own unpolish'd lays, how proud I've hung
On every tuneful accent proud to tell
That notes like mine should have the fate to steal,
As o'er thy bowing lip they sigh'd along,
Such breath of passion and such soul of song.

Yes,—I have wonder'd, like some peasant boy,
Who sings, on Sabbath eve, his strains of joy,
And when he hears the wild, untutor'd note
Back to his eye on softening echoes steal,
Believes it still some answer of spirit's tone,
And thinks it all too sweet to be his own!

I dreamt not then that, ere the rolling year
Had fill'd its circle, I should wander here
In housing away; should live in this wondrous world,
See all its store of inland waters build
In one vast volume down Niagara's steep,
Or calm behold them, in transparent sleep,
Where the blue hills of old Tornado shed
Their evening shadows o'er that dark blue shade.
Should trace the grand Cadamesque, and glide
Down the white rapids of his lordly tide
Through nappy woods, and isles flowering fair,
And blooming glades, where the fii'ful soul pair
For consolato might have weeping rod,
When banish'd from the garden of their God.
Oh, Lady! these are miracles, which nan,
Caged in the bounds of Europe's pigmy span,
Can scarcely dream of,—which his eye must see
To know how wonderful this world can be!

But in,—the last tints of the west decline,
And night falls dewy over these banks of pine.
Among the reeds, in which our idle boat
Is rock'd to rest, the wind's complaining note
Dies like a half-breed's whispering of fuses;
Along the wave the gleaming purpose shoots,
And I can trace them, like a watery star,
Down the sleep current, till he fades afar.

Amid the foam and breakers' restless flight,
Where you rough rapids surge through the night.

A2 "Avendo essi per costume diavere in veneratione gli alberi grandi et antichi, quasi che non siano spesso ricettacoli in esse brevi."—Pietro della Valle, part second, lettera 16 da i giardini di Sevizia.

A4 Aubrey in his Travels, has noticed this short- ing illumination which poisons diffuse at night through the river St. Lawrence. — Vol. i. p. 29.
POEMS RELATING TO AMERICA.

Here, as along this shadowy bank I stray,
And the smooth glass snake & gliding o'er my way,
Shows the dim moonlight through his glossy form,
Fancy, with all the scene's enchantment warm,
Hearts in the murmur of the nightly breeze
Some Indian Spirit warble words like these: —

From the land beyond the sea,
Whir her happy spirit's blest;
Where, transform'd to sacred doves, 2
Many a blessed Indian roves.

Through the air on wing, as white
As those wondrous stones of light, 3
Which the eye of morning couts
On the Apal-chin mounts,

Either off my flight I take
Over Huron's lovely lake,
Where the wave, as clear as dew,
Sleeps beneath the light canoe,
Which, reflected, floating there,
Looks as if it hung in air. 4

Then, when I have stray'd awhile
Through the Montanian I've,
Breathing all its holy bloom,
Swift I mount me on the plume
Of my Wakan-Bird, 5 and fly
Where, beneath a burning sky,
Over the bed of Erie's lake
Shimmers many a water-rake,
Wapt within the web of leaves,
Which the water-ily weaves. 7

Next I chase the flow ret-king
Through his rose tint of spring;
See him now, while diamond hues
Soft his neck and wings suffo,co,
In the leafy chase sunk,
Thirsting for his balmy drink;
Now behold him all on fire,
Lovely in his looks of ire.

1 The glass-snake is brittle and transparent.
2 "The departed spirit goes into the Country of Souls, where, according to some, it is transformed into a dove." — Chartier, *Histoire et Cie de l'Amérique septentrionale,* vol. 1, p. 139.
3 "The mountains appeared to be sprinkled with white stones, which glistened in the sun, and were called by the Indians *noce* or *sauvages*." — Mackenzie, *A Journey to the Shores of the Arctic Ocean.*
4 These lines were suggested by Carver's description of one of the American birds. "When it was calm," he says, "and the sun shone bright, I could sit in my canoe, where the depth was upwards of six feet, and plainly see huge piles of stone at the bottom, of different shapes, some of which appeared as if they had been heaved; the water was at this time as pure and transparent as air, and my canoe seemed as if it hung suspended in that element. It was impossible to look attentively through this limpid medium, at the rocks below, without finding, before many moments were elapsed, your head swim and your eyes no longer able to behold the dazzling scene." — *A Journey to the Shores of the Arctic Ocean.*
5 "Apres avoir traversé plusieurs îles peu considérables, nous en trouvemois le quart du nombre qui, en général, compose l'île de Manitoulin.* — *Voyage du Cercle des Canaries.*
6 "L'oiseau noyé, gros comme un henneton, est de toutes couleurs; on voit en eux éclater de l'or et de l'argent; leurs yeux sont comme des étoiles.* — *Voyage du Cercle des Canaries.*
7 "L'oiseau de la mer, comme un henneton, est de toutes couleurs; on voit en eux éclater de l'or et de l'argent; leurs yeux sont comme des étoiles.* — *Voyage du Cercle des Canaries.*
8 "The gold-thread is of the vine kind, and grows in swamps. These roots spread themselves just under the surface of the water, and are easily drawn out by hand. They resemble a large entangled skein of silk, and are of a bright yellow.* — *Voyage du Cercle des Canaries.*
9 "Le sauvage mouchu, gros comme un henneton, est de toutes couleurs; on voit en eux éclater de l'or et de l'argent; leurs yeux sont comme des étoiles.* — *Voyage du Cercle des Canaries.*
10 "L'oiseau noyé, gros comme un henneton, est de toutes couleurs; on voit en eux éclater de l'or et de l'argent; leurs yeux sont comme des étoiles.* — *Voyage du Cercle des Canaries.*
11 "The islands of Lake Erie are surrounded by a considerable distance by the large pond-tilly, whose leaves spread thickly over the surface of the lake, and form a kind of bed for the water-snakes in summer.

Breaking every infall stem,
Scattering every velvet bloom,
Where his little tyran'd lip
Had not found enough to sip.

Then my playful hand I steep
Where the gold-thread 8 loves to creep,
Cull from thence a tangled width,
Words of magic round it breathe.

And the sunny chaplet spray
Over the sleeping fly-bird's head,
Till, with dreams of honey bright,
Haunted, in his downy nest.

By the garden's faulted spells,
Dewy buds and fragrant bells,
Fancy a soul enow to wake
In the fly-bird's heaven of flowers.

Oft, when hoar and silvery flakes
Meet along the ruffled lakes,
When the gay mouse sheds his horns,
When the tuck, at evening, wars
Weary hunters of the way
To the wing-woman's cheeriong ray,
Then, aloft through freezing air
With the snow bird 10 soft and fair
As the fleece that heaven things
Over his little pearly wings,
Light above the rocks I play,
Where Niagara's stilly spray
Frozen on the cliff appears
Like a giant's smoking tears.

There, amid the isand-sedge,
Just upon the cataract's edge,
Where the foot of living man
Never trod since time began,
Lone I sit, at close of day,
While, beneath the golden ray,
Joy comm's gleams below.

Father'd round with falling snow,
And an arch of glory springs,
Sparkling as the chain of rings
Round the neck of virgin kings.—

Vir. ins. 14 who have wander'd young
Over the waters of the west,
To the land where spirits rest!

Thus have I charg'd, with visionary lay,
The lonely moments of the night away;
And now, fresh day break o'er the water beams!
Once more, embark'd upon the glittering streams,
Our boat flies light along the leasly shore,
Shouting the falls, with a hoot of car
Or breath of zephyr, like the watery bark
The poet saw, in dreary divinely dark,
Horne, without sails, along the dooky flood; 12
While on its deck a pilot angel stood.

12 "We have seen, on the deck of the boat, a pilot, who seems to be the guardian of the spirits of the sea; he is not an Indian; he is seen only at night, and never appears to the sight of the traveler. He is said to have the power of controlling the winds and waves of the lake, and of directing the course of the boat with a signal dart. He is called the *pilot angel,* and is regarded by the Indians as a being of great power and influence." — *Voyage du Cercle des Canaries.*
And, with his wings of living light unfurled,
Cossed the dim shores of another world!

Yet, oh! believe me, mid this mingled maze
Of nature's beauties, where the facile strays
From charm to charm, where every flow'rt's hue
Hath some king's throne, and every leaf is new,—
I never feel a joy so pure and still.
So my felt, as when some brook or hill,
Or veteran oak, like rose remember'd well,
Sermon call'd by what small fairy here.
The memory clings to pleasure as it flies?
Reminds my heart of many a silvian dream
I once indulged by Trent's inspiring stream.

Whether I trace the tranquil moments o'er
When I have seen thee cult the fruits of lore,
With him, the polished warrior, by thy side,
A sister's idol and a nation's pride.
When thou hast read of heroes, trophied high
In ancient fame, and I have seen thine eye
Turn to the living hero, while it read,
For pure and brightening comments on the dead;—
Or whether memory to my mind recall'd
The festal grandeur of those lordly halls
When guests have met around the s'a kling board,
And welcome warm'd the cup that luxury pour'd;
When the bright future Star of England's throne,
With magic smile, both o'er the banquet shone,
Winning respect, nor claiming what he won,
But tempering greatness, like an evening sun.
Whose light the eye can tranquilly admire,
Radiant, but mild, all softness, yet all fire;—
Whatever hue my recollection take.
Even the regret, the very pain they wake,
Is mix'd with happiness;— but all: no more—
Lady adieu— my heart's linger'd o'er.
These vanished times, till all that round me lies,
Stream, banks, and bowers have faded on my eyes!

IMPROPTU.

AFTER A VISIT TO MRS.——, OF MONTREAL.
'T was but for a moment — and yet in that time
She crowded th' impressions of many an hour:—
Her eye had a glaze, like the sun of her clime,
Which wak'd every feeling at once into flower.
Oh! could we have borrowed from Time but a day,
To renew such impres'sions again and again,
The things we should look and imagine and say
Would be worth all the life we had wasted till then.

What we had not the leisure or language to speak,
We should find some more spiritual mode of revealing.
And, between us, should feel just as much in a week
As others would take a millennium in feeling.

WRITTEN ON PASSING DEADMAN'S ISLAND, 1
IN THE CULF OF ST. LAWRENCE,
LATE IN THE EVENING, SEPTEMBER, 1804.

Oh! serene, N.jyon's cloud so dark,
Fast gliding along, a gloomy bark!
Her sails are full,— though the wind is still,
And there blows not a breath her sails to fill!

1 This is one of the Magdalen Islands, and, singu-

Say, what doth that vessel of darkness bear?
The silent calm of the grave is there,
Save now and again a death's knell ringing,
And the flap of the sails with night-fog hung.

There lieth a wreck on the dismal shore
Of cold and pitiless Labrador;
Where, under the moon, upon mouths of frost,
Full many a mariner's bones are lost.

You shadowy bark hath been to that wreck,
And the dim blue fire, that lights her deck,
Doth play on as pale and huid a crew
As ever yet drank the churchyard dew.

To Deadman's isle, in the eye of the blast,
To Deadman's isle, she speedeth her last;
By skeleton shapes her sails are fu'd,
And the hand that steers is not of this world.
Oh! hurry thee on — oh! hurry thee on,
Thou terrible bark, ere the night be gone,
Nor let morning look on so foul a sight
As would blanch for ever her rosy light!

TO THE BOSTON FRIGATE, 2
ON LEAVING HALIFAX FOR ENGLAND,
OCTOBER, 1804.

Nesot's wrodos gbykrtov.
Pindar. Pyth. 4.

With triumph this morning, oh, Boston! I hail
The sir of thy deck and the spread of thy sail,
Or they tell me I soon shall be rest'd, in thee,
To the flourishing isle of the brave and the free,
And that chiefl Nova Scotia's unpromising strand 3
Is the last I shall treat of American soil.

Well — peace to the land! many scenes to know,
That in hieh-minded honour lies liberty's strength,
That though man be as free as the fluttering wind,
As the wantoness air that the north can unbind,
Yet, if health do not temper and sweeten the blast,
If no harvest of mind ever spring where it passed,

Early enough, is the property of Sir Isaac Cofino. The
above lines were suggested by a supernumery very
common among sailors, who call this ghost-ship, I
think, "the Flying Dutchman."

We were thirteen days on our passage from Quebec to
Halifax, and I had been so spoiled by the truly
splendid hospitality of my friends of the Frac-ton and
Boston, that I was but ill prepared for the miseries of
a Canadian vessel. The weather, however, was
pleasant, and the scenery along the river delightful.
Our passage through the Gut of Canis, with a bright
skyl and a fair wind, was particularly striking and
romantic.

2 Condemned by Captain J. E. Douglas, with whom
I returned to England, and to whom I am indebted
for many, many kindnesses. In truth, I should
but offend the delicacy of my friend Douglas, and,
at the same time, do injustice to my own feelings of
gratitude, did I attempt to say how much I owe to

3 Sir John Wentworth, the Governor of Nova-
Scotia, very kindly allowed me to accompany him on
his visit to the College, which they have lately
established at Windsor, about forty miles from Hal-
ifax, and I was indeed most pleasantly surprised by
the beauty and fertility of the country which opened
upon us after the black and rocky wildness by which
Halifax is surrounded. I was told that, in travelling
north, we should find the soil and the scenery im-
prove, and it gave me much pleasure to know that the
worthy Governor has by no means such an "mana-
ble signum" as I was, at first sight, inclined to
believe.
Then unbest is such freedom, and baleful its might,—
Free only to ruin, and strong but to blight!

Farewell to the few I have left with regret;
My they sometimes recall, what I cannot forget,
The delight of those evenings,— too lore a delight!
When in converse and song we have stol'n the night;
When they've ask'd me the moners, the mind, or
the mien
Of some bard I had known or some chief I had seen,
Whose glory, though distant, they long had ador'd,
Whose name had o'f hallow'd the wine-cup they
poured;
And still as, with sympathy humble but true,
I have told of each bright son of fame all I knew,
They have stol'n the mind, and sigh'd that the polit'cal dream
Of America's empire should pass, like a dream,
Without leaving one relic of genius, to say
How sublime was the tide which had vanish'd away!
Farewell to the few — though we never may meet
On this planet again, it is soothing and sweet
To think that, whenever my song or my name
Shall recur to their ear, they'll recall me the same
I have been to them now, young, unthoughtful, and
blest,
 Ere hope had deceiv'd me or sorrow deprest.

END OF VOL. II.

PREFACE TO THE THIRD VOLUME.

The three satirical Poems with which this Volume commences, were published originally without the author's name; "Corruption" and "Intolerance" in the year 1818, and "The Sceptic" in the year follow-
ing. The political opinions adopted in the first of these Satires—the Poem on Corruption—were chiefly caught up, as is intimated in the original Preface, from the writings of Bolingbroke, Sir William Wyndham, and other statesmen of that factious period, when the same sort of alliance took place between Toryism and what is now called Radicallism, which is always likely to ensure on the election of the Tory party from power. In this somewhat rash effusion, it will be seen that neither of the two great English parties is handled with much respect; and I remember being taken to task, by one of the few of my Whig acquaintances that ever looked into the poem, for the following allusion to the silencing effects of official station on certain orators:

As seen, on flowers slighting, cease their hum,
So, settling upon places, Whigs grow dumb.

But these attempts of mine in the stately, Juvenilean style of satire, met with but little success; never having attained, I believe, even the honours of a second edition: and I found that lighter form of weapon, to which I afterwards betook myself, not only more easy to wield, but, from its very lightness, perhaps, more sure to reach its mark.

It would almost seem, too, as if the same unembel-
lished spirit, the same freedom from official notice with which, in most instances, this sort of squib-battle has been waged by me, was felt, in some degree, even by those who were themselves the objects of it; — so generously forgiving have I, in most instances, found them. Even the high Person-
age against whom the earliest and perhaps most suc-
cessful of my lighter missiles were launched, could refer to and quote them, as I learn from an incident mentioned in the Life of Sir Walter Scott, with a degree of good-humour and playfulness which was creditable alike to his temper and good sense. At a memorable dinner given by the Regent to Sir Walter

But, Douglas! while thus I recall to my mind
The elect of the land we shall soon leave behind,
I can read in the weather-wise glance of thine eye,
As it follows the rock flitting over the sky,
That the faint coming breeze will be fair for our flight,
And shall steal us away, ere the falling of night.
Dear Douglas! thou knowest, with thee by my side,
With thy friend and trusty guide,
There is not a bleak Isle in those summerless seas,
Where the day comes in darkness, or shines but to freeze,
Not a tract of the line, not a barbacious shore,
That I could not with patience, with pleasure explore!
Oh, think then how gladly I follow thee now,
When Hope streameth the bilowy path of our proe,
And each prosperous sigh of the west-springing wind
Takes me nearer the home where my heart is
enshrin'd.
Where the smile of a father shall meet me again,
And the ears of a mother turn bliss into pain;
Where the kind voice of sisters shall steal to my heart,
And ask it, in sighs, how we ever could part?

But see! — the bent topsails are ready to swing
To the balm — I am with thee — Columbia, farewell!}

1 Bolingbrooke himself acknowledges that "both parties were become factions, in the strict sense of the word."

2 The Standard, August 24, 1835.
quest of Lord Moira, one of my earliest and best friends, his Royal Highness graciously permitted me to dedicate to him my Translation of the Odes of Anacreon. I was twice, I think, admitted to the honour of dining at Carlton House; and when the Prince, on his being made Regent in 1811, gave his menial companionship the Letters from the Wise and the Sage, he was pleased to have them presented to me by the Regent. I believe, in number — who enjoyed the privilege of being his guests on the occasion.

There occur some allusions, indeed, in the Two-penny Post-Bag, to the absurd taste displayed in the ornamentation of the Regent's House, in that false fete; and this violation — for, to a certain extent, I allow it to have been — of the reverence due to the isles of the Ilissipale,^ or paled,^ which, whether administered by prince or peasant, ought to be saved from abuse and misrepresentation by no means disposed to defend. But, whatever may be thought of the taste or prudence of some of these satires, there exists no longer, I apprehend, much difference of opinion respecting the character of the Royal personage against whom they were aimed. Already, indeed, has the stern verdict which the voice of History cannot but pronounce upon him, been in some degree anticipated, in a sketch of the domestic events of his reign, supposed to have proceeded from the pen of one who was himself an actor in some of its more important scenes, and who, from his professional position, commanded a near insight into the character of that exalted individual, both as husband and father. To the same high authority I must refer for an account of the mysterious "Book," to which allusion is made more than once in the following page.

One of the first and most successful of the numerous trifles I wrote at that period, was the Parody on the Regent's celebrated Letter, announcing to the world that he had adopted a new prediction. This very opportunely came at a time when I was circulated privately; my friend, Mr. Perry, having for some time hesitated to publish it. He got some copies of it, however, printed off for me, which I sent round to several members of the Whig party; and, having to meet a number of them at dinner immediately after, found it no easy matter to keep my companionship while they were discussing among them the merits of the Parody. One of the party, I recollect, having quoted to me the following description of the state of both King and Regent, at that moment,

"A straw-waistcoat on him, and restrictions on me; A more limited monarch could not well be,"

I grew rather provoked with me for not enjoying the fun of the parody. (C)labout 1810.

While thus the excitement of party feeling lent to the political trifles contained in this volume a relief and jucuney not their own, an effect has been attributed to two squibs, wholly unconnected with politics — to the Letters from the Doctor, Countess of Orkney, and from Me-sars. Lackington and Co. — of which I myself had not the slightest notion till I found them alluded to in Mr. Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott. In speaking of the causes which were supposed to have contributed to the comparative failure of the Poem of "Rectify," the biographer says, "It is fair to add this, among the London circles, at least, some sarcastic slings, in Mr. Moine's Two-penny Post-Bag, must have had an unhealthy influence on this occasion."^7

Among the translations that have appeared on the Continent, of the greater part of my poetical works, there has been no attempt, as far as I can learn, to give a version of any of my satirical writings, — with the single exception of a squib contained in this volume, entitled "The Father and Little Cob," which there is a translation into German verse, by the late distinguished oriental scholar, Profesor Von Behlen. Th rough unskilled, myself, in German, I can yet perceive — sufficiently to marvel at it — the dexterity and ease with which the Old Palladian metre of the original is adopted and managed in the translation. As this trifle may be considered curious, not only in itself, but still more as connected with so learned a name, I shall here present it to my readers, premises that this eminent Professor has left a version also of my very early fectinea, "The Robbinishing of a Woman."

"THERE WAS A LITTLE MAN.
(Translated by Professor von Behlen.)
Ee war ein kleiner Mann.
Und der hat't im kleinen Geist.
Und er sprach: kleinester Geist schen wir zu, zu, zu.

Two-penny Post-Bag, p. 135. I avail myself of the mention here of this latter squib, to record a correction which I too hastily made in the two following lines of it: —

And, though statesmen may glory in being unbothered in, an author, we think, sir, that's rather a fault.

Forgetting that Pope's ear was satisfied with the sort of rhyme here used, I foolishly altered (and spoiled) the whole couplet to get rid of it.

"See, for instance," says Mr. Lockhart, "the Epistle of Lady Corke; or that of Messrs. Lackington, booksellers, to one of their dandy authors: —

"Should you feel any touch of poetical glow, We've a scheme to suggest — Mr. Sc...you must know, (Who, we're sorry to say it, now works for the Rose.) Having quitted the Bodleian, to seek new renown, I'm coming home, I hear, at last to Town; And beginning with Recky (the job's sure to pay) Means to do all the Gentlemen's bits on the way. Now, the scheme is (though none of our backers can beat him) To start a fresh Poet through Highgate to meet him: Which being said of quick poets — no revenge — long coaches May be a few weeks before Sculptry can measure: Indeed, if our Pegasus be not curst shabby, He'll reach, without found'ring, at least Woburn Abbey,"^8

\(^*\) Alluding to a speech delivered in the year 1813 by the Right Hon. Charles Abbot (then Speaker) against Mr. Grattan's motion for a Committee on the claims of the Catholics.

\(*\) Author of "The Ancient Indian.

\(*\) Palatine Row.
CORRUPTION AND INTOLERANCE. 117

Oh uns möglich wohl wird seyn
So ein kleines Kreidelein
Das wir halten, klein, ich und kleiner du, ihn, das,
Das war halten, kleiner ich und kleiner du.
Und der kleine Geist, der brach
Aus dem Loche und sprach:
Ich behoarte kleinen Mann, du bist reck, reck, reck,
Nimm mich nicht auf, ich wüßte es wenig.
Aber sagte man, zum Teufel,
Hat die kleine kleine Rede einen zweck, zweck, zweck,
Hat die kleine Rede einen zweck?
Der kleine Mann darauf
Brees die Hacken machtig auf,
Und er sprach: kleiner Geist sey gescheut, scheut, sehr;
Kleiner ich und kleiner du
Stud berichen und leeren.
Zu verdammnen und bekennen alle Leut, Leut, Leut!
Zu verdammnen und bekennen alle Leut!
Und sie singen beide an
Jean Einist und kleine Mann,
Funkt auf ihre Reue so klein, klein, klein.

CORRUPTION, AND INTOLERANCE. TWO POEMS.

ADDRESSED TO AN ENGLISHMAN BY AN IRISHMAN.

PREFACE.

The practice which has been lately introduced into literature, of writing very long poems upon very indifferent subjects, appears to me rather a happy invention; as it supplies us with a mode of turning dull poetry to account; and as horses too heavy for the saddle may yet serve well enough to draw lumber, so Poems of this kind make excellent beasts of burden, and will bear notes, though they may not bear reading.

In the first of the two following Poems, I have ventured to speak of the Revolution of 1688, in language which has sometimes been employed by Tory writers, and which is therefore neither very new nor popular. But however an Englishman might be reproached with ingratitude, for depreciating the merits and results of a movement which he was taught to regard as the source of his liberties — however unjust it might appear in Alderman B — rech to question for a moment the purity of that glorious era, to which he is indebted for the seasoning of so many orations — yet an Irishman, who has none of those obligations to acknowledge; to whose unity the Revolution brought nothing but injury and insulity, and who recollects that the book of Molineux was burned, by order of William's Whig Parliament, for daring to extend to unfortunate Ireland those principles on which the Revolution was professedly founded; an Irishman may be allowed tocrie to these freely the measures of that period, without exposing himself either to the moppation of ingratitude, or to the suspicion of being influenced by any党对党 remain of Jacobinism. No nation, it is true, was ever blessed with a more golden opportunity of establishing and securing its liberties for ever than the conjunction of eighty-eight presented to the people of Great Britain. But the disgraceful reigns of Charles and James had weakened and degraded the national character. The bold notion of popular right, which had arisen out of the struggles between Charles the First and his Parliament, were gradually supplanted by those slavish doctrines for which Lord H — ksy — eulogises the churchmen of that period; and as the Reformation had happened too soon for the purity of religion, so the Revolution came too late for the spirit of liberty. Its advantages accordingly were for the most part specious and transitory, while the evils which it entailed are still felt and still increasing. By rendering unnecessary the frequent exercise of Prerogative,—that unwieldy power which cannot move a step without alarm,—it diminished the only interference of Crown, which is surely and independently exposed before the people, and whose abuses therefore are obvious to their senses and capacities. Like the myrtle over a celebrated statue in Minerva's temple at Athens, it skillfully veiled the public eye from the only visible forms of tyranny. At the same time, however, that the Revolution abridged this unpalatable attribute, it amply compensated by the constitution of a new power, as much more potent in its effect as it is more secret in its operations. In the disposal of an immense revenue and the extensive patronage annexed to it, the foundations of this power of the Crown were laid; the innovation of a standing army at once increased and strengthened it, and the few slight barriers which the Act of Settlement opposed to its progress have all been gradually removed during the whiggish reigns that succeeded; till at length this spirit of influence has become the vital principle of the state,—an agency, subtle and unseen, which pervades every part of the Gosts of the State, and only under all forms and regulations, all its movements, and, like the invisible syphilis or grace which prevails over the motions of beauty,

"Hiam, quiepid agit, quoque vestit placid,
Compluit furiosa subquintaque." 

The cause of Liberty and the Revolution are so habitually associated in the minds of Englishmen, that probably in objecting to the latter I may be thought hostile or indifferent to the former. But assuredly nothing could be more unjust than such a suspicion. The very object, indeed, which my humble versions would attain is, that in the crisis to which I think England is now hastening, and between which and foreign subjugation she may soon be compelled to choose, the errors and passions of 1688 should be remedied; and, if it was then too late to begin a Revolution with Reform, so she may now endeavour to accomplish a Reform without a Revolution.

In speaking of the parties which have so long agitated England, it will be observed that I lean as little to the Whigs as to their adversaries. Both factions have been equally cruel to Ireland, and perhaps equally insincere in their efforts for the liberties of
England. There is one name, indeed, connected with
whiggism, of which I can never think but with
vengeance and tenderness. As Justinly, however, might
the light of the sun be claimed by any particular nation,
as the sanction of that name be monopolized by any
party whatsoever. Mr. Fox belonged to mankind,
and they have lost in him their ablest foe 6.

With respect to the few lines upon Intolerance,
which I have subjoined, they are but the imperfect
beginning of a long series of Essays, with which
I have occupied my readers, upon the same important
subject. I shall look to no higher merit in the task,
than of giving a new tint to claims and renown-
ances, which have often been much more eloquently
urged, and which would long ere now have produced
their effect, but the impieties of our states,
men, like the pupil of the human eye, contract them-
selves the more, the stronger light there is shed upon
them.

CORRUPTION.

AN EPISTLE.

Nov. 6. Apaur, 6 660 per is aorros xepxapata
tanta αυτωπτηκτα δε αυτω των, ψηον αν
diakolos και τεννεσηκεν ή έλλας. Ταντα οτι
eis τι; 660, εις την διηθη τι χελεος αυ δραλο-
y γην γανηους τρος ελεγχους μιςος, αν του
τακ της επιτη ταλα παντα, δον και των ωφο-
δουκοις ηρημας. Demosth. Philipp. iii.

Roast on, my friend — though stript of all beside,
Thy struggling nation still returns her pride: 1
That pride, which once in genuine glory woke
When Marlborough fought, and brilliant St. John
spoke;
That pride which, by time and shame unust,
Outlives even Wh—tel—cke’s sword and II—w—s
bry’s tongue!
Roast on, my friend, while in this humbled isle 2
Where Homer and Milton and freedom fears to smile,
Where the bright light of England’s fame is known
But by the shadow o’er our fortunes thrown;
Where, don’t ourselves to thought but wrongs and
Rights; 2
We hear ye boast of Britain’s glorious rights,
As wretched slaves, that under hatches lie,
Hear those on deck extol the sun and sky!
Roast on, while wandering through my native haunts,
I coldly listen to thy patriotic wails;

1 Angli suos ac sumnumia impense mirantur; cære-
as nationes despectabat habuit; — Barclay (as quoted
in one of Dryden’s prefaces).

2 England began very early to feel the effects of
luxury toward its dependencies. The severity of
her government (says M‘pherson) contributed more
to deprive her of the continental dominions of the
family of Plantagenet than the arms of France.”—See
his History, vol. i.

3 “By the total reduction of the kingdom of Ireland
in 1609 (says Burke), the ruin of the native Irish, and
in a great measure, too, if the first races of the
English, was completely accomplished. The New
English interest was settled with as solid a
stability as any thing in human affairs can look for.
A the penal laws of the unparalleled code of oppression,
which were made after the last event, were manifestly
the effects of national hatred and scorn towards a con-
quered people, whom the victors delighted to trample
upon, and we are not ad aad to provoke.” Yet
this is the era to which the wise common council of
Dublin refer us for “invaluable blessing,” &c.

And feel, though close our wedded countries twice,
More sorrow for my own than pride from thine.

Yet pause a moment — and if truths severe
Can find an entrance to that country’s eye
Which bears no news but W—rd’s gazetted lies,
And loves no politics in rhyme but Fye’s,—
If aught can please thee but the good old saws
of “Church and State,” and “William’s matchless
laws,”
And “Acts and Rights of glorious Eighty-eight,”—
Things, which though now a century out of date,
Still serve to ballast, with convenient words,
A few crank arguments for speaking lords. —

Turn, while a look at how England is accused,
Where neest she look’d for life, her deadliest wound;
How brave she struggled, while her foe was seen,
How faint since influence lent that one screen
Of strong o’er James and Popery she prevad,
How weakly fell, when Whigs and gold assaid. 6

While kings were poor, and all those schemes un-
known
Which drain the people, to enrich the throne;
Fare yet a yielding Commons had supplied
Those claims confided by which hees are lied; 7
Thee proud Prerogative, untaught to creep
With bribry’s silent foot on Freedom’s sleep,
Frankly avow’d his bold envolving plan,
And claim’d a right from God to trample man!
But Luther’s weal had too long been found,
For Hampden’s truths to linger long behind;
Nor then, when king like popes had fallen so low,
Could pope-like kings 6 escape the levelling blow.

4 It never seems to occur to those orators and
addresd who read off so many sentences and para-
graphs with the Bill of Rights, the Act of Settlement,
&c., that most of the provisions which these Acts
were to the preservation of parliamentary inde-
pendence have been long laid aside as romantic and
troublesome. I never meet, I confess, with a politi-
cian who quotes seriously the Declaration of Rights,
&c., to prove the actual existence of English liberty,
that I do not think of that marquee, whom Montesqueu
mentions, 2 who set about looking for mine in the
Pyrénées, on the strength of authorities which he
had read in some ancient authors. The poor marquis
wandered and searched in vain. He quoted his authro-
ities to the last, but found no names after all.

5 The chief, perhaps the only advantage which has
resulted from the system of influence, is that tranquil
course of uninterrupted action which it has given to
the administration of government. If kings must be
paramount in the state (and their ministers for the
time being always think so), the country is indebted
for the Revolution for enabling them to become so
quietly, and not removing skillfully the danger of these
shocks and collisions which the alarming efforts of
prerogative never failed to produce.

Instead of vain and disturbing efforts to establish
that speculative balance of the constitution, which,
perhaps, has never existed but in the pages of Mon-
tesquieu and Locke, a time is now silently
yielded to one of the three estates, which carries the
other two almost insensibly, but still effectually,
along with it; and even though the path may lead eventu-
ally to destruction, yet its specious and guided smooth-
ness alone arrests for the danger; and, like Milton’s
bridge over Chaos, it may be said to lead,

6 Smooth, easy, indefensive, down to ——, 1

6 The drivelling correspondence between James I.
and his dog Steenie (the Duke of Buckingham),
which we find among the Hardwicke Papers, suf-
ficiently shows. We want not any such illustration,
in o what doting, idiotic brains the plan of arbitrary
power may enter.

* Liv. xxi. chap. 2.
That ponderous sceptre (in whose place we bow
To give the influence of influence too great,
To work the spell! Whose modern power, in fragments fell;
In fragments by, till patched and painted o'er
With threnodies, it shone and scourged once more.

It was then, my friend, thy kneeling nation quizz'd
Long, long and deep, the churchman's opaque draught
Of passive, prone obedience—then wax'd light
All sense of man's true dignity and right;
And Brutus slept on sluggish in their chain,
That Freedom's watch-voice call'd almost in vain,
Oh England! England! what a chance was thine,
When the last tyrant of that ill-star'd line
Fled from a crown so sure and free, and free
To found thy own eternal liberty!

How nobly high, in that propitious hour,
Might patriot hands have rais'd the triple tower
Of British freedom, on a rock divine,
Which neither force could storm nor treachery mine!
But co—-the luminous, the lofty plan,
Like mighty Bible, seem'd too bold for man;
The curse of jarring tongues again was given
To thwart a work which rais'd men nearer heaven.
While Whigs too, what Whigs had scarce begun,
While Whigs undid what Whigs themselves had done.

Tacitus has expressed his opinion, in a passage very frequently quoted, that such a distribution of power as the theory of the British Constitution exhibited, is me subject to a kind of general speculation, "a system more easily practised than practised, and which, even if it happen to exist, would certainly not prove permanent," and, in truth, a review of England's annals would dispose us to agree with the historian's remark. For we find that at no period whatever by this balance of the three estates existed; that the nobles predominated till the policy of Henry VII. and his successor reduced their weight by breaking the feudal system of property; that the power of the Crown became then supreme and absolute; till the bold encroachments of the Commons subdued the fabric altogether; that the alternate ascendancy of prerogative and privilege disturbed the period which followed the Restoration; and that, lastly, the Acts of 1688, by laying the foundation of an unbounded court-influence, have secured a predominance to the Throne, which every succeeding year increases. So that the vain parade of British constitution has never perhaps existed but in a mere theory.

The monarchs of Great Britain can never be sufficiently grateful for that accommodating spirit which led the Revolution Whigs to give away the crown, without imposing any of these restrictions or stipulations which other men might have taken advantage of so favourable a moment to enforce, and in the framing of which they had so good a model to follow as the limitations proposed by the Lords Essex and Halifacx, in the debate upon the Exclusion Bill. They not only conceded, however, to accept of places, but too early to prevent any dignity from being imposed upon them. Nevertheless, and although an Act was afterwards made sufficient to pass, which by one of its articles did Qualified place men serving as members of the House of Commons, it was yet not allowed to interfere with the influence of the ruling monarch, nor with that of his successor Anne. The purifying clause, indeed, was not to take effect till after the decease of the latter sovereign, and she very considerably rejected it altogether. So that, as representation has continued ever since, if the Whigs were simple enough to send to foreign courts ambassadors who were most of them in the pay of those courts, he would be just as honestly and faithfully represented as are his people. It would be easy to enumerate all the favours which were given by the Whigs to the "opposite Whigs." They complimented him with the first suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act which had been hazarded since the confirmation of that privilege; and the example of our Deliverer's reign has not been lost upon any of his successors. They promoted the establishment of a system of standards in the navy, such as never in its defence the celebrated "Balance Letter," in which it is insinuated that England, even then, in her boasted hour of regeneration, was arrived at such a pitch of faction and corruption, that nothing could keep her in order but a Whig ministry and a standing army. They refused, as long as they could, to shorten the duration of parliaments; and though, in the Declaration of Rights, the necessity of such a reform was acknowledged, they were able, by arts unknown to modern statesmen, to render the house of lords and the people that urged it, * but the grand and distinguishing trait of their measures was the power they bestowed on the Crown of almost annihilating the freedom of elections,—of turning from its course, and for ever ending that great national representation, which had, even in the most agitated periods, reflected some features of the people, which, but from thenceforth, became the Prince, the "auriferous mine," of the court, and served as a mirror of the nation, and a popular feeling no longer. We need but run over the writings of that time, to find the administration then excited by measures, which the practice of a century has rendered not only familiar but necessary. See a pamphlet called "The Tyranny of Mercenary Parliaments," 1828; "State Tracts, Will, I.;" and "It has been prov'd," also "Some Paradoxes presented as a New Year's Gift," (State Poems, vol. iii.).

The last great wound given to the feudal system was the Act of the 12th of Charles II., which abolished the tenure of knight's service in capite, and which Blackstone compares, for its salutary influence upon property, to the boasted provisions of Magna Charta itself. Yet even in this Act we see the effects of that counteracting spirit which has contrived to weaken every effort of the English nation towards property. The omission of any provision to secure to the share of electors the right of voting in the general mass of the constitution. Lord Clarendon calls this measure of Cromwell's "an alteration but to be warranted, and in a better time." It formed the subject of Mr. Pitt's plan in 1783; but his plan of reform was a kind of announced, but unmoving model, and as it is likely to be ever acted as Mr. Sheridan's "Forcibers."
While parliaments, no more those sacred things Which make and rule the destiny of kings, Like ledged dice by ministers are thrown, And each side谱s to that our laws drawn. Hence every rich oil, that from the Treasury steals, Drops smooth over all the Constitution's wheels, Giving the old machine such pleasant play. That Court and Commons jog one jolliest way, While Wisdom hankers for the crazy car, So gilt, so rotten, carrying fools so far;

It would be a task not un instructive to trace the history of Prerogative from the date of its strength under the Tudor princes, when Henry VII. and his successors "taught the people (as Nathaniel Bacon says) to give to the touts of Allegiance," to the period of the Revolution, when the Throne, in its attack upon liberty, began to excite the noisy expulsions of Prerogative for the silent and effective arm of Influence. In following its course, too, since that memorable era, we shall find that, while the royal power has been abridged in branches where it might be made conducive to the interest of the people, it has been left in full and un-enibled vigour against almost every point where the integrity of the constitution is vulnerable. For instance, the power of chartering boroughs, to whose character and liberty abuse instead of hands the Stuarts are indebted for most of the present anomalies of representation, might, if suffered to remain, have in some degree attested for its mischief, by restoring the old unchartered boroughs to their rights and widening more equally the basis of the legislature. But, by the Act of Union with Scotland, this part of the prerogative was removed, lest Freedom should have a chance of being heated, even by the rust of the spear which had formerly wound her. The dangerous power, however, of creating peers, which has been so often exercised for the government against the constitution, is still left in free and unqualified activity; notwithstanding the example of that celebrated Bill for the limitation of this ever-increasing branch of prerogative, which was passed in the reign of George I. under the peculiar sanction and recommendation of the Crown, but which the Whigs thought right to reject, with all that characteristic delicacy, which, in general, prevents those acts of vainglory from taking any unseasonable advantage of the Throne. It will be recollected, however, that the creation of the twelve peers by the Duke of Anne's reign (a measure which Swift, like a true party man, defends) gave those upright Whigs all possible alarm for their liberties.

With regard to the generous fit about his prerogative which seized so many of the good King George I. historians have hinted that the porosity of the wheel of the government was without a tariot to its members, and ought to be more sensibly the less of the laws which have been used by the powers of the crown, than any other source of alarm for its liberties.

Thus doth the law (says Welwood of the ministers of Charles I.) exist, and it was no wonder that it was not among the seats of that political wisdom which could possibly suspect any one of these gracious monarchs either of ill-will to his heir, or indifference for the constitution.

They drove the first (says Welwood of the ministers of Charles I.) that it was no wonder that the wheels and chariot broke. — (Memoirs, p. 35.) — But this fatal accident, if we may judge from experience, is to be imputed to the folly and impulsiveness of the drivers, than to the want of that supplying oil from the Treasury which has been found so necessary to make a government like that of England run smoothly. Had Charles been as well provided with this article as his successors have been since the happy Revolution, his Commons would never have met from time the clamours of that political wisdom which would have been (as they now are, and I trust always will be) "dubious Commons." "Loyal Commons, Historic. and Political. Discourse," &c. &c. & part ii. p. 114.

* Cox says that this Bill was projected by Sunderland.
When Rome had lost her virtue with her rights,
When her foul tyrant sat on Capreus's height
A/b disd their vanities, and doomed to death
Each noble name they blazed with their breath,—
Even then, in mockery of that sad time,
When the Republic was reared, stately, stately,
And her proud sons, driven from zone to zone,
Gave kings to every nation but their own;
Even then the senate and the tribunes stood,
Involving marks, to show how high the flood
Of Freedom's glory had now grown,
And how it ebbed,—for ever ebbed away?

Look but around,—though yet a tyrant's sword
Nor bums our sleep nor gloriers over our head,
Though blood be torn down, by modern quacks,
With Treachery leeches than with sword or axe;
Yet sly, could even a prostrate it bane's power,
Or mock senate, in Rome's servile hour,
Inflict so much the clanks, the frighted man,
As doth that fatal mob, that base divan,
Of noble tools, and honourable leaves.
Of pension'd patriots and privileged lives—
That party-coal'd mass, which nought can warm
But that corruption's heat,—whose quackish'd swarm
Sprout in the old law, in Bribes for a day, sky, bug in a periwill lay their eggs, and die—
That greedy vampire, which from Freed'ms tomb
Comes forth, with all the nimity of bloom
Upon its listless cheek, and succinct drays
A people's blood to feed its putrid veins!

Thoustart, my friend, at picture drawn so dark—
Is there no light? thou ask'st,—no lingering spark
Of ancient fire to warm us? Lives there none,
As fee'd in a nook of Nell's part?—alas! not one.
To place and power all public spirit tends;
In place and power all public spirit ends; 5

invention, they did in these names of degenerated establishments only new motives to discontent. These bodies which, by way of life and beauty, lay in their arms and were their joy and comfort, when dead and buried become more offensive from remembrance of former embitterment. — Thoughts on the present Discourcivs. 1778

Principis, Augustus Caprearmum in supercres
Cum grece Credens. Journal Sat. x. v. 02.
The senate still continued, during the reign of Tiberius, to manage all the business of the public; the money was then an inch after come by their authority, and every public affair received their sanction.

We are told by Tacitus of certain race of men, who made themselves particularly useful to the Roman emperors, and were therefore called "instrumenta regni," or "court tools." From this it appears, that my Lords M—, C—, &c. &c. are by no means things of modern invention.

There is something very touching in what Tacitus tells us of the hopes that revived in a few patriot bosoms, when the death of Augustus was near approach. The fund expectations, which they already began "hons liberaus incassum disserteere." According to Ferguson, Caesar's interference with the rights of election made the silver arm of the republic more felt than any of the former acts of his power. — Roman Republic, book v. chap. 1.

Andrew Marvell, the honest opposer of the court during the reign of Charles the Second, and the last member of parliament who, according to the ancient mode, took wages from his constituents. The Commons have, since then, much changed their paymasters. Slight Favour to State Persons is some rude but spirited effusions of Andrew Marvell.

The following artless speech of Sir Francis Wintoning, in the reign of Charles the Second, will amuse those who are fully aware of the perfection we have since attained in that system of government

Like hardy plants, that love the air and sky,
When out't will thrive — but taken in, 'twill die.

Not holder truths of sacred Freedom hung
From Sidney's pen or buried on Fox's tongue,
Nor paitient Whigs produce each market night.
While yet their conscience, as their purse, is light;
While debts as home exercise their care for those
Which due to tell, their much-bored country owes,
And loud and long the loft's, till then out known,
They thwart the King's supplies to raise their own,
But bees, on flowers alighting, cease their hum—
So, settling upon places, Whigs grow dumb.
And, though not base is he who, 'neath the shade
Of Freedom's crown, unknown to the rose of kings,
And makes the silver flag he dares to show
His passport to the market of her love,
Yet, yet, I own, so venerably dear
Are Freedom's grave old adumbras to my ear,
That I enjoy them, though by traditio said,
And reverence Scripture even from Satan's tongue.

See you smooth lord, whom nature's plastic pains
Would seem to 've fashion'd for those Eastern regions
When emulously sought, and such nerveless things
As more requited were the chiefs of kings;—
Even &c. fossover, (oh fraud, of all the worst!)
Dare to assume the patriot's name at first—
Thus Put began, and thus begin his ages;
Thus devils, when first raised, take pleas'd shapes.
But oh, poor lad, and I if it concerns me well.
For centuries of wrong, for dark deceit
And withering insult — for the Union thrown
Into the bitter cup—when that alone
Of slavery's draught was waiting?—if for this
Revenge be sweet, thou hast that daemon's bliss;

whose humble beginnings so much astonished the worthy baronet. "I did observe (says he) that all those who had pensions, and most of those who had offices, voted all of a side, as they were directed by some great officer, exactly as if their business in this House had been to preserve their pensions and offices, and not to make laws for the good of them who sent them here." — He alludes to that parliament which was called, par excellence, the Pensionary Parliament.

According to Xenophon, the chief circumstance which recommended these creatures to the service of eastern princes was the ignorance of their station; — αδυνατοι εις ενισχυσα παρα τας αλλας αρωματοι κα και τουτο εισοδηποι επισκοπιοι πρεσβυτηριων. — But I doubt whether even an Eastern prince would have chosen an entire administration upon this principle.

And in the cup an Union shall be thrown. —

Hamlet.

Among the many measures, which, since the Revolution, have contributed to increase the importance of the Throne, and to feed up this "Aaron's serpent" of the constitution to its present healthy and respectable magnitude, these may be few more nutritive to the State and Irish Union. John Packer, in a debate upon the former question, that he would submit it to the House, whether men who had basely betrayed their trust, by giving up their independent constitution, were fit to be admitted into the English House of Commons. But Sir John would have known, if he had not been directed by the time, that the plan of such materials was not among the least of their recommendations. Indeed, the promoters of the Scotch Union were by no means disap
INTOLERANCE.

For, sure, 'tis more than hell's revenge to see
That England trusts the men who've ruined thee:
That, in these awful days, when every hour
Creates some new or blasts some ancient power,
When proud Napoleon, like th' ensnared shield,
Whose light compact his enemies force to yield,
With balfeu lustre blinds the base and free,
And dazes Europe into slavery.—
That, in this hour, when patriot zeal should guide,
When Mind should rule, and — Fox should not have died.
All that devoted England can or pose
To enemies made friends and friends made foes,
Is the rank refuse, the despised remains
Of that unifying power, whose workings and chains
Drove Ireland fast to turn, with bitter elation,
Towards other shores, and woo th' embrace of France;
Those hack'd and tainted tools, so foully fit
For the grand art of mischief, — fit,
So less ever but to vile employ.
So weak to save, so vigorous to destroy —
Such are the men that guard th' heated shore,
Oh England! sinking England! — boast no more.

printed in the leading object of their measure, for the triumphant majority, who, in the course of the
parliament which was dated from the admission of the 45 a 17 the 16.
Once or twice, upon the alteration of their law of
reason and the imposition of the mort-lax (measures which were in direct violation of the Act of Union),
these worthy North Britons arrayed themselves in
opposition to the court; but finding this effort for their
country unavailing, they prudently determined to
think thenceforward of themselves, and few men have
ever kept to a judicious resolution more firmly.
The effect of Irish representation on the liberties of Eng-

land will be no less perceptible and permanent.

— Ovei' dyo Tavrop
Αυτηνα απελλειπτοντον.

The infusion of such cheap and useful ingredients as
my Lord L. Mr. D. B. &c. &c. into the legislature,
confused its a profound abstraction on the constitution,
and clear it by degrees of all troublesome
humours of honesty.

1 The magician's shield in Aristoc — —
E stol per vertu dello splendore
La liberta a loro.

Cont. 2.

We are told that Caesar's code of morality was con-
tained in the following lines of Euripides, which
that great man frequently repeated: —

Εκπο γαρ αδειαν χρη τυπανδον περι
Καλλιστον αδειαν ταλα δευτερια χρων.

This is, also, as it appears, the moral code of Napo-
leon.

2 The following prophetic remarks occur in a letter
written by Sir Robert Talbot, who attended the Duke
of Bedford to Paris in 1762.

Talking of states which have grown powerful in commerce, he says, — "Ac-
tending to the nature and common course of things,
there is a confederacy against them, and consequently
in the same proportion as they increase in riches,
they approach to destruction. The address of our
King William, in making all Europe take the alarm
at France, has brought that country before us near that
inevitable period. We must necessarily have our
turn, and Great Britain will attain it as soon as France
shall have a decision with organs as proper for that
political purpose as were those of our William the
Third. . . . . . . . .

Without doubt, my Lord, Great Britain must lower her flight.

Europe

— From Aratus (v. 715) a poet who wrote upon
astronomy, though, as Cicero assures us, he knew nothing
whatever about the subject; just as the great
Harvey wrote "De Genera noe," though he had as
little to do with the matter as my Lord Viscount C.

INTOLERANCE, A SATIRE.

"This clamour, which pretends to be raised for the
safety of religion, has almost worn out the very appear-
ance of it, and pretend not to other end than
the most unamiable upon the face of the earth."

Addison, Freeholder, No. 37.

Start not, my friend, nor think the Muse will stiia
Her classic fingers with the dust profane
Of Bulls, Decrees, and all those thundering scrolls,
Which took such freedom once with royal souls,3

will remind us of the balance of commerce, as she has
reminded France of the balance of power. The ad-
dress of our statesmen will immortalise them by con-
triving for us a descent which shall not be a fall, by

3 The King-deposing device, notwithstanding its
many mischievous absurdities, was of no little service to
the cause of political liberty, by inculcating the
right of resistance to tyrants, and asserting the
will of the people to be the only true fountain of power.
Bellarmine, the most violent of the advocates
for royal authority, was one of the first to main-
tain (De Poj. lib. i. cap. 7) "that kings have not all
their authority or office immediately from God nor his law,
but only from the law of nations; and in King
James, "Defence of the Rights of Kings against Car-
thage and Venice," we find his Majesty expressing strong
indignation against the Carolinians for having asserted
"that to the deposing of a king the consent of the people
must be obtained." — "for by these words (says James) the people are exalted above the king,
and made the judges of the king's deposing." p. 424.
Even in Mardyn's celebrated book, where the
imposture of bigotry does not interfere, there may be found
many liberal and enlightened views of the principles
of government, of the restraints which should be
imposed up a royal power, of the subordination of the
Throne to the law's interests of the peace, of the
abase of Spain against that of James I.)
When Eng-lumen, therefore say that Popery is the relin-
ction of slavery, they should not be ready to assert that
their own basis constitution is the work and bruit of
Euph's ancestors; they should not only remember the
taxes of Edward III., "under whom (says Bell-
brroke) the constitution of our parliament, and the
whole form of our government, became reduced into
better form;" but they should know that even the
errors charged on Popery have been hastened to the
cause of liberty, and that Fappis were the first preachers
of the doctrines which led to the Revolution.
In general, however, the political principles of the
Roman Catholics have been designated as supposed to
suit the capricious convenience of their oppressors,
and have been represented alternatively as abstruse or
refractory, according as a pretext for tormenting them
was wanting. The same sneering Lives make every
other imputation against them. They are
charged with laxity in the observance of oaths, though
an oath has been found sufficient to shut them out
from all worldly advantages if they reject certain
decrees of the church, or they are surrendering
their rights and bad Christians; if they admit three
very deceitful, they are branded as bung's and bad subjects.
We are told that confidence and kindness will make
them enemies to the government, though we know.
INTOLERANCE.

When heaven was yet the pope’s exclusive trade, And kings were damned ‘tis as fast as now they’re made. 

No, no—not let D—gen–n search the papal chair, For the popish sect is the fountain of tears; And, as the witch of sunless Lapland thinks That little swarthy gnomes delight in stricks, Let Sallow P—v—i smush up the glue, Which wizard D—gen–n’s gather’d sweet exhalte, Enough for me, whose heart’s been learnt to store Bigots alike in Rome or England born, Who leer the venon, whenever it springs, From popes or lawyer’s, p story-cooks or kings— Enough for me to laugh and weep by turns, As I think that their indignation more. As C—ng–y yeurs, or as France succeeds, As H—wk—sh’try deoses, or as Ireland bleeds! 

And then, my friend, if, in these headlong days, When bigot Zed’d her drunken antics plays So near a precipice, that men the while Look breathless on and shudder while they smile — If, in such fearful days, thou’lt dare to look To hapless Ireland, to this ranking wook Which Heaven hath freed from poisonous things in vain, While St—d’s tongue and M—gr—ve’s pen remain — If thou hast yet no golden blinkers got To shade thine eyes from this devoted spot, Whose wrongs, though blazon’d o’er the world they be, Have all along are ever neglected not. Our turn while, and, though the shameick wreathes My homely harp, yet shall the song it breathes Of Ireland’s slavery, and of Ireland’s woe, Live, when the memory of her tyrant does Shall but explore all future years. 

And when my harp is dill’d and coursed by scorn, When C—si—g—gh, in sleep shall more profound Than his own opaque tongue now deals around, Shall wait thy improvement of that awful day Which even for practised hand can’t bribe away. 

Yes, my dear friend, wert thou but near me now, To see how Spring lights up on Erin’s brow Smiles that shine out, unconquerably fair, Even through the blood-marks left by C—nd—n. 

Couldst thou but see what verdure paints the sod Where tyrants and their slaves have trod, And didst thou know the spirit, kind and brave, That warms the soul of each insulted slave, 

that exclusion and injuries have hardly prevented them from being its friends. To short, nothing can be more illustrative of the condition of those arts and evidences by which a long course of cowardly injustice must be supported, than the whole history of Great Britain's conduct towards the Catholic part of her empire. 

1 The "Sella Stercoraria" of the popes. — The Right Honourable and learned Doctor will find an engraving of this chair in Spahnhem's "Doctissima Historia de Papa Fumiata" (p. 118;) and I recommend it as a model for the fashion of that seat which the Director is about to take in the privy-council of Ireland. 

2 When Innocent X. was entreated to decide the cause of the Jesuits in the Spanish Inquisition, he answered, that "he had been a la vie, and had therefore nothing to do with divinity." — It was to be wished that some of our English politicians knew their own fit element as well as Pope Innocent X. 

3 Not the C—nd—n who speaks thus of Ireland — The very words, whether we aimed at the fruitfulness of the soil, the advantage of the sea, with so many commodious havens, or the natives themselves, who are warlike, ingenious, handy, and well-complexioned, self-shioned and very nimble, by reason of the climate; there is a land in many respects so happy, that Giraldus might very well say, "Na ná e had regard with more favourable eyes than ordinary the Kingdom of Zephyr." 

Who, tired with struggling, sinks beneath his lot, And seems by all but watchful France forgot — Thy heart would burn — yes, even thy Pity heart Would burn, a blooming fire, that in the pines Of the world's garden, rich in nature's charms, And fill'd with social souls and vigorous arms, Should be the victim of that canting crew, So smooth, so godly — yet so devilish too; Who, armed, not once with prayer-books and with whips, 

Blood on their hands, and Scripture on their lips, 

4 The example of toleration, which Bonaparte has held forth, will, I fear, produce no other effect than that of determining the British government to persist, from the very spirit of opposition, in their own old system of intolerance and injustice; just as the Siamese blacken their teeth, * because, as they say, "the devil has white ones." 

5 One of the unhappy results of the controversy between Protestants and Catholics, is the mutual exposure which their animations and discriminations have produced. In vain do the Protestants charge the Papists with closing the door of salvation upon others, while many of their own writings betray the same uncharitable spirit. No canon of Constance or Lateran ever damned heretics more effectually than the sixth of the Thirty-nine Articles consigns to perdition every single member of the Greek church; and I doubt not it was a narrow sense of damnation, was ever proposed in the most bigoted ed council, than that which the Calvinistic theory of predestination in the seventeenth of these Articles exhibits. It is true that no liberal Protestant inrows such exclusive opinions; that every honest clergyman must feel a pang while he subscribes to them; that some even assert the Athenian Creed be the forgery of one Vigilus Tergentis, in the beginning of the sixth century, and that eminent divines, like Justin, have not hesitated to say, "There are propositions contained in our Liturgy and Articles, which no man of common sense among us believes." But, while all this is freely conceded to Protestants; while nobody doubts its sincerity, when they declare that their articles are not essentials of faith, but a collection of opinions which have been promulgated by老太太 men, and from many of which they feel themselves justified in dissenting, while so much liberality of reception is allowed to Protestants upon their own declared and subscribed Articles of reformation, the same strange indifference should be so absolutely refused to the Catholics, upon tenets which their church has uniformly resisted and condemned, in every country where it has indecisively flourished. When the Catholics say, "The Decree of the Council of Lateran, which you object to us, has no claim whatever upon either our faith or our reason; it did not even profess to contain any doctrinal decision, but was merely a judicial proceeding of that assembly; and it would be unjust for us to require a negative decision from the Protestants, because their first pope, Henry VIII., was sanctioned in an indulgence of that propriety, as for you to conclude that we have interred a king-deposing taxe from the acts of the Council of Lateran, or the severe sentences of our Papal Incomers. With respect, too, to the Decree of the Council of Constance, upon the strength of which you accuse us of breaking faith with heretics, we do not hesitate to pronounce that Decree a calumnious forgery, a forgery, too, so obvious and ill-fabricated, that none but our enemies have ever ventured to give it the slightest credit for authenticity. When the Catholics make these declarations (and they are almost weary with making them,) when they show, too, by their conduct, that these declarations are sincere and their feelings are no more regulated by the absurd decrees of old councils and popes, than their science is influenced 

* See l'His chie Naturelle et Polit. du Royaume de Siam, &c. 

1 Structures on the Articles, Subscriptions, &c.
INTOLERANCE.

Tyrrants by creed, and torturers by text,
Make this life hell, in honour of the next!
Your R—des—ies, P—re—s—ies, are—great, glorious Heaven.

If I'm presumptuous, Ite my tongue forgiven,
When I be aware, by your soul's hope of rest,
I'd rather have been born, e e man was blast
With the pure dawn of Revelation's light.
Yes,—rather plume me back in pagan night,
And take my change with Socrates and Bucephalus.
Then be the Christian of a faith like this,
Which builds on heavenly cant its earthly air,
And in a convert curious to lose a prey;
Which, cramming human hearts with drible hold,—
Luke Danae's lover mixing gold and gold,4—

by the papal anathema against that Irishman 5 who
first found out the Antipopes,—is it not strange that so
many still willfully distrust what every good man is so
much interested in believing?

That so many should prefer the dark-lambent of the 13th century to the sun-
shine of intellect which has since overspread the world, and that every dabbler in theology, from Mr. Le Mesurier down to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, should dare to oppose the rubbish of Constance,
which still mocketh, and the kites and triumphs of justice, generosity, and truth?

1 In a singular work, written by one Franciscus Collius, "upon the souls of the Pagans," the author declares, with much coldness and emotion, all the probable chances of salvation open to which a heathen philosopher might calculate. Consivus to predict: without much difficulty, Plato, Socrates, &c., the only sage at whose fate he seems to hesitate is Pythagoras, in consideration of his golden thigh, and the many miracles which he performed. But, having balanced a little his claims, and finding reason to father all these miracles on the devil, he at length, in the twenty-fifth chapter, decides upon damning him also. (De Animabus Pagorum, lib. iv. cap. 20 and 25.) The poet Dante comprises the manner, in the Paza, and gives them a neutral territory or limbo of their own, where their employment, it must be owned, is not; ver: eviable.—"Senza sperre vivono in desi." Cant. iv. Among the numerous errors imputed to Origen, he is accused of having denied the eternity of future punishment; and if he be never advanced a more irrational doctrine, we may venture, I think, to for-
give him. He went so far, however, as to incline the devil himself in the general hell-delivery which he supposed would one day or other take place, and that the thing rests him rather too merciful—"Misericoradour profecto int Origenes, qui et ipsum diabolum." &c. (De Civilit. Del. lib. xxii. cap. 17.) According to St. Jerome, it was Origen's opinion, that "the devil himself, after a certain time, will be as well off as the angel Gabriel."—111 ipsum fore
galeiorem quo diabololum." (See his Epistle to Pam-
machius.) But Halcox, in his Defence of Origen, denies strongly that this learned father had any such misapprehended tenderness for the devil.

2 Mr. Fox, in his Speech on the Repeal of the Test Act (1828), thus denounces the intermixture of reli-

ion with the political constitution of a state:—

"What purpose (he asks) can it serve, except the baleful purpose of communicating and receiving con-
tamination? Under such an all-vice corruption nothing but upon the one, and slavery overwhelm the other."

Lecke, too, says of the connection between church and state, "The boundaries on both sides are fixed and immovable. He jumps heaven and earth together, the things most remote and opposite, who

mixes these two societies, which are in their original,

Virgilius, surnamed Solivagus, a native of Ireland, who
mainly, in the 8th century, the doctrine of the Antipodes, and was anathatised accordingly by the Pope. John Scottus Erigena, another Irishman,
was the first that ever wrote against transubstantiation.

Corrupts both state and church, and makes an oath
The knave and atheist's passport into both;
Which, while it dooms dissenting souls to know
No bliss above nor liberty below.
Adds the slave's suffering to the sinner's fear,
And, lest he scope hereafter, racks him here.2

end, business, and in every thing, perfectly distinct
and infinitely different from each other."

The corruptions introduced into Christianity may
be dated from the period of its establishment under
Constantine, nor could all the splendour which it then
acquired alone for the peace and purity which it
lost.

3 There has been, after all, quite as much toler-
ance among Papists as among Pagans. According
to the hackneyed quotation—

Innumera intra marcas pecatum et extra.

Even the great champion of the Reformation, Mel-
 anchthon, whom Lortin calls "a divine of much mild-
ness and good-nature," thus expresses his approbation of the burning of Servetus:—"Legs (he says to Bollin-
ger) que de Serveti blasphemiis et libidinibus et peccati-
ac je sudah estra probo. Juden etiam senatum Genevensium recte ficebe, quod hominem pertamac
et non consummabit blasphemiis sustinut; ac moratus
esse qui se reverentiam illam impedienda.'—I have
great pleasure in contrasting with these "mild and
good-natured" sentiments the following words of the
Pope Pius V., in addressing his friend Courting:

"Interim amicum, me Courting, et taneti diversas
opiniones mueun in causis religiosis, mundum tamen
divinitus se secons, qui cadit litterarum studio secta

Hume tells us that the Commons, in the beginning
of Charles the First's reign, "attacked Montague, one
of the King's commissaries, on a speech which he had
lately composed, and which, to their great disgust, saved virtuous Catholics, as well as other Christians, from eternal torments."—In the same manner, a complaint was lodged before the Lords of the Council against an excellent writer Hooker, for having, in a Sermon against Popery, attempted to save many of his Popish ancestors for ignorance.

To these examples of Protestant toleration I shall
begin to oppose the following extract from a letter of
old Roger Ascham the former of which is preserved among the Harrington Papers, and
was written in 1666, to the Earl of Leicester, com-
plaining of the Archbishop Young, who had taken
away his prebend in the church of York:—"Master
Bourne 6 did never grieve me half so much, as Mr.
Dudley and the Bishop of York do, in taking away my right. No bishop in Q. Mary's time would have so dealt with me; nor Mr. Bourne himself, when Wincumber lived, burst have so dealt with me for so much good estimation. These days even the learned and wise men as Gardener and Cardwell Culler, made of my poor service, that although they knew perfectly that in religion, both by open writings and private talks, I was contrary unto them; yet when Sir Francis Englefield by name did pole me specially at the council-board, Gardener
would not suffer me to be called thither, nor butched otherwise, utter some words of me in a letter, as, though letters cannot, I blush to write them to your lordship. Who, being as he was, and being well, but he did in deed that for me, whereby my wife and children shall live the better when I am gone." (See Nume Antiquus, vol. 1, pp. 98, 99.)—If men who acted thus were bigots, what shall we call Mr. Po—""In Sutcliffe's "Survey of Popery" there occurs the

* Sir John Bourne, Principal Secretary of State to Queen Mary.

† By Gardener's favor Ascham long held his fel-

lowship, though not resident.
INTOLERANCE.

But no—far other faith, far clearer beam
Of heavenly light warms the Christian's dream.

The creed is written on Mercy's page above,
By pure hands of all-dying Love;

He yearns to see abused Religion twine
Round Tyranny's coarse brow her wreath divine;

And while around he sees and naiveté raise
To the one God their varying notes of praise,
Blesses each voice, whatever its tone may be,
That serves to swell the general harmony.

Such was the spirit, gentle, grandly bright,
That fill'd, oh Fox! thy peacefull soul wi light;

While free and spacious as that ambient air
Which folds our planet in its circling care,
The mighty sphere of thy transparent mind Embraced the world, and breathed for all mankind.

Last of the great, farewell!—yet not the last—
Though Britain's sun-burne hour with thee be past,
Ierne still one ray of glory gives,
And feels but half thy loss while Grattan lives.

APPENDIX.

To the foregoing Poem, as first published, were subjoined, in the shape of a Note, or Appendix, the following remarks on thediscovery of a MS. Copy of Ireland's History in the British Museum. This fragment was originally intended to form part of a Preface to the Irish Melodies; but afterwards for some reason which I do not now recollect, was thrown aside.

Our history, for many centuries past, is creditable neither to our neighbours nor ourselves, and ought not to be read by any Irishman who wishes either to love England, or desire the good of the country. The loss of Independence very early debased our character; and our feuds and rebellions, though frequent and ferocious, but seldom displayed that generous spirit of enterprise with which the pride of an independent monarchy so long dignified the struggles of Scotland. It is true this island has given birth to heroes who, under more favourable circumstances, might have left in the hearts of their countrymen recollections as dear as those of Bruce or a Wallace; but success was wanting to promote reparation. Their cause was handicapped with the deplorably name of treachery, and their oppressed country was such a blank among nations, that, like the adventures of these woods which Rinaldo wished to explore, the fame of their actions was lost in the obscurity of the place where they achieved them.

following assertion:—"Papists, that positively hold the heretical and false doctrine of the modern church of Rome, cannot possibly be saved."—As a contrast to this and other specimens of Protestant liberality, which it would be much more easy than pleasant to collect, I refer my reader to the Declaration of Le Pere Courrier;—doubting not that, while he reads the sentiments of this pious man upon toleration, he will feel inclined to exclaim with Wesley, "Blush, ye Protestant bigots! and be confounded at the comparison of your own wretched and malignant prejudices with the generous and enlarged ideas, the noble and animated language of this Popish priest."—Essays, xxvii. p. 86.

1 Aristot. canto iv.
2 See Warre's History of Ireland, vol. 1. book ix.
3 Statius, Thebaid, lib. xii.
4 "A sort of civil excommunication" (says Gibbon), which separated them from their fellow-citizens by a peculiar brand of infamy; and this declaration of the extreme magnitude of the offense was intended to make the excommunication, of its effects, a species of positive punishments. The statutes were gradually disguised for the punishment of honourable or lucrative employments. And Theodoreus was satisfied with his own justice when he decreed, that as the Christians distinguished the nature of the Son from that of the Father, they should be incapable of making their wills, or of receiving any advantage from testamentary donations."

Hence it is that the annals of Ireland, through a lapse of six hundred years, exhibit not one of those shining names, not one of those themes of national pride, from which poetry borrows her noblest inspirations; and that history, which ought to be the royal garden of the Muse, yields no growth to her in this hapless island but cypress and weeds. In truth, the poet who would embellish his song with allusions to Irish names and events, must be contented to seek them in those early periods when our character was yet unsoiled and original, before the impure craft of our conquerors had divided, weakened, and disgraced us. The sole traits of heroism, indeed, which he can venture at this day to commemorate, are, either with safety to himself, or honour to his country, are to be looked for in those ancient times when the native monarchs of Ireland displayed and fostered virtues worthy of a better age; when our Malaiches wore around their necks a star of gold which they had won in single combat from the invaders; and our Bramus deserved and won the warm affections of a people by exhibiting all the most estimable qualities of a king.

It may be said that the magic of tradition has shed a charm over this remote period, to which it is in reality the name given by the repetition of the pictures, which we dwell on so fondly, of days when this island was distinguished amidst the gloom of Europe, by the sanctity of her morals, the spirit of her Kinsghood, and the polish of her schools, are little more than the inventions of a curious partiality,—that bright but spurious offspring which vanity engenders upon ignorance, and with which the first records of every people are bound. But the sceptic is scarcely to be envied who would pause for stronger proofs than we already possess of the famous age of Ireland; for the veracity of all these proofs surrendered, yet who would not fly to such flattering fictions from the sad degenerating truths which the history of later times presents to us?

The language of sorrow, however, is, in general, best suited to our Music, and with themes of this nature the poet may be amply supplied. There is scarcely a page of our annals that will not furnish him a subject, and while the national Muse of other countries adorns them with temples and shrines, what has been the past, in Ireland her melancholy altar, like the shrine of Pity at Athens, is to be known only by the tears that are shed upon it; "lacrymis altae subdant."

There is a well-known story, related of the Antiochans under the reign of Theodoreus, which is not only honourable to the powers of music in general, but which applies so peculiarly to the mournful melodies of Ireland that I cannot resist the temptation of introducing it here. The pious of the dying would have been admirable, had it not been taken with intolerance; but under his reign was. I believe, first set the example of a disqualifying penal code enacted by Christians against Christians. Whether his interference with the religion of the Antiochians had any
THE SCEPTIC.

The Sceptical Philosophy of the Ancients has been no less misrepresented than the Epicurean. Pyrrho may perhaps have carried it to rather an irrational excess; but we must not believe, with Beattie, all the absurdities impputed to this philosopher; and it appears to me that the doctrines of the school, as explained by Sextus Empiricus, are far more suited to the wants and infirmities of human reason, as well as more conducive to the mild virtues of humanity and patience, than any of those systems of philosophy which preceded the introduction of Christianity. The Sceptics may be said to have held a middle path between the Dogmatists and Academicers; the former of whom boasted that they had attained the truth, while the latter denied that any attainable truth existed. The Sceptics, however, without either asserting or denying its existence, professed to be neither more decided nor anxiously in search of it; or, as St. Augustine expresses it, in his liberal tract against the Manicheans, "nemo nostrum dicat: iam scion. invenisse veritatem, sic autem quaeramus quasi ah urticae hispica ur." From this habit of impartial investigation, and the necessity which it imposed upon them, of studying not only every system of philosophy, but every art and science, which proceeded to lay its basis in truth, they necessarily took a wider range of erudition, and were far more travelled in the regions of philosophy than those whom conviction or bigotry had domesticated in any particular system. It required all the learning of dogmatism to overthrow the dogmatism of learning; and the Sceptics may be said to resemble, in this respect, the Ancients of the Sophists, who stole from the altar the fire with which he destroyed the temple. This advantage over all the other sects is allowed to them even by Lipsius, who treatise on the miracles of the Virgin Halswell will sufficiently save him from all suspicion of scepticism. "I labore. M. Lipsius, qui suntem. "Quid nonem omnia alioque secta te demumemor et inquirere, ut potuerit retellere? res dioc. Nonne


Between the scepticism of the ancients and the moderns the great difference is, that the former doubted for the purpose of investigating, as may be exemplified by the third book of Aristotle's Metaphysics, 5 while the latter investigate for the purpose of doubting, as may be seen through most of the philosophical works of Hume. 6 Indeed, the Pyrrhonism of latter days is not only more subtle than that of antiquity, but it must be confessed, more dangerous in its tendency. The happiness of a Christian depends so essentially upon his belief, that it is but natural he should feel alarm at the progress of doubt, lest it should steal by degrees into that region from which he is most interested in excluding it, and poison last the very spring of his consolation and hope. Still, however, the power of doubt should not deter him from a philosophical mind from indulging mildly and rationally in its use; and there is nothing, surely, more consistent with the meek spirit of Christianity, than that humble scepticism which professes not to extend its distrust beyond the circle of human scruples, and the pretense of human knowledge. A follower of this school may be among the readiest to admit the claims of a superintending Intelligence upon his faith and adoration: it is only to the wisdom of this weak world that he refers, or at least delays his assent:—it is only in passing through the shadows of earth that his mind undergoes the eclipse of scepticism. No follower of Pyrrho has ever spoken more strongly against the Dogma in either St. Paul himself, in the First Epistle to the Corinthians, that "It is not well that the know any parts of Scripture, which justify our utmost difference in all that human reason originated. Even the

4 See Martin Schoockins de Sceptismo, who endeavours, weakly, I think, to refute this opinion of Lipsius.

5 Vini de tunc eo procopos mathematos ponti- gos in lib. paral. omnes in testam. — Metaphys. lib. iii. cap. 1.

6 Neither Hume, however, nor Berkeley, are to be judged by the misrepresentations of Beattie, whose book, however amably intended, puts forth so unphilosophical an appeal to popular feelings and prejudices, as is a continued petitio principii throughout.
The Sceptic.

As the gay find, that decks the vernal rose; 1
Not in the flower, but in our vision glows;
As the ripe flavour of Falerian tides
Not in the wine, but in our taste resides.

Seven, in heartfelt tribute, we declare
That Maron's honest and that Susan's fair,
'Tis in our minds, and not in Susan's eyes
Or Maron's life, the worry or beauty lies:
For she, in flow'red China, would appear
As plain a thing as Lady Anne is here;
And one light joke at rich Lorenzo's dome
Would rank good Marco with the dam'd at Rome.

There's no deformity so vile, so bare,
That 'tis not somewhere thought a charm, a grace;
No foul reproach, that may not seal a hem
From other suns, to bleach it to esteem. 2

Bishop Berkeley, it is well known, extended this doctrine even to primary qualities, and supposed that matter itself has but an ideal existence. But, how are we to apply his theory to that period which preceded the formation of man, when our system of sensible things was produced, and the sun shone, and the waters flowed, without any sentient being to witness them? The spectator, whom Whiston supposes, will scarcely solve the difficulty: "To speak my mind freely," says he, "I believe that the wisest was there actually present."—See Whiston, of the Mosaic Creation.

Boetius employs this argument of the Sceptics among his compulsory reflections upon the emptiness of fame. "Quid quid divinarum gentium sive nostrorum inter se atque insitutis discordans, ut good athus et alio, quod alio supplex dignum judicatur?"—Lib. ii. prosa. 7. Many amusing instances of diversity, in the tastes, manners, and morals of different nations, may be found throughout the works of that amusing Sceptic Le Mothe le Vayer. —See his Opuscule Sceptique, his Treatise "De la Seete Sceptique," and, above all, those Dialogues, not to be found in his works, which he published under the name of Horác.

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Ask, who is wise? — you'll find the self same man
A sage in France, a madman in Japan;
And these some head beneath a Noise swells,
Which there had tingled in a cap and bells:
Nor may these yet some monstrous regimen,
Unknown to Cato and to Napoleon, triun,
Where Cæs—or—uh would for a patriot pass,
And nothing M— we scarce he deemed an ass 3

"List not to reason" (Epicurus cries),
But trust the senses, there conviction lies. 4
Also they judge not by a pure light,
Nor keep their fountains more untange and bright.
But dost so mark them, that the Russian Swan
Will sigh for tran-oil, while he sis Champagne;
And health so rules them, that a fever heat
Would make even Sh—d—a think water sweet,

Just as the mind the erring sense 3 believes,
The erring mind, in turn, the sense deceives;

Tius Tiberi.—The chief object to those writings of Le Vayer (and it is a blemish which may be felt also in the Esprit des Lois), is the suspicious obscurity of the sources from whence he frequently draws his instances, and the indiscriminate use made by him of the lowest populace of the library,—those lying travellers, and wandering authors, of whom Shaftesbury, in his Advice to an Author, complains, as having lend'd in his own time to the diffusion of a very shallow and vicious sort of scepticism. —Vol. i. p. 582. The Periphrasm of Le Vayer, by wea'er, is of the most ineffectual and puerile kind; and Volney, the author of Scepticus, De tella us, exempts him specially in the declaration of war which he denounces against the other armed neutrals of the sect, in consideration of the orthodox limits within which he confines his credulity.

4 This was the creed also of those modern Epicureans, whom Ninon de l'Enclos collected about her in the Rue des Tournelles, and whose object seems to have been to decry the faculty of reason, as tending only to embarrass our wholesome use of pleasures, without enabling us in any degree, to avoid their abuse. Madame des Houlivres, the fair pupil of Des Barreux, in the arts of poetry and galantry, has devoted most of her verses to this laudable purpose, and is even such a determined false to reason, that, in one of her pastoral, she congratulates her sheep on the want of it. St Evremont speaks thus upon the subject:

"Un melange incertain d'esprit et de matiere,
Nous fait vivre avec trop ou trop peu de lumiere.
Nature,elveons a la chas des ages,
Ou nous abusons nous serve des simples animaux." 5

Which may be thus paraphrased:

Had man been made at nature's birth,
Of only flame or only earth,
Had he here found a perfect whole,
Of purely that, or grossly this,
Then sense would never be clouded soul,
Nor soul restrain'd the sense's souls.
Oh happy, had his light been strong,
Or else he never shew'd aibusious heart,
Which shone so short to show he's wrong,
But not enough to lead him right.

8 See, among the fragments of Petronius, those verses beginning "Fallunt nos octu," &c. The most sceptical of the ancient poets was Epicurus; and it would I think, puzzle the whole school of Pyrrho to produce a doubt more startling than the following:

'Th e d' ote in e y w , ou l ' o y e k e e e k a e n a n e l ,
To y e de v a i s e n e s t e ."
And cold disgust can find but wrinkles there,  
When he who fancies all the sweets smooth and fair.  
P. * * * * ; who sees upon his pillow hard,  
A face for which ten thousand pounds were paid,  
Can tell, how quark before a jury likes  
The spell that huck'd the warm seducer's eyes.  

Self is the medium through which Judgment's ray  
Can seldom pass without being turn'd astray.  
The smith of Ephorus 1 thought Dam's shrine  
By him, true to the most thing, the most divine;  
And ev'th the true Luthi seems not half so true,  
When look'd with one good living as with two.  
Had W.—c—t first been pension'd by the throne,  
Kings would have suffered by his praise alone;  
And where she prays, for something ang 'st the year,  
And laugh'd, like W.—l—s—i—ey, at all Rights of Man.  

But it's not only individual minds,—  
Whole nations, too, the same delusion binds.  
The old England, hot from Denmark's sea,  
Turns up her eyes at Gratia's guilty deeds;  
Thus self-pleas'd still, the same dishonouring chain  
She binds in Ireland, she would break in Spain;  
While prawn'd at distance, but at home hurled,  
Rebels in Cork are patriots at Madrid.  

If Groteschi be thy guide, shut, shut the book,—  
In force alone for Laws of Nations look.  
Let ship-eyes and whiting. D'andany dwell  
On equal rights, with Groteschi and Vattel,  
C—t—b—s pirate code alone appears  
Sound moral sense to England and Algiers.  

Woe to the Sceptic, in these party days,  
Who waits to neither shrive his prides of praise!  
For him no pension pours its annual fruits,  
No fertile sanguine spontaneous shoots;  
No's the mean that crown'd Don H.—k—m's rhyme;  
No's the rage e'en, in dreams of future time.  
Those shadowy forms of sleek revisions rise,  
So dear to Snatch's second-sighted eyes.  
Yet who, that looks to History's damning leaf,  
Where Whig and Tory, thou' best opposed to thee,  
Then the Sceptic distrusts in the life  
White Freedom's form holds trucked between—  
Who, B.—r—d—t, who such rival rogues can see,  
But dies from both to Honesty and thee?  

If weary of the world's bewildering maze,  
Hopeless of finding, through its weedy ways,  

Middle Academy; and how closely these resembled the tenets of the Sceptics, may be seen even in Sextus Empiricus (ib. i. cap. 33.), who, with all his distinctions, can scarcely prove any difference. It appears strange that Empiricus should have been a dogmatist; and his natural temper must probably have led him to the reverse of scepticism, had not the Stuarts, by their violent opposition to his doctrines, compelled him to be as obstinate as themselves. Plutarch, indeed, in reporting some of his opinions, represents him as having delivered them with considerate hesitation. — Επικοσλος ουν αυτοψιασματων, ατυρων, ετσιαν τουν. — De Placit. Philosoph. ib. ii. cap. 13. See also the 21st and 23rd chapters. But that the leading characteristics of the sect were self-sufficiency and disdain, appears from what Cicero says of Velleius, De Natur. Deor. — "Tum Velleius, hicuertere sine, ut solent isti, nihil tam veres quam duobus aliquae de re videtur."  

1 Acts, chap. xix. 4 For a certain man named Demetrius, a silversmith, which made silver shrines for Diana, brought against him unto the chief国务者.  
2 Those two thieves," says Ralph, "between whom the nation is crucified." — Use and Abuse of Parliament.  
3 The agitation of the ship is one of the chief difficulties which impede the discovery of the longitude at sea; and the tumult and hurry of life are equally  

One flower of truth, the busy crowd we shun,  
And to the shades of tranquil learning run,  
How many a doubt pursues! how oft we sigh,  
When histories chain, to think that histories lie!  
That all are grave romances, at the best,  
And M. — -—s—s—e—s—but more luscious than the rest.  
— Sir Toby Fy沫's seductive passages, indeed,  
We fancy Charles was just and Strafford mild; 6  
And Fox himself, with party pencil, draws  
Moumoum a hero, "for the good old cause."  
Then, rights and wrongs, and victories are decisive,  
As French or English pride the English Liverpoole;  
And, when they tell Corunna's story o'er,  
They'll disagree in all, but honours Moore:  
Nay, future pens, to flatter future courts,  
May cite perhaps the Park-guns' say reports,  
To prove that England triumph'd on the wave  
Which found her Juno's jest and Europe's scorn.  

In science, too—how many a system, raised  
Like Neux's noisy doves, and while hath blazed  
With lights of fancy and with forms of pride,  
Then, melting, mingled with the obvious tide  
New Earth usurps the centre of the sky,  
New Newton puts the pastray planet by;  

unfavourable to that calm level of mind which is necessary to an inquirer after truth.  
In the mean time, our modest Sceptic, in the absence of truth, contents himself with probabilities, resembling to some extent the respect of Feuererpe, who, on finding that they could not possess the mistress herself, very wisely resolved to put up with her maids; τῇ Ἠρωδίᾳ πλησίαν μὴ ἐνεμαχομένη, ταύτας ταυτὰς εἰς τὸν ἐφισταμένον. — Plutarch, Πίτρ Πατριάρχος.  

See a curious work, entitled "Reflections upon Learning," which is the plan of Agrippa's De Vanitate Scientiarum, but much more honestly and skillfully executed.  
2 This historian of the Irish rebellions has narrated even its predecessor in the same task, Sir John Temple, for whose character with respect to veracity the reader may consult Carter's Collection of O'Nolan's Original Papers, p. 207. See also Dr. Nelson's account of him, in the introduction to the second volume of his Historic Collect.  
6 He defends Strafford's conduct as "innocent and even laudable." In the same spirit, speaking of the arbitrary powers of the Star Chamber, he says,—  
"The severity of the Star Chamber, which was generally ascribed to Laud's passionate disposition, was, perhaps, in itself, somewhat blamable."  
7 That flexibility of temper and opinion, which the habits of scepticism are so calculated to produce, are thus pleaded for by Mr. Fox, in the very sketch of Moumoum to which I allude; and this part of the picture the historian may be thought to have drawn from himself. "One of the most conspicuous features in his character seems to have been a remarkable, and, as some think, a culpable degree of flexibility. That such a disposition is preferable to its opposite extreme will be admitted by all, who think that modesty, even in excess, is more nearly allied to wisdom than censure and self-sufficiency. He who has attentively considered the perplexity, or indeed the general condition of life, may possibly go still further and may rank a willingness to be convinced, or, in some cases even without conviction, to concede our own opinion to that of other men, among the principal ingredients in the composition of practical wisdom." — It is not to observe, however, that the Sceptic's reeducation of conceit arises rather from uncertainty than conviction, more from a suspicion that his own opinion may be wrong, than from any conviction that the opinion of his adversary is right. It may be said that the courteous and sceptical formulas, with which the Dutch were accustomed to reply to the statements of ambassadors. See Lloyd's State Writings, ed. Sir Thomas Wyatt.
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Non amis invenies descartes's i pen, Which now, assidul Locke's, expire agiain. And when, perhaps, in pride of cheimic powers, We think the keys of Nature's kingdom ours, Some laivy's face touch the dream untaketh, And turns at once our alakia into facts. Or, should we return, in metaphysic maze, Thought fair-huilt, the alchemist's guide, Tramplest triumphant through our back rebrown, Nor leaves one grace, one glory of his own. Oh, Learning, whatsoever thy pompt and brast, Unletter'd minds have taught and carnh'd man most. The rude, unmost Columbus was our guide To worlds, which learned Laclantus had denied: And one wild Shakspeare, following Nature's lights, Is worth whole worlds, still'd with stagridges. See grace Theology, when once she strays From Revelation's path, what tricks she plays: What various heav'ns, all fit for bards to sing— Have churchmen dream'd, from Papas down to King 4. 1 Descartes, who is considered as the parent of modern scepticism, says, that there is nothing in the whole range of philosophy which does not admit of two opposite opinions, and which is not involved in doubt and uncertainty. "In Philosophia nihil adhuc reperiri, de quo non in urbiu tramue disputatur, hoc est, quod non sit ictum tam ut dulium," Gassendi is likewise to be added to the list of modern Sceptics, and Wedderburn, in his Dissertation "De Sceptico profano et sacro," (Argentorat. 1666), has denounced Erasmus also, as a follower of Pyrrho, for his opinions upon the Trinity, and some other subjects. To these if we add the names of Bayle, Malebranche, Dryden, Locke, &c. &c., I think there is no one who need be ashamed of doubting in each company. 2 See this gentleman's Academic Questions. 3 Papas lived about the time of the apostles, and is supposed to have given birth to the heresy of the While hell itself, in India sought but smoke, & In Spain's a furnace, and in France — a joke. Hail, modest ignorance, thou goal and prize, Thou last, best knowledge of the simply wise! Hail, humble Doubt, when error's waves are past, How sweet to reach thy shelter'd port at last, And, there, by changing sides nor hied nor awed, Smile at the battling winds that roar abroad. There gentle Charity, who knew it how frail The bark of Vir ne, even in summer's gale, Sits by the nightly fire, whose beacon glows For all who wander, who her friends or foes. There Faith retains and keeps her white sail far'd, Till call'd to spread it for a better world; While patience, watching on the weedy shore, And, mutely waiting till the storm be o'er, Often turns to hope, who still directs her eye To some blue spot, just breaking in the sky? Such are the mid, the best associates given To hior who doubts, — and trusts in nought but Heaven! Chilastem, whose heaven was by no means of a spiritual nature, but rather an anticipation of the Prophet of Her's elysium. See Enulius, Hist. Ecclesiast. lib. iii. cap. 33., and Hieronymus, de Scriptor, Ecclesiast. From all I can find in these authors concerning Papas, it seems hardly fair to impute to him these gross imaginations in which the believers of the coming millennium indulged. 4 King, in his Morals of Criticism, vol. i., supposed the man to be the receptacle of blessed spirits. 5 The Indians call hell "the House of Smoke." See Piscot upon the Religion of the Hindus. The reader who is curious about Indian matters, may be edified by consulting Rusca de Insensu, particularly lib. ii. cap. 7, 8., where he will find the precise sort of fire ascribed in which wicked spirits are to be burned hereafter. 6 "Clerc Sceptique, doce pature de mon ame, et l'unique port de salut a un esprit qui aime le reposer" — La Mothe le Vayer.

TWOPENNY POST-BAG.

BY THOMAS BROWN THE YOUNGER.

Dedication.

TO STEPHEN WOOLRICH, ESQ.

My Dear Woolriche, — It is now about seven years since I promised (and I grieve to think it is almost as long since we met) to dedicate to you the very first Book, of whatever size or kind, I should publish. Who could have thought that so many years would elapse, without my giving the least sighs of life upon the subject of this important promise? Who could have imagined that a volume of doggerel, after all, would be the first offering that Gratitude would lay upon the shrine of Friendship? If you continue, however, to be as much interested about me and my pursuits as formerly, you will be happy to hear that doggerel is not my only occupation; but that I am preparing to throw my name to the Swans of the Temple of Immortality, leaving it, of course, to the said Swans to determine, whether they ever will take the trouble of picking it from the stream.

1 Ariosto, caelo 35.
about the sweet-dag of a bee," those venerable Sup-
prospects, almost in sight with each other for the bonier
and delight of first rival the Post-Bag. Unluckily,
however, it turned out, upon examination, that the dis-
coveries of profanity which it enabled them to make,
lay chiefly in those upper regions of society, which
their well-beloved relations forbid them to meddle in. — In
consequence, they gained but very few victims by their prize, and, after lying for a week or two under Mr. Hutchard's counter, the Bag, with its violated contents, was sold for a triffe to a friend of mine.

It happened that I had but just then seized with an
ambition (having never tried the shrug of my writing
but in a Newspaper) to publish something or other in
the shape of a Book; and it occurred to me that, the
present being such a letter-writing era, a few of these
Twopenny-Post Epistles, turned into easy verse, would
be as light and popular a task as I could possibly select
for a commencement. I did not, however, think it
prudent to give too many Letters at first; and, accord-
ingly, have been obliged (in order to eke out a suffi-
cient number of pages) to reprint some of those trifles,
which had already appeared in the public journals.
As in the battles of ancient times, the shades of the
departed were sometimes seen among the combatsants,
so I thought I might preserve oneself the likeness of
new minds, by conjuring up a few dead and forgotten
ephemerae to fill them.

Such are the motives and accidents that led to the
present publication; and as this is the first time my
Muse has ventured out of the hour-papier, though I feel as all a parent's delight at seeing
little Miss go alone, I am also not without a parent's
anxiety, lest an unlucky fall should be the consequence of the experiment; and I need not point out how
many living instances might be found of those expedients
which have sufficed very severely in their heads, from
taking rather too early and rashly to their feet. Besides,
a Book is so very different a thing from a Newspaper!
— in the former, your doggerel, without either com-
pany or shelter, must stand shivering in the middle of
a bleak page by itself; whereas, in the latter, it is
comfortably backed by ad-vertisements, and has some-
times even a Speech of Mr. St.-ph-n's, or something
equally warm, for a chauffeur — so that, in
general, the very reverse of "hauturat et alget" is its
descriptive and animating characteristic.

Ambition, however, must run some risks; and I shall
be very well satisfied if the reception of these few Letters, should have the effect of sending me
to the Post-Bag for more.

PREFACE

TO THE FOURTEENTH EDITION.

BY A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR.

In the absence of Mr. Brown, who is at present on a tour through — I feel myself called upon, as
his friend, to notice certain misconceptions and mis-
representations, to which this little volume of Trifles
has given rise.

In the first place, it is not true that Mr. Brown has
had any accomplices in the work. A note, indeed,
which has hitherto accompanied his Preface, may
very naturally have been the origin of such a supposi-
tion. But the note, which was merely the c-posure of
an author, I have, in the present edition, taken upon
myself to remove, and Mr. Brown must therefore be
considered (like the mother of that unique production,
the Centaur, μην καθεν μηνον) as alone responsible for
the whole content of the volume, of Muses that

In the next place it has been said, that in conse-
quence of this graceless little book, a certain distin-

guished Personage prevailed upon another distinguished
Personage to withdraw from the author that notice
and kindness with which he had so long and so liber-
ally honoured him. In this story there is not one
syllable of truth. For the magnanimity of the former
of these personages is too well known to need to be
mentioned; and as for the latter of them, I have a proud gratification in declaring, that it
has never ceased to be such as he must remember with indelible gratitude; — a gratitude the more
cheerful and warmly paid, from its not being a debt in-
curred solely on his own account, but for kindness
shared with those nearest and dearest to him.

To the charge of being an Irishman, poor Mr.
Brown pleads guilty; and I believe it must also be
acknowledged that he comes of a Roman Catholic
family: an avowal which I am aware is decisive of
his utter repugnance, in the eyes of those exclusive
patronizes of Christianity, so worthy to have been
the followers of a certain enlightened Bishop, Donaz,2
who held "that God is in Africa and not elsewhere." But
from all this it does not necessarily follow that
Mr. Brown is a Papist; and, indeed, I have the
strongest reasons for suspecting that they, who say so,
are somewhat mistaken. Not that I presume to have
been acquainted with the mind of Mr. Brown, or
All I profess to know of his orthodoxy is, that he has a Pro-
testant wife and two or three little Protestant children,
and that he has been seen at church every Sunday, for
a whole year together, listening to the sermons of his
truly revered and venerable Father, Mr. Brown, — and
behaving there as well and as ordinariness as most people.

There are yet a few other mistakes and falsehoods
about Mr. Brown, to which I had intended, with all
becoming gravity, to advert; but I begin to think the
matter is quite as useless and is found to be the
representations and calumnies of the sort are, like the argu-
ments and statements of Dr. Duigenan, — not at all
the less vivacious or less serviceable to their fabricators,
for having been refuted and disproved a thousand

times over. They are brought forward again, and
new, whenever justice or stupidity may be in want of
them; and are quite as useful as the old broken
lantern, in Fielding's Amelia, which the watchman
always keeps ready by him, to produce, in proof of
rious conduct, against his victim. I shall therefore
give up the futile task of vindication, and would
even draw my pen over what I have already written,
had I not promised to furnish my publisher with a
Preface, and know not how else I could contrive to
e it out.

I have added two or three more trifles to this edi-
tion, which I found in the Morning Chronicle, and
knew to be from the pen of my friend. The rest of
the volume remains in its original state.

April 20, 1814.

INTERCEPTED LETTERS, ETC.

LETTER I.

FROM THE PR—NC—SS CH—RL—E OF W—L—S TO THE LADY E—BE—A
ASH—Y.3

2 Bishop of Casae Nigræ, in the fourth century.

3 A masthead reading has been suggested in the original of the Ode of Euripides, freely translated by Lord Eld-

4 I merely throw out this emendation for

5 This young lady, who is a Roman Catholic, had
My dear Lady Bab, you'll be shocked, I'm afraid;
When you hear the sad rumour your Ponies have made.
Since the time of horse-consuls (now long out of date),
No page ever made such a stir in the state.
Lord Eld—first heard—and as instantly pray'd he
To me, his friend—Is not this a Popish young Lady
(For though you've bright eyes and twelve thousand a year,
It is still but too true you're a Papist, my dear.)
Had insidiously sent, by a tall Irish groomsman.
Two priest-ridden Ponies, just landed from Rome,
And so full, little rouses, of pontifical tricks,
That the doss of St. Paul's was scarce safe from their kicks.

Off at once to Papa, in a hurry he flies—
For Papa always does what these statesmen advise,
On condition that they'll be, in turn, so polite
As in no case whatever to advise him too right—
"Pretty doings are here, Sir (the angrily cries,
While by dint of dark eyebrows he strives to look wise)—"
"'Tis a scheme of the Romanists, so help me God!"
"To ride over your most Royal Highness tough
shod—"
"Excuse, Sir, my tears—they're from loyalty's source—"
"Bad enough 'tis for Troy to be stuck'd by a Horse,
But for us to be ruin'd by Ponies still worse!!"
Quick a Connell is call'd—the whole Cabinet sit—
The Archbishops declare, fraught'ring out of their wits,
That if once Popish Ponies should eat at my manger,
From that awful moment the Church is in danger:
As, give them but stabling, and shortly no nails
Will suit their proud nostrums but those at St. Paul's.

The Doctor, t and be, the devout man of Leather, 1—
V—is—rt—1, now having their Saint-hedds together,
Declare that these skittish young a-bdominations
Are clearly forbid in Chap. vi, Revelations—
Nay, they verily think they could point out the one
Which the Doctor's friend Death was to certain upon.

Lord H—r—h, hoping that no one imputes
To the Court any fancy to persecute brutes,
Protest, on the word of himself and his enemies.
That had these said creatures been Asses, not Ponies,
The Court would have started no sort of objection,
As Asses were, there, always sure of protection.

"If the Pr—is will keep them (says Lord C—s—-
rt—gh),"
"To make them quite harmless, the only true way
Is (a certain Chief Justices do with their wives)
To flog them within half an inch of their lives.
If they've any bad Irish blood lurking about,
This (he knew by experience) would soon draw it out."
Should this be thought cruel, his Lordship proposes
The new Veto snaffle a to bind down their noses—
A pretty contrivance, made out of old chains,
Which appears to indulge, while it doubly restrains—
Which, however high-mentilled, their gamelessness checks
"(Adds his Lordship humanely), or else breaks their necks!"

This proposal receiv'd pretty general applause
From the Statesmen around — and the neck-breaking clause

Had a vigour about it, which soon reconcile?
Even Eld—n himself to a measure so mild.
So the snaffles, my dear, were agreed to rem, con.,
And my Lord C—s—s—gh, having so often been
In the fretting line, is to buckle them on.

I shall drive to your door in these 'days some day
But, at present, adieu! — I must hurry away
To go see my Maumma, as I'm suffer'd to meet her
For just half an hour by the Qu—n's best repeater,

CH—IL—TTE.

LETTER II.

FROM COLONEL M'M—H—N TO G—LD
FR—NC—S L—C—KIE, ESQ.

Dear Sir, I've just had time to look
Into your very learned Book, 4
Wherein — as plain as man can speak,
Whose English is half modern Greek.
You prove that we can we've intermed
Our happy isles against the French,
Till Royalty in England's made
A much more independent trade; —
In short, until the House of Guelph
Lays Lords and Commons on the shelf,
And boldly sets up for itself.

All, that can well be understand
In this said Book, is vastly good;
And, as to what's uncom, chenable,
I dare be sworn 'tis full as sensible.

But, to your work's immortal credit,
The Pr—n—e, good Sir, the Pr—n—e has read it
(The only Book, him err, remarks,
Which he has, read since Mr. Clarke's.)
Last lever-morn he look'd it through,
During that awful hour or two
Of grave immortal preparation,
Which, to a bond, admiring nation,
Sends forth, announced by trumpet and drum,
The best-wag'd Pr—n—e in Christendom.

He thinks with you, th' imagination
Of partnership in legislation
Could only enter in the nozzles
Of dull and ledger-keeping twaddles,
Whose heads on fims are running so,
They ev'n must have a King and Co.,
And hence, most eloquently show forth
On checks and balances, and so forth.

But now, he trusts, we're coming near a
Far more royal, loyal era;
When England's monarch need not say,
"Whip me those scoundrels, C—s—s—gh!"
Or, "Hang me up these Papists, Eld—n,"
And it will be done — ay, faith, and well done.

With view to which, I've his command
To beg, Sir, from your travel'd hand,
(Round which the foreign grace swarne 5)
A Plan of radical Reform;
Compil'd and chas'n as best you can,
In Turkey or at Isphahan,
And quite upturning, branch and root,
Lords, Commons, and Burdett to butt.

But, pray, whatever you may impart, write
Somewhat more brief than Major C—r—g—s:

4 For an account of this extraordinary work of Mr. Leckie, see the Edinburgh Review, vol. xx.
5 "The truth indeed seems to oe, that having so long abroad a vivid idea to have lost, in a great degree, the use of his native language, Mr. Leckie has gradually come, not only to speak, but to feel, like a foreigner." — Edinburgh Review.
Else, though the Pr.—e be long in rigging,
'T would take, at least, a fortnight's waggling,—
Two wigs to every paragraph —
Before he well could get through half.

You'll send it also speedily —
As, truth to say, Twixt you and me,
His Highness, heaved by your work,
Already thinks him elf Grand Turk!
And you'll have laughed, had you seen how
Heeduct the ch.—e—ll—l just low,
When (on his Lordship's entering puff'd) he
Slapp'd his back and called him "Mufti!"

The tailors too have got commands,
To put directly into hands
All sorts of Duffins and Pouches,
With Sashes, Turbans, and Pabou ches,
(While Y—w—th's sketching out a plan
Of new Moustaches a l'Opotomone)
And all things fitting and expedient
To turkify our gracious R—g—nt!

You, therefore, have no time to waste —
So, send your system.—
Yours, in haste.  

POSTSCRIPT.

Before I send this scrawl away,
I seize a moment, just to say,
There's some parts of the Turkish system
So vulgar, 'twere as well you missed 'em.
For instance — in Sereghah matters —
Your Turk, whom grit—h foodless flattens,
Would fill his Haram (tasteless fool!) —
With tittering, red-check'd things from school.
But here (as in that farry land,
Where Love and Age wait hand in hand;
Where lips, all sixty, shed no honey,
And Granduns were worth any money),
Our Sultan his much riper notions —
So, let your list of shop—pomotions
Include those only, plump and neat,
Who've reach'd the regulation—age;
That is, (as near as one can fix
From Peerage dates) full sixty—six.

This role's for fav'rites — nothing more —
For, as to wives, a Grand Signor,
Though not decidedly without them,
Need never care one curse about them.

— — — — — —

LETTER III.

FROM O—GE PR—CE R—G—T TO THE
E—Y OF Y——TH.2

We missed you last night at the "hairy old sinner's,"
Who gave us, as usual, the cream of good dinners;
His soups scientific — his h—s quaint prime—
His pates superb — and his cutlets sublime!

1 The learned Colonel must allude here to a description of the Mysterious Isle, in the History of Abdalla.
Son of Hanif, where such inversions of the order of nature are said to have taken place.
A score of old women and the same number of old men played here and there in the court, some at chuck-faithing, others at tip-cat or at cockles. And again, "There is nothing, believe me, more engaging than those lovely wrinkles," &c. &c. See Tales of the East, vol. ii. pp. 617, 618.
2 This letter, as the reader will perceive, was written the day after a dinner given by the M—rg—s of H—d—l.

In short, 't was the snug sort of dinner to stir a
Stomachic organ in my Lord E.—h—gh,
Who sat to, to be sure, with miraculous force,
And exclaimed, between mouthfuls, "a He-Cook, of
Of course! —
"What while you live — (what there under that cover?
pray, look) —
"While you live — (I'll just taste it) — be'er keep a
She-Cook.

"Is a sound of Salic Law — (a small bit of that
of course) —
"Which ordains that a female shall use rule the
kitchen:
"For Cookery's a secret — this turtle's uncommmon)
"Like Masonry, never found out by a woman!"

The dinner, you know, was in gay celebration
Of my brilliant triumph and H—n's condemnation;
A compliment, too, to his Lordship the Judge.
For his Speech to the Jury — and sound's who would
grudge
Turtle soup, though it came to five guineas a bowl,
To reward such a loyal and complimenting soul?
We were all in high wig — Roman Punch and Tokay
Travel'd round, till our heads travel'd just the same
way;
And we d—d not for Juries or Libels — no — damme! for
Ev'n for the threats of last Sunday's Examiner!

More good things were eaten than said — but Tom
T—r—h—t
In quoting Joe Miller, you know, has some merit;
And, hearing the stol'de Jucicary Chief
Say — sa'ted with turtle — "I'll now try the beef" —
Tommy whisper'd him (giving his Lordship a sly
hit)
"I fear it will be hung-beef, my Lord, if you try it!"

And C—nd—n was there, who, that morning, had
gone
To fit his new Marquis's coronet on;
And the dish set before him — oh dish well-devise'! —
Was, 't was said, the Wish Mother Glass calls, "a calf's head
surprise?"
The brains were near Sh—r, and once had been fine.
But, of late, they had lain so long soaking in wine,
That, though we, from courtesy, still chose to eat
These brains very fine, they were no brains at all.

When the dinner was over, we drank, every one,
In a bumper, " to the venial delights of Crime. Con."
At which H—d—t with warm reminiscences gazed,
And E—h—r—h chuckled to hear himself quoted.

Our next round of toasts was a fancy quite new,
For we drank — and you I own it was ineffectual too —
To those well-meaning husbands, cits, parsons or
peers,
Whom we've, any time, honoured by courting their
deaths.
This museum of witlols was comical rather;
Old H—d—r gave M—ss—y, and I gave you t—r—h—t.

In short, not a soul till this morning would budge —
We were all fun and frolic, — and even the J—l
did aside, for the time, his juridical fashion,
And through the whole night wasn't once in a
passion!

I write this in bed, while my whiskers are a'ire,
And M—c—d has a sly dose of salad preparing
For poor T—mny T—rr— at breakfast to quaff
As I feel, I want something to give me a laugh,
And there's nothing so good as old T—mny kepick
To his Cornwall accounts, after taking a dose.

3 Colonel M'Mahon.
LETTER IV.

FROM THE RIGHT HON. P.-TR-CK
D.-GEN- N TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR
J.-HN N.-CH.-L.

Dublin.

Last week, dear N.—ch—l, making merry
At dinner with our Secretary,
When all were drunk, or pretty near
(The time for doing business here),
Says he to me, "Sweet bully Ballym!
"The Doctor says let this be hucup—no rot'em I!
"Reserve to be bepass'ter—hucup!
"With all the dirt ev'n you can pick up,
"But, as the Pr—ce (here's him to—bil—

"Hip, hip, hurrah!" is tiring still
To humbug them with kind professions,
"And, as you deal in strong expre'sions—

"Rogue"—"wteror"—hucup—and all that—
"You must be muzzled, Doctor Fun—
"You must indeed—hucup—that's flat."—

Yes—"muzzled" was the word, Sir John—
These fools have clapp'd a muzzled on
The boldest mouth that ever ran o'er
With savir of the times of yore!'
Was it for this that buck back
As far as Lateran and Trent,
To prove that they, who damn'd us the
Ought now, in turn, be damn'd again?—
There real victim still to sit.
Of Gr—t—t—n's fire and C—n—g's will,
To hear ev'n noisy M—th—w guggle on,
Nor mention once the W—c of Babylon!
Oh! it's too much—which now will be
The Nightman of No Popery?
What Courtier, Saint, or even Bishop,
Such learned filth will ever fish up?
If there among your ranks be one
To take my place, it's thou, Sir John;
Then who, like me, art dub'd Right Hon.
Like me too, a lawyer Civil
That wishes Popish at the devil.
To whom then but to thee, my friend,
Should Patrick 2 his Port-folio send?
Take it—it is thine—his learned Port-folio,
With all its theologic olio
Of Bulls, half Irritated half Roman—
Of Doctrina, now believ'd by no man—
Of Councils, held for men's salvation,
Yet always ending in damnation
(Which shows that, since the world's creation,
Your Pivets, while'ter their gentle shamming,
Have always had a taste for dunning)
And many more such pious scraps,
To prove (what we're long prov'd, perhaps)
That, mad as Christians used to be
About the Thirteenth Century,
There still are Christians to be liv'd
In this, the Nineteenth, just as mad!

Farewell—I send with this, dear N.—ch—l,
A red or two I've had in pledge
Where I h to trim old Gr—t—n's jacket.
The rest shall go by Monday's packet.

P. D.

1 This letter, which contained some very heavy
enclosures, seems to have been sent to London by a private
hand, and then put into the Two-penny Post-Office, in save trouble. See the Appendix.

2 In sending this sheet to the Pres', however, I learn
that the "muzzle" has been "taken off, and the Right Hon.'s
encyclopaedical loss.

3 A bad name for poetry; but D.—gen—o is still
worse. As Prudeus says upon a very different subject—
Toquetar Apoll
Nomine percussa.

Among the Enclosures in the foregoing Letter was the following "Unanswerable Argument against the Papists."

* * *

We're told the ancient Roman nation
Made use of spittle in instruction:
(Pude Laciantum ap. Galliæum—
I.e. you need not read but see'em.)
Now, Irish Papists, fact surprising,
Make use of spittle in baptising;
Which proves them all, O'Flina, O'Fagans,
Conmoir, and Tóisses, all downright Pagans.
This fact's enough to make me tell you
To free such sad, wretched fellows.
No, no—the man, baptiz'd with spittle,
Hath no truth in him—not a title
* * *

LETTER V.

FROM THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF C.—R K
TO LADY—.

My dear Lady—I've been just sending out
About five hundred cards for a snug little Rout—
(At the bye, you've seen Rokey?)—this moment got
The Mail Coach Edition—prodigiously fine.

But, you can't conceive how, in this very cold weather,
I'm ever to bring my five hundred together;
As, unless the thermometer's near boiling heat,
One can never get half of one's hundreds to meet.

Apropos—you'd have laugh'd to see Townsend last night,
Escort to theirs chairs, with his staff, so polite,
The "three moids Miscreas," all in a fright,
Poor Townsend, like Mercury, filling two posts,
Supervisor of thieves, and chief-usher of ghosts!

But, my dear Lady—can't you hit on some
ton, at least for one night to set London in notion?
As to having the H—g—of, that show is gone by—
Besides, I've remark'd that (between you and I)
The Marché-a and he, inconveniencing in more ways,
Have taken much lately to whi-pering in doorways:
Which—considering, you know, dear, the size of the two
Makes a block that one's company cannot get through;
And a house such as mine as, with doorways so small,
Has no room for such court'some love-work at all.—
(Apropos, though, of love-work—you've heard it, hope,
That Napoleon's old mother's to marry the Pope,—
What a comical pair!)—but, to stick to my Rout,
'Twill be hard if some novelty can't be struck out.
Is there no Algerine woman like Kamenatka arrâved?
No Finsipo Pachy, three-faith'd and ten-wy'd?
No Russian, whose discontent consonant name
Almost rattles to fragments the trumpet of fame?

I remember the time, three or four winters back,
When—provided the way was but decently black—
A few Patriot mountebanks, from Spain, were a sight
That would people one's house for one, night after night.

4 Lustralibus aræ salvis.

Expiat
Petr. sat. 2.

5 I have taken the trouble of examining the Doctor's
reference here, and find him, for once, correct.
The following are the words of his digniter referee
Gallus—"Assurere non verum sacrum baptismum
A Papistis praevari, et spiritus in peccatum expiacione a Pagannis non a Christianis munatur."
But — whether the Ministers pass'd them too much —
(And you know how they spoil whatsoever they touch)
Or, whether Lord G—ge (the young man about town)
Has, by dint of bad poetry, written them down,
One has certainly lost one's part in the rage;
And the only stray Patriot seen for an age.
Has been at such places (think, how the fit cools)?
as old Mrs. V—g—'s or Lord L—v—rp—'s.

But, in short, my dear, names like Wintzschit, stoppschmuffhoff
Are the only things now making an evening go smooth off:
So, get me a Russian — till death I'm your debtor —
If he brings the whole Alphabet, so much the better.
And — Lord! the thought would be no character, sup
Off his fish-oil and candles, he'd qu' set me up!
Au revoir, my sweet girl — I must leave you in haste —
Little Gunter has brought me the Liqueurs to taste.

POSTSCRIPT.

By the bye, have you found any friend that can continue
That Latin account, 't other day, of a Monster? 4
If we can't get a Russian, and that thing in Latin
Be not too improper, I think I'll bring that in.

LETTER VI.

FROM ABDALLAH,2 IN LONDON, TO MO-
HASSAN, IN ISPHAN.

Whilst thou, M'hassan, (happy thou!)
Dost daily bend thy loyal brow
Before our flag — our As's treasure!
Nutmeg of Comfort; Rose of Pleasure! —
And bear'st as many kicks and bruises
As the said Rose and Nutmeg choose;
Thy head still near the bowstring's borders,
And but left on till further orders —
Through London streets, with turbam fair,
And cæm a, flaving to the air,
1 saunter on, the admiration
Of this short-coated population —
This sew'd-up fœce — this button'd nation —
Who, while they boast their laws so free,
Leave not one limb at liberty,
But live, with all their lordly speeches,
The slaves of buttons and tight breeches.

Yet, though they thus their knee-pans fitter
(They're Christians, and they know no better)3
In some things they're a thinking nation;
And, on Religious Toleration,
I own I like their notions quite,
They are so Persian and so right!
You know our Sunnites,4 — hateful dogs!
Whom every pious Shíte flags

— or longs to fling — 'tis true, they pray
'To God, but in an ill-bred way;
With neither arms, nor legs, nor faces
Stuck in their right, canonic places;
'Tis true, they tolerate All's name — 7
Their Heaven and earth are just the same —
(A Persian's Heav'n is easily made,
'Tis but black eyes and lemonade.)
Yet, though we've tried for centuries back
We can't persuade this stubborn pack,
By bastinadoes, screws, or nippers,
To wear th'establish'd pesh-green slippers.8
Then, only think, the libertines —
They wash their feet — they comb their chins,9
With many such deadly sins;
And what's the wurt, though last I rank it)
Believe the Chapter of the Blanket!

Yet, quite of tenets so flagitious,
(Which must, at bottom, be tedious;)
Since no man living would refuse
Green slippers, but from treaumous views;
Nor wash his toes, but with intent
To overturn the government —
Such is our mild and tolerant way,
We only curse them twice a day
(According to a Form that's set;
And, far from torturing, only let
All orthodox believers beat 'em,
And twitch their heads, where'er they meet 'em.

As to the rest, they're free to do
Whatever their fancy prompts them to,
Provided they make nothing of it
Towards rank or honour, power or profit;
Which things, we naturally expect,
Belong to us, the Establish'd sect,
Who disbelieve (the Lord be thanked!)
Th' aforesaid Chapter of the Blanket.
The same mild views of Toleration
Inspire, I find, this button'd nation,
Whose Papists (full as giv'n to rogue,
And only Sunnites with a bragole)
Face just as well, with all their fuss,
As rascall Sunnites do with us.

The tender Gazel I enclose
Is for my love, my Syriace Rose —
Take it when night begins to fall,
And throw it o'er her mother's wall.

GAZEL.

Rememberest thou the hour we past,—
That hour the happiest and the last?

they have gone on cursing and persecuting each other
without any intermission, for about eleven hundred
years. The Sunnás is the established sect in Turkey,
and the Shia in Persia; and the differences between
them turn chiefly upon these important points, which
our pious friend Abdallah, in the true spirit of Shíte
Ascendency, explains in this Letter.

4 "Sunnites, qui estoient comme les Catholiques de
Musulmanisme." — D'Herbelot.

6 "In contradistinction to the Sunnís, who in their
prayers cross their hands on the lower part of
the breast, the Shíites drop their arms in straight lines
and as the Sunnás, in certain periods of the prayer,
press their palms on the ground or carpet, the

7 "Les Tores ne de estom pant Ali recouperament;

8 "The Shíites wear green slippers, which the
Sunnites consider as a great abomination." — Marili.

9 For these points of difference, as well as for
the Chapter of the Blanket, I must refer the reader (not
having the book by me) to Picard's Account of the
Mahometan Sect,
LETTER VII.

FROM MESSRS. L—C—K—GT—N AND CO. TO ———, ESQ.

Per Post, Sir, we send your MS. — look'd it thro' — Very sorry — but can't undertake — it would n't do. Clever work, Sir! — would get up prodigiously well — its only defect is — it never would sell. And though Statesmen may glory in being unbottomed, in an Author 't is not so desirable a thought.

Hard times, Sir, — most books are too dear to be read — Though the gold of Good-sense and Wit's small-change are fled, Yet to me we Publishers pass, in their stead, rises higher each day, and ( 'tis frightful to think it) Not even such names as F—t—z—r—d's can sink it!

However, Sir — if you're for trying again, and at somewhat that's vendible — we are your men. Since the Chevalier C—r 3 took to marrying lately, The Trade is in want of a Traveller greatly — No job, Sir, more easy — your Country once plan'd, A month's abroad and a fortnight on land Puts your Quart of Travels, Sir, clean out of hand.

An Eu-India pamphlet's a thing that would sell — And a lick at the 'Pists is sure to sell well. Or — supposing you've nothing original in you — Write Parodies, Sir, and such fame it will win you. You will get the Blue-sounds of Albion! (Mind — not to her dinner — a second hand Muse Mustn't think of aspiring to mess with the Blues.) O — in case nothing else in this world you can do — The deuce is in 't, Sir, if you cannot remove!

Should you feel any touch of poetical glow, We've a Scheme to suggest — Mr. So—t, you must know.

(Who, we're sorry to say it, now works for the Row) Having quitted the Borders, to seek new renown, Is coming, by long Quarto stages, to Town;

1 This will appear strange to an English reader, but it is literally translated from Abdallah's Persian, and the curious bird to which he alludes is the Jusfak, of which I find the following account in Richardson: — A sort of bird, that's said to have one wing; on the opposite side to a hitch the male has a hook and the female a ring, so that, when they fly, they are fastened together.

2 From motives of delicacy, and, indeed, of fellow-feeling, I suppress the name of the Author, whose rejected manuskript was enclosed in this letter. See the Appendix.

3 Sir John Carr, the author of "Tours in Ireland, Holland, Sweden, &c. &c."

4 This alludes, I believe, to a curious corroboration, which is said to have passed lately between Alm—n—a, Countess of B—ck—gh—ms—e, and a certain ingenious Parodist.

5 Paternoster Row.

And beginning with Rokeby (the job's sure to pay), Means to do all the Gentlemen's Seats on the way. Now, the Scheme is (though none of our hackneys can beat him) To start a fresh Post through Highgate to meet him: Who, by means of quick proofs — no revises — long coaches — May do a few Villas, before Sc—rit approaches. Indeed, if our Pegasus be not curst shabby, He'll reach, without found'ring, at least Woburn Abbey.

Such, Sir, is our plan — if you're up to the freak, 'tis a match! and we'll put you in training next week. At present, no more — in reply to this Letter, a Line will oblige very much Yours, &c. cetera.

Property of the Muse.

LETTER VIII.

FROM COLONEL TH—M—S TO SR—FF—NGT—N, ESQ.

Come to our Fete, & bring with thee Thy newest, best embroidery. Come to our Fete, and show again That pea-green coat, thou pink of men, Which charm'd all eyes, that last survey'd it; When Er—mm! — 't is self inquir'd who made it? — When Cis came round from the East, And thought thee Post Fye at least!

Oh! come, (if haply 't is thy week For looking pale,) with poly cheek; Though more we love thy roseate days, When the rich orange-pot pours its blaze Full o'er thy face, and, amply spread, Tops ev'n thy whisker-tops with red — Like the last tints of dying Day That o'er some darkling grove decay.

Bring thy best lace, thou gay Philander, (That face, like H—ory A!—x—nd—r, Too precious to be wa'nt, — thy rings, Thy seals — in short, thy prettiest things! Put all thy wardrobe's stores on, And yield in front of fortune to none But the great R—g—t's self alone! Who — by particular desire — For that night only, means to hire A dress from Romeo C—es, Esquire.\n
Hail, first of Actors! best of beggars! Born for each other's fond allegiance! Both gay Lotharios — both good dressers Of serious Farce both learnt! Professors Both circled round, for use or show, With cocks' combes, whereone'er they go!

Thou knowst the time, thou man of lore It takes to chalk a ball-room floor Thou knowst the time, to make the day! It takes to dare that chalk away.

6 This Letter enclosed a Card for the Grand Fete on the 5th of February.

7 An amateur actor of much visible renown.

8 Qum ab, Mehemene, semel

9 Noscendum placito in candore, videris, &c. Horat.

10 The crest of Mr. C—tes, the very amusing amateur tragedian he alluded to, was a cock; and most profusely were his liverys, harness, &c., covered with this ornament.

10 To those, who neither go to balls nor read the Morning Post, it may be necessary to mention, that
The Ball-room opens—far and nigh
Comets and moons beneath us lie;
Over snowy mounds and snow we walk,
And the floor seems one sky of chalk!
But soon shall fate that bright decree,
When many a pair, with busy feet
That sparkle in the lustre's ray,
Over the white path shall bound and play
Like Nymphs along the Milky Way;
With every step a star hath fled,
And suns grow dim beneath their tread!
So passeth life—thus Sc—would write,
And spinners, read him with delight.
—Hours are not feet, yet hours trip on,
Time is not chalk, yet time's soon gone!

But, hang this long digressive flight!—
I meant to say, thou'lt see, that night,
What falsehood rankles in their hearts,
Who say the Fr,—e neglects the arts—
Neglects the arts?—no, Str——g—no; Thys Cupids answer—t is not so;—
And every, floor, that night, shall tell
How quick thou bestab, and how well.
Shone as thou mayst in French vermillion,
Thou'rt but, hence a French cotillion;
And still com'st o'lt, what'er thy faults,
With flying colour in a Waltz,
Nor needst thou mourn the transient date
To thy best works assign'd by fate.
While some chef-d'oeuvres live to wear ye one,
Thine best a short life and a merry one
Their hour of glory past and gone.
With "Molly put the kettle on!" 3

But, bless my soul! I've scarce a leaf
Of paper left—so must be brief.

This festive Fete, in fact, will be
The former Fete's fac-simile;—
The same long Masquerade of Rooms,
All trick'd up in such odd costumes,
(These, P—r—r, are thy glorious works!)
You'd swear Egyptians, Moors, and Turks,
Bearing Good-Laste some deadly mance,
Had club'd to raise a Pic-Nic Palace;
And each to make the oil plentiful,
Had sent a State-Room as a present.
These same feauteaux and gondoliers
The same gold Asses,—pretty souls!—
That, in this rich and classic dome,
Appears so perfectly at home.
The same bright river 'mong the dishes,
But not—ah! not the same dear fishes—
Late hours and clarion cold the old ones
So 'stead of silver and of gold ones,
(It being rather hard to raise
Fish of that species now-a-days)
Some sprats have been by Y—r—m—th's wish,
Promoted into Silver Fish

the floors of Ball-rooms, in general, are chalked, for safety and for ornament, with various fanciful devices.

1 Hearts are so fnt, yet flints are rent,
Hearts are not steel, yet steel is bent.
After all, however, Mr. Sc——l may well say to the Colonel, (and, indeed, to much better wags than the Colonel,) chos μη αμαρτάνει η μεμειλέα.
2 A foreign artist much patronized by the Prince Regent.
3 The name of a popular country dance.

4 C——r——n H——e will exhibit a complete fac-simile, in respect to inferior ornament, to what it did at the last Fete. This same splendid drapery, &c. &c. = Morning Post.

5 Mr. Walsh Porter, to whose taste was left the furnishing of the rooms of Carlton House.
6 The salt-cellars on the Fr——e's own table were in the form of an Ass with Pauccers.

And Gudgeons (so Y——ns—r told)
The R——g—l are as good as Gold!
So, prithew, come—our Fete will be
But half a Fete if wanting thee.

APPENDIX.

LETTER IV. Page 133.

Among the papers, enclosed in Dr. D——n—n—s Letter, was found a Heroic Epistle in Latin verse, from Pope Joan to her Lover, of which, as it is rather a curious document, I shall venture to give some account.

This female Pontiff was a native of England, (or, according to others, of Germany,) who, at an early age, disguised herself in male garb, and, after having raised her, a young ecclesiastic, to Athens, where she studied with such effect, that upon her arrival at Rome, she was thought worthy of being raised to the Pontificate. This Epistle is addressed to her Lover (whom she had elevated to the dignity of Cardinal,) soon after the fatal accoucheiment, by which her fallibility was betrayed.

She begins by reminding him tenderly of the time, when they were together at Athens—when, as she says,

"by His unp stream
We whispering walk'd along, and learn'd to speak
The tenderest feelings in the purest Greek;—
Ah, then how little did we think or hope
Dearest of all things, that I should be Pope?
That I, the humble Joan, whose house-elite art
Seem'd just enough to keep thy house and heart,
(And those, alas, at sizes and at seveus)
Should soon keep all the keys of all the heavens!"

Still less (she continues to say) could they have foreseen, that such a catastrophe as had happened in Council would befall them—that she

Should thus surprise the Conclave's grave decorum,
And let a little Pope pop out before 'em—
Pope Innocent I al's, the only one
That name could ever be justly fix'd upon.

She then very pathetically laments the downfall of her greatness, and enumerates the various treasures to which she is doomed to bid farewell for ever—

"But oh, more dear, more precious ten times over—
Farewell my Lord, my Cardinal, my Lover!
I n de thee Cardinal—thou mad'st me—ah!
Thou mad'st the Papa of the word Mania!

I have not time at present to translate any more of this Epistle, but promise the assign'st which followed, the Right Hon. Doctor and his friends mean to deduce from it, is (in their usual convincing strain) that Romans must be unworthy of Emancipation now, because they had a Pétrole Pope in the Ninth Century. Nothing can be more logiscally clear, and I find that Horace had exactly the same views upon the subject.

Romanus (chris posteri negandos) Emancipatus Formosus Fort vallum

LETTER VII. Page 135.

The Manuscript, found enclosed in the Bookseller's Letter, turns out to be a Mélodrama, in two Acts.

1 Spanheim attributes the unanimity, with which Joan was elected to that innate and irresistible charm, by which her sex, though latent, operated upon the instinct of the Cardinals—"Non vi sumps, sed con-cordior, omnium in se converso desider, quam sunt blandulentis sexus artes, lateat in hac quáspam?"
entitled *The Book,* t of which the Theatres, of course, had had the refusal, before it was presented to Messrs. L—— and Co. This rejected Drama, however, possesses considerable merit, and I shall take the liberty of laying a sketch of it before my Readers.

The first Act opens in a very awful manner—Time, three o'clock in the morning—Scene, the Bourbon Chamber in C-r—l—l House—Enter the P——e R—g—t soliloquies—After a few broken sentences, he thus concludes:

— Away—Away—

Thou hastn't my fancy so, thou devilish Book, I meet thee—trace thee, wherever'er I look. I see the footstep in the floor—

I see thy footstep on my H——l—l's Spouse

V——it—l—l's head threads thy leafy casern, and all thy blanket leaves stare from R——p's face! While, turning here (laying his hand on his heart), he find, ah wretched elf,

Thy List of thee Errata in myself.

*(Walks the stage in considerable agitation.)*

Oh Roman Punch! oh potent Curacao! Oh Maresco! Mare-cho o’o.

Delicious drinks! why have you not the art
To kill this grinding Book-worm in my heart?

He is here interrupted in his Soliloquy by perceiving on the ground some scrawled fragments of paper, which he takes only half-scanned it; through of his magnificent Candelabra discovers the following uncoupled words, "Wife neglected"—"the Book"—*Wrong Measures*—"the Queen"—*Mr. Lambert*—*the R—g—t.*

Ha! treason in my house!—Curst words, that wither
My princely soul, (shaking the papers violently)

What Demon brought you hither?

*My Wife:*-"the Book" too!—stay—a nearer look

*(holding the fragments closer to the Candelabra)*

Alas! too plain, B, double O, K, Book—Death and destruction!

He here rings all the bells, and a whole legion of valets enters. A scene of cursing and swearing (very much in the German style) ensues, in the course of which the stewards are disheartened, in different directions for the L——l Ch——l R——r, the D——e of C——b—l—d, &c. &c. The intermediate time is filled up by another Soliloquy, in which the above Personages rush on alarmed; the D——e with his stay only half-scanned it; through of his magnificent Candelabra discovers the following uncoupled words, "Wife neglected"—"the Book"—*Wrong Measures*—"the Queen"—*Mr. Lambert*—*the R—g—t.*

The R—g—t produces the appalling fragment upon which the Ch——l R——r breaks out into exclamations of loyalty and tenderness, and relates the following portentous dream.

*There was, in like manner, a mysterious Book, in the 16th Century, which employed all the anxious curiosity of the Learned of that time. Every one spoke of it; many wrote against it; though it does not appear that anybody had ever seen it; and Grotesus is of opinion that no such Book ever existed. It was entitled "Liber de tribus impostoribus." (See Muthof, Cap. iv., l. 756.)*

The modern mystery of *"the Book" resembles this in many particulars; and, if the number of Lawyers employed in drawing it up be stated correctly, a slight alteration of the title into "a tribes impostoribus" would produce a resemblance altogether very remarkable.*

*The same Chamber, doubtless, it was prepared for the reception of the Bourbon in the first Grand Fete, and which was ornamented (in "for the Deliverance of Europe") with * busts of the.*

*To enable the individual, who holds the office of Chancellor, to maintain it in becoming splendour. (3 lines.) Lord Castlereagh's Speech upon the Vice-Chancellor's Bill.*

"It is scarcely two hours since I had a fearful dream of thee, my P—— e.—— Melthouth I heard thee, midst a costly crowd, say from thy throne of gold, in mandarine loud, "We worship our whiskers!" (wipes not a knee was there)

But bent and worship'd the Illustrious Pair,

Which curl'd in conscious majesty! (pulls out his handkerchief) — while cries

Of "Whisker-breakers!" shew'd as the echoing skies—

Just in that glorious hour, methought, there came,

With locks of joint'd pride, a Priucly Dame, And a young maiden, cluing by her side,

As if she fear'd some tyrant would divide

Two hearts, to nature and affection tied.

The Mater came—within her right hand glow'd

A radiant torch; while from her left a load

Of Papers hung — (wipes his eyes) collected in her veil.

The verbal evidence, the slanderers tale,

The wounding hint, the current lies that pass

From Post to Courier, form'd the motley mass;

Which, with disdain, before the Throne she throws, and

Lights the file beneath thy princely nose.

(Weeps.)

Heaven's, how it blaze'd!—I'd ask no livelier fire.

(With animation.) To roast a Papist by, my gracious Sire!—

But ah! the Evidence — (weeps again) I mourn'd to see.

Cast, as it burn'd, a deadly light on thee;

And Tales and Hints their random sparkles flung,

And hiss'd and cackled, like an old maid's tongue;

While Post and Courier, faithful to their fame,

Made up in woe; for what they lack'd in flame.

When, lo, ye Gods! the fire ascending breaker,

Now singes one, now lights the other whisker.

Ah! where was then the Syphilid, that unfor

Her fairy standard in defence of evils?

Throne, Whiskers, Wig soon vanish'd into smoke,

The watchman cried "Fast One," and — I awoke.

Here his Lordship weeps more profusely than ever, and the R—g—t (who has been very much agitated during the recital of the Dream) by a movement as characteristic as that of Charles XII, when he was shot, clasps his hands to his whiskers to feel if all be really safe. A Privy Council is held — all the Servants, &c. are examined, and it appears that a Tailor, who had come to measure the R—g—t for a Dress (which takes three whole pages of the best superfine *cinquant* in describing) was the only one who had been in the Bourbon Chamber during the day. It is, accordingly, determined to seize the Tailor, and the Council breaks up with a unanimous resolution to be vigorous.

The commencement of the Second Act forms chiefly upon the Trial and Imprisonment of two Brothers, — but as this forms the tender plot of the Drama, I shall content myself with extracting from it the following speech, which is addressed to the two Brothers, as they  — extend several to Prison:

Go to your prisons — though the air of Spring

No mountain coolness to your cheeks shall bring;

Though Summer flowers shall pass unseen away,

And all your portion of the glorious day

May be some solitary beam that falls,

At morn or eve, upon your dreamy walls —

Some beam that enters, trembling as it's aw'd,

To tell how great the young world laughs abroad! yet on — for thoughts as blest as blessed;

Of Spring or Summer flowers await you there;

Thoughts, such as He, who feasts his courtly crew

In r ch conservatories, never knew.

Pure self-esteem, in the smiles that light within

The zeal, whose circling charities begin

With the few fair ones Heaven has plac'd it near,

And spread, till all Mankind are in its сфере;

*Mr. Leigh Hunt and his brother.*
The Pride, that suffers without route or plea,
And the fresh Spirit, that can wander free,
Through prison-bars, its hymn to Liberty!

The Scene next changes to a Tailor's Work-shop, and
a laboriously-composed group of these Artists is discovered
upon the Shop-board — their task evidently of
a royal nature, from the profusion of gold-lace, frogs, &c. that lie about — they all rise and come forward, while one of them sings the following Stanza to the tune of "Derry Down."

My brave brother Tailors, come, straighten your knees,
For a moment, like gentlemen, stand up as easy,
While I sing of our F——e (and a fig for his tailors)
The Shop-board's delight! the Maccas of Tailors!
Derry down, down, down derry down.

Some monarchs take roundabout ways into note,
While His short cut to fame is — the cut of his coat;
Philip's Son thought the World was too small for his
Soul,
But our R——t's finds room in a lace'd button-hole,
Derry down, &c.

Look through all Europe's Kings — those, at least
who go loose —
Not a King of them all's such a friend to the Goose.
So, God keep him increasing in size and renown,
Still the fattest and best fitted F——e about town!
Derry down, &c.

During the "Derry down" of this last verse, a messenger from the S——C——y of 2——t's Office rushes on, and the singer (who, luckily for the effect of the scene, is the very Tailor suspected of the mysterious fragments) is interrupted in the midst of his laudatory exertions, and hurried away, to the no small surprise and consternation of his comrades. The Plot now hastens rapidly in its development — the management of the Tailor's examination is highly skilful, and the alarm, which he is made to betray, is natural without being ludicrous. The explanation, too, which he finally gives is not more simple than satisfactory. It appears that the said fragments formed part of a self-exculpatory note, which he had intended to send to Colonel M'M—— upon subjects purely professional, and the corresponding bits (which still lie luckily in his pocket) being produced, and skillfully laid beside the others, the following tilsyet-doux is the satisfactory result of their junta-position.

Honour'd Colonel — my Wife, who's the Queen of all
slaters,
Neglected to put up the Book of new Patterns.
She sent the wrong Measures too — shamefully wrong —
They're the same used for poor Mr. Lambert, when
young;
But, bless you! they wouldn't go half round the
R——t —
So, hope you'll excuse yours till death, most obliging.
This fully explains the whole mystery — the R——t resumes his wonted smiles, and the Drama terminates, as usual, to the satisfaction of all parties.

SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS.

THE INSURRECTION OF THE PAPERS.

A DREAM.

It would be impossible for his royal highness to disenge
his person from the accumulating pile of papers that encompassed it,—Lord Castlereagh's Speech upon Colon
el M'Mahon's Appointment, April 14, 1812.

Last night I toss'd and turn'd in bed,
But could not sleep — at length I said,
"I'll think of Viscount C——s—r—e—;"
And so it was, for instantly
I slept as sound as sound could be,
And then I dreamt — so drest a dream,
Fussell has no such theme;
Lewis never wrote or borrow'd
Any horror, half so horrid!

I thought the Pr——e, in whisker'd state
Before me at his breakfast table;
On one side lay unread Petitions,
On other, Hints from five Physicians;
Here tradesmen's bills, — official papers,
Notes from my Lady, Drains for vases —
These plans of saddles, tea and toast,
Death-warrants and the Morning Post.

When lo! the Papers, one and all,
As if at some magician's call,
Began to flutter of themselves
From desk and table, floor and shelves,
And, cutting each some different capers,
Advance'd, in Jacobine papers!
As though they said, "Our sole design
"To subdue his Royal Highness!"

The Leader of this vile sedition
Was a huge Catholic Petition,
With grievances so full and heavy,
It threaten'd worst of all the bevy.
Then Common-Hall Addresses came
In swaggering sheets, and took their aim
Right at the R——t's well-dress'd head,
As if determined to be real.
Next Tradesmen's Bills began to fly,
And Tradesmen's Bills, we know, mount high;
Nay 'twas Death-warrants thought they'd best
Be lively too, and join the rest.

But, oh the basest of defections!
His Letter about "predictions" —
His own dear Letter, void of grace,
Now flew up in its parent's face!
Shock'd with this breach of hial duty,
He just could murmur "et Tu Brute?"
Then sunk, subdued upon the floor
At Fox's bust, to rise no more!

I wak'd — and pray'd, with lifted hand,
"Oh! never may this Dream prove true
"Though paper overwhelms the land,
"Let it not crush the Sovereign too!"

PARODY OF A CELEBRATED LETTER.

A! length, dearest Freddy, the moment is nigh,
When, with P——r——t's leave, I may throw my chains by:
And, as time now is precious, the first thing I do,
Is to sit down and write a wise letter to you.

1 Letter from his Royal Highness the Prince Regent to the Duke of York, Feb. 13, 1812.
1 I think it hardly necessary to call your recollection to the recent circumstances under which I assumed the authority delegated to me by Parliament."—Prince's Letter.

2 "My sense of duty to our Royal father solely decided that choice."—Ibid.

3 The antique shield of Martinus Scriblerus, which, worn out byig, turned out to be old and shabby.

4 "We waived any personal gratification, in order that his Majesty might resume, on his return to health, every power and prerogative," &c. &c. —Ibid.

5 "And I have the satisfaction of knowing that such was the opinion of persons for whose judgment, &c. &c. —Ibid.

6 The letter-writer's favourite luncheon.

7 "I certainly am the last person in the kingdom to repeat it, "New Friends?"—for I cannot describe the delight I am in this P—r—v—l tribe. Such capering!—Such vapouring!—Such rigour!—Such vigour! North, South, East, and West, they have cut such a figure, that soon they will bring the whole world round our ears, and leave no friends—but Old Nick and Algiers.

When I think of the glory they've beamed on my chains,
'Tis enough quite to turn my illustrious brain.
It is true we are bankrupts in commerce and riches,
But think how good our Allies in new breeches!
We've lost the warm hearts of the Irish, it's granted,
But then we've got Java, an island much wanted,
To put the last finishing few who remain,
Of the Walcheren wars, out of their pain.
Thus how Wellington fights and how squabbles his brother!
For Papists the one, and with Papists the other,
One crushing Napoleon by taking a City,
While Other lays waste a whole Catholic Committee.
Oh, deeds of renown!—shall I boggle or flinch,
With such prospects before me? by Jove, not an inch.
No—let England's affairs go to rack, if they will,
We'll look after the affairs of the Continent still;
And, when nothing at home but dissipation and riot,
Find Lisbon in bread, and keep Sciety quite.
I am proud to declare I have no predilections,
My heart is a sieve, where some scatter'd affections
Are just danced about for a moment or two,
And the finer they are, the more sure to run through:
Neither feel I resentments, nor wish there should come ill.
To moral—except (now I think on't) Beau Brummel,
Who threatened last year, in a superfine passion,
To cut me, and bring the old King into fashion.
This is all I can lay to my conscience at present;
When such is my temper, so neutral, so pleasant,
So royally free from all troublesome feelings,
So little encumber'd by faith in my dealings,
(And that I'm consistent the world will allow,
What I was at Newmarket the same I am now.)
When such are my merits (you know I hate cracking),
I hope, like the Vender of Best Patent Blacking,
"To meet with the gen'rous and kind approbation
Of a candid, enlightened, and liberal nation."
But even Grey's brightness shan't make me afraid,
While I've C—nd—it and E—nd—it to fly to for shade;
Nor will Holland's clear intellect do us much harm,
While there's W—st—rel—ld near me to weaken the charm.

As for Murray's high spirit, if aught can subdue it,
Sure joining with H—rl—rd and Y—rs—th will do it!
Between R—a—r and Wh—rt—a jet Sheridan sit,
And the fogs will soon quench even Sheridan's wit:

And against all the public feeling that glows
Even in Whatehead himself we've a Hat in G—ge R—se!
So, in short, if they wish to have Places, they may,
And I'll thank you to tell all these matters to Grey,
Who, I doubt not, will write (as there's no time to lose).

By the two-penny post to tell Grenville the news;
And now, dearest Fred (though I've no predilection),
Believe me yours always with truest affection.

P.S. A copy of this is to F—re—l going —

Good Lord, how St. Stephen's will ring with his crowing!

——

ANACREONTIC TO A PLUMASSIER

Fine and featherly artisan,
Best of Plummers (if you can
With your art so far presume)
Make for me a Pr—ce's Plum
Feathers soft and feathers rare,
Such as suits a Prince to wear.

First, thou domniest of men,
Seek me out an fine Pea-hen;
Such a Hen, so tall and grand,
As by Juno's side might stand
If there were no cocks at hand,
Seek her feathers, soft as down;
Fit to shine on Pr—ce's crown;
If thou canst not find them, stupid!
Ask the way of Prior's Cupid.

Ranging these in order due,
Pluck me next an old Cuckoo;
Emblem of the happy days
Of easy, kind, courteouo matc
Pluck him well — he must do
Who wouldn't be an old Cuckoo,
Thus to have his plumage blest,
Beaming on a R—y—l crest.

Bravo, Plumist! — now what bird
Shall we find for Plume the third?
You must get a learned Owl
Ralest of black-letter fowl
Bogot bird, that hates the light,
Foe to all that's fair and bright,
Seize his quill, (so fold'd to pen
Books, that shun the search of men;
Books, that, far from every eye,
In "swelter'd venom sleeping" lie.)
Stick them in between the two,
Fond Pea-hen and old Cuckoo.
Now you have the triple feather,
Bind the kindred stems together.

With a silken tie, whose hue
Once was brilliant Buff and Blue;
Sullied now — alas, how much!
Only fit for Y—rs—th's touch.

There — enough — thy task is done
Present, worthy G—ge's Son;
Now, beneath, in letters neat,
Write "I serve," and all is complete.

——

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A POLITICIAN.

Wednesday.

Through M—n—s—t— Square took a canter just now —
Met the old yellow chariot and made a bow.
This I did, of course, thinking, 'twas loyal and civil.
But got such a look — oh 'twas as black as the devil!

How unlucky! — inco, he was travelling about.
And I, like a noodle, must go find him out.

Mem — when next by the old yellow chariot I ride,
To remember there is nothing princely inside.

Thursday.

At Lever to day made another sad blunder —
What can he come in over me lately, I wonder?
The Pr—ce was as cheerful, as if, all his life,
He had never been troubled with Friends or a Wife —
"Fine weather," says he — to which I, who must prate,
Answered. "Yes, Sir, but changeable rather, of late."
He took it, I fear, for he look'd somewhat snift.
And handled his new pair of whiskers so rough
That before all the courtiers I fear'd they'd come off.

And then, Lord, how Geramb would triumphantly scoff!

Mem — to buy for son Dicky some unguent or lotion
To nourish his whiskers — sure road to promotion!

Saturday.

Last night a Concert — vastly gay —
Given by Lady C—v—l—r—gh,
My Lord loves music, and, we know,
Has "two strings always to his bow."
In choosing songs, the R——l—m¿ had
"Had I a heart for falsehood from'd."
While gentle H—l—d begg'd and pray'd
For "Young I am and soe afraid."

——

EPIGRAM.

What news today? — "Oh! worse and worse —
"Mac" is the Pr—ce's Privy Purse!"

The Pr—ce's Purse! no, no, you fool,
You mean the Pr—ce's Rudisicut.

6 The inco, vehicle of the Pr—ce.
7 Baron Geramb, the rival of his R.H. in whiskers.
8 England is not the only country where merit of this kind is noticed and rewarded. "I remember," says Tavener, "to have seen one of the King of Persia's porters, whose mustaches were so long that he could tie them behind his neck, for which reason he had a double pension."
9 A rhetorical figure used by Lord C—v—l—r—gh, in one of his speeches.
10 Colonel M—c—b—n.
WREATHS FOR THE MINISTERS.

AN ANACREONTIC.

Hither, Flora, Queen of Flowers!
Haste thee from Old Brompton's Lowers —
Or, (if sweeter that all else)
From the King's well-odour'd Rau, 2
Where each little nursery bud
Breathes the dust and quicks the mud.
Hither come and gary twine
Brites't herbs and flowers of thine
Into wreaths for those, who rule us.
These, who rule (and some say) fool us —
Flora, sure, will love to please
England's Household Deny's? 3

First you must then, willy-nilly,
Fe ch me many an orange lily
Orange of the darkest dye
Irish G—f—nd can supply —
Choose me out the king's sprig,
And stick it in old Eld—n's wig.

Find me next a poppy psey,
Type of his harangues so dezy,
Gaudy, dull and cool,
'To crown the head of L.—v—r—l. 4
'T will console his brilliant brow
For that loss of laurel boughs,
Which they suffered (what a pity!)
On the road to Paris City.

Next, our C—sil—r—gh to crown,
Bring me from the County Down,
Wither'd Shamrocks, which have been
Gilded o'er, to hide the green
(Such as H—f—l brought away
From Fall-Mall last Patrick's Day 4)
Stitch the grand through and through
With shabby threads of eery hue —
And as, Goddess 1 — entire now —
His Lordship loves (though best of men)
A little torture, now and then,
Crimp the leaves, then first of Syrens,
Crimp them with thy cutting iron.

That's enough — away, away
Had I leisure, I could say
How the old rose that grows
Must be pluck'd to deck Old Rose
How the Doctor's brow should smile
Crown'd with wreaths of camomile.
But time presses — to thy tale
I leave the rest, so, pri'hee, haste! 5

TABLE OF CONTENTS.


Said his Highness to Ned, that grim face of his.
"Why refuse us the V'to, dear Catholic Neddy?"
"Because, Sir," said Ned, looking full in his plix,
"You're forbidding enough, in all conscience, already?"

1 One of those antediluvian Princes, with whom Manetho and Whiston seem so intimately acquainted. If we had the Memoirs of Thoth, from which Manetho compiled his History, we should find, I dare say, that Crack was only a Rezent, and that he, perhaps, succeeded Typhon, who (as Whiston says) was the last King of the Antediluvian Dynasty.

2 Edward Byrne, the head of the Delegates of the Irish Catholics.

3 The ancients, in like manner crowned their Laws, or Household Gods. See Juv. Sat. 9. v. 141. — Plutarch, too, tells us that Household Gods were then, as they are now, "much given to War and penal Statutes." — ρωμανωτος χαι ποιους δαμανως.

4 Certain fiddle imitations of the Shamrock which are distributed by the Servants of C—n House every Patrick's Day.

5 The sobriquet given to Lord Sidmouth.
HORACE, ODE XI. LIB. II.

FREELY TRANSLATED BY THE PR.-CE R.—G.—T.

1. Come, Y—r—m—th, my boy, never trouble your
brains
About what your old crony,
The Emperor Heaven,
Is doing or brewing on Moscow's plains;

3. Nor tremble, my lad, at the state of our granaries:—
Should their close famine,
Still plenty to cram in
You always shall have, my dear Lord of the Stan-

1 Then why, my Lord Warden, oh! why should you
fret
Your mind about matters you don't understand?
Or why should you write yourself down for an idiot,
Because "you," forsooth, "have the pen in your

2 Brisk let us revel, while revel we may;
4 For the gay bloom of fifty soon passes away
And then people get fat,
And lean, and— all that,
5 And a wig (if it please it) so clumsily sits,
That it frightens the little Loves out of their wits;
6 Thy whiskers, too, Y—r—m—th! alas, even they,
Though so rosy they burn,
Too quickly must turn
(What a heart-breaking change for thy whiskers!) to

1 This and the following are extracted from a
Work which may, some time or other, meet the eye
of the Public— entitled "Odes of Horace, done into
English by several Persons of Fashion."
2 Quod bellicosus Camarob, et Seythes,
Hippine Quinici, coget, Habria
Divinis obiectis, remotis
Quaere.
3 Nec trepidis in usum
Poeuisis xevi paucas
4 Fugit retro
Levis juvenetas et decor.
5 Pellelina lascivias amore,
Canite.
6 Neque uno Luna rubens nitet
Vultu.
7 Quod aterris minime
Consilus animam fatigas?
8 Cur non sub alta vel platan, vel haec
Pinos jacentes sic temere.
9 Charles Fox.
10 Rosa
Cannos odorati capillos,
Dum hicet, Asyriaque nardo
Potamus uvetis.
11 What youth of the Household will cool our Noyau
In that streamlet delicious,
That down amidst the ditches,
All full of gold fishes,
Romantic fash flow ?—
12 By who will repair
Unto M—ch—t.
And see if the gentle Marchesa be there?
Go— bid her hare bitter,
And let her bring with her
The newest No Popery Sermon that's going—
14 Oh! let her come, with her dark dresses flowing,
All gentle and juvenile, curly and gay,
In the manner of— Ackermann's Dresses for May 1

HORACE, ODE XXII. LIB. I.

FREELY TRANSLATED BY LORD ELD—N.

15 The man who keeps a conscience pure,
(If not his own, at least his Prince's)
Through toil and danger walks secure,
Looks big and black, and never winces.
16 No want has he of sword or dagger,
Cock'd hat or ringlets of German;
Though Peers may laugh, and Papists swagger,
He doesn't eat one single d-n-n.
17 Whether midst T i-ch chairmen going,
Or through St. Giles's alley dir—,
Mad drunken Sheela's, blis—ting, blow-
No matter, 'tis all one to him.
18 For instance, I, on one evening late,
Upon a gay vacation stilly,
Singing the praise of Church and State,
Got (God knows how) to Chandeburoe Alley.

11 Quius puero oculis
Restinguet ardentibus Faelerni
Fovea praeterundae lympha
12 Quo . . . . . eliciendo dono
Lyden?
13 Eunna, die age, cum lyra (qu. Har-n)
Matuer.
14 Incomitant Laceram
More comam relinquit modo,
15 Integer visus scelerisque puras.
16 Non eget Mauri jaculis, neque arcu,
Nee venenatis gravida sagitis,
Fuscus, pharetra.
17 Sive per Styx iter est mosas,
Sive facieris per infernalem
Caucasum, vel quisque fabulosus
Lambit Hydaspe.

The Noble Translator had, at first, laid the scene
of these imagined dangers of his Man of Conscience
among the Papists of Spain, and had translated the
words "que loca fabulosus lambit Hydaspe" thus
"The falder Spanish falsehood the French," but,
recollecting that it is our interest just now to be res-
pectful to Spanish Catholics (though there is cer-
tainly no earthly reason for our being even com-
monly civil to Irish ones), he altered the pas-
sage as it stands at present.
18 Namque me silva lupus in Satana,
Dum me ad cento Lagenas, et ultra
Terminus curit vagor expeditis,
Fugit memem.
SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS.

When to an Irish Papist darted
Across my path, gaunt, grim, and big—
I did but frown, and off he started,
'Scared at me, even without my wig.

Yet to a more fierce and raw-boned dog
 Goes not to Mass in Dublin City,
 Nor shakes his bristles per Allen's Bog,
 Nor sports in Catholic Committee.

Oh! place me midst O'Rourke's, O'Tooles,
 The ragged royal-blood of Tara;
 Or place me where Dick M—r—d rules
 The house-wrecks wilds of Conemara;

Of Church and State I'll warble still,
 Though he'n Dick M—r—n's self should grumble;
 Sweet Church and State, like Jack and Jill,
 So lovingly upon a bill—

Ah! ne'er like Jack and Jill to tumble!

THE NEW COSTUME OF THE MINISTERS.

Nova monstra creativ.

Having sent off the troops of brave Major Canac,
With a swinging horse-tail at each valorous back,
And such helmets, God bless us! as never deck'd any
Stale creature before, except Siger Gavanti—

"Let's see," said the R—g—t (like Titus, perplex'd)
With the duties of empire, "whom shall I dress
next?"

He looks in the glass—but perfection is there,
Wig, whiskers, and chin-tuffs all right to a hair; &

term 'term' to mean vacation-time; and then the
modest consciousness with which the Noble
And Learned Translator has avoided touching upon the
words "curis expeditis," (or, as it has been otherwise
read, "caussis expeditis," and) the felicitous idea of
him being "inermis" when "without his wig," are
altogether the most delectable, & commiss of para
phrase in our language.

1 Qvale portentum neque militar
Davmas laits alt ascelaes,
Nec Jules testus generas leontem
Arida maritix.

2 Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor estiva recreator aura;
Quod latus munit, nemus, malsucus
Jupiter urget.

I must here remark, that the said Dick M—r—m
being a very good fellow, it was not at all fair to
make a J matus Jupiter & of him.

3 Dulce ridentem Latagen amabo,
Dulce leuquentem.

4 There cannot be imagined a more happy illustra
tion of the uneasibility of Church and State, and
their (what is called) "standing and falling together,"
than this ancient apologue of Jack and Jill. Jack,
of course, represents the State in this ingenious little
Allegory.

Jack fell down,
And broke his Crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

5 That model of Princes, the Emperor Commodus,
was particularly luxurious in the dressing and orna
mentation of his hair. His conscience, however, would
not suffer him to trust himself with a barber, and he
used, accordingly, to b'mn off his beard—"imore
tonorous," says Lampridius. (Hist. August. Scrip
tor.) The dissolute Elus Verus, too, was equally atten
tive to the Preparation (of his wig. (See Jul.
Capitol.) Indeed, this was not the only princely
trait in the character of Verus, as he had likewise a
most hearty and dignified contempt for his Wife. See
his insulting answer to her in Spartilius.

Not a single curl on his forehead he traces—
For curls are like Ministers, strange as the case is,
The falser they are, the more firm in their places.
His coat he next views—but the coat he could

For his Y—m—it's own Frenchified hand cut it out;
Every pucker and seam were made matters of state,
And a Grand Household Council was held on each
plait.

Then whom shall he dress? shall he new-rig his
brother,
Great C—mb—r—d's Duke, with some kickshaw or
other
And kindly invent him more Christian-like shapes
For his feather bed melkolets and pillow caps.
Ah! no—here his armour would meet with delays,
For the Duke had been lately jack'd up in new Stays.
So complete for the winter, he saw very plain
I would be devilish hard work to unpack him again.

So, what's to be done?—there's the Ministers,
bless 'em!

As he made the puppet, why shouldn't he dress 'em?

An excellent thought!—call the tailors—be nimble—
Let Cum bring his spy-glass, and H—r—d her

"While Y—m—th shall give us, in spite of all
quizzers,
"The last Paris cut with his true Gallic scissors."

So saying, he calls C—st—r—gh, and the rest
Of his heaven-born statesmen, to come and be dress.
While Y—m—th, with snap-like and brisk expedi
Cuts up, all at once, a large Catholic Petition
In long tailors' measures, (the P—e crying "Well

And first puts on hand my Lord Chancellor Eld.--n.

CORRESPONDENCE

BETWEEN A LADY AND GENTLEMAN,
UPON THE ADVANTAGE OF (WHAT IS CALLED)
"HAVING LAW ON ONE'S SIDE."

The Gentleman's Proposal.

"Lege pura,
B'd placet, et her,

Come, fly to these arms, nor let beauties so bloomy
To one frigid owner be tied;
Your prudes may revile, and your old ones look
gloomy,
But, dearest, we're Law on our side.

Oh! think the delight of two lovers congenial,
Whom no dull decoeurs divide;
Their error how sweet, and their raptures how denial,
When once they've got Law on their side.

'T is a thing, that in every King's reign has been
done, too,
Then why should it now be dec'd?
If the Father has done it, why shouldn't the Son, too?
For so argues Law on our side.

And, ev'n should your sweet violation of duty
By cold-blooded jurors be tried,
They can but bring it in "a misfortune," my beauty,
As long as we've Law on our side.

1 In allusion to Lord Ell—nb—gh.
The Lady's Answer.

Hold, hold, my good Sir, go a little more slowly: For, grant me so faithful a bride,
Such sisters as we, are a little too lowly,
To hope to have Law on our side.

Had you been a great Prince, to whose star shining o'er 'em
The people should look for their guide,
Then your Highness (and welcome!) might kick down decorum
You'd always have Law on your side.

Were you ev'n an old Marquis, in mischief grown hoary,
Whose heart, though it long ago died
To the pleasures of vice, is alive to its glory—
You still would have Law on your side.

But for you, Sir, Crim. Con. is a path full of troubles;
By my advice therefore abide,
And leave the pursuit to those Princes and Nobles
Who have such a Law on their side.

THE SALE OF THE TOOLS

Instrumenta regni. — Tacitus.

Here's a choice set of Tools for you, Ge'mmen and Ladies,
They'll fit you quite handy, whatever your trade is;
(Except it be Cabinet-making; — no doubt,
In that delicate service they're rather worn out.)

Though they're one owner, bright youth! if he'd had his own will,
Would have bungled away with them joyously still.
You can see they've been pretty well hack'd — and ask.

What tool's there job after job will not hack?
Their edge is but dullish, it must be confess'd,
And their temper, like L—th's — 's, none of the best;
But you'll find them good hard-working Tools, upon trying.

Wen't but for their brass, they are well worth the buying;
They're famous for making blinds, sliders, and screens,
And are, some of them, excellent turning machines.

The first Tool I'll put up (they call it a Chancellor)
Heavy concern to th' putcher and seller.
Though made of pig iron, yet worthy of note it is,
'T is ready to melt at a half minute's notice.3

Who bids? Ge'mn's buyer! it will turn a thou shapost;
I will make a good thumb-screw to turn up a Papist
Or else a cramp-iron, to stick in the wall
Of some church that old women are lousy will fall;
Or better, perhaps, (for I'm guessing at random.)
A heavy d haystack for some Lawyer's old Tandum.
Will nobody bid? it is cheap, I am sure, Sir —
Once, twice — going, going — thrice — gouro — it is yours, Sir,
To pay ready money you shan't be distressed,
As a fill at long date suits the Chancellor best.

Come, where's the next Tool? — Oh! it is here in
A drawer.

This implement, Ge'mmen, at first was a Vice;
(A tenacious and close sort of tool, that will let
Nothing out of its grasp if once happens to get) But it since has received a new coating of Tin,
Bright enough for a Prince to behold himself in.
Come, what shall we say for it? briskly! bid on,
We'll the sooner get rid of it — going — quite gone.
God be with it, such tools, if not quickly knock'd down,
Might at last cost their owner — how much! why, a
Crowns!

The next Tool I'll set up has hardly had a handel or
Trial as yet, and is also a Chancellor
Such dull things, as these should be sold by the gross;
Yet dull a — it's, it will be found to shave clear,
And like other close shavers, some courage to gather,
This blade first began by a flourish on leather.4

1 Lord C—o—t—r—gh.
2 He had recently been appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer.

3 An allusion to Lord Eld—n's lachrymose tendencies.
4 Of the taxes proposed by Mr. Vanistart, that principally opposed in Parliament was the additional duty on leather. — Ann. Register.
SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS. 145

You shall have it for nothing—then, marvel with me
At the terrible tinkering work there must be,
Where T such as this is (I'll leave you to judge it)
Is placed by ill luck at the top of the Budget!

LITTLE MAN AND LITTLE SOUL.
A BALLAD.
To the tune of "There was a little man, and he wrou'd a little maid."
DEDICATED TO THE RT. HON. CH.—RL.—S ABB.—T.
Arcades ambo
Met are parens.
There was a little Man, and he had a little Soul,
And he said, "Little Soul, let us try, try, try,
"Whether it's within our reach
"To make up a little Speech,
"Just between little you and little I, I,
"Just between little you and little I!"

Then said his little Soul,
Peeping from her little hole,
"I protest, little Man, you are so stout, stout, stout,
"But, if it's not unwise,
"Pray tell me what the devil
"Must our little, little speech be about, bout, bout,
"Must our little, little speech be about?"

The little Man look'd big,
With th' assistance of his wig,
And he call'd his little Soul to order, order, order,
Tell her she'd he'd make her jog to
To good, like Thomas Croggen,
(As she wasn't Duke or Earl) to reward her,ward her.
As she wasn't Duke or Earl, to reward her.
The little Man then spoke,
"Little soul, it is no joke,
"For as sure as J—ck F—ll——r loves a sup, sup, sup,
"I will tell the Prince and People
"What I think of Church and Steeple,
"And my little patent plan to prop them up, up up
"And my little patent plan to prop them up."

Away then, check by jowl,
Little Man and little Soul
Went and spoke their little speech to a little, little, little,
And the world all declare
That this prigghas little pair
Never in all their lives look'd so little, little, little,
Never yet in all their lives look'd so little!

REINFORCEMENTS FOR LORD WELLINGTON.
Sumeque tibi commendat Troja Peates
Hoc cepit fatorum comites.

1813.
As recruits in these times are not easily got,
And the Marshal must have them—pray, why should we not,
As the last nod, I grant it, the worst of our loans to him
Ship off the Ministry, body and bones to him?
There's not in all England, I'd venture to swear,
Any men we could half so conveniently spare;
And, though they've been helping the French for years too,
We may thus make them useful to England at last.

C——s—r—gh in our sieges might save some disgrace,
Being used to the taking and keeping of places;
And Volunteer C——g—g, still ready for joining,
Might show off his talent for spy-sentiment.
Could the Household but spare us its glory and pride,
Old H———t at horn-work again might be tried,
And the C——l——e make a bold charge at his side;
While V——n—t——e could virtual the troops upon tick,
And the Doctor look after the baggage and sick.

Nay, I do not see why the great R——t himself
Should, in times such as these, stay at home on the shelf;
Though through narrow defiles he's not fitted to pass,
Yet who could resist, if he bore down on masque?
And though it's, of an evening, perhaps he might prove,
Like our Spanish confessors, unable to move, 1
Yet there's one thing in war of advantage unbounded,
Which is, that he could not with ease be surrounded.

In my next I shall sing of their arms and equipment;
At present no more, but—good luck to the shipment!

HORACE, ODE I. LIB. III.
A FRAGMENT.

Odi probare valvus et areos
Fave te linguam carminum non prae
Avulta Musarum sacros
Virginibus puerisque cantos.
Regum temendorum in propiu eruges,
Reges in ipso imperio est Jovis.
1813.
I hate thee, oh, Mob, as my Lady hate'self;
To Sir Francis I'll give up thy claps and thy bimes,
Leave old Magna Charta to shift for itself,
And, like G——ve——s, write books for young masters
and misses.
Oh! it is not high rank that can make the heart merry,
Even monarchs themselves are not free from mislors.
Though the Lords of Westphalia must quake before Jerry,
Poor Jerry himself has to quake before Nap.

HORACE, ODE XXXVIII. LIB. I.
A FRAGMENT.

Persicios exil, poster, sapraturam
Dissipent necas phlynna corrone
Mittit sectarum, Rossa quo locorum
Sera mercuri.

TRANSLATED BY A TREASURY CLERK.
WHILE WAITING DINNER FOR THE RIGHT HON. G——E R——E.

Boy, tell the Cook that I hate all pick-mackerries,
Fricassee, vol-au-vents, puffs, and gim-crackeries—
Six by the Horse-Gund———d——d——d——
Old Georgy is late—
But come—lay the table—chop—rounds! do not wait,
Nor stop to inquire, while the dinner is staying,
At which of his places Old G——e is delaying?

1 The character given to the Spanish soldier, in Sir John Murray's memorable despatch.
2 The literal closeness of the version here cannot but be admired. The Translator has added a long, erudite, and flowery note upon towns of which I can merely give a specimen at present. In the first place, he remarks the Rosarium Politicum of the Persian poet Sadi, with the hope of finding some Political Roses to match the gentleman in the text—but in vain; he then tells us that Cucuio accused Verres of
IRISH MELODIES.

DEDICATION.
TO THE MARCHIONESS DOWAGER OF DONGAL.

It is now many years since, in a Letter prefixed to the Third Number of the Irish Melodies, I had the pleasure of inscribing the Poems of that work to your Ladyship, as to one whose character reflected honour on the country to which they relate, and whose friendship had long been the pride and happiness of their Author. With the same feelings of affection and respect, confirmed if not increased by the experience of every succeeding year, I now place those Poems in their present new form under your protection, and am,

With perfect sincerity,
Your Ladyship's ever attached friend,
THOMAS MOORE.

IRISH MELODIES.

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

Go where glory waits thee,
But while fame elates thee,
Oh! still remember me.
When to thine ear is sweetest,
Oh! then remember me.
All the joys that bless thee
Sweeter far may be;
But when friends are nearest,
And when joys are dearest,
Oh! then remember me!

When, at eve, thou restest
By the star thou lovest,
Oh! then remember me.
Think, when home returning,
Bright we've seen it burning,
Oh! thus remember me.
As summer closes,
When thine eye reposeth
On its lingering roses,
Once so loved by thee,
Think of her who wove them,
Her who made thee love them,
Oh! then remember me.

When, around thee dying,
Autumn leaves are lying,
Oh! then remember me.
And, at night, when reigning
On the gay hearth blazing,
Oh! still remember me.
Then should music, stealing
All the soul of feeling,
To thy heart appealing,
Draw one tear from thee;
Then let memory bring thee
Strains I used to sing thee,—
Oh! then remember me.

IMPROMPTU.

UPON BEING OBLIGED TO LEAVE A PLEASANT PARTY, FROM THE WANT OF A PAIR OF BREECHES TO DRESS FOR DINNER IN.

1810.

Between Adam and me the great difference is,
Though a paradice each has been forc'd to resign,
That he never wore breeches, till turn'd out of his,
While, for want of my breeches, I'm humbled from mine.

reposing upon a cushion "Melitensi rosa factum," which, from the odd mixture of words, he supposes to be a kind of Irish Bed of Roses, like Lord Castle-regexh's. The learned Clerk next favours us with some remarks upon a well-known punning epitaph on fair Rosamond, and expresses a most loyal hope, that, if "Rosa mundi" mean "a rose with clean hands," it may be found applicable to the Right Honourable

LORD WELLINGTON AND THE MINISTERS,

1813.

So gently in peace Alcibiades smil'd,
While in battle he shone forth so terribly grand,
That the emblem they grasp'd on his seal, was a child
With a thunderbolt plac'd in its innocent hand.

Oh, Wellington, long as such Ministers wield
Your magnificent arm, the same emblem will do;
For while they're in the Council and you in the Field,
We've the ladies in them, and the thunder in you I

Rose in question. He then dwells at some length upon the "Rosa aurea," which, though descriptive, in one sense, of the old Treasury Statesman, yet, as being consecrated and worn by the Pope, must, of course, not be brought into the same atmosphere with him. Lastly, in reference to the words "old Rose," he winds up with the pathetic lamentation of the Poet "consuime Rosae." The whole note indeed shows a knowledge of Roses, that is quite edifying.

IRISH MELODIES.
WAR SONG.

REMEMBER THE GLORIES OF BRIEN THE BRAVE.

Remember the glories of Brien the brave,
'Tho' the days of the hero are over;
Th' lost to Mononia, 2 cold in the grave,
He returns to Kinkora, 3 so more.
The star of the held, which so often hath pour'd
Its beam on the battle, is set;
But enough of its glory remains on each sword,
To light us to victory yet.

Mononia! 'When Nature embellish'd its tint
Of thy fields, and thy mountains so fair,
Dul she ever intend that a tyrant should print
The footstep of Averny there?
Nor Freedom, whose smile we shall never resign,
Gan, tell our invaders, the Danes,
That 't is sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine,
Than to sleep but a moment in chains.

Forget not our wounded companions, who stood
In the day of distress by our side;
While the moss of the valley grew'd with their blood,
They struck not, but conquered and died.
That sun which now bless'd our arms with his light,
Shew them fall upon Ossey's plain; —
Oh! let him not blush, when he leaves us to-night,
To find that they fell there in vain.

ERIN! THE TEAR AND THE SMILE IN THINE EYES.

Erin, the tear and the smile in thine eyes,
Blend like the rainbow that hangs in thy skies
Shining through sorrow's stream.
Sadden ing through pleasure's beam,
Thy sun with doubtful gleam,
Weep while they rise.

Erin, thy silent tear never shall cease,
Erin, thy languid smile never shall increase,
Till, like the rainbow's light,
Thy various tints unite,
And form in heaven's sight
One arch of peace.

OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unheark'd his relics are laid;
Sad, silent, and dark, be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

1 Brien Boromhe, the great monarch of Ireland, who was killed at the battle of Clontarf, in the beginning of the 11th century, after having defeated the Danes in twenty-five engagements.
2 Munster.
3 The palace of Brien.
4 This alludes to an interesting circumstance related of the Dalga's, the favourite troops of Brien, when they were interrupted in their return from the battle of Clontarf, by Fitzgerald, prince of Ossey. The wounded men entreated that they might be allowed to fight with the rest. — Let stakes (they said) be stuck in the ground, and suffer each of us, tied to and supported by one of these stakes, to be placed in his rank by the side of a sound man. "Between seven and eight hundred wounded men (adds O'Sulllivan) pale, emaciated, and supported in this manner, appeared mixed with the foremost of the troops; — never was such another sight exhibited." — History of Ireland, book xii. chap. i.

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

WHEN HE, WHO ADDRESSES THEE.

When he, who adores thee, has left but the name
Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
Oh! say wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame
Of a life that for thee was resign'd?
Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall effect their decree;
For Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love;
Every thought of my reason was thine;
In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above,
Thy name shall be mingled with mine.
Oh! bless are the lovers and friends who shall live
The days of thy glory to see;
But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give
Is the pride of thus dying for thee.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed;
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As if its soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts, that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives,
Is when some heart ingredit breaks,
To show that still she lives.

FLY NOT YET.

Fly not yet, it is just the hour,
When pleasure, like the midnight flower
That scorns the eye of vulgar light,
Begins to bloom for sons of night,
And maid's who love the moon.
'T was but to bless these hours of shade
That beauty and the moon were made;
'T is then their soft attractions glowing
To set the lids and goblets flowing.
Oh! stay, — Oh! stay,
Joy so seldom weaves a chain
Like this to-night, that oh, tis pain
To break its links so soon.

Fly not yet, the fount that play'd
In times of old through Annam's shade, 5
Though icy cold by day it ran,
Yet still, like souls of mirth, began
To burn when night was near.
And thus, should woman's heart and looks
At noon be cold as winter brooks,


**IRISH MELODIES.**

Nar kindle till the night, returning,
Brings their genial hour for burning.
Oh! stay,—Oh! stay,—
When did morning ever break,
And find such beaming eyes awake
As those that sparkle here?

---

**OH! THINK NOT MY SPIRITS ARE ALWAYS AS LIGHT.**

Oh! think not my spirits are always as light,
And as free from a pang as they seem to you now;
Nor expect that the heart-beaming smile of to-night
Will return with to-morrow to brighten my brow.
No:—life is a waste of wearisome hours,
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns,
And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers,
Is always the first to be touched by the thorns.
But send round the bowl, and be happy awhile—
May we never meet worse, in our pilgrimage here,
Than the tear that enjoyment may gild with a smile,
And the smile that compassion can turn to a tear.

The thread of our life would be dark, Heaven knows!
If it were not with friendship and love intertwined;
And I care not how soon I may sink to repose,
When these blessings shall cease to be dear to my mind.
But they who have loved the fondest, the purest,
Too often have wept o’er the dream they believed;
And the heart that has shunned in friendship so rare,
Is happy indeed if it was never deceived.
But send round the bowl; while a relic of truth
Is in man or in woman, this prayer shall be mine,—
That the sunshine of love may illuminate our youth,
And the moonlight of friendship console our decline.

---

**THO’ THE LAST GLIMPSE OF ERIN WITH SORROW I SEE.**

Thou! the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see,
Yet wherever thou art shall seem Erin to me;
In exile thy bosom shall still be my home,
And thine eyes make my climate wherever we roam.

To the gloom of some desert or cold rocky shore,
Where the eye of the stranger can haunt us no more,
I will fly with my Cousin, and think the rough wind,
Less rude than the foes we leave frowning behind.

And I’ll gaze on thy gold hair as grateful it walks,
And hang o’er thy soft larp, as wildly it whirls;
Nor dread that the cold-heated Saxon will tear
One chord from that larp, or one lock from that hair.

---

**RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE.**

Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her hand she bore;
But oh! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems, or snow-white wool.

"Lady! dost thou not fear to stray,
So lone and lovely through this bleak way?
Are Erin’s sons so good or so cold,
As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

"Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm,
No son of Erin will offer me harm:—
For though the love woman and golden store,
Sir Knight! they love honour and virtue more."

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the green isle;
And blest for ever is she who relied
Upon Erin’s honour, and Erin’s pride.

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**AS A BEAM O’ER THE FACE OF THE WATERS MAY GLOW.**

As a beam o’er the face of the waters may glow
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,
So the cheek may be ting’d with a warm sunny smile,
Though the cold heart to rain runs darkly the while.
One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws
Its bleak shade alike o’er our joys and our woes;
To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring
For which joy has no balm and affliction no sting—
Oh! this thought in the midst of enjoyment will stay,
Like a dead, leafless branch in the summer’s bright ray;
The beams of the warm sun play round it in vain,
It may smile in his light, but it blooms not again.

---

**THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.**

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.
Yet it was not that nature had shed o’er the scene
Her purer! of crystal and brightest of green;
I was not her soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh! no,—it was something more exquisite still.

I was that friends, the belov’d of my bosom, were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear.

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1 *In the twenty-eighth year of the reign of Henry VIII., an Act was made respecting the habits, and dress in general, of the Irish, whereby all persons were restrained from being shorn or shaved above the ears, or from wearing Gobbies, or Coulins (long locks), on their heads, or hair on their upper lip, called Cronmelts. On this occasion a song was written by one of our bards, in which an Irish virgin is made to give the preference to her dear Cousin (or the youth with the flowing locks) to all strangers (by which the English were meant), or those who wore their habits. Of this song, the air alone has reached us, and is universally admired."—*Walker’s *Historical Memoirs of Irish Bards*, p. 134. Mr. Walker informs us also, that, about the same period, there were some harsh measures taken against the Irish Minstrels.

2 *This ballad is founded upon the following anecdote:—"The people were inspired with such a spirit of honour, virtue, and religion, by the great example of Brien, and by his excellent administration, that, as a proof of it, we are informed that a young lady of great beauty, adorned with jewels and a costly dress, undertook a journey alone, from one end of the Kingdom to the other, with a wand only in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of exceeding great value; and such an impression had the laws and government of the Irish, to the belief that the laws were just and the government of this Monarch made on the minds of all the people, that no attempt was made upon her honour, nor was she robbed of her clothes or jewels."—*Harmer’s History of Ireland*, vol. 1, book x.

3 "The Meeting of the Waters" forms a part of that beautiful scenery which lies between Rathdrum and Arklow, in the county of Wicklow, and these lines were suggested by a visit to this romantic spot, in the summer of the year 1857.

4 The rivers Avoca and Avoca.
IRISH MELODIES.

And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.
Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world
Should cease.
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR.

How dear to me the hour when daylight dies,
And sunbeams melt along the silent sea,
For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
And memory breathes her vesper sigh to thee.

And, as I watch the line of light, that plays
Along the smooth wave tov'rd the burning west,
I long to tread that golden path of rays,
And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest.

TAKE BACK THE VIRGIN PAGE.

WRITTEN ON RETURNING A BLANK BOOK.

Take back the virgin page,
White and unwritten still;
Some hand more calm and sage,
The leaf must fill.
Thoughts come, as pure as light,
Pure as even you require;
But, oh! each word I write
Love turns to fire.

Yet let me keep the book;
Oft shall my heart renew,
When on its leaves I look
Dear thoughts of you.
Like you, 'tis fair and bright;
Like you, too bright and fair
To let wild passion write
One wrong wish there.

Haply, when from those eyes
Far, far away I roam,
Should calmer thoughts arise
Towards you and home;
Fancy may trace some line,
Worthy those eyes to meet,
Thoughts that not burn, but shine,
Pure, calm, and sweet.

And as, o'er ocean far,
Send their records keep,
Led by some hidden star
Through the cold deep;
So may the words I write
Tell thro' what storms I stray—
You still the unseen light,
Guiding my way.

THE LEGACY.

When in death I shall calmly recline,
O bear my heart to my mistress dear;
Tell her it lived upon smiles and wine
Of the brightest line, while it lingered here;
Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow
To sully a heart so brilliant and light;
But balmy drops of the red grape borrow
To bathe the relic from morn till night.

When the light of my song is o'er,
Then take my harp to your ancient hall;
Hang it up at that friendly door,
Where weary travellers love to call.
Then if some bard, who roams forlorn,
Revive its soft note in passing along,
Oh! let one thought of its master waken
Your warmest smile for the child of song.

Keep this cup, which is now o'erflowing,
To grace your revel, when I'm at rest;
Never, oh! never its balm bestowing
On lips that beauty hath seldom blessed.
But when some warm devoted lover
To her he adores shall bathe its brim,
Then, there my spirit around shall hover,
And hollow each drop that foams for him.

HOW OFT HAS THE RENSHEE CRIED.

How oft has the Renshee cried,
How oft has death united
Bright links that Glory wove,
Sweet bonds entwined by Love!
Peace to each manly soul that sleepeth;
Rest to each faithful eye that weepeth;
Long may the fair and brave
Sigh o'er the hero's grave.

We're fall'n upon gloomy days;
Star after star decays,
Every bright name, that shed
Light o'er the land, is hid.
Dark falls the tear of him who mourneth
Lost joy, or hope that we'er returneth;
But brightly flows the tear,
Wpt o'er a hero's bier.

Quench'd are our beacon lights—
Thou, of the Hundred Fights! 3
Thou, on whose burning tongue
Truth, peace, and freedom hung!
Both mute,—but long as valour shineth,
Or mercy's soul at war repineth,
So long shall Erin's pride
Tell how they liv'd and died.

WE MAY ROAM THROUGH THIS WORLD.

We may roam thro' this world, like a child at a feast,
Who but sips of a sweet, and then flies to the rest;
And, when pleasure begins to grow dull in the east,
We may order our wings and be off to the west;
But if hearts that feel, and eyes that smile,
Are the dearest gifts that heaven supplies,
We never need leave our own green isle,
For sensitive hearts, and for sun-bright eyes.

1 "In every house was one or two harps, free to all travellers, who were the more caressed, the more they excelled in music."—O'Halloran.
2 I have endeavoured here, without losing that Irish character, which it is my object to preserve throughout this work, to allude to the sad and envious fate, by which England has been deprived of so many great and good men, at a moment when she most requires all the aids of talent and integrity.
3 This designation, which has been before applied to Lord Nelson, is the title given to a celebrated Irish Hero, in a Poem by O'Gueve, the lord of O'Niel, which is quoted in the "Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland," p. 433. "Con, of the hundred Fights, sleep in thy grass-grown tomb, and upbraided not our defeats with thy victories."—Fox, "Romanorum ultimus."
Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd, 
Thro' this world, whether eastward or westward you roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
Oh! remember the smile which adorns her at home.

In England, the garden of Beauty is kept
By a dragon of prudery placed within all,
But so oft a nimble dragon has slept,
That the garden's but carelessly watched after all.
Oh! they want the wild sweet-briery fence,
Which round the flowers of Erin dwells;
Which warns the touch, while winning the same,
Nor charms us least when it most repels.

Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
Thro' this world, whether eastward or westward you roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
Oh! remember the smile that adorns her at home.

EVELEEN'S BOWER.
Oh! weep for the hour,
When to Eveleen's bower
The Lord of the Valley with false vows came;
The moon hid her light
From the heavens that night,
And wept behind her clouds o'er the maiden's shame.
The clouds pass'd soon
From the chest cold moon,
And heaven smiled again with her ves'tal flame;
But none will see the day,
When the clouds shall pass away,
Which that dark hour left upon Eveleen's fame.
The white snow lay
On the narrow path-way,
When the Lord of the Valley crossed over the moor;
And made a deep print
On the white snow's tust
Show'd the track of his footstep to Eveleen's door.
The next sun's ray
Soon melted away
Every trace on the path where the false Lord came;
But there's a light above,
Which alone can remove
That stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.

LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.
Let Erin remember the days of old,
Ere her faithful sons betray'd her;
When Malachi wore the collar of gold,
'thus he won from her proud invader.

When her kings, with standard of green unfurl'd,
Led the Red-Branch Knights to danger;
Ere the emerald gem of the western world
Was set in the crown of a stranger.
On Lough Neagh's north bank as the fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve's decline,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining;
Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
Thus, shedding, long through the waves of time
For the long-faded glories they cover.

THE SONG OF FIONNUALA.
Silent, oh Moyle, be the ray of thy water,
Break not, ye breezes, your claim of repose,
While, murmuring mournfully, Lir's lovely daughter
Tells to the night-star her tale of woes.
When shall the swan, her death-note singing,
Sleep, with wings in darkness fulfil'd?
When will heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
Call my spirit from this stormy world?

Sally, oh Moyle, to thy winter-wave weeping,
Fate bids me languish long ages away;
Yet still in her darkness doth Erin lie sleeping,
Still doth the pure light its dawning delay.
When will that day-star, mildly springing,
Warm our isle with peace and love?
When will heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
Call my spirit to the fields above?

hand, taking a collar of gold from the neck of one,
and carrying off the sword of the other, as trophies of his victory.—Warner's History of Ireland, vol. i. book ix.

2 "Military orders of knights were very early established in Ireland: long before the birth of Christ
we find an hereditary order of Chivalry in Ulster, called Cyruide na Craobhhe ruada, or the Knights
of the Red Branch, from their chief seat in Brannia, adjoining to the north of the island, to the palace of the Ulster kings, called
Teach na Craobhhe ruadh, or the Academy of the
Red Branch; and contiguous to which was a large
hospital, founded for the sick knights and soldiers,
called Branagh, or the House of theSorrowful
Soldier."—O'Halloran's Introduction, 6c., part 1.

3 It was an old tradition, in the time of Giraldus,
that Lough Neagh had been originally a fountain, by
whose sudden overflowing the country was inundated,
and a whole region, like the Atlantis of Plato,
overwhelmed. He says that the fishermen, in clear weather,
used to point out to strangers the tall ecclesiastical
towers under the water. 
Fiscatores aque illius
turris ecclesiatricas, que more patriae arcto sunt et
alter, nec non rotundae, sub undis manifeste mero
tempore crepitantem, et extraneis transvectantse, resque
cavat aduanrantibus, frequentes estundant—
Topogr. Hb. dist. 2. c. 9.

4 To make this story intelligible in a song would
require a much greater number of verses than any
one is authorized to inflict upon an audience at once; the
reader must therefore be content to learn, in a note,
that Fionnuala, the daughter of Lir, was, by some
supernatural power, transformed into a swan, and
condemned to wander, for many hundred years, over
certain lakes and rivers in Ireland, till the coming of
Christianity, when the first sound of the mass-hall was
to be the signal of her release. — I found this fanciful
fiction among some manuscript translations from the
Irish, which were begun under the direction of that
enlightened friend of Ireland, the late Countess of
Moira.
COME SEND ROUND THE WINE.

To simpleton sages, and reasoning fools;
This moment’s a flower too fair and brief.
To be wither’d and slain’d by the dust of the schools.
Your glass may be purple, and mine may be blue,
But, while they are full’d from the same bright bowl,
The soul, who would quarrel for difference of hue,
Deserves not the comfort they shed o’er the soul.

Shall I ask the brave soldier, who fights by my side
In the cause of mankind, if our creed’s agree?
Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
And kneel not before the same altar with me?
From the heretic girl of my soul should I fly,
To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?
No, perish the hearts, and the laws that try
Truth, valour, or love, by a standard like this!

SUBLIME WAS THE WARNING.

Sublime was the warning that Liberty spoke,
And grand was the moment when Spaniards awoke
Into life and revenge from the emperour’s chain.
Oh, Liberty! let not this spirit have rest,
Till it move, like a breeze, over the waves of the west
Give the light of your look to each sorrowing soul,
Nor, oh, be the Shamrock of Erin forgot
While you add to your garland the Olive of Spain!

If the fame of our fathers, bequeath’d with their rights,
Give to country its charm, and to home its delights,
If decent be a wound, and suspicion a stain
Then, ye men of Iberia, our cause is the same!
And oh! may his tomb want a tear and a name,
Who would ask for a nobler, a holier death,
Than to turn his last sigh into victory’s breath,
For the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain!

Ye Blakes and O’Donnells, whose fathers resign’d
The green hills of their youth, among strangers to find
That reposse which, at home, they had sigh’d for in vain,
Join, join in our hope that the flame, which you light,
May be felt yet in Erin, as calm, and as bright,
And forgive even Albion while blushing she draws,
Like a truant, her sword, in the long-sigh’d cause
Of the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain!

God prosper the cause!—oh, it cannot but thrive,
While the pulse of one patriot heart is alive,
Its devotion to feel, and its rights to maintain;
Then, howainted by sorrow, its martyrs will die!
The finger of Glory shall point where they lie;
While, far from the footsteps of coward or slave,
The young spirit of Freedom shall shelter their grave
Beneath Shamrocks of Erin and Olive of Spain!

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARM.

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gave on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy-gifts fading away,
Thou wouldst still be ador’d, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear rain each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself veritably still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofan’d by a tear,
That the fervour and Faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear;

No, the heart that has truly lov’d never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turn’d when he rose.

ERIN, OH, ERIN.

Like the bright lamp, that shone in Kildare’s holy lane,
And burn’d thro’ long ages of darkness and storm
Is the heart that sorrow’s now grown’d on in vain,
Whose spirit outlives them, unsided and warm.
Erin, oh, Erin, thus bright thro’ the tears
Of a long night of bondage, thy spirit appears.
The nations have fallen, and thou art young,
Thy sun is but rising, when others are set;
And tho’ slavery cloud o’er thy morning hung,
The full noon of freedom shall beam round thee yet.
Erin, oh, Erin, that long in the shade,
Thy star will shine out when the proudest shall fade.

Unchill’d by the rain, and unwak’d by the wind,
The lily lies sleeping thro’ winter’s cold hour,
Till Spring’s light touch her features unbind,
And daylight and liberty bless the young flower.
Thus Erin, oh, Erin, thy winter is past,
And the hope that liv’d thro’ it shall blossom at last.

DRINK TO HER.

Drink to her, who long
Hath wak’ed the poet’s sigh
The girl, who gave to song
What gold could never buy.
Oh! woman’s heart was made
For minstrel hands above;
By other fingers plaid,
It yields not half the tone.
Then here’s to her, who long
Hath wak’d the poet’s sigh.
The girl, who gave to song
What gold could never buy
At Beauty’s door of glass,
When Wealth and Wit once stood,
They ask’d her, “which might pass?”
She answer’d, “he, who could.”
With golden key, Wealth thought
To possess—’t but would not do:
While Wit a diamond brought,
Which cut his bright way through.
So here’s to her, who long
Hab wak’d the poet’s sigh.
The girl, who gave to song
What gold could never buy.

The love that seeks a home
Where wealth or grandeur shines,
Is like the gloomy gnome,
That dwells in dark gold mines.
But oh! the poet’s love
Can boast a brighter sphere;
Its native home’s above,
That woman keeps it here.

1 The extinguishable fire of St. Bridget, at Kildare, which Giraldus mentions:—“Apud Kildaritn occurrunt ignis sanctae Bridgete, quem ineinctuibilia vocant; non quod existit non posuit, sed quod tam solici munitae et sancta multim multiplicata materia, foretum et nutriment, ut tempore virginitatis per tot annorum curricula semper manuit ineinctus”
Girald. C. M. B. M. Hibern. dist. 2. c. 34.
2 Mrs. H. Tighe, in her exquisite lines on the lily, has applied this image to a still more important object.
Oh! blame not the bard, if he fly to the bowers,
Where Pleasure lies, carelessly smiling at Fame;
He was born for much more, and in happier hours
His song might have burned with a hotter flame.
The string, that now languisht, looses o'er the lyre,
Might have bent a proud bow to the warrior's dart:
And the lip, which now breathes but the song of desire,
Might have pour'd the full tide of a patriot's heart.

But alas for his country! — her pride is gone by,
And that spirit is broken, which never would bend;
O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh;
For 'tis treachery to love her, and death to defend.
Upri'd are her sons, till they've learned to betray,
Undisguish'd they live, if they shame not their sires;
And the torch, that would light them thro' dignity's way,
Must be caught from the pile, where their country expires.

Then blame not the bard, if in pleasure's soft dream,
He should try to forget, what he never can heal;
Oh! gave but a hope — let a vista but gleam;
Through the gloom of his country, and mark how he'll feel!
That instant, his heart at her shrine would lay down,
Every passion it nurs'd, every bliss it ador'd;
While the myrtle, now idly enwind'd with his crown,
Like the wreath of Harmodius, should cover his sword.

But tho' glory be gone, and tho' hope fade away,
Their name, loved Erin, shall live in his songs;
Not ev'n in the hour, when his heart is most gay,
Will be lose the remembrance of thee and thy wrongs.
The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains;
The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,
Till thy masters themselves, as they revet thy claims,
Shall pause at the song of their captive, and weep.

WHILE GAZING ON THE MOON'S LIGHT.

While gazing on the moon's light,
a moment from her smile I 'dil
To look at orbs, that more bright,
In lone and distant glory burn'd.

But too far
Each proud star,
For me to feel its warming flame;
Much more dear
That mild sphere,
Which near our planet smiling came;
Thus, Mary, be thou my own;
While his brick'er eye unheav'd play,
I'll love those moonlight looks alone,
That bless my home and guide my way.
The day had sunk in dim showers,
But midnight now, with lustre meet,
Illumin'd all the pale flowers,
Like hope upon a mourner's cheek.
I held (while
The moon's smile
Play'd o'er a stream, in dimpling blush,
The moon looks
On many brooks,
"This brook can see no moon but this;"
And thus, I thought, our fürures run,
For many a lover looks to thee,
While oh! I feel there is but one,
One Mary in the world for me.

ILL OMENS.

When daylight was yet sleeping under the billow,
And stars in the heavens still lingering shone,
Young Kitty, all blushing, rose up from her pillow,
The last time she e'er was to press it alone.
For the youth whom she cherished her heart and her soul in,
Had promis'd to link the last tie before moon;
And when once the young heart of a maiden is stolen
The maiden herself will steal after it soon.

As she look'd in the glass, which a woman never misses,
Nor ever waits time for a sky glance or two,
A butterfly, fresh from the night-flower's kisses,
Flew over the mirror, and shaded her view.
Enraged with the insect for hindering her graces,
She brush'd it — he fell, alas! never to rise:
"Ah! such," said the girl, "is the pride of our faces,
For which the soul's innocence too often dies.

While she stole thro' the garden, where hearts-case was growing,
She call'd some, and kiss'd off its night-fallen dew;
And a rose, further on, look'd so tempting and glowing.
That, spate of her haste, she must gather it too;
But while o'er the roses too carelessly leaning,
Her zone flew in two, and the hearts-case was lost:
"Ah! this means," said the girl, (and she sigh'd at its meaning),
"That love is scarce worth the repose it will cost!"

BEFORE THE BATTLE.

By the hope within us springing,
Herald of to-morrow's strife;
By that sun, whose light is bringing
Gains or freedom, death or life.

1 We may suppose this apology to have been uttered by one of these wandering bards, whom Spenser so severely, and, perhaps, truly, describes in his State of Ireland, and whose poems, he tells us, "were sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their natural device, which have good grace and comeliness unto them, the which it is great pity to see abused to the gracing of wickedness and vice, which, with good usage, would serve to adorn and beautify virtue."

2 It is conjectured by Wormius, that the name of Ireland is derived from Yr, the name in the use of the natives with whom we suppose the Irish were once very expert. This derivation is certainly more creditable to us than the following: "So that Ireland, called the land of Yr, from the constant bloods therein for 400 years, was now become the land of one red.

3 See the Hymn, "Oh! Ireland,
4 Of such celestial bodies are visible, the sun excepted, the single moon, as desperate as it is in comparison to most of the others, is much more beneficial than they all put together." — Hutton's Theory, § 5.

5 In the Entretiens d'Ariste, among other ingenious emblems, we find a merry skylark without a moon, with these words, Non mille, quod absurum.

6 This image was suggested by the following thought, which occurs somewhere in Sir William Jones's works: "The moon looks up many night-flowers, the night-flower sees, but one moon."

7 An emblem of the soul.
IRISH MELODIES.

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Oh! remember life can be
No charm for him, who loves not free!
Like the day-star in the wave,
Sinks a hero in his grave,
Most the dew-fall of a nation's tears.

Happy is he o'er whose decline
The smiles of home may clustering shine
And bring him down the steep of years:
— But oh, how blest they sink to rest!
Who close their eyes on victory's breast!

O'er his watch-fire's fading embers
Now the woman's cheek turns white,
When his heart that field remembers,
Where we tamed his tyrant might.
Never let him bind again
A chain, like that we broke from them.
Hark! the horn of combat calls—
Ere the golden evening falls,
May we pledge that hush in triumph round! 1

Many a heart that now bests bides,
In slumber cold at night shall lie,
Nor waken even at victory's sound:
— But oh, how blest that hero's sleep,
O'er whom a wond'ring world shall weep!

AFTER THE BATTLE.
Night closed around the conqueror's way,
And light times show'd the distant hill,
Where those who last that drearful day,
Stood few and faint, but fearless still.
The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,
For ever dimm'd, for ever crest—
Oh! who shall say what heroes feel,
When all but life and honour's lost?

The last sad hour of freedom's dream,
And valor's task, mov'd slowly by,
While mute they watch'd, till morning's beam
Should rise and give them light to die.
There's yet a world, where souls are free,
Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss;—
If death that world's bright opening be,
Oh! who would live a slave in this?

'TIS SWEET TO THINK.
'Tis sweet to think, that, where'er we rove,
We are sure to find something blissful and dear,
And that, when we're far from the lips we love,
We've but to make love to the lips we are near. 2
The heart, like a tenfold, ascendant to cling,
Let it grow where it will, cannot flourish alone,
But will lean to the nearest, and closest thing,
It can twine well itself, and make closely its own.
Then oh! what pleasure, when'er we rove,
To be sure to find something, still, that is dear,
And to know, when far from the lips we love,
We've but to make love to the lips we are near.

1 The Irish Corna was not entirely devoted to martial purposes. In the heroic ages, our ancestors quaffed Mead out of them, as the Danish hunters do their beverage at this day.”—Walker.

2 I believe it is Marmion who says, "Quand on n'apace ce que l'on croit, il faut apprendre que l'on a.
— There are so many matter-of-fact people, who take such faits d'esprit as this defense of inconstancy, to be the actual and genuine sentiments of him who writes them, that they deplore one, in self-defense, to be a matter-of-fact as themselves, and to remind them, that Democritus was not the worse physiologist, for having joyfully contended that snow was black; nor Erasmus, in any degree, the less wise, for having written an ingenious encomium of folly.

3 "The Irish Peasant to His Mistress." Through grief and through danger thy smile hath cheerd my way,
Till hope seem'd to bud from each thorn that round me lay;
The darker our fortune, the brighter our pure love burn'd;
Till shine into glory, till fear into zeal was turn'd;
Yes, slave as I was, in thy arms my spirit felt free.
And bless'd even the sorrows that made me more dear to thee.
Thy rival was honour'd, while thou wast wrong'd and scorn'd,
Thy crown was of briars, while gold her brows adorn'd;
She would enter temple, while thou lay'st hid in caves,
Her friends were all masters, while thine, alas! were slaves;
Yet cold in the earth, at thy feet, I would rather be,
Than wed what I lov'd not, or turn one thought from thee.
They slander thee sorely, who say thy vows are frail—
Hadst thou been a false one, thy cheek had look'd less pale.
They say, too, so long thou hast worn these lingering chains,
That deep in thy heart they have printed their servile marks—
Oh! foul is the slander,—no chain could that soul subdue.

Where shone thy spirit, there liberty shone too! 4

ON MUSIC.
When thru' life unblest we rove,
Leaving all that made life dear,
Should some notes we used to love,
In days of boyhood, meet our ear,
Oh! how welcome breathes the strain,
Wakening thoughts that long have slept,
Kindling former smiles again,
In faded eyes that long have wept.

Like the gale, that sighs along
Bed of oriental flowers,
In the grateful breath of spring,
That once was heard in happier hours
Fill'd with balm, the gale sighs on,
Though the flowers have sunk in death;
So, when pleasure's dream is gone,
In memory lives in Music's breath.

Music, oh, how fair, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell,
Why should Feeling ever speak,
When thou cannot breathe her soul so well? 5

4 "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty."—St. Paul, 2 Corinthians, iii. 17.

5 Meaning, allegorically, the ancient Church of Ireland.
IRISH MELODIES.

He'll never meet
A joy so sweet,
In all his noon of fame,
As when first he sung to woman's ear
His soul-felt fame,
And, at every close, she blush'd to hear
The one lov'd name.

No,—that hallow'd form is never forgot
Which first love trac'd;
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste.
'Twas a tear shed;
'Twas morning's winged dream;
'T was a light that never can shine again
On life's dull stream.

Oh! 'twas light that never can shine again
On life's dull stream.

THE PRINCE'S DAY.2

Thou dark are our sorrows, to day we'll forget them,
And smile through our tears, like a sunbeam in showers:
There never were hearts, if our rulers would let them,
More form'd to be grateful and blest than ours.
But joy when the chain
Has ceased to pain,
And hope has unwrith'd, it round with flowers,
There comes a new link
Our spirits to sink—
Oh the joy that we taste, like the light of the poles,
Is a dash amid darkness, too brilliant to stay;
But, though it were the last little spark in our souls,
We must light it up now, on our Prince's Day.
Contempt on the minion, who calls you disloyal!
Thou need's to your foe, to your friends you are true;
And the tribute most high to a head that is royal,
Is love from a heart that loves liberty too.
While cowards who slight
Your fanes, your right.
Would shrinkle from the blaze of the battle array,
The Standard of Green
In front would be seen,—
Oh, my life on your faith! were you summond this minute,
You'd cast every bitter remembrance away,
And show what the arm of old Erin has in it,
When round'd by the foe, on her Prince's Day.

He loves the Green Isle, and his love is recorded
In hearts, which have suffer'd too much to forget; And hope shall be crown'd, and attachment rewarded,
And Erin's gay justice shine out yet.
The gem may be broke
By many a stroke,
But nothing can cloud its native ray;
Each fragment will cast
A light, to the last—
And thus, Erin, my country, the broken thou art,
There's a luster within thee, that never will decay;
A spirit, which beams through each suffering part,
And now smiles at all pain on the Prince's Day.

WEEP ON, WEEP ON.

Weep on, weep on, your hour is past;
Your dreams of pride are o'er;
The fatal chain is round you cast,
And you are men no more.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

Oh! the days are gone, when Beauty bright,
My heart's chain wove;
When my dream of life, from morn till night,
Was love, still love,
New hope may bloom,
And days may come,
Of milder calmer beam,
But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream;
No, 'tis nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream.
Tho' the hard to outer fame may soar,
When wild youth's past;
Tho' he win the wave, who told before,
To smile at last;

1 These lines were occasioned by the loss of a very near and fair relative, who had died lately at Madeira.

2 This song was written for a fete in honour of the Prince of Wales's Birthday, given by my friend, Major Bryan, at his seat in the county of Kilkenny.
LESBIA HATH A BEAMING EYE.

Lesbia hath a beaming eye,
But no one knows for whom it beameth;
Right and left its arrows fly,
But what they aim at no one dreameth.

Sweet'er it is gaze upon
My Nora's lid that seldom rises;
Few its looks, but every one,
Like unexpect'd light, surprises.

Oh, my Nora Creina, dear,
My gentle, bashful Nora Creina,
Beauty lies
In many eyes,
But Love in yours, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia wears a robe of gold,
But all so close the nymph hath lo'd it,
Not a charm of beauty's mould
Presumes to stay where nature plac'd it.

Oh! my Nora's gown for me,
That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
Leaving every beauty free
To sink or swell as Heaven pleases.

Yes, my Nora Creina, dear,
My simple, graceful Nora Creina,
Nature's dress
Is loveliness —
The dress you wear, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia hath a wit refined,
But, when its points are gleaming round us,
Who can tell if they're design'd?
To dazzle merely, or to wound us?

Pillow'd on my Nora's heart,
In slumber love repose —
Bed of peace! whose roughest part
Is but the crumpling of the roses.

Oh! my Nora Creina, dear,
My mild, my artless Nora Creina!
Wit, tho' bright,
Hath no such light,
As warm your eyes, my Nora Creina.

I SAW THY FORM IN YOUTHFUL PRIME.

I saw thy form in youthful prime,
Nor thought that pale decay
Would steal before the steps of Time,
And waste its bloom away, Mary!

Yet still thy features wore that light,
Which fee'd not with the breath;
And life ne'er look'd more truly bright
Than in thy smile of death, Mary!

As streams that run o'er golden mines,
Yet humbly, calmly glide,
Nor seem to know the wealth that shines
Within their gentle tide, Mary!

So would it beneath the simplest guise,
Thy radiant genius shine,
And that, which charm'd all other eyes,
Seem'd worthless in thy own, Mary!

If souls could always dwell above,
Thou ne'er had left that sphere;
Or could we keep the souls we love,
We ne'er had lost thee here, Mary!

Though many a gifted mind we meet,
Though fairest forms we see,
To live with them is far less sweet,
Than to remember thee, Mary!

BY THAT LAKE, WHOSE GLOOMY SHORE.

By that lake, whose gloomy shore
Sky-lark never warbles o'er, 2
Where the cliff hangs high and steep,
Young Saint Kevin sole to sleep.

"Here, at least," he calmly said,
"Woman ne'er shall find my bed."
Ah! the good Saint little knew
What that wily sex can do.

'T was from Kathleen's eyes he flew,—
Eyes of most unholy blue!
She had lov'd him well and long,
Wish'd him hers, but thought it wrong.

Wast'd o'er the Saint would fly,
Still he heard her light foot sound;
East or west, where'er he turn'd,
Still her eyes before him burn'd.

On the bold cliff's eastern cast,
Tranquil now he sleeps at last;
Dreams of heaven, nor thinks that o'er
Woman's smile can haunt him there.

But nor earth nor heaven is free
From her power, if food she be:
Even now, while calm he sleeps,
Kathleen o'er him leans and weeps.

Fearless she had track'd his feet
To this rocky, wild retreat;
And when morning met his view,
Her mild glances met it too.

Ah, your saints have cruel hearts!
Sternly from his bed he starts,
And with rude, repulsive shock,
Hurts her from the bleeding rock.

Glendalough, thy gloomy wave
Soon was gentle Kathleen's grave!
Soon the saint (yet ah! too late.)
Felt her love, and mourn'd her fate.

When he said, "Heaven rest her soul?"
Round the Lake light music stole;
And her ghost was seen to glide,
Smiling o'er the fatal ride.

1 I have here made a feeble effort to imitate that exquisite inscription of Shenstone's, "Heu! quod minus est cum reliquis, versatii quam tibi memorinisse!"

2 This ballad is founded upon one of the many stories related of St. Kevin, whose bed in the rock is to be seen at Glendalough, a most gloomy and romantic spot in the county of Wicklow.

3 There are many other curious traditions concerning this Lake, which may be found in Giraldis, Colgan, &c.
SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.
She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers are round her, sighing;
But coldly she turns from their gaze and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild song of her dear native plain,
Every note which he lov'd awaking:
Ah! little they think who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking.

He had liv'd for his love, for his country he died,
They were all that in life had entwined him;
No song shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
When they promise a glorious morn;
They'll shine over her sleep, like a smile from the West,
From her own lovel'd island of sorrow.

NAY TELL ME NOT, DEAR.
Nay, tell me not, dear, that the goblet drows
One charm of feeling, one fond regret;
Believe me, a few of thy angry frowns
Are all I've sunk in its bright wave yet.

Ne'er hath a beam
Been lost in the stream
That ever was shed from thy form or soul;
The spell of those eyes,
The balm of thy sighs,
Still float on the surface, and hallow my bowl.

Then fancy not, dearest, that wine can steal
One blissful dream of the heart from me;
Like founts that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,
The bowl but brightens my love for thee.

They tell us that Love in his fairy bower
Had two blush-roses, of birth divine;
He sprinkled the one with a rainbow's shower
But bath'd the other with mantling wine.

Soon did the buds
That drank of the floods
Distill'd by the rainbow, decline and fade;
While those which the tide
Of ruby had dy'd
All blush'd into beauty, like thee, sweet maid!

Then fancy not, dearest, that wine can steal
One blissful dream of the heart from me;
Like founts, that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,
The bowl but brightens my love for thee.

AVENGING AND BRIGHT.
Avenging and bright falls the swift sword of Erin.
On him who the brave sons of Ulster betrayed—
For ev'y fond eye he hath waken'd a tear in.
A drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her blade.

By the red cloud that hung over Coon's dark dwelling,
When Ulster's three champions lay sleeping in gore—
By the billows of war, which so often, high swelling,
Have wafed these heroes to victory's shore—
We swear to revenge them!—no joy shall be tasted,
The harp shall be silent, the maiden wept,
Our halls shall be mute and our he ds shall be wasted,
Till vengeance is wreak'd on the murderer's head.

Yes, monarch! the sweet are our home recollections,
Though sweet are the tears that from tenderness fall;
Though sweet are our friendships, our hopes, our
Reformations,
Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all!

WHAT THE BEE IS TO THE FLOWRET.
He.—What the bee is to the flowret,
When he looks for honey-dew,
Through the leaves that close embower it,
That, my love, I'll be to you.

She.—What the bank, with verdure glowing,
Is to waves that wander near,
Whispering kisses, while they're going,
That I'll be to you, my dear.

She.—But they say, the bee's a rover,
Who will fly, when sweet's are gone;
And, when once the kiss is over,
Faithless brooks will wander on.

He.—Nay, if flowers will lose their looks,
A sunny banks will wear away,
'Tis but right, that bees and brooks
Should sip and kiss them, while they may.

LOVE AND THE NOVICE.

"Here we dwell, in holiest bowers,
Where angels of light o'er our orisons bend;
There sighs of devotion and breathings of flowers
Mingle with the angelic sighs and breathings of the skies.

"To heaven in sighed and whispered thoughts ascent,
Dost thou not disturb our calm, oh, Love!
"So like is thy form to the cherubs above,
It well might deceive such hearts as ours."

Love stood near the Novice and listend,
And Love, in love, in love, and in the hunt;
His laughing blue eyes soon with pity glisten'd;
His rosy wing list'ned to heaven's own hunt.

"Who would have thought," the archin cries,
"That Love could so well, so gravely disguise
His wandering wings, and wandering eyes?"

Love now warms thee, waking and sleeping,
Young Novice, to him all thy orisons rise.
He turns the heavily fraught with his weeping
Beauties the censer's flame with his sighs.

"The children of Lear" (both regarding Turlough O'Danann),
and this "The death of the children of Uisnach," which is a Milesian story. It will be recollected, that in the Second Number of these Melodies, there is a ballad upon the story of the children of Lear or Lie; "Silent, oh, Myde" &c.

Whatever may be thought of these sanguine claims to antiquity, which Mr. O'Flanagan and others advance for the literature of Ireland, it would be a last ing reproach upon our nationality, if the Gaelic re-searches of this gentleman did not meet with all the liberal encouragement they so well merit.

1. The words of this song were suggested by the very ancient Irish story called "Deirdri, or the Lamentable Fate of the Sons of Uisnach," which has been translated literally from the Gaelic, by Mr. O'Flanagan (see vol. of Translations of the Gaelic & city of Dublin) and upon which it appears that the "Diaruma of Macpherson" is founded. The treachery of Connor, King of Ulter, in putting to death the three sons of Usna, was the cause of a desecrating war against Ulter, which terminated in the destruction of Linn----

"This story (says Mr. O'Flanagan) has been, from time immemorial, held in high repute as one of the three tragic stories of the Irish. These are, 'The death of the children of Luan'; 'The death of the children of Lear'; 'The death of the children of Uisnach,' which is a Milesian story. It will be recollected, that in the Second Number of these Melodies, there is a ballad upon the story of the children of Lear or Lie; "Silent, oh, Myde" &c.

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2. "Oh, Nasi! view that cloud that I here see in the sky! I see ever Ensor-green a chilling cloud of blood-tired red." — Deirdri's Song.

3. Ulter.
IRISH MELODIES.

Love is the Saint embroiled in thy breast,
And angels themselves would admit such a guest,
If he came to them clothed in Fiery's vest.

THIS LIFE IS ALL CHEQUERD WITH PLEASURES AND WOES.

This life is all chequer'd with pleasures and woes,
That chase one another like waves of the deep;
Each brightly or darkly, as onward it flows,
Reflecting our eyes, as they sparkle or weep.
So closely our whisks on our miseries tread, That the laugh is awak'd ere the tear can be dried;
And, as fast as the run-drop of joy is shed,
The goose-plume of folly can turn it aside.
But pledge me the cup—if existence would cloy,
With hearts ever happy, and heads ever wise;
Be ours the light Sorrow, half-sister to Joy,
And the light, brilliant Folly that flashes and dies.

When Hylas was sent with his urn to the fount,
Thro' fields full of light, and with heart full of play,
Light rambled the boy, over meadow and mount,
And neglected his task for the flowers on the way.
Thus many, like me, who in youth should have tasted
The fountain that runs by Philosophy's shrine,
Their time with the flowers on the margin have waved,
And left their light urns all as empty as mine.
But pledge me the goblet;—while philoprosody weaves
These flowerets together, should Wisdom but see
One bright drop or two that has fall'n on the leaves
From her fountain divine, 'tis sufficient for me.

**OH THE SHAMROCK**

Through Erin's Isle,
To sport awhile,
As Love and Valour wand'red,
With Wit, the sprite,
Whose quiver bright
A thousand arrows squander'd,
Where'er they pass,
A treble glass\(^1\)
Shoots up, with dew-drops streaming,
As softly green
As emeralds seen
Thro' purest crystal gleaming.
Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
Chosen leaf,
Of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!

Says Valour, "See,
"Those leafy gems of morning!"
Says Love, "No, no,
"For me they grow.
"My fragrant path adorning,"
But Wit perceives
"The treble leaves,
And cries, "Oh! do not sever
"A type, that blends
"Three godlike friends.
"Love, Valour, Wit, for ever!"

\(^1\) Proposito florum praestum officii. *Propert. lib. 1. eleg. 21.*

Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
Chosen leaf of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!

So firmly fond
May last the bond,
They wove that more together,
And ne'er may fall
One drop of gall
On Wit's immortal spear.
May Love, as twin
His flowers divine,
Of thorny falsehood weep 'em;
May Valour ne'er
His standard rear.
Against the cause of Freedom!
Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
Chosen leaf of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!

**AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT.**

At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly
To the lone vale we love'd, when life shone warm in thine eye.
And I think oft, if spirits can steal from the regions of air,
To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me there,
And tell me our love is Remember'd, even in the sky.
Then I sing the wild song 't was once such pleasure to hear!
When our voices commingling breath'd, like one, on the ear;
And, as Echo far off through the vale my sad orison rolls,
I think, oh my love! 't is thy voice from the Kingdom of Souls.
Faintly answering still the notes that once were so dear.

**ONE BUMPER AT PARTING.**

One bumper at parting!—tho' many
Have circled the board since we met,
The fullest, the saddest of any
Remains to be crow'd by us yet.
The sweetness that pleasure bath in it,
is always so slow to come forth,
That seldom, alas, till the minute
It dyes, do we know half its worth.
But come—may our life's happy measure
Be all of such moments made up;
They're born on the bosom of Pleasure,
They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

As onward we journey, how pleasant
To pause and inhabit awhile
Those few sunny spots, like the present,
That 'mid the dull wilderness a smile.
But Time, like a pitiless wailer,
Cries 'Onward;!' and spur the gay hours.
Ah, never doth Time travel faster,
Than when his way I es among flowers.
But come—may our life's happy measure
Be all of such moments made up;
They're born on the bosom of Pleasure,
They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

\(^a\) "There are countries," says Montaigne, "where they believe the soul of the happy live in all manner of liberty, in delightful fields; and that it is those souls, repeating the words we utter, which we call Echo."
We saw how the sun look’d in sinking,
The waters beneath him how bright;
And now, let our farewell of sinking
Resemble that farewell of light.
You saw how he finish’d, by darting
His beam o’er a deep hollow’s brink —
So fill up, let’s shine at our parting,
In full liquid glory, for him.
And oh! may our life’s happy measure
Of women’s like this be made up,
’T was born on the bosom of Pleasure,
It dies amid the tears of the cup.

’T IS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

’Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone;  
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rose-bud is nigh,
To reflect her blushes,
Or give a sigh for sigh.
I’ll not leave thee, thou lone one!
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o’er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.
So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love’s shining circle
The gems drop away,
When true hearts lie wither’d,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

The young May moon is beaming, love,
The glow-worm’s lamp is gleaming, love,
How sweet to rove Through Moro’s grove.¹
When the drowsy world is dreaming, love!
Then awake! — the heavens look bright, my dear,
’T is never too late for delight, my dear,
And the best of all ways
To lengthen our days,
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!
Now all the world is sleeping, love,
But the Sage, his star-watch keeping, love,
And I, whose star,
More glorious far,
Is the eye from that casement peeping, love.
Then awake! — till rise of sun, my dear,
The Sage’s glass we’ll shun, my dear,
Or, in watching the flight
Of bodies of light.
He might happen to take thee for one, my dear.

THE MINSTREL-BOY.

The Minstrel-Boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you’ll find him;
His father’s sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.—

¹ “Steals silently to Moro’s grove.” — See, in Mr. Bunbury’s collection, a poem translated from the Irish.

Land of song!” said the warrior-hard,
“Thy soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery.

THE SONG OF O’RUARAK,
PRINCE OF BREFFNÍ.²

The valley lay smiling before me,
Where lately I left her behind;
Yet I trembled, and something hung o’er me,
That saddened the joy of my mind.
I look’d for the lamp which, she told me,
Should shine, when her Hiberna return’d;
But, though darkness began to enfold me,
No lamp from the battlements burn’d!
I flew to her chamber — it was lonely,
As if the lov’d tenant lay dead;
Ah, would they were death, and death only!
But no, the young false one had fled.
And there hung the lute that could soften
My very worst pains into bliss;
While the band that had wak’d it so often,
Now throb’d to a proud rival’s kiss.
There was a time, falsest of women,
When Breffnía’s good sword would have sought
That man, that youth of maturem, and
Who dair’d to wrong thee in thought!
While now — oh degenerate daughter
Of Erin, how fa’n is thy fame!
And through ages of bondage and slaughter,
Our country shall bleed for thy shame.
Already, the curse is upon her,
And strangers her valleys profane;
They come to divide, to dishonour,
And tyrants their long will remain.

by the late John Brown, one of my earliest college companions and friends, whose death was as singularly melancholy and unfortunate as his life had been amiable humane, and exemplary.
² These stanzas are founded upon an event of most melancholy importance to Ireland; if, as we are told by our Irish historians, it gave England the first opportunity of profiting by our divisions and subduing us. The following are the circumstances, as related by O’Halloran: — “The king of Leinster had long conceived a violent affection for Deirdre, daughter to the king of Meath, and though she had been for some time married to O’Ruark, prince of Breffnía, yet it could not restrain his passion. They wrote to a private correspondence, and she informed him that O’Ruark intended soon to go on a pilgrimage (an act of piety frequent in those days), and conjured him to embrace that opportunity of conveying her from a husband she detested to a lover she admired. Mac Murchad was piously obeyed the summons, and had the lady conveyed to his capital of Tillyarn,” — the monarch Roderick expressed the cause of O’Ruark, while Mac Murchad fled to England, and obtained the assistance of Henry II.
³ Such,” adds Giraldus Cambrensis (as I find him in an old translation), “is the variable and fickle nature of woman, by whom all mischief in the world (for the most part) do happen and come, as may appear by Marcus Antonius, and by the destruction of Troy.”
But onward!—the green banner rearing,  
Go, flesh every sword to the hilt;  
On our side is Virtue and Erin,  
On theirs is the Saxon and Guilt.

OH! HAD WE SOME BRIGHT LITTLE ISLE  
OF OUR OWN.  

Oh! had we some bright little isle of our own,  
In a blue summer ocean, far off and alone,  
Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming bowers,  
And the bee banquets on through a whole year of flowers;  
Where the sun loves to pause  
With so fund a delay,  
That the night only draws  
A thin veil o'er the day;  
Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,  
Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can give.  

There, with souls ever ardent and pure as the clime,  
We should love, as they lov'd in the first golden time;  
The glow of the sun's beams, the balm of the air.  
Would steal to our hearts, and make all summer there.  
With affection as free  
From decline as the bowers,  
And, with hope, like the bee,  
Living always on flowers,  
Our life should resemble a long day of light,  
And our death come on, holy and calm as the night.

FAREWELL!—BUT WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR.  

Farewell!—but whenever you welcome the hour,  
That awakens the night-song of mirth in your bower,  
Then think of the friend who once welcomed it too,  
And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you,  
His griefs may return, not a hope may remain  
Of the few that have brightend his pathway of pain,  
But he never will forget the short vision, that threw  
Its enchantment around him, while lingering with you.  

And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up  
To the highest top spark-keach heart and each cup,  
Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,  
My soul, happy friends, shall be with you that night;  
Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,  
And return to me, bearing all o'er with your smiles—  
Too blest, if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer  
Some kind voice had murnard, "I wish be were here!"  

Let fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,  
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;  
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,  
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.  
Long, long be my heart with such mem'ries fill'd—  
Like the vase, in which roses have once been distill'd—  
You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,  
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

OH! DOUBT ME NOT.  

Oh! doubt me not—the season  
Is o'er, when Folly made me rove,  
And now the vestal, Reason,  
Shall watch the fire awak'd by Love.  
Altho' this heart was early blown,  
And fairest hands disturb'd the tree,  
The only shuck some blossoms down,  
Its fruit has all been kept for thee.

Then doubt me not—the season  
Is o'er, when Folly made me rove,  
And now the vestal, Reason,  
Shall watch the fire awak'd by Love.  
And tho' my love no longer  
May sing of Passion's ardent spell,  
Yet, trust me, all the stronger  
I feel the bliss I do not tell.  
The bee through many a garden roves,  
And hums his lay of courtship o'er;  
But when he finds the flower he loves,  
He settles there, and hums no more.  
Then doubt me not—the season  
Is o'er, when Folly kept me free,  
And now the vestal, Reason,  
Shall guard the flame awak'd by thee.

YOU REMEMBER ELLEN.  

You remember Ellen, our hamlet's pride,  
How meekly she bless'd her humble lot,  
When the stranger, William, had made her his bride,  
And love was the light of their lowly cot.  
Together they told through winds and rains,  
" till William, at length, in sadness said,  
"We must seek our fortune on other plains;"  
Then, sighing, she left her lowly shed.  

They roamed a long a and weary way,  
Nor much was the wanderer's heart at ease,  
When now, at close of one stormy day,  
They see a proud castle aming the trees.  
"To-night," said the youth, "we'll shelter there;  
"The wind blows cold, the hour is late:"  
So he blew the horn with a cheerlain's air,  
And the Porter bow'd, as they pass'd the gate.

"Now, welcome, Lady," exclaimed the youth,—  
"This castle is thine, and these dark woods all!"  
She believ'd him crazed, but her words were true,  
For Ellen is Lady of Rosina Hall;  
And dearly the Lord of Rosina loves  
What William the stranger would and well;  
And the light of bliss, in these lordly groves,  
Shines pure as it did in the lowly shed.

I'D MOURN THE HOPES.  

I'd mourn the hours that leave me,  
If thy smiles had left me too;  
I'd weep when friends deceive me,  
If thou wert, like them, untrue.  
But while I've thee before me,  
With heart so wurn and eyes so bright,  
No clouds can linger o'er me,  
That smile turns them all to light.  

'T is not in fate to harm me,  
While fate leaves thy love to me;  
'T is not in joy to charm me,  
Unless joy be shared with thee.  
One minute's dream about thee  
Were worth a long, an endless year  
Of waking bliss without thee,  
My own love, my only dear!  
And that the hope be gone, love,  
That long sparkled o'er our way,  
Oh! we shall journey on, love,  
More safely, without its ray.  
Far better lights shall win me  
Along the path I've yet to roam:  
The mind that burns within me,  
And pure smiles from thee at home.  

1 This ballad was suggested by a well-known and interesting story told of a certain noble family in England.
Thus, when the lamp that lighted
The traveller at first goes out,
He feels as while benighted,
And looks round in fear and doubt.
But soon, the prospect clearing,
By cloudless starlight on he treads,
And thinks no lamp so cheering
As that light which Heaven sheds.

COME O'ER THE SEA.

Come o'er the sea,
Maiden, with me,
Mine thro' sunshine, storm, and snows:
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same, where'er it goes.
Let faterown on, so we love and part not;
Tis life where thou art, 'tis death where thou art not.
Then come o'er the sea,
Maiden, with me,
Come where'er the wild wind blows;
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same where'er it goes.

Was not the sea
Made for the Free,
Land for courts and chains alone?
Here we are slaves,
But, on the waves,
Love and liberty's all our own.
No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us,
All earth forgot, and all heaven around us —
Then come o'er the sea,
Maiden, with me,
Mine thro' sunshine, storm, and snows;
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same, where'er it goes.

HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED.

Has sorrow thy young days shaded,
As clouds o'er the morning flee?
Too fast have those young days faded,
That, even in sorrow, were sweet?
Deep Time with his cold wing wither
Each feeling that once was dear —
Then, child of misfortune, come hither,
I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

Has love to that soul, so tender,
Been like our Lagenian mine?
Where sparkles of golden splendour
All over the surface shine —
But, if in pursuit we go deeper,
All'd be in the gleam that shine,
Ah! false as the dream of the sleeper,
Like Love, the bright ore is gone.

Has Hope, like the bird in the story,
That fluttered from tree to tree
With the talisman's glittering glory —
Has Hope been that bird to thee?
On branch after branch alighting,
The gems did she still display.
And, when nearest and most inviting,
Then wait the fair gem away?

1 Our Wicklow Gold Mines, to which this verse alludes, deserve, I fear, but too well the character given of them.
2 "The bird, having got its prize, settled not far off, with the talisman in his mouth. The prince drew near it, hoping it would drop it; but, as he approached, the bird took wing, and settled again," &c. — Arabian Nights.
WHILE HISTORY'S MUSE.

While History's Muse the memorial was keeping
Of all that the dark hand of Destiny weaves,
Beside her the Genius of Erin stood weeping,
For hers was the story that blotted the leaves.
But oh! how the tear in her eyelids grew bright,
When, after whole pages of sorrow and shame,
She saw History write,
With a pencil of light
That illum'd the whole volume, her Wellington's name.

"Hail, Star of my Isle!" said the Spirit, all sparkling
With beams, such as break from her own dewy skies.
"Three ages of sorrow, deserted and dimpling,
I've watch'd for some glory like thine to arise.
For tho' th' Heroes I've number'd, unblest was their lot,
And unhallow'd they sleep in the cross-ways of Fame;"
"But oh! there is not
One dishonouring blot
On the wreath that encries my Wellington's name.

Yet still the last crown of thy toils is remaining,
"The grandest, the purest, ev'n thou last yet known;
Th' most proud was thy task, other nations uncrowning,
Far prouder to heal the deep wounds of thy own.
At the foot of that throne, for whose weal thou last stood,
Go, plead for the land that first cradled thy fame,
And, bright o'er the flood
Of her tears and her blood,
Let the rainbow of Hope be her Wellington's name!"

THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING.

The time I've lost in wooing,
In watching and pursuing
The light, that lies
In woman's eyes,
Has been my heart's undoing.
Tho' Wisdom oft has sought me,
I scarce'd the love she brought me
My only books
Were woman's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me.

Her smile when Beauty granted,
I hung with gaze enchanted,
Like him the Sprite,
Whom maid's by night
Oft meet in glen that's haunted.
Like him, too, Beauty won me,
But while her eyes were on me,
If once my tear
Was turn'd away
O! winds could not outrun me.

1 This alludes to a kind of Irish fairy, which is to be met with, they say, in the fields at dusk. As long as you keep your eyes upon him, he is fixed, and in your power—but the moment you look away (and he is ingenious in furnishing some inducement) he vanishes. I had thought that this was the sprite which we call the Leprechaun; but a high authority upon such subjects, Lady Morgan, (in a note upon her national and interesting novel, O'Donnell) has given a very different account of that goblin.

IRISH MELODIES.

AND ARE THOSE FOLLIES GOING?
And is my proud heart growing
Too cold or wise
For brilliant eyes
Again to set it glowing
No, vain, alas! I'll endeavour
From bonds so sweet to sever;
Poor Wisdom's chance
Against a glance
Is now as weak as ever.

WHERE IS THE SLAVE
Oh, where's the slave so lowly,
Condemn'd to chains unblest,
Who, could he burst
His bonds at first,
Would pine beneath them slowly?
What soul, whose wrongs degrade it
Would wait till time decay'd it,
When thus its wing
At once may spring
To the throne of Him who made it?

Farewell Erin,—farewell, all,
Who live to weep our fall!
Less dear the laurel growing,
Alive, untouch'd and blooming,
Than that, whose braid
Is pluck'd to shade.
The brows with victory glowing,
We tread the land that bore us,
Her green flag glitters o'er us,
The friends we've tried
Are by our side,
And the foe we hate before us.

Farewell, Erin,—farewell, all,
Who live to weep our fall!

COME, REST IN THIS Bosom.

Come rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer,
Thou' hast the heart that flew from thee, thy home is still here;
Here still is the smile, that no cloud can o'ercast,
And a heart and a hand all thy own to the last.
Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
Thro' joy and thro' lament, thro' glory and shame?
I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.
Thou hast call'd me thy Angel in moments of bliss,
And thy Angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of this—
Thro' the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee,—or perish there too!

'TIS GONE, AND FOR EVER.

'Tis gone, and for ever, the light we saw breaking,
Like Heaven's first dawn o'er the sleep of the dead—
When Man, from the slumber of ages awaking,
Look'd upward, and blessed the pure ray, ere it fled.
'Tis gone, and the gleam it has left of its burning
But deepens the long night of bondage and mourning;
That dark o'er the kingdoms of earth is returning
And darkest of all, hapless Erin, o'er thee.

For high was thy hope, when those glories were darting
A round thee, thro' all the gross clouds of the world;
When Truth, from her seat indignant starting,
At once like a Sun-burst, her banner unfurled;

2 "The Sun-burst" was the fanciful name given by the ancient Irish to the Royal Banner.
IRISH MELODIES.

Oh! never shall earth see a moment so splendid!
Then, then — had one Hymn of Deliverance blended
The tongues of all nations — how sweet had ascended
The first note of Liberty, Erin, from thee!

But, shame on those tyrants, who envied the blessing!
And shame on the right race, unworthy its good.
Who, at Death's recking at, like forges, caressing
The young hope of Freedom, bared it in blood.

Then vanish'd for ever that false, sunny vision,
Which, spite of the slavish, the cold heart's desirous,
Shall long he remember'd, pure, bright, and elysian,
As first it arose, my lost Erin, on thee.

I SAW FROM THE BEACH.

I saw from the beach, when the morning was shining,
A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on;
I came when the sun o'er that beach was declining,
The bark was still there, but the waters were gone.

And such is the fate of our life's early promise,
So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known;
Each wave, that we drank on at morning, ebbs from us,
And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone.

Ne'er tell me of glories, serenely adorning
The close of our day, the calm eve of our night;
Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of Morning,
Her clouds and her tears are worth Evening's best light.

Oh, who would not welcome that moment's returning,
When passion first wak'd a new life thro' his frame,
And his soul, like the wood, that grows precious in burning,
Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite flame.

FILL THE BUMPER FAIR.

Fill the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care
Smooths away a wrinkle.

Wit's electric flame
Ne'er so swiftly passes,
As when thro' the frame
It shoots from brimming glasses.

Fill the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care
Smooths away a wrinkle.

Sages can, they say,
Grasp the lightning's pinions,
And bring down its ray
From the star'd dominions:
So we, Sages sit,
And, mad bumpers bright'ning,
From the Heaven of Wit
Draw down all its lightening.

Would'st thou know what first
Made our souls inherit
This enmarching train?
For wine's celestial spirit?
It chanced upon that day,
When, as bard's inform us,
From hence stole away
The living fires that warm us:

The careless Youth, when up
To Glory's font aspiring,
Took not nor turn nor cup
To hide the palfier'd fire in.
But oh, his joy, when, round
The halls of Heaven spying,
Among the stars he found
A bowl of Bacchus lying!

Some drops were in that bowl,
Remains of last night's pleasure,
With which the Sparks of Soul
Mett'd their burning treasure.
Hence the goblin's shower
 Hath such spells to win us;
Hence its mighty power
O'er that flame within us.
Fill the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care
Smooths away a wrinkle.

DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY.

Dear Harp of my Country! in darkness I found thee,
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long;
When proudly, my own Island Harp, I unbind thee,
And gave all my chords to light, freedom, and song!

The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness
Have wak'd thine fondest, thy liveliest thrill;
But, so oft hast thou echo'd the deep sigh of sadness,
That ev'n in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear Harp of my country! farewells to thy numbers,
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine.
Go, sleep with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumber,
Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine;
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
Have throb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone;
I was but a wind, passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I wak'd was thy own.

In that rebellious but beautiful song, "When Erin first rose," there is, if I recollect right, the following line:

"The dark chain of Silence was thrown o'er the deep."

The chain of Silence was a sort of practical figure of rhetoric among the ancient Irish. Walker tells us of "a celebrated contention for precedence between Finn and Gaul, near Finn's palace at Altham, where the attending Bards, anxious, if possible, to produce a cessation of hostilities, shook the chain of Silence, and hung themselves among the ranks." See also the Ode to Gaul, the Son of Morn, in Miss Brooke's Reliques of Irish Poetry.

END OF VOL. III.

PREFACE TO THE FOURTH VOLUME.

The recollections connected, in my mind, with that early period of my life, when I first thought of interpreting in verse the touching language of my country's music, tempt me again to advert to those long past days; and, even at the risk of being thought to indulge overmuch in what Colley Cibber calls "the great pleasure of writing about one's self all day," to notice briefly some of those impressions and influences under which the attempt to adapt words to our ancient Melodies was for some time meditated by me, and, at last, undertaken.

There can be no doubt that to the zeal and industry of Mr. Bunting his country is indebted for the preservation of her old national airs. During the prevalence of the Penal Code, the music of Ireland was made to share in the fate of its people. Both were alike shat
out from the pale of civilised life; and seldom any where but in the huts of the lower classes could the sound of other tales be heard. Even of that class, the itinerant harper, among whom for a long period our ancient music had been kept alive, there remained but few to continue the precious traditions of the bardic art. The advent of Henry Bunting in the year 1794, at which the two or three still remaining of the old race of wandering harpers assisted, exhibited the last public effort made by the lovers of Irish music, to preserve to their country the only grace or ornament left to her, out of the wreck of all her bardic stores. This was the prime legislation of the Pale had endeavoured vainly through so many centuries to effect,—the utter extinction of Ireland's Minstrelsy,—the deadly pressure of the Penal Laws had nearly, at the close of the eighteenth century, accomplished; and, but for the zeal and intelligent research of Mr. Bunting, at that crisis, the greater part of our musical treasures would probably have been lost to the world. It was in the year 1796 that this gentleman published his first volume; and the national spirit and hope then awakened in Ireland, by the rapid spread of the democratic principle throughout Europe, could not but insure a most cordial reception for such a work,—flattering as it was to the fond dreams of Erin's early days, and containing in itself, incidentally, a proof of the truth of her claims to an early date of civilisation.

It was in the year 1797 that, through the medium of Mr. Bunting's book, I was first made acquainted with the beauties of our native music. A young friend of mine, a gentleman of the name of Bulfinch, an eminent dentist of that name who played with much taste and feeling on the flute, and, unluckily for himself, was but too deeply warmed with the patriotic ardour then kindling around him, was the first who made known to me, or at least to me, the beauty of our national melodies,—a mine, from the working of which my humble labours as a poet have since derived their sole lustre and value. About the same period I formed an acquaintance, which soon grew into intimacy, with young Robert Emmet. He was my senior, I think, by one class, in the university; for when, in the first year of my course, I became a member of the Debating Society,—a sort of nursery to the authorised Historical Society—I found him in full reputation, not only as a scholar and eloquentist, but also for the blamelessness of his life, and the grave suavity of his manners.

Of the political tone of this minor school of oratory, which was held weekly at the rooms of different residents, information may be derived from the nature of the questions proposed for discussion, one of which, I recollect, was, "Whether an Aristocracy or a Democracy is most favourable to the advancement of science and literature?" while another, bearing even more pointedly on the relative position of the government and the people of the country, was thus significantly propounded:—"Whether a soldier was bound, on all occasions, to obey the orders of his superior officer?" On the former of these questions, the effect of Emmet's eloquence upon his young audience was seen in the resolution for the protection against touching upon modern political questions, which it was subsequently found necessary to enforce, had not yet been introduced; and Emmet, who took of course ardently the side of democracy in the debate, after a brief review of the republics of antiquity, showing how much they had all done for the advancement of science and the arts, proceeded, lastly, to the grand and portentous example, then passing before all eyes, the young Republic of France. Referring to the excesses committed by the Revolutionaries, Robert Emmet, expressing wonder and regret at the Rubicon, contrived to carry with him his Commissions and his sword, the young orator said, "Thus France wades through a sea of gore and blood; but while, the hand she wields the sword against her aggressors, with the other she upholds the glories of science and literature unscathed by the ensuing tide through which she struggles." To another of his remarkable speeches, I remember his saying, "When people advance in knowledge, it is true we cannot perceive at last how far their government is lagging behind them, what then, I ask, is to be done in such a case? What, but to pull the government up to the people?"

In a few months after, both Emmet and myself were admitted members of the greater and recognised institution, called the Historical Society; and even here, the political feeling so rife abroad contrived to mix up its restless spirit with all our debates and proceedings: notwithstanding the precautions of the college authorities, as well as of a strong party within the Society itself, devoted adherents to the policy of the government, and taking invariably part with the Provost and Fellows in all their respective and inquisitorial measures. The most distinguished and eloquent of these supporters of power was a young man named Sargent, of whose fate in after days I know nothing, and Jebb, the late Bishop of Limerick, who was then, as he continued to be through life, much respected for his private worth and learning.

Of the popular side, in the Society, the chief champion and ornament was Robert Emmet; and though every care was taken to exclude from the subjects of debate all questions verging towards the politics of the day, it was always easy enough to bring in his name, on any sort of digression or allusion, to bring Ireland and the prospects then opening upon her within the scope of the orator's view. So exciting and powerful, in this respect, were Emmet's speeches, and so little were even the measures voted overpowered by his voice, that the Society, according to the order that the papers were read before the members, would piously endeavour to obviate the maudlin inquiries they were thought to produce. The name of this nature champion of the higher powers it is not necessary here to record; but the object of his mission among us was in some respect gained; as it was in replying to a long oration of his, one night, that Emmet, much to the mortification of us who gloried in him as our leader, became suddenly embarrassed in the middle of his speech, and, to use the parliamentary phrase, broke into a momentary confusion in the thread of his discourse, and was physically indistinguishable from effusion in encountering an adversary so much his senior,—for Emmet was as modest as he was high-minded and brave,—he began, in the full career of his eloquence, to hesitate and repeat his words, and then, after an effort or two to recover himself, sat down.

It fell to my own lot to be engaged, about the same time, in a brisk struggle with the dominant party in the Society, in consequence of a burlesque poem which I gave in, as candidate for the Literary Medal, entitled "An Ode upon Nothing, with Notes, by Trumegustus Rustitustic, D. D." &c. &c. For this squib against the great Don of learning, the medal was voted to me by a triumphant majority. But a motion of a still more serious character, I have been now and again referred to in this work; and a fierce contest between the two parties ensued, which I at last put an end to by voluntarily withdrawing my composition from the Society's Book.

I have already adverted to the period when Mr. Bunting's valuable volume first became known to me. There elapsed no very long time before I was myself the happy proprietor of a copy of the work, and, though never regularly instructed in music, could play over the airs with tolerable facility on the pianoforte. Robert Emmet, I remember, wrote me when I was thus engaged; and I remember one day his starting up as from a reverie, when I had just finished playing that spirited tune called the Red Fox, and exclaimed, "Oh, that I were at the head of twenty thousand men, marching to that air!"

"Let Erin remember the days of old!"
How little did I then think that in one of the most touching of the sweet airs I used to play to him, his own dying words would find an interpreter so worthy of their sad, but proud feeling; 1 or that another of those touching and moving songs was sung in the most exalted manner by the heart of one who, when looking significantly at me, he said, 2 "Well, you see—"

I was not destined, however, to remain long undetected. On the following day, Edward Hudson, 3 the only one, as I have said, entrusted with my secret, called to pay me a morning visit, and had not been more than five minutes among me, when the inquisitorial committees of the House of Commons, among the extracts from The Press brought forward by the Secret

Committees of the House of Commons, to show how formidable had been the designs of the United Irishmen, there are two or three paragraphs cited from this redoubtable Letter.

1 "Oh, breathe not his name." 2 "She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps." 3 Miss Curran.

4 So thought also higher authorities; for among the extracts from The Press cited before, it is not possible to retain anything which indicates the article was considered by both to be "very bold." 5

5 Of the depth and extent to which Hudson had involved himself in the conspiracy, none of our family had harboured the least notion; till, on the seizure of the thirteen Leinster delegates, 6 Oliver Bond's, in the month of March, 1798, we were startled to learn that such a movement and sorrow, that he was one of the number.

To those unred in the painful history of this period, it is right to mention that almost all the leaders of the United Irish conspiracy were Protestant. Among those companions of my own and those engaged in it, I scarcely remember a single Catholic.
with the power of examining witnesses on oath, and
in a place devoted to the instruction of youth, I cannot
but confess that the facts which came out in the
course of the evidence, went far towards justifying
every charge, that on his side, the many who, like myself, were acquainted only with the general
views of the Union leaders, without even knowing,
except from conjecture, who those leaders were, or
what their plans or objects, it was most startling to
hear the disclosures which the question brought forth.
There were a few,—and among that number, poor Robert Emmet, John Brown, and the two
***,***, whose total absence from the whole
scene, as well as the dead silence that, day after
day, and week after week, was kept up by the witnesses, proclaimed how deep had been their share in the unlawful
proceedings inquired into by this tribunal.
But there was one young friend of mine, ****,
whose appearance among the suspected and examined
as much surprised as it deeply and painfully interested me. He and Emmet had long been intimate
and attached friends;—their congenial fondness for
mathematical studies having been, I think, a far
more binding sympathy between them than any arising out of their political opinions. From his being called up
in the course of the examination, with all con-
wards, all the most important evidence was brought
forward, there could be little doubt that, in addition to his intimacy with Emmet, the college authorities
must have possessed some information which led them to suspect him of being a party to the conspiracy.
In the course of his examination, some questions were put to him which he refused to answer,—most probably from their tendency to
involve or incriminate others; and he was accordingly dismissed, without the multitude having any
information as to the future prospects in life were blazed, it being already
known that the punishment for such contumacy was not merely expulsion from the University, but exclusion
from all the learned professions.
That first day of the trial, of which this whole day had been
such as to send me to my home in the evening
with no very agreeable feelings or prospects, I heard evidence given affecting even the lives of some
of those friends whom I had long regarded with admira-
tion as well as affection; and what was still worse than their danger, — a danger emboldened, I thought,
by the cause in which they suffered,— was the shameful spectacle exhibited by those who had appeared in evidence against them. Of these wit-
nesses the greater number had been themselves
involved in the plot, and now came forward either as voluntary informers, or else were driven by the fear of the consequences of refusal to secure their own
safety at the expense of companions and friends.
I do not remember the cause of so much unreasoning, that hung
over our family circle on that evening, as talking
together of the events of the day, we discussed the
likelihood of my being among those who would be
called up for examination on the morrow. The
deliberate conclusion to which my dear honest
dadvice came, was that overwhelming all the con-
sequences were to be all their plans and hopes for me,
yet, to the questions leading to incriminate others, which was put to all but all examined on that day, and which poor St. * had alone refused to answer, I must, in the same manner, and at all risks, return a
similar refusal. I am not quite certain whether I received
any intimation, on the following morning, that I was to be one of those examined in the course of
the day; but I rather think some such notice had been
conveyed to me,—and, at last, my awful turn came,
and I stood in presence of the formidable tribunal.
There sat, with severe look, the vice-chancellor, and,
Lord. Did you ever hear a proposal of this nature,
memorable for his eternal pamphlets against the
Catholics.
The oath was prefixed to me. "I have an objection,
my Lord," said I, "to taking this oath."
What is your objection?" he asked sternly. "I have no
fears, my Lord, that anything I might say would
incriminate myself; but it might tend to involve others,
and I despise the character of the person who could be
led, under any such circumstances, to inform against
his associates." The vice-chancellor, after some
consideration of the proceeding day; and, as I learned
afterwards, was so understood.
"How old are you, Sir?" he then asked. "Between seventeen and eighteen,
my Lord." He then turned to his assessor, Duigeman,
and exchanged a few words with him, in an under
tone of voice. "We cannot," he resumed, again ad-
ressing me, "suffer any one to remain in our Uni-
versity, who refuses to take this oath."
"I shall, then, my Lord," I replied, "take the oath,—still re-
ceiving to myself the power of refusing to answer
any such questions, just done, as may be put to me.
I do not sit here to argue with you, Sir," he rejoined
sharply; upon which I took the oath, and seated
myself in the witnesses' chair.
The following are the questions and answers that
then ensued. As relating to the proved existence of
United Irish Societies in the University, he asked,
Have you ever belonged to any of these societies?"
"No, my Lord." "Have you ever known of any of the
proceedings that took place in them?" "No, my
Lord." "Did you ever hear of a proposition made, in one of these societies, for the purchase of
arms and ammunition?" "Never, my Lord." "Did you ever hear of
a proposition made, in one of these societies, with
respect to the expedience of assassination?" "Oh no,
my Lord." He then turned again to Duigeman, and,
after a few words with him, said to me:—When
such are the answers you are able to give, pray what
was the cause of your great repugnance to taking the
oath?" "I have already told your Lordship my chief
reason; in addition to which, it was the first oath I
ever took, and the hesitation was, I think, natural."
I was now dismissed without any farther question.

1 There had been two questions put to all those examined on the first day,— Were you ever asked to join any of these societies?—and By whom were you a kinsman?—which I should have refused to answer, and must, of course, have abided the consequences.

2 For the correctness of the above report of this short examination, I can pretend confidently answer. It may amuse, therefore, my readers,—as showing the manner in which biographers make the most of small facts,—to see an extract or two from another account of this affair, published not many years since by an old and zealous friend of my family. After stating with tolerable correctness one or two of my answers, the writer thus proceeds: — Upon this, Lord Clare repeated the question, and young Moore made such an appeal, as caused his Lordship to look aside and regard as he was. The words I cannot exactly remember; the substance was as follows: — that he entered college to receive the education of a scholar and a
gentleman; that he knew not how to compromise these characters, or to forsake his good companions; that his own speeches in the debating
society had been ill constructed, when the worst that could be said of them was, if truth had been spoken, that they were pa rote . . . . that he was aware of the
high-minded part the Irish had taken in relating to, and if his lordship could for a moment condescend to step from his high station and place himself in his situation, then say how he would act under such circumstances,—it would be his guidance."

ing; and, however trying had been this short opera-
tion, was amply repaid for it by the kind zeal with
which my young friends and companions flocked
to concorne me—not so much, indeed, as I was incited
to hope, on my acquittance by the court, as on the manner
in which I had acquitted myself. Of my reception,
on returning home, after the fears entertained of so
very different a result, I will not attempt any descrip-
tion—it was all that such a house alone could furn
ish.

I have been induced thus to continue down to
the very verge of the warning outbreak of 1798, the slight
sketch of my early days which I ventured to com-
nunicate in the Fourth Volume. More could
I have furnished the Irish Melodies with my more
premature illustration, as it was in those times, and
among the events then stirring, that the feeling which
afterwards found a voice in my country's music, was
born and nurtured.

I shall now string together such detached notices
and memoranda respecting this work, as I think may
be likely to interest my readers.

Of the few songs written with a concealed political
feeling—such as "When he who adores thee," and
one or two more—the most successful, in its day, was
"When first I met thee," which was
published, in its hidden sense, to the Prince Regent's
desertion of his political friends. It was little less, I
own, than a distasteful attempt to adorn the
beautful air by any connexion with such a subject.

The great success of this song, soon after I wrote it,
among a large party staying at Chatsworth, is thus
alluded to in one of Lord Byron's letters to me:
"I have just heard from Chatsworth that you have left Chats
worth and all there full of enthusiasm!" and, in particular, that
"When first I met thee" has been quite overwhelming in its effect. I told you it
was one of the best things you ever wrote, though that you would lead me to omit part of it."

It has been sometimes supposed that "Oh, breathe
not his name," was meant to allude to Lord Edward
Fitzgerald; but this is a mistake; the song having
been suggested by the well known passage in Robert
Emblem's dying speech: "Let no man write my epit
aph—let my tomb remain unscribed, till
other times and other men shall learn to do justice to my
memory."

The feeble attempt to commemorate the glory of
our own Duke—"When Henry's Muse," &c. is
so far remarkable, that it made up amply for its
want of poetical spirit, by an outpouring, rarely granted
to bards in these days, of the spirit of Prophecy. It
was in the year 1815 that the following lines first made
their appearance:

And still the last crown of thy toils is remaining.
The grámme, the pure, cên thou hast yet known;
Though proud was thy look, other nations unchanging,
Far prouder to heal the deep wounds of thy own.
At the foot of that throne, far whose seat thou hast stood,
Go, plead for the land that first cradled thine name, &c.

About fourteen years after these lines were written, the Duke of Wellington recommended to the throne the abrogation of the "Irish Emancipation"

The fancy of the "Origin of the Irish Harp," was
(as I have elsewhere acknowledged) suggested, by a
certain sketch of the history conceived, the State Promptures, before proceeding into
exile, were allowed to see their friends, I paid a visit
to Edward Hudson, in the jail of Kilmainham, where
he had then lain immured for four or five monh-
however, my friend having been led out to death
inexpedjing every week his own turn to come. I
found that to amuse his solitude he had made a large
drawing with charcoal on the wall of his prison, re
vealing that fancied origin of the Irish Harp,
which I adopted as the subject of one of the "Melodies."—Life and Death of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, vol. i.
IRISH MELODIES.

CONTINUED.

MY GENTLE HARP.

My gentle Harp, once more I waken
The sweetness of thy slumbering strain;
In tears our last farewell was taken,
And now in tears we meet again.
No light of joy hath o'er thee broken,
But, like these Harps whose heavenly skill
Of slavery, dark as thine, hath spoken,
Thou hang'st upon the willows still.
And yet, since last thy chord resonated,
An hour of peace and triumph came,
And many an ardent breast bounded
With hopes—that now are turn'd to shame.
Yet even then, while Peace was singing
Her halcyon song o'er land and sea,
Thou joy and hope to others bringing,
She only brought new tears to thee.

Then, who can ask for notes of pleasure,
My drooping Harp, from chords like thine?
A breast of gaiety, I bless thee
As ill would suit the swan's decline!
Or how shall I, who love, who bless thee,
Invoke thy breath for Freedom's strain?
When ev'n the wreaths in which I dress thee,
Are sadly mix'd—half flowers, half chains?

But come—if yet thy frame can borrow
One breath of joy, oh, breathe for me,
And show the world, in chains and sorrow,
How sweet thy music still can be;

How gayly, ev'n amid gloom surrounding,
Thou yet canst wake at pleasure's thrill—
Like Memnon's broken image sounding,
'Mid desolation tuneful still.

IN THE MORNING OF LIFE.

In the morning of life, when its cares are unknown,
And its pleasures in all their new lustre begin,
When we live in a bright-beaming world of our own,
And the light that surrounds us is all from within;
Oh! 'tis not, believe me, in that happy time
We can love, as in hours of transport we may—
Of our smiles, of our hopes, 'tis the gay sunny prime,
But affection is truest when these fade away.

When we see the first glory of youth pass us by,
Like a leaf on the stream that will never return;
When our cup, which had sparkled with pleasure so high,
First tastes of the other, the dark-flowing urn;
Then, then is the time when affection holds sway
With a depth and a tenderness joy never knew;
Love, nursed among pleasures, is faithful as they,
But the love born of Sorrow, like Sorrow, is true.

In climes full of sunshine, though splendid the flowers,
Their sighs have no freshness, their odour no worth;
'Tis the cloud and the mist of our own isle of showers,
That call the rich spirit of fragrance forth.
So it is not mid summer's, prosperity, mirth,
That the depth of Love's generous spirit appears;
To the sunshine of smiles it may first owe its birth,
But the soil of its sweetness is drawn out by tears.

AS SLOW OUR SHIP.

As slow our ship her fannytrack
Against the wind was cleaving,
Her trembling pennant still look'd back
To that dear isle 't was leaving,
So loath we part from all we love,
From all the links that bind us;
So turn our hearts as on we rove,
To those we've left behind us.

When, round the bowl, of vanishing years
We talk, with joyous seeming,
With smiles that might as well be tears,
So faint, so sad their beamings;
While memory brings us back again
Each early tie that twined us,
Oh, sweet her cup that circles then
To those we've left behind us.

And when, in other climes, we meet
Some isle, or vale enchanting,
Where all looks flow'ry, wild and sweet,
And noth but love is waiting;
We think how great had been our bliss,
If Heaven had but assign'd us
To live and die in scenes like this,
With some we've left behind us!

As travellers o'er look back at eve,
When eastward darkly going,
To gaze upon that light they leave
Still faint behind them, glooming more;
So, when the close of pleasure's day
To gloomy death near consign'd us,
We turn to catch one fading ray
Of joy that's left behind us.

1 Dimidio magicæ resonant ubi Memnonæ chordæ.
— Juvenal.
WHEN COLD IN THE EARTH.

When cold in the earth lies the friend thou hast loved,
Be his faults and his follies forgot by thee then;
Or, if from his slander the veil be removed,
Weep o'er them to silence, and close it again.
And oh! if 'tis pain to remember how far
From the pathways of light he was tempted to roam,
Be it bliss to remember that thou wert the star
That arose on his darkness, and guided him home.

From thee and thy innocent beauty first came
The revelations, that taught him true love to adore,
To feel the bright presence, and turn him with shame
From the idols he blindly had knelt to before.
Over the waves of a life, long lengthened and wide,
Thou camest, like a soft golden calm o'er the sea;
And if happiness purely and glowingly smiled
On his ev'ning horizon, the light was from thee.

And tho', sometimes, the shades of past folly might rise,
And tho' falsehood again would allure him to stray,
He but turn'd to the glory that dwelt in those eyes,
And the folly, the falsehood, soon vanished away.
As the Priestess of the sun, when their altar grew dim,
At the day-beam alone could its justre repair,
So, if virtue a moment grew hagard in him,
He but turn'd to that smile and rekindled it there.

REMEMBER THEE.

Remember thee? yes, while there's life in this heart,
It shall never forget thee, all born as thou art.
More dear in thy sorrow, thy gloom, and thy showers,
Than the rest of the world in their sunniest hours.

Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glorious, and free,
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea,
I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow,
But oh! could I love thee more deeply than now?

No, thy chains as they rankle, thy blood as it runs,
But make thee more painfully dear to thy sons—
Whose hearts, like the young of the desert-bird's nest,
Drink love in each life-drop that flows from thy breast.

WREATH THE BOWL

Wreathe the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Tow'rds heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us.
Should love amid
The wreaths be hid,
That joy, the enchantor, brings us,
With no danger fear,
While wine is near,
We'll drown him if he stings us.
Then, wreathe the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Tow'rds heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us.
'T was nectar fed
Of old, 'tis said,
Their Juno, Joves, Apollos
And man may brew
His nectar too,
The rich receipt's as follows:

Take wine like this,
Let locks of Bliss
Around it well be blended,
Then bring Wit's beam
To warm the stream,
And there's your nectar, splendid,
So wreathe the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Tow'rds heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us.

Say, why did Time
His glass sublime
Fill up with sands unsightly,
When wine, he knew,
Rungs broken through,
And sparkles far more brightly?
Oh, lend it us,
And, smiling thus,
The glass in two we'll sever,
Make pleasure glide
In double tide,
And fill both ends for ever!
Then wreathe the bowl
With flowers of soul
The brightest Wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Tow'rds heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us.

WHENEVER I SEE THOSE SMILING EYES.

Whenever I see these smiling eyes,
So full of hope, and joy, and light,
As if no cloud could ever rise,
To dim a heav'n so purely bright—
I sigh to think how soon that brow
In grief may lose its every ray,
And that light heart, so joyous now,
Almost forget it once was gay.

For time will come with all its blights,
The ruined hope, the friendunkind,
And love, that leaves, wherever it lights,
A child's or burning heart behind—;
While youth, that now like snow appears,
Ere suff'd by the dark'ning rain,
When once it is touch'd by sorrow's tears
Can never shine so bright again.

IF THEOUL'T BE MINE.

If thou'lt be mine, the treasures of air,
Of earth, and sea, shall lie at thy feet;
Whatever in Fancy's eye looks fair,
Or in Hope's sweet music sounds most sweet,
Shall be ours—if thou wilt be mine, love!

Bright flowers shall bloom wherever we rove,
A voice divine shall talk in each stream;
The stars shall look like worlds of love,
And this earth be all one beautiful dream
In our eyes—if thou wilt be mine, love!

And thoughts, whose source is hidden and high,
Like streams that come from heaven-ward hills,
Shall keep our hearts, like mists, that lie
To be bath'd by these eternal rills,
Ever green, if thou wilt be mine, love!

All this and more the Spirit of Love
Can breathe o'er them, who feel his spells;
That heaven, which forms his hon e above,
He can make on earth, wherever he dwells,
As thou'lt own,—if thou wilt be mine, love!
TO LADIES' EYES.

To Ladies' eyes around, boy,
We can't refuse, we can't refuse,
Tho' bright eyes so abound, boy,
'T is hard to choose, 't is hard to choose.

For them as stars that lighten
You airy bow'r, you airy bow'r,
The countless eyes that brighten
This earth of ours, this earth of ours.

But fill the cup—where'er, boy,
Our choice may fail, our choice may fail,
We're sure to find Love there, boy,
So drink them all! so drink them all!

Some books there are so holy,
They seem but giv'n, they seem but giv'n,
As shining beacons, solely,
To light to heav'n, to light to heav'n.

While some—oh! o'er believe them—
With tempting ray, with tempting ray,
Would lead us (God forgive them!)
The other way, the other way.

But fill the cup—who'er, b-y,
Our choice may fail, our choice may fail,
We're sure to find Love there, boy,
So drink them all! so drink them all!

In some, as in a mirror,
Love seems pastur'd, Love seems pourtray'd,
For shame the flattering error,
'T is but his shade, 't is but his shade.

Himself has fix'd his dwelling
In eyes we know, 'n eyes we know,
And lips—but this is telling—
So here they go! so here they go!

Fill up, fill up—where'er, boy,
Our choice may fail, our choice may fail,
We're sure to find Love there, boy,
So drink them all! so drink them all!

FORGET NOT THE FIELD

Forget not the field where they perish'd,
The trust, the last of the brave,
All gone—and the bright hope we cherish'd
Gone with them, and quench'd in their grave!

Oh! could we from death but recover
Three hearts as they bounded before,
In the face of high heav'n to fight over
That combat for freedom once more;

Could the chain for an instant he riven
Which Tyranny flung round us then,
No, 't is not in Man, nor in Heaven,
To let Tyranny bind it again!

But 't is past—and, 'tis blazon'd in story
The name of our Victor may be,
Accurst is the match of that glory
Which treat's o'er the hearts of the free.

Far dearer the grave or the prison
Illumed by one patriot name,
Than the trophies of all, who have risen
On Liberty's ruins to fame.

TEY MAY RAIL AT THIS LIFE.

They may rail at this life—from the hour I began it,
I found it a life full of kindness and bliss;
And, until they can show me some happier planet,
More social and bright, I'll content me with this.

As long as the world has such lips and such eyes,
As before me this moment enraptured I see,
They may say what they will of their orbs in the skies,
But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

In Mercury's star, where each moment can bring them
New sunshine and wit from the fountain on high,
The nymphs may have their robber poets to sing them:
They're none, even there, more amorous than I.

And, as long as this harp can be wak'd to love,
And that eye its divine inspiration shall be,
They may talk as they will of their Edens above,
But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

In that star of the west, by whose shadowy splendour,
At twilight so often we've roam'd through the dew
There are maidens, perhaps, who have become tender,
And look, in their twilights, as lovely as you.

But that they were even more bright than the queen
Of that isle they inhabit in heaven's blue sea,
As I never those fair young celebrities have seen,
Why—this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

OH FOR THE SWORDS OF FORMER TIME!

Oh for the swords of former time!
Oh for the men who bore them,
When arm'd for Right, they stood sublime,
And tyrants crouch'd but re-them:
When free ye! ere courts began
With honours to estate him,
The best honours worn by Man
Were those which Virtue gave him.
Oh for the swords, &c. &c.

Oh for the Kings who flourish'd then!
Oh for the pomp that crownd them,
When hearts and hands of free-born men
Were all the ramparts round them.
When, safe built on brave's true,
The throne was but the centre,
Round which Love a circle drew
That Treason durst not enter.
Oh for the Kings who flourish'd then!
Oh for the pomp that crownd them,
When hearts and hands of free-born men
Were all the ramparts round them!

ST. SENANUS AND THE LADY.

ST. SENANUS.

Oh! haste and leave this sacred isle,
Unholy bark, ere morning smile.

1 Tous les habitans de Mercure sont vifs.—Pluralité des Mondes.
2 La Terre pourra être pour Venus l'étoutie du berger et la mère des amours, comme Venus l'est pour nous.—Ibid.
3 In a metrical life of St. Senanus, which is taken from an old Kilkenny MS., and may be found among the Acta Sanctorum Hiberniae, we are told of his flight to the island of Scattery, and his resolution not to admit any woman of the party; he refused to receive even a sister saint. St. Conora, whom an angel had taken to the island for the express purpose of introducing her to him. The following was the ungracious answer of Senanus, according to his poetical biographer:
"For on thy deck, though dark it be,

The female form beseech,

And I have sworn this sainted sod,

Shall never by woman's feet be trod."

THE LADY.

"Oh! Father, send not hence my bark,

Through wintry winds and billows dark;

I come with humble heart to share

Thy morn and evening prayer;

Nor mine the feet, oh! holy Saint,

The brightness of thy sod to taint."

The Lady's prayer Semana spurn'd;
The winds blew fresh, the bark return'd;

But legends hint, that had the maid
Till morning's light delay'd,

And given the saint a rosy smile,

She never had left his lonely isle.

NE'ER ASK THE HOUR.

Ne'er ask the hour — what is it to us
How Time deals out his treasures?
The golden moments lend us thus,
Are not his coin, but Pleasure's.

If counting them o'er could add to their bliss,
Not number each glorious second;
But moments of joy are, like Leah's kisses,
Too quick and sweet to be reckon'd.

Then fill the cup — what is it to us
How Time his circle measures?
The fairy hours we call up thus,
Obey no wand but Pleasure's.

Young Joy ne'er thought of counting hours,
Till Care, one summer's morning,
Set up, among his smiling flowers,
A dial, by way of warning.

But Joy loved better to gaze on the sun
As long as its light was glowing,
Than to watch with old Care how the shadow stole on,
And how fast that light was going.

So fill the cup — what is it to us
How Time his circle measures?
The fairy hours we call up thus,
Obey no wand but Pleasure's.

SAIL ON, SAIL ON.

Sail on, sail on, thou fearless bark —
Wherever blows the welcome wind,

It cannot lead to scenes more dark.

More sad than those we leave behind.

Each wave that passes seems to say,

"Though death beneath our smile may be,

Less cold are we, less false than they,

Whose smiling wreck'd thy hopes and thee."

Sail on, sail on, through endless space —
Through high — through low — through tempest — stop no more;

The stormiest sea's a resting place
To him who leaves such hearts on shore.

Or — if some desert land we meet,

Where never yet false-hearted men

Prof'd a world, that else were sweet —

Then rest thee, leak, but not till then.

"Cu! Praelust, quod formam Communem est cum munachis? Nee tec pone ilium atum. Aminimus in musium."

See the Acta Sacra, Hib., page 610.

According to Dr. Ledwich, St. Semanus was no less a personage than the river Shannon; but O'Connor and other antiquarians deny the metamorphose indignantly.

THE PARALLEL.

Yes, sad one of Sion, if closely resembling,
In shame and in sorrow, thy wither'd up heart
If drinking deep, deep, of the same "cup of trembling"
Could make us thy children, our parent thou art.

Like thee doth our nation lie conquer'd and broken,
And fall'n from her head is the once royal crown;
In her streets, in her halls, Desolation hath spoken.
And "while it is day yet, her sun hath gone down."a

Like thee doth her exile, mid dreams of returning,
Bleak from his home it were life to behold;
Like thee do her sons, in the day of their mourning,
Remember the bright things that bless'd them of old.

Ah, well may we call her, like thee "the Forsaken;"b
Her boldest are vanquish'd, her proudest are slaves;
And the harps of her minstrels, when gayest they waken,
Have tears mid their mirth like the wind over graves!

Yet hast thou thy vengeance — yet came there the morrow,
That shines out, at last, on the longest dark night,
When the sceptre, that smote thee with slavery and sorrow,
Was shiver'd at once, like a reed, in thy sight.

When that cup, which for others the proud Golden City 4
Had yummy'd full of bitterness, drench'd her own lips;
And the world she had trampled on, heard without pity,
The bowl in her halls, and the cry from her ships.

When the curse Heaven keeps for the guilty came over
Her merchants rapacious, her rulers unjust,
And, a ruin, at last, for the earth worm to cover, 5
The Lady of Kingdoms 5 lay low in the dust.

DRINK OF THIS CUP.

Drink of this cup; — you'll find there's a spell in
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality;
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen!
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

Would you forget the dark world we are in,
Just taste of the bubble that gleams on the top of it;
But would you rise above earth, till akin
To immortals themselves, you must drain every drop of it;

Send round the cup — for oh, there's a spell in
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality;
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen!
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

Never was philter form'd with such power
To charm and bewilder as this we are quaffing;
Its magic began when, in Autumn's rich hour,
A harvest of gold in the fields it stood laughing.

4 These verses were written after the perusal of a treatise by Mr. Hamilton, professing to prove that the Irish were originally Jews.

5 "Her sun is gone down while it was yet day." — Jer. xiv. 9.

6 "Thou shalt no more be termed Forsaken." — Isaiah, lix. 4.

7 "How livh the oppressor ceased! the golden city ceased!" — Isaiah, xiv. 11.

8 "Thy pomp is brought down to the grave .... and the worms cover thee." — Isaiah, xiv. 4.

9 "Thou shalt no more be called the Lady of Kingdoms." — Isaiah, xlvii. 5.
There having, by Nature's enchantment, been fill'd
With the balm and the bloom of her kindliest weather,
This wonderful juice from its core was distill'd
To enliven such hearts as are here brought together.
Then drink of the cup—you'll find there's a spell in
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality;
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen!
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

And though, perhaps—but breathe it to no one—
Like liquor the witch broods at midnight so awful,
This philter in secret was first taught to flow on,
Yet 'tis n't less potent for being unlawful,
And, ev'n though it taste of the smoke of that flame,
Which in silence extracted its virtue forbidden—
Fill up—there's a fire in some hearts I could name,
Which may work too its charm, though as lawless and hidden.
So drink of the cup—for oh, there's a spell in
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality;
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen!
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

**THE FORTUNE-TELLER.**

Down in the valley come meet me to-night,
And I'll tell you your fortune truly.
And ever was bold by the new-moon's light,
To a young maiden, shining as newly.

But, for the world, let no one be nigh;
Lest haply the stars should deceive me;
Such secrets between you and me and the sky
Should never go further, believe me.

If at that hour the heavens be not dim,
My science shall call up before you
A male apparition,—the image of him
Whose destiny 'tis to adore you.

And if to that phantom you'll be kind,
So fondly around you he'll hover,
You'll hardly, my dear, any difference find
'Twixt him and a true living lover.

Down at your feet, in the pale moonlight,
He 'll kneel, with a warmth of devotion
An armour, of which such an innocent sprite
You'd scarcely believe had a notion.

What other thoughts and events may arise,
As in destiny's book I've not seen them,
Must only be left to the stars and your eyes
To settle, ere morning, between them.

**OH, YE DEAD!**

Oh, ye Dead! oh, ye Dead! whom we know by the light you give
From your cold gleaming eyes, though you move like men who live,
Why leave you thus your graces,
In fair-field waves and fields,
Where the worm and the sea-bird only know your bed,
To haunt this spot where all
Those eyes that wept your fall,
And the hearts that wond'rd you, like your own, lie dead?

1. Paul Zealand mentions that there is a mountain in some part of Ireland, where the ghosts of persons who have died in foreign lands walk about and converse with those they meet, like living people. If asked why they do not return to their homes, they say they are obliged to go to Mount Hecata, and disappear immediately.

It is true, it is true, we are shadows cold and wan;
And the fair and the brave whom we lov'd on earth
are gone;
But still thus ev'n in death,
So sweet the living breath
Of the fields and the flow'rs in our youth we wander'd o'er,
That ere, condemn'd, we go
To freeze 'mid Hecata's snow,
We would taste it awhile, and think we live once more!

**O'DONOHUE'S MISTRESS.**

Of all the fair months, that round the sun
In light-link'd dance their circles run,
Sweet May, shine then for me;
For still, when thy earliest beams arise,
That youth, who beneath the blue lake lies,
Sweet May, returns to me.

Of all the bright haunts, where daylight leaves
Its lingering smile on golden eyes,
Fair Lake, thou'rt dearest to me;
For when the last April sun grows dim,
Thy Naiads prepare his steed 2 for him
Who dwells, bright Lake, in thee.

Of all the proud steeds, that ever bore
Young plumed Chiefs on sea or shore,
White Steed, most joy to thee!
Who still, with the first young glance of spring,
From under that glorious lake dost bring
My love, my chief, to me.

While, white as the sail some bark unfurls,
When newly launch'd, thy long mane a curls,
Fair Steed, as white and free;
And spirits, from all the lake's deep bowers
Glide o'er the blue wave scuttering flowers.
Around my love and thee.

Of all the sweet deaths that maidens die,
Whose lovers beneath the cold wave lie,
Most sweet that death will be,
Whence, under the next May evening's light,
When thou and thy steed are lost to sight,
Dear love, I'll die for thee.

**ECHO.**

How sweet the answer Echo makes
To music at night,
When, roused by lute or horn, she wakes,
And far away, o'er lawns and lakes,
Goes answer'd light.

2. The particulars of the tradition respecting O'Donohue and his White Horse, may be found in Mr. Weld's Account of Killarney, or more fully detailed in Derrick's Letters. For many years after his death, the spirit of this hero is supposed to have been seen on the morning of May-day, gliding over the lake on his favourite white horse, to the sound of sweet unearthly music, and preceded by groups of youths and maidens, who flung wreaths of delicate spring flowers in his path.

Among other stories, connected with this Legend of the Lakes, it is said that there was a young and beautiful girl whose imagination was so impressed with the idea of this visionary chieftain, that she fancied herself in love with him, and at last, in a fit of insanity, on a May-morning threw herself into the lake.

The boatmen at Killarney call these waves which come on a windy day, crested with foam, "O'Donohue's white horse."
Yet Love hath echoes truer ear,
And far more sweet:
Than o'er beneath the moonlight's star,
Of horn or lute, or soft guitar,
The songs repeat.
'Tis when the sigh, in youth sincere,
And only then,—
The such that's breath'd for to one to hear,
Is by that one, that only dear,
Breathed back again.

OH BANQUET NOT.

Oh banquet not in those shining bowers,
Where Youth resorns, but come to me:
For mine a garden of faded flowers,
More fit for sorrow, for age, and thee.
And these we shall have our feast of tears,
And many a cup in silence pour;
Our guests, the shades of former years,
Our toasts, to lips that bloom no more.

There, while the myrtle's withering boughs
Their lifeless leaves around us shed,
We'll trim the bowl to broken vows,
To friends long lost, the changed, the dead.
Or, while some blighted laurel waves
Its branches o'er the dreary spot,
We'll drink to those neglected graves,
Where valour sleeps, unnamed, forgot.

THEE, THEE, ONLY THEE.

The dawning of morn, the daylight's sinking,
The night's long hours still find me thinking,
Of thee, thee, only thee.
When friends are met, and goblets crown'd,
And smiles are near, that once enchanted
Unreach'd by all that sunshine round,
My soul, like some dark spot, is haunted
By thee, thee, only thee.

Whatever in fame's high path could waken
My spirit once, is now forsaken
For thee, thee, only thee.
Like showers, by which some headlong bark
To the ocean hurries, resting never,
Life's scenes go by me, bright or dark,
I know not, heed not, hazarding ever
To thee, thee, only thee.

I have not a joy but of thy bringing,
And pain itself seems sweet when springing
From thee, thee, only thee.
Like spells, that nought on earth can break,
'Tis lips, that know the charm, have spoken,
This heart, however the world may make
Its grief, its sone, can be broken
By thee, thee, only thee.

SHALL THE HARP THEN BE SILENT.

Shall the harp then be silent, when he who first gave
To our country's name, is withdrawn from all eyes?
Shall a Minstrel of Erin stand mute by the grave.
Where the first—where the last of her Patriots lies?
No—saint tho' the death-song may fall from his lips,
Tho' his Harp, like his soul, may with shadows be crost,
Yet, yet shall it sound, mid a nation's eclipse,
And proclaim to the world what a star hath been lost:—

What a union of all the affections and powers
By which life is excited, embellished, refined,
Was embraced in that spirit—whose centre was ours,
While its mighty circumference circled mankind.

Oh, who that loves Erin, or who that can see,
Through the waste of her annals, that epoch sublime —
Like a pyramid raised in the desert—where he
And his glory stand out to the eyes of all time;
That one lucid interval, snatch'd from the gloom
And the madness of ages, when fill'd with his soul,
A Nation o'erleap'd the dark bounds of her dooms,
And for our sacred instant, touch'd Liberty's goal?

Who, that ever hath heard him— hath drunk at the source
Of that wonderful eloquence, all Erin's own,
In whose high-thoughted daring, the fire, and the force,
And the yet untamed spring of her spirit are shown?

An eloquence rich, wheresoever its wave
Wander'd free and triumphant, with thoughts that
Shone through,
As clear as the brook's "stone of justice." and gave,
With the flash of the gem, its solidity too.

Who, that ever approach'd him, when free from the crowd,
In a home full of love, he delighted to tread
'Mong the trees which a nation had give'n, and which
Bowed,
As if each brought a new civic crown for his head—
Is there one, who hath thus, through his orbit of life
But at distance observed him—through glory, through blame,
In the calm of retreat, in the grandeur of strife.
Whether shining or clouded, still high in the same—

Oh, no, not a heart, that ever knew him, but mourns
Deep, deep o'er the grave, where such glory is shrouded—
O'er a monument Fame will preserve, 'mong the urns
Of the wisest, the bravest, the best of mankind!

OH, THE SIGHT ENTRANCING.

Oh, the sight entrancing,
When morning's beam is glancing
Over files array'd
With helm and blade,
And plumes, in the gay wind dancing
When hearts are all high beating,
And the trumpet's voice repeating
That song, whose breath
May lead to death,
But never to retreating,
Oh, the sight entrancing,
When morning's beam is glancing
Over files array'd
With helm and blade,
And plumes, in the gay wind dancing.

Yet, 'tis not helm or feather—
For ask you despot, whether
His plumèd bands
Could bring such bands
And hearts as ours together.
Leave pumps to those who need 'em—
Give man but heart and freedom,
And prove him brave
The gaudy's slaves
That crawl where monarchs lead 'em.
The sword may pierce the beaver,
Stone walls in time may sever,
patriot, Grattan, in the year 1820. It is only the two
first verses that are either intended or fitted to be sung.
SWEET INNISFALLEN.

Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well,
May calm and sunshine long be thine!
How fair thou art let others tell,—
To feel how fair shall long be mine.

Sweet Innisfallen, long shall dwell
In memory's dream that sunny smile,
Which o'er thee on that evening fell,
When first I saw thy fairy isle.

'T was light, indeed, too blest for one,
Who had to run to paths of care—
Through crowded hon's again to run,
And leave thee bright and silent there;

No more unto thy shores to come,
But, on the world's rude ocean toss,
Dream of thee sometimes, as a home
Of sunshine he had seen and lost.

Far better in thy weeping hours
To part from thee, as I do now,
When mist is o'er thy blooming bowers,
Like sorrow's veil on beauty's brow.

For, though unrival'd still thy grace,
Then did not look, as then, too blest,
But thus in shadow, seems a place
Where erring man might hope to rest—

Might hope to rest, and find in thee
A gloom like Eden's, on the day
He left its shade, when every tree,
Like thine, hung weeping o'er his way.

Weeping or smiling, lovely isle!
And all the lovelier for thy tears—
For the but rare thy sunny smile,
'T is heaven's own glance when it appears.

Like feeling hearts, whose joys are few,
But, when indeed they come, divine—
The brightest light the sun o'er shrew
Is lifeless to one gleam of thine!

'T WAS ONE OF THOSE DREAMS.

'T was one of those dreams, that by music are brought,
Like a bright summer hazzle, o'er the poet's warm thought—
When, lost u. the future, his soul wanders on,
And all of this life, but its sweetness, is gone.

The wild notes he heard o'er the water were those
He had taught to sing Erin's dark bondage and woes,
And the breath of the eagle now wafted them o'er
From Done's green isle, to Glena's wooded shore

He listen'd—while, high o'er the eagle's pride nest,
The lingering sounds on their way loved to rest;
And the echoes sung back from their full mountion quire.
As if both to let song so enchanting expire.

FAIREST! PUT ON AWHILE.

Fairest! put on awhile
These pinions of light I bring thee,
And o'er thy own green isle
In fancy let me wing thee,
Never did Ariel's plume,
At golden sunset hover
O'er scenes so full of bloom,
As I shall wait thee over.

Fields, where the Spring delays
And fearlessly meets the ardour
Of the warm Summer's gaze,
With only her tears to guard her,
Rocks, through myrtle boughs
In grace majesty flowing,
Like some bold warrior's brows
That love hath just been crowning.

Islets, so steadily fair,
That never hath bird come nigh them,
But from his course thro' air
He hath been won down by them; 2 —
Types, sweet maid, of thee,
Whose look, whose blush inviting,
Never did Love yet see
From Heav'n, without alighting.

Lakes, where the pearl lies hid,
And caves, where the gem is sleeping,
Bright as the tears thy lid.
Let's fall in lonely weeping.
Glena, 3 where Ocean comes,
To scope the wild wind's ravage,
And Harbours, worthiest homes
Where Freedom's fleet can anchor.

Then, if, while scenes so grand,
So beautiful, shine before thee,
Pride for thy own dear land
Should helply be stealing o'er thee,
Oh, let grief come first,
O'er pride itself victorious—
Thinking how man hath burst
What Heaven had made so glorious!

IRISH MELODIES.

1 Written during a visit to Lord Kenmare, at Kilnarey.

2 In describing the Skelligs (islands of the Barony of Fortha), Dr. Keating says, "There is a certain attractive virtue in the soil which draws down all the birds that attempt to fly over it, and oblige them to light upon the rock.

3 Nennius, a British writer of the ninth century, mentions the abundance of pearls in Ireland. Their princes, he says, hung them behind their ears: and this we find confirmed by a present made A. C. 1094, by Gilbert, Bishop of Lanchaster, to Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, of a considerable quantity of Irish pearls." — O'Halloran.

4 Glengariff.
Quick! we have but a second,
For Time, the churl, ha'beck'erd,
And we must away!!
Grasp the pleasure while 'tis flying,
For, oh, not Orpheus', strain.
Could keep sweet hours from dying,
Or charm them to life again.
Then, quick! we have but a second,
For Time, the churl, hath beck'erd,
And we must away!

See the glass, how it flushes,
Like some young Hebe's lip,
And half-mead's thine, and blushes
That thou shouldst delay to sip.
Shame, oh, shame unto thee,
If ever thou see'st that day,
When a cup or lip shall won thee,
And turn untouch'd away!
Then, quick! we have but a second,
For Time, the churl, hath beck'erd,
And we must away!!

AND DOTH NOT A MEETING LIKE THIS.

And doth not a meeting like this make amends,
For all the long years 'I've been wand'ring away—
To see thus around me my youth's early friends,
As smiling and kind as in that happy day?
Though haply o'er some of your brows, as o'er mine,
Those snow-falls of time may be steal'd out on the sight
Like Alp's in the sunset, thus lighted by wine,
We'll wear the gay tinge of youth's roses again.

What soulful remembrances come o'er the heart,
In gazing on these we've been lost to so long!
The sorrows, the joys, of which once they were part,
Still round them, like visions of yesterday, throng,
As letters some hand hath invisibly pace,d, When held in the flame wilt sled out on the sight,
So many a feeling, that long seem'd effaced,
The warmth of a moment like this brings to light.

And thus, as in memory's bark we shall glide,
To visit the scenes of our boyhood once,
To-day we may see, looking down on the tide,
The wreck of full many a hope shining through;
Yet still, as in fancy we point to the flowers,
That once made a garden of all the gay shore,
Deserved for a moment, we'll think them still ours,
And breathe the fresh air of life's morning once more.

So brief our existence, a glimpse, at the most,
Is all we can have of the few we hold dear;
And oft even joy is unheard and lost,
For want of some heart, that could echo it, near.
Ah, well may we hope, when this short life is gone,
To meet in some world of more permanent bliss,
For a smile, or a grasp of the hand, ha'th'ing on,
Is all we enjoy of each other in this.

1. Jours charmans, quand je sorge a vous leusers insans,
Jeu pense remonter le fleuve de mes ans;
Et nous cour exclama sur sa rive fleurie
Respire encore l'air pur du matin de la vie.

2. The same thought has been happily expressed by
my friend Mr. Washington Irving in his Brackenridge Hall,
vol. 2, p. 213. The sincere pleasure which I
feel in calling this gentleman my friend, is much
enhanced by the reflection that he is too good an American,
to have admitted me so readily to such a distinction,
if he had not known that my feelings towards

But, come, the morn rare such delights to the heart,
The more we should welcome and bless them the more;
They're ours, when we meet,— they are lost when we part,

Like birds that bring summer, and fly when 'tis o'er,
Thus circling the cup, hand in hand, ere we drink,
Let Sympathy pledge us, thr' pleasure, thr' pain,
That, fast as a feeling but touches one link,
Her magic shall send at direct thro' the chain.

THE MOUNTAIN SPRITE.

In yonder valley there dwelt, alone,
A youth, whose moments had e'en flown,
Till spells came o'er him, and, day and night,
He was haunted and watch'd by a Mountain Sprite.

At once, by moonlight, he wander'd o'er
The golden sands of that island shore,
A foot-print sparkled before his sight—
'Twas the fairy foot of the Mountain Sprite!

Beside a fountain, one sunny day,
As bending over the stream he lay,
There peep'd down o'er him two eyes of light,
And he saw in that mirror the Mountain Sprite.

He turn'd, but, lo, like a startled bird,
That spirit fled! — and the youth but heard
Sweet music, such a marks the light
Of some bird of song, from the Mountain Sprite,

One night, still haunted by that bright look,
The boy, bewilder'd, his pencil took,
And, guided only by memory's light,
Drew the once-seen form of the Mountain Sprite.

"Oh, thou, who lovest the shadow," cried
A voice, low whispering by his side,
"Now look and see," — here the youth's delight
Seal'd the rosy lips of the Mountain Sprite.

"Of all the Sprites of land and sea,"
Then rapt he murmur'd, "there's none like thee,
And oft, oh, oft, may thy foot be light
In this lonely bower, sweet Mountain Sprite!"

AS VANQUISH'D ERIN.

As vanquish'd Erin wept beside
The byre of his sable cow,

She saw where Discour'd, in the tide,
Had drop'd his load'd quiver.

"Lie low," she cried, "ye venous'd darts,
O Where mortal eye may shun you;
O Lie low — the stain of many hearts,
O That bled for me, is on you."

But vain her wish, her weeping vain,—
As Time too well hath taught her —
Each year the Fiend returns again,
And dives into that wave;
And brings triumphant, from beneath
His shaft of desolation,
And sends them, wing'd with worse than death,
Through all her madd'nng nation.

Alas, for her who sits and mourns,
Ev'n now, beside that river —
Unceavetid still the Fiend returns,
And stow'd is all his quiver

the great and free country that gave him birth, have
been long such as every real lover of the liberty and
happiness of the human race must entertain.
"When will this end, ye Powers of Good?"
She weeping asks for ever;
But only hearts, from out that flood,
The Demon answer, "Never!"

DESMOND'S SONG.
By the Feal's wave benighted,
No star in the skies,
To thy door by Love lighted,
Some voice whisper'd o'er me,
As the threshold I cross,
There was ruin before me,
If I loved, I was lost,

Love came, and brought sorrow
Too soon in his train;
Yet so sweet, that to-morrow
Were welcome again.

Though misery's full measure
My portion should be,
I would drain it with pleasure,
If pour'd out by thee,

You, who call it dishonour
To bow to this flame,
If you've eyes look but on her,
And blush while you blame.

Hath the pearl less whiteness
Because of its birth?
Hath the violet less brightness
For growing near earth?

No — Man for his glory
To ancestry flits;
But Woman's bright story
Is told in her eyes.

While the Monarch but traces
Thro' mortals his line,
Beauty, born of the Graces,
Ranks next to Divine!

THEY KNOW NOT MY HEART
They know not my heart, who believe there can
Be one stain of this earth in its feelings for thee;
Who think, while I wear beauty's young hour,
As pure as the morning's first dew on the flow'r,
I could harm what I love,—as the sun's wan-laden ray
But smiles on the dew-drop to waste it away.

No—beaming with light as those young features are,
There's a light round thy heart which is lovelier far:
It is not that cheek—'tis the soul dawning clear
Thro' its innocent blush makes thy beauty so dear;
As the sky we look up to, though glorious and fair,
Is look'd up to the more, because Heaven lies there!

I WISH I WAS BY THAT DIM LAKE.
I wish I was by that dim Lake,
Where Bill's soul's farewell take

haunt of superstition, called Patrick's Purgatory. "In the midst of these gloomy regions of Donegall (says Dr. Campbhall) lay a lake, which was to become the mystic theatre of this fabled and intermediate state.
In the lake were several islands; but one of them was distinguished with that called the Mouth of Purgatory, which, during the dark ages, attracted the notice of all Christendom, and was the resort of penitents and pilgrims from almost every country in Europe." It was," as the same writer tells us, "one of the most dismal and dreary spots in the North, almost inaccessible, through deep glen and rugged mountains, frightful with impending rocks, and the hollow murmurs of the western winds in dark caverns, peopled only with such fantastic beings as the mind, however gay, is, from strange association, wont to appropriate to such gloomy scenes." - \textit{Structures on the Ecclesiastical and Literary History of Ireland.}
The thought here was suggested by some beautiful lines in Mr. Rogers's poem of \textit{Human Life}, beginning—

"Now in the glimmering, dying light she grows
Less and less truly." I would quote the entire passage, did I not fear to put my own humble imitation of it out of countenance.
SING—SING—MUSIC WAS GIVEN.

SING—sING—Music was given,
To brighten the gay, and kindle the loving;
Souls here, like planets in Heaven,
By harmony's laws alone are kept moving.
Beauty may boast of her eyes and her cheeks,
But love from the lips his true archery sings;
And she, who but feathers the dart when she speaks,
At once sends it home to the heart when she sings.
Ten songs—sING—Music was given,
To brighten the gay, and kindle the loving;
Souls here, like planets in Heaven,
By harmony's laws alone are kept moving.

When love, rock'd by his mother,
Lay sleeping as calm as slumber could make him,
"Hush, hush," said Venus, "no other
Sweet voice but his own is worthy to wake him."
Dreaming of music he slumber'd the while,
Till faint from his lip a soft melody broke,
And Venus, enchanted, look'd on with a smile,
While love to his own sweet singing awoke.
Then songs—sING—Music was given,
To brighten the gay, and kindle the loving;
Souls here, like planets in Heaven,
By harmony's laws alone are kept moving.

THOUGH HUMBLE THE BANQUET.

Though humble the banquet to which I invite thee,
Thou'lt find there the best a poor bard can command:
Eyes, beaming with welcome, shall throng round, to light thee,
And love serve the feast with his own willing hand.

And though fortune may seem to have turn'd from the dwelling
Of him thou regardest her favouring ray,
Thou wilt find there a gift, all her treasures excelling,
Which, proudly he feels, hath ennobled his way.
'Tt is that freedom of mind, which no vulgar dominion Can turn from the path a pure conscience approves;
Which, with hope in the heart, and no chain on the pinion,
Holds upwards its course to the light which it loves.
'T is this makes the pride of his humble retreat,
And, with this, though of all other treasures bereaved,
The breeze of his garden to him is more sweet
Than the costliest incense that Pomp ever received.

Then, come,—if a hand so untempting his power To win thee from grandeur, 'tis best shall be thine;
And there's one, long the light of the bard's happy bower,
Who smiling, will blend her bright welcome with mine.

SING, SWEET HARP.

Sing, sweet Harp, oh sing to me
Some song of ancient days,
Whose sound, in this sad memory,
Long buried dreams shall raise—
Some lay that tells of vanished fame,
Whose light once round us shone;
Of noble pride, now turn'd to shame,
And hopes for ever gone.—
Sing, sweet Harp, oh sing to me;
Alike our doom is cast,
Both lost to all but memory,
We live but in the past.

How mournfully the midnight air
Among thy chords doth sigh,
As if it sought some echo there
Of voices long gone by—
Of Chief 313, now forgot, who seem'd
The foremost then in fame;
Of Harys who, once immortal deem'd,
New sleep without a name.—
In vain, sad Harp, the midnight air
Among thy chords doth sigh;
In vain it seeks an echo there
Of voices long gone by.

Couldst thou but call those spirits round,
Who once, in bow'r and hall,
Sate listening to thy magic sound,
Now mute and mouldering all;—
But, no; they would but wake to weep
Their children's slavery;
Then leave them in their dreamless sleep,
The dead, at least, are free!—
Hush, hush, sad Harp, that dreary tone,
That knell of Freedom's day;
Or, listening to its death-like moan,
Let me, too, die away.

SONG OF THE BATTLE EVE.

TIME—THE NINTH CENTURY.

To-morrow, comrade, we
On the battle-field must be,
There to conquer, or both lie low!
The morning star is up,—
But there's wine still in the cup,
And we'll take another quaff, ere we go,
We'll take another quaff, ere we go.

'Tt is true, in manifest eyes
A passing tear will rise;
When we think of the friends we leave lone;
But what can waiting do?
See, our goblet's weeping too;
With its tears we'll chase away our own, boy our own;
With its tears we'll chase away our own.

But daylight's stealing on—
The last that o'er us shone
Saw our children around us play,
The next—ah! where shall we
And those rosy arches be?
But—no matter—grasp thy sword and away,
No matter—grasp thy sword and away!
Let those, who brook the chain
Of Saxon or of Dane,
Ignobly by their firesides stay;
One sigh to home be given,
One heart's prayer to heaven,
Then, for Erin and her cause, boy, hurra! hurra! hurra!
Then, for Erin and her cause, hurra!

THE WANDERING BARD.

What life like that of the bard can be,—
The wandering bard, who roams as free
As the mountain lark that o'er him sings,
And, like that bird, a music brings
Within him, wherever he strays or goes,
A sound that for ever flows;
The world's to him like some play-ground,
Where fairies dance their moonlight round;—
If dim'd the turf where late they trod,
The elves but seek some greener sod;
So, when less bright his scene of glee,
To another way flies he!
IRISH MELODIES.

SONG OF INNISFAIL.

They came from a land beyond the sea,
And now o'er the western main
Set sail, in their good ships, gallantly,
From the sunny land of Spain.
Oh, where's the isle we've seen in dreams,
Our destined home or grave? 1
Thus sung they as, by the morning's beams,
They swept the Atlantic wave.

And, lo, where afar o'er ocean shines
A sparkle of radiant green,
As though in that deep lay emerald mines,
Whose light thou of the wave was seen.
"Tis Innisfail! 2 — "Tis Innisfail!"
Rings o'er the echoing sea;
While, bending in heav'n, the warriors hail
That home of the brave and free.

Then hurled they into the Eastern wave,
Where now their Day-God's eye
A look of such sunny omen gave
As lighted up sea and sky,
Nor brown was seen through sky or sea,
Nor tear o'er leaf or sod,
When first on their Isle of Destiny
Our great forefathers trod.

THE NIGHT DANCE.

Strike the gay harp! see the moon is on high,
And, as true to her beam as the tides of the ocean,
Young hearts, when they feel the soft light of her eye,
Obey the mute call, and heave into motion,
Then, sound voices — the gayest, the lightest,
That ever took wing, when heaven look'd brightest!
Again! Again!
Oh! could such heart-stirring music be heard
In that City of Statues describ'd by romancers,
So wakening its spell, even stone would be stirr'd,
And statues themselves all start into dancers!

Why then delay, with such sounds in our ears,
And the flower of Beauty's own garden before us,—
While stars overheard the song of their spheres,
And listening to ours, hang wondering o'er us?
Again, that strain! — to hear it thus sounding
Might set even Death's cold pulses bounding
Again! Again!
Oh, what delight when the youthful and gay.
Exit with eye like a sunbeam and foot like a feather.
Thus dance, like the Hours to the music of May,
And mingle sweet song and sunshine together!

THERE ARE SOUNDS OF MIRTH.

There are sounds of mirth in the night-air ringing,
And lamps from every casement shown;
While voices blithe within are singing.
That seem to say "Come," in every tone.
Ah! once how light, in Life's young season,
My heart had leap'd at that sweet lay;
Nor pause! to ask of grey-haired Reason
Should I the syren call obey.

1 Milesius remembered the remarkable prediction of the principal Druid, who foretold that the posterity of Gadelus should obtain the possession of a Western land (which was Ireland), and there inhabit.

2 "Milesius remembered the remarkable prediction of the principal Druid, who foretold that the posterity of Gadelus should obtain the possession of a Western land (which was Ireland), and there inhabit." — Kehoe.

3 The Island of Destiny, one of the ancient names of Ireland.
And, see—the lamps still livelier glitter,
The siren lips more fondly round;
No, seek, ye nymphs, some victim tender,
To sink in your rosy bandage bound.
Shall a bard, whom not the world in arms
Could bow to tyranny's rude control,
Thus quail, at sight of woman's charms,
And yield to a smile her freckled soul?
Thus sung the sage, while, slyly stealing,
The nymphs their fetters around him cast,
And—then laughing eyes, the while, concealing—
Led Freedom's Bard their slave at last.
For the Poet's heart, still prone to loving,
Was like that rock of the Druid race,
Which the gentlest touch at once set moving,
But all earth's power couldn't cast from its base.

OH! ARRNAMORE, LOVED ARRNAMORE.

Oh! Arramore, loved Arramore,
How oft I dream of thee,
And those days when, by thy shore,
I wander'd young and free!
Full many a path I've tried, since then,
Through pleasure's flowery maze,
But never could find the bliss again
I felt in those sweet days.
How blithe upon thy breezy cliffs
At sunny hours I've stood,
With heart as bounding as the hills
That danced along thy flood;
Or, when the wea-den wave grew bright
With daylight's parting wing,
Have sought that Eden in its light
Which dreaming poets sing?—
That Eden where the immortal brave
Dwell in a land serene,—
Whose bow's beyond the shining wave,
At sunset, oft are seen.
Ah dream too full of saddening truth!
Those mansions o'er the main
Are like the hopes I built in youth
As sunny and as vain.

LAY HIS SWORD BY HIS SIDE.

Lay his sword by his side, it hath served him too well
Not to rest near his pillow below:
To the last moment true, from his hand ere it fell,
Its point was still turn'd to a flying foe.
Fellow-lab'rs in life, let them slumber in death,
Side by side, as becoming the repose brave,—
That sword which he loved still unbrok'd in its sheath,
And himself unbrok'd in his grave.
Yet pause—for, in fancy, a still voice I hear,
As if breathed from his brave heart's remains;—
First echo of that which, in Sliver's ear,
Once sounded the war-word, "Burnt your chains!"

And it cries, from the grave where the hero lies deep,
"The day of your Chieftain for ever hath set,
Oh, leave not his sword thus ignominious to sleep,—
It hath victory's life in it yet!
Should some alien, unworthy such weapon to wield,
"Dear to touch thee, my own gallant sword,
Then rest in thy sheath, like a slumbering seal's,
Or return to the grave of thy chasing lord.
But, if grasped by a hand that hath learnt the proud use
Of a falchion, like thee, on the battle-plain,—
"Then, at Liberty's summons, like lightning let loose,
Leap forth from thy dark sheath again!"

OH, COULD WE DO WITH THIS WORLD OF OURS.

Oh, could we do with this world of ours
As thou dost with thy garden bowers,
Reject the weeds and keep the flowers,
What a heaven on earth we'd make it!
So bright a dwelling should be our own,
So warrant free from sight of woe,
That angels soon would be coming down,
By the week or month to take it.
Like these gay flies that wing thro' air,
And in themselves a lusty bear,
A shock of light, still ready there,
Whatever they wish to use it;
So, in this world I'd make for thee,
Our hearts should all like fireflies be,
And the flash of wit or poyzy
Break forth whenever we choose it.
While every joy that glads our sphere
Hath still some shadow hovering near,
In this new world of ours, my dear,
Such shadows will all be omitted;—
Unless they're like that graceful one,
Which, when thou art dancing in the sun,
Still near thee, leaves a charm upon
Each spot where it hath fitted!

THE WINE-CUP IS CIRCLING.

The wine-cup is circling in Alabin's hall,
And its Chieft, 'mid his heroes reclining,
Looks up, with a sigh, to the triumphed wall,
Where his sword hangs idly shining.
When, hark! that shout
From the vale without—
"Arm ye quick, the Dane, the Dane is nigh!"
Every Chief springs up,
And "To battle, to battle!" is the Finian's cry.
The minstrels have seized their harps of gold,
And they sing such thrilling numbers,—
"Tis like the voice of the brave, of old,
Breathing forth to them place of smokers'—
Speak to buckler ring,
As the minstrels sang,
And the Sun burst o'er them floated wide;
While remembering the yoke
Which their fathers broke,
"On for liberty, for liberty!" the Finians cried.

1 The Rooking Stones of the Druids, some of which no force is able to divodge from their stations.
2 "The inhabitants of Arramore are still persuaded that, in a clear day, they can see from this coast Hy Dris-al or the Enchanted Island, the Paradise of the Scythians, and concerning which they relate a number of romantic stories."—Browne's "Ancient Topography of Ireland.
3 It was the custom of the ancient Irish, in the manner of the Scythians, to bury the favourite swords of their heroes along with them.
4 The Palace of Fin Mac-Cúiléidh (the Fenian of Macpherson) in Leinster. It was built on the top of the Hill, which has returned from thence the name of the Hill of Allen, in the county of Kildare. The Finians, or Fenians, were the celebrated National Militia of Ireland, which this Chief commanded. The introduction of the Dunes in the above song is an anachronism common to most of the Finian and Ossianic legends.
5 The name given to the banner of the Irish.
IRISH MELODIES.

The dream of those days when first I sung thee o'er,
Thy triumph hath staid'd the charm thy sores then won;
And ev'n of the light which Hope once shed o'er thy chain.
Alas, not a gleam to grace thy freedom remain.
Say, is it that slavery sunk so deep in thy heart,
That still the dark brand is there, tho' shameless thou art;
And Freedom's sweet fruit, for which thy spirit long burst'd,
Now, reaching at last thy lip, to ashes hath turn'd?
Up Liberty's steep by Truth and Eloquence led,
With eyes on her temple fixed, how proud was thy tread!
Ah, better thou never had'st lived that summitt to gain,
Or died in the porch, than thus dishonour the face.

FROM THIS HOUR THE PLEDGE IS GIVEN.

From this hour the pledge is given,
From this hour my soul is thine:
Come what will, from earth or heaven,
We'll or we'll, thy face be mine.
When the proud and great stood by thee,
None dared thy rights o'erspurn;
And if now they're false and fly thee,
Shall I, too, barely turn?
No, whilst'er the tires that try thee,
In the same this heart shall burn.
Thou, the sea, where thou embark'st,
Offers now a friendly shore;
Light may come where all looks darkest,
Hope hath life, when life seems o'er;
And, of those past ages dreaming,
When glory deck'd thy brow,
Oh! fondly think, though seeming
So fall'n and clouded now.
Thou, it again break forth, all knowing,
None so bright, so blest as thou!

Silence is in our festive halls,
Silence is in our festive halls—
In vain on thee did Erin call.
Her minstrel's voice responds no more;
All silent as the stolen shell.
Sleeps at the close of some bright day,
When the sweet breeze, that walks it swell,
At sunny morn, hath died away.

Yet, at our feasts, thy spirit long
Awake by music's spell, shall rise;
For, name so link'd with deathless song
Pattakes its charm and never dies:
And ev'n within the holy e, a
When music wafts the soul to heaven,
One thought to him, whose earliest strain
Was echoed there, shall long be given.

But, where is now the cheerful day,
The social night, when, by thy side,
He, who now weaves this parting lay,
His skillless voice with thine allied;
And sung those songs whose every tone,
When bard and minstrel long have past,
Shall still, in sweetness all their own,
Embalm'd by fame, undying last.

Yes, Erin, thine alone the fame—
Or, if thy bard have shared the crown,
From thee the borrow'd glory came,
And at thy feet is now laid down.
Enough, if Freedom still inspire
His latest song, and still the harp,
As evening closes round his lyre,
One ray upon its chords from thee.

APPENDIX:
CONTAINING
THE ADVERTISEMENTS
Originally prefixed to the Different Numbers,
AND
THE
PREFATORY LETTER ON IRISH MUSIC.

Advertisement prefixed to the first and second numbers.

Power takes the liberty of announcing to the Public a Work which has long been a Desideratum in this country. Though the Beauties of the National Melodies of Ireland have been very generally felt and acknowledged, yet it has happened, through the want of appropriate English Words, and of the arrangement necessary to adapt them to the voice, that many of the most excellent Compositions have hitherto remained in obscurity. It is intended, therefore, to bring a Collection of the best Original Irish Melodies, with characteristic Symphonies and Accompaniments; and with Words containing, as frequently as possible, allusions to the manners and history of the Country. Sir John Stevenson has very kindly consented to undertake the arrangement of the Airs; and the lovers of Simple National music may rest secure, that in such baleful hands, the native charms of the original melody will not be sacrificed to the elevation of science. In the poetical Part, Power has had promises of assistance from several distinguished Literary Characters, particularly from Mr. Moore, whose lyrical Tend is so peculiarly suited to such a task, and whose zeal in the undertaking will be best understood from the following Extract of a Letter which he has addressed to Sir John Stevenson on the subject:

1 If very anxious that a work of this kind should be undertaken. We have too long neglected the only talent for which our English neighbours ever designed to allow us any credit. Our National Music has never been properly collected; and, while the com

2 The writer forgot, when he made this assertion, that the public are indebted to Mr. Bunting for a very valuable collection of Irish Music; and that the patriotic genius of Miss Owenson has been employed upon some of our finest airs.
posers of the Continent have enriched their Operas and Sonatas with Melodies borrowed from Ireland,—very often without even the least acknowledgment,—we have left these treasures, in a great degree, unclaimed and fugitive. Thus our Arts, like too many of our countrypeople, have, for want of protection at home, passed into the service of foreigners. But we are too tardy a race to be the last of both Politics and Music; and how much they are connected, in Ireland at least, appears too plainly in the tone of sorrow and depression which characterize most of our early Songs.

The task which you propose to me, of adapting words to these airs, is by no means easy. The Poet, who would follow the various sentiments which they express, must feel and understand that rapid fluctuation of spirits, that unaccommodable mixture of gloom and levity, which compose the character of our countrymen, and has deeply tinged their Music. Even in their liveliest strains we found some melancholy note intrude,—some minor Third or flat Seventh,—which throws its shade as it passes, and makes even mirth interesting. If Burns had been an Irishman (and I would wish very much our claim upon ( teas for him), his heart would have been proud of such music, and his genius would have made it immortal.

Another difficulty (which is, however, purely mechanical) arises from the irregular structure of many of the airs, and the want of a kind of metre which it will in consequence be necessary to adapt to them. In these instances the Poet must, write, not to the eye, but to the ear; and must be content to have its verses of the description which Cicero mentions, 'questo contr' esquii lirico deserto,^' That beautiful Air, 'The Twisting of the Rope,' which has all the romantic character of the Swe. Rant des Vaches, is one of those wild and sentimental airs which it will not be easy to drag into sober good秩序 with Poets worthy of them; but which, by their easy difficulty, and the very moderate portion of talent which I can bring to surmount them, the design appears to me so truly National, that I shall feel much pleasure in giving it all the assistance in my power.

"Leicestershire, Feb. 1807."

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE THIRD NUMBER.

In presenting the Third Number of this work to the Public, Power begs leave to express his acknowledgments for the very liberal patronage with which it has been honoured; and to express a hope that the unlettered zeal of those who have hitherto so admirably contributed, will enable him to complete it this year, and many future Numbers with equal spirit, variety, and taste. The stock of popular Melodies is far from being exhausted; and there is still in reserve an abundance of beautiful Airs, which call upon Mr. Moore, in the language he so well understands, to save them from the oblivion to which they are hastening.

Power respectfully trusts he will not be thought presumptuous in saying, that he feels proud, as an Irishman, in even the very subordinate share which he has been unable to bring to the talents of the Country. —A work which, from the spirit of nationality it contains, will do more, he is convinced, towards liberalizing the feelings of society, and producing that brotherhood of sentiment which it is so much our interest to cherish, than could ever be effected by mere arguments of well-weighed uninteresting politicans.

LETTER TO THE MARCHIONESS DOWAGER OF DONEGAL.

PREFIXED TO THE THIRD NUMBER.

While the publisher of these Melodies very properly inscribes them to the Nobility and Gentry of Ireland in general, I have much pleasure in selecting one from that number, to whom may share of the Work is particularly dedicated to his acknowledgment,—that we have not suffered the attractions of English society to produce, like the taste of the lotus, any forlornness of our own country, but that even the humblest of its airs, which I offer derives its chief claim upon your interest and sympathy from the appeal which it makes to your patriotism. Indeed, absence, however fatal to some affections of the heart, rather lends to strengthen the love for the country with which it is connected; and Ireland is the country, of all others, which an exile from it must remember with most enthusiasm. These few darker and less amiable traits with which bigotry and misrule have stained her character, and which are too apt to disgust us upon a nearer intercourse, become, at a distance defined, or altogether invisible. Nothing is remembered but her virtues and her misfortunes,—the zeal with which she has always loved liberty, and the barbarous policy which has always withheld it from her,—the case with which her generous spirit might be conciliated, and the cruel folly which has been exerted to wring her into unyielding subjection. It has been often remarked, and still oftener felt, that to our music is found the truth of all comments upon our history. The mode of esteeming, succeeded by the mode of judging, the history of a nation, is ever the same. Sometimes, dying away into insidious,—the sorrows of one moment lost to the levity of the next,—and all that romantic mixture of hard and tender, which is naturally produced by the efforts of a loving temperament to shake off, or forget, the wrongs which lie upon it. Such are the features of our history and character, which we find strongly and faithfully reflected in our music; and there are even many airs, which it is difficult to listen to, without recalling some period or event to which they are connected by these difficulties, and the very moderate portion of talent which I can bring to surmount them, the design appears to me so truly National, that I shall feel much pleasure in giving it all the assistance in my power.

"Leicestershire, Feb. 1807."

1 A phrase which occurs in a Letter from the Earl of Desmond to the Earl of Ormond, in Elizabeth's time.—Sermon Sacro, as quoted by Curran.

2 There are some gratifying accounts of the gallantry of these Irish auxiliaries in "The Complete History of the Wars in Scotland under Montrose" (1660), See particularly, for the conduct of an Irishman at the battle of Aberdeen, chap. vii. p. 49; and for a tribute to the bravery of Colonel O'Kavanagh, chap. vii. 55. Clarendon observes that the Montrosse was indebted for much of his miraculous success to the small band of Irish heroes under Macdonell. 3 The associations of the Hindu music, though more obvious and defined, were less touching and characteristic. They divided their songs according to the seasons of the year, by which 

"they were able to recall the memory of autumnal mumment, at the close of the harvest; or of separation and melancholy during the cold months." &c.—Avatic Transactions, vol. ii. on the Musical Modes of the Hindus. —With the Airs du Bois, the harmonies of Lully, may be assented, with much more probability, of our bold and impassioned airs: —Eels amoureux produisent de ces effets, qui nous paroissent sincere dans le recit des anciens, si on les avait entendu.
which he leaves at home, with sanguine hopes of the high honours that await him abroad,—such honours as we know on the field of Fontenoy, where the valour of Irish Catholics turned the fortune of the day, and extorted from George the Second that memorable expression: "God bless the Irish!" was the bawdy phrase which deprivèd us of so many subjects."

"Though much has been said of the antiquity of our music, it is certain that our finest and most popular airs are modern; and perhaps we may look no further than the last half of the eighteenth century for the origin of most of these wild and melancholy strains, which were at once the offspring of sorrow and grief, and were applied to the mood as music was formerly to the body, "decantare loca dolentia." Mr. Pinkerton is of opinion that some of the oldest airs, which are supposed to have been in circulation in Scotland as early as the middle of the sixteenth century; and though musical antiquities refer us, for some of our melodies, to so early a period as the fifth century, I am persuaded that there are few, if any, of a civilized description, and by this I mean to exclude all the savage (Ceanans, Criese, &c.) which can claim quite so ancient a date as Mr. Pinkerton allows to the Scotch. But music is not the only subject upon which our taste for antiquity has been rather unjustifiably inculcated by the learned. If we dive into these romantic speculations, I cannot help thinking that it is possible to love our country very zealously, and to feel deeply interested in her honour and happiness, without believing that Irish was the language spoken by the ancients; that our ancestors were kind enough to take the trouble of polishing the Greeks, or that Abrias, the Hyperborean, was a native of the North of Ireland.

"By some of these zealous antiquarians it has been insisted that Irish ballads can have acquainted with counterpoint; and they endeavour to support this conjecture by a well-known passage in Giraldus, where he disposes, with such elaborate praise, upon the beauties of our national minstrelsy. But the terms of this description imply a deficiency in technical accuracy, to prove that even Giraldus himself knew any thing of the artifice of counter-point. There are many expressions in the Greek and Latin writers which might be cited, with much more plausibility, to prove that they understood the arrangement of music in parts; and it is in general now

dre a des hommes d’un naturel aussi vif que les Alénois."—Réflex. sur la Peinture, &c. tom. i. sect. 45.

1. Dissertation, prefixed to the 2d volume of his Scottish Ballads.

2. (Of which some genuine specimens may be found at the end of Mr. Walker’s Works upon the Irish bard.

3. Mr. Bunting has disdained his last splendid volume by too many of these barbarous rhapsoodes.


6. Id. ib. chap. vi.

7. It is also supposed, but with a little proof, that they understood the dièse, or enharmonic interval.

The Greeks seem to have formed their airs to this delicate rhythm, and, whatever difficulties or objections may lie in the way of its practical use, we must agree with M. Dussart, (Principes de Pédagogie, &c. p. 160.) that the theory of Music would be imperfect without it. Even in practice, too, as Tosi, among others, very justly remarks, "Observations sur le Soprano, chant le plus fort." there is no good performer on the violin who does not make a sensible difference between D sharp and E flat, though, from the imperfection of the instrument, they are the same notes upon the piano-forte. The effect of modulation or enharmonic transitions is also very striking and beautiful.

8. The words ποιελαδα and στρεφομαι, in a passage of Plato, and some expressions of Cicero in Fragment, lib. ii. de Republ., induced the Abbé Faguer to

9. conceded, I believe, by the learned, that however grand and pathetic the melody of the ancients may have been, it was reserved for the ingenuity of modern Science to transmit the "light of Song" through the variegating prism of Harmony.

Indeed, the harp is an original Irish (in which, as in the music of Scotland, the interval of the fourth was wanting) must have furnished but wild and refractory subjects to the harmonist. It was only when the invention of Gondo began to be known, and the power of the harp was aided by the additional strings, that our airs can be supposed to have assumed the sweet character which interests us at present; and while the Scotch persevered in the old mutilation of the scale, our music became by default more amenable to the laws of harmony and counter-point.

While profiling, however, by the improvements of the moderns, our style still keeps its original charac-

10. The Scotch lay claim to some of our best airs, but there are strong traits of difference between their melodies and ours. They had formerly the same passion for robbing us of our Saints, and the learned Dempster was for this offence called "the Saint Stalker." If ever the harp has been in some degree an Irish poise, by way of reprisal, stole Dempster's beautiful wife from him at Fis.—See this anecdote in the Pianotchis Erythraei, part i. page 25.
PREFATORY LETTER ON IRISH MUSIC.

ter sacred from their refinements; and though Caro-
lan, it appears, had frequent opportunities of hearing the works of Geminiani and other great masters, we
but rarely find him sacrificing his native simplicity to any ambition of their ornaments, or affectation of the
plausive grace of modern invention, in what is called his Coretto, it is evident that he laboured to
imitate Corelli; and this union of masters, so very
dissimilar, produces the same kind of uneasy sen-
tation which is felt at a mixture of different styles of
architecture. In general, however, the artifices of
our music have pre-erred itself free from all tinge of
foreign innovation; and the chief corruptions of
which we have to complain arise from the unskillful
performance of our own instrumental musicians, from
which, and to frequently, the airs are noted down, encum-
bered by their tasteless deceptions, and, owing to
all their ignorant anomalies. Though it be some-
times impossible to trace the original strain, yet, in
most of them, "aur per rana aura refugiet," the
pure gold of the melody shines through the ungrace-
ful foliage which surrounds it; and the most delicate
and difficult duty of a compiler is to endeavour, by
renewing these inelegant superfluities, and collating
the various methods of playing or singing each air, to
render it as near as possible of its form, and the choice sim-
plicity of its character.

I must again observe, that in doubting the antiquity of
our music, my scepticism extends but to those pol-
ished specimens of the art, which it is difficult to
conceive anterior to the days of the invention of
printing: and I would by no means invalidate: he claims of
Ireland to as early a rank in the annals of min-
strels, as the most zealous antiquary may be inclined to
allow her. In addition, indeed, to the power which
music must always have possessed over them, India,
a people so amiable and susceptible, the stimulus of
persecution was not wanting to quicken our taste into
enthusiasm; the charms of song were enabled with
the glories of martyrdom, and the acts against min-
strels, in the reign of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, were
anyhow so engraved on the minds of all the country
musicians, as the penal laws have been in keeping
them Catholics.

With respect to the verses which I have written for
these Melodies, as they are intended rather to be sung
than played for the air, the reader for the sake of
more confidence than for their sense. Yet it would be
affectionate to deny that I have given much attention to
the task, and that it is not through any want of zeal
or industry, if I am not minutely dis-grace the sweet
air of many, though I have therein struck the value of
their taste, their energy, and their tenderness.

Though the humble nature of my contributions to
this work may exempt them from the rigours of lite-
rary criticism, it was not to be expected that those
touches of political feeling, those tons of national
complaint, in which the poet sometimes sympa-
thizes with the music, would be suffered to pass with-
out censure or alarm. It has been accordingly said,
that the tendency of this publication is mischievous,
and that I have chosen these airs but as a vehicle of
dangerous politics;—as fair and precious vessels (to
borrow an image of St. Augustine†, from which the
wine of error might be administered. To those who
identify nationalinity with treason, and whm see,
in every effort for Ireland, a system of hostile tilts towards
England,—to those, too, who are the gloom of
judges, are alarmed by the slightest gleam of liber-
rality that threatens to disturb their darkness,—like
that Demophon of old, who, when the sun shone upon
him, shivered, to such men I shall not recommend
to offer an apology for the work being the forth of
any political sentiment which may occur in the course
of these pages. But as there are many, among the more
wise and tolerant, who, with feeling enough to mourn
over the wrongs of their country, and sense enough to
perceive all the danger of exciting them, may
yet be of opinion, that allusions, in the least degree
flammary, should be avoided in a publication of this
popular description—I beg of these respected persons
to believe, that there is no one who more sincerely
deprecates than I do, any appeal to the passions of an
ingnorant and angry multitude; but that it is not through
that gross and inflammable region of society,
awork of this nature could ever have been intended to
circulate. It looks much higher for its audience
and readers,—it is founded upon the piano-forte of the
rich and the great.—Of course, they have their national zeal a little stimulated, without
exciting much dread of the excesses into which it may
hurry them; and of many whose nerves may be, now
and then, alarmed with advantage as much more is to
be expected from this work than could ever be expected
from their justice.

Having thus adhered to the principal objection,
which has been hitherto made to the poetical part of
this work, allow me to add a few words in defec de
of the writer. Sir John Stevenson has been accused of
having spoiled the simplicity of the airs by the chromatic richness of his symphonies,
and the elaborate variety of his harmonies. We
might cite the example of the admirable Haydn, who
has passed through all the mazes of musical science,
in his arrangement of the simplest Scottisch melodies; but
it appears to me, that Sir John Stevenson has brought to
this task an innate and national feeling, which it
would be vain to expect from a foreigner, however
tasteful or judicious. Through many of his own com-
positions we trace a vein of Irish sentiment, which
points him out as peculiarly suited to catch the spirit
of his country's music; and, far from agreeing with
those fastidious critics who think that his symphonies
have nothing kindred with the airs which they intro-
duce, I would maintain, on the contrary, that in
general, those illuminated initials of old manus-
cript, which are of the same character with the
writing which follows, though more highly coloured
and more curiously ornamented.

In these airs, which he has arranged for voices, his
skill has particularly distinguished itself, and, though
it cannot be denied that a single melody most natu-
"rally expresses the language of feeling and passion, yet
often, when a favourite strain has been disowned, as
having lost its charm of novelty for the ear, it returns
in a harmonized shape, with new claims on our inte-
rest and attention; and to those who study the deli-
cate artifices of composition, the construction of the
inner parts of these pieces must afford, I think, con-
siderable satisfaction. Every voice has an air to itself,
a flowing succession of notes, which might be heard
with pleasure, independently of the rest;—so artfully
has the harmonist (if I may thus express it) gavelled
the melody, distributing an equal portion of its sweet-
ess to every part.

"If your love's Voice were not well
4 "Non accusa verba, quasi vasa electa alque
preciosa; sed vinum erroris quod cum eis nobis propin-
atur." — Lib. i. Confes. chap. xvi.

5 This emblem of modern bigots was head-butler
(βαρύηις ἐνρούς) to Alexander the Great. — Sex. Empir. Pyrrh. Hypoth. lib. i.
Three volumes will then have been completed, according to the original plan, and the Proprietors desire to state that others will be published with the concluding Number.

It is not so much, I must add, from a want of materials, and still less from any abatement of zeal or industry, that we have adopted the resolution of bringing our task to a close; but we feel so proud, still more for our country's sake than our own, of the general interest which this purely Irish Work has excited, and so anxiously lest a particle of that interest should be lost by too long a protraction of its existence, that we think it wise to take away the cup from the lip, while its flavour is yet, we trust, fresh and sweet, than to risk any further trial of the charm, or give so much as not to leave some wish for more. In speaking thus, I allude entirely to the Airs, which, as of course, the main attraction of these Volumes; and though we have still a great many popular and delightful Melodies to produce, it cannot be denied that we should soon experience considerable difficulty in equalising the richness and novelty of the earlier numbers, for which, as we had the choice of all before us, we naturally selected only the most rare and beautiful. The Pleiry, too, would be sure to sympathise with the decline of the Music; and, however feebly my words have kept pace with the excellence of the Airs, they would follow their falling off. I fear, with a unholy and petty vanity. But, perhaps, counsel us to come to a close, while yet our Work is, we believe, flourishing and attractive, and thus, in the imperial attitude, "santes morts," before we incur the charge either of altering for the worse, or what is equally unpardonable, continuing too long the same.

We beg to say, however, that it is only in the event of our failing to find Airs as good as most of those we have given, that we mean thus to anticipate the natural period of dissolution (like those Indians who when their relatives become worn out, put them to death); and they who a desire of regarding this Euthanasia of the Irish Melodies, cannot better effect their wish than by contributing to our collection,—not what are called curious Airs, for we have abundance of such, and they are in general only curious,—but any real sweet and expressive Songs of our Country, which either chance or research may have brought into their hands.

T. M.

Mayfield Cottage, Ashbourne, December, 1813.

ADVERTISMENT TO THE SIXTH NUMBER.

In presenting this Sixth Number to the Public as our last, and bidding adieu to the Irish Harp for ever, we shall not answer very confidently for the strength of our resolution, nor feel quite sure that it may not turn out to be one of those eternal farewells which a lover takes occasionally of his mistress, merely to enhance, perhaps, the pleasure of their next meeting. Our only motive, indeed, for discontinuing the Work is a fear of our fine Airs being lost, and a natural unwillingness to descend to the gathering of mere seed-pearl, after the really precious gems it has been our lot to string together. The announcement, however, of this intention, in our Fifth Number, has excited a degree of anxiety in the lovers of Irish Music, not only pleasant and flattering, but highly useful to us; for the various contributions we

Among these is Sauvanna Delush, which I have been bidden to withhold from selecting by the difference I have in treading the harvest with Mr. Canphell, whose beautiful words in this fine Air have taken too strong possession of all ears and hearts, for me to think of following in his footsteps with any success. I suppose, however, as a matter of duty, I must attempt the air for our next Number.

T. M.
DEDICATION, &c.

have received in consequence, have enriched our collection with so many choice and beautiful Airs, that should we adhere to our present resolution of publishing no more, it would certainly furnish an instance of forbearance unexampled in the history of poets and musicians. To one Gentleman in particular, who has been for many years resident in England, but who has not forgot, among his various pursuits, either the language or the melodies of his native country, we beg to offer our best thanks for the many interesting communications with which he has favoured us. We trust that neither he nor any other of our kind friends will relax in those efforts by which we have been so considerately assisted; for, though our work must now be looked upon as definite, yet—as Remarque found the art of making the Cruda Sing after it was dead—it is just possible that we may, some time or other, try a similar experiment upon the Irish Melodies.

T. M.

Mayfield, Ashbourne, March, 1815.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE SEVENTH NUMBER.

Had I consulted only my own judgement, this Work would not have extended beyond the Six Numbers already published; which contain the flower, perhaps, of our national melodies, and have now attained a rare public favour, of which I would not wish to risk the forfeiture, by degenerating, in any way, from those merits that were its source. Whatever treasures of our music were still in reserve, (and it will be seen, I trust, that they are numerous and valuable,) I would gladly have left to future poets to collect, and with the ritual words "tis tradita," would have delivered up the torch into other hands, before it had lost much of its light in my own. But the call for a continuance of the work has been, as I understand from the Publisher, so general, and we have received so many contributions of old and beautiful airs,—the

One Gentleman, in particular, whose name I shall feel happy in being allowed to mention, has not only sent us nearly forty ancient airs, but has communicated many curious fragments of Irish poetry, and some interesting traditions current in the country where he resides, illustrated by sketches of the romantic

suppression of which, for the enhancement of those we have published, would too much resemble the policy of the Dutch in burning their spices,—that I have been persuaded, though not without much difficulty in my success, to commence a new series of the Irish Melodies.

T. M.

DEDICATION TO THE MARCHIONESS OF HEADFORT.

PREFIXED TO THE TENTH NUMBER.

It is with a pleasure, not unmixed with melancholy, that I dedicate the last Number of the Irish Melodies to your Ladyship; nor can I have any doubt that the feelings with which you receive the tribute will be of the same mingled and saddened tone. To you,—who though but little beyond the season of childhood, when the earlier numbers of this work appeared,—lent the aid of your beautiful voice, and, even then, exquisite feeling for music, to the happy circle who met, to sing them together, under your father's roof, the gratification, whatever it may be, which this humble offering brings, cannot be otherwise than darkened by the mournful reflection, how many of the voices, which then joined with ours, are now silent in death!

I am not without hope that, as far as regards the grace and spirit of the Melodies, you will find this closing portion of the work not unworthy of what has preceded it. The Sixteen airs of which the Number and the Supplement consists, have been selected from the immense mass of Irish music, which has been for years past accumulating in my hands; and it was from a desire to include all that appeared most worthy of preservation, that the four supplementary songs which follow this Tenth Number have been added.

Apothecary Cottage, May, 1834.

Your Ladyship's faithful Friend and Servant,

THOMAS MOORE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

It is Cicero, I believe, who says "natura ad modestia discipul"; and the abundance of wild, indigenous airs, which almost every country, except England, possesses, sufficiently proves the truth of his assertion. The lovers of this simple, but interesting kind of music, are here presented with the first number of a collection, which, I trust, their contributions will enable us to continue. A pretty air without words resembles one of the half creatures of Plato, which are described as wandering in search of the remainder of themselves through the world. To apply this other half, by uniting with congenial words the many fugitive melodies which have hitherto had none,—or only such as are unintelligible to the generality of their hearers,—is the object and ambition of the present work. Neither is it our intention to confine ourselves to what are strictly called National Melodies, but, wherever we meet with any wandering and beautiful air, to which poetry has not yet assigned a worthy home, we shall venture to claim it as an estray

swan, and enrich our humble Hippocrene with its song.

* * * * * * * T. M.

NATIONAL AIRS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

A TEMPLE TO FRIENDSHIP. (SPANISH AIR.)

A Temple to Friendship," said Lucre, enchanted,

"I'll build in this garden,—the thought is divine!"

Her temple was built, and she now only wanted

An image of Friendship to place on the shrine.

1 The thought is taken from a song by Le Prieur, called "La Statue de l'Amie."
She flew to a sculptor, who set down before her
A Friendship, the fairest his art could invent;
But so cold and so dull, that the youthful adorer
Saw plainly this was not the idol she meant.

"Oh! never," she cried, "could I think of embalming
An image, whose looks are so jovial and dim;
But you little god, upon roses reclining,
We'll make, if you please, sir, a Friendship of him!"

So the bargain was struck; with the little god laden,
She joyfully hew to her shrine in the grove;
"Farewell," said the sculptor, "you're not the first maiden
Who came but for Friendship and took away
Love!"

FLOW ON, THOU SHINING RIVER.
(Portuguese Air.)

Flow on, thou shining river;
But, ere thou reach the sea,
Seek Elia's bowers, and give her
The wreaths I dangle o'er thee.
And tell her this, if she'll be mine,
Therent of our lives shall be,
With joys along their course to shine,
Like those sweet flowers on thee.

But if, in wandering thither,
Thou findst she mocks my prayer,
Then leave those wreaths to other
Upon the cold bank there;
And tell her thus, when youth is o'er,
Her love and loveless charms shall be
Thrown by upon life's woody shore,
Like those sweet flowers from thee.

ALL THAT'S BRIGHT MUST FADE.
(Indian Air.)

All that's bright must fade,—
The brightest still the fleetest,
All that's sweet was made,
But to be lost when sweetest!
Stars that shine and fall;—
The flower that drops in springing;—
These, alas! are types of all
To which our hearts are clinging.
All that's bright must fade,—
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made;
But to be lost when sweetest!
Who would seek or prize
Delights that end in aching?
Who would trust to ties
That every hour are breaking?
Better far to be
In utter darkness lying,
Than to be bless'd with light and see
That light for ever flying.
All that's bright must fade,—
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made;
But to be lost when sweetest!

SO WARMLY WE MET.
(Hungarian Air.)

So warmly we met and so fondly we parted,
That which was the sweeter ev'n I could not tell,—
That first look of welcome her sunny eyes darted,
Or that tear of passion, which bless'd our farewell.

To meet was a heaven, and in part thus another,—
Our joy and our sorrow seem'd rivals in bliss;
Oh! Cupid's two eyes are not like each other
In smiles and in tears, than that moment to this.

The first was like day-break, new, sudden, delicious,—
The dawn of a pleasure scarce kindled up yet;
The last like the fare well of day-light, more precious,
More glowing and deep, as 'tis nearer its set.

Our meeting, though happy, was tinged by a sorrow
To think that such happiness could not remain;
While our parting, though sad, gave a hope that tomorrow
Would bring back the bless'd hour of meeting again.

THOSE EVENING BELLS
(Air.—The Bells of St. Petersburg.)

Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time,
When last I heard their soothing chime!

Those joyous hours are past away;
And many a heart, that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so it will be when I am gone;
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
While other lands shall walk these dels,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells!

SHOULD THOSE FOND HOPES.
(Portuguese Air.)

Should those fond hopes e'er forsake thee,
Which so so sweetly thy heart employ?
Should the cold world come to make thee
And from thy visions of youth and joy?
Should the gay friends, for whom thou wouldst banish
Him who once thought thy young heart his own,
All, like spring birds, falsely vanish,
And leave thy winter unheedned and lone;—

Oh! 't is then that he thou hast slighted
Would come to cheer thee, when all seem'd o'er;
Then the truant, lost and blighted,
Would to his bosom be taken once more.
Like that dear bird we both can remember,
Who left us while summer aroimd,
But, when chill'd by bleak December,
On our threshold a welcome still found.

REASON, FOLLY, AND BEAUTY.
(Italian Air.)

Reason, and Folly, and Beauty, they say,
Went on a party of pleasure one day;
Folly played
Around the maid,
The bells of her cap rung merrily out;
While Reason took
To her sermon-book—
Oh! which was the pleasanter no one need doubt,
Which was the pleasantor no one need doubt.

Note: This is one of the many instances among my lyrical poems,—though the above, it must be owned, is an extreme case,—where the metre has been necessarily sacrificed to the structure of the air.
BEAUTY, who likes to be thought very sage,
Turn'd for a moment to Reason's dull page,
Till Fully said, "Look here, sweet maid!"—
The sight of his cap brought her back to herself;—
While Reason read
His leaves of lead,
With no one to mind him, poor sensible elf!—
No, no one to mind him, poor sensible elf!—
Then Reason grew jealous of Folly's gay cap;—
Had he that on, he her heart might entrap—
"There it is,"
Quoth Folly, "old quiz!"
(Folly was always good-natured, it is said.)
"Under the sun
There's no such fun,
As Reason with my cap and belts on his head
Reason with my cap and belts on his head!"

But Reason the head-dress so awkwardly wore,
That Beauty now liked him still less than before;
While Folly took
Old Reason's book,
And twisted the leaves in a cap of such tone,
That Beauty would
(Though not afraid),
She liked him still better than in that own.
Yet, liked him still better in that than his own,
Yes,— liked him still better in that than his own.

FARE THEE WELL, THOU LOVELY ONE!  
(SICILIAN AIR.)

Fair thee well, thou lovely one!
Lovely still, but dear no more.
Once his soul of truth is gone,
Love's sweet life is o'er.
Thy words, where'er their flaring spell,
Could scarce have thus deceived;
But eyes that acted truth so well
Were sure to be believed.
Then, fare thee well, thou lovely one!
Lovely still, but dear no more;
Once his soul of truth is gone,
Love's sweet life is o'er.
Yet those eyes look constant still,
True as stars they keep their light;
Still those cheeks their pledge fulfill
Of blushing always bright.
'Tis only on thy changeful heart
The blame of falsehood lies;
Love lives in every other part,
But there, alas! he dies.
Then, fare thee well, thou lovely one!
Lovely still, but dear no more;
Once his soul of truth is gone,
Love's sweet life is o'er.

DOST THOU REMEMBER.  
(PORTEUSE AIR.)

Dost thou remember that place so lonely,
A place for lovers, and lovers only.
Where first I told thee all my secret sighs?
When, as the moonbeam, that trembled o'er thee,
Liumed thy blushes, I knelt before thee,
And read my hope's sweet triumph in those eyes?
Then, when my nearest heart was drawn to bear,
Love bound us—never, never more to part!
And when I call'd thee by names the dearest!
That love could fancy, the fonder, nearest;
"My life, my only life!" among the rest;

In those sweet accents that still enthral me,
Thou saidst, "Ah! wherefore thy life thus call me?"
"Thy soul, thy soul's the name I love best;
For life soon passes,—but how blessed to be
That Soul which, never yet, from thee scene?"—

OH, COME TO ME WHEN DAYLIGHT SETS.  
(VENETIAN AIR.)

Oh, come to me when daylight sets;
Sweet! then come to me,
When softly go our gondoliers,
'Over the moonlight sea.
When Mirth's awake, and Love begins,
Beneath that glancing ray,
With sound of lutes and mandolins,
To steal young hearts away.
Then, come to me when daylight sets;
Sweet! then come to me,
When softly go our gondoliers
'Over the moonlight sea.

Oh, then's the hour for those who love,
Sweet, like thee and me;
When all's so calm below, above,
In heav'n and 'er the sea.
When maidens sing sweet barcaroles, 2
And Echo sins again,
So sweet, that all with ears and souls
Should love and listen then.
So, come to me when daylight sets;
Sweet! then come to me,
When softly go our gondoliers
'Over the moonlight sea.

OFT, IN THE STILLY NIGHT.  
(Scotch AIR.)

Oft, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of her days around me;
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shine,
Now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends, so link'd together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather
I feel like one,
Who wanders alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

2 Barcaroles, sorte de chansons en langue Venetienne, que chantent les gondoliers a Venise.—Rousseau, Dictionary de Musique.
HARK! THE VESPER HYMN IS STEALING.

(RUSSIAN AIR.)

Hark! the vesper hymn is stealing 
O'er the waters soft and clear; 
Nearer yet, and nearer pealing, 
Jubilate, Amen.

Further now, now farther stealing, 
Soft it fades upon the ear, 
Jubilate, Amen.

Now, like moonlight waves retreating 
To the shore, it dies along; 
Now, like angry waves meeting, 
Breaks the mingled tide of song, 
Jubilate, Amen.

Hush! again, like waves, retreating 
To the shore, it dies along; 
Jubilate, Amen.

—

LOVE AND HOPE.

(SWISS AIR.)

At morn, beside yon summer sea, 
Young Hope and Love reclined; 
But morn had moon-tide come, when he 
Into his bark leapt smilingly, 
And left poor Hope behind.

"I go," said Love, "to sail awhile 
"Across this sunny main;"
And then so sweet his parting smile, 
That Hope, who never dreamt of guile, 
Believed he'd come again,

She linger'd there till evening's beam 
Along the waters lay; 
And o'er the sands, in thoughtfull'd dream, 
Oft traced his name, which still the stream 
As often wash'd away.

At length a sail appears in sight, 
And bow'd the maiden's bow; 
'T is Wealth that comes, and gay and bright, 
His golden bark reflects the light, 
But ah! it is not Love's.

Another sail — 'twas Friendship show'd 
Her night-lamp o'er the sea; 
And calm the light that lamp bestow'd; 
But Love had lights that warmer glowed, 
And where, alas! was he?

Now fast around the sea and shore 
Night threw her darkling chain; 
The sunny sails were seen no more, 
Hope's morning dreams of bliss were o'er, — 
Love never came again!

—

THERE COMES A TIME.

(GERMAN AIR.)

There comes a time, a dreamy time, 
To him whose heart hath flown 
O'er all the fields of youth's sweet prime, 
And made each flower its own. 
'T is when his soul must first renounce 
These dreams so bright, so fond; 
Oh! then's the time to die at once, 
For life has sought beyond.

When sets the sun on Afric's shore, 
That instant all is night; 
And so should life at once be o'er, 
When Love withdraws his light; —

Not, like our northern sky, gleam on 
Through twilight's dim delay, 
The cold remains of lustre gone, 
Of fire long pass'd away.

—

MY HARP HAS ONE UNCHANGING THEME.

(SWEDISH AIR.)

My harp has one unchanging theme, 
One strain that still comes o'er 
Its languid chord, as 'twere a dream 
Of joy that's now no more. 
In vain I try, with livelier air, 
To wake the breathing string; 
That voice of other times is there, 
And saddens all I sing.

Breathe on, breathe on, thou languid strain, 
Henceforth be all my own; 
Though thou art oft so full of pain 
Few hearts can bear thy tone, 
Yet oft thou'ret sweet, as if the sigh, 
The breath that Pleasure's wings 
Gave out, when last they wanton'd by, 
Were still upon thy strings.

—

OH, NO — NOT EV'N WHEN FIRST WE LOVED.

(CASHMERIAN AIR.)

Oh, no — not ev'n when first we loved, 
Wert thou as dear as now thou art; 
Thy beauty then my senses moved, 
But now thy virtues bind my heart. 
What was but Passion's sigh before 
Has since been turn'd to Reason's vow; 
And, though I then might love thee more, 
Trust me, I love thee better now.

Although my heart in earlier youth 
Might kindle with more wild desire, 
Believe me, it has gain'd in truth 
Much more than it has lost in fire. 
The flame now warms my inmost core, 
That then but sparkled o'er my brow, 
And, though I seemed to love thee more, 
Yet, oh, I love thee better now.

—

PEACE BE AROUND THEE.

(SCOTCH AIR.)

Peace be around thee, wherever thou rov'st; 
May life be for thee one summer's day, 
And all that thou wish'st, and all that thou lov'st, 
Come smiling around thy sunny way! 
If sorrow o'er this calm should break, 
May even thy tears pass off so lightly 
Like spring-showers, they'll only make 
The smiles that follow shine more brightly.

May Time, who sheds his light o'er all, 
And daily dooms some joy to death, 
O'er thee let years so gently fall, 
They shall not crush one flower beneath. 
As half in shade and half in sun 
This world along its path advances, 
May that side the sun's upon 
Be all that e'er shall meet thy glances! 

—
COMMON SENSE AND GENIUS
(FRENCH AIR.)

While I touch the string,
Wreath my brows with laurel,
For the tale I sing
Has, for once, a moral.
Common Sense, one night,
Though not used to goblins,
Went out by moonlight,
With Genius, on his rambles.
While I touch the string, &c.

Common Sense went on,
Many wise things saying;
While the light that shone
Soon set Genius straying.
One his eye never raised
From the path before him;
'Th'other idly gazed
On each night-cloud o'er him.
While I touch the string, &c.

So they came, at last,
To a shady river;
Common Sense soon past'd,
Safe, as he doth ever;
While the boy, whose look Was in Heaven that minute,
Never saw the brook,
But tumbled headlong in it!
While I touch the string, &c.

How the Wise One smiled,
When safe o'er the torrent,
At that youth, so wild,
Dripping from the current!
Sense went home to bed;
Genius, left to shiver
On the bank, 'tis said,
Died of that cold river!
While I touch the string, &c.

LOVE IS A HUNTER-BOY.
(LANDEDOCAN AIR.)

Love is a hunter-boy,
Who makes young hearts his prey;
And, in his sets of joy,
Ensures them night and day.

To vain conceit'd they lie—
Love tracks them everywhere;
To vain aloft they fly—
Love shoots them flying there.

Yet it is his joy most sweet,
At early dawn to trace
The print of Beauty's feet,
And give the trembling chase.
And if, through virgin snow,
He tracks her footsteps fair,
How sweet for Love to know
None went before him there!

COME, CHASE THAT STARTING TEAR AWAY.
(FRENCH AIR.)

Come, chase that starting tear away,
 Ere mine to meet it springs;
To-night, at least, to-night he gay,
Whate'er to-morrow brings.

Like sunset gleams, that linger late
When all is dark'ning fast;
Are hours like these we snatch from Fate—
The brightest, and the last.

Then, chase that starting tear, &c.

To gild the deepening gloom, if Heaven
But one bright hour allow,
Oh, think that that one bright hour is given,
In all its splendour, now.

Let's live it out—then sink in night,
Like waves that from the shore
One minute swell, are touch'd with light,
Then lost for evermore!

Come, chase that starting tear, &c.
JOYS OF YOUTH, HOW FLEETING!

(Portuguese Air.)

Whispers, heard by wakeful maids,
To whom the night-stars guide us;
Stolen walks through moonlight shades,
With those we love beside us,
Hearts Leaimg,
At meeting;
Tears starting,
At parting;
Oh, sweet youth, how soon it fades!
Sweet joys of youth, how fleeting!

Who could have thought the smile he wore,
When first we met, would fade away?
Or that a chill would ever come o'er
Those eyes so bright through many a day?
Hear me but once, &c.

WHEN LOVE WAS A CHILD.

(Swedish Air.)

When Love was a child, and went idling round,
'Among flowers, the whole summer's day,
One morn in the valley a bow'er he found,
So sweet, it allured him to stay.

O'erhead, from the trees, hung a garland fair,
A fountain ran daintily beneath;
'Twas Pleasure had hung up the flow'rets there;
Love knew it, and jump'd at the wreath.

But Love didn't know—and, at his weak years—
What archim was likely to know?
That Sorrow had made of her own salt tears
The fountain that murmur'd below.

He caught at the wreath—but with too much haste,
As boys when impatient will do—
It fell in those waters of briny tew,
And the flowers were all wet through.

This garland he now wears night and day;
And, though it all sunny appears
With Pleasure's own light, each leaf, they say
Still tastes of the Fountain of Tears.

SAY, WHAT SHALL BE OUR SPORT TO-DAY?

(Sicilian Air.)

Say, what shall be our sport to-day?
There's nothing on earth, in sea, or air,
Too bright, too high, too wild, too gay,
For spirits like mine to dare!

'Tis like the returning blow
Of those days, alas, gone by,
When I loved, each hour— I scarce knew whom—
And was bless'd— I scarce knew why.

Ay—those were days when life had wings,
And flew, oh, flew in wild a height,
That, like the lark which sunward springs,
'Twas giddy with too much light.

And, though of some plumes bereft,
With that sun, too, nearly set,
I've enough of light and wing still left
For a few gay soaring yet.

BRIGHT BE THY DREAMS.

(Welsh Air.)

Bright be thy dreams—may all thy weeping
Turn into smiles while thou art sleeping,
May those by death or seas removed,
The friends, who in thy spring-time knew thee,
All, thou hast ever prized or loved
In dreams come smiling to thee!

There may the child, whose love lay deepest,
Dearest of all, come while thou sleepest;
Still as she was—no charm forgot—
No luster lost that life had given;
Or, if changed, but changed to what
Thou'lt find her yet in Heaven!

GO, THEN—'TIS VAIN.

(Sicilian Air.)

Go, then—'tis vain to hover
'Through round a hope that's dead;
At length my dream is over;
'Twas sweet—'twas false—'tis fled!
Farewell! since 'twitcheth it moves thee,
Such truth as must be seen—
Some one, who far less loves thee,
Perhaps more bless'd will be.

Farewell! sweet eyes, whose brightness
New life around me shed;
Farewell! false heart, whose lightness
Now leaves me death instead.
Go, now, those charms surrender
To some new lover's sigh—
One who, though far less tender,
May be more bless'd than I.

THE CRYSTAL-HUNTERS.

(Swiss Air.)

O'er mountains bright
With snow and light,
We Crystal-Hunters sped along;
While rocks and caves,
And icy waves,
Each instant echo to our song;
And, when we meet with store of gems,
We grudge not kings their diadems.

O'er mountains bright,
With snow and light,
We Crystal-Hunters speed along;
While gems and caves,
And icy waves,
Each instant echo to our song.

Not half so oft the lover dreams
Of sparks from his lady's eyes,
As we of those refreshing gleams
That tell where deep the crystal lies;
Though, next to crystal, we too grant,
That ladies' eyes may most enchant.
O'er mountains bright, &c.

Sometimes, when on the Alpine rose
The golden sunset leaves its ray,
So like a gem the flower glows,
We thither bend our wandering way;
And, though we had no treasure there,
We bless the rose that shines so fair.
O'er mountain bright,
With snow and light,
We Crystal-Hunters speed along.
While rocks and caves,
And icy waves,
Each instant echo to our song.

---

ROW GENTLY HERE.

(VENETIAN AIR.)

Row gently here,
My gondolier,
So softly wake the tide,
That not an ear,
On earth, may hear,
But hers to whom we glide.
Had Heaven but tongues to speak; as well
As starry eyes to see,
Oh, think what tales 't would have to tell
Of wandering youths like me!
Now rest thee here,
My gondolier;
Hush, hush, for up I go,
To climb you light
Balcony's height,
While thou keepst watch below.
Ah! did we take for Heaven above
But half such pains as we
Take, day and night, for woman's love,
What Angels we should be!

---

OH, DAYS OF YOUTH.

(FRENCH AIR.)

Oh, days of youth and joy, long clouded,
Why thus for ever haint my view?
When in the grave your light lay shrouded,
Why did not Memory die there too?
Vainly doth Hope her strain now sing me,
Telling of joys that yet remain —
No, never more can this life bring me
One joy that equals youth's sweet pain.

Dim lies the way to death before me,
Cold winds of Time blow round my brow;
Sunshine of youth! that once felt o'er me,
Where is your warmth, your glory now?
'Tis not that then no pain could sting me;
'Tis not that now no joys remain;
Oh, 'tis that life no more can bring me
One joy so sweet as that worst pain.

---

WHEN FIRST THAT SMILE.

(VENETIAN AIR.)

When first that smile, like sunshine, bless'd my sight,
Oh what a vision then came o'er me!
Long years of love, of calm and pure delight,
Should in that smile to pass before me.
Never did the sweet dream of summer skies,
Of golden fruit, and harvest's springing,
With tender hope than of those sweet eyes,
And of the joy their light was bringing.

Where now are all those fondly-promised hours?
Ah! woman's smile is like her brightness —
Fading as fast as rainbows, or day-flower,
Or aught that's known for grace and lightness.
Short as the Persian's prayer, at close of day,
Should be each vow of Love's repeating;
Quick let him worship beauty's precious ray
Even while he kneels, that ray is fleeting!

---

PEACE TO THE SLUMBERERS!

(CATALONIAN AIR.)

Peace to the slumberers!
They lie on the battle-plain,
With no shroud to cover them;
The dew and the summer rain
Are all that weep over them.
Peace to the slumberers!

Vain was their bravery! —
The fallen oak lies where it lay,
Across the wintry river;
But brave hearts, once swept away,
Are gone, alas! for ever.
Vain was their bravery!

Woe to the conqueror!
Our limbs shall lie as cold as theirs
Of whom his sword bereft us,
Ere we forget the deep arrows
Of vengeance they have left us!
Woe to the conqueror!

---

WHEN THOU SHALT WANDER.

(SICILIAN AIR.)

When thou shalt wander by that sweet light
We used to gaze on so many an eve,
When love was new and hope was bright,
Ere I could doubt or thou deceive —
Oh, then, remember how swift went by
Those hours of transport, even thou may'st sigh.

Yes, proud one! even thy heart may own
That love like ours was far too sweet
To be, like summer garments, thrown
Aside, when pass'd the summer's heat;
And wist in vain to know again
Such days, such nights, as blest they thee.

---

WHO'LL BUY MY LOVE-KNOTS?

(PORTUGUESE AIR.)

Hymen, late, his love-knots selling,
Call'd at many a maiden's dwelling;
None could doubt, who saw or knew them,
Hymen's call was welcome to them.

"Who'll buy my love-knots?"

"Who'll buy my love-knots?"

Seem'd as that sweet cry resounded,
How his baskets were surrounded!

Maids, who now first dreamt of trying
These gay knots of Hymen's tying;
Dames, who long had sat to watch him
Passing by, but he'd not catch him; —

"Who'll buy my love-knots?"

"Who'll buy my love-knots?"

All at that sweet cry assembled;
Some laughed, some blush'd, and some trembled.

"Here are knots," said Hymen, taking
Some loose flowers, "of Love's own making;"
"Here are gold ones — you may trust 'em" —
(These, of course, found ready custom.)
"Come, buy my love-knots!"
"Come, buy my love-knots!"
"Some are label'd! Knots to tie men —
Love the maker — Bought of Hymen?"

Scarcely their bargains were completed,
When the nymphs all cried, "We're cheated!
"Some are flowers — they're drooping sadly;
This gold-knot, too, ties but badly —
"Who'd buy such love-knots?"
"Who'd buy such love-knots?"
"Even this, with Love's name round it —
All a sham — He never bound it."

Love, who saw the whole proceedings,
Would have laughed, but for good breeding;
While Old Hymen, who was used to
Cries like that these dames gave loose to —
"Take back our love-knots!"
Coolly said, "There's no returning
Wares on Hymen's hands — Good morning!"

---

SEE, THE DAWN FROM HEAVEN.
(TO AN AIR Sung AT ROME, ON CHRISTMAS EVE.)

See, the dawn from Heaven is breaking
O'er our sight,
And Earth, from sin awaking,
Hails the light!
See those groups of angels, winging
From the realms above,
On their brows, from Eden, bringing
Wreaths of Hope and Love.
Hark, their hymns of glory pealing
Through the air,
To mortal ears revealing
Who lies there?
In that dwelling, dark and lowly,
Sleeps the Heavenly Son,
He, whose home's above,— the Holy,
E'er Holy One!

---

NETS AND CAGES.¹
(SWEDISH AIR.)

Come, listen to my story, while
Your needle's task you ploy;
At what I sing some maid's will smile,
While some, perhaps, may sigh.
Though Love's the theme, and Wisdom blames
Such florid songs as ours,
Yet Truth sometimes, like eastern dames,
Can speak her thoughts by flowers.
Then listen, maidens, come listen, while
Your needle's task you ply;
At what I sing there's some may smile,
While some, perhaps, will sigh.

Young Cloe, bent on catching Loves,
Such sets had learnt to frame,
That none, in all our vales and groves,
E'er caught so much small game:

But gentle Sue, less given to roam,
While Cloe's nets were taking
Such lots of Loves, sat still at home,
One little Love-cage making,
Come, listen, maids, &c.

Much Cloe taught at Susan's task;
But mark how things went on;
These light-bought Loves, etc. you could ask
Their name and age, were gone!
So weak poor Cloe's nets were won;
That, though she charm'd into them
New game each hour, the youngest Love
Was able to break through them.

Come, listen, maids, &c.

Meanwhile, young Sue, whose cage was wont
Of bars too strong to sever,
One Love with golden pinions caught,
And e'er him there for ever;
Instructing, thereby, all coquettes,
What'er their looks or ages,
That, though 'tis pleasant weaving Nets,
'Tis wiser to make Cages.
Thus, maidens, thus do I beguile
The task your fingers ply —
May all who hear like Susan smile,
And not, like Cloe, sigh!

---

WHEN THROUGH THE PIAZZETTA.
(VENETIAN AIR.)

When through the Piazzetta
Night breathes her cool air,
Then, dearest Ninetta,
I'll come to thee there.
Beneath thy mask shrouded,
I'll know thee afar,
As Love knows, though clouded,
His own Evening Star
In ear, then, resembling
Some gay gondolier,
I'll whisper thee, trembling,
"Our bark, love, is near:
Now, now, while there hover
Those clouds o'er the moon,
'T will wait thee safe ever
You silent Lagoon."

---

GO, NOW, AND DREAM.
(SICILIAN AIR.)

Go, now, and dream th'o' that joy in thy slumber —
Moments so sweet again ne'er shall thou number.
Oh, how the bitter drought the flavour ne'er dies,
While Pleasure's scarce touches the lip ere it dies.
Go, then, and dream, &c.

That moon, which hung o'er your parting, so splendid,
Often will shine again, bright as she then did —
But, never more will the beam she saw burn
In those happy eyes, at your meeting, return.
Go, then, and dream, &c.

---

TAKE HENCE THE BOWL.
(NEAPOLITAN AIR.)

Take hence the bowl; — though beaming
Brightly as bowl 'er shone,
Oh, it but se's me dreaming
Of happy days now gone.
There, in its clear reflection,
As in a wizard's glass,
Lost hopes and dead delusion,
Like shades, before me pass.

Each cup I drain brings talented
Some scene of bliss gone by;
Bright lips, too bright to wither,
Warm hearts, too warm to die.

Till, as the dream closes o'er me
Of those long-cКакt'd years,
Alas, the wine before me
Seems turning all to tears!

FAREWELL, THERESA!
(VENETIAN AIR.)

Farewell, Theresa! you cloud that over
Heaven's pale night-star gathering we see,
Will scarce from that pure orb have pass'd, ere thy
lover
Swift o'er the wide wave shall wander from thee.

Long, like that dim cloud, I've hung around thee,
Dusk'ning thy prospects, saddening thy brow;
With say heart, Theresa, and bright check I found thee;
Oh, think how changed, love, how changed art thou
now!

But here I free thee; like one awaking
From fearful slumber, thou break'st the spell;
'Tis over — the moon, too, her bondage is breaking —
Past are the dark clouds; Theresa, farewell!

HOW OFT WHEN WATCHING STARS.
(SAVOYARD AIR.)

Oh, when the watching stars grow pale,
And round me sleeps the moonlight serene,
To hear a flute through yonder vale
I from my casement lean.

"Come, come, my love!" each note then seems to say,
"Oh, come, my love! the night wears fast away!"
Never to mortal ear
Could words, though warm they be,
Speak Passion's language half so clear
As do those notes to me!

Then quick my own light lute I seek,
And strike the chords with loudest swell;
And, though they sought to others speak,
He knows their language well.

"I come, my love!" each note then seems to say,
"I come, my love! — thine, thine till break of day." Oh, weak the power of words,
The hues of painting dim,
Compared to these simple chords
Then say and paint to him!

WHEN THE FIRST SUMMER BEE.
(GERMAN AIR.)

When the first summer bee
Over the young rose shall hover,
Then, like that gay revel,
I'll come to thee.
He to flowers, I to lips, full of sweets to the brim —
What a meeting, what a meeting for me and for him!
When the first summer bee, &c.

Then, to every bright tree,
In the garden he'll wander;
While I, oh, much fondly,
Will stay with thee.

In search of new sweetness through thousands Le U run,
While I find the sweetness of thousands in one.
Then, to every bright tree, &c.

THOUGH 'TIS ALL BUT A DREAM.
(FRENCH AIR.)

Though 'tis all but a dream at the best,
And still, when happiest, soonest c'ren;
Yet, even in a dream, to be blest'd
Is so sweet, that I ask for more.
The bosom that opes
With earliest hopes,
The soonest finds those hopes untrue;
As flowers that first
In spring-time burst
The earliest wither too!
Ay — it is all but a dream, &c.

Though friendship we oft are deceived,
And fond love's sunshine soon overcast,
Yet friendship will still be believed,
And love trusted on to the last.
The web 'mong the leaves
The spider weaves
Is like the charm Hope hangs o'er men;
Though often she sees
"Tis broke by the breeze,
She spins the bright tissupee again.
Ay — it is all but a dream, &c.

WHEN THE WINE-CUP IS SMILING.
(ITALIAN AIR.)

When the wine-cup is smiling before us,
And we pledge round to hear the notes that are true, ooy true,
Then the sky of this life opens o'er us,
And Heaven gives a glimpse of its blue.
Talk of Adam in Eden reclining,
We are better, far better off thus, boy, thus;
For him but two bright eyes were shining —
See, what numbers are sparkling for us!
When on one side the grape-juice is dancing,
While on 'tither a blue eye beams, boy, beams,
'T is enough, 'twixt the wine and the glancing,
To disturb ev'ry saint from his dreams.
Yet, though life like a river is flowing,
I care not how fast it goes on, boy, on,
So the grape on its bank is still growing,
And love lights the waves as they run.

WHERE SHALL WE BURY OUR SHAME?
(NAPOLITAN AIR.)

Where shall we bury our shame?
Where, in what desolate place,
Hides the last wreck of a name
Broken and stain'd by disgrace?
Death may dissolve the chain,
Oppression will cease when we're gone;
But the dishonour, the stain,
Die as we may, will live on.
Was it for this we sent out
Liberty's cry from our shore?
Was it for this that her shout
Thrilled to the world's very core?
NE'ER TALK OF WISDOM'S GLOOMY SCHOOLS.

Mahratta Air.)

Ne'er talk of Wisdom's gloomy schools;
Give me the sage who's able
To draw his moral thoughts and rules
From the study of the plain;
Who learns how lightly, fleetly pass
This world and all that's in it;
From the bumper that but crowns his glass,
And is gone again next minute!

The diamond sleeps within the mine,
The pearl beneath the water;
While Truth, more precious dwellst in wine,
The grape's own royal daughter;
And none can prize her charms like him,
Oh, none like him obtain her,
Who thus can, like Leander, swim
Through sparkling floods to gain her !

HERE SLEEPS THE BARD.

(Highland Air.)

Here sleeps the Bard who knew so well
All the sweet windings of Apollo's shell
Whether its music roll'd like rents near,
Or died, like distant streamlets, on the ear;
Sleep, sleep, mute bard; alike unknown now
The storm and zephyr sweep thy listless brow:—
That storm, whose ru-ph is like thy martial lay;
That breeze which, like thy love-song, dies away!

DO NOT SAY THAT LIFE IS WANNING.

Do not say that life is waning,
Or that boy's sweet day is set;
While I've thee and love remaining,
Life is in the horizon yet.
Do not think these charms are flying,
Though thy roses fade and fall;
Beauty hath a grace enduing,
Which in these survives them all.
Not for charms, the newest, brightest,
That on other cheeks may shine,
Would I change the least, the slightest,
That is ring now o'er thine.

THE GAZELLE.

Do'st thou not hear the silver bell,
Thro' yonder lime-tree-ring'g?
'Tis my lady's light gazelle,
To me her love thoughts bringing,—
All the while that silver bell
Around his dark neck ring'g.
See, in his mouth he bears a wreath,
My love hath kist in tying;
Oh, what tender thoughts beneath
His reveries o'er the lying,—
Hid within the mystic wreath,
My love hath kist in tying!

Welcome, dear gazelle, to thee,
And joy to her, the fairest,
Who thus hath breathed her soul to me,
In every leaf thou bearest;
Welcome, dear gazelle, to thee,
And joy to her the fairest!

Hail ye living, speaking flowers,
That breathe love of him who bound ye;
Oh, 'twas not in fields, or bowers,
'Twas on her lips, 'twas fond and sweet;—
Yes, ye blushing, speaking flowers,
'Twas on her lips she found ye.

NO—LEAVE MY HEART TO REST.

No—leave my heart to rest, if rest it may,
When you and love, and hope, have pass'd away.
Could'st thou, when summer airs are fled,
To some poor leaf that's fall'n and dead,
Bring back the hue it wore, the scent it shed?
No—leave this heart to rest, if rest it may,
When youth, and love, and hope, have pass'd away.
Oh, had I met thee then, when life was bright,
Thy smile might still have fed its tranquil light;
But now thou canst like sunny skies,
Too late to cheer the seaman's eyes,
When wreck'd and lost his bark before him lies!
No—leave this heart to rest, if rest it may,
Since youth, and love, and hope, have pass'd away.

WHERE ARE THE VISIONS.

"Where are the visions that round me once hover'd,
"Forms that shed grace from their shadows alone;
"Looks fresh as light from a star just discovered,
"And voices that Music might take for her own?"

Time, while I spoke, with his wings resting o'er me,
Heard me say, "Where are those visions, oh where?"
And pointing his wand to the sun just before me,
Said, with a voice like the hollow wind, "There."

Fondly I looked, when the wizard had spoken,
And there, in the dimming rays of day,
Saw, by their light, like a tattered shroud,
The last golden fragments of hope melt away.

WIND THY HORN, MY HUNTER BOY.

Wind thy horn, my hunter boy,
And leave thy lute's inglorious sighs;
Hunting is the hero's joy
Till war his noble game supplies.
Hark! the bound-bells ring'g sweet,
While hunters shout, and the woods repeat,
Hiiii-ho! Hiiii-ho!

Wind again thy cheerful horn,
Till echo, faint with answering, dies.
Born, bright torches, born till morn,
And lead us where the wild bear lies.
Hark! the cry, "He's found!" Who? he's found,
While hill and valley our shouts respond,
Hiiii-lo! Hiiii-lo!

OH, GUARD OUR AFFECTION.

Oh, guard our affection, nor e'er let it feel
The blight that this world so often will deal;
While the faith of all round us is fading or past,
Let ours, ever green, keep its bloom to the last.
NATIONAL AIRS.

Far safer for Love 'tis to wake and to sleep,  
As he used in his prime, than go smiling to sleep;  
For death on his slumber, cold death follows fast,  
While the love that is wakeful lives on to the last.

And thou, as Time gathers his clouds o'er our head,  
A shade somewhat darker o'er life they may spread,  
Transparent, at least, be the shadow they cast,  
So that Love's softest light may shine through to the last.

SLUMBER, OH SLUMBER.  
"Slumber, oh slumber; if sleeping thou mak'st  
My heart beat so wildly, I'm lost if thou wak'st."  
Thus sung I to a maiden,  
Who slept one summer's day,  
And, like a flower o'erladen  
With too much sunshine, lay.  
Slumber, oh slumber, &c.

"Breathe not, oh breathe not, ye winds, o'er her cheeks;  
If mute thy charm I, I'm lost when she speaks."  
Thus sing I, while, awakening,  
She murmurs words that seem  
As if her lips were taking  
Farewell of some sweet dream.  
Breathe not, oh breathe not, &c.

BRING THE BRIGHT GARLANDS HITHER.  
Bring the bright garlands hither,  
 Ere yet a leaf is dying;  
If so soon they must wither,  
Our be their last sweet sighing.  
Hark! that low dulcet chime!  
'T is the dreary voice of Time.  
Oh, bring beauty, bring roses,  
Bring all that yet is ours;  
Let life's day, as it closes,  
Shine to the last thro' flowers.

Haste, ere the bowls declining,  
Drink of it now or never;  
Now, while beauty is shining,  
Love, or she's lost for ever.  
Hark! again that sweet chime!  
'T is the dreary voice of Time.  
Oh, if life be a torrent,  
Down to oblivion going,  
Like this cup be its current,  
Bright to the last drop flowing.

IF IN LOVING, SINGING.  
If in loving, singing, night and day  
We could strive merrily life away,  
Like atoms dancing in the beam,  
Like day-flies skimming o'er the stream,  
Or summer blossoms, born to sigh  
Their sweetness out, and die —  
How brilliant, thoughtless, side by side,  
Thou and I could make our minutes glide!  
No atoms ever glanced so bright,  
No day-flies ever danced so light,  
Nor summer blossoms mix'd their sigh,  
So close, as thou and I!

THOU LOV'ST NO MORE.  
Too plain, alas, my doom is spoken,  
Nor canst thou veil the sad truth o'er;  
Thy heart is changed, thy vow is broken,  
Thou lov'st no more — thou lov'st no more.

THO' kindly still those eyes behold me,  
The smile is gone, which once they wore;  
'Tho' fondly still those arms enfold me,  
'T is not the same — thou lov'st no more.

Too long my dream of bliss believing,  
I've thought thee all thou wert, to be;  
But now — alas! there's no deceiving,  
'T is all too plain, thou lov'st no more.

Oh, thou as soon the dead couldst waken,  
As lost affection's life restore,  
Give peace to her that is forsaken,  
Or bring back him who loves no more.

WHEN ABROAD IN THE WORLD.  
When abroad in the world thou appeared,  
And the young and the lovely are there,  
To my heart while o'er the dearest,  
To my eyes thou'rt of all the most fair.  
They pass, one by one,  
Like waves of the sea,  
That say to the sun,  
"See, how fair we can be."  
But there's the light like thine,  
To shine or shade to shine?  
No — no, 'mong them all, there is nothing like thee,  
Nothing like thee.

Oft, of old, without farewell or warning,  
Beauty's self used to steal from the skies;  
Fling a most round her head, some fine morning,  
And post down to earth in disguise;  
But, no matter what shroud  
Around her might be,  
Men peep'd through the cloud,  
And whisper'd, "'Tis she."  
So thou, where thousands are,  
Shin'st forth the only star,—  
Yes, yes, 'mong them all, there is nothing like thee,  
Nothing like thee.

KEEP THOSE EYES STILL PURELY MINE.  
Keep those eyes still purely mine,  
Tho' far oft I be;  
When on others most they shine,  
Then think they're turn'd on me.

Should those lips as now respond  
To sweet minstrelsy,  
When their accents seem most fond,  
Then think they're breath'd for me.

Make what hearts thou wilt thy own,  
If when all on thee  
Fix their charmed thoughts alone,  
Thou think'st the while on me.

HOPE COMES AGAIN.  
Hope comes again, to this heart long a stranger,  
Once more she sings me her flattering strain;  
But loth, gentle syren — for, ah, the's less  
In still suffering on, than in hoping again.

Long, long, in sorrow, too deep for repining,  
Gloom, but tranquill, this is soon both lain;  
And joy coming now, like a sudden light shining  
O'er eyelids long darken'd, would bring me but pain.

Fly then, ye visions, that Hope would shed o'er me;  
Lost to the future, my sole chance of rest  
Now lies not in dreaming of bliss that's before me,  
But, ah — in forgetting how once I was blest.
O SAY, THOU BEST AND BRIGHTEST.
O say, thou best and brightest,
My first love and my last;
When he, whom now thou slightest,
From life's dark scene hast past,
Will kinder thoughts then move thee?
Will pity wake one thrill
For him who lived to love thee,
And dying loved thee still?
If when, that hour recalling
From which he dais his woes,
Thou feel'st a tear-drop falling,
Ah, blush not while it flows;
But, all the past forgiving,
Bear gently o'er his shrine,
And say, "This heart, when living,
With all its faults, was mine."

WHEN NIGHT BRINGS THE HOUR.
When night brings the hour
Of starlight and joy,
There comes to my bower
A fairy-wing'd boy;
With eyes so bright,
So full of wild arts,
Like nets of light,
To tangle young hearts;
With lips, in whose keeping
Love a secret may dwell,
Like Zephyr a-leep in
Some rose sea shell.
Guess who he is,
Name but his name,
And his best kiss,
For reward, you may claim.

Where'er o'er the ground
He prints his light feet,
The flowers there are found
Most shining and sweet;
His looks, as soft
As lightning in May,
Though dangerous off,
Never wound but in play:
And oh, when his wings
Have brush'd o'er my lyre,
You'd fancy its strings
Were turning to fire.
Guess who he is,
Name but his name,
And his best kiss,
For reward, you may claim.

LIKE ONE WHO, DOOM'D.
Like one who, doom'd o'er distant seas
His weary path to measure,
When house at length, with favoring breeze,
He brings the far-sought treasure;
His ship, in sight of shore goes down,
That shore to which he hurried;
And all the wealth he thought his own
Is n'er the waters wasted!
Like him, this heart, thro' many a track
Of toil and sorrow straining,
One hope alone brought fondly back,
Its toil and grief repaying.
Like him, alas, I see that ray
Of hope before me perish,
And one dark minute sweep away
What years were given to cherish.

FEAR NOT THAT, WHILE AROUND THEE
Fear not that, while around thee
Life's varied blessings pour,
One sigh of hers shall wound thee,
Whose smile thou seek'st no more.
No, dead and cold for ever
Let our past love remain;
Once gone, its spirit never
Shall haunt thy rest again.
May the new ties that bind thee
Far sweeter, happier prove,
Nor o'er of me round thee,
But by their truth and love.
Think how, asleep or waking,
Thy image haunts me yet;
But, how this heart is breaking
For thy own peace forget.

WHEN LOVE IS KIND.
When love is kind,
Cheerful and free,
Love's sure to find
Welcome from me.
But when Love brings
Heartache or pang,
Tears, and such things—
Love may go hang!

If Love can sigh
For one alone,
Well pleased am I
To be that one.
But should I see
Love go in to rove
To two or three,
Thee — good-by Love!
Love must, in short,
Keep fond and true,
Through good report,
And evil too.
Else, here I swear,
Young Love may go,
For subtle I care —
To Jericho.

THE GARLAND I SEND THEE.
The Garland I send thee was culled from those bowers
Where thou and I wand'red in long vanished hours;
Not a leaf or blossom its bloom here displays,
But bears some remembrance of those happy days.
The roses were gathered by that gardeon gate,
Where our meetings, tho' early, seemed always too late;
Where lingering full oft through a summer-night's moon,
Our partings, tho' late, appeared always too soon.
The rest were all culled from the banks of that glade,
Where, watching the sunset, so often we've strayed,
And mourn'd, as the time went, that Love had no power.
To bind in his chain even one happy hour.

HOW SHALL I WOO?
If I speak to thee in friendship's name,
Thou think'st I speak too coldly;
If I mention Love's devoted flame,
Thou say'st I speak too boldly.
Sacred Songs.

Between these two unequal fires,
Why dost me thus to hover?
I'm a friend, if such thy heart requires,
If more thou seek'st, a lover.
Which shall it be? How shall I woo?
For one, choose between the two.

The wings of Love will brightly play,
When first he comes to woo thee,
There's a chance that he may fly away
As fast as he flies to thee.
While Friendship, tho' on foot she come,
No nights of Fancy trying,
Will, therefore, oft be found at home,
When Love abroad is flying.
Which shall it be? How shall I woo?
Dear one, choose between the two.

If neither feeling suits thy heart,
Let's see, to please thee, whether
We may not learn some precious art
To mix their charms together;
One feeling, still more sweet, to form
From two so sweet already—
A friendship that like love is warm,
A love like friendship steady,
Thus let it be, thus let me woo,
Dearest, thus we'll join the two.

Spring and Autumn.

Every season hath its pleasures;
Spring may boast her flowery prime,
Yet the vineyard's ruby treasures
Brighten Autumn's softer time.
So Life's year begins and closes;
Days, tho' short-wing, still can shine;
What thou'rt given love and roses,
Age still leaves us friends and wine.

Phillis, when she might have caught me,
All the Spring looked gay and shy,
Yet herself in Autumn sought me,
When the flowers were all gone by.
Ah, too late—she found her lover
Calm and free beneath his vine,
Drinking to the Summer wine,
In his best autumn wine.

Thy may we, as years are flying,
There the flight our pleasures suit,
Nor regret the blossoms dying,
While we still may taste the fruit.
Oh, while days like this are ours,
Where's the lip that dare repine?
Spring may take our loves and flower,
So Autumn leaves us friends and wine.

Love Alone.

If thou wouldst have thy charms enchant our eyes,
First win our hearts, for there thy empire lies;
Beauty in vain would mount a heartless throne,
Her Right Divine is given by Love alone.

What would the rose with all her pride be worth,
Were there no sun to call her brightness forth?
Maidsens, unloved, like flowers in darkness thrown,
Wait but that light, which comes from Love alone.

Fair as thy charms in yonder glass appear,
Trust not their bloom, they'll fade from ear to year;
Would'st thou they should shine—find they shine,
Go, fix thy mirror in Love's eyes alone.

Sacred Songs.

To Edward Tuite Dalton, Esq.
This first number of Sacred Songs is inscribed
By his Sincere and Affectionate Friend
Thomas Moore.

Mayfield Cottage, Ashbourne, May, 1816.

Sacred Songs.

Thou Art, O God.

(Air—Unknown.)

"The day is thine; the night also is thine: thou hast
prepared the light and the sun."
"Thou hast set all the borders of the earth: thou hast
made summer and winter." —Psalm, ixxx. 16, 17.

Thou art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glory by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee.

Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine!

When Day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of Even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into Heaven—
Those hues that make the Sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord! are Thine.

When Night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumber'd eyes—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord! are Thine.

When youthful Spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the Summer weares
Is born beneath that kindling eye.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

1 I have heard that this air is by the late Mrs. Sheridan. It is sung to the beautiful old words, "I do confess it's not smooth and fair."
THE BIRD, LET LOOSE.

(AIR. — BEETHOVEN.)

The bird, let loose in eastern skies, 1
When hastening foodily home,
Never stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle watchers roam.
But high she shoots through air and light;
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dim her way.

So grant me, God, from every care
And stam of passion free,
Alit, through Virtue's purer air,
To hold my course to Thee. 1
No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My Soul, as home she springs;
 Thy Sunshine on her joyful way
 Thy Freedom in her wings!

FALLEN IS THY THRONE.

(AIR. — MARTINI.)

Fall'n is thy Throne, oh Israel!
Silence is o'er thy plains;
 Thy dwellings all lie desolate,
 Thy children weep in chains.
Where are the dews that fed thee
 On Etham's barren shore?
That fire from Heaven which led thee,
Now lights thy path no more.

Lord! thou didst love Jerusalem —
Once she was all thy own;
 Her love thy forest heritage, 2
Her power thy glory's throne, 3
Till evil came, and blighted
 Thy long-loved olive-tree; 4
And Salem's shrines were lighted
For other gods than Thee.
Then sunk the star of Sion —
Then paused her glory's day,
Like heath that, in the wilderness, 5
The wild wind whips away,
Silent and waste her bowers,
Where once the mighty tread,
And sunk those guilty towers,
While Baal reign'd as God.

"Go!" — said the Lord — "Ye Conquerors! 6
"Sleep in her blood your sword,
 And raze to earth her battlements, 6
 For they are not the Lord's:
 Till Zion's mournful daughter
 Over kindred homes shall tread,
 And Hinnom's vale of slaughter
 Shall hide but half her dead!" 7

1 The carrier-pigeon, it is well known, flies at an elevated pitch, in order to surmount every obstacle between her and the place to which she is destined.
2 "I have left mine heritage; I have given the dearly-beloved of my soul into the hands of her enemies." — Jeremiah, xii. 7.
3 "Do not disgrace the throne of thy glory." — Jer. xiv. 21.
4 "The Lord called thy name a green olive-tree; fair and of goodly fruit." — Jer. xi. 15.
5 "For he shall be like the heath in the desert." — Jer. xvi. 6.
6 "Take away her battlements; for they are not the Lord's." — Jer. v. 10.
7 "Therefore, behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that it shall no more be called Tophet, nor the

WHO IS THE MAID?

(ST. JEROME'S LOVE.)

(AIR. — BEETHOVEN.)

Who is the Maid my spirit seeks,
Through cold reproof and slander's blight?
Has she Love's roses on her cheeks?
Or is her name an eye of his world's light?
No — wan and sunk with midnight prayer
Are the pale locks of her I love;
Or if, at times, a light be there,
Its beam is kindled from above.

I chose not her, my heart's elect,
From those who seek their Maker's shrine
In gems and garlands profusely deck'd,
As if themselves were things divine.
No — Heaven but faintly warns the breast
That heath beneath a broder'd veil;
And she who comes in glittering vest
To mourn her frailty, still is frail. 9

Not so the faded form I prize
And love, because its bloom is gone;
The glory in those sainted eyes
Is all the grace her brow puts on.
And ne'er was Beauty's dawn so bright, so touching as that form's decay,
Which, like the altar's trembling light,
In holy lustre wastes away.

THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEETING SHOW.

(AIR. — STEVENSON.)

This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of Joy, the tears of Woe,
Deceitful shining, deceitful show —
There's nothing true but Heaven!

And false the light on Glory's plume,
As fading hues of Even;
And Love and Hope, and Beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb —
There's nothing bright but Heaven!

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven,
And Fancy's flash, and Reason's ray,
Serve but to light the troubled way —
There's nothing calm but Heaven!

OH THOU WHO DRYST THE MOURNER'S TEAR.

(AIR. — HAYDN.)

"He heal the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds." — Psalm, cxvi. 3.

Oh Thou who dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee!

Valley of the Son of Hinnom, but the Valley of Slaughter;
for they shall bury in Tophet till there be no place." — Jer. vii. 32.

These lines were suggested by a passage in one of St. Jerome's Letters, replying to some unmean remarks that had been circulated respecting his intimacy with the matron Paula: — "Numquam me vestes sericeae, niutitas geminar, poeta facies, aut auri rapunt ambitio? Nulla habet illa Romae matronarum, quam meam posset emolare meminisse, nisi ligeae atque jejuna, festa pene vaca — Epist. "Statuta paulum.

8 Ου γαρ κρεοφωμω την ολουσπονδαν ζυν — Chrysost. Homil. 8. in Epist. ad Tim.
The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.

But Thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And even the hope that shroud
A moment's spark of our tears,
Is dim'd and vanish'd too,

Oh, who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy Wing of Love
Go softly waiting through the gloom
Our Peace-branch from above?

Then sorrow, touch'd by Thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We ever saw by day!

WEEP NOT FOR THOSE.

(AIR.—AVISON.)

Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb,
In life's happy morning, hath bid from our eyes,
Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
Or earth had profan'd what was born for the skies.

Death chill'd the fair fountain, sorrow had stain'd it;
'Twas frozen in all the pure light of its course,
And but sleeps till the sunshine of Heaven unclasp'd it.

To wate'r that Eden where first was its source.
Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb,
In life's happy morning, hath bid from our eyes,
Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
Or earth had profan'd what was born for the skies.

Mouro not for her, the young Bride of the Vale,
Our gayest and loveliest, lost in us now,
Ere life's early lustre had time to grow pale,
And the garland of Love was yet fresh on her brow.
Oh, then was her moment, dear spirit, for dying who
From this gloomy world, while its gloom was unknown.

And the wild hymns she warbled so sweetly, in dying,
We're echoed in Heaven by lips like her own.
Weep not for her—in her springtime she flew
To that land where the wings of the soul are unfurl'd;
And now, like a star beyond evening's cold dew,
Looks radiant down on the tears of this world.

THE TURF SHALL BE MY FRAGRANT SHRINE.

(AIR.—STEVENSON.)

The turf shall be my fragrant shrine;
My temple, Lord! that Arch of thine;

1 This second verse, which I wrote long after the first, alludes to the fate of a very lovely and amiable girl, the daughter of the late Col. and Mrs. Rainbrace; who was married in Ashbourne church, October 31, 1815, and died of a fever in a few weeks: the sound of her marriage-bells seemed scarcely out of our ears when we heard of her death. During her last delirium she sang several hymns, in a voice even clearer and sweeter than usual, and among them were some from the present collection, (particularly, "There's nothing bright but Heaven," which this very interesting girl had often heard me sing during the summer.

My censor's breath the mountain air,
And silent thought's my only prayer.

My choir shall be the moonlight waves,
When murmuring homeward to their master,
Even more than music, breathes of Thee!
I'll seek, by day, some glade unknown,
All light and silence, like thy Throne;
And the pale stars shall be, at night,
The only eyes that watch my rite.

Thy Heaven, on which 'tis bliss to look,
Shall be my pure and shining book,
Where I shall read, in words of fame,
The glories of thy wondrous name.

I'll read thy anger in the rack,
That clouds awhile the day-beam's track,
Thy mercy in the azure hue
Of sunny brightness, breaking through.

There's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of thy Deity:

There's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace thy Love,
And meekly wait that moment, when
Thy touch shall turn all bright again!

SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL.

MIRIAM'S SONG.

(AIR.—AVISON.)

"And Miriam, the Prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her, with timbrels and with dances."—Exod. xv. 20.

Sound the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumph'd—his people are free.

Sing for the price of the Tyrant is broken,
His chariots, his horsemen, all transmuted and brave—
How vain was their boast, for the Lord hath but spoken.

And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
Sound the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea;
Jehovah has triumph'd—his people are free.

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord!
His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword—
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story?

Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
For the Lord hath lock'd out from his pillar of glory,
And all her brave thousands are dash'd in the tide.
Sound the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,
Jehovah has triumph'd—his people are free!

GO, LET ME WEEP.

(AIR.—STEVENSON.)

Go, let me weep—there's bliss in tears,
When he who sheds them joyous feels
Some lingering stain of early years
Effaced by every drop that steals.

2 Pri orant tace.
3 I have so much altered the character of this air, which is from the beginning one of Avison's indeliscent concertos, that, without this acknowledgment, it could hardly, I think, be recognized.
4 And it came to pass, that, in the morning watch, the Lord looked into the host of the Egyptians, through the pillar of fire and of the cloud, and troubled the host of the Egyptians!—Exod. xiv. 24.
The fruitless showers of worldly woe
Fall dark to earth and never rise;
While tears that from repentance flow,
In bright exultation reach the skies.

Go, let me weep.

Leave me to sigh o'er hours that flew
More bly the summer's wind,
And, while they passed, a fragrance threw,
But left no trace of sweetness behind.

The warmest sigh that pleasure heavens
Is cold, is faint to those that swell
The heart, where pure repentance grieves
O'er hours of pleasure, loved too well.

Leave me to sigh.

COME NOT, OH LORD.

(AIR. — HAYDN.)

Come not, oh Lord, in the dread robe of splendour
Thou w'est on the Mount, in the day of thine ire;
Come veilt in those shadows, deep, awful, but tender,
Which Mercy flings over thy features of fire!

Lord, thou rememb'rest the night, when thy Nation
Stood fronting her Foe by the red-rolling stream;
O'er Egypt thy pillar shed dark desolation,
While Israel bask'd all the night in its beam.

So, when the dread clouds of anger enfold Thee,
From us, in thy mercy, the dark side remove;
While shrouded in terrors the guilty behold Thee,
Oh, turn upon us the mild light of thy Love!

WERE NOT THE SINFUL MARY'S TEARS.

(AIR. — STEVENSON.)

Were not the sinful Mary's tears
An offering worthy Heaven,
When, o'er the faults of former years,
She wept—and was forgiven?

When, bringing every balmy sweet
Her day of luxury stored,
She o'er her Saviour's hall'd feet
The precious odours pour'd—

And wiped them with that golden hair,
Where once the diamond shine;
Though now those gems of grief were there
With shining or God alone!

Were not those sweet's, so humbly shed—
That hair—those weeping eyes—
And the sunk heart, that inly bled—
Heaven's noblest sacrifice?

Thou, that hast slept in error's sleep,
Oh, would'st thou wake in Heaven,
Like Mary kneel, like Mary weep,
"Love much" and be forgiven.

AS DOWN IN THE SUNLESS RETREATS.

(AIR. — HAYDN.)

As down in the sunless retreats of the Ocean,
Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see,
So deep in my soul the still prayer of devotion
Unheard by the world, rises silent to Thee,

My God! silent, to Thee—
Pure, warm, silent, to Thee.

As still to the star of its worship, though clouded,
The needle points faithfully o'er the dim seas,
So, dark as I roam, in this wintry world shrouded,
The hope of my spirit turns trembling to Thee,
My God! trembling, to Thee,
True, fond, trembling, to Thee.

BUT WHO SHALL SEE.

(AIR. — STEVENSON.)

But who shall see the glorious day
When, throned on Zion's brow,
The Lord shall read that veil away
Which hides the nations now?

When earth no more beneath the fear
Of his rebuke shall lie;
When pain shall cease, and every tear
Be wiped from every eye.

Then, Judah, thou no more shalt mourn
Beneath the heathen's chain;
Thy days of splendour shall return,
And all be new again.

The Fount of Life shall then be quaff'd
In peace, by all who come;
And every wind that blows shall wait
Some long-lost exile home.

ALMIGHTY GOD!

CHORUS OF PRIESTS.

(AIR. — MOZART.)

Almighty God! when round thy shrine
The Palm-tree's heavenly branch we twine,
(Emblem of Life's eternal ray,
And Love that helps not away.)

We bless the flowers, expanded all,
We bless the leaves that never fall,
And trembling say, — "In Eden thus
"The Tree of Life may flower for us!

When round thy Cherubs — smiling calm
Without their flames — we weake the Palm,

"And he will destroy, in this mountain, the face
Of the covering cast over all people, and the veil that
is spread over all nations." — Isaiah, xxv. 7.

"The rebuke of his people shall he take away
from off all the earth." — Isaiah, xxv. 8.

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes;
 neither shall there be any more pain." — Rev.
xxii. 4.

"And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I
make all things new." — Rev. xxii. 5.

"And whatsoever will he take him to the water of life freely." — Rev. xxii. 17.

"The Scriptures having declared that the Temple
of Jerusalem was a type of the Messiah, it is natural
to conclude that the Palms, which made so conspicuous a figure in that structure, represented that Life
and Immortality which were brought to light by the
Gospel." — Observations on the Palm, as a sacred
Emblem, by W. Tichie.

"And he carved all the walls of the house round
with carved figures of cherubins, and palm-
trees, and open flowers." — 1 Kings, vi. 29.

11 When the passover of the tabernacles was re-
vealed to the great lawgiver in the mount, then the

1 "And it came between the camp of the Egyptians
and the camp of Israel; and it was a cloud and dark-
ness to them, but it gave light by night to these." —
Exod. xiv. 20.

2 "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she
Saint Augustine to his Sister. (Air—Moore.)

Oh fair! oh purest! be thou the dove That flies alone to some sunny grove, And lives unseen, and bathes her wing, All vestal white, in the limpid spring. Then, if the hovering hawk be near, That limpid spring in its mirror clear Reflects him, ere he reach his prey, And warns the timorous bird away. Be thou this dove; Fairest, purest, be thou this dove.

The sacred pages of God's own book Shall be the spring, the eternal brook, In whose holy mirror, night and day Thou shalt study Heaven's reflected ray; And should the foes of virtue dare, With gloomy wing, to seek thee there, Thou wilt see how dark their shadows lie Between Heaven and thee, and trembling fly! But in that dove— Fairest, purest, be thou that dove.

Angel of Charity (Air—Handel.)

Angel of Charity, who, from above, Comest to dwell a pilgrim here, Thy voice is music, thy smile is love, And Pity's soul is in thy tear. When on the shrine of God were laid First-fruits of all most good and fair, That ever bloom'd in Eden's shade, Thine was the holiest offering there. Hope and her sister, Faith, were given But as our guides to yonder sky; Soon as they reach the verge of heaven, There, lost in perfect bliss, they die. But, long as Love, Almighty Love, Shall on his throne of thrones abide, Thou, Charity, shalt dwell above, Smiling for ever by His side!

cherubic images which appeared in that structure were no longer surrounded by flames; for the tabernacle was a type of the dispensation of mercy, by which Jehovah confirmed his gracious covenant to redeem mankind. — Observations on the Palm.

So bright the Gospel broke Upon the souls of men; So fresh the dreaming world awoke In Truth's full radiance then. Before you sun arose, Stars Cheers'd: through the sky— But oh how dim, how pale were those, To His one burning eye! So Truth lent many a ray, To bless the Pagan's night— But, Lord, how weak, how cold were they To Thy One glorious Light!

Lord, who shall bear that day.

(Air—Dr. Boyce.)

Lord, who shall bear that day, so dread, so splendid, When we shall see thy Angel, ho'ring o'er This sinful world, with lamb to heaven extended, And hear him swear by Thee that Time's no more? When Earth shall feel thy first consuming ray— Who, Mighty God, oh who shall bear that day? When through the world thy awful call hath sounded— "Wake, all ye Dead, to judgment wake, ye Dead!" And from the clouds, by seraph eyes surrounded, The Saviour shall put forth His radiant head; While Earth and Heav'n before Him pass away. Who, Mighty God, oh who shall bear that day? When, with a glance, th' Eternal Judge shall see Earth's evil spirits from the pure and bright, And say to those, "Depart from me for ever!" To these, "Come, dwell with me in endless light!" When each and all in silence take their way— Who, Mighty God, oh who shall bear that day?

Oh, teach me to love thee.

(Air—Haydn.)

Oh, teach me to love Thee, to feel what thou art, Till, fill'd with the one sacred image, my heart

5 "And the angel which I saw stand upon the sea and upon the earth, lifted up his hand to heaven, and sware by Him that liveth for ever and ever, that there should be time no longer."—Rev. x. 5. 6.

4 "Awake, ye Dead, and come to judgment."—Rev. xxi. 11.

3 "They shall see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven— and all the angels with him."—Matt. xxiv. 30. and xxv. 31.

2 "Then shall He say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, &c.

1 "And before Him shall be gathered all nations, and He shall separate them one from another.

"Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you, &c. Then shall He say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, &c. And these shall go away into everlasting punishment but the righteous into life eternal."—Matt. xxv. 31 et seq.
Shall all other passions disown; 
Like some pure temple, that shines apart, 
Reserved for Thy worship alone. 

In joy and in sorrow, through praise and through blame, 
Thus will I let me, living and dying the same, 
In thy service bloom and decay — 
Like some lone star, whose votive flame 
In holiness watach away. 

Though born in this desert, and doomed by my birth; 
To pain and affliction, to darkness and death, 
On thee let my spirit rely — 
Like some rude dial, that, fix’d on earth, 
Stills for its light from the sky. 

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**WEEP, CHILDREN OF ISRAEL.**

*(AIR.—STEVENVSON.)*

Weep, weep for him, the Man of God — 
In yonder vale he sunk to rest; 
But none of earth can point the sod 3
That flowers above his sacred breast. 

Weep, children of Israel, weep! 
His doctrine fell like Heaven’s rain, 3
His words refresh’d like Heaven’s dew — 
Oh, never shall Israel see again 
A chief, to God and her so true. 

Weep, children of Israel, weep! 
Remember ye his parting gaze, 
His farewell song by Jordan’s side, 
When, full of glory and of days, 
He saw the promised land — and died. 4

Weep, children of Israel, weep! 
Yet did he not as men who sink, 
Before our eyes, to soul ess clay; 
But, changed to spirit, like a wind 
Of summer lightning, past’d away. 5

Weep, children of Israel, weep! 

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**LIKE MORNING, WHEN HER EARLY BREEZE.**

*(AIR.—BEETHOVEN.)*

Like morning, when her early breeze 
Breaks up the surface of the seas, 
That, in those furrows, dark with night, 
Her hand may sow the seeds of light — 

Thy grace can send its breathings o’er 
The Spirit, dark and lost before, 
And, fresh’ning all its depths, prepare 
For Truth divine to enter there.

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1 “And the children of Israel wept for Moses in the plains of Moab.” — Deut. xxxiv. 8.

2 “And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab: but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day.” — Ibid. ver. 6.

3 “My doctrine shall drop as the rain, my speech shall distil as the dew.” — Mos. Song.

4 “Woe curse thee to see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go out thither.” — Ibid. xxxiv. 4.

5 “As he was going to embrace Eleazer and Joshua, and was still conversing with them, a cloud stood over him on the sudden, and he disappeared in a certain valley, although he wrote in the Holy Books that he died, which was done out of fear lest they should venture to say that he, because of his extraordinary virtue, went to God.” — Josephus, book iv. chap. viii.

7 “And the Gentiles shall come to thy light; and kings to the brightness of thy rising.” — Ibid.

9 “The multitude of camels shall cover thee; the dromedaries of Midian and Ephah; all they from Sheba shall come; they shall bring gold and incense.” — Ibid.

10 “Where are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows?” — Ibid.

11 “Surely the isles shall wait for me, and the ships...” — Ibid.
And Lebanon thy pomp shall grace — 1
And the ground I tread on glorious.
No more shall Discord haunt thy ways; 2
Nor ruin waste thy cheerful nation;  But thou shalt call thy portals, Peace,  And thou shalt name thy walls, Salvation.
Who shall make thee bright,  Nor moon shall lend her lustre to thee,  But God, Himself, shall be thy Light,  And flash eternal glory through thee.
Thy sun shall never more go down;  A ray, from heaven itself descended,  Shall light thy everlasting crown —  Thy days of mourning all are ended.  
My love, elect, and righteous Land!  Thy Branch, for ever green and vernal,  Which I have planted with this hand —  Love thou shalt to Life Eternal, 

THERE IS A BLEAK DESERT.

(AIR.—CRESSENTINI.)

There is a bleak Desert, where daylight grows weary
Of wasting its smile on a region dreary —
What may that Desert be?
'Tis Life, cheerful Life, where the few joys that come
Are lost, like that daylight, for 'tis not their home.
There is a lone Pilgrim, before whose faint eyes
The water he pants for but sparkles and flies —
Who may that Pilgrim be?
'Tis Man, hapless Man, through this life tempted on
By fair shining hopes, that in shining are gone.
There is a bright Fountain, through that Desert stealing
To pure lips alone its refreshment revealing —
What may that Fountain be?
'Tis Truth, holy Truth, that, like springs under ground,
By the gifted of Heaven alone can be found.
There is a fair Spirit, whose wand hath the spell
To point where those waters in secrecy dwell —
Who may that Spirit be?
'Tis Faith, humble Faith, who hath learned that, where'er
Her wand beuds to worship, the Truth must be there!

of Tarshish first, to bring thy sons from far, their silver and their gold with them. — Isaiah, lx.
1 "The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee;  The fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary, and I will make the place of my feet glorious." — Ibid.
2 "Violence shall no more be heard in thy land, wasting nor destruction within thy borders; but thou shalt call thy walls, Salvation, and thy gates, Praise." — Ibid.
3 "Thy sun shall be no more thy light by day; neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee; but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory." — Ibid.
4 "Thy sun shall no more go down; for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended." — Ibid.
5 "Thy people also shall be all righteous; they shall inherit the land for ever, the branch of my planting, the work of my hands." — Ibid
6 In singing, the following line had better be adopted,
Can but by the gifted of Heaven be found."
GO FORTH TO THE MOUNT.

(AIR.—STEVenson.)

Go forth to the Mount—bring the olive-branch home, And rejoice, for the day of our Freedom is come! From that time when the moon upon Ajalon's vale, Looking motionless down, did the kings of the earth, In the presence of God's mighty Champion, grow pale— Oh, never had Judah an hour of such mirth! Go forth to the Mount—bring the olive-branch home, And rejoice, for the day of our Freedom is come! Bring myrtle and palm—bring the boughs of each tree That's worthy to wave o'er the tents of the Free. From that day, when the footsteps of Israel shone, With a light not their own, through the Jordan's deep tide, Whose waters blacken as the Ark glided on— Oh, never had Judah an hour of such pride! Go forth to the Mount—bring the olive-branch home, And rejoice, for the day of our Freedom is come!

1 And that they should publish and proclaim in all their cities, and in Jerusalem, saying, Go forth unto the mount, and fetch olive-branches, &c. &c. —Neh. viii. 15.
2 For since the days of Joshua the son of Nun unto that day had not the children of Israel done so: and there was very great gladness. —Ibid. 17.
3 Sun, stood thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon. —Josh. x. 12.
4 Fetch olive-branches, and pine-branches, and myrtle-branches, and palm-branches, and branches of thick trees, to make booths. —Neh. viii. 15.
5 And the priests that bare the ark of the covenant of the Lord stood firm on dry ground in the midst of Jordan, and all the Israelites passed over on dry ground. —Josh. iii. 17.

WAR AGAINST BABYLON.

(AIR.—NOVELLO.)

"War against Babylon!" shout we around; Be our banners through earth unfurled; Rise up, ye nations, ye kings, at the sound. War against Babylon! shout through the world! Oh, thou, that dwellest on many waters, Thy day of pride is ended now; And the dark curse of Israel's daughters Breaks, like a thunder-cloud, over thy brow! War, war, war against Babylon!

Make bright the arrows, and gather the shields, Set the standard of God on high; Swear we, like breezes, o'er all her fields, Zion! on watchword, and vengeance, our cry! Woe! woe! the time of thy victorious is come; proud Land, thy doom is cast— And the black surge of desolation Sweeps o'er thy guilty head, at last! War, war, war against Babylon!

10 "Shout against her round about." —Jer. i. 16.
11 "Set up a standard in the land, blow the trumpet among the nations, prepare the nations against her, call together against her the kingdoms." &c. &c. —Ibid. li. 27.
12 "Oh, thou, that dwellest upon many waters, thy end is come." —Ibid. 13
13 "Make bright the arrows; gather the shields . . . set the standard upon the walls of Babylon." —Ibid. li. 11, 12.
14 "Woe unto them! for their day is come, the time of their visitation!" —Ibid. i. 27.
TO THE HONOURABLE MRS. NORTON.

For the groundwork of the following Poem I am indebted to a memorable Fete, given some years since, at Boyle Farm, the seat of the late Lord Henry Fitzgerald. In commemoration of that evening—of which the lady to whom these pages are inscribed was, I well recollect, one of the most distinguished ornaments—I was induced at the time to write some verses which were at first, however, thrown aside unfinished, on my discovering that the same task had been undertaken by a noble poet, whose playful and happy jeu d'esprit on the subject has since been published. It was but lately, then, on finding the fragments of my own sketch among my papers, I thought of founding on them such a description of an imaginary Fete as might furnish me with situations for the introduction of music.

Such is the origin and object of the following Poem, and to Mrs. Norton it is, with every feeling of admiration and regard, inscribed by her father's warmly attached friend,

THOMAS MOORE.

Sloperton Cottage, November, 1831.

THE SUMMER FETE.

"Where are ye now, ye summer days,
That once inspired the poet's lays?
Blest time! ere England's nymphs and swains,
For lack of sunbeams, took to rails—
Summers of light, undream'd of by rains,
Whose only mocking trace remains
In watering-pots and parasols."

Thus spoke a young Patrician maid,
And on the morning of that Fete
Which hard unburnt shall celebrate,
She back'd her dower's curtain shade,
And, closing one half dazzled eye,
Peep'd with the other at the sky—
Th' important sky, whose light or gloom
Was to decide, this day, the down
Of some few hundred beauties, wits,
Blues, Dandies, Swains, and Esquires.

Past were her hopes; for June had now
Set in with all his usual rigour!
Young Zephyr yet scarce knowing how
To nurse a bud, or fan a bough,
But lur'd in perpetual vigour;
And, such the blighting summer air,
That she, the nymph now nestling there—
Sung as her own bright gems recline,
At night, within their cotton shrine—
Hath, more than once, been caught of late
Kneeling before her blazing grate,
Like a young worshipper of fire,
With hands uplifted to the flame,
Whose glow, as if to woo them nigher,
Through the white fingers flashing came.

But oh! the light, the unhoped-for light,
That now illum'd this morning's heaven!
Up sprung the late in all its pride,
Though — hark! — the clocks but strike eleven

And rarely did the nymph surprise
Mankind so early with her eyes,
Who now will say that England's sun
(Like England's self, these spendthrift days)
His stock of wealth hath near outrun,
And must retract his golden rays—
Pay for the pride of sunbeams past,
And to mere moonshine come at last?

"Calaminous thought!" lanthe cries,
While coming mirth lit up each glance,
And, prescient of the ball, her eyes
Already had begun to dance:
For brighter sun than that which now
Sparkled o'er London's spires and towers,
Had never bent from heaven his brow
To kiss Firenze's City of Flowers.

What must it be—is'f thus so fair
And the smoked groves of Grosvenor Square—
What must it be where Thomas is seen
Gilding between his banks of green,
While rival vales, on each side,
Fern from their towers to woo his tide,
And, like a Turk between two rows
Of Harem beauties, on he goes—
A lover, loved, for ev'n the grace
With which he slides from their embrace.

In one of those enchant'd domes,
One, the most flowery, cool, and bright
Of all by which that river roams,
The Fete is to be held to-night—
That Fete already link'd to fame,
Whose cards, in many a fair one's sight
(When look'd for long, at last they came,)
Seem'd circled with a fairy light!—
That Fete to which the cull, the flower
Of England's beauty, rank and power,
From the young spinster, just come out,
To the old Premier, too long in—
From legs of far deceased gout,
To the last new-mustachio'd chin—
All were convok'd by Fashion's spells
To the small circle where she dwells,
C-Elebrating nightly, to allure us,
Ladies, which together hurl'd,
She, like another Epicurus,
Sits dancing thus, and calls "the World,"

Behold how busy in those bowers
(like May-flies, in and out of flowers,)
The countless minstrels swarming run,
To furnish forth, ere set of sun,
The banquet-table richly laid
Beneath your a Musum's lengthen'd shade,
Where fruits shall tempt, and wines entice,
And luxury's self, at her own will,
Breathe from her summer-throne of ice
A spirit of coolness over all.

And now the important hour drew nigh,
When, beneath the blush of evening's sky,
The west-end "world" for mirth let loose,
And moved, as he of Syracuse,
'Neer dreamt of mixing worlds, by force
Of four-horse power, had all combined
Through Grosvenor Gate to s, see their course,
THE SUMMER FETE.

Leaving that portion of mankind, whom they call "Nobility," behind;—
No star for London's feasts today,
No ray of beauty, new or old,
To lend the night her crescent lay;
Nothing, in short, for car or eye,
But verse, or belles, and wit gone by,
The relics of a past beau-monde,
A world, like Covent's, long deichron'd!
Ev'n Parliament this evening ods
Beneath th' harangues of minor gods,
On half its usual oplate's share;
The great dispensers of repose,
Their first-rate furnishers of peace.
Being all call'd to—praise elsewhere.

Soon as through Grosvenor's lordly square
That last impermeable redbound,
Where, guarded with a Patrician care,
PrudentialError still holds out—
Where never glean of gas must dare
Against ancient darkness to revolt,
Nor smooth Macadam hope to spare
The dowagers one single jolt;—
Where, for too stately a sublime
To profit by the lights of time,
Let intellect march how it will,
They stick to oil and watchmen still:
Soon as through that Illusions square
The mansion's blaze a light shall throw,
Sinking by fits upon the air,
Of parting pencies rung the knell;
Wrought by that tell-tale of the hours,
And by the day-light's we-tering beam,
The young Practitioner, who, with flowers
Half crowed, and sat in idle dream
Before her glass, scarce knowing where
Her fingers moved through that bright hair,
While, all expressively, she now
Dislodged some curl from her white brow,
And now again replaced it there;
As though her task was meant to be
One endless change of ministry—
A rout-upon of Loves and Graces,
But to plant others in their places.

Meanwhile—what strain is that which floats
Through the small boudoir near—like notes
Of some young bird, its task repeating
For the next bimetal music-meeting?
A voice it was, whose gentle sounds
Still kept a modest octave's bounds,
Nor yet had ventured to exact
Its rash ambition to B alt,
That point towards which when ladies rise,
The wise man takes his hat and—thys,
Tones of a harp, too, gently played,
Came with this youthful voice communing;
Tones true, for once, without the aid
Of that instructive process, tuning—
A process which most oft have given
Poor Milton's ears a deadly wound;
So pleased, among the joys of Heaven,
He specifies "Harp ever tuned."
She who now sung this gentle strain
Was our young nymph's still younger sister—
Spare ready yet for Fashion's train,
In their light legions to exhibit her,
But counted on, as sure to bring
Her force into the field next spring.

The song she thus, like Jubal's shell,
Gave forth "so sweetly and so well,"
Was one in Morning Post much famed
From a divine collection, named—
"Songs of the Toilet"—every Lay
Taking for subject of its Muse,
Some branch of feminine array,
Some item, with full scope, to choose,
From diamonds down to dancing shoes;
From the last that Herault's hands
Bequeathed to an admir'ng world,
Down to the latest flounce that stands
Like Jacob's Ladder—or expands
Far forth, tempestuously unfurl'd.
Speaking of one of these new Lay's,
The Morning Post thus sweetly says;—
"Not all that breathes from Bishop's lyre,
That Barnett dreams or Cooke conceives,
Can match for sweetness, strength, or fire,
This line Cantata upon Sleeves.
The very notes themselves reveal
The cut of each new sleeve so well;
A flat betrays the Imbécilles;
Lightaniu the flying lapels tell;
White rich ca bedal clouds awake
Our homage for the Marcher d'Enqué.

It was the first opening song—
The Lay of all least deep in folio-
That the young lady, to while away
The twang-hour, thus warbled o'er:

SONG.

Array thee, love, array thee, love,
In all thy best array thee;
The sun's below—
The moon's above—
And Night and Elys obey thee.
Put on thee all that's bright and rare—
The zone, the waist, the gown,
Not so much gracing chorns so fair,
As borrowing grace from thee.
Array thee, love, array thee, love,
In all that's bright array thee;
The sun's below—
The moon's above—
And Night and Elys obey thee.
Put on the plateus thy lover gave—
The plumes, that proudly shone—
To chic to all, where'er they wave—
Victorious eyes advancing—
Bring forth the robe, whose hue of heaven—
From thee derives such light,
That Iris would give all her seven
To boast but one so bright.
Array thee, love, array thee, love,

Now hee thee, love, now hee thee, love,
Through Pleasure's circles hee thee,
And hearts, where'er thy footsteps move,
Will be it, when they come with thee,
Thy every word shall be a spell,
Thy every look a ray,
And tracks of wondering eyes shall tell
The glory of thy way;
Now hee thee, love, now hee thee, love,
Through Pleasure's circles hee thee,
And hearts, where'er thy footsteps move,
Shall beat when they come nigh thee.

Now in his Palace of the West,
Sinking to slumber, the bright Day,
Like a tired monarch, to renew
Mid the cool sits of Evening lay;

1 I am not certain whether the Dowagers of this Square have yet yielded to the innova ions of Gas and Police, but at the time when the above lines were written they still obstinately persevered in their old regime; and would not suffer themselves to be either well guarded or well lighted.
2 Their golden harps they look—
Harps ever tuned. Paradise Lost, book iii.
THE SUMMER FÊTE.

White round his couch its golden rim
The stately clouds, like courtes, crept—
Struggling each other, light to dim,
And catch his first smile ere he slept.
How gay, as o'er the gliding Thames
The golden eye of love pour'd:
Show out the high-bornk sights and dames
Now grouped around that testal board;
A living mass of plumes and flowers,
As though they'd robbed both birds and bowers—
A perpetual rainbow, swelling through
With insign of every hue;
While, as the sparkling juice of France
High in the crystal brimmers flowed,
Each sunset ray that mixed by chance
With the wine's sparkles, she shed.
How soundless may be taught to dance.
If not in written form exprest,
'Twas known, at least, to every guest,
That, though not hidden to paysia
Their scenic powers in masquerade,
(A pastime little found in thrive
In the bleak fog of England's skies,
Where wit's the thing we best contrive,
As masqueraders, to disguise.)
Yet was it hop'd — and well that hop
Was answered by the young and gay—
That, in the toilet's task to-day,
Fancy should take her wildest scope;
That the rapt milliner shou'd be
Let those through fields of poetry,
The tailor, in inventive trance,
Up to the heights of Epic chamber,
And all the acorns of Romance
Be ramined by the femme de chambre.
Accordingly, with gay Sultanas,
Rebeccas, Sapphros, Roxalana—
Chaste slaves whose homage Love would pay
Half his maternal realms to ransom;—
Young nuns, whose chief religion lay
In looking most profusely handsome;—
Muses in muslin— pastoral maid
With hats from the Andesian shades,
And fortune-tellers, rich, 'twas plain,
As fortune-hunters form'd their train.
With these, and more such female groups,
Were mixed no less fantastick troops
Of male exhibitors — all willing
To look, even more than usual, killing;—
Beau tyrans, snook-faced brigandoes,
And brigadiers, charmingly ferocious;
M. Pellet's Turk, M. de Gaudre, M. d'chefin,
Who, last night, voted for the Greeks;
And Friars, staunch No-Popey men,
To close confab with Wing Caciques.

But where is she — the nymph, whom late
We left before her glass delaying,
Like Eve, when by the lake she sat,
In the clear wave her charms surveying,
And saw in that first glassy mirror
The first fair face that lured to error,
"Where is she," ask'd thou? — watch all looks
As centering to one point they bear,
Like sun flowers by the sides of brooks,
Torn'd to the sun — and she is there.
Ev'n in disguise, oh never doubt
By her own light you'd track her out:
As when the moon, close shaw'd in for,
Steals as she thinks, through heaven incog.,
Though hid herself, some sidelong ray,
At every step, de ets her way.
But not in dark disguise to-night
Bath our young heroine veil'd her light;—
For see, she walk's the earth, Love's own
His wedded braid, by holiest vow
Pledged in Olympus, and now known

To mortals by the type which now
Hangs glittering on her snowy brow,
That butterfly, mysterious trinket,
Which means the soul (the few would think it)
And sparkling thus on brow so white,
Tells us we've Psycho-tere to-night!
But hark! some song hath caught her ears
And, lo, how pleased, as though she'd never
Heard the Grand Opera of the Spheres,
Her goddess-ship opposes the air;
And to a mere terrestrial strain,
Inspired by nought but pink champagne,
Her bu terry as gaily nods.
As though she sat with all her train
At some great Concert of the Gods,
Where Phæbus leader — Jove director,
And half the audience drunk with nectar.

From a male group the carol came
A few gay youths, whom round the board
The last-tried flask's superior fame
Had lured to taste the tide it pour'd;
And one, who, from his youth and lyres,
Seemed to dedicate to the Lian sire
Thus gaily sung, white, to his song,
Replied in chorus the gay throng:

SONG.

Some mortals there may be, so wise, or so fine,
As in evenings like this no enjoyment to see;
But as I'm not particular — with love, and wine,
Are for one night's amusement sufficient for me.
No — hum to one and strange as my task may appear,
If drunk to the worse, I could neither thank Heaven,
To put up with eyes such as beam round me here,
And such wine as we're sipping, six days out of seven.
So pledge me a bumper — your sages profound
May be blest, if they will, on their own parent plan;
But as we are not sages, why — send the cup round —
We must only be happy the best way we can.

A reward by some king was once offer'd, we're told,
To who'er could invent a new bliss for mankind;
But talk of new pleasures! — give me but the old,
And I'll leave your inventors all new ones they find.
Or should I, in quest of fresh realms of bliss,
Set sail in the portico of Fancy some day,
Let the rich rose, sea, embark on this,
And such eyes as we've here the stars of my way!
In the mean time, a bumper — your angels, on high,
May have pleasures unknown to life's limited span;
But as we are not Angels, why — let the flask fly —
We must only be happy all ways that we can.

Now nearly fled was summer's light,
Leaving but so much of its beam
As gave to objects, late so bright,
The colouring of a shadowy dream;
And there was still where day had set
A flash that spoke him holih to die —
A last link of his glory yet,
Binding together earth and sky.
Say, why is it that twilight best
Becomes even breezes the loveliest?
That dimness with its softer touch
Can bring out grace, undefined before,
And charms we never can see too much,
Whan seen but half enchant the more?
Alas, it is that every joy
In falsehood finds its woeful alloy.
And half a bliss, but hoped or guessed,
Is sweeter than the whole possess'd;
That Beauty, when least show upon,
A creature most ideal grows;
And there's no light from moon or sun
Like that Imagination throws;
THE SUMMER FETE.

At length, when, lest, the closing note
Had down the waters died along,
Forth from another lovely boat,
Freighted with music, came this song.—

SONG.

Smoothly flowing through verdant vales,
Gentle river, thy current runs,
Shelter’d safe from winter gales,
Shaded cool from summer suns.

Thus our Youth’s sweet novice glide,
Fenced with flowery shelter round;
No rude tempest wakes the tide,
All its path is fairy ground.

But, fair river, the day will come,
When, wood by whispering groves in vain,
Thou’lt leave those banks, thy shaded home,
To mingle with the stormy main.

And then, sweet Youth, too soon will pass
Into the world’s unshelter’d sea,
Where, once thy wave hath mind’d, alas,
All hope of peace is lost for thee.

Next turn we to the gay saloon,
Resplendent as a summer noon,
Where, heath a penchant for a bath of lights,
A Zodiac of flowerers and tapers—
(Such as in Russian ball-rooms sheds
Its glory o’er young dancers’ heads)—

Quadrille performs its noisy rites,
And reigns supreme o’er slides and capers—
Working to death each opera strain,
As, with a foot that never repose,
She jogs through sacred and profane,
From “Maid and Magpie” up to “Moses.”

Wearing out tunics, as fast as shoes,
’Till fagg’d Rossi music scarce respires;
’Till Mayerbeer for mercy sirs,
And Weber at her feet expires.

And now the set hath ceased—the bows
Of soldiers taste a brief repose,
While light along the painted floor,
Arm within arm, the couples stray,
Talking their stock of nothing ever,
’Till—nothing’s left, at last, to say.

When, in—1—most impatient they,
Two Exquisites, a he and she,
Just brought from Dandyland and meant
For Fashion’s grand Menagerie,
Entered the room—and scarce were there
When all deck’d round them, glad to stare
At any monsters, any where.

Some thought them perfect, to their tastes;
While others hinted that the ways
(That in particular of the be thing)
Left far too ample room for breathing;
Where, as to meet these critical wishes,
The isthmus there should be so small,
That Exquisites at last, like fishes,
Most manage not to breathe at all.

The female (these same critics said),
Though or hoxo from toe to chin,
Yet lack’d that spacious width of lead
To hat of hadcast much skin.

That build of bonnet, whose extent
Should, like a doctrine of dissent,
Puzzle church-doors to let it in.

In England the partition of this opera of Rossini
was transferred to the story of Hermit; by
which means the indecorum of giving such names as
“Mosey” or “Phraon,” &c. to the dances selected
from it (as was done in Paris), has been avoided.

TRIO.


Our home is on the sea, boy,
Our home is on the sea;
When Nature gave
The ocean wave.
She marked it for the Free.
Whatever storms beset, boy,
Whatever storms beset, the
Island bark
Is Freedom’s ark,
And floats her safe through all.
Behold your sea of isles, boy,
Behold your sea of isles,
Where every shore
Is sparkling o’er
With Beauty’s richest smiles.
For us hath Freedom claim’d, boy,
For us hath Freedom claim’d,
Those ocean waves
Where valor rests
His eagle wing unbound.
And shall the Moslem dare, boy,
And shall the Moslem dare,
White Grecian band
Can wield a brand,
To plant his Crescent there?
No—by our fathers, no, boy,
No, by the Cross we show—
From Maria’s tile
To Themis’s hills.
All Greece re-echoes “No!”

Like pleasant thoughts that o’er the mind
A minute come, and go again,
Even so, by snatches, in the wind,
Was caught and lost that choral strain,
Now full, now faint upon the ear,
As the bark floated far or near.
THE SUMMER FETE.

However — sad as it was, no doubt, 
That nymph so near should go about,
With head unconscious of the place,
It ought to fill in Infinite Space —
Yet all allowed that, of her kind,
A prisoner now it's hard to find;
While of that fond tulip grew, "drowsy men,"
The male was thought a first-rate specimen.
Such Savants, too, as wish'd to trace
The manners, habits, of this race —
To know what rank (if rank at all),
More ravishing things to them should fall —
What sort of notions heaven impresss
To high-built heads and sighted hearts,
And how far soul, which, Plato says,
Abhors restraint, can act in stays —
Might now, if gifted with discerning,
Field opportunities of learning:
As these two creatures — from their point
And frown, 'twas plain — had just talk'd out;
And all their little thoughts, of course,
Were stirring in full feel and face; —
Like notes through microcopie glass,
A world of nothing-magnified.
But mold the vent such beings seek.
The temper of their souls to speak:
As Opera swam to fiddles sigh,
To fiddles light, to add no die,
Even stick-tender couple set
Their well-wind woes to a Duet.

WALTZ DUET. 1

HE.

Long as I walk'd with only thee,
Each blissful Wednesday that went by,
Nur stylish Slutz, nor near Nugee
Admit'd a youth so bliss as I.
Oh! ah! ah! ah!
Those happy days are gone — heigho!

SHE.

Long as with thee I skimm'd the ground,
Nor yet was scor'd for Lady Jane,
No buffer nymph betotum'd round
To Colline's immortal strain.
Oh! ah! & c.
Those happy days are gone — heigho!

HE.

With Lady Jane now whir'd about,
I know no bounds of time or breath;
And, should the charmers shed, hold out,
My heart and heels are hers till death.
Oh! ah! & c.
Still round and round through life we'll go.

SHE.

To Lord Fitznoodle's eldest son,
A youth renown'd for wais'cot smart,
I now have given (excuse the pun)
A rested interest in my heart.
Oh! ah! & c.
Still round and round with him I'll go.

HE.

What if, by fond remembrance led
Again to weave our mutual chain,
For me from curst' Fitznoodle dead,
And I, lament from Lady Jane.
Oh! ah! & c.
Still round and round again we'll go.

1 It is hardly necessary to remind the reader that this Duet is a parody of the often-trusted and parodied ode of Horace, "Ducec gratius cum tibi," &c.

SHE.

Though he the Noodle honours give,
And thine, dear youth, are not so high,
With thee, in endless waltz I'll live,
With thee, to Weber's Skip-Waltz, die!
Oh! ah! & c.
Thus round and round through life we'll go.

[Slight waiting.

While thus, like mores that dance away
Existence in a summer ray,
These gay things, boz but to quadrille,
The circle of their doom full —
(But dancing done, whose law decrees
That they should live, on the alert toe,
A life of ups and-downs, like keys
Of Broadwood's in a long concert; —)
While thus the fiddle's spell, within,
Calls up its realm of restless sprites,
Without, as if some Mandarin
Were holding there his Feast of Lights,
Lamps of all hues, from walks and bowers,
Broke on the eye, like kindling flowers,
Till, budding into light, each face
Bore a full fruit of brilliancy.

Here shone a garden — lamps all o'er,
As though the Spirits of the Air
Had tak'n in their heads to pour
A shower of summer flowers there; —
While here a lighted shrubbery led
To a small lake that sleeping lay.
Cradled in boughs, but, nere head,
Open to heaven's sweet breath and ray;
While round its rim there burning's cool
Lamps, with young flowers beside them bedded,
That should from such warm neighbourhood;
And, looking bashful in the flood,
Blush'd to behold themselves so wedded.

Hither, to this endowment would retreat,
For but for nights so still and sweet;
Nights, such as Eden's calm recall
In its first lovely hour, when all
So silent is, below, on high.
That if a star falls down the sky,
You almost think you hear it fall —
Hither, to this recess, a few
To shun the dancers' wildering noise,
And give an hour, ere night-time the flew,
To muse's more elatered joys.
Came, with the r voices — ready all
As Echo, waiting for a call.
In hymn or ballad, dure or glee,
To weave their mingling minstrelsy.

And, first, a dark eye'd nymph, array'd —
Like her, whom Art hath deck'd her haile, male,
Bright Mona Lax — 2 with that bland
Of hair across the brow, and one
Small gem that in the centre shone
With face, ten, in its form re-embalming
Da Vinci's Beauties — the dark eye's,
Now lucid, as through crystal tendril's,
Now soft, as if softened with sighs.
Her lute, that hung beside her, took
And, bending o'er it with shy look,
More beautiful in shadow thus,
Than when with life most luminous,
Paiss'd her light finger over the chords,
And ung to them these mournful words:

SONG.

Bring hither, bring thy lute, while day is dying —
Here will I lay me, and list to thy song;

2 The celebrated portrait by Lionardo da Visci, which he is said to have occupied four years in painting. — {Vezzi, vol. vii.}
THE SUMMER FETE.

Should tones of other days mix with its sighing,
Tones of a lighter heart, now banished so long,
Chase them away—they bring but pain,
And let thy theme be won again.

Sing on, thou mournful lute—day is fast going,
Soon will its light from thy chords die away;
One last gleam in the west is still glowing,
When that hath vanished, farewel to thy lay.

Mark, how it fades!—see, it is fled!
Now, sweet lute, be thou, too, dead.

The group, that late, in garb of Greeks,
Sung their light choruses o'er the tide—
Furnes, such as up the wooded creeks
Of Helle's shore at noon-day glide,
Or, nightly, on her glistening sea,
Woo the bright waves with melody—
Now in'k'd their triple leagues again
Of voices sweet, and sung a strain,
Such as, had Sappho's tuneful ear
But caught it, on the tide sail,
She would have paused, entranced, to hear,
And, for that day, defer'd her leap.

SONG AND TRIO.

On one of those sweet nights that oft
Their lustre o'er the Aegean shone,
Beneath my casement, low and sweet,
I heard a Lesbian lover sing;
And, listening both with ear and thought,
These sounds upon the night breeze caught—
"Oh, happy as the gods is he,
"Who gazes at this hour on thee!"

The song was one by Sappho sung,
In the first love-dreams of her life,
When words of passion from her tongue
Fell like a shower of living fire.
And still, at close of every strain,
I heard these burning words again—
"Oh, happy as the gods is he,
"Who hates at this hour to thee!"

Once more to Mona Lisa turn'd,
Each asking eye—her turn'd in vain;
Though the quick, transient blush that burn'd
Bright on her cheek, and died again,
Show'd with what indy shame and fear
Was utter'd what all loved to hear.
Yet not to sorrow's languid lay
Did she her lute-song now devote;
But thus, with voice that, like a ray
Of southern sunshine, seemed to float—
So rich with music was each note—
Call'd up in every heart a dream
Of Italy with this soft theme:

SONG.

Oh, where art thou dreaming,
On land, or on sea?
In my lattice is gleaming
The watch-light for thee;
And this food heart is glowing
To welcome thee home,
And the night is fast going,
But thou art not come:
No, thou com'nt not!

As the time when night-flowers
Should wake from their rest;
As the hour of all hours,
When the lute's sweetest.
THE SUMMER FETE.

S.O.N.G.

If to see thee be to love thee,
If to love thee be to prize
Nought of earth or heaven above thee
Nor to live but for those eyes:
If such love to mortal given,
Be wrong to ear' r be wrong to heaven;
'Tis not for thee the fault to blame,
For from those eyes the madness came.
Forgive but the crime of loving;
In this heart more prone 'twill raise
To be thus wrong, with thee approving,
Than right, with all a world to praise!

But say, while light these songs resound,
What means that buzz of whispering round,
From lip to lip as if the Power
Of Mystery, in this gay hour,
Had thrown some secret (as we fling
Nuts among children) to that ring
Of rose, restless hope, to be
Thus scrambled for so wantonly?
And, mark ye, still as each reveals
The mystic news, her savior's bees
A look towards you enchanted chair,
Where, like the Lady of the Masque
A nymph, as exquisitely fair
As love himself for bride could ask,
Sits blushing deep, as if aware
Of the wing'd secret circling there,
Who is this nymph? and what with Moys?
What, in the name of all odd things
That woman's restless brain pursues,
What mean these mystic whisperings?
Thus runs the tale: you blushing maid,
Whose face in beauty's light array'd,
While o'er her leans a tall young Dervise,
(Who from her eyes, as all observe, is
Learning by heart the Marianne Service),
Is the bright heroine of our song
The Love-ward Psyche, whom so long
We've missed among this mortal train,
We thought her wing'd to heaven again.
But no — earth still demands her smile;
Her friends, the Gods, must wait awhile.
And if, for maid of heavenly birth,
A youth's duet's proffer'd heart and hand
Be things worth waiting for on earth,
Both are, this hour, at her command.
Tonight, in yonder half-lit shade,
For love concerns expressly meant,
The fond proposal last was made,
And love and silence hush'd consent.
Parents and friends (all here, as Jews,
Enchanters, housemaids, Turks, Hindus),
Have heard, approved, and blest the tie:
And now, hailst thou a poet's eye,
Thou might'st behold, in the air, above
That brilliant brow, triumphant Love,
Holding, as if to drop it down
Gently upon her curls, a crown
Of Duceal shape — tis, or, such gems!
Fillet'd of Peri diamonds,
And set in gold like that which shines
To deck the Fairy of the Mines:
In short, a crown all glorious — such as
Love orders when he makes a Duchess.
But see, 'tis morn in heaven: the Sun
Up the bright orient hath begun
To cauter his immortal train.
And, though yet not arrived in sight,
His leaders mostds send a beam
Of radiance forth, so rosy bright
As makes their onward path all light
What's to be done? if Sol will be
So drenched early, so must we;
And when the day thus shines outright,
Even dearest friends must bid good night,
So, farewell, scene of mirth and masking,
Now almost a by-gone tale;
Beauty's late in lamp-light bask'd
Now, by daylight, dim and pale;
Harriers, yawning o'er your harps,
Scarcely knowing flats from sharps;
Mother's voice, while you keep
Tongue tied in lingering grace,
Heads of hair, that soon last night
Crisp, crisply, and upright,
But have now, alas, one sees, a
Leaning like the tower of Pisa;
Fare ye well — thus sinks away
All that's mighty, all that's bright;
Tyre and Sidon had their day,
And even a Ball — but its night!

END OF VOL. IV.
In spite of the satirist's assertion, that

"next to singing, the most foolish thing
Is gravely to harangue on what we sing,"

I shall yet venture to prefix to this Volume a few introductory pages, not relating so much to the Songs which it contains as to my own thoughts and recollections respecting song writting in general.

The close alliance known to have existed between poetry and music, during the infancy of both these arts, has sometimes led to the conclusion that they are essentially kindred to each other, and that the true poet ought to be, if not practically, at least in taste and ear, a musician. That was the case in the early times of ancient Greece, and that poets then not only set their own verses to music, but sung them at public festivals, there is every reason, from all we know on the subject, to believe. A similar union between the two arts attended the dawn of modern literature, in the twelfth century, and now, in a certain degree, continued down as far as the time of Petrarch, when, as it appears from his own memoranda, that poet used to sing his verses, in composing them; and when it was the custom with all writers of sonnets and canzoneti to set to their poems a sort of key-note, by which the intonation in reciting or chanting them was to be regulated.

As the practice of uniting in one individual,—whether Harold, Scald, or Troubadour,—the character and functions both of musician and poet, is known to have been invariably the mark of a rude state of society, so the gradual separation of these two callings, in accordance with that great principle of Political Economy, the division of labour, has been found an equally sure means of improving civilization. So far, in England, indeed, in the earlier part of our own country, that experiment has been carried, that, with the signal exception of Milton, there is not to be found, I believe, among all the eminent poets of England, a single musician. It is but fair, at the same time, to acknowledge, that out of the works of these very poets might be produced a select number of songs, surpassing in fancy, grace, and tenderness, all that the language, perhaps, of any other country could furnish.

We write, in our own times,—as far as the knowledge or practice of music is concerned,—a similar divorce between the two arts; and my friend and neighbour, Mr. Bowles, is the only distinguished poet of our day whom I can call to mind as being also a musician. Not to dwell further, however, on living writers, the strong feeling, even to tears, with which I have seen Byron listen to some favourite melody, has been elsewhere described by me; and the musical taste of Sir Walter Scott I ought to be the last person to cavil in question, after the very cordial tribute he has left on record to my own unskilful minstrelsy. 3

The following is a specimen of these memoranda, as given by Foscolo:—"I must make these verses over again, singing them, and I must transpost them—3 o'clock, A. M. 19th October. Frequently to some of the time such notices as the following were prefixed:—si Lumen per Francum”—"Scrpor deud conditunm."

The late Rev. William Crowe, author of the noble poem of "Levisden Hill," was likewise a musician, and has left a Treatise on English Versification, in which his knowledge of the sister art lends a peculiar interest.

So little does even the origin of the word "lyric," as applied to poetry, seem to be present to the minds of some writers, that the poet, Young, has left an Essay on Lyric Poetry in which there is not a single allusion to Music, from beginning to end.


I must say, that, pleased as my illusory friend appeared really to be, when I first sung for him at Abbeysto ford, it was not till an evening or two after, at his own hospitable board, that he saw in the sphere of musical enjoyment. No sooner had the quaich taken its round, after our repast, than his friend, Sir Adam, was called upon, with the general acclaim of the whole table, for the song of "Hey tuttie tattie," and leave it out of all the national relish. But it was during the chorus that Scotts delight at this festive scene chiefly showed itself. At the end of every verse, the whole company rose from their seats, and stood round the table with arms crossed, so as to grasp the shoulder of the neighbour on each side. Thus interlinked, we continued to keep measure to the strain, by moving our arms up and down, all chanting forth with exceeding, "Hey tattie tattie, Hey tattie tattie." Sir Walter's enjoyment of this old Jacobite chorus,—a little increased, doubtless, by seeing how I entered into the spirit of it,—gave to the whole scene, I confess, a zest and charm in my eyes such as the purest musical performance could not have bestowed on it.

Having been thus led to allude to this visit; I am tempted to mention a few other circumstances connected with it. From Abbeysto ford I proceeded to Edinburgh, whither Sir Walter, in a few days after, followed; and during my stay in that city an incident occurred, which, though already mentioned by Scott in his Diary, and owing its chief interest to the conception of his name with it, ought not to be omitted among these memoranda. As I had expressed a desire to visit the Edinburgh theatre, which opened but the evening before my departure, it was proposed to Sir Walter and myself to attend the performance of "The Deserted Bride." I think it proper to state here, that we should dine with him at an early hour for that purpose, and both were good-natured enough to accompany me to the theatre. Having found, in a volume sent to me by some anonymous correspondent, a more circumstantial account of the scene of that evening than Sir Walter has given in his Diary, I shall here avail myself of its graphic and (with one exception) accurate details. After advertting to the sensation produced by the appearance of the late Duchess of St. Cluain in one of the boxes, the writer thus proceeds:—"There was a strong desire on the part of the audience to see her, but no one spoke or stirred; and in course of time the audience endeavoured to catch her eye, when she looked out of the box with a countenance of mild surprise, and then sat down, as if to say no more. The whole scene, indeed, was very comical, and I thought it proper to let the public know it. The circumstances were not unfrequent in the last reign, when a party of the nobility and gentry went to the theatre, and the audience were perfectly silent, except at the first entrance of the Duke of Devonshire, who was introduced into a box near that filled by the Dutchess. One pleasing female was with the three male cemers. In a minute the cry ran round:—'

"Oh, you're Sir Walter, wi' Lockhart an' his wife!" and wha's the wi' bit bodie wi' the pawkie eet?... Wow, but it's Tam Moore, just — Scott, Tam Moore, Moore!'—with shouts, cheers, bravos, and applause. But Scott would not rise to appropriate these tributes. One could see that he urged Moore to do so; and he, though in desolate, at last yielded, and bowed bland on heart, with much animation. The cry for Scott was then redoubled. He gathered himself up, and, with a benevolent bow, acknowledged this deserved welcome. The orchestra played alternately be th and Irish Melodies. Among the choicest of my recollections of that evening, I may mention the following:

"We went to the theatre together, and the house being luckily a good one, received T. M. with rapture. I could have hugged them, for it paid back the debt of the kind reception I met with in Ireland."
PREFACE TO THE FIFTH VOLUME.

flying visit to Edinburgh, are the few days I passed with Lord Jeffrey at his agreeable retreat, Craig Crook.

I had then recently written the first volume of "Hums," which was published under the title of "Ship away!" which had won its first honours. So often, indeed, was I called upon to repeat it, that the upland echoes of Craig Crook ought long to have had its burden by heart.

Having thus got on Scottish ground, I find myself awakened to the remembrance of a name which, whenever song-writing is the theme, ought to rank second to none in that sphere of poetic fame. Robert Burns was wholly unskilled in music; yet the rare art of adapting words successfully to notes, of wedding verse in congruous union with melody, which, were it not for his example, I should surely not have been versed in the sister art to attempt, has yet, by him, with the aid of a music, to which my own country's strains are alone comparable, been exercised with so workmanly a hand, as well as with so rich a variety of passion, playfulness, and power, as no songwriter, perhaps, but himself, has ever yet displayed.

That Burns, however untaught, was yet, in ear and feeling, a musician, is clear from the skill with which he adapts his verse to the structure and character of each different strain. Still more strikingly did he prove his fitness for this peculiar task, by the sort of instinct with which, in more than one instance, he divined the correct sentiment, which an air was calculated to convey, though always, before extemporised words expressing a so different feeling. Thus the air of a ludicrous old song, "Fee him, father, fee him," has been made the melody for a grave Dirge. Of his most pathetic effusions a while, still more marvellously, "Hey tutte tuttie" has been elevated by him into that heroic strain, "Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled?" — a song which, in a great national crisis, would be of more avail than all a Decameron.

It was impossible that the example of Burns, in these, his higher inspirations, should not materially contribute to elevate the character of English song-writing, and even to lead to a revival of the gift which it requires, if not, as of old, in the same individual, yet in that perfect sympathy between poet and musician which almost amounts to identity, and of which we have seen, in our own times, so interesting an example in the few songs bearing the usual names of those two sister muses, Mr. Arkwright, and Mr. Bunting.

Very different was the state of the song-department of English poetry at the time when first I tried my novice hand at the lyre. The divorce between sound and sense had then reached its utmost range; and, to all verses connected with music, from a Birthday Ode down to the libretto of the last new opera, might fairly be applied the solution Figaro gives of the quality of the words of songs, in general,— "Ce qui ne vaut pas la peine d'être dit, on le chante.

It may here be suggested that the musical lyrics of Captains Morris present an exception to the general character I have given of the songs of this period; and, assuredly, had Morris written much that at all proached the following verses of his "Reasons for thinking"

"The title's but the gullet's stamp,
The muse's but the gold for 'a that,
May possibly have been suggested by the following passage in Wycherly's play, the "Country Wife":—

"I weigh the moon, not his title; 'tis not the King's stamp can make the meal better."

"My muse, too, when her wings are dry,
Now her thoughts will fly,
But round a bowl she'll dip and fly,
Like swallows round a lake.

If then my symph must have her share,
Before she'll blow her swain,
Why, that I think is a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

Then, many a lad I k'd is dead,
And many a less grown old;
And, as the lesson strikes my head,
My weary heart grows cold.

But wine while looks off despair,
Nay, but a hope remains—
And that I think is a reason fair
To fill my glass again."

How far my own labours in this field— if, indeed, the gathering of such idle flowers may be so designated—have helped to advance, or even kept pace with the progressive improvement I have here described, it is impossible to determine. Only let us know that in a strong and inborn feeling for music lies the source of whatever talent I may have shown for poetical composition; and that it was the effort to tranlate into language the emotions and passions which music or poetry elicits, that first led me to my writing any poetry at all deserving of the name. Dryden has happily described music as being "inarticulate poetry;" and I have always felt, in adapting words to an expressive air, that I was but following upon it the gift of articulation, and thus enabling it to speak to others all that was conveyed, in its wordless eloquence, to myself.

Owing to the space I was led to devote to my Irish reminiscences, in our last Volume, I found myself obliged to postpone some recollections, of a very different description, respecting the gala at Boyle Farm, by which my poem, entitled "The Summer Fête," was suggested. In an old letter of my own, to which I had access, giving an account of this brilliant festival and its fruits in Ireland, I find a reference to two Stanzas which, besides their reference to the subject of the poem, contain some incidents also connected with the first appearance before the public of one of the most successful of all my writings, the story of the "Incorrect." I shall give my extracts from this letter, in their original diary-like form, without alteration or dressing—

June 30, 1837.—Day threatening for the Fête, was with Lord Eves 3 at three o'clock, and started about half an hour after. The whole road swarming with carriages and four all the way to Boyle Farm, which Lady de Roos has lent, for the occasion, to Henry —the five givers of the Fête, being Lord Chesterfield, Castleraugh, Atlayson, Henry de Roos, and R. Best Grosvenor, subscribing four or five hundred pounds each towards it. The air was fresh, and the best taste. The pavilion for quadrilles, on the banks of the river, with steps descending to the water, quite eastern—like what one sees in Dumas's pictures. Towards five the elite of the gay world was assembled—the women all looking their best, and scarce a single ugly face to be found. About half past five, sat down to dinner, 450 under a tent on the lawn, and fifty to the Royal Table in the conservatory. The Tyrolese musicians sung during dinner, and there

1 I cannot pass the incidental mention here of this social and public-spirited nobleman, without expressing my strong sense of his kindly qualities, and incurring the less which not only society, but the cause of sound and progressive Political Reform, has sustained by his death.

2 It appears certain, notwithstanding, that he was, in his youth, wholly insensible to music. In speaking of him and his brother, Mr. Mudoch, their parents expected, as in a younger brother, to hand down a remarkable and his voice unattractive. It was long before I could get him to distinguish one tune from another.

3 I know not whether it has ever been before remarked, that the well-known lines in one of Burns's most spirited songs,

"The lilt's but the gullet's stamp,
The muse's but the gold for 'a that,"
were, after dinner, gondolas on the river, with Cara
dori, de Begnis, Vellutii, &c., singing tarantellas and
rowing off occasionally, so as to let their voices die
away and again return. After these succeeded a
party in dominion, Madame Chenier, Francy Aton,
&c., who moved about in the same manner, and sung,
among other things, my gondela song. "Oh, come to
me when daylight sets." The evening was delicious,
and, as soon as it grew dark, the groves were all
lighted up with coloured lamps, to different shapes
and devices. A little lake near a grotto took my
fancy particularly, the shrubs all round being illumi-
nated, and the lights reflected in the water. Six-and-
twenty of the prettiest girls of the world of Flon,
the F's, &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., Miss
F ******, ******, Miss F ******, ******, Miss
F ******, ******, Miss F ******, ******, Miss F ******,
Miss B ******, Miss B ******, were dressed as Rosieres,
and opened the quadrilles in the pavilion . . . . .
. While talking with B— (Lord P.'s brother), he said to
me, "I never read anything so touching as the death
of your heroine." "What!" I said. "I have got so
far already!" "Oh, I read it in the Literary Gazette." This anticipation of my catastrophe is
ammonious. Soon after, the Marquis P—m— said
to me, as he and J and B—m stood together, looking
at the gay scene, "I am like one of your Fete,"
"Oh, yes," said B—m, thinking he alluded to Lalla
Rookh, "quite oriental." "Non, non," replied P—m—"Je
doive dir cette Fete d'Athenes, dont
j'ai lu la description dans la Gazette d'aujourd'hui."
Respecting the contents of the present Volume I
have but a few more words to add. Accustomed as
I have always been to consider my songs as a sort of
compound creations, in which the music forms no less
essential a part than the verses, it is as a feeling

which I can hardly expect my unlyrical readers to
understand, that I see such a swarm of songs as crowd
these pages all separated from the beautiful airs which
have formed hitherto their chief ornament and
strength—their "deus ex machina." But, independently of
this vexatious feeling, or fancy, there is yet another
inconvenient consequence of the divorce of the words
from the music, which will be more easily,
perhaps, comprehended, and which, in justice to my
self, as a metronome, ought to be noticed. Those
occasional breaches of the laws of rhythm, which the
task of adapting words to airs demands of the poet,
though very frequently one of the happiest results of
his skill, become blunders when the verse is sepa-
rated from the music, and require, to justify them,
the presence of the music to whose wildness or
sweetness the sacrifice had been made.

In a preceding page of this preface, I have men-
tioned a Treatise by the late Rev. Mr. Crowe, on
English versification; and I remember his telling me,
in reference to the point I have just touched upon,
that, should another edition of that work be called for,
he meant to produce, as examples of new and
anomalous forms of versification, the following songs
from the Irish Melodies:—"Oh the days are gone when
Beauty bright"—"At the mid hour of night, when
stars are weeping, I fly," and, "Through grief and
to through danger thy smile hath cheered my way." 2

2 I shall avail myself of this opportunity of noticing
the charge brought by Mr. Bunthung against Sir John
Stevenson, of having made alterations in many of the
airs that formed our Irish Collection. Whatever
changes of this kind have been ventured upon (and
they are but few, my friends, and the responsibility for
them rests solely with me; as, leaving the Harmo-
nic's department to my friend Stevenson, I reserved the
selection and management of the melodies entirely
to myself.

† The Epicurean had been published but the day
before.

EVENINGS IN GREECE.

In thus connecting together a series of Songs by a
thread of poetical narrative, my chief object has been
to combine Recitation with Music, so as to enable
a greater number of persons to join in the performance,
by enlisting, as readers, those who may not feel will-
ing or competent to take a part, as singers.
The Island of Zea, where the scene is laid, was
called by the ancients Cecos, and was the birthplace of
Simonides, Bacchylides, and other eminent persons.
An account of its present state may be found in the
Travels of Dr. Clarke, who says, that "it appeared to
him to be the best cultivated of any of the Grecian
Isles."—Vol. vi. p. 171.

T.M.

EVENINGS IN GREECE.

FIRST EVENING.

"The sky is bright — the breeze is fair,
And the mainmast flowing, full and free
Our farewell word is woman's pray'r;
And the breeze carries us — Liberty!"
"Farewell, farewell,
To Greece we give our shining blades,
And our hearts to you, young Zean Maidis!"

"The moon is in the heavens above,
And the wind is on the foaming sea —
Thus shines the star of woman's love
On the glorious strife of Liberty!"
"Farewell, farewell.
To Greece we give our shining blades,
And our hearts to you, young Zean Maidis!"

Thus sung they from the bark, that now
Turn'd to the sea's gallant prow,
Bearing within its hearts as love;
As e'er sought Freedom o'er the wave;
And leaving on that inlet's shore,
Where still the farewell beacons burn,
Friends, that shall many a day look o'er
The long, dim sea for their return.

Virgin of Heaven! speed their way—
Oh, speed their way,— the chosen flow'r,
Of Zeus's youth, the hope and pride
Of parents in their wintry hour,
The love of maidens, and the pride
Of the young, happy, blushing bride,
Whose nuptial wreath has not yet died
All, all are in that precious page;
Which now, alas, no more is seen —
Though every eye still turns to mark
The moonlight spot where it had been.

Vainly you look, ye maidens, sires,
And mothers, your beloved are gone! —
Now may you quench those stolen fires,
Whose light too long look'd back upon
From their dark deck — watching the flame.
As fast it fled from their view,
With thoughts that, hot, but for manly shame,
He'd made them droop and weep like you.

Home to your chambers! home, and pray
For the bright coming of that day,

To Greece we give our shining blades,
And our hearts to you, young Zean Maidis!"
When, bless'd by heaven, the Cross shall sweep
The Crescent from the Egean deep,
And your brave warriors, has ening back,
Will bring such glories in their track,
As shall, for many a year to come,
Shed light around their name and home.

There is a spot on Zea's isle,
Round which I see luxuria e'e smile.
All the sweet flowers, of every kind,
On which the sun of Greece looks down,
He s'd as a lover on the crown
His mistress for her brow he twined,
When he beholds each floweret there,
Himself had wish'd her most to wear;
Here bloom'd the lavel-rose, whose wreath
Hangs radiant round the Cypriot shrines,
And here those brambly-flowers, that breathe
Their odour into Zante's wines: 2—
The splendid woodland, that, at eve,
To grace their floral diadems,
The lovely maid of Patmos weave: 3—
And the fir plant, whose tangled stems
Shine like a Nereid's hair, when spread,
Dishevel'd, o'er her azure bed:—
All these bright children of the clime,
(Each at its own most genial time,
The summer, or the year's sweet prime),
Like beautiful ear-noisters, adorn
The Valley, where that Founder was born:
While round, to grace its cradle green,
Groups of Velani oaks are seen,
Pouring on every verdant height—
Bal, shadowy, in the evening light,
Like Genii, set to watch the birth
Of some enchant'd child of earth—
Fair oaks, that over Zea's vales,
Stand with their losty pride unfurl'd;
While Commerce, on her thousand steeds,
Scatters their fruit throughout the world! 5

'T was here— as soon as prayer and sleep
(Those truest friends to all who weep)
Had high led every heart, and made
Ev'n sorrow wear a softer shade—
'T was here, in this secluded spot,
Amid whose breathing clumps and sweet
Grief might be soothe'd, if not forget,
The Zean nymphs resolved to meet
Each evening now, by the same light
That saw their farewell tears that night;
And try, if sound of lute and song
Wandering 'mid the moonlight flowers
In various talk, could charm along
With lighter step, the lingering hours,
Till shadows of that dark should come,
Or Victory wait their warriors home!
When first they met— the wonted smile
Of greeting having gleam'd awhile—
'T would touch ev'n Moslem heart to see
The sadness that came suddenly
O'er their young brows, when they look'd round
Upon that bright, enchant'd ground;
And thought, how many a time, with those
Who now were gone to the rude wars,
They there had met, at evening's close,
And danced till morn ouishe'd the stars! 6

1 "Nerium Oleander. In Cyprus it retains its ancient name, Rhododaphne, and the Cypriots adorn their churches with the flowers on feast-days."—Journal of Dr. Stithkope, Waldope's Turkey.
2 8.
3 Lunicera Caprifolium, used by the girls of Patmos for garlands.
4 Cuscuta europcea. 'From the twisting and turning of the stems it is compared by the Greeks to the dishevelled hair of the Nereides.'—Waldope's Turkey.
5 "The produce of the islands is more amounts annually to fifteen thousand quintals."—Clarke's Travels.

But seldom long doth hang th' eclipse
Of sorrow o'er such youthful breasts—
The breath from her own blushing lips,
That on the maiden's mirror rests,
Not swell, for many an age to come,
Than sadness from her brow doth pass,
Soon did they now, as round the Well
They sat, beneath the rising moon—
And some, with voice of awe, would tell
Of midnight fays, and nymphs who dwell
In hollow bulls—while some would tune
Their idle lutes, that now had lain,
For days, without a single strain;—
And others, from the rest apart,
With laugh that told the lighten'd heart,
Sat, whispering in each other's ear.
Secrets, that all in turn would hear;—
Soon did they find this thoughtless play
So swiftly steal their griefs away.
That many a nymph, though pleased the while,
Reproach'd her own fervid smile,
And sigh'd to think she could be gay.

Among these maidens was one,
Whom to Leucadia late had been
Had stood, beneath the evening sun,
On its white towering cliffs, and seen
The very spot where Sappho sung
Her sweeter-like music, ere she sprung
(Still holding, in that fearless leap,
By her loved lute), into the deep,
And dying quench'd the fatal fire.
At once, of her heart and lyre.

Mute! they listen'd all—and well
Did the yeow well'd maiden tell
Of the dread height to which that steep
Beetles above the eddy deep?—
Of the lone sea-birds, wheeling round
The dizzy edge with mournful sound
And of the scentless titles found
Still blooming on that fearful place—
As if call'd up by Love, to grace
The immortal spot, o'er which the last
Bright footsteps of his martyr pass'd! 6

While fresh to every listener's thought
These legends of Leucadia brought
All that of Sappho's hapless flame
Is kept alive, still watch'd by Fame—
The maiden, turning her soft lute,
While all the rest stood round and move,
Thus sketch'd the languishment of soul,
That o'er the tender Lesbian stole;
And, in a voice, whose thrilling tone
Fancy might deem the Lesbian's own,
One of those few fragments gave,
Which still,—like sparks of Greek Fire,
Undying, ev'n beneath the wave,—
Burn on thro' Time, and never expire.

SONG.

As o'er her brow the Lesbian Maid
In love'sick languor hung her head,
Unknowing where her fingers stray'd,
She weeping turn'd away, and said,

6 Now Santa Maura—the island, from whose cliffs Sappho leaped into the sea.

7 The precipice, which is mildly dizzy, is about one hundred and fourteen feet from the water, which is of a profound depth, as appears from the dark blue colour and the eddy that plays round the pointed and projecting rocks."—Goodison's Ionian Isles.
8 See Mr. Goodison's very interesting description of all these circumstances.
EVENINGS IN GREECE.

Song.

When the Balalika
Is heard o'er the sea,
I'll dance the Romaika
By moonlight with thee.
If waves then, advancing,
Should steal on our play,
Thy white feet, in dancing,
Shall chase them away.

When the Balalika
Is heard o'er the sea,
Thou'll dance the Romaika,
My own love with me.

Then, at the closing
Of each merry lay,
How sweet 'tis, reposing,
Beneath the night ray!
Or if, declining,
The moon leave the skies,
We'll talk by the shining
Of each other's eyes.

Oh then, how fealy
The dance we'll renew,
Treading so fleetly
His light measures through:
Till stars, looking o'er us
From heaven's high bowers,
Would change their bright chorus
For one dance of ours!

When the Balalika
Is heard o'er the sea,
Thou'll dance the Romaika,
My own love, with me.

How changingly for ever veers
The heart of youth, twixt smiles and tears!
Ev'n as in April, the light vane,
Now points to sunshine, now to rain.
Instant this lively lay dispels,
The shadow from each blooming brow,
And Dancing, joyous Dancing, held
Full empire o'er each fancy now.

And one uprising, with a bound,
From a low bank of flowers, look'd round
With eyes that, though so full of light,
Had still a trembling tear within;
And, while her fingers, in swift flight,
Flew o'er a fairy mandolin,
Thus sung the song her lover late
Had sung to her—the eve before
That joyous night, when, as of yore,
All Zea met, to celebrate
The Feast of May, on the sea-shore.

I have attempted, in these four lines, to give some idea of that beautiful fragment of Sappho, beginning
Passing o'er the wave, which represents so truly (as Warms remarks) "the languor and listlessness of a person deeply in love."

1 This word is defined here, I suspect, of a syllable; Dr. Clarke, if I recollect right, makes it "Balalika."

2 "I saw above thirty parties engaged in dancing the Romaika upon the sand; in some of those groups, the girl who led them chased the retreating wave."—Douglass on the Modern Greeks.

3 "In dancing the Romaika (says Mr. Douglass) they begin in slow and solemn step till they have gained the time, but by degrees the air becomes more sprightly; the conductess of the dance sometimes sitting to her partner, sometimes darting before the rest, and leading them through the most rapid revolutions; sometimes crossing under the hands, which are held up to let her pass, and giving as much liveliness and intricacy as she can to the figures into which she conducts her company, while their business is to follow her in all her movements, without breaking the chain, or losing the measure."
EVENINGS IN GREECE.

But say — what shall the measure be?
"Shall we the old Romanka tread,
(Some eager ask'd)  "as anciently"
"I was by the north of Ling led,
"When, slow at first, then circling fast,
"As the gay spirits rose — at last,
"With hand in hand, like links, Unlock'd,
"Through the light air they seem'd to sail
In fairy mystic maze, that mock'd
"The dazzled eye that follow'd it?"

Some call'd aloud "the Fountain Dance!"
While one young, dark-eyed Amazon,
Where step was an-like, and whose glance
Flash'd, like a sable in the sun,
Sportively said, "Shame on these soft
And languid strains we hear so oft.
"Doughty of freedom! have not we
Learn'd from our lovers and our sires
"The Dance of Greece, while Greece was free —
"That Dance, where neither flutes nor lyres,
"But sword and shield clash on the ear
"A music terrifies to hear?"
"Heroes of Zean, arm with me,
"And dance the dance of victory!"

Thus saying, she, with playful grace,
Look'd in the wide hat, that o'er her face
(From Antoia's 12, look'd, and Hung, shadowing each sunny charm;
And, with a fair young armer's aid,
Fixing it on her rounded arm,
A music shield with pride did play'd;
Their heaping towards a grove that spread
Its canopy of foliage fair,
Plucked off a lance-like twig, and said,
"To arms, to arms!" while o'er her head
She waved the light branch, as a spear.

Promptly the laughing maidens all
Obedied their Chief's heroic call; —
Round the shield-arm of each was tied
Hat, turban, shawl, as chance might be;
The grove, their verdant armour,
Falcon and lance a skilful supple'd;
And as their glossy locks, let free,
Fell down their shoulders carelessly,
You might have, indeed, you saw a throng
Of youthful Thracians, by the beam
Of a May morn, hawking —
Penets' silver-edged 4 stream!

And now they stepp'd, with measured tread,
Martially, o'er the shining field;
Now, to the mimic combat led
(A heroine at each squadron's head,
Struck lance to lance and sword to shield;
While still, through every varying feat,
Their voices, heard in contrast sweet
With some, a deep but sullen sound,
From lips of aged sires around,
Who smiling watch'd their children's play —
Thus sung the ancient Pyrrhic lay:

SONG.

"Raise the buckler — hoise the lance —
"Now here — now there — retreat — advance!"

Such were the sounds, to which the warrior boy
Danced in those happy days, when Greece was free;
When Sparta's youth, ev'n in the hour of joy,
Thus trained their steps to gain victory.
"Lraise the buckler — hoise the lance —
"Now here — now there — retreat — advance!"
Such was the Sparta warriors' dance.

"Grasp the falchion — gird the shield —
"Attack — defend — do all, but yie.d.
Thus did thy sons, oh Greece, one glorious night,
Dance by a moon like this, till o'er the sea
That morning daw'd by whose immortal light
They nobly died for thee and liberty!"
"Rise the buckler — hoise the lance —
"Now here — now there — retreat — advance!"
Such was the Spartan heroes' dance.

Scarc'd had they closed this martial lay
When, flaming their light spears away,
The cossacks, in broken ranks,
All breathless from the war-field fly;
And down, upon the velvet banks
And flowery slopes, exhausted lie,
Like rosy huntresses of Thrace,
Basking at sunset from the chase.

"Fond girls! an aged Zean said —
One who, himself, had fought and bled,
And now, with feelings, bale delight,
Half sadness, wash'd their mimic light —
"Fond maid! who thus with War can jest —
"Like Love, in Mars's helmet drest,
"When, in his childish innocence,
"Pleased will the shade that net-fits flings,
"He thinks not of the blood, that hence
"Is dropping o'er his snowy wings.
"Ay — true it is, young patriot maid,
"If Honour's arm still wear the fray,
"If luck but shine on righteous blades,
"War were a game for gods to play!
"But, no, alas! — hear one, who well
"Had track'd the tortures of the brave —
"Hear me, in mournful ditty, tell
"What glory waits the patriot's grave: —

SONG.

As by the shore, at break of day,
A vanquish'd Chief expiring lay,
Upon the sands, with broken sword,
He traced his farewell to the Free;
And, there, the last unfinished word:
He dying wrote was "Liberty!"

At night a Sen-bird shriek'd the knell
Of him who thus for Freedom fell;
The words he wrote, ere evening came,
Were cover'd by the sounding sea;
So pass away the cause and name
Of him who dies for Liberty!

That tribute of subdued applause
A charriot, but timid audience pays,
That militiav, which a ministered drew
From hearts, that felt, but fear'd to praise,
Follow'd this song, and left a pause
Of silence after it, that hung
Like a fix'd spell on every tongue.

At length, a low and tremulous sound
Was heard from a distant group, that round
A bashful moor, whose heart was laid
Her blushes, while 'twas the last she tried
Like rosy, gathering round to veil
The song of some young nightingale.

1 For a description of the Pyrrhic Dance, see De Guys, &c. — It appears from Apuleius (lib. x.) that this war-dance was, among the ancients, sometimes performed by females.
2 See the costume of the Greek women of Natolia in Castalian's Muses des Othomanes.
3 The sword was the weapon chiefly used in this dance.
4 Homer, II. 2. 753.
5 It is said that Leonidas and his companions employed themselves, on the eve of the battle, in music and the gymnastic exercises of their country.
Whose trembling notes steal out between
The clustered leaves, and hush the see.

And, while that voice, in tones that more
Through feeling than through weakness err'd,
Came, with a stronger sweetness, o'er
The attentive ear, this strain was heard:

\[ \text{SONG.} \]

I saw, from yonder silent cave,
Two fountains running, side by side,
The one was Mem'try's limpid wave,
The other cold oblivion's tide.

"Oh Love!" said I, in thoughtless mood,
As deep I drank of Lythe's stream,
"Be all my sorrows in this flood
Forgotten like a vanished dream!"

But who could bear that gloomy blank,
Where joy was lost as well as pain?
Quickly of Mem'ry's fount I drank,
And brought the past all back again;
And said, "Oh Love! whate'er my lot,
Still let this soul to thee be true—
Rather than have one bliss forgot,
Be all my pains remember'd too!"

The group that stood around, to shade
The blushes of that bashful maid,
Had, by degrees, as came the lay
More strongly forth, retired away.

Like a fair shell, whose valves divide, To show the fairer pearl inside;
For such she was — a creature bright And delicate as those day-flow'rs,
Which, while they last, make up, in light And sweetness, what they want in hours.

So rich upon the ear had grown Her voice's melody — its tone Gathering new courage, as it found An echo in each bosom round — That, ere the nymph, we heard least, Still on the chords, her lute laid by,
"Another Song," all lips exclaimed, And each one matchless favour'd named;
While blushing, as her fingers ran O'er the sweet chords, she thus began:

\[ \text{SONG.} \]

Oh, Memory, how coldly
Thou paintest joy gone by:
Like rainbows, thy pictures
But mournfully shine and die,
Or, if some thun'ghest kept,
That former days recall,
As o'er each line thou wepest,
Thy tears efface them all.

But, Memory, too truly,
Thou paintest grief that's past;
Joy's colours are fleeting,
But those of Sorrows last.
And, while thou bring'st before us
Dark pictures of past ill,
Life's evening, closing o'er us,
But makes them darker still.

So went the moonlight hours along,
In this sweet gale; and so, with song

And witching sounds — not such as they,
The symbolists of Osa, play'd,
To chase the moon's eclipse away,
But soft and holy — did eachmaid
Lighten her heart's eclipse awhile,
And win back sorrow to a smile.

Not far from this secluded place,
On the sea-shore a ruin stood;
A relic of the exulting race.
Who once looked o'er that foamy flood,
When fair Lousia, by the light
Of golden sunset, on the sight
Of mariners who sail'd that sea,
Rose, like a city of chrysolite,
Call'd from that wave by witchery,
This ruin — now by barbarous hands
Deduced into a moley sheel,
Where the once splendid column stands
Inverted on its leafy head —
For'ld, as they tell, in times of old,
The dwelling of that bard, whose lay
Could melt to tears the stern and cold,
And sadden, and their mirth, the gay —

Simonides, whose fame, through years
And ages past, still bright appears —
Like Helicon, a star of tears!
'Twas better now — to catch a view
Of the white waters, as they play'd
Silently in the light — a few
Of the more re-tless damsels stray'd
And some would linger 'mid the scent
Of hanging foliage, that perfumed
The ruin's walls; while others went,
Culling whatever tow'rs of sound
In the lone leafy space between
Where gilded chambers once had been;
Or, turning sadly to the sea,
Sent over the wave a sigh unlodged
To some brave champion of the Free —
Thinking, alas! how cold might be,
At that still hour, his place of rest!
Meanwhile there came a sound of song
From the dark ruins a faint strain,
As if some echo, that among
Those minstrel halls had slumbered long,
Were murmur'd into life again.

But no — the nymphs knew well the tone —
A maiden of their train, who loved,
Like the night-bird, to sing alone,
Had deep into these ruins roved,
And there, all other thoughts forgot,
Was warbling o'er, in love delight,
A lay that, on that very spot,
Her lover sung one moonlight night:

\[ \text{SONG.} \]

Ah! where are they, who are heard, in former hours,
The voice of Song in these neglected bow'rs?
They are gone — all gone!

The youth, who told his pain in such sweet tone,
That all, who heard him, wish'd his pain their own
He is gone — he is gone!

And she, who, while he sung, sat listening by,
And thought, to strains like these were sweet to die
She is gone — she too is gone!

2 This superstitious custom of the Thessalians exists also, as Pioero della Valle tells us, among the Persians
An ancient city of Zea, the walls of which were of marble. Its remains (says Clarke) "extend from the shore, quite into a valley watered by the streams of a fountain, whence Lousia received its name."

4 Zea was the birth-place of this poet, whose verses are by Caullius called "tears."
"Tis thus, in future hours, some bard will say
Of her, who bears, and him, who signs thy lay—
They are gone—they both are gone!

The moon was now, from heaven's steep,
Bending to dip her silvery urn
Into the bright and silent deep—
And the young nymphs, on their return
From those romantic ruins, found
Their other playmates, ranged around
The sacred spring prepared to sing
Their parting hymn, and sunk the moon
To that fair fountain, by whose stream
Their hearts had formed so many a dream.

Who has not read the tales, that tell
Of old Eleusin's sacred well,
Or heard what legend-songs recount
Of Syra, and its holy Fount? 2
Gushing, at once, from the hard rock
Into the laps of flowing waters—
Where village maidens loved to flock,
On summer-nights, and, like the Hours,
Link'd in harmonious dance and song,
Charm'd the unconscious night along;
While holy pilgrims, on their way
To Delos' isle, stood looking on,
Enchanted with a scene so gay,
Nor sought their boats, till morning broke.

Such was the scene this lovely glade
And its fair inmates now displayed,
As round the Fount, in hushed song,
They went, in cadence slow and light,
And thus to that enchanted spring
Warbled their farewell for the night:

SONG

Here, while the moonlight dim
Falls on that mossy brim,
Sing we our Fountain Hymn,
Maidens of Zea! 1
Nothing but Music's strain
When lovers part in pain,
Soothes, till they meet again,
Oh, Maidens of Zea!

Bright Fount, so clear and cold
Round which the nymphs of old
Stood, with their locks of gold,
Fountain of Zea!
Not even Cavaï,
Famed through its streamlet be,
Murmurs or silences like thee,
Oh, Fount of Zea!

Thou, while our hymn we sing,
Thy silver voice shall bring,
Answering, answering,
Sweet Fount of Zea!

1 These "Songs of the Well," as they were called among the ancients, still exist in Greece. De Gneu tells us that he has seen "the young women in Prinçes' Island, assembled in the evening at a public well, suddenly strike up a dance, while others sung in concert to them."

2 "The inhabitants of Syra, both ancient and modern, may be considered as the worshippers of water. The old fountain, at which the nymphs of the island assembled in the earliest ages, exists in its original state; the same rendezvous as it was formerly, whether of love and gallantry, or of gossiping and tale-telling. It is near to the town, and the most limpid water gushes continually from the solid rock. It is regarded by the inhabitants with a degree of religious veneration; and they preserve a tradition, that the pilgrims of old time, in their way to Delos, resorted hither for purification." — Clarke.

SECOND EVENING.

SONG

When evening shades are falling,
O'er Ocean's sunny sleep,
To pilgrims' hearts recalling
Their home beyond the deep;
When, rest o'er all descending,
The shores with gladness smite,
And lutes, their echoes blending,
Are heard from isle to isle,
Then, Mary, Star of the Sea 4
We pray, we pray, to thee!

The noon-day tempest over,
Now Ocean toils no more,
And wings of halcyon hover,
Where all was strife before.
Oh, thus may life, in closing
Its short tempestuous day,
Beneath heaven's calm repose,
Shine all its storms away:
Thus, Mary, Star of the Sea,
We pray, we pray, to thee!

On Helle's sea the light grew dim,
As the last sounds of that sweet hymn
Floated along its azure tide—
Floating in light, as if the lay
Had mix'd with sunset's fading ray,
And light and song together died.
So soft through evening's air had breathed
That choir of youthful voices, wreath'd
In many linked harmony,
That breathed, then hushing o'er the sea,
Passed, when they reach'd this fairy shore,
And linger'd till the strain was o'er.

Of those young maids who've met to fleet
In song and dance this evening's hours,
Far happier now the bosoms beat
Than when they last adored those bowers;
For tidings of glad sound had come,
At break of day, from the far isles—
Tidings like breath of life to some—
That Zea's sons would soon wing home,
Crown'd with the light of Victory's smiles;

3 "Qualis in Europa risitis, aut per jucunda Exercit Diana chorus?" — Virgil.
4 One of the titles of the Virgin: — "Maria illuminatrix, sive Stella Maris." — Isidor.
To meet that brightest of all needs
That wait on high, heroic deeds,
When gentle eyes that scarce, for tears,
Could trace the warrior's pathing track,
shall, like a narrow wind of the early days
When the long absent sun appears,
Shine out, all bliss, to hail him back.

How fickle still the youthful breast!—
More fond of change than a young moon,
No joy so new was ever pass'd
But Youth would leave for newer soon.
These Zanu nymphs, though bright the spot,
There first they held their evening play,
As ever fell to Fates lot.
To wanton o'er by midnight's ray,
Now had exchanged that shelter'd scene
For a wide glade beside the sea—
A lawn, whose soft expanses of green
Turn'd to the west sun smilingly,
As though, in conscious beauty bright,
It joy'd to give him light for light.

And never did evening more serene
Look down from heaven on lower scene.
Calm lay the flood around, while fleet,
O'er the blue shining element,
Light barks, as if with fairy feet
The astra'd waters went; some that, ere rose eve tell o'er
The blushing wave, with mainail free,
Had put forth from the Attic shore,
Or the near Isle of Euboea;—
Some, by not barks, the deep in coves Beneath Colonna's pillar'd cliffs,
Had all the lurk'd, and o'er the waves
Now shot their long and dart-like skills.
Woe to the craft, however fleet,
These sea-hawks in their course shall meet,
Laden with juice of Lesbian vines;
Or rich from Naxos' emerald mine; for not more sure, when owlets flee
O'er the dark crags of Pendelle,
Both the night-fa'con mark his prey,
Or pouce on it more fleet than they.

And what a moon now lights the glade
Where these young island nymphs are met l
Fuller'd, yet pure, as if no shade
Had touch'd its virgin lustre yet;
And freshly bright, as if just made
By Love's own hands, of new-born light
Stol'n from his mother's star to-night.

On a bold rock, that o'er the flood
Jutted from this soft glade, there stood
A Chieftain, fronting towards the sea,—
Built in some by-gone century—
Where, nightly, as the seaman's mark,
When waves rose high or clouds were dark
A lamp, bequeathed by some kind Saint,
Shed o'er the wave its glimmer faint,
Waking in way-worn men a sigh
And prayer to heaven, as they went by.
'T was there, around that rock-built shrine,
A group of maidens and their sire's
Had stood to watch the day's decline,
And as the light fell o'er their lyres,
Sung to the Queen-Star of the Sea
That soft and holy melody.

But lighter thoughts and lighter song
Now went the coming hours along,
For, mark, where smooth the herbage lies,
You gay pavilion, curtain'd deep
With silken folds, through which bright eyes,
From time to time, are seen to peep;
While twinkling lights that, to and fro,
Beneath those veil's, like meteors, go,
Tell of some spells at work, and keep
Young females charm'd in music suspense,
Watching what next may shine from thence.

Nor long the pause, ere hands upseen
That mystic curtain backward drew,
And all, that late but shone between,
In half-cught gloom, now burst to view
A picture I was of the early days
Of glorious Greece, ere yet those rays
Of rich, immortal Mind were hers
That made mankind her worshippers:
While, yet unsung, her landscapes shone
With glory lend by heaven alone:
Nor temples crown'd her nameless hills,
Nor Muse immortalized her falls;
Nor aught but the mute poesy
Of sun, stars, and shining sea
Humed that kind of bard's to his lot;
While, pre-cient of the gifted race
That yet would realize so blest adorn,
Nature took pains to deck the place
Where glorious Art was to be born.

Such was the scene that mimic stage
Of Athens and her hills portrayed;
Athenae, in her first, youthful age,
Ere yet the simple violet braid,
Which then adorn'd her, had shone down
The glory of earth's loveliest crown.
While yet undream'd, her seeds of Art
Lay sleeping in the marble mine—
Sleeping till Genius bade them start
To all but life, in shapes divine;
Till dedicated the quarry stone
And all Olympos stood in stone!

There, in the foreground of that scene,
On a soft bank of living green,
Sate a young nymph, with her lap full
Of newly gather'd flowers, o'er which
She graceful lean'd, intent to culi
All that was there of hue most rich,
To form a wreath, such as the eye
Of her young lover, who stood by,
With palfet mingled fresh, might choose
To fix by Painting's rainbow hues.

The wreath was form'd; the maiden rais'd
Her speaking eye to his, while he—
Oh not upon the flowers now gaz'd,
But on that bright look's witchery.
While quick, as if but then the thought,
Like light, had reach'd his soul, he caught
His pencil up, and, warm and true
As life itself, that love-look drew:
And, as his raptured task went on,
And forth each kindling feature shone,
Sweet voices, through the moonlight air,
From lips as moonlight free and pure.
Thus hail'd the bright dream passing there,
And sung the Birth of Portraitura.

SONG.

As once a Grecian maiden wove
Her garland mid the summer bowers,
There stood a youth, with eyes of love,
To watch her while she wov'd the flowers.

The youth was skill'd in Painting's art,
But never had studied woman's brow,
Nor knew what magic hues the heart
Could shed o'er Nature's charm'd, till now.

CHORUS.

Blest be Love, to whom we owe
All that's fair and bright below.

1 "Violet-crowned Athens."—Pindar.
2 The whole of this scene was suggested by Pliny's account of the artist Pausias and his mistress Glycera, Lab. 35. c. 40.
His hand had pictured many a rose,
And sketched'd the rays that light the brook;
But what were these compared with those that
To woman's blush, to woman's look?
"Oh, if such magic pow'r there be,
"This, this," he cried, "is all my prayer,
"To paint that living light I see,
"And fix the soul that sparkles there."

His prayer, as soon as breathed, was heard;
His pallet, touch'd by Love, grew warm,
And Painting saw her hues transferred
From lifeless flowers to woman's form.
Still as from tint to tint he stole,
The fair design shone out the more,
And there was now a life, a soul,
Where only colours glow'd before.

Then first carnations learn'd to speak,
And blies into life were brought;
While, manfully on the maiden's cheek,
Young roses kindled into thought.
Then hyacinths their darkest dyes
Upon the locks of beauty threw;
And violets, transform'd to eyes,
Enshrin'd a soul within their blue.

**CHORUS.**
Best be Love, to whom we owe
All that's fair and bright below.
Song was cold and Painting dim
Till song and Painting heard from him.

Soon as the scene had closed, a cheer
Of gentle voices, old and young,
Rose from the groups that stood to hear
This tale of yore so aptly song;
And while some bemoan'd, in haste to tell
The workers of that fairy spell
How crow'd with praise their task had been,
Stole in behind the curtain'd scene.
The rest, in happy converse stray'd—
Talking that ancient love-sake o'er—
Some, to the groves that skirt the glade,
Some, to the chapel by the shore,
To lock what lights were on the sea,
And think of the absent silently.

But soon that summons, known so well
Through bower and hall, in Eastern lands,
Whose sound, more sure than song or bell,
Lovers and slaves alike command—
By clapping of young female hands,
Calls back the groups from rock and field
To see some new-form'd scene revealed;—
And fleet and eager, down the slopes
Of the green glade, like antelopes,
When, in their thirst, they hear the sound
Of distant rills, the light nymphs bound.

Far different now the scene—a waste
Of Labyrinths, by moonlight's ray;
An ancient well, wherein were traced
The writing words, for such as pass
Unarm'd there, "Drink and away!"  
While, near it, from the night-ray screen'd,
And like his heels, in huish'd repose,
A camel slept—young as if wean'd
When last the star, Canopus, rose.

Such was the back-ground's silent scene;—
While nearer lay, fast slumbering too,
In rude tents, with brow serene;
A youth whose cheeks of way-worn hue
And pilgrim-bonnet, told the tale
That he had been to Mecca's Vale:
Haply in pleasant dreams, ev'n now
Thinking the long-wish'd hour is come
When o'er the well-known porch at home,
His hand shall hang the aloe bough—
Trophy of his accomplish'd vow.  

But brief his dream—for now the call
Of the camp-chiefs from rear to van,
"Bind on your burdens,"  
Wakes up all
The widely slumbering caravan;
And thus meanwhile, to greet the ear
Of the young pilgrim as he wakes,
The song of one who, lingering near,
Had watch'd his slumber, cheerily breaks.

**SONG.**
Up and march! the timbrel's sound
Wakes the slumbering camp around;
Fleet thy hour of rest hath gone,
Armed sleeper, up, and on!
Long and weary is our way
Over the burning sands to-day;
But to pilgrim's homeward feet
Ev'n the desert's path is sweet.
When we lie at dead of night,
Looking up to heaven's light,
Hearing but the watchman's tone
Faintly chanting "God is one,"
Oh what thoughts then o'er us come
Of our distant village-home,
Where that chant, when evening sets,
Sounds from all the minarets.

Cheer thee!—soon shall signal lights,
Kindling over the Red-Sea heights,
Kindling quick from man to man,
Majest our coming caravan;
Think what bliss that hour will be!
Looks of home again to see,
And our names again to hear
Murmur'd out by voices dear.

So passed the desert dream away,
Fleeting as his who heard this lay,
Nor long the pause between, nor moved
The spell bound audience from that spot;
While still, as usual, Fancy roved
On to the joy that yet was not—
Fancy, who hath no present home,
But builds her bower in scenes to come;

moment you taste not another drop of milk.—Richardson.

3 "Whoever returns from a pilgrimage to Mecca has a plant (the mitre-shaped Aloe) over his street door, as a token of his having performed this holy journey."—Hasselquist.

4 "His form of notice to the caravans to prepare for marching was applied by Hahz to the necessity of rekindling the pleasures of this world, and preparing for death;—For to me what profit is there for pleasure in the bower of Beauty, when every moment the bell makes proclamation, 'Bind on your burdens?'"

5 The watchmen, in the camp of the caravans, go their rounds, crying one after another, "God is one," &c. &c.

6 "It was customary," says Irwin, "to light up fires on the mountains, within view of Cessir, to give notice of the approach of the caravans that came from the Nile."

1 The traveller Shaw mentions a beautiful rill in Barbary, which is received into a large basin called shrub noct umbr, "Drink and away!"—there being great danger of meeting with thieves and assassins, in such places.

2 The Arabian shepherd has a peculiar ceremony in leading the young camel, when the proper time arrives, he brings the camel towards the rising star, Canopus, and says, "Do you see Canopus? from this
EVENINGS IN GREECE.

Walking in a light
That flows from regions out of sight.

But see, by gradual dawn descried,
A mountain realm — rugged as e'er
Upraised to heav'ns its summits bare,
Or told to earth, with frown of pride,
That Freedom's falcon nest was there,
Top high for hand of lord or king
To nod her brow, or churl her wing.

'Tis Maine's land — her ancient hills,
The abode of nymphs — her countless rills
And torrents, in their downward dash
Shining, like silver, through the shade
Of the sea-pine and flowering ash —
All with a truth so fresh pourtrayed
As wants but touch of life to be
A world of warm reality.

And now, light bounding forth, a band
Of mountaineers, all smiles, advance —
Nymphs with their lovers, hand in hand,
Lark'd in the Arieude dance; —
And while, apart from that gay throng,
A minstrel youth, in varied song,
Tells of the loves, the joys, the ills
Of those wild children of the hills,
The rest by turns, or fierce or gay,
As war or sport inspires the lay,
Follow each change that wakes the strings,
And act what thus the lyrist sings: —

SONG.

No life is like the mountaineer's,
His home is near the sky,
Where, throne'd above this world, he hears
Its strife at distance side.
Or — 'twixt the sound of hoarse drum
Preludium below, "We come — we come,"
Each crag that towers in air
Gives answer, "Come who dare?"
While, like bees, from dell and dingle,
Sail he the swarming warriors on,
And their cry "Hurra?" will be,
"Hurra, to victory!"

When for battle's hour is over,
Then, when battle's hour is over,
See the happy mountaineyer,
With the nymph, who'll soon be bride,
Seated blushingly by his side,—
Every shadow of his lot
In her sunny smile forgot.
Oh, no life is like the mountaineer's,
His home is near the sky,
Where, throne'd above this world, he hears
Its strife at distance side.

But only thus through summer suns
This blithe existence cheery runs —
E'en winter, bleak and dour
Brings joyous hours to him;
When, his eye behind him fleeting,
He watches the roe-buck springing,
And a way, o'er the hills away
Re-echoes his glad "Hurra!"

Then how blest, when night is closing,
By the kindled hearth reposing,
To his rove's drowsy song,
He heaves the hour along;
Or, provoked by merry glances,
To a brisker movement dances,

As slow that minstrel, at the close,
Sunk, while he sung, to feig'nd repos,
Aply did they, whose mimic art
Follow'd the changes of his lay,
Pourtray the lull, the sod, the start,
Through which, as faintly died away
His lute and voice, the minstrel pass'd,
'Till voice and lute lay bush'd at last.

But now for other song came nearer
Their startled ears — song that, at first,
As solemnly the night-wind bore
Across the wave its mournful burst,
Seem'd to the fancy, like a dirge.
Of some lone Spirit of the Sea,
Singing over Helene's ancient surge
The requiem of her Brave and Free.

Sudden, amid their pastime, pause
The wondering nymphs; and, as the sound
Of that strange music nearer drew,
With mute enquiring eye look round,
Asking each other what can be
The source of this sad minstrelsy?
Near longer can they doubt, the song
Comes from some island-bark, which now
Courses the bright waves swelling along.
And soon, perhaps, herea'h the brow
Of the saint's Rock will shoot its prow.

Instantly all, with hearts that sigh'd
'Twixt fear and fancy's influence,
Flew to the rock, and saw from thence
A red-sailed pinnace towards them glide,
Whose shadow, as it swept the spray,
Scatter'd the minstrel's smile away,
Soon as the mariners saw that throng
From the cliff gazing, young and old
Sudden they slack'd their sail and song;
And, while their pincess's eye roll'd
On the light surge, these tidings told:

'T was from an isle of mournful name,
From Missolonghi, last they came: —
Sad Missolonghi, sorrowing ye.
O'er him, the noblest Star of Fame
That e'er in life's young glory set!
And now were on their mournful way,
Waiting the news through Hellen's isles: —
News that would cloud ev'n Freedom's ray,
And shed the Victory 'mid her smiles.
Their tale thus told, and heard, with pain,
Out spread the galliot's wings again;
And, as she spread her swift career,
Again that hymn rose on the ear —
"Thou art not dead — thou art not dead!"
As oft it was sung, in ages flown,
Of him, the Athenian, who, to shed
A tyrant's blood, pour'd out his own.

SONG.

Thou art not dead — thou art not dead! 3
No, dearest Harmodius, no.
Thy soul, to realms above us fled,
Through, like a star, it dwells o'erhead.
Still lights this world below.
Thou art not dead — thou art not dead!
No, dearest Harmodius, no.
Through isles of light, where heroes tread
And flowers ethereal blow.

1 — virginius bacchata Lacois.
Taygeta.

2 See, for an account of this dance, De Guy's Travels.

3 Τιλαθρε' 'Αρμοδίου αυτω τηνώνκας.
Thy god-like Spirit now is led,
Thy lip, with life ambrosial fed,
Forgets all taste of woe.
Thou art not dead — thou art not dead!
No, dearest Harmodius, no.

The myrtle, round that fialchino spread
Which struck the immortal blow,
Throughout all time, with leaves unsnatched —
The patriot’s hope, the tyrant’s dread —
Round Freedom’s shrine shall grow.
Thou art not dead — thou art not dead!
No, dearest Harmodius, no.

Where hearts like thine have broke or bled,
Though quench’d the vital glow,
Their memory lights a flame, instead,
Which, ev’n from out the narrow bed
Of death its beams shall throw.
Thou art not dead — thou art not dead!
No, dearest Harmodius, no.

Thy name, by myriads sung and said,
From age to age shall go,
Long as the oak and ivy wed,
As bees shall haunt Hymetus’ head,
Or Helle’s waters flow.
Thou art not dead — thou art not dead!
No, dearest Harmodius, no.

* * * * *

Mong those who linger’d listening there,—
Listening, with ear and eye, as long
As breath of night could towdrs them bear
A murmur of that mournful song,—
A few there were, in whom the lay
Had call’d up feelings far too sad
To pass with the trest stream away,
Or turn, once to time more glad;
And who, in mood untuned to meet
The light laugh of the happier train,
Wander’d to seek some moonlight seat
Where they might rest, in converse sweet,
Till vanish’d miles should come again.
And seldom o’er hath noon of night
To sadness lent more soothing light.
On one side, in the dark blue sky,
Lonely and radiant, was the eye
Of love, herself, while, on the other,
Mong trees that round her gleam’d,
The young noon, like the Roman mother
Among her living “jewels” beamed.

Touch’d by the lovely scenes around,
A pensive maid—one who, though young,
Had known what it was to see unwound
The ties by which her heart had clung
Waken’d her soft tambour’s sound,
And to its faint accords thus sung:—

**SONG.**

Calm as, beneath its mother’s eyes,
In sleep the smiling infant lies,
So, watch’d by all the stars of night,
Her landscape sleeps in light.
And while the night-breeze dies away,
Like relics of some tided strain,
Loved voice, lost for many a day,
Seem whispering round again.
Oh youth! oh love! ye dreams, that shed
Such glory once — where are ye fled?

Pure ray of light that, down the sky,
Art pointing, like an angel’s wand,
As if to guide to realms that lie
In that bright sea beyond:

Who knows but, in some brighter deep
Than even that tranquil, noon-lit main,
Some land may lie, where those who weep
Shall wake to smile again!

With cheeks that had requisi’d their power
And play of smiles, and each bright eye,
Like violets after morning’s shower,
The brighter for the tears gone by,
Back to the scene such smiles should grace
These wandering violets their path retrive,
And reach the spot, with rapture new
Just as the veil asunder flew,
And a fresh vision burst to view.

There, by her own bright Attic flood,
The blue-eyed Queen of Wisdom stood;—
Not as she haunt’s the sage’s dreams,
With brow unfeil’d, divine, severe;
But soft-cre’d as on birds she beams,
When fresh from Poesy’s high sphere,
A music, not her own, she brings,
And, through the veil which Fancy flings
O’er her stern features, gently sings.

But who is he — that urchin nigh,
With quiver on the rose-trees hung,
Who seems just dropp’d from yonder sky,
And stands to watch that maid, with eye
So full of thought, for one so young?—
That child — but, silence! lend thine ear,
And thus in song the tale thou’lt hear:—

**SONG.**

As Love, one summer eve, was straying,
Who should he see, at that soft hour,
But young Minerva, gravely playing,
Her flute within an olive bower.
I need not say, ’tis Love’s opinion
That, grave or merry, good or ill,
The sex all bow to his dominion,
As woman will be woman still.

Though seldom yet the boy hath given
To learned dames his smiles or sighs,
So handsome Pallas look’d, that even,
Love quite forgot the maid was wise.
Besides, a youth of his discerning
Knew well that, by a shady rill,
At sunset hour, whate’er her learning,
A woman will be woman still.

Her flute he praised in terms extatic,—
Wishing it dumb, nor cared how soon;—
For Wisdom’s notes, however chromatic,
To Love seem always out of tune.
But long as he found face to flatter,
The nymph found breath to shake and thrill
As, weak or wise — it doesn’t matter—
Woman, at heart, is woman still.

Love changed his plan, with warmth exclaiming,
“’Tis now was her lips’ soft dye!”
And much that flute, the flatterer, blaming,
For twisting lips so sweet away.
The nymph look’d down, beheld her features
Reflected in the passing rill,
And started, shock’d — for, ah, ye creatures!
Ev’n when divine, you’re women still.

Quick from the lips it made so odious,
That graceless flute the Goddess took,
And, while yet fill’d with breath melodious,
Flung it into the glassy brook;
Where, as its vocal life was finishing,
Adown the current, faint and shrill,
’T was heard in plaintive tone repeating,
“Woman alas, vain woman still!”
An interval of dark repose—
Such as the summer lightning known.
'Twixt flash and flash as still more bright
The quick revelation comes and goes,
Opening each time the veils of night.
To show, within, a world of light—
Such pause, so brief, now past between
This last gay vision and the scene,
Which now its depth of light disclosed.
A tower it seemed, an Indian tower,
Within whose shade a nymph repos'd,
Sleeping away noon's sunny hour—
Lovely as she, the Sprite, who weaves
Her mansion of sweet Durva leaves,
And there, as Indian legends say,
Dreams the long summer hours away.
And mark, how charm'd this sleeper seems
With some hid fancy—she, too, dreams!
Oh for a wizard's art to tell
The wonders that now bless her sight!
'Tis done—a true, holier spell
Than ever from wizard's lip yet fell.
Thus brings her vision all to light:

**SONG.**

*Who comes so gracefully Glimpse along,
While the blue rivulet Sleeps to her song;
Song, richly singing With the faint sighing
Which swans, in dying, Sweetly prolong?*

So sung the shepherd-boy By the stream's side, Watching that fairy boat Down the flood glide, Like a bird winging, Through the waves bringing That Syren, singing To the bash'd tide.

*Stay,* said the shepherd-boy, 
*Fairy-boat, stay,* 
*Linger, sweet minstrelsy,* 
*Linger, a day,* 
But vain his pleading, Fast him, unrelining, Song and boat, speeding, Glied away.

So to our youthful eyes Joy and hope shine; So, while we gazed on them, Fast they flew on;— Like flowers, declining Ev'n in the twining, One moment shining, And, the next, gone!

Soon as the imagined dream went by, Uprose the nymph, with anxious eye Turn'd to the clouds, as though some boon Waited from that sun-bright done, And marvell'd that it came not soon As her young thoughts would have it come. But joy is in her glance!—the wing Of a white bird is seen above; And oh, if round his neck he bring The long wish'd tidings from her love, Not half so precious in her eyes Ev'n that high-omen'd bird would be, Who dooms the brow o'er which he flies To wear a crown of Royalty.

She had herself, last evening, sent A winged messenger, whose flight Through the clear remote element, She watch'd till, lessening out of sight, Far to the golden West it went, Wasting to him, her distant love. A missive in that language wrote Which flowers can speak, when aptly wore, Each hue a word, each leaf a thought.

And now—oh speed of pinion, known To Love's high messengers alone!— Ere yet another evening takes Its farewell to the golden lakes, She sees another convey fly, With the wish'd answer, through the sky.

**SONG.**

Welcome, sweet bird, through the sunny air with a song.
Swift hast thou come o'er the far-shining sea,
Like Sela's dove, on thy snowy neck bringing
Love's written words from thy lover to me.
Oh, in thy absence, what hours did I number!—
Saying oft, the life of love could he rest?
But thou art come at last, take now thy slumber,
And fill thee in dreams of all thou lov'st best.

Yet dost thou drop—even now while I utter
Love's happy welcome, thy pulse dies away;
Cherish thee, my bird—were it life's ebbing fortune,
This fondling booms should woo it to stay.

But no—thou're dying—thy last task is over—
Farewell, sweet martyr, to Love and to me!
The smiles thou hast waked with joy from my lover,
Will now all be turned into weeping for thee.

While thus this scene of song (their last)
For the sweet summer season pass'd,
A few presiding nymphs, whose care
Watch'd over all, invisibly,
As do those guardian sprites of air,
Whose watch we feel, but cannot see,
Had from the circle—seemingly miss'd,
Ere they were sparkling there again—
Glided, like fairies, to assist
Their handmaidens on the moonlight plain
Where, hid by intercepting shade
From the stray glance of curious eyes,
A feast of fruits and wines was laid
Soon to shine out, a glad surprise!

And now the moon, her ark of light
Sailing through heaven, as though she bore
In safety through that deep of night,
Spirits of earth, the good, the bright,
To some remote immortal shore,
Had halfway sped her glorious way,
When, round reclined on hill's green breast,
In groups, beneath that tranquil ray,
The Zeans at their feast were seen.
Cav was the picture—every maid
Whom late the highest scene displayed,
Still in their fancy garb array'd—
The Arabian pilgrim, ending here
Be side the nymph of India's sky;
While there the Maimante mountaineer
Whisper'd in young Minerva's ear,
And arch'd Love stood laughing by.

Meantime the elders round the board,
By mirth and wit themselves made young,
High cups of juice Zacynthian pour'd,
And, while the flask went round, thus sung:—
EVENINGS IN GREECE.

SONG.

Up with the sparkling brimmer,
Up to the crystal rim;
Le't not a moon-calm glimmer
Twixt the flood and brim.
When hath the world-set eyes on
Aught to match this light,
Which, o'er our cup's horizon,
Dawns in bumphers bright?

Truth in a deep well lieth —
So the wise aver:
But Truth the fated denieth —
Water suits not her.
No, nor abode's in brimmers,
Like this mighty cup —
Waiting till we, good swimmers,
Dive to bring her up.

Thus circled round the song of glee,
And all was tuned with the while,
Save on the cheeks of some, whose smile,
As he'd they gaze upon the sea,
Turns into paleness suddenly!
What see they there? a bright blue light
That, like a me eat, guiding o'er
The distant wave, grows on the sight,
As though it were wing'd to Zee'a shore.

To see 'm those who came to gaze,
It seemed the morn-light, far away,
Of some lone fisher, by the blaze
Of pure torch, luring on his prey;
While others, as twixt awe and mirth,
They breathed the bless'd name of Vow'd,
That such light was not of earth,
But of that dreaT, ill-men'd fame,
Whom mariners see on sail or mast,
When death is coming in the blast.

While marveling thus they stood, a maid,
Who safe apart, with downward eye,
Nor yet had, like the rest, surveyed
That coming light which now was nigh,
Soon as she met her sight, with cry
Of praise or joy, "It is he! It is he!"
Loud she exclaim'd, and, hurrying by
The assembled throng, rush'd towards the sea.

At burst so wild, alarm'd, amaz'd,
All stood, like statues, mute, and gazed
Into each other's eyes, to seek
What meant such mood, in maid so meek?

Till now, the tale was known to few,
But now from lip to lip it flew:
— A youth, the flower of all the band,
Who late had left his sunny shore,
When last he kiss'd that maiden's hand,
Linger'd, to kiss it o'er and o'er,
By his sad brow too plainly told
The illomen'd thought which cross'd him then,
That once three hands should lose their hold,
They ne'er would meet on earth again!
In vain his mistress, sad as he,
But with a heart from Self as free
As generous woman's only is,
Yet her own fears to banish him:
With frank rebuke, but still more vain,
Did a rough warrior, who stood by,
Call to his mind this mortal strain,
His favourite ones, ere Beauty's eye
Had taught his soldier-heart to sigh:

1 The name which the Greeks give to the Virgin Mary.

SONG.

March! nor heed those arms that hold thee,
Though so fondly close they come;
Closer still will they enfold thee,
When thou bring'st fresh boughs home.
Dost thou dare on woman's brow?
Dost thou live but in her breath?
March! — one hour of victory now
Wins thee woman's smile till death.

Oh, what bliss, when war is over,
Beauty's long-mast'd smile to meet,
And, when wreaths to our temples cover,
Lay them shining at her feet.
Who would not, that hour to reach,
Breathe our life's aspiring sighs,
Proud as waves that on the beach
Lay their war-casts down and die.

There! I see thy soul is burning —
She herself, who clasps thee so,
Pants, ev'n now, thy glad returning,
And while clasping, bids thee go.
One deep sigh, to passion given,
One last glowing tear and then —
March! nor real thy sword, till Heaven
Brings thee to those arms again.

Even then, ere loth their hands could part,
A promise the youth gave, which bore
Some balm into the maiden's heart,
That, soon as the fierce light was o'er,
To home he'd speed, if safe and free;
Nay, ev'n if dying, still would come,
So the last word of "Victory!"

Hence doth the last he'd breathe at home,
"By day," he cried, "tis but my bark;
"But, should I come through midnight dark,"
A blue light on the prow shall tell
"That Greece hath won, and all is well!"

Fondly the maiden, every night,
Had stolen to seek that promised light;
Nay, long her eyes had now been turn'd
From watching, when the signal burn'd.
Signal of joy — for her, for all —
Fleecy the boat now nears the land,
While voices, from the shore-edge, call
To tidings of the long-wish'd band.

Oh, the blest hour, when those who've been
Though peril's paths by land or sea,
Lock'd in our arms again are seen
Smiling in glad security;
When heart to heart we fondly strain,
Questioning quickly o'er and o'er
Then hold them off, to gaze again —
And a-kin, though answer'd oft before,
If they, indeed, are ours once more?

Such is the scene, so full of joy,
Which welcomes now this warrior-boy,
As in hers, sisters, friends all run
Hounding to meet him — all but one,
Who, slowest on his neck to fall,
Is yet the happiest of them all.

And now beheld him, circled round
With beaming faces, at that b'ard,
While cups, with Laurel foliage crown'd,
Are to the coming warriors pour'd —
Coming, as their herald, told,
With blades from victory scarce yet cold,
With hearts untouch'd by Molested steel,
And wounds that home's sweet breath will heal.

"Ere morn," said he, — and, while he spoke,
Turn'd to the east, where, clear, and pale,
The star of dawn alreadv broke —
"We'll greet, on yonder wave, their sail!"
Then, wherefore part? all, all agree
To wait them here, beneath this bower;
And thus, while even amidst their gleam,
E'ch eye is turn'd to watch the sea;
With song they cheer the anxious hour.

**LEGENDARY BALLADS.**

**TO THE MISS FIELDINGS,**
THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED,
BY THEIR FAITHFUL FRIEND AND SERVANT,
THOMAS MOORE.

**S O N G.**

"Tis the Vine! 'tis the Vine!" said the cup-loving boy,
As he saw it spring bright from the earth,
And called the young Genii of Wit, Love, and Joy,
To witnesse and hallow its birth.
The fruit was felt grown, like a ruby it flamed
Till the sun-beam that kiss'd it look'd pale:
"Tis the Vine! 'tis the Vine!" ev'ry Spirit exclaim'd,
"Hail, hail to the Wine-tree, all hail!"
First, fleet as a bird, to the summons Wit flew,
While a light on the vine-leaves there broke,
In flashes so quick and so brilliant, all knew
'T was the light from his lips as he spoke.

**LEGENDARY BALLADS.**

"Bright tree! let thy nectar but cheer me," he cry'd,
"And the want of Wit never can fail?"
"'Tis the Vine! 'tis the Vine!" hills and valley reply,
"Hail, hail to the Wine-tree, all hail!"

Next, Love, as he lean'd o'er the plan to admire
Each tendril and cluster it wore,
From his rosy mouth sent such a breath of desire,
As made the tree tremble all o'er.
Oh, never did flower of the earth, sea, or sky
Such a soul-giving odour inhale:
"T is the Vine! 'tis the Vine!" all re-echo the cry,
"Hail, hail to the Wine-tree, all hail!"
Last, Joy, without whom even Love and Wit die,
Came to crown the bright hour with his ray;
And scarce had that mirth-waking tree met his eye,
When a laugh spoke what Joy could not say:-
A laugh of the heart, which was echoed around
Till, like music, it swell'd on the gale;
"'Tis the Vine! 'tis the Vine!" laughing myriads resound,
"Hail, hail to the Wine-tree, all hail!"

**THE VOICE.**

It came o'er her sleep, like a voice of those days,
When love, only love, was the light of her ways;
And, swift as in moments of bliss long ago,
It whisper'd her name from the garden below.
"Alas," sigh'd the maiden, "how fancy can cheat!
The world once had lips that could whisper thus sweet;
"But cold now they slumber in you fatal deep,
Where, oh, that beside them this heart too could sleep!"

She suck on her pillow—but no, 'twas in vain
To chase the illusion, that Voice came again!
She flew to the casement—but, hush'd at the grave,
In moonlight lay slumbering woodland and wave.
"Oh, sleep, come and shield me," in anguish she said,
"From that call of the buried, that cry of the Dead!"
And sleep came round her—but, starting, she woke,
For still from the garden that spirit Voice spoke!
"I come," she exclaimed, "be thy home where it may,
On earth or in heaven, that call I obey;"
Then forth through the moonlight, with heart beating fast
And loud as a death-watch, the pale maiden past.
Still round her the scene all in loneliness shone;
And still, in the distance, that Voice led her on;
But whither—she wander'd, by wave or by shore,
None ever could tell, for she came back no more.

No, never came she back,—but the watchman who stood,
That night, in the tower which o'ershadows the flood,
Saw dimly, 'tis said, o'er the moon-lighted spray,
A youth on a steed bear the maiden away.

**CUPID AND PSYCHE.**

They told her that he, to whose vows she had listen'd
Through night's fleeting hours, was a Spirit unblest:—
Unholy the eyes, that beside her had glisten'd,
And evil the lips she in darkness had press'd.

"When next in thy chamber the bridegroom reclineth,
Bring near him thy lamp, when in slumber he lies;
And there, as the light o'er his dark features shine,
'I' shall see what a demon bath won all thy sights!"

Too fond to believe them, yet doubting, yet fearing,
When calm lay the sleeper she stole with her light;
And saw—such a vision!—no image, appearing
To hark in their day-dreams, was ever so bright.

A youth, but just passing from childhood's sweet morning,
While round him still linger'd its innocent ray;
Though dreams, from beneath his shut eyelids gave warning
Of summer-noon lightnings that under them lay.

His brow had a grace more than mortal around it,
While, gazed as gold from a fairy-land mine,
His sunny hair hung, and the flowers that crown'd it
Seem'd fresh from the breeze of some garden divine.
HERO AND LEANDER.

"The night-wind is moaning with mournful sighs,
There gleameth no moon in the misty sky,
"No star over Helle's sea;
Yet, yet, there is shining one holy light,
One love-kindled star through the deep of night,
"To lead me, sweet Hero, to thee!"

Thus saying, he plunged in the foamy stream,
Still fixing his gaze on that distant beam
No eye but a lover's could see;
And still, as the surge swept over her head,
"To-night," he said tenderly, "living or dead,
"Sweet Hero, I'll rest with thee!"

But fiercer around him the wild waves speed;
Oh, Love! in that hour of thy votary's need,
Where, where could thy Spirit be?
He struggles—he sinks—while the hurricane's breath
Bears rudely away his last farewell in death—
"Sweet Hero, I die for thee!"

THE LEAF AND THE FOUNTAIN.

"Tell me, kind Sery, I pray thee,
So may the stars obey thee,
"So may each airy
Moon-elf and fairy
"Nightly their homage pay thee!
Say, by what spell, alone, below,
In stars that wink or flowers that blow
I may discover,
"Ere night is over,
Whether my love loves me, or no,
Whether my love loves me?"

"Maiden, the dark tree nigh thee
Hath charms no gold could buy thee;
"Its wands enchanted,
By moon-elves planted,
Will all thou seek 'st supply thee;
Climb to yon boughs that highest grow,
Bring thence their fairest leaf below;
And thou 'll discover,
"Ere night is over,
Whether thy love loves thee or no,
Whether thy love loves thee?"

"See, up the dark tree going,
With blossoms round me blowing,
"From hence, oh Father,
"This leaf I gather,
"Fairest that there is growing,
Say, by what sign I now shall know
If in this leaf lie bliss or woe,
And thus discover,
"Ere night is over,
Whether my love loves me or no,
Whether my love loves me?"

"Fly to yon found that's welling
Where moonbeam over her had dwelling,
"Dip in its water
That leaf, oh Daughter,
"And mark the tale it's telling!
Watch thou if pale or bright it grow,
List thou, the while, that fountain's flow
And th' it discover
"Whether thy love,
"Loved as he is, loves thee or no,
"Loved as he is, loves thee?"

Forth flew the nymph, delighted,
To seek that fountain brought;
But, scarce a minute
The leaf lay in it,
When, lo, its bloom was blighted!
And as she ask'd, with voice of woe—
Listening, the while, that fountain's flow—
"Shall I recover
"My true lover?"
The fountain seemed to answer, "No!"
The fountain answered, "No!"

CEPHALUS AND PROCRIS.

A hunter once in that grove recloathed,
To shun the moon's bright eye,
And oft he wended the wandering wind,
To cool his brow with its sigh.
While mute lay even the wild bee's hum,
Nor breath could stir the lover's brow,
His song was still "Sweet Air, oh come!"
While Echo answered, "Come, sweet Air!"

But, barks, what sounds from the thicket rise!
What meaneth that rustling spray?
"Tis the white-horn'd doe,
The flier cries,
"I have sought since break of day.
Quack o'er the sunny glade he springs,
The arrow flies from his sounding bow,
"Hillih - hillih!" he gaily sings,
While Echo sings forth "Hillih!"

Alas, 'tis not the white-horn'd doe
He saw in the rustling grove,
But the bridal veil, as pure as snow,
Of his own young wedded love.
And, ah, too sure that arrow sped,
For pale at his feet he sees her lie—
"I live, I die," was all she said.
While Echo mourn'd, "I die, I die!"

YOUTH AND AGE.

"Tell me, what's Love?" said Youth, one day
To drooping Age, who erst his way.—
"It is a sunny hour of play,
For which repentance dear doth pay;
"Repentance! Repentance!
"And this is Love, as wise men say."

"Tell me, what's Love?" said Youth once more,
Fearful, yet fond, of Age's love. —
"Soft is a passing summer's wind,
Wouldst thou know the blight it leaves behind?
"Repentance! Repentance!
"And this is Love—when love is o'er."

1 The ancients had a mode of divination somewhat similar to this; and we find Emperor Adrian, when he went to consult the Fountain of Casaliva, plucking a bay-leaf and dipping it into the sacred water.
2 The air, to which I have adapted these words, was composed by Mrs. Arkwright to some old verses.
"Tell me what's Love, kind shepherd, pray?" and it has been my object to retain as much of the structure and phraseology of the original words as possible.
"Tell me, what's Love?" said Youth, again
Trusting the bliss, but not the pain.
"Sweet as a May tree's-scented air —
Mark ye what bitter fruit'll it bear,
'Tis Love! Repentance! Repentance!
"This, is Love — sweet Youth, beware."

Just then, young Love himself came by,
And cast on Youth a smiling eye;
Who could resist that glance's ray?
In vain did Ave his warning say,
"Repentance! Repentance?"
Youth laughing went with Love away.

---

**THE DYING WARRIOR**

A wounded chieftain, lying
By the Danube's leafy side,
Thus faintly said, in dying,
"Oh! bear, thou foaming tide,
This gift to my lady's side."

"Twas then, in life's last quiver
He flung the scarf he wore
Into the foaming river,
Which, ah too quickly, bore
That pledge of one no more!

With fond impatience burning,
The Chieftain's lady stood,
To watch her love returning,
In triumph down the flood,
From that day's field of blood.

But, field, alas, ill-fated!
The lady saw, instead
Of the bark whose speed she waited,
Her hero's scarf, all red
With the drops his heart had shed.

One shriek — and all was over —
Her life-pulse ceased to beat;
The gloomy waves now cover
That bridal-flower so sweet,
And the scarf is her winding-sheet!

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**THE MAGIC MIRROR.**

"Come, if thy magic Glass have power
To call up forms we wish to see;
Show me, my love, in that gray bower,
Where last she pledged her truth to me."

The Wizard show'd him his Lady bright,
Where lone and pale in her bow'r she lay;
"True-hearted maid," said the happy Knight,
"She's thinking of one, who is far away."

But, lo! a page, with looks of joy,
Brings tidings to the Lady's ear;
"Tis," said the Knight, "the same bright boy
Who used to guide me to my dear."

The Lady now, from her fav'rite tree,
Hath, smiling, pluck'd a rose for you;
"Such," he exclam'd, "was the gift that she
Each morning sent me from that bow'r!"

She gives her page the blooming rose,
With looks that say, "Like lightning, fly!"
"Thus," thought the Knight, "she soothes her woes,
By fancying, still, her true-love high."

But the page returns, and — oh, what a sight,
For trusting lover's eyes to see —
Leads to that bow'r another Knight,
As young and, alas, as loved as he!

---

**THE PILGRIM.**

Still thus, when twilight gleam'd,
Far off his Castle seen;
Traced on the sky;
And still, as fancy bore him
To those dim towers before him,
He gazed, with wishful eye,
And thought his home was nigh.

"Hall of my Sires?" he said,
"How long, with weary tread,
Must I toil on?"
"Each eve, as thus I wander,
"Thy towers seem rising yonder,
"But, scarce hath daylight shone,
"When, like a dream, thou'rt gone!"

So went the Pilgrim still,
Down dale and over hill,
Day after day;
That glimpse of home, so cheering,
At twilight still appearing,
But still, with morning's ray,
Melting, like mist, away!

Where rests the Pilgrim now?
Here, by this cypress bough,
Closed his career;
That dream, of fancy's weav'ng,
No more his steps deceiving,
Alike past hope and fear,
The Pilgrim's home is here.

---

**THE HIGH-BORN LADYE.**

In vain all the Knights of the Underwald woo'd her,
Tho' brightest of maidens, the proudest was she;
Brave chieftains they sought, and young minstrels
they sued her,
But worthy were none of the high-born Ladye.

"Whomsoever I wed," said this maid, so excelling,
"That Knight must the conqueror of conquerors be;
He must place me in halls fit for monarchs to dwell in;
Non-eless shall be Lord of the high-born Ladye!"

Thus spoke the proud damsel, with scorn looking round her
On Knights all; on Nibles of highest degree;
Who humbly ask, hopelessly left as they found her,
And worshipp'd at distance the high-born Ladye.

At length came a Knight, from a far land to woo her,
With plumes on his helm like the foam of the sea;
His visor was down, but, with voice that thrill'd through her,
He whisper'd his vows to the high-born Ladye.

"Proud maiden! I come with high spousals to grace thee,
"In me the great conqueror of conquerors see;
"Enthroned in a hall fit for monarchs I'll place thee,
"And minst thou'rt for ever, thou high-born Ladye!"
**LEGENDARY BALLADS.**

The maiden she smiled, and in jewels array'd her,  
Of thrones and tiaras already dreamt she;  
And proud was the step, as her bridegroom convey'd her  
In pomp to his home, of that high-born Ladye.

But whither," she, starting, exclaims, "have you led me?"

Here's tumbled but a tomb and a dark cypress tree;  
Is this the bright palace in which thou wouldst wed me?"

With scorn in her glance said the high-born Ladye.

"Tis the home," he replied, "of earth's loftiest creatures!"

Then lifted his helm for the fair one to see;  
But she sank on the ground — 'tis a skeleton's features,

And Death was the Lord of the high-born Ladye!

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**THE INDIAN BOAT.**

'T was midnight dark,  
The seaman's bark,  
Swift o'er the waters bore him,  
When, through the night,  
He spied a light.

Shoot o'er the wave before him,  
"A sail! a sail!" he cries;  
"She comes from the Indian shore,  
And to-night shall be our prize,  
With her freight of golden ore!"

When morning shone  
He saw the gold still clearer;  
But, though so fast  
The wave he pass'd,

That boat seemed never the nearer.

Bright daylight came,  
And still the same  
Rich bark before him floated;  
While on the prize  
His wishful eye.

Like any young lover's doated;  
"More sail! more sail!" he cries,  
While the waves o'er top the mast  
And his bounding galley flies,  
Like an arrow before the blast.

Thus on, and on,  
Till day was gone,  
And the moon through heaven did hie her,  
He swept the main,  
But all in vain,  
That boat seemed never the nigher.

And many a day  
To night gave way,  
And many a morn succeeded;  
While still his flight,  
Through day and night,  
That restless mariner speeded.

Who knows — who knows what seas  
He is now careering o'er?  
Behind, the eternal breeze,  
And that mocking bark, before!  
For, oh, till sky  
And earth shall die,  
And their death leaves none to rue it,  
That boat must flee  
O'er the boundless sea,  
And that ship in vain pursue it.

---

**THE STRANGER.**

Come list, while I tell of the heart-wounded Stranger  
Who sleeps her last slumber in the haunted ground;  
Where often, at midnight, the lonely wood-ranger  
Hears soft fairy music re-echo around.

None e'er knew the name of that heart-stricken lady,  
Her language, though sweet, none could ever understand;  
But her features so sunned, and her eyelash so shady,  
Bespoke her a child of some far eastern land.

'T was one summer night, when the village lay sleeping,  
A soft strain of melody came o'er our ears;  
So sweet, but so mournful, half song and half weeping,  
Like music that sorrow had steep'd in her tears.

We thought 't was an anthem some angel had sung us;—  
But, soon as the day-beams had gush'd from on high,  
With wonder we saw this bright stranger among us,  
All lovely and lone, as if stray'd from the sky.

Nor long did her life for this sphere seem interred,  
For pale was her cheek, with that spirit-like hue,  
Which comes when the day of this world is nigh ended,  
And light from another already shines through.

Then her eyes, when she sung — oh, but once to have seen them;—  
Left thoughts in the soul that can never depart;  
While her looks and her voice made a language between them,  
That spoke more than holiest words to the heart.

But she pass'd like a dream of, no skill could restore her—  
Whatever was her sorrow, its ruin came fast;  
She died with the same spell of mystery o'er her,  
That song of past days on her lips to the last.

Nor even in the grave is her sad heart resting —  
Still hover the spirit of grief round her tomb;  
For oft, when the shadows of midnight are closing,  
The same strain of music is heard through the gloom.
MELOLOGUE UPON NATIONAL MUSIC.

A MELOLOGUE UPON NATIONAL MUSIC.

ADDRESSMENT.

Three verses were written for a Benefit at the Dublin Theatre, and were spoken by Miss Smith, with a degree of success, which they owed solely to her admirable manner of reciting them. I wrote them to her to his humble request, and if they have not the. merit which has cost but little labour to the writer, is productive of any great pleasure to the reader. Under this impression, I certainly should not have published them if they had not found their way into some of the newspapers, with such an addition of errors to their own original stock, that I thought it but fair to limit their responsibility to those faults alone which really belong to them.

With respect to the title which I have invented for this Poem, I feel even more than the scruples of the Emperor Tiberius, when he humbly asked pardon of the Roman Senate for using "the outlandish term, monopoly." But the truth is, having written the Poem with the sole view of serving a Benefit, I thought that an unintelligible word of this kind would not be without its attraction for the multitude, with whom, "it is not sense, at least in Greek." To some of my readers, however, it may be superfluous to say, that by "Meleologue," I mean that mixture of recitation and music, which is frequently adopted in the performance of Cozzoli's Ode on the Passions, and of which the most striking example I can remember is the prophetic speech of Job in the Athisle of Racine.

T. M.

MELOLOGUE.

A SHORT STRAIN OF MUSIC FROM THE ORCHESTRA.

There breathes a language, known and felt
Far as the pure air spreads its living zone;
Wherever rage can arouse, or ply melt,
That language of the soul is felt and known.
For those myriad voices, who in arms
Whereof, of old, on some high tower,
The soft Persian sound'd his midnight strain,
And called his distant love with such sweet power,
That, when she heard the lonely lay,
Not wholly could keep her from his arms away,
To the bleak climes of polar night,
Where blithe, beneath a sunless sky,
The Lybrian lover bids his reindeer fly,
And since along the lengthening waste of snow,
Gilly as if the blessed light
Of cruel Phoebus burn'd upon his brow;
Oh Music! thy celestial claim
Is will resounds, still the same;
And, faithful as the mighty sea
To the pale star that, o'er its realm presides,
The spell-bound tides
Of human passion rise and fall for thee!

GREEK AIR.

List! 'tis a Grecian maid that sings,
While, from Issus's silver springs,

1 "A certain Spaniard, one night late, met an Indian woman in the streets of Cacoo, and would have taken her to his house, but she cried out, 'For God's sake, Sir, let me go, for that pipe which you hear in your tower, calls me with great passion, and I cannot refuse the summons; for love constrains me to go, that I may be his wife, and be his husband.'"—Caridado de la Viga, in Sir Paz. Kycath's translation.

She draws the cool lymp in her graceful urns
And by her side, in Music's charm dissolving,
Some patriotic, the glorious past reviving,
Dreams of bright days that never can return;
When Athens nursed her olive bough,
With hands by tyrant power unchained;
And breathed for the muse's brow
A wreath by tyrant touch sustain'd,
When heroes trod each classic field
Whose coward few no more remain;
When every arm was Freedom's shield,
And every heart was Freedom's altar.

FLOURISH OF TRUMPETS.

Hark! 'tis the sound that charms
The war-steel's waking ear!—
Oh! many a mother folds her arms
Round her boy-soldier when that call she hears;
And, through her fond heart sink with tears,
Is proud to feel his young pulse bound
With valour's fever at the sound.
See, from his native hills afar
The rude Helvetian flies to war;
Careless for what, for whom he fights,
For slave or despot, wrongs or rights
A conqueror off—a hero never—
Yet lavish of his life-blood still,
As if it were like his mountain rill,
And gush'd for ever!

Yes, Music, here, even here,
Amid this thoughtless, vague career,
Thy soul-delight charm asserts its wondrous power.
There's a wild air which oft, among the rocks
Of his own loved land, at evening hour,
Is heard, when shepherds homeward pipe their flock,
Whose every note hath power to charm his mind
With tenderest thoughts; to bring around his knees
The rov children whom he left behind,
And fill each little angel eye
With such rapturous tears, that ask him why
He wander'd from his brother scenes like these.
Vain, vain is then the trumpet's brazen rear;
Sweet notes of home, of love, a soul he hears;
And the stern eyes that look'd for blood before,
Now melting, mournful, lose themselves in tears.

SWISS AIR. — "RANZ DES VACHES!"

But, wake the trumpet's blast again,
And rouse the ranks of warlike men!
Oh War, when 'tis thy arm employs,
And Freedom's spirit guides the labouring storm,
'Tis then thy vengeance takes a hallow'd form,
And, like Heaven's lightning, sacredly destroys.
Nor, Music, through the breathing sphere,
Lives there a sound more grave to the ear
Of Him who made all harmony,
Than the bless'd sound of fletch'd breaking,
And the first hymn that man, awaking
From Slavery's slumber, breathes to Liberty.

SPANISH CHORUS.

Hark! from Spain, indignant Spain,
Bursts the bold, enthusiastic strain,
Like morning's music on the air;
And seems, in every note, to swear
By Saragossa's ruin'd streets,
By brave Gerona's deathful story,
That, while our Spaniard's life-blood beats,
That blood shall stain the conqueror's glory.
SPANISH AIR. — "YA DESPERTO."

But all if vain the patriot's seal,
If neither valour's force nor wisdom's light
Can break or melt that blood-cemented seal,
Which shuts so close the book of Europe's right —
What song shall then in sadness tell
Of broken pride, of prospects shaded,
Of buried hopes, remember'd well,
Of ardour quench'd, and honour faded?
What must she mourn the breathless brave,
In sweetest dirge at Memory's shine?
What lark shall sing o'er Freedom's grave?
Oh Erin, Time!

SET OF GLEES: MUSIC BY MOORE.

THE MEETING OF THE SHIPS.

When o'er the silent seas alone,
For days and nights we've cheerless gone,
Oh! they who've felt it know how sweet,
Some sunny morn a sail to meet.

Sparkling at once is every eye,
"Ship ahoy! ship ahoy!" our joyful cry;
While answering back the sounds we hear,
"Ship ahoy! ship ahoy!" what cheer! what cheer?

Then sails are back'd, we nearer come,
Kind words are said of friends and home; And soon, too soon, we part with pain,
To sail o'er silent seas again.

HIP, HIP, HURRAH!

Come, fill round a bumper, fill up to the brim,
He who shrinks from a bumper I pledge not to him;
Here's the girl that each loves, be her eye of what hue,
Or lustre, it may, so her heart is but true.

Charge! (drinks) hip, hip, hurra, hurra!

Come charge high, again, boy, nor let the full wine Leave a space in the brimmer, where daylight may shine;
Here's "the friends of our youth — tho' of some we're bereft,
May the links that are lost but endear what are left?"

Charge! (drinks) hip, hip, hurra, hurra!

Once more fill a bumper — never talk of the hour;
On hearts thus united Time has no power.
May our lives, tho', alas! like the wine of to-night, They must soon have an end, to the last flow as bright.

Charge! (drinks) hip, hip, hurra, hurra!

Quick, quick, now, I'll give you, since Time's glass will run
Ev'n faster than ours doth, three bumpers in one;
Here's the poet who sings — here's the warrior who fights;
Here's the statesman who speaks, in the cause of men's rights!

Charge! (drinks) hip, hip, hurra, hurra!

Come, once more, a bumper, — then drink as you please,
Tho', who could fill a way to toast such as these? Here's our next joyous meeting — and oh when we meet,
May our wine be as bright and our union as sweet!

Charge! (drinks) hip, hip, hurra, hurra!

HUSH, HUSH!

"Hush, hush!" — how well
That sweet word sounds,
When Love, the little sentinel,
Walks his night-rounds;

Then, if a foot but dare
One rose-leaf crush,
Myriads of voices in the air
Whisper, "Hush, hush!"

"Hark, hark, 'tis he!"
The night elves cry,
And hush their fairy harmony,
While he steaks by;
But if his silver feet
One dew-drop brush,
Voices are heard in chorus sweet,
Whispering, "Hush, hush!"

THE PARTING BEFORE THE BATTLE.

ON the field, our doom is sealed,
To conquer or be slaves;
This sun shall see our nation free,
Or set upon our graves.

Farewell, oh, farewell, my love,
May Heaven thy guardian be,
And send bright angels from above
To bring thee back to me.

On the field, the battle-field,
Where freedom's standard waves,
This sun shall see our nation free,
Or shine upon our graves.

THE WATCHMAN

A T R I O.

WATCHMAN.

Past twelve o'clock — past twelve.
Good night, good night, my dear —
How fast the moments fly!
'Tis time to part, thou hear'st
That hateful watchman's cry.

WATCHMAN.

Past one o'clock — past one.
Yet stay a moment longer —
Alas! why is it so,
The wish to stay grows stronger,
The more it is time to go.

WATCHMAN.

Past two o'clock — past two.
Now wrap thy cloak about thee —
The hours must sure go wrong,
For when they're past without thee,
They're, oh, ten times as long.
WATCHMAN.
Past three o'clock — past three.
Again that dreadful warning! 
Hast ever time such flight?
And see the sky, 'tis morning —
So now, indeed, good night.

WATCHMAN.
Past three o'clock — past three.
Good night, good night.

SAY, WHAT SHALL WE DANCE?
Say, what shall we dance?
Shall we bound along the moonlight plain,
To music of Italy, Greece, or Sardin? 
Say, what shall we dance?
Shall we, like those who rove
Through bright Grenada's grove,
To the light Zoroaster's measures move?
Or choose the Guarinia's languishing lay,
And thus to its sound die away?

Strike the gay chords,
Let us hear each strain from every shore
That music haunts, or young feet wander o'er.

Hark! 'tis the light march, to whose measured time,
The Polish lady, by her lover led,
Delights through gay saloons with step untired to tread,
Or swearer still, through moonlight walks
Whose shadows serve to hide
The blush that's raised by him who talks
Of love the while by her side,
Thee comes the smooth waltz, to whose floating sound
Like dreams we go gliding around,
Say, which shall we dance? which shall we dance?

THE EVENING GUN.
Remember'st thou that setting sun,
The last I saw with thee,
When loud we heard the evening gun
Peal o'er the twilight sea?
Boom! — the sounds appear'd to sweep
Far o'er the verge of day,
Till, into realms beyond the deep,
They seem'd to die away.

Oft, when the toils of day are done,
In pensive dreams of thee,
I sit to hear that evening gun,
Peal o'er the stormy sea.
Boom! — and while, o'er billows curl'd,
The distant sounds decay,
I weep and wish, from this rough world
Like them to die away.

BALLADS, SONGS, MISCELLANEOUS POEMS, ETC.

TO-DAY, DEAREST! IS OURS.
To-day, dearest! is ours;
Why should Love carelessly lose it?
This life shines or bow's
Just as we, weak mortals, use it.
'Tis time enough, when its flowers decay,
To think of the thorns of sorrow;
And joy, if left on the stem to-day,
May wither before to-morrow.

Then why, dearest! so long
Let the sweet moments fly over.
Though now, blooming and young,
Thou hast me devotedly thy lover,
Yet Time from both, in his silent lapse,
Some treasure may steal or borrow;
Thy charms may be less in bloom, perhaps,
Or less in love to-morrow.

WHEN ON THE LIP THE SIGH DELAYS.
When on the lip the sigh delays,
As if it would linger there for ever;
When eyes would give the world to gaze,
Yet still look down, and venture never;
When, though with fairest hymns we rove,
There's one we dream of more than say —
If all this is not real love,
'Tis something wondrous like it, Fancy!

To think and ponder, when apart,
On all we've got to say at meeting;
And yet when near, with heart to heart,
Sit mute, and listen to their beating;
To see but one bright object move,
The only moon, where stars are many —
If all this is not downright love,
I prithee say what is, my Fancy!

When hope foretells the brightest, best,
Though Reason on the darkest reckon's;
When Passion drives us to the west,
Though Prudence to the eastward beckons;
When all turns round, below, above,
And our own heads 'tis most of any —
If this is not stark, staring love,
Then you and I are sages, Fancy.

HERE, TAKE MY HEART.
Here, take my heart — 'tis safe in thy keeping,
While I go wand'ring o'er land and o'er sea;
Smiling or sorrowing, waking or sleeping,
What need I care, so my heart is with thee?

If, in the race we are destined to run, love,
They who have light hearts the happiest be,
Then, happier still must be they who have none, love,
And that will be my case when mine is with thee.

It matters not where I may now be a rover,
I care not how many bright eyes I may see;
Should Venus herself come and ask me to love her,
I'd tell her I couldn't — my heart is with thee.

And there let it lie, growing fonder and fonder —
For, even should Fortune turn traitor to me,
Why, let her go — I've a treasure beyond her,
As long as my heart's out at interest with thee.

OH, CALL IT BY SOME BETTER NAME.
Oh, call it by some better name,
For Friendship sounds too cold;
While Love is now a worldly name,
Whose shrine must be of gold;
And Passion, like the sun at noon,
That burns o'er all he sees,
While as warm, will set as soon—
Then, call it none of these.

Imagine something purer far,
More free from stain of clay
Than Friendship, Love, or Passion are,
Yet human still as they:
And if thy lip, for love like this,
No mortal word can frame,
Go, ask of angels what it is,
And call it by that name.

POOR WOUNDED HEART

Poor wounded heart, farewell!
Thy hour of rest is come;
Thou soon wilt reach thy home,
Poor wounded heart, farewell!

The pain thou'lt feel in breaking
Less bitter far will be,
Than that long, deadly aching,
This life has been to thee.

There—broken heart, farewell!
The pang is o'er—
The pining pang is o'er;
Thou now wilt bleed no more,
Poor broken heart, farewell!

No rest for thee but dying—
Like waves, whose strife is past,
On death's cold shore thus lying,
Thou sleepest in peace at last—
Poor broken heart, farewell!

THE EAST INDIAN.

Come, May, with all thy flowers,
Thy sweetly-scented thorn,
Thy cooling evening showers,
Thy fragrant breath at morrow;
When May-lilacs haunt the willow,
When May's buds tempt the bee,
Then o'er the shining bower
My love will come to me.

From Eastern Isles she's winging
Through watery wilds her way,
And on her cheek is bringing
The bright sun's orient ray;
Oh, come and court her bower,
Yet breeze mild and warm
One winter's gale would wither
So soft, so pure a form.

The fields where she was staying
Are blest with endless light,
With zephyrs always playing
Through gardens always bright.
Then now, sweet May! be sweeter
Than e'er thou'lt been before;
Let sights from roses meet her
When she comes near our shore.

POOR BROKEN FLOWER.

Poor broken flower! what art can now recover thee?
Torn from the stem that fed thy rosy breath—
In vain the sun-beams seek
To warm that faded cheek;
The dews of heaven, that once like balm fell over thee,
Now are but tears, to weep thy early death.

So droops the maid whose lover hath forsaken her,—
Thrown from his arms, as tone and lost as thou;
In vain the smiles of all
Like sun-beams round her fall;
The only smile that could from death awaken her,
That smile, alas! is gone to others now.

THE PRETTY ROSE-TREE.

Being weary of love,
I flew to the grove,
And chose me a tree of the fairest;
Saying, "Pretty Rose-tree,
"Thou my mistress shall be,"—
"And I'll worship each bud thou hearest,
"For the heart of this world are hollow,
"And sickle the smiles we follow;
"And it is sweet, when all
"Their witcheries fail,
"To have a pure love to fly to:
"So, my pretty Rose-tree,
"Thou my mistress shall be,
"And the only one now I shall sigh to."

When the beautiful hue
Of thy cheek through the dew
Of morning is bashfully peeping,
"Sweet tears! I shall say
(As I brush them away),
"At least there's so art in this weeping,
Although thou shouldst die to-morrow,
I'll not be from pain or sorrow;
And the horns of thy stem
Are not like them.

With which men wound each other:
So my pretty Rose-tree,
Thou my mistress shall be,
And I'll never again sigh to another.

SHINE OUT, STARS!

Shine out, Stars! let Heau'n assemble
Round us every fragrant ray,
Lights that move not, lights that tremble,
All to grace this Eve of May.
Let the bow'rs-dews all lie waking,
And the dews shut up there.
From their dewy pens breaking,
Fly abroad through sea and air.

And would Love, too, bring his sweetness,
With our other joys to weave,
Oh what glory, what completeness,
Then would crown this bright May Eve!
Shine out, Stars! let night assemble
Round us every festal ray,
Lights that move not, lights that tremble,
To adorn this Eve of May.

THE YOUNG MOLECETTERS OF GRENADA.

Oh, the joys of our evening posada,
Where, resting at close of day,
We, young Molecaters of Grenada,
Sit and sing the sunshine away;
So merry, that even the slumberers,
That round us hung seem gone;
Till the lute's soft drawzy numbers
Again beguile them on.
Oh, the joys, &c.

Then as each to his lov'd sultana
In sleep still breathe the sigh,
The name of some black-eyed Tirana
Escapes our lips as we lie.
Till, with morning's rosy twinkle,
Again we're up and gone—
While the mule-bell's drowsy tinkle
Beguiles the rough way on.
Oh the joys of our merry psada,
Where, resting at close of day,
We, young Multiers of Grenada,
Thus sing the gay moments away

TELL HER, OH, TELL HER

Tell her, oh, tell her, the lute she left lying Beneath the green arbour is still lying there; And breezes, like lovers, around it are sighing, But not a soft whisper replies to their prayer Tell her, oh, tell her, the tree that, in going, Beside the green arbour she playfully set, As lovely as ever is blushing and blowing, And not a bright leaflet has fallen from it yet So while away from that arbour forsaken, The maiden is wandering, still let her be As true as the lute, that no sighing can waken, And blooming for ever, unchanged as the tree!

NIGHTS OF MUSIC.

Nights of music, nights of loving,
Last too soon, remember'd long;
When we went by moonlight roving,
Hearts all love and lips all song.
When this faithful lute recorded
All my spirit felt to thee;
And that smile the song rewarded—
Worth whole years of fame to me!

Nights of song, and nights of splendour,
Fill'd with joys too sweet to last—
Joys that, like the star-lights, endure,
While they shine, no shadow cast.
Though all other happy hours
From my fading memory fly,
Of that star-light, of those bowers,
Not a beam, a leaf shall die!

OUR FIRST YOUNG LOVE.

Our first young love resembles
That short but brilliant ray,
Which smiles, and weeps, and trembles
Through April's earliest day.
And not all life before us,
However its lights may play,
Can shelter a lustre o'er us
Like that first April ray.

Our summer sun may squander
A blaze-serener, grander;
Our autumn beam
May, like a dream
Of heaven's calm away;
But, no—let life before us
Bring all the light it may,
'Twill never shed lustre o'er us
Like that first youthful ray.

BLACK AND BLUE EYES.

The brilliant black eye
May in triumph yet fly

All its darts without caring who feels them;
But the soft eye of blue, Though it scatter wounds too,
Is much better pleased when it heals them—
Dear Fanny!
Is much better pleased when it heals them—
The black eye may say, "Come and worship my ray—
"By adoring, perhaps you may move me!" But the blue eye, half hid, Says, from under its lid, "I love, and am yours, if you love me!" Yes, Fanny! The blue eye, half hid, Says, from under its lid, "I love, and am yours, if you love me!"

Come tell me, then, why, In that lovely blue eye, Not a charm of its that I discover; Oh why should you wear The only blue pair That ever said "No!" to a lover? Dear Fanny! Oh, why should you wear The only blue pair That ever said "No!" to a lover?

DEAR FANNY.

"She has beauty, but still you must keep your heart cool; "She has wit, but you mustn't be caught so!"
Thus Reason advises, but Reason's a fool, And 'tis not the first time I have thought so, Dear Fanny.
'Tis not the first time I have thought so.
"She is lovely; then love her, nor let the bliss fly; "'T is the charm of youth's vanishing season!"
Thus Love has advised me, and who will deny That Love reasons much better than Reason, Dear Fanny? Love reasons much better than Reason.

FROM LIFE WITHOUT FREEDOM.

From life without freedom, say, who would not fly? For one day of freedom, oh! who would not die? Hark!—hark! 'tis the trumpet! the call of the brave, The death-song of tyrants, the dirge of the slave. Our country lies bleeding—haste, haste to her aid; One arm that defends is worth hosts that invade. In death's kindly bosom our last hope remains— The dead fear no tyrants, the grave has no chains. On, on to the combat! the heroes that bleed For virtue and mankind are heroes indeed. And oh, ev'n if Freedom from this world be driven, Despair not—at least we shall find her in heaven.

HERE'S THE BOWER.

Here's the bower she loved so much, And the tree she planted; Here's the harp she used to touch— Oh, how that touch enchant'd! Roses now unheeded sigh; Where's the hand to wreath them? Songs around neglected lie; Where's the lip to breathe them? Here's the bower, &c.
BALLADS, SONGS, ETC.

Spring may bloom, but she we loved
Ne'er shall feel its sweetness;
Time, that once so freely moved,
Now hath lost its glisteness.
Years were days, when here she strayed,
Days were, moments near her;
Heaven ne'er found a brighter maid,
Nor I my wept a dearer!
Here's the lower, &c.

I SAW THE MOON RISE CLEAR.

A FINLAND LOVE SONG.

I saw the moon rise clear
Over hill and vale of snow,
Nor told my fleet reindeer
The track I wished to go.
Yet quick he bounded forth;
For well my rein-deer knew
I've but one path on earth—
The path which leads to you.
The gloom that winter cast
How soon the heart forgets,
When Summer brings, at last,
Her sun that never sets!
So dawn'd my love for you;
So, fix'd through joy and pain,
Than summer sun more true,
I'll never set again.

LOVE AND THE SUN-DIAL.

Young Love found a Dial once, in a dark shade,
Where man ne'er had wander'd nor sunbeam play'd;
"Why thus in darkness lie?" whisper'd young Love,
"Thou, whose gay hours in sunshine should move,"
"I ne'er," said the Dial, "have seen the warm sun,
So noon-day and midnight to me, Love, are one."

Then Love took the dial away from the shade,
And placed her where Heav'n's beam warmly play'd.
There she reclined beneath Love's gazing eye,
While, mark'd all with sunshine, her hours flew by.
"Oh, how," said the Dial, "can any fair maid,
That's born to be shine upon, rest in the shade?"

But night now comes on, and the sunbeam's o'er,
And Love stops to gaze on the Dial no more.
Alone and neglected, while bleak rain and winds
Are storming around her, with sorrow she finds
That Love had put number'd a few sunny hours,—
Then left the remainder to darkness and showers.

LOVE AND TIME

'Tis said— but whether true or not
Let bards declare who've seen 'em
That Love and Time have only got
One pair of wings between 'em.
In courtship's first delicious hour,
The boy full oft can spare 'em;
So loitering in his lady's bower,
He lets the grey-beard wear 'em.
Then is Time's hour of play;
Oh, how he flies, flies away!
But short the moments, short as bright,
When he the wings can borrow;
If Time to-day has had his flight,
Love takes his turn to-morrow.

Ah! Time and Love, your change is then
The saddest and most trying,
When one begins to jump again,
And other takes to flying.
Then is Love's hour to stray;
Oh, how he flies, flies away!
But there's a nymph, whose chains I see,
And bless the silken fetter.
Who knows, the dear one, how to deal
With Love and Time much better.
So well she checks their wanderings,
So peacefully she pairs them.
That Love with her ne'er thinks of wings,
And Time for ever wears them.
This is Time's holiday;
Oh, how he flies, flies away!

LOVE'S LIGHT SUMMER-CLOUD.

Pain and sorrow shall vanish before us—
Youth may wither, but feeling will last;
All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er us
Love's light summer-cloud only shall cast.
Oh, if to love thee now
Each hour I number o'er—
If this a passion be
Worthy of thee,
Then be happy, for thus I adore thee.
Charms may wither, but feeling shall last;
All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er thee,
Love's light summer-cloud sweetly shall cast.
Rest, dear bosom, no sorrows shall pain thee,
Sighs of pleasure alone shall thou steal;
Beam, bright eyelid, no weeping shall stain thee,
Tears of rapture alone shall thou feel.
Oh, if there be a charm
In love, to last in harm—
If pure'st's truest spell
He to love well,
Then be happy, for thus I adore thee.
Charms may wither, but feeling shall last;
All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er thee,
Love's light summer-cloud sweetly shall cast.

LOVE, WANDERING THROUGH THE GOLDEN MAZE.

Love, wandering through the golden maze
Of my beloved's hair,
Traced every lock with fond delays,
And, dotting, linger'd there,
And soon he found 't were vain to fly;
His heart was close confined,
For, every ringlet was a tie—
A chain by beauty twined.

MERRILY EVERY BOSOM BOUNDETH.

THE TYROLESE SONG OF LIBERTY.

Merrily every bosom boundeth,
Merrily, oh!
Where the song of Freedom soundeth,
Merrily, oh!
There the warrior's arms
Shed more splendour;
There the maiden's charms
Shine more tender;
Every joy the land surroundeth,
Merrily, oh! merrily, oh!
Wearily every bosom pineth,
Wearily, oh!
Where the bond of slavery twined
Wearily, oh!
BALLADS, SONGS, ETC.

Though brimm'd with blessings, pure and rare,
Life's cup before me lay,
Unless thy love were mingled there,
I'd spurn the draught away.

Love thee!—so well, so tenderly
Thou'rt loved, adored by one,
Fame, fortune, wealth, and liberty,
Are worthless without thee.

Without thy smile, the monarch's lot
To me were dark and lone,
While, withit, to the humblest cot
Were brighter than his throne.

Those worlds for which the conqueror sighs,
For me would have no charms;
My only world thy gentle eyes—
My throne thy circling arms!

Oh, yes, so well, so tenderly
Thou'rt loved, adored by me,
Whole realms of light and liberty
Were worthless without thee.

OH, SOON RETURN.

Our white sail caught the evening ray,
The wave beneath us seemed to burn,

When all the weeping maid could say
Was, "Oh, soon return!"

Through many a clime our ship was driven,
O'er many a billow rude and thrown;

Now child's beneath a southern heaven,
And still, wh'ere'er we bent our way,

When evening bids the west wave burn,
I fancied still I heard her say,

"Oh, soon return!"

If ever yet my bosom found
Its thoughts one moment turn'd from thee,

'Twas when the combat raged around,
And brave men look'd to me,

But though the war-field's wild alarm
For gentle Love was all unmeet,
He sent to glory's brow the charm,
Which made even danger sweet.

And still, when victory's calm cause o'er
The hearts where race had ceased to burn,

Those parting words I heard once more,

"Oh, soon return!—n, soon return!"

LOVE THEE.

Love thee?—so well, so tenderly
Thou'rt loved, adored by me,

Fame, fortune, wealth, and liberty,
Were worthless without thee.

REMEMBER THE TIME.

THE CASTILIAN MAID.

Remember the time, in La Mancha's shades,
When our moments so blissfully flew;

When thou didst me the flower of Castilian maids,
And I blushed to be all'd by you.

When I taught you to warble the gipsy seguidille,
And to dance to the light castanet.

Oh, never, dear youth, let you roam where you will,
The delight of those moments forget.

They tell me, you lovers from Erin's green isle,
Every hour a new passion can feel;

And that soon, in the light of some lovelier smile,
You'll forget the poor maid of Castile.

But they know not how brave in th' battle you are,
Or they never could think you would rove;

For 'tis always the spirit most gallant in war
That is fondest and truest in love.

ONE DEAR SMILE

Couldst thou look as dear as when
First I sigh'd for thee;
Couldst thou make me feel again
Every wish I breath'd thee then,

Oh, how blissful life would be!
Hopes, that now beguiling leave me,
Joys, that lie in slumber cold—
All would wake, couldst thou but give me
One dear smile like those of old.

No—there's nothing left us now,
But to mourn the past;
Vain was every earnest you—
Never yet did Heaven allow
Love so warm, so wild, to last.
Not even hope could now deceive me—
Life itself looks dark and cold—
Oh, thou never more canst give me
One dear smile like those of old.

YES, YES, WHEN THE BLOOM.

Yes, yes, when the bloom of Love's hoyhood is o'er,
He'll turn into friendship that feels no decay;
And, though Time may take from him the wings he once wore,
The charms that remain will be bright as before,
And he'll lose but his young trick of flying away.

Then let it console thee, if Love should not stay,
That Friendship our last happy moments will crown:
Like the shadows of morning, Loveless away,
While Friendship, like those at the closing of day,
Will linger and lengthen as life's sun goes down.

THE DAY OF LOVE.

The beam of morning trembling
Still over the mountain brook,
With tender ray resounding
Affection's early lull;
Thus love begins—sweet morn of love!

The noon-tide ray ascended,
And o'er the valley's stream
Diffused a glow as splendid
As passion's ripened dream.
Thus love expands—warm morn of love.

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BALLADS, SONGS, ETC.

But evening came, o'ershading
The glories of the sky,
Like youth and beauty fading
From passion's averted eye.
Thus love declines — cold eye of love!

LUSITANIAN WAR-SONG.
The song of war shall echo through our mountains,
Till not one latalisk lich remains
Of slavery's lingering chains;
Till not one tyrant tread our plains,
Nor traitor tip pollute our fountains.
No! never till that glorious day
Shall Lusitania's sons be gay,
Or hear, oh Peace, thy welcome lay
Resounding through her sunny mountains.

The song of war shall echo through our mountains,
Till Victory's self shall smiling, say,
"Your cloud of foes hath pass'd away,
And Freedom comes, with new-bor ray,
To gild your vines and light your fountains."
Oh, never till that glorious day
Shall Lusitania's sons be gay,
Or hear, sweet Peace, thy welcome lay
Resounding through her sunny mountains.

THE YOUNG ROSE.
The young rose I give thee, so dewy and bright,
Was the lowret most dear to the sweet bird of night;
Whio oft, by the moon, o'er her blushes hath hung,
And thrilled every leaf with the wild lay she sung.
Oh, take thou this young rose, and let her life be
Frologu'd by the breath she will borrow from thee;
For, while o'er her bosom thy foot notes shall thrill,
She'll think the sweet night-bird is courting her still.

WHEN MIDST THE GAY I MEET.

When midst the gay I meet
That gentle smile of thine,
Though still on it turners most sweet,
I scarce can call it mine:
But when to me alone
Your secret tears you show,
Oh, then I feel as tears my own,
And claim them while they flow.
Then shall with bright looks bless
The gay, the cold, the free;
Give smiles to those who love you less
But keep your tears for me.

The snow on Jura's steep
Can smile in many a beam,
Yet still in chains of coldness sleep
How bright she'ser it seems.
But, when some deep-sett ray
Whose touch is fire, appears,
Oh, then the smile is warn'd away
And, melting, turns to tears.
Then still with bright looks bless
The gay, the cold, the free;
Give smiles to those who love you less
But keep your tears for me.

WHEN TWILIGHT DEWS
When twilight dews are falling soft
Upon the rosy sea, love,
I watch the star, whose beam so oft
Has lighted me to thee, love.

And thou too, on that orb so dear,
Dost often gaze at even,
And think, though lost for ever here,
Thou'll yet be mine in heaven.

There's not a garden walk I tread,
There's not a flower I see, love,
But brings to mind some hope that's fled.
Some joy that's gone with thee, love.
And still I wish that hour was near
When, friends and foes forgiven,
The path you've trod we've walked through here,
May turn to smiles in heaven.

YOUNG JESSICA.
Young Jessica sat all the day,
With heart o'er idle love-thoughts pining;
Her needle bright beside her lay,
So lovely as — how lovely shining.
Ah, Jessy, 'tis in idle hearts
That love and naught-chief are most nimble;
The safest shield against the darts
Of Cupid, is Minerva's thimbles.

The child, who with a magnet plays,
Well knowing all its arts, so wily,
The tempter near a needle lays,
And laughing says, "We'll steal it sily."
The needle, having sought to do
Is pleased to let the magnet wheelie;
Till closer, closer come the two,
And — off, at length, elapses the needle.

Now, had this needle turn'd its eye
To some gay reticule's construction,
It never had stray'd from duty's tie,
Nor felt the magnet's sly seduction.
Thus girls, would you keep quiet hearts,
Your snowy fingers must be nimble;
The safest shield against the darts
Of Cupid, is Minerva's thimbles.

HOW HAPPY, ONCE.

How happy, once thou'ring'd with sighs,
My moments flew along,
While looking on those smiling eyes,
And listening to thy magic song!

But vanished now, like summer dreams,
Those moments smile no more;
For me that eye no longer beams,
That song for me is o'er.

Mine the cold brow,
That speaks thy alter'd vow,
While others feel thy sunshine now.

Oh, could I change my love like thee,
One hope might yet be mine —
Some other eyes as bright to see,
And hear a voice as sweet as thine;
But never, never can this heart
Be waked to life again;
With thee it lost its vital part,
And we her'd then!
Cold is its pulse be,
And mute are even its sighs,
All other grief it now defies.

I LOVE BUT THEE.

If, after all, you still will doubt and fear me,
And think this heart to other loves will stray,
If I must swear, then, lovely doubter, hear me;
By every tear I have when thou'st away,
By every shrub I feel when then'dt hear me,
I love but thee — I love but thee!
By those dark eyes, where light is ever playing,
Where Love, in depth of shadow, holds his throne,
And by those lips, which give whatever thou'rt saying,
Or grave or gay, a music of its own,
A music far beyond all minstrel's playing,
I love but thee — I love but thee!

By that fair brow, where innocence reposes,
As pure as moonlight sleeping upon snow,
And by that cheek, where a fleeting blush discloses
A hie too bright to bless this world below,
And only fit to dwell on Eden's roses,
I love but thee — I love but thee!

---

LET JOY ALONE BE REMEMBERED NOW.

Let thy joys alone be remember'd now,
Let thy sorrows go sleep awhile;
Or if thought's dark cloud come o'er thy brow,
Let Love light it up with his smile.
For thus to meet, and thus to find,
That Time, whose touch can chill
Each flower of form, each grace of mind,
Hath left thee blooming still,
Oh, joy alone should be thought of now,
Let our sorrows go sleep awhile;
Or should thought's dark cloud come o'er thy brow;
Let Love light it up with his smile.

When the flowers of life's sweet garden fade,
If but one bright leaf remain,
Of the many that once its glory made,
It is not for us to compain.
But thus to meet, and thus to wake
In all Love's early bliss;
Oh, Time all other gifts may take,
So he but leaves us this!
Then let joy alone be remember'd now,
Let our sorrows go sleep awhile;
Or if thought's dark cloud come o'er the brow,
Let Love light it up with his smile!

---

LOVE THEE, DEAREST? LOVE THEE?

Love thee, dearest? love thee?
Yes, by yonder star I swear,
When thou'erst above thee
Shines so sadly fair;
Though oft din
With tears, like him,
Like him my truth will shine,
And — love thee, dearest? love thee?
Yes, till death I'm thine.

Leave thee, dearest? leave thee?
No, that star is not more true;
When my vows deceive thee,
He will wander too.
A cloud of night
May veil his light,
And death shall darken mine —
But — leave thee, dearest? leave thee?
No, till death I'm thine.

---

MY HEART AND LUTE.

I give thee all — I can no more —
Tho' poor the offering be
My heart and lute are all the store
That I can bring to thee.
A lute whose gentle song reveals
The soul of love full well;
A, a, better far, a heart that feels
Much more than lute could tell.

Thou love and song may fail, alas!
To keep life's clouds away,
At least it will make them lighter pass
Or Guild them if they stay.
And ev'n if Care, at moments, flings
A discord o'er life's happy strain,
Let Love but gently touch the strings,
'Twill all be sweet again!

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ROSE OF THE DESERT.

Rose of the Desert! thou, whose blushing ray,
Lonely and lovely, flees unseen away;
No hand to cull thee, none to woo thy sigh,—
In vestal silence let to live and die,—
Rose of the Desert! thus should woman be,
Shining unthwarted, lone, and sweet, like thee.

Rose of the Garden, how unlike thy doom!
Destined for others, not thyself, to bloom:
Culd'er thy beauty lives through half its day;
A moment cherish'd, and then cast away;
Rose of the Garden! such a woman's lot,—
Worship'd, while blooming — when she fades, forgot.

---

'TIS ALL FOR THEE.

If life for me hath joy or light,
'Tis all from thee,
My thoughts by day, my dreams by night
Are but of thee, of only thee.
Whatever of hope or peace I know
My rest in joy, my balm in woe,
To thee dear eyes of thine I love,
'Tis all from thee.

My heart, ev'n ere I saw those eyes,
I was thine to me;
Kept pure till then from other ties,
I was all for thee, for only thee.
Like plants that sleep, till sunny May
Calls forth their life, my spirit lay;
Till, touched by Love's awakening ray,
I lived for thee, it lived for thee.
When Fame would call me to her heights,
She speaks by thee;
And sun would shine her proudest lights,
Unshared by thee, unshared by thee.
Whenever I seek the Muse's shrine,
Where birds have hung their wreaths divine,
And wave those wreaths of glory mine,
'Tis all for thee, for only thee.

THE SONG OF THE OLDEN TIME.

There's a song of the olden time,
Falling sad o'er the ear,
Like the dream of some village chime,
When music tries her gentlest air,
I never hear so sweet a lay,
Or one that hangs so round my heart,
As that song of the olden time,
Falling sad o'er the ear.
Like the dream of some village chime,
Which in youth we loved to hear.
And when all of this life is gone,—
Even the hope, lingering now,
Like the last of the leaves left on
Autumn's tree, and faded bough.
'Twill seem as still those friends were near
Who loved me in youth's early day,
If in that parting hour I hear
The same sweet notes, and die away,
To that song of the olden time,
Breath'd, like Hope's farewell strain,
To-day, in some brighter chime,
Life and youth will shine again!

WAKE THEE, MY DEAR.

Wake thee, my dear—thy dreaming
Till dawker hours will keep;
While such a moon is beamsing,
'Tis wrong towards Heaven to sleep.

Moments there are we number,
Moments of pain and care,
Which to oblivion slumber,
Gaily the wretch would spare.
But now,—who'd think of dreaming
When Love's his watch should keep?
While such a moon is beamsing,
'Tis wrong towards Heaven to sleep.

If ever the fates should sever
My life and hopes from thee, love,
The sleep that lasts for ever
Would then be sweet to me, love.
But o'er,—away with dreaming!
'Till darker hours I will keep;
While such a moon is beamsing,
'Tis wrong towards Heaven to sleep.

THE BOY OF THE ALPS.

Lightly, Alpine rover,
Tread the mountains over;
Rode is the path thou hast yet to go;
Snowy cliffs hanging o'er thee,
Fields of ice before thee,
While the lids of the mountains below,

Hark, the deep thunders,
Through the vale yonder
'Tis the huge avalanche downward cast;
From rock to rock
Rebounds the shock.
But courage, boy—towards the danger's path,
Wert thou a youthful rover,
Tread the glacier over,
Safe shalt thou reach thy home at last.

For thee alone I have the boundless deep,
Those eyes my light through ev'ry distant sea;
'Tis the wolf prowling,
Scent of thy track the foe hath got;
And clift and shore
Resound his roar.

Oh, where be they, the danger's path!
Watching eyes have found thee,
Loving arms are round thee,
Safe hast thou reached thy father's cot.

WAKE THEE, MY DEAR.

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Till dawker hours will keep;
While such a moon is beamsing,
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Moments of pain and care,
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My life and hopes from thee, love,
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Lightly, Alpine rover,
Tread the mountains over;
Rode is the path thou hast yet to go;
Snowy cliffs hanging o'er thee,
Fields of ice before thee,
While the lids of the mountains below,
BALLADS, SONGS, ETC.

So, dark as my fate is still doomed to remain,
These words shall my will in the wilderness be,—
"Remember, in absence, in sorrow, and pain,
"There's one heart, unchanging, that beats for thee."

LET'S TAKE THIS WORLD AS SOME WIDE SCENE.

Let's take this world as some wide scene,
Through which, in truth, but buoyant boat,
With skies now dark and now serene,
Together thon and I must float;
Beholding oft, on either shore,
Bright spots where we should love to stay;
But Time piques swift his flying car,
And away we speed, away, away.

Should chilling winds and rains come on,
We'll raise our awning against the show'r;
Sit closer till the storm is gone,
And, smiling, wait a summer hour.
And if that summer hour should shine,
We'll know its brightness cannot stay,
But happy, while 'tis thine and mine,
Complain not when it fades away.

So shall we reach at last that Fall
Down which life's currents all must go,
The dark, the brilliant, destined all
To sink into the void below.
Nor even that hour shall want its charms
If, side by side, still fond we keep,
And calmly, in each other's arms
Together link'd, go down the steep.

LOVE'S VICTORY.

Sing to Love— for, oh, 'twas he
Who won the glorious day
Slew the wreaths of victory
Along the conqueror's way.
Yoke the Muse to his car,
Let them sing each trophy won;
While his mother's joyous star
Shall light the triumph on.

Hail to Love, to mighty Love,
Let spirits sing around;
While the hill, the vale, and grove,
With "mighty Love" reson'd;
Or, should a sigh of sorrow steal
Among the sounds thus echo'd o'er,
'Twill but teach the god to feel
His victories the more.

See his wings, like amethyst
Of sunny day their hue;
Bright as when, by Psyche kist
They trembled through and through.
Flowers spring beneath his feet;
Angel forms beside him run;
While unnumber'd lips repeat
"Love's victory is won!"
Hail to Love, to mighty Love, &c.

SONG OF HERCULES TO HIS DAUGHTER.¹

¹ Founded on the fable reported by Arrian (in Indices) of Hercules having searched the Indian Ocean, to find the pearl with which he adorned his daughter Pandæna.

"Where diamonds were sleeping,
"Their sparkle I sought,
"When crystal was weeping,
"Its tears I have caught.

"The sea-nymph I've courted
"In rich coral bays;
"With Naiads have sported
"By bright wave-tails.
"But sportive or tender,
"S'il soudé I attend
"That gem, with whose splendour
"I thou yet shall be crowned.

"And see, while I'm speaking,
"You soft light star; —
"The pearl I've been seeking
"There floats like a star!
"In the deep Indian Ocean
"I see the gem shine,
"And quick as light's motion
"Its wealth shall be thine."

Then eastward, like lightning,
The herculean flew,
His sunny looks bright'ning
The air he went through.
And sweet was the duty,
And hallow'd the hour,
Which saw thus young beauty
Embellish'd by Power.

THE DREAM OF HOME.

Who has not felt how sadly sweet
The dream of home, the dream of home,
Steals o'er the heart, too soon to fleet.
When far o'er sea or land we roam?
Sunlight more soft may o'er us fall,
To greener shores our bark may come;
But far more bright, more dear than all,
That dream of home, that dream of home.

Ask of the sailor youth when far
His light bark bounds o'er ocean's foam,
What charms him most, when evening's star
Smiles o'er the wave? to dream of home.
Fond thoughts of absent friends and loves
At that sweet hour around him cane;
His heart's best joy where'er he roves,
That dream of home, that dream of home.

THEY TELL ME THOU'RT THE FAVOUR'D GUEST.²

² Part of a translation of some Latin verses, supposed to have been addressed by Hippolyta Taurella to her husband, during his absence at the gay court of Leo the Tenth. The verses may be found in the Appendix to Roscoe's Work.

They tell me thou'rt the favour'd guest
Of every fair and brilliant throng;
No wit like thine to wake the jest,
No voice like thine to breathe the song;
And none could guess, so gay thou art,
That thou and I are far apart.

Ah! alas! how different flows
With thee and me the time away!
Not that I wish thee sad—beau'nt knows—
Still if thou canst, be light and gay
I only know, that without thee
The sun himself is dark to me.
BALLADS, SONGS, ETC.

THE YOUNG INDIAN MAID.

There came a nymph dancing
Gracefully, gracefully,
Her eye a light gleaming
Like the blue sea;
And while all this gladness
Around her steps rang,
Such sweet notes of sadness
Her gentle lips sang,
That never while I live from my mem'ry shall fade
The song, or the look, of that young Indian maid.

Be still my heart: I hear them come:
Those sounds announce my lover near:
The march that brings our warriors home
Proclaims he'll soon be here.

Hark, the distant tread,
'Or the mountain's head,
While hills and dales repeat the sound;
And the forest deer
Stand still to hear,
As those echoing steps ring round.

Be still my heart, I hear them come,
Those sounds that speak my soldier near;
Those joyous steps seem wings for home,—
Rest, rest, he'll soon be here.

But hark, more faint the footsteps grow,
And now they wind to distant glades;
Not here their home,—also they
to gladden happier maids!

Like sounds in a dream,
The footsteps seem,
As down the hills they die away;
And the match, whose song
So peal'd along,
Now fades like a funeral lay.

'Tis past, 'tis over,—hush, heart, thy pain!
And though not here, alas, they come,
Rejoice for those, to whom that strain
Brings sons and lovers home.

THE EXILE.

Night waneth fast, the morning star
Saddens with light the glimmering sea,
Whose waves shall soon to realms afar
Wait me from hope, from love, and thee,
Coldly the beam from yonder sky
Looks to the waves that coward stray;
But colder still the stranger's eye
To him whose home is far away.

Oh, not at hour so chill and bleak,
Let thoughts of me come o'er thy breast;
But of the lost one think and speak.
When summer suns sink calm to rest
So, as I wander, Fancy's dream
Shall bring me o'er the sunset seas,
They look, in every melting beam,
Thy whisper, in each dying hue.

THE FANCY FAIR.

Come, maidens and youths, for here we tell
All wondrous things of earth and air;
Whatever wild romancers tell,
Or poets sing, or lovers swear.
You'll find at this our Fancy Fair.

Here eyes are made like stars to shine,
And kept, for years, in such repair,
That even when burned of thine eyes,
They'll hardly look the worse for wear.
If bought at this our Fancy Fair.

We've lots of tears for hardy shower,
And hearts that such ill usage bear,
That, though they're broken 'by hour,
They'll still in rhyme fresh breaking bear,
If purchas'd at our Fancy Fair.

Then wake up, sweet melody!
Now is the hour
When young and loving hearts
Feel most thy power.

Ask the fond nightingale,
When his sweet flower
Loves most to hear his song,
In her green bower?
Oh, he will tell thee, through summer-nights o'er
Roudest she lends her whole soul to his song.
Then wake up, sweet melody!
Now is the hour
When young and loving hearts
Feel most thy power.

CALM BE THY SLEEP.

Calm be thy sleep as infants' slumbers,
Pure as angel thoughts thy dreams!
May every joy this bright world numbers—
Shed o'er thee their mangled beams!
Or if, where Pleasure's wing hath glistened,
There ever must one pang remain,
Still be thy lot with me divided,—
Thine all the bliss, and mine the pain.

Day and night my thoughts shall hover
Round thy sepulchre where'er they stray.
As even when clouds his idol cover,
Fondly the Persian tracks its ray.
If this be wrong, if Heaven's bended
By worship to its creature cece,
Then let my vows to both be blest,
Half breathed to Heaven and half to thee.

WAKE UP, SWEET MELODY.

Wake up, sweet melody!
Now is the hour
When young and loving hearts
Feel most thy power.

One note of music, by moonlight's soft ray—
Oh, 'tis worth thousands heard coldly by day

Do I thus haste to hall and bower,
Among the proud and gay to shine?
Or deck my hair with gem and flower,
To fatter other eyes than thine?
Ah, no, with me love's smiles are past,
Thou hadst the first, thou hadst the last.

THE HOMeward MARCH.

Be still my heart: I hear them come:
Those sounds announce my lover near:
The march that brings our warriors home
Proclama he'll soon be here.

Hark, the distant tread,
'Or the mountain's head,
While hills and dales repeat the sound;
And the forest deer
Stand still to hear,
As those echoing steps ring round.

Be still my heart, I hear them come,
Those sounds that speak my soldier near;
Those joyous steps seem wings for home,—
Rest, rest, he'll soon be here.

But hark, more faint the footsteps grow,
And now they wind to distant glades;
Not here their home,—also they
to gladden happier maids!

Like sounds in a dream,
The footsteps seem,
As down the hills they die away;
And the match, whose song
So peal'd along,
Now fades like a funeral lay.

'Tis past, 'tis over,—hush, heart, thy pain!
And though not here, alas, they come,
Rejoice for those, to whom that strain
Brings sons and lovers home.

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Oh, 'tis worth thousands heard coldly by day

Do I thus haste to hall and bower,
Among the proud and gay to shine?
Or deck my hair with gem and flower,
To fatter other eyes than thine?
Ah, no, with me love's smiles are past,
Thou hadst the first, thou hadst the last.
As fashions change in ev'ry thing, 
We've goods to suit each season's air, 
Eternal friendships for the spring, 
And endings love's for summer wear,—
All sold at this our Fancy Fair.

We've reputations white as snow, 
That long will last, if used with care, 
Now, safe through all life's journey go, 
If Jack'd and mark'd as "brittle ware,"—
Just purchased at the Fancy Fair.

### IF THOU WOULDEST HAVE ME SING AND PLAY.

If thou wouldst have me sing and play, 
As once I play'd and sang, 
First take this time-worn tune away, 
And bring one fresh and strong.

Call back the time when pleasure's sigh 
First breathed among the strings; 
And Time himself, in sitting by, 
Made music with his wings.

But how is this? though new the lute, 
And shining fresh the chords, 
Beneath this hand they slumber mute, 
Or speak but dreamy words.

In vain I seek the soul that dwelt 
Within that oncesweet shell, 
Which told so warmly what it felt, 
And felt what nought could tell.

Oh, ask not then for passion's lay, 
From lyres so coldly strong; 
With this I'll organ sing or play, 
As once I play'd and sang.

No, bring that long-loved lute again,—
Though chil'd by years at be, 
If thou wilt call the slumbering strain, 
'Twill waken up for thee.

Thou'rt now has from'n the tuneful stream 
Of thoughts that gush'd alight, 
One look from thee, like summer's beam, 
Will thaw those into song.

Then give, oh, give, that wakening ray, 
And once more bright and young, 
Thy bard again will sing and play, 
As once he play'd and sang.

### STILL WHEN DAYLIGHT.

Still when daylight o'er the wave 
Bright and soft its farewell gave, 
I used to hear, while light was falling, 
O'er the wave a sweet voice calling, 
Mournfully at distance calling.

Ah! once how blest that maid would come, 
To meet her sea-boy'ssmiling home; 
And through the night those sounds repeating, 
Hail his bark with joyous greeting, 
Joyously his light bark greeting.

But, one sad night, when winds were high, 
Nor earth, nor heaven, could hear her cry, 
She saw his boat come tossing over, 
Midnight's wave,—but not her lover! 
No, never more her lover.

And still that sad dream lost to leave, 
She comes with wandering mind at eve, 
And oft we hear, when night is falling, 
Faint her voice through twilight calling, 
Mournfully at twilight calling.

### THE SUMMER WEBS.

The summer webs that fleet and shine, 
The summer dewts that fall, 
Thou'rt right they be, this heart of mine 
Is lighter still than all.

It tells me ev'ry cloud is past, 
Which lately seemed to pour; 
That Hope hath wed young Joy at last, 
And now's their nuptial hour!

With light thus round, within, above, 
With thought to make one sigh, 
Except the wish, that all we love 
Were at this moment nigh,—
It seems as if life's brilliant sun 
Had stood still in full career, 
To make this hour its brightest one, 
And rest in radiance here.

### MIND NOT THOUGH DAYLIGHT.

Mind not though daylight, around us is breaking,—
Who'd think now of sleeping when morn's but just waking? 
Sound the merry viols, and daylight or not, 
Be all for one hour in the gay dance forgot.

See young Aurora, up heaven's hill advancing 
Thou'rt fresh from her pillow, ev'n she too is dancing. 
While thus all creation, earth, heaven, and sea, 
Are dancing around us, oh, why should not we?

Who'll say that moments we use thus are wasted? 
Such sweet drops of time only flow to be paid; 
While hearts are high heaven, and harps full in tune, 
The faith is all morning's for coming so soon.

### THEY MET BUT ONCE.

They met but once, in youth's sweet hour, 
And never since that day 
Hath absence, time, or grief had pow'r 
To chase that dream away.

They've seen the suns of other skies, 
On other shores have sought delight; 
But never more, to bless their eyes, 
Can come a dream so bright!

They met but once,—a day was all 
Of Love's young hopes they knew; 
And still their hearts that day recall, 
As fresh as then it flew.

Sweet dream of youth! oh, ne'er again 
Let either meet the bow 
They left so smooth and smiling then, 
Or see what it is now.

For, Youth the spell was only thine; 
From thee alone th' enchantment flows, 
That makes the world around thee shine 
With light thinefeedows.

They met but once,—oh, ne'er again 
Let either meet the bow 
They left so smooth and smiling then, 
Or see what it is now.

### WITH MOONLIGHT BEAMING.

With moonlight beaming 
Thro' the deep, 
Wh'd linger dreaming 
In idle sleep? 
Leave joyless souls to live by day, 
Our life begins with yonder ray;
CHILD's SONG. FROM A MASQUE.

I have a garden of my own,
Shining with flowers of every hue;
I loved it dearly while alone,
But I shall love it more with you;
And there the golden bees shall come,
In summer-time at break of morn,
And wake us with their busy hum
Around the Sibyl's fragrant Thorn.

I have a fawn from Adam's hand,
On lily buds and briers nurs'd;
And you shall feed him from your hand,
Though he may start with fear at first.
And I will lead you where he lies
For shelter to the mountain heat;
And you may touch his sleeping eyes,
And feel his little silv'ry feet.

THE HALCYON HANGS O'ER OCEAN.

The halcyon hangs o'er ocean,
The sea-lark skims the brine;
This bright world's all in motion,
No heart seems sad but mine.

To walk through sun-bright places,
With heart and soul o'er bright,
To look in smiling faces,
When we no more can smile;

To feel, while earth and heaven
Around thee shine with bliss,
To thee no sight is given,
Oh, what a dream is this!

THE WORLD WAST HUSIPD.

The world was hush'd, the moon above
Stood through either sky,
When near the casement of my love,
Thus I whisper'd lowly,—

"Awake, awake, how canst thou sleep?
Thy field I seek to morrow,
Is one where man hath fame to reap,
And woman gains but sorrow."

"Let battle's field be what it may,
Thus spoke a voice replying,
Think not thy love, while thou'ret away,
Will here sit idly singing.
No—woman's soul, if not for fame,
For love can bear all danger!"
Then forth from out the casement came
A plumed and armed stranger.

A stranger? No; it was she, the maid,
Herself before me beaming,
With casque array'd, and falcon's blade
Beneath her gilded gleaming.
Close side by side, in freedom's light,
That blessed morn to bound us;
In Victory's light we stood ere night,
And Love, the morn, crown'd us!

THE TWO LOVES.

There are two Loves, the poet sings
Both born of beauty at a birth;
The one, akin to heaven, both wings,
The other, earthly, walks on earth.

With this through bowers below we play,
With that through clouds above we soar;
With both, perchance, may lose our way:
Then, tell me which,
Tell me which shall we adore?

The boy of heav'n, even while he lies
In Beauty's lap, recalls his home;
And when most happy, most sighs
For something happier still to come.
While he of earth, too fully blest
With this bright world to dream of more,
Sees all his heav'n on Beauty's breast:
Then, tell me which,
Tell me which shall we adore?

The maid who heard the poet sing
These twin-desires of earth and sky,
And saw, while o'er his string
The other glister'd in his eye,—
To name the earthlier boy ashamed,
To choose the other fad'ly loath,
At length, all blushing, she exclaimed,—
"Ask not which,
Oh, ask not which— We'll worship both.

"Thy extremes of each thus taught to shun,
With hearts and souls between them given,
When weary of this earth with one,
"We'll with the other wing to heaven."
Thus pledge the maid her vow of bliss;
And while one Love wrote down the cah,
The other seal'd it with a kiss;
And Heaven look'd on, and Hallow'd both.

THE LEGEND OF FUCK THE FAIRY.

Would'st know what tricks, by the pale moonlight,
Are play'd by me, the merry little Sprite,
Who wing through air from the camp to the court,
From king to clown, and of all make port;
Singing, I am the Sprite
Of the merry midnight;
Who laugh at weak mortals, and love the moonlight
To a miner's bed, where he snoring slept
And dreamt of his cash, I slyly crept;
Chink, chink o'er his pillow like money rang,
And he waked to catch—but away I sprang,
Singing, I am the Sprite, &c.
I saw through the leaves, in a damsel's bower,  
She was waiting her love at that a'light hour.  
"List — list!" quoth I, with an amorous sigh,  
And she flew to the door, but away new I,  
Singing, I am the Sprite, &c.

While a bard sat inking an ode to his love,  
Like a pair of blue meteors I started above,  
And be swoon'd — for he thought 'twas the ghost  
of his lady's eyes, while away I ran,  
Singing, I am the Sprite, &c.

**BEAUTY AND SONG.**

Down in you summer vale,  
Where the rill flows,  
Thus said a Nightingale  
To his loved Rose: —  
"Though rich the pleasures  
Of song's sweet measures,  
Van was its melody,  
Rose, without thee."

Then from the green recess  
Of her night-bow'ring  
Becalming with bashfulnes,  
Spake the bright flow'rs: —  
"Though men should lend her  
Her sunniest splendour,  
What would the Rose be,  
Unseen by thee?"

Thus still let Song attend  
Woman's bright way;  
Thus still let woman lend  
Light to the lay,  
Like stars, through heaven's sea,  
Floating in harmony,  
Beauty should glide along,  
Circled by Song.

**WHEN THOU ART NIGH.**

When thou art nigh, it seems  
A new creation round;  
The sun bath fairer beams,  
The lute a sober sound,  
Though thee alone I see,  
And hear alone thy sigh,  
'Tis light, 'tis song to me,  
'T is all — when thou art nigh.

When thou art nigh, no thought  
Of grief comes o'er my heart;  
I only think — could anguish  
Joy be where thou art?  
Life seems a waste of breath,  
When far from thee I sigh;  
And death — ay, even death  
Were sweet, if thou wert nigh.

**SONG OF A HYPERBOREAN.**

I come from a land in the sun-bright deep,  
Where golden gardens grow;  
Where the winds of the north, becalm'd in sleep,  
Their conch-shells never bow;  
Haste to that holy isle with me,  
Haste — haste!

So near the track of the stars are we,  
That oft, on night's pale beam,  
The distant sounds of their harmony  
Come to our ear, like dreams.  
Then, haste to that holy isle with me, &c. &c.

The Moon, too, brings her world so nigh,  
That when the night-seer looks  
To that shadowless orb, in a vernal sky,  
He can number its hills and brooks.  
Then, haste, &c. &c.

To the Sun-god all our hearts and lyres  
By day, by night, belong;  
And the breath we draw from his living fires,  
We give him back in song.  
Then, haste, &c. &c.

From us descends the maid who brings  
To Delos gifts divine;  
And our wild bees lend their rainbow wings  
To glitter on Delphi's shrine.  
Then, haste to that holy isle with me,  
Haste — haste!

**THOU BIDST ME SING.**

Thou bidst me sing the lay I sang to thee  
In other days, ere joy had left this brow;  
But think, though still unchanged the notes may be,  
How different feels the heart that bares them now!  
The rose thou wert'st to-night is still the same  
We saw this morning on its stem so gay;  
But, ah! that dew of dawn, that breath which came  
Like life o'er all its leaves, hath pass'd away.

Since first that music touch'd th'heart and mine,  
How many a joy and pæt o'er life have past;—  
The joy, a light too precious long to shine,  
The pain, a cloud whose shadows always last;  
And though that lay would like the voice of home  
Breathe o'er our car, 'tis waken now a sigh —  
Ah! not, as then, for fancied woes to come,  
But, sadder far, for real bliss gone by.

**CUPID ARMED.**

Place the helm on thy brow,  
In thy hand take the spear;—  
Thou art armed, Cupid, now,  
And thy battle-hour is near.  
March on! march on! thy shaft and bow  
Were weak against such charms;  
March on! march on! so proud a foe  
Scorns all but martial arms.

See the darts in her eyes,  
Till with scorn, how they shine!  
Every shaft, as it flies,  
Mocking proudly at thine,  
March on! march on! thy feather'd darts  
Soft beams now might move;  
But ruder arms to ruder bears  
Must teach what's to love.


3 "They can show the moon very near." — Diodor. Sic.:

4 Hecestus tells us, that this Hyperborean isand was dedicated to Apollo; and most of the inhabitants were either priests or singers.

5 Faussin.
PLACE THE HELM ON THY BROW;
In thy hand take the spear,—
Thou art armed, Cupid now,
And thy battle-hour is near.

ROUND THE WORLD GOES.
Round the world goes, by day and night,
While with it also round we go;
And in the flight of one day's light
An image of all life's course we see.
Round, round, while thus we go round,
The best thing a man can do,
Is to make it, at least, a merry-go-round,
By sending the wine round too.

Our first gay stage of life is when
Youth, its dawn, salutes the eye—
Season of bliss! Oh, who wouldn't then
Wish to cry, "Stop!" to earth and sky?
But, round, round, both boy and girl
Are whisk'd through that sky of blue;
And much would they have hearts enjoy the whirl,
If their heads didn't whirr round too.

Next, we enjoy our glorious morn,
Thinking all life a life of light;
But shadows come on, 'tis evening soon,
And, ere we can say, "How short!"—its night.
Round, round, still all goes round,
Ev'n while I'm thus singing to you;
And the best way to make it a merry-go-round,
Is to—chorus my song round too.

WHEN TO SAD MUSIC SILENT YOU LISTEN.
When to sad music silent you listen,
And tears on those eyelids tremble like dew,
Oh, then there dwells in those eyes as they glisten
A sweet holy charm that no heart ever knew.
But when some lovely strain resounding
Lights up the sunshine of joy on that brow,
Then the young roamer 'o'er the hills bounding
Was never in its marvel so graceful as thou.

When on the skies at midnight thou gazest,
A hush so pure thy features then wear,
That, when to some car that bright eye thou raisest,
We feel 'twas thy house thou'rt looking for.
But, when the word for the gay dance is given,
So buoyant thy spirit, so heartfelt thy marv'l
Oh then we exclaim, "Ne'er leave ear h for heaven,
But linger still here, to make heaven of earth."

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.
Fly swift, my light gazelle,
To her who now lies waking,
To hear thy silver bell
The midnight silence breaking.
And, when thou com'st, with gladsome feet,
Benefit her lattice springing,
Ah, well she'll know how sweet
The words of love thou'rt breathing.

Yet, oh—not words, for they
But half can tell love's feeling;
Sweet flowers alike can say
What passion fears revealing.
A once bright rose's wither'd leaf,
A torning lily broken,—
Oh these may paint a grief
No words could ever have spoken.

Not such, my gay gazelle,
The wreath thou speedest over
You moonlight tale, to tell
My lady how I love her.
And, what to her wilt sweeter be
Than gems the richest, rarest,—
From Truth's immortal tree
One fadeless leaf thou bearest.

THE DAWN IS BREAKING O'er US.
The dawn is breaking o'er us,
See, heaven hath caught its hue!
We're day's long light before us,
What sport shall we pursue?

1 The tree called in the East Amrita, or the Immortal.
The hunt o'er hill and sea.
The sail o'er summer sea.
Oh let it hour so sweet.
I sought by pleasure fleet.
The dawn is breaking o'er us,
See, heaven hath caught its hue!
We've day's long light before us,
What sport shall we pursue?
But see, while we're deciding,
What morning sport to play,
The dial's hand is gliding,
And morn hath pass'd away!
Ah, who'd have thought that noon
Would o'er us steal so soon,—
That morn's sweet hour of prime
Would last so short a time?

The hunt o'er hill and sea?
The sail o'er summer sea?
I sought by pleasure fleet,
The dawn is breaking o'er us,
See, heaven hath caught its hue!
We've day's long light before us,
What sport shall we pursue?
But, where are we deciding,
What morning sport to play,
The dial's hand is gliding,
And morn hath pass'd away!
Ah, who'd have thought that noon
Would o'er us steal so soon,—
That morn's sweet hour of prime
Would last so short a time?

**SONGS FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.**

**HERE, AT THY TOMB.**

BY MELEAGER.

Here, at thy tomb, these tears I shed,
Tears, which though vainly now they roll,
Are all love's balm to give the dead
And wept o'er thee with all love's soul;
Wept in remembrance of that light,
Which nought on earth, without thee, gives,
Hope of my heart! now quench'd in night,
But dearer, dead, than night that lives.
Where is she? where the blooming bough
That once my life's sole lustre made?
Torn o'er death, 'tis withering now,
And all its flowers in dust are laid.
Oh, earth! that to thy matron breast
Hast taken all those angel charms,
Gently, I pray thee, let her rest,—
Gently, as in a mother's arms.

**SALE OF CUPID.**

BY MELEAGER.

Who'll buy a little boy? Look, yonder is he,
Fast asleep, sly rogue, on his mother's knee;
So hold a young imp 'tis safe to keep,
So I'll part with him now, while he's sound asleep.
See his arch little nose, how sharp 'tis curled,
His wings, too, even in sleep unfurled;
And those fingers, which still ever ready are
For mirth or for mischief, to tickle, or wound.
He'll try with his tears your heart to beguile,
But never you mind — he's laughing all the while.
For little he cares, so he has his own whim,
And weeping or laughing are all one to him.
His eye is as keen as the lightnings' flash,
His tongue like the red bolt quick and rash;
And so savage is he, that his own dear mother
Is scarce more safe in his bands than another.

In short, to sum up this darling's praise,
He's a downright pest in all sorts of ways;
But come, we're day before us,
Still heaven looks bright and blue;
Quick, quick, ere eye comes over us,
What sport shall we pursue?
Aha! why thus delaying?
We're now at evening's hour;
Its farewell beam is playing
O'er hill and wave and flower.
That light we thought would last,
Behold, ev'n now, it is past;
And all our morning dreams
Have vanished with its beams.
But come! it were vain to borrow
Sad lessons from this lay,
For man will be to-morrow —
Just what he's been to-day.

And if any one wan's such an imp to employ,
He shall have a dead bargain of this little boy.
But see, the boy wakes — his bright tears flow —
His eyes seem to ask could I sell him? oh, no,
Sweet child no, no — though so naughty you be,
You shall live evermore with my Lesbia and me.
SONGS FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

TWIN'ST THOU WITH LOFTY WREATH THY BROW?

BY PAUL, THE SILENTIARY.

Twin'st thou with lofty wreath thy brow?
That glory then thy beauty sheds,
I almost think, while swed I bow,
'Tis Rhea's self before me treads.
Be what thou wilt,—this heart
Adores whate'er thou art!
Dost thou thy loosen'd ringlets leave,
Like sunny waves to wander free?
Then, such a chain of charms they weave,
As draws my nxultiple soul from me.
Do what thou wilt,—I must
Be charmed by all thou dost!
E'en when, unwrapped in silvery veils,
Those sunny locks elude the sight,—
Oh, not e'en then their glory fails
To haunt me with its unseen light.
Change as thy beauty may,
It charms in every way.
For, thee the Graces still attend,
Presiding o'er each new attire,
And lending every dart they send
Some new, peculiar touch of fire.
Be what thou wilt,—this heart
Adores whate'er thou art!

WHEN THE SAD WORD.

BY PAUL, THE SILENTIARY.

When the sad word, "Adieu," from my lip is nigh falling,
And with it, Hope passes away,
Ere the tongue half breathed it, my fond heart recalling
That fatal farewell, bids me stay.
For oh! 'tis a penance so weary
One hour from thy presence to be,
That death to this soul were dreary,
Less dark than long absence from thee.

Thy beauty, like Day, o'er the dull world breaking,
Brings life to the heart as shines o'er,
And, in mine, a new feeling of happiness waking,
Made light what was darkness before.
But mute is the Day's sunny glory,
While thine hath a voice, on whose breath,
More sweet than the Syrens sweet story,
My hopes hang, through life and through death!

MY MOPSA IS LITTLE.

BY PHILODEMUS.

My Mopsa is little, my Mopsa is brown,
But her cheek is as smooth as the peach's soft down,
And, for blushing, no rose can come near her;
In short, she has woven such nets round my heart,
That I ne'er from my dear little Mopsa can part,—
Unless I can find one that's nearer.
Her voice hath a music that dwells on the ear,
And her eye from its orb gives a daybreak so clear,
That I'm dazzled whenever I meet her;
Her ringlets, so curly, are Cupid's own net,
And her lips, oh their sweet ness I ne'er shall forget—
Till I light upon lips that are sweeter.
But 'tis not her beauty that charms me alone,
'1 is her mind, 'tis that language whose eloquent tone
From the depths of the grave could revive one:
In short, here I swear, that if death were her doom,
I would instantly fly to my dead love in the tomb
— Unless I could meet with a live one.

STILL, LIKE DEW IN SILENCE FALLING.

BY MELEAGER.

Still, like dew in silence falling,
On my ear, Still, still!

Day and night the spell hangs o'er me,
Here for ever fix'd thou art;
As thy form first shone before me,
So 'tis graven on this heart,
Deep, deep!

Love, oh Love, whose bitter sweetness,
Dooms me to this lasting pain,
Thou who can'st with so much fleetness,
Why so slow to give again? Why?

1 Ημετά για το θείον φιλιστήν ἀλλὰ τὸ γνώμην πάσαν
2 Ἀφανείων.
3 Ἐν δε' έλως καὶ τον λαόν φέρετες
4 Κανόνα, τον Σωριζόν τον κυκλοφορούσαν.
5 Μισθί και μελανάνθος Φιλιστήνων.

6 Αἱ χρόνοι τοῦ ἐννιάν Ὑρωτοσ.
7 Μελέατοι, παντὸς καὶ πάντως τος ἐφ' αὐτὸν ἐχάρην.

8 Ὄ μεναντός, ἀποστημαῖς ἠν ὑπὸν ἀγαθα.
9 Οδία, ἀποστημαῖς ἠν ὑπὸν ἀγαθα.
Ask not if still I love,
Too plain these eyes have told thee;
Too well their tears must prove
How near and dear I hold thee.
If, where the brightest shine,
To see no form but thine,
To feel that earth can show
No bliss above thee—
If this be love, then know
That thus, that thus, I love thee.
'Tis not in pleasure's idle hour
That thou canst know affection's power.
No, try its strength in grief or pain;
Attempt, as now, its bonds to sever,
Then'll find true love's a chain
That binds for ever!

Dear? yes.
Dear? yes, tho' mine no more,
Ev'n this but makes thee dearer;
And love, since hope is o'er,
But draws thee nearer.

Change as thou wilt to me,
The same thy charm must be;
New loves may come to weave
Their witchery o'er thee.
Yet still, though false, believe
That I adore thee, yes, I'll adore thee.
Think'st thou that anguish but death could end
A tie so fast-schools' self can rend?
No, when alone, far off I die,
No more to see, no more care thee,
Ev'n then, in life's last sigh
Shall be to bless thee, yes, still to bless thee.

UNBIND THEE, LOVE.
Unbind thee, love, unbind thee, love,
From those dark ties that bind thee;
Though fairest hand the chain hath wave,
Too long its links have twined thee.
Away from earth—thy wings were made
In yon mad-sky to hover,
With earth beneath their dove-like shade,
And heaven's all radiant ever.
Awake thee, hoy, awake thee, boy,
Too long thy soul is sleeping;
And thou may'st from this minute's joy
Wake to eternal weeping.
Oh, think, this world is not for thee;
Though had its links to sever;
Though sweet and bright and dear they be,
Break, or there'll lose for ever.

THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE.
(A BUFFO SONG.)
There's something strange, I know not what,
Come o'er me,
Some phantom I've for ever got
Before me.
I look on high, and in the sky
'Tis shining;
On earth, its light with all things bright
Seems twining.
In vain I try this godlin's spells
To sever;
Go where I will, it round me dwells
For ever.
And then what tricks by day and night
It plays me!
In ev'ry shipe the wicked sprite
Waylays me.
Sometimes like two bright eyes of blue
That glancing;
Sometimes like feet, in slippers neat,
Comes dancing.
By whispers round of every sort
I'm tamed.
Never was mortal man, in short,
So tamed.

NOT FROM THEE.
Not from thee the wound should come,
No, not from thee.
I care not what or whence my doom,
So not from thee!
Cold triumph! first to make
This heart thy own;
And then the mirror break
Where he'd 'twixt shan't alone.
Not from thee the wound should come,
Oh, not from thee
I care not what, or whence, my doom,
So not from thee.
Yet no—my lips that wish recall;
From thee, from thee—
If rain o'er this head must fall,
'T will welcome be.
Here to the blade I bare
This faithful heart;
Wound deep—you'll find that there,
In every place thou art.
Yes from thee I'll bear it all:
If rain be
The doom that o'er this heart must fall,
'T were sweet from thee.

GUESS, GUESS.
I love a maid, a mystic maid,
Whose form no eyes but mine can see;
She comes in light, she comes in shade,
And beautiful in both is she.
Her shape in dreams I oft behold,
And oft she whispers in my ear
Such words as when to others told,
Awake the sigh, or wring the tear;
Then guess, guess, who she,
The lady of my love, may be.
I find the lustre of her brow,
Come o'er me in my darkest ways;
And feel as if her voice, ev'n now,
Were echoing far off my lays.
There is no scene of joy or woe
But she'd stroll with influence bright;
And shed o'er all so rich a glow
As makes ev'n tears seem full of light:
Then guess, guess, who she,
The lady of my love, may be.

WHEN LOVE, WHO RULED
When Love, who ruled as Admiral o'er
His rosy mother's isles of light,
Was cruising off the Paphian shore,
A sail at sunset hare in sight.
"A chase, a chase! my Cupids all,"
Said Love, the little Admiral.
Aloft the winged sailors sprung,
And, swarming up the mast like bees,
The snow-white sails expanding flung,
Like bread magazine to the heavens.
"Yo ho, ya ho, my Cupids all!"
Said Love, the little Admiral.

The chase was o'er— the bark was caught,
The winged crew her freight explored;
And found it was just as Love had thought,
For all was contaband aboard.
"A prize, a prize, my Cupids all!"
Said Love, the little Admiral.
Safe stow'd in many a package there,
And labelled styly o'er, as "Glass,"
Were lots of all this illegal ware,
Love's Custom-House forbids to pass.
"O'er haul, o'er haul, my Cupids all,"
Said Love, the little Admiral.
False curls they found, of every hue,
With rosy blushes really made;
And teeth of ivory, good as new,
For veterans in the smiling trade.
"Ho ho, ho ho, my Cupids all,"
Said Love, the little Admiral.

Mock sighs, too,—kept in bags for use,
Like breezes bought of Lapland seers,—
Law read to here to be let lone,
When wanted, in young spinster's ears.
"Ha ha, ha ha, my Cupids all,"
Said Love, the little Admiral.
False papers next on board were found,
Sham invoices of flames and darts,
Professedly for Paphos bound,
But meant for Hymen's golden marts.
"For shame, for shame, my Cupids all!"
Said Love, the little Admiral.
Nay, still to every fraud awake,
Those pirates all Love's signals knew,
And hoisted off his flag, to make
Rich words and heisses bring to.
"A P, a P, my Cupids all!"
Said Love, the little Admiral.

"This must not be," the boy exclaims,
"in vain I rule the Paphian seas,
If Love's and Beauty's sovereign names
Are lent to cover frauds like these.
Prepare, prepare, my Cupids all!"
Said Love, the little Admiral.
Each Cupid stood with lighted match—
A broadside struck the smuggling foe,
And swept the whole unhealthy batch
Of Falsehood to the depths below.
"Ho, ho, ho, my Cupids all!"
Said Love, the little Admiral.

STILL THOU FLEEST.
Still thou fleest, and still I watch thee,
Lovely phantom,—all in vain;
Restless ever, my thoughts pursue thee,
Fleeting ever, thou mock'st their pain.
Such doom, of old, that youth abides,
Who wrought, he thought, some angel's charms,
But found a cloud that from him glided,—
As thou dost from these out-stretched arms.

Searce I've said, "How fair thou shinest,"
Ere thy light hath vanish'd by;
And "tis when thou lovest divines
That art still most sure to fly.
E'en as the lightning, that, dividing
The clouds of night, saith "Look on me,"
Then flits again, its splendid hiding.—
E'er such the glimpse I catch of thee.

1 "To Bring-to, to check the course of a ship."—
Falcons.
Then First from Love.

Then first from Love, in Nature's bow'rs,
Did Painting learn her芳y skill,
And call the hues of lovelies flow'rs,
To picture woman loveller still.
For vain was every radiant hue,
Till Passion lent a soul to art,
And taught the painter, ere he drew,
To fix the model in his heart.

Thus smooth his toil awhile went on,
Till, lo, one touch his art defies;
The brow, the lip, the blushing cheek,
But who could dare to paint those eyes?
Twas all in vain the painter's love,
So turning to that boy divine,
"Here take," he said, "the pencil, Love,
"No hand should paint such eyes, but thine."

Hush Sweet Lute.

Hush, sweet Lute, thy songs remind me
Of past joys, how turn'd to pain;
Of tears that long have ceased to bind me,
But whose burning marks remain.
In each tone, some echo faileth
On my ear of joys gone by;
Every note some dream recall'd
Of bright hopes but born to die.

Yet, sweet Lute, though pain it bring me,
Once more let thy numbers thrill;
Though death were in the strain they sing me,
I must woo its anguish still.
Since no time can ever recover
Love's sweet light when once it is set,—
Better to weep such pleasures over,
Than smile o'er any left us yet.

Bright Moon.

Bright moon, that bright in heaven's art shining,
All smiles, as if within the bower to-night
Thy own Endymion lay reclining,
And though you'd wake him with a kiss of light!—
By all the bliss thy beam discovers.
By all those visions far too bright for day,
Which dreaming bards and waking lovers
Behold, this night, beneath thy lingering ray,—
I pray thee, queen of that bright heaven,
Quench not the light thy love-lamp in the sea,
Till Anthe, in this bower, hath given
Beneath thy beam, her long-vow'd kiss to me.
Guides hither, guide'st her steps benighted,
Ere thou, sweet moon, the bashful crescent hide;
Let Love in this bow'ry be lighted.
Then shroud in darkness all the world beside.

Long Years Have Pass'd.

Long years have pass'd, old friend, since we
First met in life's young day;
And friends long loved by thee and me,
Since then have drop'd away;—
But enough remain to cheer us on,
And sweeten, when thus we're met,
The glass we fill to the many gone,
And the few who're left us yet.

Our locks, old friend, now thinly grow,
And some hang white and still;
While some, like flow'r's mid Autumn's snow,
Retain youth's colour still.

And so, in our hearts, though one by one,
Youth's sunny hopes have set,
Thank heav'n, not all their light is gone,—
We've some to cheer us yet.

Then here's to thee, old friend, and long
May thou and I thus meet,
To brighten still with wine and song
This short life, ere it fleet.
And still as death comes stealing on,
Let's never, old friend, forget,
Even while we sigh o'er blessings gone,
How many are left us yet.

Dreaming for Ever.

Dreaming for ever, vainly dreaming,
Life to the last pursues its flight;
We have its visions fairly beaming,
But false as those of night.

The one illusion, the other real,
But both the same brief dreams at last;
And when we grasp the b-i-s ideal,
Soon as it shine, it is past.

Here, then, by this dim lamp reposing,
Calmly I'll watch, while light and gloom
To o'er face till midnight is closing—
Emblem of life's short span!

But though, by turns, thus dark and shining,
'Tis still unlike man's changeable day,
Whose light returns not, once declining,
Who a cloud, once come, will stay.

Though Lightly Sounds the Song I Sing.

A Song of the Alps.

Though lightly sounds the song I sing to thee,
Though like the lark's its soaring music be,
Thou'lt find ev'n here some mournful note that tells
How near such April joy to weeping dwells.
'Tis 'twixt the gayest scenes that often steal
Those sadwinter thoughts we tear, yet love to feel;
And music never half so sweet appears
As when her mirth forgets itself in tears.

Then say not thou this Alpave song is gay—
It comes from hearts that, like their mountain-lay,
Mix joy with pain, and oft when pleasure's breath
Most warms the surface, feel most sad beneath.
The very beam in which the snow-wreath wears
Its gayest smile is that which wets its tears,
And passion's pow'r can never lend the glow
Which wakens bliss, without some touch of woe.

The Russian Lover.

Fleeter o'er the moonlight snows
Speed we to my lady's bow'rr
Swift our sleigh as lightning goes,
Nor shall stop till morn's first gale.
Bright, my steed, the northern star
Lights us from yon jewelled skies;
But, to greet us, brighter far,
Morn shall bring my lady's eyes.

Lovers, loth in sunny bow'rs,
Sleeping out their dream of time,
Know not half the bliss that's ours.
In this snowy, icy ely
Like yon star that ever gleams
From the frosty heavens around,
Love himself the keener beams
When with snows of cowboys crown'd.
Fleet then on, my merry steed,
Bound, my sledge, o'er hill and dale;—
What can match a lover's speed?
See, 'tis day-light, breaking pale!

PREFACE TO THE SIXTH VOLUME.

The Poem, or Romance, of Lalla Rookh, having now reached, I understand, its twentieth edition, a short account of the origin and progress of a work which has been hitherto so very fortunate in its course, may not be deemed, perhaps, superfluous or misplaced.

It was about the year 1812, that, far more through the encouraging suggestions of friends than from any confident promptings of my own ambition, I conceived the design of writing a daring Oriental subject, and of those quarto dimensions which Scott's successful publications in that form had then rendered the regular poetical standard. A negotiation on the subject was opened with the Messrs. Longman, in the same year; but, from some causes which I cannot now recollect, led to no decisive result; nor was it till a year or two after, that any further steps were taken in the matter,—their house being the only one, it is right to add, with which, from first to last, I held any communication upon the subject.

On this last occasion, Mr. Perry kindly offered himself as my representative in the treaty; and, what with the friendly zeal of my negotiator on the one side, and the prompt and liberal spirit with which he was supported on the other, there has seldom, I think, occurred any transaction in which Pierce and Fossey have shone out so advantageously in each other's eyes. The short discussion that then took place between the two parties, may be comprised in a very few sentences. "I am of opinion," said Mr. Perry,—enforcing his view of the case by arguments which it is not for me to cite,—"that Mr. Moore ought to receive for his Poem the largest price that has been given, in any year, for such a work. "That was," answered the Messrs. Longman, "three thousand guineas." "Exactly so," replied Mr. Perry, "and no less a sum ought he to receive." It was then objected, and very reasonably, on the part of the firm, that they had never yet seen a single line of the Poem; and that a perusal of the work ought to be allowed to them, before they embarked so large a sum in the purchase. But, no,—the romantic view which my friend, Perry, took of the matter, was, that this price should be given as a tribute to reputation already acquired, without any condition for a previous perusal of the new work. This high tone, I must confess, not a little startled and alarmed me: but, to the honour and glory of Romance,—as well on the publishers' side as the poet's,—this very generous view of the trans-action was, without any difficulty, accepted by, and the firm agreed, before we separated, that I was to receive three thousand guineas for my Poem.

At the time of this agreement, but little of the work, as it stands at present, had yet been written. But the ready confidence in my success shown by others, made up for the deficiency of that requisite feeling, within myself; while a strong desire not wholly to disappoint this "auguring hope," became at last a substitute for inspiration. In the year 1815, therefore, I had made some progress in my task, I wrote to report the state of the work to the Messrs. Longman, adding, that I was now most willing and ready, should they desire it, to submit the manuscript for their consideration. Their answer to this offer was as follows:—"We are certainly impatient for the perusal of the Poem; but solely for our gratification. Your sentiments are always honourable." I continued to pursue my task for another year, being likewise occasionally occupied with the Irish Melodies, two or three numbers of which made their appearance, during the period employed in writing Lalla Rookh. At length, in the year 1816, I found my work sufficiently advanced to be placed in the hands of the publishers. But the state of distress to which English literature was at this dismal year, by the exhausting effects of the series of wars she had just then concluded, and the general embarrassment of all classes both agricultural and commercial, rendered it a juncture the least favourable that could well be conceived for the first launch into print of so light and costly a venture as Lalla Rookh. Feeling conscious, therefore, that, under such circumstances, I should act but honestly in putting it in the power of the Messrs. Longman to reconsider the terms of their engagement, and perhaps modify, or even, in the extreme, cancel it altogether, I wrote them a letter to that effect, and received the following answer:—"We shall be most happy in the pleasure of seeing you in February. We agree with you; indeed, that the times are most inauspicious for poetry and thousands; but we believe that your poetry would do more than that of any other living poet at the present moment." The length of time I employed in writing the few stories strung together in Lalla Rookh will appear, to some persons, much more than was necessary for the production of such easy and "light of love" fictions. But, besides that, I have been, at times, a far more slow and painstaking worker than would ever be suspected. I fear that I have done myself the justice to feel that, in this instance, I had taken upon myself a more than ordinary responsibility, from the immense stake risked by others on my chance of success. For a long time, therefore, after the agreement had been concluded, though generally at work with a view to this task, I made but very little real progress in it; and I have by me, the beginnings of several stories, continued, some of them, to the length of three or four hundred lines, which, after I vainly endeavouring to mould them into shape, I threw aside, like the tale of Cambuscus, "left half-told." One of these ones, entitled The Peri's Daughter, was meant to relate the loves of a nymph of this aerial existence with a youth of mortal race, the rightful Prince of Omunz, who had been, from his infancy, brought up, in seclusion, on the banks of the river Anuo, by an aged guardian named Mohassan. The story opens with the first meeting of these destined lovers, then in their childhood; The Peri having wafted her daughter to that holy retreat, in a bright, enchanted boat, whose first appearance is thus described:—

* * * * *

For, down the silvery tide afar
There came a boat, as swift and bright
As shines, in heaven's, some phariman-star,
That leaves its own high home, at night,
To shoot to distant shrines of light.

1 April 10, 1815.
2 November 9, 1816.
PREFACE, TO THE SIXTH VOLUME.

"It comes, it comes," young Orian cries,
And panting to Mohassen flee.
Then, down upon the flowery grass
Reclines to see the vision pass;
With partly joy and partly fear,
To find its wonderous light so near,
And budding oft the dazzled eyes
Among the flowers on which he lies.

* * * * *

Within the host a baby slept,
Like a young pearl within its shell;
While one, who seemed'd of riper years,
Resting, not of earth, or earth-like shores;
Her watch beside the slumberer kept;
Gracefully waving, to her hand,
The feathers of some holy bird,
With which, from time to time, she stri'd
The fragrant wr, and coyly found.'d
The baby's brow, or branch'd away
The butterflies that, bright and blue
As on the mountains of Mahay,
Around the sleeping infant flew.

And now the fairy boat hath stopp'd
Beside the bank,— the nymph has drop'd
Her golden anchor in the stream;

* * * * *

A song is sung by the Peri in approaching,
of which the following forms a part:—

My child she is but half divine,
Her father sleeps in the Caspian wave,
New-woods twine
Upon the genial shrine,
But he lives again in the Peri's daughter
Fain would I fly from mortal sight
To my own sweet bowers of Persia;
But, there, the flowers are all wither'd
For the eyes of a baby born of
On flowers of earth her feet must tread;
So hinder my light-wing'd bark hath brought her;
Stronger, spread
The leaftest b'ud;
To rest the wondering Peri's daughter.

In another of these inchoate fragments, a proud female saint, named Banou, plays a principal part; and her progress through the streets of Couts, on the night of a great illuminated festival, I find thus described:—

It was a scene of mirth that drew
A smile from ev'n the Saint Banou,
As, through the bush'd, shining through,
She went with stately steps along,
And counted o'er, that all might see,
The robes of her career,
But none might see the worldly smile
That lurk'd beneath her veil, the while:—
Alla forbid! for, who would want
Her blessing at the temple's gate,—
What holy man would ever ran
To kiss the ground she knelt upon,
If, once by luckless chance, he knew
She look'd and smil'd as others do.
Her hands were joint'd, and from each wrist
By threads of pearl and golden twist
Hang relics of the saints of yore,
And scraps of talismanic lore,—
Charms for the old, the sick, the frail,
Some made for me, and all for sale.
On either side, the crowd withdrew,
To let the Saint pass proudly through;
While turbards heads, of every hue,
Green, white, and crimson, bow'd around,
And gay tiers touch'd the ground.—
As tall-bells, when 'fer their beds
The moon-wind succes, bend their heads.
Nay, some there were, among the crowd
Of Moslem heads that round her bow'd,
So still'd with zeal, by many a draught
Of Shiraz wine profanely quaff'd.
That, making low in reverence then,
They never rose till morn again.

There are yet two more of these unfinished sketches, one of which extends to a much greater length than I was aware of; and, as far as I can judge from a hasty renewal of my acquaintance with it, is not incapable of being yet turned to account.

In one of these unfinished sketches, the tale of the Peri's Daughter, I had yet ventured to invoke that most home-felt of all my inspirations, which has lent to the story of The Fire-Worshippers its main attraction and point of interest. That it was only intuition which led me to the concealed Prince of Ormuz, to shadow out some impersonation of this feeling, I take for granted from the prophetic words supposed to be addressed to him by his aged guardian:

Bright child of destiny! even now
I read the promise on that brow,
That none shall now more dare defy
The glories of the Green-Sea Isle,
But Ormuz shall again be free,
And hail her native Lord in thee!

In none of the other fragments do I find any trace of this sort of feeling, either in the subject or the personages of the intended story; and this was the reason, doubtless, though hardly known, at the time, to myself, that, finding my subjects so slow in kindling my own sympathies, I began to despair of their ever touching the hearts of others; and felt often inclined to say,

"Oh on, I have no voice or hand
For such a song, in such a land."

Had this series of disheartening experiences been carried on much further, I must have thrown aside the work in despair. But, at last, fortunately, as it proved, the thought occurred to me of founding a story on the fierce struggle so long maintained between the Ghielers, or ancient Fire-worshippers of Persia, and their haughty Moslem masters. From that moment, however, deep interest in my whole task took possession of me. The cause of liberation was again my inspiring theme; and the spirit that had spoken in the melodies of Ireland soon found itself at home in the East.

Having thus laid open the secrets of the workshop to account for the time expended in writing this work, I must also, in justice to my own industry, notice the pains I took in long and laboriously reading for it. To form a storehouse, as it were, of illustration purely Oriental, and so familiarise myself with its various treasures, that I might quick as Fancy realized the aid of fact, in her spirits, the memory was ready, like another Ariel, at her "strong bidding," to furnish materials for the "spell-work,— such was, for a long while, the sole object of my studies; and whatever time and trouble the preparatory process may have cost me, the effects resulting from it, as far as the humble merit of truthfulness is concerned, have been such as to repay me more than sufficiently for my pains. I have not forgotten how great was my pleasure, when told by the late Sir James Mackintosh, that he was once asked by Colonel W——, the historian of British India, "whether it was true that Moore had never been in the East?" "Never," answered Mackintosh. "Well, that shows me," replied Colonel W——. "That reader, never D'Herbelot was as good as riding on the back of a cannon." I need hardly subjoin to this lively speech, that although D'Herbelot's valuable work was, of course, one of my manuals, I took the whole range of all such Oriental reading as was accessible to me; and, because, for the time, indeed, for more conversant with the subject relating to that distant region, than I have ever been with the scenery, productions, or modes of life of any of those countries lying most within my reach. We know that D'Anville, though never in his life out of Paris, was able to correct a number of errors in a plan of the Troad taken by De Choiseul, on the spot; and,

1 Voltaire, in his tragedy of "Les Ghielers," written with a similar under-current of meaning, was accused of having transformed his Fire-worshippers into Janissaries:— "Quelques figurines," he says, "pretendent que les Ghielers sont les Janissaires."
for my own very different, as well as far inferior, purposes, the knowledge I had thus acquired of distant localities, seen only by me in my day-dreams, was no less ready and useful.

An ample reward for all this painstaking has been found. In the midst of the profusion of materials we have just now cited; nor can I deny myself the gratification of citing a few more of the same description. From another distinguished authority on Eastern subjects, the late Sir John Malcolm, I had myself the pleasure of hearing a similar opinion publicly expressed,—that enmeine son on the whole, the most calamitous catastrophe, has forgotten, or boldy and most happily violated, the precept of Zoroaster, above noticed, which held it imposible to consume any portion of a human body by fire, especially by that which glowed upon their altar long lost. I have, therefore, in my Eastern learning, I can only cite, in defence of my catastrofe, an old Oriental tradition, which relates, that Nimrod, when Abraham refused, at his command, to worship the fire, ordered him to be thrown into the midst of flames. A precedent so ancient for this sort of use of the worshipped element, would appear, for all purposes at least of poetry, fully sufficient.

In addition to these agreeable testimonies, I have also heard, and need hardly add, with some pride and pleasure, that parts of this work have been rendered into Persian, and have found their way to Ispahan. To this fact, as I am willing to think it, allusion is made in some lively verses, written many years since, by my friend, Mr. Luttrel: —

"I'm told, dear Moore, your lays are sung,
(Can it be true, you lucky man?)

By moonlight, in the Persian tongue,
Along the streets of Ispahan."

That some knowledge of the work may have really reached that region, appears not improbable from a passage in the Travels of Mr. Frazier, who says, that being delayed for some time at a town on the shores of the Caspian, he was lucky enough to be able to amuse himself with a copy of Lalla Rookh, which a Persian had lent him. In the despatches of Balbec, in "Paradise and the Peri," Mr. Care, in his Letters from the East, thus speaks: "The description in Lalla Rookh of the plain and its ruins is exquisitely faithful. The minaret is on the declivity near at hand, and there wanted only the mozaic's eye to break the silence. I shall now tax my reader's patience with but one more of these generous vouchers. Whatever of vanity there may be in citing such tributes, they show, at least, of what great value, even in poetry, is that prose which is sincere. The reader of the fore-going pages is now fully apprized. It was in a slow and laborious collection of small facts, that the first foundations of this fanciful Romance were laid. The friendly testimony I have just referred to, appeared, the more pleasing to me, in the form in which I now give it and, if recollected right, in the Athenæum:

"I embrace this opportunity of hearing my individual testimony (if it be of any value) to the extraordinary accuracy of Mr. Moore, in his topographical, antiquarian, and characteristic details, whether of costume, manners, or less-changing monuments, both in his Lalla Rookh and in the Epicurean. It has been my fortune to read his Atlantic, Bermudian, and American Odes and Epistles, in the countries and among the people to which and to whom they related; I enjoyed also the exquisite delight of reading his Lalla Rookh, and his Epicurean, while all my recollections of Egypt and its still existing wonders are as fresh as when I quitted the banks of the Nile for Arabia:—I owe it, therefore, as a debt of gratitude (though the payment cannot be insisted on), for the great pleasure I have derived from his productions by bearing my humble testimony to their local fidelity.

J. S. B."

Among the incidents connected with this work, I must not omit to notice the splendid Divertissement, founded upon it, which was acted at the Chateau Royal of Berlin, during the visit of the Grand Duke Nicholas to that capital, in the year 1822. The different stanzas composing the work were represented in Tableaux Vivants and songs; and among the crowd of royal and noble personages engaged in the performances, I shall mention those only who represented the principal characters, and whom I find thus enumerated in the published account of the Divertissement:

"Faustadin, Grand-Nasir, Comte Haquet, (Marechal de Cour), Aliin, Roi de Bagarchie, S. A. I. Le Grand Duc.
Lallah Rookh, S. A. I. La Grande Duchesse.
Aurang-zâbe, Marquis Mogul, S. A. R. Le Prince Gwilliam, frere de Ro.
Abdallah, Per d'Alin, S. A. R. Le Duc de Cumberland.
La Reine, son epouse, S. A. R. La Princesse Louise Radziwill."

Besides these and other leading personages, there were also brought into action, under the various denominations of Scieurs et Dames de Bagarchie, Dames de Cachenpie, Seigneurs et Dames dansans a la Fete des Roses, &c. nearly 150 persons.

Of the manner and style in which the Tableaux of the different scenes were described in the work from which I cite, the following account of the performance of Paradise and the Peri will afford some specimen:

"La decoration representait les scènes brillantes du Paradis, colorées de figures. Dans le premier tableau ou venait la Peri, triste et desolée, couchée sur le seuil des portes fermées, et l'Empereur qui lui adresse des consolations et des conseils. Le second represente la mort, ou la Peri, dans l'obscur, pour que ce donne lui ouvrir l'entree du Paradis requise la derniere goutte de sang que vient de verser le jeune guerrier Indien."

"La Peri et l'Ange de la mort repandirent pleinement l'image et la idee qu'on est tente de se faire de ces deux individus, et l'impression qu'a fait généralelement la suite des tableaux de cet episode delicat et interessant est loin de s'effacer de notre souvenir."

In this great Fete, it appears, originated the translation of Lalla Rookh into German verse, by the Baron de la Motte Fouque; and the circumstances which led him to undertake the task, are described by himself, in a Discours d'Empereur to the Empress of Russia, which he has prefixed to his translation. As soon as the performance, he tells us, had ended, Lalla Rookh (the Empress herself) exclaimed, with a sigh, "Is it, then, all over? are we now at the close of all that has given us so much delight? and live there any poet who will impart to others, and to future times, some notion of the happiness we have enjoyed this evening?" On hearing this appeal, a Knight of Cashmere (who is no other than the poetical Baron himself) comes forward and promises to attempt to present to the world "The Poem itself in the measure of the original!"—whereupon Lalla Rookh, it is added, approvingly smiled.

1 The Fire-worshippers.
2 Tractant autem Hebræi hanc fabulam quod Abraham in iguam nisus sit qua iguam adorare noluit.—St. Hieron. in quant. in Geneam.

3 Lalla Rookh, Diversissement melé de Chants et de Dances, Berlin, 1822. The work contains a series of coloured engravings, representing groups, processions, &c., in different Oriental costumes.
LALLA ROOKH.

TO SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.
THIS EASTERN ROMANCE IS INSCRIBED,
BY HIS VERY GRATEFUL AND AFFECTIONATE FRIEND,
THOMAS MOORE.

May 19, 1817.

LALLA ROOKH.

In the eleventh year of the reign of Aurungzebe, Abdalla, King of the Lesser Buchara, a lineal descendant from the Great Zung, having ascended the throne in favour of his son, set out on a pilgrimage to the Shrine of the Prophet; and, passing into India through the delightful valley of Cashmere, rested for a short time at Delhi on his way. He was entertained by Aurungzebe in a style of magnificent hospitality, worthy alike of the visitor and the host, and was afterwards escorted with the same splendour to Surat, where he embarked for Arabia. During the stay of the Royal Pilgrim at Delhi, a marriage was agreed upon between the Prince, his son, and the youngest daughter of the Emperor, Lalla Rookh; 2—a Princess described by the poets of her time as more beautiful than Leela, 3 Shrine, 4 Dewilde, 5 or any of those heroines whose names and loves embellish the pages of Persia and Hindostan. It was intended that the nuptials should be celebrated at Cashmere; where the young king, as soon as the cares of empire would permit, was to meet, for the first time, his lovely bride, and, after a few months' repose in that enchanting valley, conduct her over the snowy hills into Buchara.

The day of Lalla Rookh's departure from Delhi was as splendid as sunshine and pageantry could make it. The bazars and bains were all covered with the richest tapisery; hundreds of gilded barges upon the Jumna floated with their banners shining in the water; while through the streets groups of beautiful children went strewing the most deliciious flowers around, as in that Persian festival called the Scattering of the Roses; 6 till every part of the city was as fragrant as if a caravan of musk from Kishin had passed through it. The Princess, having taken leave of her kind sister, who at parting hung a cornelian of Yemen round her neck, on which was inscribed a verse from the Koran, and having sent a considerable present to the Fakirs, who kept up the Perpetual Lamp in her sister's tomb, neatly ascended the palankeen prepared for her; and, while Aurungzebe stood to take a last look from his balcony, the procession moved slowly on the road to Lahore. 7

Seldom had the Eastern world seen a cavalcade so superb. From the gardens in the suburbs to the imperial palace, it was one unbroken line of splendour. The gallant appearance of the Rajahs and Mogul lords, distinguished by those insignia of the Emperor's favour, 8 the feathers of the eaglet of Cashmere in their turbans, and the small silver-rounds 9 stuck in the bows of their saddles:—the costly armour of their cavaliers, who, on this occasion, with the guard of the great Keder Khan, 8 in the brightness of their silver battle-axes and the magnificence of their tracces of gold;—the glittering of the gilt pine-apples 9 on the tops of the palankeens;—the embroidered trappings of the elephants, bearing on their backs small turriets, in the shape of little antique temples, within which the Ladies of Lalla Rookh lay as it were ensambled,—the rose-coloured veils of the Princess's own sumptuous litter, 10 at the front of which a fair young female 8

1 These particulars of the visit of the King of Buchara to Aurungzebe are found in Dow's History of Hindostan, vol. iii. p. 392.
2 Tulip cheeks.
3 The mistress of Meenoun, upon whose story so many Romances in all the languages of the East are founded.
4 For the love of this celebrated beauty with Khosou and with Fethed, see D'Herbelot, Gibbon, Oriental Collections, &c.
5 The history of the loves of Dewilde and Chizer, the son of the Emperor Aha, is written in an elegant poem, by the Duke Chineere."—Peri sha.
6 Gul Rezaee.
7 "One mark of honour or knighthood bestowed by the Emperor is the permission to wear a small kettle-drum at the bows of their saddles, which at first was invented for the training of hawks, and to call them to the lure, and in war to sound the signal of the advance. They are also the noblest embellishment of the saddle-cloth, which the Emperor only adorns with gilt and silver, and by him to distribute among the poets who excelled."—Richardson's Dissertation prefixed to his Dictionary.
8 "The kubdeh, a large golden knob, generally in the shape of a pine apple, on the top of the canopy over the litter or palanquin,"—Scott's Notes on the Baharandshah.
9 In the Poem of Zohair, in the Maslakat, there is the following lively description of a company of maidens seated on camels. 10 They are mounted in carriages covered with costly awnings, and with rose-coloured veils, the linings of which have the hue of crimson Amed-wood. 11 When they descend from the brow of the vale, they sit forward on the saddle-cloth, with every mark of a voluptuous grace. 12 Now when they have reached the brink of you blue-sheathing riwal, they fix the poles of their tents like the Arab with a settled mansion."
slave sat fanning her through the curtains, with feathers of the Argus peacock's wing, — and the lovely tropic of Tartar and Cashmerian suns of heat, whom the young King had sent to accompany her bride, a d in which she de d the lighter, upon small Arabian horses; — all was brilliant, tasteful, and magnificent, and pleased even the critical and fastidious Great Nizam of the Himalaya of the Haram, who was borne in his palanquin immediately after the Princess, and considered himself not the least important personage of the pageant.

Fadldeen was a judge of everything,— from the penning of a Curzon's eyelids to the interpretation of science and literature; from the mixture of a preserve of rose-leaves to the composition of an epic poem: such influence had his opinion upon the various tastes of the day, that all the cooks and poets of Delhi stood ia awe of him. His political conduct and opinions were founded upon that line of Sati, —

"Should the prince at noon-day say, It is night, declare that you behold the moon and stars."— And his zeal for religion, of which Aurungzebe was a munificent protector, — was about a disinterested a that of the goldsmith who fell in love with the diamond eyes of the idol of Jaggarnat.

During the first days of their journey, Lalla Lookh, who had passed all her life within the shadow of the Royal Gardens of Delhi, found enough in the beauty of the scene itself to interest her mind, and delight her imagination: and when at evening, or in the heat of the day, they turned off from the high road to those retired and romantic places which had been selected for her encampment,— sometimes on the bank of a small rivulet, as clear as the waters of the Lake of Pearl; 8 sometimes under the sacred shade of a Banyan tree, from which the view opened upon a glade covered with antelopes; and often in those hidden, embowered places described by our friend the Venetian as "places of melancholy delight, and safety, where all the company around was wild peacocks and turtle-doves;"— she felt a charm in these scenes, so lovely and so new to her, which, for a

time, made her indifferent to every other amusement. But Lalla and Rustam were young in years and experience; nor could the reception of her Ladies and the Great Chamberlain, Fadldeen, (the only persons, o course, admitted to her pavilion,) sufficiently enliven those many vacant hours, which were devoted neither to the pillow nor to the springs of the diadem. There was a little Persian slave who sung sweetly to the Vina, and who, now and then, lulled the Princess to sleep with the ancient ditties of her country, about the loves of Wanak and Ezra, the fair-haired Zal and his mistress Roda. But forgetting the combat of Rustam with the terrible White Demon, 9 at other times she was amused by those graceful dancing-girls of Delhi, who had been permitted by the Brains of the Great Pagoda to attend her, much to the horror of the good Mussulman Fadldeen, who could see nothing graceful or agreeable in idolaters, and to whom the very tinkling of their golden anklets 10 was an abomination.

But these and many other diversions were repeated till they lost all their charm, and the nights and moon-days were beginning to move heavily, when, at length, it was recollected that among the attendants sent by the bridegroom, was a young poet of Cashmire, much celebrated throughout the Valley for his manner of reciting the Stories of the East, on whom his Royal Master had conferred the privilege of being called to his presence, his admittance to his presence was so much such a privilege that she might help to beguile the tediousness of the journey by some of his most agreeable recitals. At the mention of a poet, Fadldeen elevated his critical eyes-brows, and, having refreshed his faculties with a close scrutiny of that delicious compound, the black poppy of the Thebas, gave orders for the minstrel to be forthwith introduced into the presence.

The Princess, who had once in her life seen a poet from behind the screens of gauze in her Father's hall, and had conocered from that specimen very favourable ideas of the Caste, expected but little from this new exhibition to interest her; — she felt inclined, however, to alter her opinion on the very first appearance

7 The romance Wanak and Ezra, written in Persian verse, which contains the loves of Wanak and Ezra, two celebrated lovers who lived before the time of Mahomet. — Note on the Oriental Tales.

8 Their amour is recounted in the Shah-Nameh of Ferdowsi; and there is much beauty in the passage which describes the slaves of Rodahret sitting on the grass in the ranks of the river, and throwing the Princess that specimen no very favourable ideas of the Castle, expected but little from this new exhibition to interest her; — she felt inclined, however, to alter her opinion on the very first appearance

9 Rustam is the Hercules of the Persians. For the particulars of his victory over the Sepeed Deeye, or White Demon, see Oriental Collections, vol. ii. p. 45.

— Near the city of Shiraz is an immense quadrangular monument, in commemoration of this combat, called the Kelaai-Deey Sepeed, or castle of the White Giant, which Father Angelo, in his Gazophi-

10 Of the women of the Idol, or dancing-girls of the Pagoda, have little golden bells fastened to their feet, the soft harmonious tinkling of which vibrates in unison with the exquisite melody of their voices. — Maurice's Indian Antiquities.

The Arabian courtesans, like the Indian woorer, have little golden bells fastened round their legs, neck, and elbows, to the sound of which they dance before the King. The Persian princes wear golden rings on their fingers, to which little bells are suspended, as well as in the flowing tresses of their hair, that their superior rank may be known, and they themselves receive in passing the homage due to them. — See Calmet's Dictionary of Oriental Mythology.

11 "Abou-Tige, ville de la Thésèide, ou il croit beaucoup de pavot noir, dont se fait le meilleur opium." — D'Herbelot.
of Feramorz. He was a youth about Lalla Rookh's own age, and graceful as that idol of women, Chrisea;—such as he appears to their young imaginations, heroic, beautiful, tarea hung music from his very eyes, and exciting the religion of his worshippers to the next world. His dress was simple, yet not without some marks of costliness; and the Ladies of the Princess were not long in discovering that the cloth, which enroiled his Taratian cap, was of the most delicate kind that the shawl-goats of Tibet supply.

2. Here and there, too, over his vest, which was confined by a flowered girdle of Kahan, hung strings of fine pearl, disposed with an air of studied negligence;—nor did the exquisite embroidery of his sandals escape the observation of these fair critics; who, however they might give way to Bidaddeh upon the unimportant topics of religion and government, had the spirit of martyrs in every thing relating to such momentous matters as jewels and embroidery.

For the purpose of relieving the pains of recitation by music, the young Cashmirean hid in his hand a kitar;—such as, in old times, the Arab mists of the West used to listen to by moonlight in the gardens of the Alhambra—and, having preened, with much humility, the story he was about to relate was found to be the adventures of that Veiled Prophet of Khorassan, who, in the year of the Hijrah 163, created such alarm throughout the Eastern Empire, made an obeisance to the Princess, and thus began:

THE VEILED PROPHET OF KHORASSAN.

In that delightful Province of the Sun, The first of Persian lands he treads upon, Where all the loveliest children of his beam, Flowers and fruits, blush over every stream, And, fairest of all streams, the Minir roves Among Merv's bright palaces and groves; There on that throne, to which the blind belief Of millions rais'd him, sat the Prophet-Chief, The Great Mokamma. O'er his features hung The Veil, the Silver Veil, which he had flung In mercy there, to hide from mortal sight. His dazzling brow, till man could bear its light. For, far less luminous, his votaries said, Were even the glories, miraculously shed O'er his shoulders? 'Tis, when down the Mount he trod.

All glowing from the presence of his God!

1 The Indian Apollo. — "He and the thrice Rames are described as youths of perfect beauty; and the princesses of Hindustan were all passionately in love with Chrisea, who continues to this hour the darling God of the Indian women."—Sir W. Jones, on the Gods of Greece, Italy, and India.

2 See Turner's Embassy for a description of this animal, most beautiful among the whole tribe of goats." The material for the shawls (which is carried to Cashmere) is found next the skin.

3 For the real history of this Impostor, whose original name was Hakan ben Huschein, and who was called Mocanna from the veil of silver gauze (of the others say, golden) which he always wore, see D'Herbelot.

4 Khorassan signifies, in the old Persian language, Province or Region of the Sun. — Sir W. Jones.

5 The fruits of Meru are finer than the e of any other place; and one cannot see in any other city such palaces with groves, and streams, and gardens."—Bn. Hakkai's geography.

6 One of the royal cities of Khorassan.

7 Moses.

8 "See disciples assurent qu' il se couvriit le visage, pour ne pas eblouir ceux qui l'approchent par l'ecout de son visage comme Moye.»—D'Herbelot.

9 Black was the colour adopted by the Caliphs of the House of Altabs, in their garments, turbans, and standards. — "Il faut remarquer ici toutefois les habits blancs des disciples de Hakan, que la couleur des habits, des couleures et des couleurs des Khalifes Abbasides était la noire, et chef de Rebelles ne pouvoit pas choisir une qui lui fut plus opposee."—Ibid.

10 "Our dark jleaners, exquisitely wrought of Khatthairan feeders, slender and delicato-"—Poem of Amra.

11 Pichula, used anciently for arrows by the Persians.

12 The Persians call this plant Gzoz. The celebrated shaft of Khorassan, one of their efficient herbs, was made of it. — "Nothing can be more beautiful than the appearance of this plant in flower during the rains on the banks of rivers, where it is usually inter woven with a lovely twining aelepia."—Sir W. Jones, Botanical Observations on Select Indian Plants.

13 The oriental plane. — "The cherar is a delightful tree; its bale is of a fine white and smooth bale; and its foliage, which grows in a mnt at the summit, is of a bright green."—Morier's Travels.

14 The burning fountains of Brahna near Chilagong, esteemed as holy. — Turner.

15 China.
With turbant'ed heads, of every hue and race,
Rowing before that veil'd and awful face,
Like tunib-beds of different shape and dye,
Hanging beneath the invisible Wind's sighs!
What now beside the mountain, for, to sign,
And blood to seal, as genuine and divine,
What dazzling mimicry of God's own power
Hath the bold Prophet planned to grace this hour?

Not such the pageant now, though not less proud;
For warrior youth, advancing from the crowd,
With silver bow, with belt of broder'd cape,
And four-bonnet bonnet of Bucharian shape,2
So beautiful in form and eye,
Like war's wild planet in a summer sky;
That youth to-day, a proselte, worthier Horses
Of cooler spirits and less practis'd words,—
Is come to join, all bravery and belief,
The creed and standard of the heaven-born Chief.

Though few his years, the West already knows
Young Azim's fame;—beyond the Olympian snows
Ere manhood's d'Arken'd o'er his downy cheek,
Overwhelm'd in light and captive to the Greek,3
He linger'd there, till peace dissolved his chains;—
Oh, who could, e'en in bondage, tread the plains
Of glorious Greece, nor feel his spirit rise
Kindling within him, with war's ti'art and eyes,
Could walk where liberty had been, nor see
The shining foot-prints of her Deity,
Nor feel those god-like breathings in the air,
Which mutely told her spirit had been there?—
Not she, that youthful warrior, no, too well
For his soul's quiet work'd the awaking spell;
And now, returning to his own dear land,
Full of those d e a ms of good that, vastly grand,
Haunt the youthful heart,—pride views of human-kind,
Of God's exalted rediment,
Falsely view'd, like that heros's fair deceit,
Which earth and heaven but seem, alas, to meet!—
Soon as he heard an Arm Divine was rais'd
to right the nations, and behold, emblazed
On the white flag Mukanna's lost unfurl'd,
That word's old meaning, "Freedom to the world,"
At once his faith, his sword, his soul obey'd
The inspiring summons; every chosen blade
That fought beneath that banner's sacred text
Seem'd doubly ed'd, for this world and the next; And whether sown with her the bondage gird Eye more devoutly willing to be blind,
In virtue's cause;—never was soul inspir'd
With livelier trust in what most desired,
Than his, the enthusiasm there, who kneeling, pale
With sorrow, in a burst of breath that made
Believes the form, to which he bind's his hand,
Some pure, redeeming angel, sent to free
This fetter'd world from every bond and stain,
And bring its primal glories back again!

Low as young Azim knelt, that molley crowd
Of all earth's nations sunk the knee and bow'd,
With shouts of "Alla!" echoing loud and loud;
While high above the Arphic's head
Hundreds of banners, to the mucuDes speeded,
Wav'd like the wings of the white birds that
The flying throng of star taught Solimá.

1 The name of Isip is said to be of Turkish extraction, and given to the flour on account of its resembling a turban.—Beckmann's History of Inventions.
2 The inhabitants of Bucharia wear a round cloth bonnet, shaped much after the Polish fashion, having a band of jewels round it. They professed their love by their kith and kin about the middle with a girdle of a kind of silk cranp, several times round the body. —Account of Independent Tartary, in Fisherton's Collection.
3 In the war of Caliph Mahdi against the Empress Irene, for an account of which vide Gibbon, vol. x.
4 This wonderful Throne was called The Star of, Then thus he spoke:—"Stranger, though new the frame
Thy soul habits now, I've track'd its flame
For many an age, in every chance and change
Of that existence, that from time to time range,—
As through a torch-tuck, where, from hand to hand
The flying youths transmit their shining brand,
From frame to frame the unexhaust'd soul
Rapidly passes, till it reach the goal!

Nor think the only is the gross Spirit's warm'd
With ducker tire and for earth's medium form'd,
That run this course;—Beings, the most divine,
Thus debasing through dark mortality to shine.
Such was the essence that so sufficient felt;
To which all hea'n, except the Proud One, knelt:—
Such the refined Intelligence that glow'd
In Mousa's frame, and, thence descending, flow'd
Through many a Prophet's breast;—in Isa's shone,
And in Mohammed's birth; till, hastening on,
As a bright river that, from fall to fall
In many a maze descending, bright through all,
Finds some fair region where, each labyrinth past,
In one full lake of light it rests at last.
That Holy Spirit, setting calm and free
From lapse or shadow, centres all in me."

Again, throughout the assembly at these words
Thousands of voices rang: the warriors' swords
Were pou'dcd and sli'd to heaven; so was heaven
In the open banners play'd, and from behind
Those Persian languages, that but ill could screen
The Haram's loveliness, white hands were seen
Waving embroi'der'd scarfs, whose motion gave
A pertune flutter, like those Furies were
When beck'nning to their bowers th'immortal Brave.

"But these," pursued the Chief, "are truths sublime,
That clain a holier mood and calmer tone
Than earth allows us now;—this sword must first
The darkling prison-house of Makkând burst,
Ere Peace can visit them, or Truth let in
Her wakening daylight on a world of sin.
But then,—cues all warriors, then, when all
Earth's shrines and thrones before our banner fall;

The genii. For a full description of it, see the Fragments, translated by Captain Franklin, from a Persian MS. entitled "The History of Jerusalem," Oriental Collections, vol. i. p. 235.—When Soliman travelled, the eastern writers say, "He had a carpet of green silk on which his throne was placed, being of a prodigious length and breadth, and sufficient for all his forces to stand upon, the men placing themselves on his right hand, and the spirits on his left; and that when all were in order, the wind, at his command, took up the carpet, and transported it, with all that were upon it, wherever he pleased; the army of birds at the same time flying over their heads, and forming a kind of canopy to shade them from the sun."—Sale's Koran, vol. ii. p. 214. note.
5 The transmigration of souls was one of his doctrines.—Vide D'Herbelot.
6 And when we said unto the angels, Worship Adam, they all worshiped him except Ethil (Lukcer), who refused.—The Koran, chap. ii.
7 Notes. 8 This is according to D'Herbelot's account of the doctrines of Mukanna:—"Sa doctrine est, que Dieu avoir pis une forme et figure humaine, depuis qu'il eut commande aux Anges d'adorer Adam, le premier des hommes. Qu'apres la mort d'Adam, Dieu est apparu au seul crimes de plaisirs et aites grands hommes qu'il avait choisis, jusqu'a ce qu'il prit celle d'Abu Moulem, Prince de Khorasan, lequel professer Perreux de la Tenus-kulikh ou Metempsychose; et qu'apres la mort de ce Prince, la Divine cet etait passe, et descendu en sa personne."—Jesu.
And, leading to the Caspian half its strength,
In the cold Lake of Eagles sinks at length;
There, on the banks of that bright river born,
The flowers, that hung above its wave at noon,
BLEst not the waters, as they murmord by,
With hoar ice, and lustre than the sigh
That whole dark pile of human mockeries,
That whole dark pile of human mockeries,
Of which and of which its sable columns rose on earth,
And starting fresh as from a second birth,
Man, in the sunshine of the world's new spring,
Shall walk transparent, like so me holy thing!
Then, too, your Prophet from his angel brood
Shall cast the Veil that hides, so splendid hours now,
And gladden'd Earth shall, through her wide expanse,
Bask in the glories of this countenance!
If for thee, young warrior, welcome!—thou hast yet
Some tasks to learn, some frailties to forget,
Ere the white war-plume o'er thy brow can wave;
But, once my own, mine all till in the grave!
The pomp is at an end—the crowds are gone—
Each ear and heart shall sound by the tone
Of that deep voice, which thrilled like Alia's own!
The Young all dazzled by the plumes and lances,
The glittering throne, and Haman's half-caught glances:
The smile of pity o'er the prostrated reign
Of peace and truth; and all the female train,
Ready to risk their eyes, could they but gaze
A moment on that brow's miraculous blaze!
But there was one, among the chosen maids,
Who blush'd behind the gallery's silken shades:
One, to whose soul the pageant of to-day
Has been like death:—you saw her pale dismay,
Ye wondering sisterhood, and heard the burst
Of exclamation from her lips, when
She saw that youth, too well, too dearly known,
Silently kneeling at the Prophet's throne.
Ah Zeleca! there teard a time, when bliss
Shone o'er thy heart from every look of his;
When but to see him, hear him, breathe the air
To which he dwelt, was thy soul's fondest prayer;
When round him hung such a perpetual spell,
Whither he led, none ever did so well.
Too happy days! when, if he touch'd a flower
Or glove of thine, I was sacred from that hour;
When thou didst study him till eve out
And gesture and dear look became thy own,—
Thy voice like his, the changes of his face
In those reflected with still lovelier grace,
Lake echo, sending back sweet none, fraught
With twice the aerial sweetness it had brought!
Yet now he comes—brighter than ever he
Ever beam'd before,—but, ah! not bright for thee;
No—dread, unlook'd for, like a visitant
From the other world, he comes as if to haunt
Thy guilty soul with dreams of lost delight,
Long lost to all but memory's aching sight:
Sad dreams! as when the Spirit of our Youth
Returns in sleep, sparkling with all the truth
And innocence once ours, and leaves us back,
In mournful mockery, o'er the shining track
Of our young life, and pinn'd out every ray
Of hope and peace we've lost upon the way!

Once happy pair!—in proud Bokhara's grove,
Who had not heard of their first youthful loves?
Born by that ancient flood, which from its spring
In the dark Mountains swiftly wandering,
Endsoch'd by every pilgrim brook that shone,
With relics from Buchara's ruby mines,
1 The Amoo, which rises in the Belur Tag, or Dark Mountains, and running nearly from east to west, splits into two branches; one of which falls into the Caspian sea, and the other into Aral Nahr, or the Lake of Eagles.
No — had not reason's light totally set,
And left thee dark, thou badst an amulet
In the lov'd image, graven on thy heart,
Which would have sav'd thee from the tempter's art,
And kept alive, in all its bloom of breath,
That purity, whose fading is love's death!—
But now, all is dust,—a restless zeal took place
Of the mild virgin's still and feminine grace;
First of the Prophet's favours, proudly first
In zeal and charms,— too well the impostor nurs'd
Her soul's delirium, in whose active flame,
That lighting up a young, luxurious frame,
He saw more potent sorceries to bind
To his dark yoke the spirits of mankind,
More subtle chains than hell itself e'er twined,—
No art was spair'd, no witchery, — all the skill
His demons taught him was employ'd to fill
Her mind with gloom and ecstasy by turns —
That gloom, through which Frenzy but fever burst;
That ecstasy, which from the depth of sadness
Glared like the maniac's morn, whose light is madness!

'T was from a brilliant banquet, where the sound
Of poesy and music breathed round,
Together picturing to her mind and ear
That circle of that divinity, whose sphere,
Where all was pure, where every stain that lay
Upon the spirit's light should pass away,
And, realizing more than youthful love
E'er wish'd or dream'd, she should for ever rove
The region of its power, where she stood on fire,
His own bless'd, purif'd, eternal bride!—
'T was from a scene, a witching trance like this,
He hurried her away, yet breathing bliss
To the dim charnel-house; — through all its steams
Of damp and death, led only by those gleams
Which foul Corruption lights, as with design
To show the gay and proud she too can shine —
And, passing on through upright ranks of Dead,
Which to the maiden, doubly craz'd by dread,
Scared, through the bluish death-light round them cast,
To move their lips in mutterings as she pass'd —
There, in that awful place, when each had quaff'd
And pledg'd in silence such a fearful draught,
'Still keep off the bowl and bowl bowl,
Will hast hers till she dies — he bound her soul
By a dark oath, in hell's own language fram'd,
Never, while earth his mystic presence claim'd,
While the blue arch of day hung o'er them both,
Never, by that all-preserving oath,
In his presence but one word —
She swore, and the wide charnel echoed, "Never, never ever!"

From that dread hour, entirely, wildly given
To him and — she believ'd, lost maid! — to heaven;
Her brain, her heart, her passions all inflam'd,
How proud she stood, when in full Var'man mould
The Priestess of the Faith! — how flash'd her eyes
With light, alas, that was not of the skies,
With torches, in trances, void of all their sense
Whose form no light, no air could penetrate her,
She saw the Haran kneel, her prostrate worshippers.
Well might Mokanna think that form alone
Had spells enough to make the world his own:
— Light, lovely limbs, to which the spirit's play
Gave motion, airy as the dancing wave.
When from its stem the small birds wings away:
Lips in whose rosy labyrinth, when she sigh'd,
The soul was lost; and blushes, swift and wild
As are the momentary meteor sent
Across the firmament, but beauty's ornament,
And then her look — oh! where's the heart so wise
Could unbewild'r'd meet those matchless eyes?
Quick, restless, strange, but exquisitely wild
Like those of angels, just before their fall;
Now shadow'd with the shades of earth — now cress
By glimpses of the Heav'n her heart had lost;
In every glance there broke, without control,
The flashes of a bright, but troubled soul,
Where sensibility still wildly play'd,
Like lightning, round the ruins it had made!

And such was now young Zelica — so chang'd
From her who, some years since, delighted ra'd
The almon'd-grove that shade Bokhara's tude,
All life and bliss, with Azim by her side!
So alter'd was she now, this fastel day,
When, 'had the proud Dian's dazzling array,
The vision of that Youth whom she had lov'd,
Had wept as dead, before her breath'd and move'd; —
When — bright, she thought, as if from Eden's track
But half-way trodden, he had wander'd back
Again to earth, glistening with Eden's light —
Her beauteous Azim shone before her sight.

O Reason! who shall say what spells renew,
When least we look for it, thy broken clew!
Through what small vistas o'er the darken'd brain
Thy intellectual day-beams bursts again;
And bow, like Jura, to which heliographe win
Upheld for entrance through some frieze within,
One clear idea, waken'd in the breast
By memory's magic, lies in all the rest.
Would it were thus, unhappy girl, with thee!
But though light cause, it came but partially:
Enough to show her what was passing in thy morn'd;
Wander'd about, — but not to guide it thence
Enough to glimmer o'er the yawling wave,
But not to point the harbour which might save.
Hours of delight and peace, long left behind,
With that dear form came rushing over her mind;
But, oh! to think how deep her soul had gone
In shame and falsehood since those moments shone;
And, then, her oath — there madness lay again,
And, shuddering, back she sunk into her chair
Of mental darkness, as if it had been ashes.

From light, whose every glimse was agony!
Yet, one relief this glance of former years
Brought, mingled with its pain, — tears, floods of tears,
Long frown'd on her heart, but now like rills
Let loose in spring-time from the snowy hills
And gushing warm, after a sleep of frost,
Through valleys where their flow had long been lost.

Sad and subdued, for the first time her frame
Trembled with horror, when the summons came
(A summons now proud and rare, which but she,
And, till now, had heard with ecstasy,)
To meet Mokanna at his place of prayer,
A garden oratory, cool and fair,
By the stream's side, where still at close of day
The Prophet of the Heav'n return'd to pray;
Sometimes alone — but, oftener far, with one,
One chosen nymph to share his orison.

Of late none found such favour in his sight
As the young Priestess; and though, since that night
When the death caverns echoed every tone
Of the dire oath that made her all his own,
The Impostor, sure of his infatuate prize,
Had, more than once, thrown off his soul's disguise,
In his appearance, in trances, in transfigurations,
As ev'n across the desolate wanderings
Of a weak intellect, whose lamp was out,
Threw startling shadows of dismay and doubt;—
Yet zeal, ambition, her tremendous soul,
The thought, still haunt'd her of that bright brow,
Whose blaze, as yet from mortal eye conceal'd,
Would soon, proud triumph! be to her reveal'd,
To her alone; — and then the hope, most dear,
Most wild of all, that her transgression here
Was but a passion, but a thought, a vision here,
From which the spirit would at last aspire,
Ev'n purer than before,— as perform'd in
Through flame and smoke, most welcome to the skies.

And that when Azim's fond, divine embrace
Should circle her in heav'n, no darker trace
Would on that bosom he once lov'd remain,
But all be bright, be pure, be his again! —
These were the wildering dreams, whose curt descent
Had shunn'd her soul beneath the temple's feet,
And made her think o'er a dawning falsehood sweet.
But now that Shape, which had appall'd her view,
Th' semblance — oh how terrible, if true!
Which came across her frenzy's full career
With shock of consciousness, cold, deep, severe,
As Azal in ancient heaven, and northern seas, at midnight's rite,
An isle of ice encounters some swift bark,
And, starting all its wires chez from their sleep,
By one cold impulse hurls them to the deep; —
So came that shock not frenzy's self could bear,
And waked the world each long-lived image there,
But Cleck'd her headlong soul, to sink it in despair!

Wan and desolate, through the evening dusk
She now went slowly to that last knoll,
Where, pondering alone his impious schemes,
Mokanna waited her — too vast in dreams.
Of the fair-ripening future's rich success,
To heed the sorrow, pales and spirritions,
That sat upon his victual downcast brow,
Or mark how slow her step, how altered now
From the quick, ardent Priestess, whose light bound
Came like a spirit's o'er the unending ground,
From that wild Zelica, whose every glance
Was a thrilling hie, whose every thought a trance!

I pon his couch the veil'd Mokanna lay,
While lamps around — not such as lend their ray,
Glimmering and cold, to those to nightly pray
In holy Mecca, or Mecce's dim arcade,
But brilliant, soft, such lights as lovely maid's
Look loveliest in, shed their luxurious glow
Upon his mystic Veil's white glittering flow. —
Beside him, 'stead of beads and books of prayer,
Whose solemnly thought he must have mused on there,
Stood Vases, fill'd with Kishineen's golden wine,
And the red weepings of the Shiraz wine;
Of which his curiously lips full many a draught
Took zealously, as if each drop they quaff'd,
Like Zosimus' Spring of Holiness, &c.
In power
to freshen the soul's virtues into flower;
And still he drank and ponder'd — nor could see
The approaching maid, so deep his reverie;
At length, with hensh of laugh, like that which broke
From Ebhi's bowl in Fall of Man, he spoke:
"Yes, ye vile race, for hell's assurance given,
'Too mean for earth, yet claiming kin with heaven;
'God's images, forsooth! — such gods as he
'Whom India serves, the monkey deity; —
'The descant of a breath, proud things of clay,
'To whom if Lucifer, as grandamnus says,
'Refus'd, though at the forlorn of heaven's light,
'To bend in worship, Lucifer was right! —"

1 The cities of Com (or Koom) and Cashan are full of
mosque, mosques, and sepulchres of the
descendants of Ali, the Saints of Persia. — Charlat.

2 An island in the Persian Gulf, celebrated for its
white wine.

3 The miraculous well at Mecca, so called, says
Sale, from the murmuring of its waters.

4 The god Hamaunian — "Apes are in many parts of
India highly venerated, out of respect to the god
Hamaunian, a deity partaking of the form of that
race." — Pennant's Hindoostan.

See a curious account, in Stephen's Persia, of a
school of monkeys long preserved at the harem of
the ladies, when the Portuguese were there, offering vast trea-
sures for the recovery of a monkey's tooth, which
they held in great veneration, and which had been
taken away upon the conquest of the kingdom of
Jaspan.

5 This resolution of Ebhis not to acknowledge
the new creature, man, was, according to Mahometan
theory, thus adopted: "The earth (which God
had selected for the materials of his work) was carried
into Arabia to a place between Mecca and Tayel,

"Soon shall I plant this foot upon the neck
"If your foot race, and without fear or check,
"Lurk'rating in hate, avenge my shame,
"My deep, long-nurt'ring loathing of man's name! —
"Soon at the head of myriads, blind and fierce,
"As hoodied fawions, through the universe
"I'll sweep their earth, and the dawning way
"Weak man, my instrument, cut man my prey!"

"Ye wine, ye learned, who grope your dull wayon
"By the dim twinkling gleams of ages gone,
"Like superstitious thieves, who think the light
"From dead men's marrow guides them best at night! —
"Ye shall have honours — wealth, — yes, Sages, yes—
"I know, great fools, your wisdom's insubstance;
"Undazzled it can track you scatter sphere,
"But a gilt stick, a bauble binds it here.
"How I shall laugh, when triumphed at,
"In lying speech, and still more lying song,
"By these idle rhymes, the soul of the throng;
"Their wise thought up, their wisdom shrink so small,
"A sceptre's puny point can woe it all!

"Ye too, believers of incredible creeds,
"Whose faith enshrineth the monsters which it breeds;
"Who, boiler eth'rn than Nemrod, think to rise,
"By nonsense hea'p'd on nonsense, to the skies; —
"Ye shall have miracles, ay, sound ones too,
"Such, heard, attended, every thing but true,
"Your preaching zealots, too insipid to seek
"The grace of meaning for the things they speak;
"Your martyrs, ready to slit out their blood,
"For truths too heavenly to be understood.
"And your State Priests, sole vendors of the lore,
"That works salvation; — as, on Abo's shore
"Where none but priests are privileged to trade
"In that best marble of which Gods are made; —
"They shall have my veneries — ay, precious stuff
"For knaves to thrive by — my hall sacred; —
"Dark, tangled doctrines, dark as fraud can weave,
"Which simple votaries shall on trust receive,
"Whose faith is'credent, till they believe
"A Heavn too ye must have, ye lords of dust,—
"A splendid Paradise, the souls, ye must:
"That Iprophet still sustains his holy call,
"Who finds not heavens to suit the tastes of all;
"Hours for boys, omniscience for sages,
"And wings and glories for all ranks and ages.
"Vain things — in vain! they must be... but what is life?
"The heav'n of each is but what each desires;
"And, soul or sense, what'er the object be,
"Man would be man to all eternity!
"So let him — Ebhis! grant this crowning curse
"'But keep him what he is, no Hell worse were.'"

6 Oh, my last — "exclaimed the shuddering maid,
Whose ears had drunk like poison all he said —
Mokanna started — not abash'd, afraid —
He knew no more of fear than one who dwells
Beneath the tropics knows of icles!

where, being first kneaded by the angels, it was after-
wards fashioned by God himself into a human form,
and left to dry for the space of forty days, or, as
others say, as many years; the angels, in the mean
time, often visited it, and breathed all the breath of
one of the angels nearest to God's presence, afterwards the devil
among the rest; but he, not contented with looking at it,
kicked it with his foot till it rung; and knowing
God designed that creature to be his superior, took
a secret resolution never to acknowledge him as such.

LALLA ROOKH.

But, in those dismal words that reach'd his car,
"Oh, my lost soul!" there was a sound so dear,
So soft a voice, among that fearful dead.
In which the legend o'er Hezil's Gate is read,
That, new as it was from her, whom nought could dim
Or sink till now, it started even him.

"Ha, my fair Priestess!" — thus, with ready rile,
The impious or turn'd to greet her — thou, whose smile
Hath inspiration in its rosy beam
Beyond the Enthusiast's hope or Prophet's dream;
Light on a faith! who twas not religion's zeal
To light a match of love's, men know not which they feel,
Nor which to sigh for, in their trance of hear.
The heav'n thou preachest or the heav'n thou art!
What should I be without thee? without thee,
How dull were power, how joyless victory!
Though borne by angels, if that smile of thine
Bless'd not my banner, 'twas but half divine.

But — why so mournful, child? those eyes, that shone
All life last night — what? — is their glory gone?
Come, come — this morrow's fatigue hath made them pale,
They want reclaim'd — suns themselves would fail
Did not their count's living, as I to thee.
From light's own fount supplies of brilliancy.
Thou seest this cup — no juice of earth is here.
But the pure waters of that upper mere,
Whose rills o'er ruby beds and topaz flow,
Catching the gem's bright colour, as they go.
Nightly my Geum come and fill these urns
Nay, drink — in every drop life's essence burns;
One hour in the sun, and all life's light
Could Truth, if only, in thy loveliness shine to-night;
There is a youth — why start? — thou sawst him then.

Look'd he not truly? such the godlike men
Thought have to win thee in the bowers above; —
Though he, I fear, hath thought too stern for love,
Too rul'd by that cold enemy of bliss
The world calls virtue — we must conquer this;
Nay, shrink not, pretty sage! 'tis not for thee
To scan the maze of Hezil's mystery:
The steel must pass through fire, ere it can yield
Fit instruments for mighty hands to wield.
This very night I mean to try the art
Of powerful beauty on that warrior's heart,
All that my Haram boasts of bloom and wit,
Of topaz and pearls, most rare and dainty,
Shall tempt the boy; — young Mirzallah's blue eyes,
Whose sleepy lid like snow on violets lies;
Arouya's checks, warm as a spring-dy sub,
And lips that, like the seal of Solomon,
Have magic in their pressure; Zehila's lute,
And Lillia's dancing feet, that gleam and shoot
Rapid and white as sea-birds o'er the deep;
All shall combine their witching powers to steep
My convert's spirit to that softening trance,
From which to heav'n is but the next advance; —
That glowing, yielding fusion of the breast,
On which Religion stamps her image best.

But hear me, Priestess! — though each nymph of these
Hath her peculiar, practica power to please,
Some glance or step which, at the mirror tried,
First charms herself, then all the world beside;
There still wants one, to make the victory sure,
One who in every look joins every lure;
Through whom all beauty's beams centre'd pass,
From whose pure light and warmth, as through love's luminous-gass;
Whose gentle lips persuade without a word,
Whose words, ev'n when unmeaning, are adorable,
Like incantate breathings from a shrine,
Which our faith takes for grontae I am divine!
Such loveliness, as hath no duplicate and light,
To crown the rich temptations of to-night;
Such the refulg enchantress that must be
This hero's vanquisher, — and thou art she!

With her hands elaps'd, her lips apart and pale,
The maid had stood, gazing upon the Veil
From which these words, like south winds through a
Kerrfah flowers, came fill'd with pesteence; —
So boldly uttered too! as if all dread
Of flowers from her, of virtuous flows, were fled,
And the wreath felt assur'd that, once plung'd in,
Her woman's soul would know no pause in sin!

At first, thou mutter'st she listend, like a dream
Seemed all he said: nor could her mind, whose beam
As yet was weak, penetrate half his scheme.
But when, at length, he utter'd, "Thou art she!"
All flashed at once, and shrinking instantly
"Oh not for worlds!" she cried — "Great God! lo whom
I once knelt innocent, is this my doom?
Are all my dreams, my hopes of heavenly bliss,
My purities, joy's and delight, now this,
To live, the wanton of a fiend to be
The ponder of his guilt — oh many!
And sunk, myself, as low as hell can steep
In its hot dudgeon, drag others down as deep!
Others — ha! yes — that youth who came today
Not him I lov'd — not him! oh! do but say,
I will swear to this moment 'tis not he,
And I will serve, dark bend, will worship even thee:
Beware, young raving thing! — in time beware,
Nor utter what I cannot, must not bear,
Ev'n from thy lips. Go — try thy lute, thy voice
The boy must feel their magic! — I reproce
To see those dreams with which they light their eyes;
Once more illuming my fair Priestess' eyes;
And should the youth, whom soon those eyes shall warm,
Indeed resemble his dead lover's form,
So much the hiper will thine find thy doom,
As one warm lover, full of life and bloom,
Excels ten thousand cold ones in the tomb.
Nay, nay, no crowning, sweet! those eyes were made
For love, not aoger — I must be obey'd!

Obey'd! — 'twas well — yes, I deserve it all
On me, on me Heaven's vengeance cannot fail
Too heavily — but Azim, brave and true
And beautiful, he must be the mire
Must he too, glorious as he, be driven
A renegade like me from Love and Heaven?
Like me? — weak wretch, I wrong him — not like me;
No — he's all truth and strength and purity!
Fill up your mad'ning hell-cup to the brim,
Its witchery, fiends, will have to charm for him,
Loose your glowing wantons from their bowers
He loves, he loves, and can defy their powers!
Wretch as I am, in his heart still I reign
Pure as when first we met, without a stain!
Though ruined — lost — my memory, like a charm
Left by the dead, still keeps his soul from harm.
Oh! never let him know how deep the brow
He kiss'd at parting is disconsol'd now;
'Never tell him how delust, how sunk is he,
Whom once he lov'd — once! — still loves dotingly.
Thou laugh'st, tormentor,— what! — thou'rt brand
my name?

Do, dr — in vain! — he'll not believe my shame
He thinks me true, that sought beneath God's sky
Could tempt or change me, and — so once thought I.
But this is past — though worse than death my lot,
"Than hell — 'tis nothing while he knows it not.
Far off to some benighted land I'll fly,
Where sunshine never shall enter till I die;
Where none will ask the last one whence she came,
But I may fake and fail without a name.

1. "It is commonly said in Persia, that if a man breathe in the hot south wind, which in June or July passes over this flower (the Kerzeh), it will kill him."

—Thomson.
And thou—cruel man or fiend, whate'er thou art,
Who found'st this burningague-spot in my heart,
And spread'st it—oh, so quick—through soul and frame,
With more than demon's art, till I became
A loathing one thing, all pestilence, all flame!
If, when I'm gone—

Yet, fear'st, fearless maniac, hold,
Nor tempt my rage—by Heaven, nor half so bold
The pure bird, that dares with flushing him
Within the crevice—its stretched' jaws to come! —
And to thon'thly, forthwith?—what!—give up all
Thy chaste dominion in the Haram Hall,
Where now to Love and now to Alla given,
Half mistress and half saint, thou braught'st as even
As doth Medina's youth, twixt hell and heaven!
Thou fly'st?—as easy may reptiles run.
The gaunt snake once hath fix'd his eyes upon;
As easily, when caught, the prey may be
Pluck'd from his loving folds, as from thee from me.
No, no, it's bat'sd be; good life, good life;
Thou'er mine till death, till death Mokaum's bride!
Hast thou forgot thy oath?—

At this dread word,
The Maid, whose spirit his rude taunts had stirr'd
Through all its depths, and round an anger there,
That burst and lightend even through her despair—
Shrouk back, as if a blight were in the breath
That spoke that word, and stagger'd pale as death.

'Yes, my sworn bride, let others seek in bowers
Their bridal place— the charnel vault was ours!
Instead of scents and balms, for thee and me
Rose the rich steams of sweet mortality;
Gay, flickering deathless lights alone while we were wed,
And, for our guests, a row of godly Dead,
(Immortal spirits in their time, no doubt.)
All, all, and blood upon the rock aloud!
That oath thou heard'st more lips than three repeat;
That cup—thou shudder'st, Lady,—was it sweet?
That cup we pledg'd, the charnel's choicest wine,
With all the world, and all thine own;
Hath bound thee—ay—body and soul all mine;
No matter now, not hell itself shall burst!
Hence, woman, to the Haram, and look gay,
Look wild, look—anything but sad; yet say
One moment more— from what this night hath pass'd,
I see thou know'st me, know'st me well at last.
Ha! ha! and so, fond thing, thou thought'st all true,
And that I love mankind?—I do, I do—
At least, I love them; as the sea-doats do,
Upon the small, sweet fry that round him floats;
Or, as the Nile-bird loves the slime that gives
That rank and venomous food on which she lives?

And, now thou seest, my soul's angelic hue,
'Tis time these features were uncertain too;
This brow, whose light—oh rare celestial light!
Hath been reserv'd to bless thy favour'd sight;
So you see, here shines one, whom those shrouded might
Thou'st seen immortal Man kneel down and quake—
Would that they were heaven's lightnings for his sake!

But turn and look—then wonder, if thou wilt,
That I should hate, should take revenge, by guilt,
Upon the hand, whose mischief or whose mirth
Sent me, bliss main'd and monstrous upon earth
And on that race who, though worse vile they be
Than mowing ages, are demi-gods to me!
Here—judge if hell, with all its power to damn,
Can add one curse to the foul thing I am!'

He rais'd his veil—the maid turn'd slowly round,
Look'd at him—shriek'd—and sunk upon the ground!

On their arrival, next night, at the place of encampment,
They were surprised and delighted to find the groves all around illuminated; some artists of Yam-tchum* having been sent on previously for the purpose. On each side of the green alley, which led to the Royal Pavilion, artificial sceneries of bamboo-work* were erected, representing arches, minarets, and towers, from which hung thousands of silken lanterns, painted by the most delicate pencils of Canton.

Nothing could be more beautiful than the leaves of the mango-trees and acacias, shining in the light of the bamboo-scenery, which shed a lustre round as soft as that of the nights of Persia.

Lalla Rookh, however, who was too much occupied by the sad fate of Zelizca and her lover, to give a thought to anything else, except, perhaps, him who related it, hurried on through this scene of splendour to her pavilion—greatly to the mortification of the poor artists of Yam-tchum—and was followed with equal rapidity by the Great Chamberlain, cursing, as he went, that ancient Mandarin, whose parental anxiety in lighting up the shores of the lake, where his beloved daughter had wandered and been lost, was the origin of these fantastic Chinese illuminations.

Without a delay, the Emperor's son, Fadladeen, was introduced, and Fadladeen, who could never make up his mind as to the merits of a poet, till he knew the religious sect to which he belonged, was about to ask him whether he was a Shia or a Sunni, when Lalla Rookh impatiently clapped her hands for silence, and

Prepare thy soul, young Azim!—thou hast brav'd
The bands of Greece, still mighty though enslaved;

2 3 The feast of Lanterns is celebrated at Yam-tchum with more magnificence than anywhere else; and the report goes, that the illuminations there are so splendid, that an emperor once, not daring openly to leave his Court to go thither, committed himself with the Queen and several Princesses of his family into the hands of a magician, who promised to transport them thither in a trice. He made them in the night to ascend magnificent thrones that were borne up by slaves, which in a moment arrived at Yam-tchum. The Emperor saw at his leisure all the solemnity, being carried up from a cloud that formed itself and descended by degrees; and came back again with the same speed and equipoise, nobody at court perceiving his absence.—The present State of China, p. 156.

4 See a description of the nuptials of Vizier Alee in the Asiatic Annual Register of 1854.

5 The vulgar ascribe it to an incident that happened in the family of a famous mandarin, whose daughter walking one evening upon the shores of a lake, fell in and was drowned; this afflicted father, with his family, ran thither, and, the better to find her, he caused a great company of lanterns to be lighted. All the inhabitants of the place thronged after him with torches. The year ensuing they made fires upon the shores the same day; they continued the ceremony every year, every one lighted his lantern and by degrees it commenced into a custom.*

Preparative State of China.
LALLA ROOKH.

Hast faced her phalanx, arm'd with all its fame,
Her Macedonian pikes and globes of flame;
All this hast frontal, with firm heart and bow,
But not permit but what it now, now—
Womao's bright eyes, a dazzling host of eyes
From every land where woman smiles or sighs;
Of every hue, as Love may chance to raise
His black or azure bower in their blaze;
And through the black a mode of warfare, from
That lightens boldly through the shadowy wdd,
To the sky, stealing splendours, almost hid,
Like swords half-sheathed'd, beneath the downcast lid—
Such, are the lovely, luminous host
Now led against thee; and, let conquerors boast
Their fields of fame, he who in virtue arms
A young, warm spirit against beauty's charms,
Who feels her brightness, yet defies her thrall,
Is the best, bravest conqueror of them all.

Now, through the Haram chambers, moving lights
And busy shapes proclaim the toilet's rite—
From room to room the ready handmaids hire
Some skil'd to wreath the turban tastefully,
Or hang the veil, in negligence of shade,
Others, veiling up the eyes of the young maid,
Who, if between the folds but one eye shine,
Like Seba's Queen could vanish with that one:
While some bring leaves of Henna, to imbue
The lingers' ends with a bright roseatte hue,
So bright, that in the moro's depth
They seem like tops of coral branches in the stream
And others mix the Kohol's jelly dye,
To give that long, dark language to the eye,
Which makes the maids, whose kings are proud to cull
From fair Circasia's vales, so beautiful.
All is in motion, rings and plumes and pearls
Are shining every where—some younger girls
Are gone by moonlight to the garden-beds,
To gather fresh, cool chaplets for their heads—
Gay creatures! sweet, though mournful, 'tis to see
How each prefers a garland from that tree
Which brings to mind her childhood's innocent day,
And the dear fields and friendships far away.
The maid of India, best again to hold
In full lap the Champaca's leaves of gold,
Thinks of the time when, by the Ganges flood,
Her little playmates, said many a sad
Upon her long black hair, with glossy gleam
Just dripping from the consecrated stream;
While the young Arab, bounted by the smell
Of her own mountain flowers, as by a spell, —

The sweet Elcaya, and that courteous tree
Which bows to all who seek its canopy,
Sees, call'd up round her by these magic scents,
The well, the holy cărru, and his father's lamp;
Sighs for the home she left with little pain,
And wishes ev'n its sorrows back again!

Meanwhile, through vast illuminated halls,
Siled and bright, where nothing but the falls
Of fragrant waters, gushing with cool sound
From many a pazer found, is heard around,
Young Azim roam bewild'rd,—nor can guess
What means this maze of light and loneliness.
Here, the way leads, 'oer the battles of the seas,
Or mats of Cairo, through long corridors,
Where, rang'd in casolets and silver urns,
Sweet wood of aloe or of sandal burn;
And spic'y rods, such as Ilume at night
The bowers of 'Tife,' seed forth odorous light,
Like Penis' wands, when pointing out the way
For some pure spirit to its bliss abode: —
And here, at once, the glittering saloon
Burn's on his sight, boundless and bright as noon;
Where, in the midst, reflecting back the rays
To broken rainbows, a fresh fountain flows.
High as the em'ell'nd cupola, which towers
All rich with Arabesques of gold and flowers;
And the mosaic floor beneath shines through
The sprinkling of that fountain's silvery dew,
Like the wet, gleaming shell of, even that
Dye on the margin of the Red Sea lies.

Here too he traces the kind variations
Of woman's love in these fair, living things
Of land and wave, whose fate—in bondage thrown
For their weak loveliness—Is like her own!
On one side gleaming with a sudden grace
Through water, brilliant as the crystal vase
In which it unites, small fishes shine,
Like golden peg'ds from a fairy mine:—
While, on the other, latticed highly
In odoriferous woods of Comorin,
Each brilliant bird that wings the air is seen
Gay, sparkling loories, such as gleam between
The crimson blossoms of the coral tree.
In the warm isles of India's sunny sea;
Mecca's blue sacred pigeon, and the thrush
Of Hindostan, whose holy warblings gush,
At even's come, in the tall pagoda's hue.
These golden birds that, in the spic'te-place, drop
About the gardens, drunk with that sweet food
Whose scent hath lured them o'er the summer flood:

A tree famous for its perfume, and common on the hills of Yemen.—Niciphur.

Of the genus minos, "which drops its branches whenever any person approaches it, seeming as if it saluted those who retire under its shade."—Ibid.

Clove's are a principal ingredient in the composition of the perfumed rods, men of rank keep constantly burning in their presence."—Turner's Table.

"C'est d'où vient le bois d'icles, que les Arabes appellent Oud Comari, et celui du sudail, qui s'y trouve en grande quantité."—D'Herb. lois.

"Thousands of variegated loories visit the coral-trees."—Barrow.

"In Mecca there are quantities of blue pigeons, which none will affright or abuse, much less kill."—Pitt's Account of the Mahrmenotes.

"The Fagda Thrush is esteemed among the first choirs of India. It sits perched on the sacred pagodas, and from thence delivers its melodious song."—Pennant's Hindostan.

Tavernier adds, that while the Birds of Paradise lie in this intoxicated state, the cuments come and eat off their legs; and that hence it is they are said to have no feet.

Birds of Paradise, which, at the nutmeg season,
VEILED PROPHET OF KHORASSAN.

And those that under Araby's soft sun
Build their high nests of building charmeon; 1
In short, all rare and beauteous things, that fly
Through the pure element, here calmly lie
Sleeping in light, like the green birds 2 that dwell
In Eden's radiant fields of arodhel.

So on, through scenes past all imaginative,
More like the luxuries of that impass'd King, 3
Who build his palace, on his dark Angel, with his lightning torch,
Struck down and blasted even in Pleasure's porch,
Than the pure dwelling of a Prophet seat,
And with Heaven's sword, for man's enthrancem-

Young love wond'ring, looking sternly round,
His simple garb and war-brods' clanking sound,
But all according with the pomp and grace
And silent full of that voluptuous place.

"Is this, then," thought the youth, "is this the way
To free man's spirit from the deadening sway
Of worldly sloth, to teach him while he lives,
To know no bliss but that which virtue gives,
And when he dies, to leave his lofty name
A light, a landmark on the cliffs of fame?
It was not so, Land of the generous thought
And daring deed, thy god like sages taught;
Thus, in the years of war's case,
Thy Freedom would her sacred energies;
Oh! not beneath the enfolding, withering gloom
Of such dull luxury did those myrtles grow,
With which she wretched her sword, when she would dare
Imperial deeds: but in the bracing air
Of toil, — of temperance, — of that high, rare,
Ethereal virtue, which alone can breathe
Life, health, and lustre into Freedom's wreath.
We, too, here, in this sparkling pietas,
This speck of life in time's great wilderness,
This narrow isle, this twixt two boundless seas,
The past, the future, two eternities! —
Would the bright spot, or leave it bare,
When he might build him a proud temple there,
A name, that long shall hallow all its space,
And be each purer soul's high resting-place?
But no — it cannot be, that one, whom God
Has sent to break the wizard Fa-ehond's rod,—
A Prophet of the Truth, whose mission draws
Its rights from Heaven, should thus proclaim its cause
With the world's vulgar pomps: — no, no, — I see —
He thinks me weak — this glare of luxury
Is but to tempt, to try the eagle's gaze
Of moral soul — shine on, it will stand the blaze!"

So thought the youth; — but, ev'n while he defied
This witching scene, he felt its witchery glide
Through ev'n the sense. The perfume breathing round,
Like a pervading spirit; — the still sound
Of rilling waters, lolling as the song
Of Indian bees at rest, when they throng
Around the fragrant Nilica, and deep
In its blue blossoms hum themselves to sleep; 4
And music, too — dear music! that can touch
Beyond all else the soul that loves it much —

A come in flights from the southern isles to India; and
the strength of the sunyem," says Tavernier, "so intoxicates them that they fall dead drunk to the earth.

1 "That bird which liveth in Arabia, and buildeth its nest with cinnamon." — Brown's "Vulgar Errors." 2 "The spirits of the masons will be lodged in the crops of green birds." — Gibbon, vol. ix. p. 421.
3 Shedad, who made the delicious gardens of Ezem, is said to have destroyed by lightning, the first time he attempted to see with them.
4 "My Pandi assuaged me that the plant before us (the Nilica) is their Sejuncia, thus named because the bees are supposed to sleep on its blossoms." — Sir W. Jones.

Now heard far off, so far as but to dream
Like the faint, exquisite music of a dream;
All was too much for him, too full of bliss,
The heart could nothing feel, that felt not this;
Soften'd he sunk upon a couch, and gave
His soul up to sweet thoughts, like wave on wave
Succeding in the smooth sea, when boundless rest laid
He thought of Zelica, his own dearest maid,
And of the time when, full of blissful sighs,
They sat and look'd into each other's eyes,
Silent and happy — as if God had given
Nought else worth looking at on this side heaven.
Oh, my lov'd mistress, thou, whose spirit still
Is with me, think,且 the, thus in this wise I will
It is for thee, for thee alone I seek
The paths of glory; to light up thy cheek
With warm approval — in that gentle look,
To read my praise, as in an angel's book,
And think all falls rewarded, when from thee
I gain a smile worth immortality!
How shall I bear the moment, when restored
To that young heart where I alone am Lord,
Though of such bliss unworthy,— since the best
Alone destined to be the happy ones,
When from those lips, unbreathed upon for years,
I shall again kiss off the soul's felt tears,
And find those tears warm as when last they started,
Those sacred kisses pure as when we parted.
O my own heart! — why should they fail?
A moment keep me from those arms away?"

While thus he thinks, still nearer on the breeze
Come those delicious, dream-like harmonies,
Each note of which but adds new, downy links
To the soft chain in which his spirit sinks.
He turns him tow'rd the sound, and far away
Through a long vista, sparkling with the play
Of countless lamps,—like the rich track which Day
Leaves on the waters, when he sinks from us,
So long the path, its light so tremulous;
He sees a group of female forms advance,
Some chain'd together in the many dance
By fetters, forg'd in the green sunny bowers,
As they were captives to the King of Flowers; 5
And some disporting round, unlink'd and free,
Who seem'd to mock their sisters' slavery;
And round about them,政till their flight went on,
Like gay moths about a lamp at night;
While others walk'd, as gracefully along
Their feet kept time, the very soul of song.
From psalteries, pipe, and lutes of heavenly thrill,
Or their own youthful voice, in music still.
And now they come, now pass before his eye,
Forms such as Nature moulds, when she would vie
With Fancy's pencil, and give birth to things
Lovely beyond its fairest pictureings.
While they dance before him, then divide,
Breaking, like rosy clouds at even-tide
Around the rich pavilion of the sun,—
Silently di-persing, one by one,
Through many a path, that from the chamber leads
To gardens, terraces, and moonlight meads,
Their distant laughter comes singing to his mind,
And but one trembling nym'ph remains behind,—
Beck'ning them back in vain, for they are gone,
And she is left in all that light alone;
No voice to sustain her beauteous brow,
In its young bashfulness more beauteous now;
But a light golden chain-work round her hair, 6
Such as the maids of Ezem 7 and Shiras wear.

5 They deferred it till the King of Flowers should ascend his throne of enamelled foliage." — The Bah-
hardanuth.
6 "One of the head-dresses of the Persian women is composed of a light golden chain-work, set with small pe-rils; and gold pendants about the bigness of a crown-piece, on which is impressed an Arabian prayer, and which hangs upon the check below the ear." — Herathay's Travels.
7 "Certainly the women of Ezem are the hand.
From which, on either side, gracefully hung
A golden amulet, in the' Arab tongue,
Engraven o'er with some immortal line
From Holy Writ, or bard scarce less divine;
While her left hand, as shrivelling she stood,
Held a small lute of gold and sand-woven wood,
Which, once or twice, she touch'd with hurried strain,
Then took her trembling fingers off again.

But when at length a timid glance she stole
At Azim, the sweet gravity of soul
She saw through all his features calm'd her fear,
And, like a half-fam'd antelope, more near,
Though shrinking still, she came — then sat her down
Upon a muslin's edge, and, bolden golder,
In the pathetical mode of Isfahan.

Touch'd a precluding strain, and thus began: —

There's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream,
And the nightingale sings round it all the day long;
In the time of my childhood it was like a sweet dream,
To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song.

That bower and its music I never forget,
But oft when alone, in the bloom of the year,
I think — is the nightingale singing there yet?
Are the roses still bright by the calm Bendemeer?

No, the roses soon wither'd that hung o'er the wave,
But some blossoms were gather'd, while freshly they shine;
And a dew was distill'd from their flowers, that gave
All the fragrance of summer, when summer was gone.

Thus memory draws from delight ere it dies,
An essence that breathes of it many a year;
Thus bright to my soul, as 'twas then to my eyes,
Is that bower on the banks of the calm Bendemeer!

"Poor maiden!" thought the youth, "if thou wert seat,
With thy soft lute and beauty's blandishment,
To wake unholy wishes in this heart,
Or tempt its truth, thou little know'st the art.
For though thy lip should sweetly counsel wrong,
Those veal eyes would disdain its song.
But thou hast brush'd such purity, thy lay
Returns so fondly to youth's virtuous day,
And leads thy soul — if 'er it wander'd thence —
So gently back to its first innocence.
That I would sooner stop the unchained dove,
When swift returns to its home of love,
And round its snowy wing new fetters twine,
Than turn from virtue one pure wish of thine!"

Scarce had this feeling pass'd, when, sparkling through
The gently open'd curtains of light blue
That veil'd the breezy casement, countless eyes,
Peeping like stars through the blue evening skies,
Look'd laughing in, as if to mock the pair
That sat so still and melancholy there;
And now the curtains fly apart, and in
From the cool air, mid showers of jasmine
Which those without fling after them in play,
Two lightsome maidens spring, — lightsome as they
Who live in the air on odours, — and around
The bright salmon, scarce conscious of the ground,

Some most women in Persia. The proverb is, that to live happy a man must have a wife of Yard, eat the bread of Yazdegerd, and drink the wine of Shiraz." — Fauzi.

1 Musmuds are cushioned seats, usually reserved for persons of distinction.

2 The Persians, like the ancient Greeks, call their musical modes or Fenlas by the names of different countries or cities, as the mode of Isfahan, the mode of Irak, &c.

3 A river which flows near the ruins of Chilminar.

| Chase one another, in a varying dance
| Of mirth and languor, enysness and advance,
| Too eloquently like love's warm pursuit;
| While she, who sung so gently to the lute
| Her dream of home, steals timidy away,
| Shringking as violets do in summer's ray,
| But takes with her from Azim's heart that sigh
| We sometimes give to forms that pass us by
| In the world's crowd, too lovely to remain,
| Creatures of light we never see again!

Around the while necks of the nymphs who dance
Hung careenets of orient gems, that glance'd
More brilliant than the sea-glass glittering o'er
The hills of crystal on the Caspian shore; 4
While from their long, dark tresses, in a fall
Of curls descending, bells as musical
As those that, on the golden-shafted trees
Of Eden, shake in the eternal breeze; 5
Rung round their steps, at every bound more sweet,
As 'twere the exotic language of their feet.
At length the chase was o'er, and they stood street'd
Within each other's arms; while soft there breath'd-
Through the cool casement, mingled with the sighs
Of moonlight flowers, music that seem'd to rise
From some still lake in air, so liquid is;
And, as it swell'd again at each faint close,
The ear could track through all that maze of chords
And young sweet voices, these impassion'd words: —

A Spirit there is, whose fragrant sigh
Is burning now through earth and air;
Where cheeks are blushing, the spirit is nigh,
Where lips are meeting, the Spirit is there!

His breath is the soul of flowers like these,
And his floating eyes — oh! they resemble 6
Blue water-lilies, 1 when the breeze
I — making the stream around them tremble.
Hail to thee, hail to thee, kindling power!
Spirit of Love, Spirit of Bliss!
Thy holiest time is the moonlight hour,
And there never was moonlight so sweet as this.

By the fair and brave
Who blushings unite
Like the sun and wave,
When they meet at night;

By the tear that shows
When passion is nigh,
As the rain-drop flows
From the heat of the sky;

By the first love-beat
Of the youthful heart,
By the bliss to meet,
And the pain to part;

By all that thou hast
To mortals given,
Which — oh, could it last,
This earth were heaven!

4 "To the north of us (on the coast of the Caspian, near Badkou,) was a mountain, which sparkleth like diamonds, arising from the sea-glass and crystals with which it abounds." — Journey of the Russian Am'assador to Persia, 1796.

5 "To which will be added the sound of the bells, hanging on the trees, which will be put in motion by the wind proceeding from the throne of God, as often as the blessed wish it so." — Sela.

6 "Whose wanton eyes resemble blue water-lilies,
Agitated by the breeze." — Jayadua.

7 The blue lotus, which grows in Cashmere and in Persia.
Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.

We call thee hither, entrancing Power!  
Spirit of Love, Spirit of Bliss!  
Thy holiest time is the moonlight hour,  
And there never was moonlight so sweet as this,  

Impatient of a scene whose luxury stole,  
Spite of himself, too deep into his soul,  
And where, must all that the young heart loves most,  
Flowers, music, smiles, to yield was he not,  

The youth had started out, and turned away  
From the light nymphs, and their luxurious lay,  
To muse upon the pictures that hung round,  
—bright images, that spoke without a word,  
And, glowing, came like violets into fairy grace;  
But here again new spells came over his sense:  
All that the penitent mute omnipotence  
Could call up into life, of soft and fair,  
Of food and passion, was glowing here;  
Nor was he scolded with that fine art  
Which paints of pleasure but the purer part;  
Which knows ev’ry Beauty when half-void is best,—  
Like her own radiant planet of the west,  
Whose orb when half-refurb’d looks liveliest.  

There hung the history of the Genii-King,  
Trac’d through each eye, volupium in wonder,  
With her from Saba’s bowers, in whose bright eyes  
He read that to be blest is to be wise;  
Here fond Zuleika 4 woods with open arms  
The Hebrew boy, who flies from her young charms,  
Violets and bergamot, and, half went,  
Wishes that Heav’n and she could both be won;  
And here Mohammed, born for love and guile,  
Forgets the Koran in his Mary’s smile;  
Then becoims some kind amel from above  
With a new text to consecrate their love.  

With rapid step, yet pleased and lingering eye,  
Did the youth pass these pictured stories by,

1 It has been generally supposed that the Mahometans prohibit all pictures of animals; but Toledani shows that, though the practice is forbidden by the Koran, they are not more adverse to painted figures and images than other people. From Mr. Murphy’s work, too, we find that the Arabs of Spain had no objection to the introduction of figures into painting.

2 This is not quite astronomically true. Dr. Haldy’s second volume shows that Venus is brightest when she is about forty degrees removed from the sun; and that then but only a fourth part of her lucid disk is to be seen from the earth.

3 For the loves of King Solomon (who was supposed to preside over the whole race of Genii) with Balkis, the Queen of Sheba or Saba, see D’hertelot, and the Notes on the Koran, chap 2.

4 In the palace which Solomon ordered to be built against the arrival of the Queen of Sheba, the floor or pavement was of transparent glass, laid over running water, in which fish were swimming. This led the Queen into a very natural mistake, which the Koran has not thought beneath its dignity to commemorate.

5 It was said unto her, Enter the palace. And when she saw it, she imagined it to be a great water; and she discovered her legs, by lifting up her robe to pass through it. Whereupon Solomon said to her, Verily, this is the palace even floored with glass. — Chap. 27.

6 The wife of Potiphar, thus called by the Orientals. The passion which this frail beauty of antiquity conceived for her young Hebrew slave has given rise to a much esteemed poem in the Persian language, entitled the Sultan or Zolef, by Nasereddin Jonmi; the manuscript copy of which is in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, is supposed to be the oldest in the whole world. — Note upon N’d’s Translation of Hizfez.

The particulars of Mahomet’s amours with Mar, the Coptic girl, in his lifetime of which he added a new chapter to the Koran, may be found in Gageau’s Notes upon Abulfeda, p. 151.

And hasten’d to a casement, where the light  
Of the calm moon came in, and freshly bright  
The fields without were seen, sleeping as still  
As if no life remained in breeze or rill.

Here paused he while the moon grew less near,  
Breathe’d with a holier language on his ear  
As though the distance, and that heavenly ray  
Through which the sounds came floating, took away  
All that had been too earthly in the lay.

Oh! could he listen to such sounds unmoved,  
And by that light — nor dream of her he loved!  
Dream on, unconscious boy! while yet thou may’st  
’Tis the last bliss — thy soul shall ever taste.

Clasp yet awhile her image to thy heart,  
Ere all the light, that made it dear, depart.  
Think of her smiles as when thou saw’st them last,  
Clear, beautiful, by mought of earth o’ercast;  
Recall her tears, to thee at parting given  
Pure as they wept, if angels wept, in Heaven.

Think, in her own still bower she waits thee now,  
With the same glow of heart and bloom of brow,  
Yet shrin’d in solitude — thee all, thine only,  
Like the one star above thee, bright and lonely.  
Oh! that a dream so sweet, so tender, so joy’d  
Should be so sadly, cruelly destroy’d!  

The song is hush’d, the laughing nymphs are flown,  
And he is left, mourning for his, alone; —  
Alone? — no, no, alone! — that heavy sigh,  
That sob of grief, which broke from some one night  
Whose could it be? alas! mis’ry found  
Here, even here, on this enchanted ground?  
He buries, and, his eye, a female face from close,  
Leans, as if both heart and strength had fail’d,  
Against a pillar near; — not glittering o’er  
With gems and wreaths such as the others wore  
But in that deep-blue, melancholy dress,  
King Solomon’s mourning wea’r so lastly strown  
By friends of kindred, dead or far away;  
And such as Zelica had on that day  
He left her — when, with heart too full to speak,  
He took away her last warm tears upon his cheek.

A strange emotion stirs within him,—more  
Than mere compassion ever wak’d before;  
Uneasiness he gives his arms, while she  
Spring’s forward, as with life’s last ho’r.

But, swaying in that one convulsive bound,  
Sink’s, ere she reach his arms, upon the ground;  
Her veil falls off — her faint hands clasp his knees—  
’Tis she herself! — is Zelica he sees!  
But ah, so pale she chang’d — swoon’d, a lover  
Could in that wreck of beauty’s shin’e discover  
The once ador’d divinity — ev’n he  
Stood for some moments mute, and doubtfully  
Put back the ringlets from her brow, and gaze’d  
Up those lids, where once such lustre blaz’d,  
Ere he could think she was — indeed his own  
One darling mab, whom he so long had known  
In joy and sorrow, beautiful in both;  
Who, ev’n when grief was heaviest — when lost  
He left her for the wars — in that worst hour  
Sat in her sorrow like the sweet night-bower  
When darkness brings its weeping glories out,  
And spreads its sighs like frankincense about.

“Look up, ev’n Zelica — one moment show  
Those gentle eyes to me, that I may know  
Thy life, thy loveliness is not all gone,  
But there, at least, shines as it ever shone.  
Come, look up thy Azim — one dear glance  
Like those of old, ev’n, were heard in thy breast  
Hath brought thee here, oh, ’tis a blessed one!  
There — my lov’d lips — they move — that kiss  
Hath run!”

6 Deep blue is their mourning colour. — Hanney.

7 The sorrowful melancholy, which begins to spread its rich odour after sunset.
"Like the first shot of life through every vein,
And now I chase her, mine all mine again.
Oh! the delight—now, in this very hour,
If I should single out thee, only thee.

From the world's collected treasury —
To have thee here — to hang thus fondly over
My own, best, purest Zelica once more!

It was indeed the touch of those fond lips
Upon her eyes that chased their short eclipse,
And, gradual as the snow, at Heaven's breath,
Melts off and leaves the shrine flowers beneath
Her lids unclosed, and the bright eyes were seen
Gazing on his — not, as they late had been,
Quick, restless, wild, but mournfully serene;
As it to lie, even for that tranced minute,
So near her heart, had consolation in it;
And thus to wake in his below'd despair.

Took from her soul one half its witching minute,
But, when she heard him call her good and pure,
Oh, 'twas too much — too dreadful to endure!
Shuddering she broke away from his embrace,
And treading with both bare feet the face,
Said, in a tone whose anguish would have riven
A heart of very marble, "Pure! — oh Heaven!"

That tone — those looks so chang'd — the withering blight,
That sun and sorrow leave where'er they light;
The dead despondency of those sunk eyes,
Where once, had he thus met her by surprise,
He would have seen himself, too happy boy,
Reflected in a thousand lights of joy.
And then the place — that bright, untried place,
Where vice lay hid beneath each winning grace
And charmed of luxury, as the viper weeps
Its wily covering of sweet balsam leaves! —
All struck upon his heart, sudden and cold
As death itself — it needs not to be told
No, no — he sees it all, plain as the brand
Of burning shame can mark — whate'er the hand,
That could from Heaven's and him such brightness sever.

'Tis done — to Heaven and him she's lost for ever!
It was a dreadful moment; in a tear,
The lingering, lasting misery of years
Could match that minute's anguish — all the worst
Of sorrow's elements in that dark burst
Broke o'er his soul, and, with one crash of fate,
Laid all the hopes of his life desolate.

"Oh! curse me not," she cried, as wild he tost
His desperate hand towards Heaven — "though I am lost,
Think not that guilt, that falsehood made me fall,
"No, no — 'twas grief, 'twas madness did it all!
Nay, doubt me not — though all thy love hath ceased —

I know it hath — yet, yet believe, at least,
That every spark of reason's light must be
Quench'd in the brain, ere I could draw from thee.
They told me thou wert dead — why, Azim, Azim!

Did we not, both of us, that instant die
When we were parted? oh! couldst thou but
With what a deep devotion of woe
I wept the absence — o'er and o'er again
Thinking of thee still, still, till thought grew pain,
And memory, like a drop that, night and day,
Fell and ceaseless, wore my heart away.
Dost thou not know how pale I sat at home,
My eyes still turn'd the way thou wert to come,
And, all the long, long night of hope and fear,
Thy voice and step still sounding in my ear —

"Concerning the vipers, which Pliny says were frequent among the balsam-trees, I made very particular inquiry; several were brought me alive both to Yambio and Jilba." — Bruce.

"Oh God! thou wouldst not wonder that, at last,
When every hope was all at once o'ercast,
When I heard the half-forgotten voices say
'Avion is dead!' — this withered brain gave way,
And I became a wreck, at random driven,
Without one glimpse of reason or of Heaven —
All wild — and even this quenchless love within
'Turn'd to fond fancies to light me up to sun —
'Thou pitiedst me — I knew thou wouldst — that sky
Hath thought her beneath it so long as I.
'The fiend, who hur'd me hither — that I came near,
Or thou too, thou art lost, if he should hear—
'Told me such things — oh! how in that dark art,
He as would have rinn'd e'en a holier heart—
Of thee, and of that ever-radiant sphere,
Where bless'd at length, if I but serv'd him here,
I should for ever live in thy dear sight,
And drink from those pure eyes eternal light.
'Think, think how lost, how wretched I must be,
To hope that guilt could lead to God or thee!
'Thou weepst for me — do weep, oh, that I durst
Kiss off that tear! but, no — these lips are cure.
The touch of thy touch shall be — day after day
The diurnal, and dark, the sinfull, and crease,
And one blessed name of forgetting souls.
'I have hid within those arms, and that shall lie,
Shrin'd in my soul's deep memory till I die;
The last of joy's last relics here below,
The one sweet drop, in all this waste of woe,
My heart has chang'd from all the world's things
To soothe and cool its deadly withering!
But thou — yes, thou must go — for ever go;
This place is not for thee — for thee oh, no!
Did I but tell thee half, thy tortur'd brain
Would burn like nine, and more go wild again!
'Enough, that guilt reigns here — that hearts, once good,
Now burn'd, child, broken, and are for ever.
'Enough, that we are parted — that there rolls
A flood of. lamentation betwixt our souls,
Whose darkness severs me as wide from thee
As hell from heaven, to all eternity!"

'Zelica, Zelica!' the youth exclam'd,
In all the tortures of a mind inflam'd
Almost to madness — "by that sacred heaven,
Where yet, it pray'r can move, thou'lt be forgiv'n,
As thou art here — here, in this dying heart,
All sinful, wild, and ruin'd as thou art!
By the remembrance of our once pure love
Which, like a church-yard light, still burn above
The grave of our lost souls — which guilt in thee
Cannot extinguish, nor disparish —
I do conjure, implore thee to fly hence —
If thou hast yet one spark of innocence,
Fly with me from this place —"

With thee! oh, bliss!
'Tis worth whole years of torment to hear his
"What! take the last one with thee— let her rove
By thy dear side, as in those days of love,
When we were both so happy, both so pure
Too heavenly dream! if there's no earth a cure
For the sick heart, this is day after day
To be the blest companion of thy way?
To bear thy angel eloquence — to see
Thee, virtuous eyes for ever turn'd on me;
And, in their light so chast'ned silently,
Like the stars which shed that wondrous light the sun,
Grew pure in being purely shone upon!
And then shall pray for me — I know thou wilt
At the dim vespers hour, when thoughts of guilt
Come heaviest over the heart, thou'lt lift thine eyes
Full of sweet basking, with the heart's desire,
And plead for me with Heaven, till I can dare
To fix my own weak, sinful glances there;
Till the good angels, when they see me cling
For ever near thee, pale and sorrowing,
Shall for thy sake pray to Heaven forgiven,
And bid thee take thy weeping slave to Heaven!
"Oh, yes, I'll fly with thee —"

Searce had she said
These breathless words, when a voice deep and dread
As that of Monkher, waking up the dead
From their first sleep — so startling 'twas to both —
Rung through the casement near, "Thy oath! thy oath!"
Oh, how the ghastliness of that Maid's look! —
"'Tis he," faintly she cried, while terror shook
Her innocent core, nor durst she lift her eyes,
Though through the casement, now, caught but the sky.
And though fields were seen, calm as before —
"'Tis he, and I am his — all, all is o'er —
Go — fly this instant, or thou'rt round too —
My oath, my oath, oh, God! 'tis all too true,
True as the worm in this cold heart it is —
I am Makamum's bride — his, Azim, his —
The Dead stood round us, while I spoke that vow,
Their blue lips echo'd it — I hear them now —
Their eyes glare'd on me, while I pledg'd that bowl,
'Twas burning blood — I feel it in my soul —
And the Veil'd Bridegroom — hush! I've seen to-night —
What angels know not of — so foul a sight,
So horrible — oh! never may'st thou see
What there lies hid from all but hell and me!
But I must hence — o'clock — I am not thing.
Nor Heaven's, nor Love's, norught that is divine —
Hold me no! — ha! thou'rt thou the friends that sever
Hearts, cannot sunder hands? — thus, then — for ever! —

With all that strength, which madness lends the weak,
She flung away his arm; and, with a shriek,
Whose sound, though he should linger out more years
Than wretch e'er told, can never leave his ears —
Flew up thou through that long avenue of light,
Fleeter as some dark, ominous bird of night.
Across the sun, and soon was out of sight!

Lalla Rookh could think of nothing all day but the misery of these two lovers. Her gaiety was gone, and she looked pensively even upon Firdaccese. She felt, too, without knowing why, a sort of unceasing pleasure in imagining that Azim must have been just such a youth as Feramors; just as worthy to enjoy all the blessings, without any of the pains, of that illusive passion, which too often, like the sunny apples of Isfahan, is all sweetness on one side, and all bitterness on the other.

As they passed along a sequestered river after sunset, she saw a young Hindu girl upon the bank, whose employment seemed to them so strange, that they stopped their palanquins to observe her. She had laid on small lilies, filled with oil of cocoa, and placing it in an earthen dish, adorned with a wreath of flowers, had committed it with a trembling hand to the stream; and was anxiously watching its progress down the current, heedless of the gay cavalcade which had drawn up beside them. Lalla Rookh was all curiosity: — when one of her attendants, who had lived upon the banks of the Ganges, (where this ceremony is so frequent, that often, in the dusk of the evening, the river is seen glittering all over with lights like the ethereals or sea of stars,) informed the Princess that it was the usual way, in which the friends of those who had gone on dangerous voyages offered up vows for their safe return. If the lamp sank immediately, the omen was disastrous; but if it went shining down the stream, and continued to burn till entirely out of sight, the return of the beloved object was considered as certain.

Lalla Rookh, as they moved on, more than once looked back, to observe how the young Hindu's lamp proceeded; and, while she saw with pleasure that it was still extinguish'd, she could not help fearing that all the hopes of this life were no better than that feeble light upon the river. The remainder of the journey was passed in silence. She now, for the first time, felt that shade of melancholy, which comes over the youthful maiden's heart, as sweet and transient as her own breath upon a mirror; nor was it till she heard the lute of Feramors, touched lightly at the door of her pavilion, that she waked from the reverie in which she had been wandering. Instantly her eyes were lighted up with pleasure; and, after a few unheard remarks from Firdaccese upon the indecorum of a poet telling himself in presence of a Princess, everything was arranged as on the preceding evening, and all listened with eagerness, while the story was thus continued: —

Whose are the gilded tents that crowd the way,
Where all was waste and silent yesterday?
This City of War which, in a few short hours,
Had sprung up here, as if the magic powers
That raised him, in the twinkling of an eye,
Built the high pillar'd halls of Chilimbar,
That con'd up, far as the eye can see,
This world of tents, and domes, and sun-bright arm'ary:

Princely pavilions, screen'd by many a fold
Of crimson cloth, and topp'd with halls of gold;
—
Streets, with their housings of rich silver spun,
Their chaises and poirets glittering in the sun;
And canoes, tlu'd o'er with Yemen's steils,
Shaking in every breeze their light-tourd belts!

But yester-yeve, so motionless around,
So mute was this wide plain, mark not a sound

4 The Lesser or Imperial Camp is divided, like a regular town, into squares, alleys, and streets, and from a rising ground furnishes one of the most agreeable prospects in the world. Starting up in a few hours in an uninhabited plain, it raises the idea of a city built by enchantment. Even those who leave their houses in cities to follow the prince in his progress are frequently so charmed with the Lesser, that they imagine in a beautiful and pleasant place, that they cannot prevail with themselves to remove. To prevent this inconvenience to the court, the Emperor, after sufficient time is allowed to the tradesmen to follow, orders them to be burnt out of their tents.

Dowl's History.

Colonel Wilks gives a lively picture of an eastern encampment:— His camp, like that of most Indian armies, exhibited a motley collection of covers from the scorching sun and dews of the night, variegated according to the taste or means of each individual, by extensive inclusions of coloured calico surrounding superb suites of tents; by ragged cloths or blankets stretched over sticks or branches, palm leaves has lily spread over similar supports; handsome tents and splendid canopies; horses, oxen, elephants, and camels; all intermixed without any exterior mark of order or design, except the flags of the chiefs, which usually mark the centres of a congeries of these masses; the only regular part of the encampment being the streets and shops, each of which is constructed nearly in the manner of a booth at an English fair. — Historical Sketches of the South of India.

The edifices of Chilimbar and Balbec are supposed to have been built by the Genii, acting under the orders of Jan ben Jan, who governed the world long before the time of Adam.

5 A superb cancel, ornamented with strings and tufts of small shells.—Alt. Roy.
But the far torrent, or the locust bird
Hunting among the thickets, could be heard;
Yet kerk, kerk, the discord now, of every kind.
Shouts, laugh, and screams are reveling in the wind;
The reign of cavalry; — the tinkling thongs
Of laden camels and their drivers' mugs; —
Ringing of arms, and clapping in the breeze
Of chariots from ten thousand canopies;
War-music, bursting out from time to time,
With gong and tambourin's tremendous chime;
Or, in the pause, when harsher sounds are mute,
The mellow breathings of a lone horn or flute,
That far off, broken by the eagle note,
Of the Abyssinian trumpet, and swell and float.

Who leads this mighty army? — ask ye "who?" And mark ye not those banners of dark hue, The Night and Shadow, over yonder teet? — It is the Caliph's glorious armament.
Roused in his palace by the dread alarms,
That hourly came, of the false Prophet's arms
And of his host of infidels, who hurled
Defence here at Islam's and the world,
Though worn with Grecian warfare, and behind
The veils of his bright Palace calm reclined,
Yet brook'd he not such blasphemy should stand,
Thus unreveng'd, the evening of his reign;
But rising stormy upon the eagle's wing,
To conquer or to perish, once not gave
His shadowy banners proudly to the breeze,
And with an army, nurs'd in yon Manies,
Here stands to crush the rebels that o'er-run
His best and loudest Province of the Sun.

Never did the march of Mahadi display
Such pomp before; — not even when on his way
To Mecca's temple, when both land and sea
Were spoil'd to feed the Pilgrims' luxury;
When he, with a sword in his hand and the burning gold, be saw'd
Fruit of the North in icy freshness thaw,
And cou'd his thirsty lip, beneath the glow
Of Mecca's sun, with urns of Persian snow;
Nor e'er did armament more grand than that
Pour from the kingdoms of the Caliph.
First, in the van, the People of the Rock,
On their light mountain steeds, of royal stock; 10

1 A native of Khorasan, and allowed southward by means of the water of a fountain between Shiraz and Isplian, called the Fountain of Birds, of which it is so famed that it will follow wherever that water is carried.
2 Some of the camels have hells about their necks, and some about their legs, like those which our carriers put about their horses' necks, which together with the servants (who belong to the camels, and travel on foot), singing all night, make a pleasant noise, and the journey passes away delightfully. — "Tavernier."
3 "This trumpet is often called, in Abyssinian manner, which signifies the Nose of the Eagle." — "Note of French Editor."
4 The two black standards borne before the Caliphs of the House of Abbas were called, allegorically, The Night and the Shadow. — "See Gibbon."
5 The Mahometan religion.
6 "The Persians swear by the Tomb of Shah Resaie, who is buried at Casbin; and when one desires another to avenge a matter, he will ask him, if he dare go to the Great Square of Casbin.
7 Mahadi, in a single pilgrimage to Mecca, expended six millions of dinars of gold.
8 Niveem Meccan appurtenant, rem ibi aut nunquam aut raro visum. — "Abul Koda.
9 The inhabitants of Hejaz or Arabia Petrae, called

Then chieftains of Damascus, proud to see
The flashing of their swords' rich marquetry; —
Men, from the regions near the Volga's mouth,
Mix'd with the rude, black archers of the South;
And Indian lancers, in white-turban'd ranks,
From the far Scinde, or Atteck's sacred banks,
With dusky legions from the Land of Myrrh, —
And many a mace-arm'd Moor and Mid sea islander.

Nor less in number, though more new and rude
In warfare's school, was the vast multitude
That, first by zeal, or by oppression wrong'd,
Round the white standard of the imperial throng'd.
Beside his thousand of Believers — blind,
Burning and headlong as the Samiel wind
Many who felt, and more who fear'd to feel
The bloody Islame's converting steel;
Flock'd to his banner: — Chiefs of the Uzbek race,
Waving their heroic crests with martial grace; —
Turkoman, countless as their flocks, led forth
From the aromatic pastures of the north;
Wild warriors of the turqul's hill, — and those
Who dwell beyond the everlasting snows
Of Hindoo Koold in stormy freedom bred.
Their fort the rock, their camp the torrent's bed.
But none, of all who o'ert' the Chief's command,
Rush'd to that battle-field with bolder heart,
Or wore the brave, than Iran's valiant men.
Her Worshipers of Fire 16 — all panting then
For vengeance on the accursed Saracen;
Vengeance at last for their dear country spurn'd,
Their throne usurp'd, and her bright shrines o'erturn'd.
From Yezd's 17 eternal Mansion of the Fire,
Where aged souls in dreams of Heaven expire:
From Badku, and those fountains of blue flame
That burn into the Capian; fierce they came,
Careless for what or whom the blow was sped,
So vengeance triumph'd, and their tyrants bleed.

Such was the wild and miscellaneous host,
That high in air their motley banners toss'd
by an Eastern writer "The People of the Rock." —
"Ebn Haukal."

10 "These horses, called by the Arabians Kochlani, of whom a written genealogy has been kept for 2000 years. They are said to derive their origon from King Solomon's steeds." — "Nicholaus." 11 "Many of the figures on the blades of their swords are wrought in gold or silver, or in marquetry with small gems." — "Asiat. Misc. v. i.
12 Azab or Saba.
13 "The chiefs of the Uzbek Tartars wear a plume of white hore's feathers in their turbans." — "Account of Independent Tartary."
14 In the mountains of Nishapour and Toos (in Khorassan) they find turquoises. — "Ebn Haukal."
15 For a description of these stupendous ranges of mountains, see Elphinstone's Cautub.
16 The Ghebers or Guebres, those original natives of Persia, who adhered to their ancient faith, the religion of Zoroaster, and who, after the conquest of their country by the Arabs, were either persecuted at home, or forced to become wanderers abroad.
17 Yezd, the chief residence of those ancient natives, who worship the Sun and the Fire, which latter they have carefully kept lighted, without being once extinguished for a moment, about 3000 years, in a mountain near Yezd, called Ater Quedah, signifying the House or Mansion of the Fire. He is reckoned very unfortunate who dies off that mountain. — "Stephen's Persia."
18 "When the westery hazy, the springs of Naphtha (on an island near Baku) boil up the higher, and the Naphtha often takes fire on the surface of the earth, and runs in a flame into the sea in a distance almost incredible." — "Huxley on the Everlasting Fire at Baku."
Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.

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Around the Prophet Chief— all eyes still bent Upon that glittering Veil, where'er it went, That beacon through the battle's stormy flood, That rainbow of the field, whose showers were blood:

"Twixt hath the sun upon their conflict set, And risen again, and I feel them grappling yet; While streams of carnage in his hoary blaze, Snake up to Heaven— but as that crimson haze, By which the prosaic Caravan is aw'd, In the red Desert, when the wind's abroad.

"Oh, Swords of God!" the panting Caliph calls,—

"These frowns for the living— Heav'n for him who falls!"

"On, brave avengers, on," Mokonna cries,

"And Eblis blaat the recreant slave that tires!"

Now comes the brunt, the crisis of the day—

They clash— they strive— the Caliph's troops give way!

Mokonna's self plucks the black Banner down,

And now the Orient World's imperial crown Is just within his grasp— when, hark, that shout! Some hand hath check'd the flying Moslem's rout; And, as he turns, they rally at his head.

A warrior, (like those angel you who led,

In glorious panoply of Heaven's own mail, The Champsains of the Faith through Beder's vale;)

Hold as it gifted with ten thousand lives,

Turns on the fierce purpose his soul has driven

At once the multitude terrific back—

While hope and courage kindle in his track;

And, at each step, his bloody faction makes Terrible vasts through which victory breaks! In vain Mokonna, wieldst the general fight, Stands, like the red moon, on some stormy night,

Among the fugitive clouds, that, hurrying by,

Leave only her unshaken in the sky—

In vain he yell's his desperate curses out, Deals death promiscuously to a band;

To foes that charge and coward friends that fly,

And seems of all the Great Arch-enemy.

The panic spreads— "a miracle!" throughout The Moslem ranks, "a miracle!" they shout,

All gazing on that yon, whose coming seems A light, a glory, such as breaks in dreams;

And every sword, true as ever billows down.

The needle tracks the lodestar, following him!

Right how'ds Mokonna now he cleaves his path, Into the fugitives, through the bolt of wrath; He bears from Heav'n's wi' held ab awful burst— From weaker heads, and souls but half-way curt, To break o'er Him, the mightiest and the worst! But vain his speed— though, in that hour of blood, Had all God's seraphs round Mokonna stood, With swords of fire, ready like fate to fall,

Mokonna's soul would have defied them all,

Yet now, the rush of fugitives, too strong For human force, hurries ev'n him along;

In vain he struggles to the weight of a crowd

Of flying thousands— he is borne away;

And the sole joy his baffled spirit knows,

In this toread flight, is— murthering as he goes!

As a grim tiger, whom the torrent's might Surprised in some parch'd ravine a light,

Turns, ev'n in dawning, on the wretched flocks, Swept with him in that snow-flood from the rocks And, to the last, devoring on his way, But still the stream he hath not power to stay.

"Alla illa Alla!"— the glad shout renew—

"Alla Akbar!"— the Caliph's in Merou.

Hang out your gilded tapestry in the streets, And light your shrines and chant your zacrals; The Swords of God have triumph'd— on his throne Your Caliph sits, and the veil'd Chief hath flown. Who does not envy that young warrior now, To whom the Lord of Khi bended his brow,

In all the grand and majestic attitude of power.

For his themes' safety in that perilous hour? Who doth not wonder, when, amidst the acclaim Of thousands, heralding to heaven his name—

And all those holier harmonies of fame, Which sound along the path of various souls, Like music round a planet as it rolls—

He turns away— coldly, as if some gloom Hung over his heart, to triumphs can illumine;—

Some sightless grief, upon whose blasted gaze Though glory's light may play, in vain it plays. Yes, a sheeted Armel! thine were the great grief, Beyond a hope, all terror, all relief—

A dark, cold cold, which nothing now can break, Or warm or brighten,— like that Syrian lake,

Upon whose surface more and summer shed Their smiles in vain, farewell be the world!—

Hearts have these been, o'er which this weight of woe Came by long use of suffering, fame and slow; But thine, lost youth! was sudden— over thee Irike it like a wave, when all second e's away.

In hope look'd up, and saw the glorious Post Melt into splendour, and dissolves at last—

"Wt was then, ev'n then, o'er joys so freshly blown,

This mortal flight of misery came down;—

Ev'n then, the full, warm gushings of the heart Were check'd like sudden drops, frozen as they start—

And there, like them, cold, unless reliefs hang, Each fax'd and child'st into a lasting pang.

One sole desire, one passion now remains To keep life a fever still within his veins, Vengeance— dire vengeance on the wretch who cast O'er him and all his love'd that ruinous blast.

For this, when rumours reach'd him in his flight Far, far away, after that fatal night,—

Hymns of anger, through the armies, His attack Of the Veil'd Chief,— for this he wond'ed him back, Fleet as the vulture speeds' to flags unfurl'd, And, when all hope seem'd de pate, wildly hur'd Himself into the scale, and sw'd a world.

For this he stills live, careless of all The wreaths that Glory on his path lets fall; For this a one exists— like lightning-fire, To speed one bolt of vengeance, and expire!—

But safe as yet that Spirit of Evil lives; With a small hand of desperate fugitives.

The last sole stubborn fragment, left univ'ren, Of the proud host that late stood fronting Heaven, He gained Meroz— breath'd a short curse of blood Over his lost throne— then passed the Jihon's flood, And gathering all, whose heads of belief! Still saw a Saviour in their down-fall's chieft Reuld the white banner within Nekshel's gates, And there, unbled, the approaching conqueror wars.

The Teclir or cry of the Arabs. "Alla Acbir!" says Ocklery, means, "God is most mighty!"

The zirakel is a kind of chorus, which the women of the East sing upon joyful occasions—

Russell.

The Dead Sea, which contains neither animal nor vegetable life.

The ancient Oxus.

A city of Transoxiana.
Of all his Haram, all that busy hive.
With music and with sweets sparkling alive,
He took but one, the path to at his flight,
One—for love—not for his beauty's light.
Nor, Zelica stood withering mild the gay,
When to the tresses of his hair butt the gay.
From the Ama tree and die, while overhead
Young's new far is springing in its stead.

Oh, not for love—the dearest Dun "must be
Touch'd with Heaven's glory, ere such hands he can
Feel one glimpse of Love's divinity.
But no, she is his victim;—there tie all
Her charms for him—charms that can never pall,
As long as hell within his head can stir.
Or the faint trace of Heaven is left in her.
For love.

As when a page as Virtue er' unroll'd
Blacken. beneath his touch, into a scroll
Of damning sins, seal'd with a burning soul.
This is his triumph;—this the joy accur'd,
That ranks him among demons all but first.
This eyes the victim, but before him lies
Blighted and lost, a glory in his eyes,
A light like that with which hell-fire illumines
The ghastly, writhing wretch whom it consumes!

But other tasks now wait him—tasks that need
All the deep darkness of thought and deed.
With which the Daves 2 have given him—
For mark, Over your plains, which might have side made dark,
Those lanterns, unless as the winged light's
That sung—did a fields on showery nights, 3
Those to as fabled gleams they shed,
The mighty torch of the belegner speed,
Glimmering a path the horizon's dully line,
And thence in nearer circles, till they shine
Among the clouds and winds, and graver which the town
In all its arn'd magnificence books down.
Yet, fearless, from his I-itly battlements
Mokanna views that multitude of tents;
Nay, smiles to think that, though behind, be set,
Not less their myriads dare to him, without
That friendless, throneless, he thus stand-at boy,
Ev'n thus a match for raynards such as they.

"Oh, for a sweep of that black Angel's wing,
Who brush'dal the thousands of the Assyrian King.
But in the dark, I thought, that my dearest friend,
People Hell's chambers with you host to-night!
But come what may, let who will grasp the throne.
Caliph or Prophet, on all alike shall grant;
Let who will torture him, Prie—Caliph—King—
Alas, this thousand and a world of his soul's amaze
With victims' shrieks and howlings of the slave,
Sounds, that shall glad me even within my grave!
Thus, to himself—but to the scanty train
Still left around him, a few different strain;
—Glorious D. fenders of the sacred Crown—
1 I hear from Heaven, whose light nor blood shall
drown
Nor shadow of earth eclipse;—before whose gems
The paly pomp of this world's diadem,
The crown of Gehshid, the pall'd throne
Of Parviz, 4 and the hero crest that shone, 5

"You never can cast your eyes on this tree, but you meet there either blossoms or fruit; and as the blossom drops underneath on the ground (which is frequently covered with these precious mower flowers), others come forth in their stead," etc. &c.

3 Realms of the Persian mythology.
4 Carrer mentions the fire-flies in India during the rainy season. See his Travels.
5 "The Demons of the Persian mythology.
6 "Carree mentions the fire-flies in India during the rainy season. See his Travels."
7 "Mennacheri called by the Oriental King of Munsee—D'Herbelot.
8 "Choses. For the description of his throne or palace.
9 "See Gibbons and D'Herbelot.
10 "There were said to be under this Throne or Palace of Kiosor Parviz a hundred vauts filled with "treasures so immense that some Mahometan writers tell "Magnificent, of Ali's beautiful eyes.
"Fate like the stars when menu in the skies;
"Warriors, regency—since to which we've pass'd
"Over Destiny's dark wave beams out at last!
"Victory's own—'tis written in that Book
"Upon whose leaves that those now, lighted by the sun,
"That Islam's sceptre shall beneath the power
"Of her great foe fell broken in that hour,
"When the moon's mighty orb, before all eyes,
"From Neskob's Holy Well peregrinantly shall rise!
"Now turn and see!"  
They turned, and, as he spake
A sudden splendor all ar and them broke,
And they beheld an orb, ample and bright,
Rise from the Holy Well, 6 and cast its light
Round the rich city and the plain for miles 7
Flinging such radiance o'er the zilded tiles
Of my a y a and me and fair-rod'd maret
As aut un sun shed round them when they set.
Instant from all who saw, the illusive sign
A maroort jurk — "Miraculous! divine!"
The Gheber bowed, thinking his idol star
Had wicked, and burst impatient through the bar
Of midight, to inflame him to the war;
While he of Mousa's creed saw, in that ray
The glorious vision, which, in his freedom's day,
Had rested on the Ark, 10 and now again
Shone out to bless the breaking of his chain.

"To victory!" b a l o n c e the cry of all—
Nor stands Mokanna toering at that call;
But just at the huge gates are hung aside,
And forth, like a diminutive moon and tide
Into the boundless sea, they speed their course
Right on to the Mosiac's mighty force.
The watchmen of the camp, who, in their rounds,
Had pass'd, and ev'n forgot the punctual sounds
Of the small drum with whch they count the night,
To gaze upon that supernatural light.
Now sink beneath an unexpected arm,
And in a de-throng give their last alarm.

"No for the lamps, that light you i'ty screen, 12
"No burn your blades with massacre so mean;
us, their Prophet, to encourage his disciples, carried
them to a rock, which at his Command opened, and
gave them a prospect through it of the treasures of
Khorou.—Universal History.

6 The crown of Gehshid is cloudy and tarnished before the horizon by the turban. 7 From one of the elegies or songs in praise of Ali, written in characters of gold round the gallery of Abba's tomb. See Chardin.

The beauty of Ali's eyes was so remarkable, that
whenever the Persians would describe anything as
very lovely, they say it is Ayn Halis, or the Eyes of
Ali.—Chardin.

8 We are not told more of this trick of the Inspector, than that it was "a machine, qu'il d'aitoit etre la Lune." According to Richardson, the miracle is perpetuated in Neskib. "Nak-bab, the name of a city in Tranoxiania; there they say there is a well, in
which the appearance of the moon is to be seen night
and day."

9 Il amas pendant deux mois le peuple de a ville de Neskob, en faisant sortir toutes les nuits du fond d'un puits un corps lumineux semblable a une Lune, qui paroit sa lumiere jusqu'a la distance de plusieurs miles?—D'Herbelot. Hence he was called Sazendemah, or the Moon-maker.

10 The Sheikinho, called Sakam in the Koran. See Sale's Note, chap. ii.

11 The parts of the night are made known as well by instruments of music, as by the rounds of the watchmen with cries and small drums. See Larder's Oriental Customs, vol. i. p. 119.

12 The Seragourah, high screens of red cloth, stiffened with cane, used to enclose a considerable space round the royal tents. — Notes on the Baharzannah.
Veiled Prophet of Khurassan.

"There rests the Caliph—speed—one lucky lance
May now achieve mark'd deliverance.
Despair he die—such as they may cut,
Who venus be for a world, and strike their stake.
But foes no longer with him—bade for blade
Springs up to meet them through the shadow, and,
And as the clash is heard, new legion near
Pour to the spot, like bees of Kazanrown.
To the shrill trombone's summons—fill, at length,
The mighty camp swarms out in all its strength,
And, like a web, the Sphens' gates, covering the plain.
With random's daughter, drives the adventur'd train;
Among the last of whom the Silver Veil
Is seen glittering at times, like the white sail
Of some lordly vessel, on a stormy night,
Catching the temple's momentary light.
And hast not this brought the proud spirit low?
Nor dash'd his brow, nor check'd his daring? No,
That's where his head, for though he led
to throne and victory, he disgrac'd and dead,
Yet morning bears him with unshrinking crest,
Still vaunt of throne, and victory to the rest;
And they believe him:—oh, the lover may
Doutst in his heart, which steals a way.
The baby may cease to think that it can play
With Heaven's rainbow;—alchemists may doubt
The shining gold their cruci'd gives out;
But Faith, sincere Faith, once welded fast
To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last.

And well the Impostor knew all lures and arts
That Lucifer ever taught to tangle hearts;
Not build these false workings of his plot
Against men's souls in Zelcin forgot.
Hil-fated Zelcin! had reason been
Awake, through half the horrid thou hast seen,
Thou never couldst have borne it—Death had come at once, and taken by wound or flame.
But 'twas not so—a torch, a suspense
Of thought, almost of life, came over the intense
And pa'son the ruggles of that fearful night,
When her last hope of peace and he 'v'n took flight:
And though the sun, a cuisain, a gleam
As through some dull volcano's veil of sun-kle
Ominous blossings now and then will start,
Which show the fire's still by at her heart;
Yet was she mostly wrap'd in solemn gloom,—
Nor with a blush, her brows burning with love,
And calm with out, as is the brow of death.
While buoy worms are gnawing under her
But in a blank and pulses a torch, free
From thought or pain, a soul-up ajaipy.
Which left her oft, with sore one lying thrill,
The cold, pale victim of her tormentor's will.

Again, as in Mercou, he had her deck'd
Gorgeously out, the Priestess of the sect;
And led her glittering forth before a Kings
Of his rude train, as to a sacrifice,—
Pal'd as she, the young, devoted Bride
Of the fince Nile, when, deck'd in all the pride
Of nuptial pomp, she sinks into his tode.
And her maid hand, and set upon her head,
And stood, as one just risen from the dead,
Amid that gazin crowd, the fiend would tell
His cindulous slaves it was some charm or spell

The tents of Princes were generally illuminated.
Norden tells us that the tent of the Bey of Girge was distinguished from the other tents by forty lanterns being suspended before it.—See Harmer's Observations on Job.

From the groves of orange trees at Kazanrown the bees call a celebrated hymn—

A custom still subsisting at this day, seems to me to prove that the Egyptians formerly sacrificed a young virgin to the God of the Nile; for they now make a statue of earth in shape of a girl, to which they give the name of the Betrothed Bride, and throw it into the river.—Narony.

Poss'd her now,—and from that dark'en'd trance
Should dawn ere long their Faith's deliverance.
Or if, at times, goaded by guilty shame,
Her soul was round, and words of wildness came,
Instant the bold his picture would translate
Her savings into oracles of fate
Would hail Heaven's signals in her flashing eyes,
And call her shrinks the language of the skies!

But vain at length his arts—despair is seen
Gathering round; and famine comes to glean
All that the sword had left unrape'd;—in vain
At morn and eve across the northern plain
He looks impatient for the promised spears
Of the wild Hordes and Tartar mountainers.
Their come not,—while his fierce liberts pos
Engines of havoc in, unknown before.
And horrible as new;—a javelin, that may
Embrace'd with sanguine flames through the dark sky,
And red-hot globes, that, opening as they mount,
Discharge, as from a kindled Naphtha bomb.

That they knew the secret of the Greek fire among the Musulmans early in the eleventh century, appears from Dudo's Account of Mamur. 1. When he arrived at Moutain, finding that the country of the Jis was defended by great rivers, he ordered fifteen hundred boats to be built, each of which he armed with six iron spikes, projecting from their prows and sides, to prevent their being boarded by the enemy, who were very expert in that kind of war. When he had launched this fleet, he ordered twenty archers into each boat, and five others with fire-balls, to burn the craft of the Jis, and maphtha to set the whole river on fire.

The agree aster, too, in Indian poems the Instrument of Fire, whose flame cannot be extinguished, is supposed to signify the Greek Fire.—See Hak's's Myth of India, Vol. i. p. 471. —And in the curious Javan poem, the Brata Putha given by Sir Stamford Raffles in his History of Java, we find, He amus at the heart of Socta with the sharp-pointed Weapon of Fire.

The mention of gunpowder as in use among the Saracens, long before its supposed discovery in Europe, is introduced by Ebn Fadil, the Eynap geographer, who lived in the thirteenth century. "Bodies," he says, "in a certain manner of sound, filled with nitrous powder, guide along, making a gentle noise; then, exploding, they lighten, as it were, and burn. But there are others which cast into the air, stretch along like a cloud, roaring hourly, as thunder storms, and, on all sides vomiting flames, burn, burn, and reduce to cinders whatever comes in their way." The historian Ben Abdallah, in speaking of the sieges of Ablasabad in the year of the Hegira 712, says, "A fiery globe, by means of combustible matter, with a mighty noise suddenly emitted, strikes with the force of lightning and shakes the citadel.—See the extracts from Castor's Biblioth. Arab. Hispan. in the Appendix to Bunting's Literary History of the Middle Ages.

The Greek fire, which was occasionally sent by the emperors to their allies, is thus described by Gobin, 2 either launched in red-hot balls of stone and iron, or darted in arrows and javelins, twisted round with fire and tow, which had deeply mubbed the inflammable oil.

2 See Hammon's Account of the Springs of Naphtha at Baku (which is called by Lieutenant Pothier; Josi Moseski, and the Flamingo), taking in the sea, Dr. Cooke, in his Journal, mentions some wells in Circassia, strongly impregnated with this inflammable oil, from which issues a rolling wave. "Though the weather," he adds, "was now very cold, the hot water produced near them the verdure and flowers of spring."

Major Scott Warner says, that maphtha is used by the Persians, as we are told it was in hell, for lamps.
Shower of conflagration fire o'er all below;
Looking, as through the illumined night they go,
Like those wild birds! that by the Magians off,
At festivals of fire, were oft shifted
Into Lalla, with blazing torches tied
To their huge wings, scattering combustion wide.
All night the grandiose wretches who expire,
In agony, beneath these darts of fire,
Ring through the city—while descending o'er
A ghastly and desolate streets of Sarcasms,
Its lone beacons, with their bright cloths of gold,
Since the last peaceful pageant left unroll'd—
Its beautiful marble baths, whose idle seas
Now gush with blood, and—its tall minarets,
That have stood up in the evening glare
Of the red sun, unshallowed by a prayer;
Over each, in turn, the dreadful flame-bolts fall,
And death and consummation throughout
The desolate city hold high festival!

Mekanna sees the world is his no more;
One stung at parting, and his grasp is o'er.

What! drooping now?—thus with unblushing cheek
He bin the few, who yet can hear him speak,
Of all those guiltless slaves around him lying
And by the light of blazing temples dying;
What!—drooping now?—now, when at length
We press
Home o'er the very thresholds of success;
When Alla from our ranks deoth him o'er,
The se grosser branches, that kept out his ray
Of favour from us, and we saved at length
Heirs of his light and children of his reign,
The chosen few, who shall survive the fall
Of King^ and Thrones, triumphed o'er all!
Have you then lost, weak mortals as you are,
All faith in him, who was your Light, your Star?
Have you forgot the eye of glory, hid
Beneath this Veil, the shirking of whose lid
Could, like a sun-stroke of the desert, withiter
Millions of such as yonder Chief bartersuther?
Long have its lightnings slept—too long—but now
All earth shall feel the unwavering of this brow!
To-night—yes, sainted men! this very night,
You have all to a fatal yield,
Where—having deep refreshed each weary limb
With viands, such a feast heaven's cherubim,
And kindled up your souls, now sunk and dim,
With that pure wine the Dark-evil Maida's above
Keep, seal'd with precious musk, for those they love.

I will myself uncertain in your sight
The wonders of this brow's inextinguishable light;
Then lead you forth, and with a wink disperse
You myriads, bowing through the universe!

Eager they listen—while each accent darts
New life into their child's and hope-seek hearts.
Such treacherous life as the cool draught supplies
To him upon the stake, who drinks and dies!
Widely they point their lances to the light
Of the fast sinking sun, and shout— "To-night!"

"To-night!" their Chief re-echoes in a voice
Of fiend-like mockery that bids hell rejoice.
Dreadful vicissitudes!—never hath this earth
Since mourning half so mournful as their mirth.
Here, to the feet whose iron fronts prevaild
This racking waste of famine and of blood,
Fain! dying wretches, turn when the shout
Of triumph like a maenad's laugh broke out:
There, others, lighted by the smoldering fire,
Danc'd, like work, and shrieked as the funeral pyre,
Among the dead and dying, strew'd around;
While some pale wretch look'd on, and from his wound
Flicking the fiery dart by which he bled.
In glasty transport war'd it o'er his head!

'T was more than midnight now—a fearful pause
Had followed the long shouts, the wild ale pleasure,
That lately filled those Royal Gardens burst,
Where the Veil'd demon held his feast accurst,
When Zelica— alas, poor ruli'd heart,
In every horror durst to bear its part!—
Was bidden to the banquet by a slave,
Who, while look'd horror-struck in the somnambules gave,
Grew black, as though the shadows of the grave
Compass'd him round, and, ere he could repeat
His message thrice, fell helpless at her feet
Shuddering she went—a soul-felt pang of fear,
A presage that her own dark heart wasbear,
Roused, every feeling, and brought Reason back.
Once more, to wither her last upon the rack.
All round seemed tranquil—even the hoe had cease'd,
As if aware of that demoniac's
His fiery bolts; and though the heavens look'd red,
'T was but some distant consumption's spread,
But dark—she stops—soul-dreadful tone!—
'T is her Tormentor's laugh—and now, a grum,
A long and desolate comes with it:—see this be
The yde ce of mutiny, the bow of the yery
She enters—Holy Alla, what a sight
Was there before her! By the glimmering light
Of the pale dawn, mix'd with the glare of brands
That round it burn'd, drip'd from lifeless hands,
She saw the bow'd, in splendid mockery spread,
Rich censers breathing—galiards overhead
The roses, the cups, from which they late had quaff'd,
All gold and gems—what had been the draught?
Oh! who need ask, that saw those vivid guests,
Their with their swoln' heads sunk blackenous on their breasts,
Or looking pale to Heaven with glassy glare,
As if they sought but saw no mercy there;
As if they felt, through poison rack'd them through,
Remorse for the dreadful torment of the two!
While some, the bravest, hardest in the train
Of their false Chief, who on the battle-plain
Would have met death with transport by his side,
Here mute and helpless gasped;—but, as they died,
Look'd horrible vengeance with their eyes—let strain,
And clenched the shacking hand at him in vain!

Dreadful it was to see the ghastly stare
The stern, look of horror and despair,
Which some of these expiring victims cast
Upon their souls? tormentor to the last;
Upon that mocking Fiiend, whose Veil, now rais'd,
Show'd them, as in desti b's agony they gaz'd,
Not the long, red, mas'd light, the fires whose learning
Was to come forth, all conquering, all redeeming,
But features hornier than Hell e'er char'd
On its own brow; — no Demon of the Waste;
No church-yard Ghoul, caught lingering in the light
Of the last sun, ever blasted human sight.

24 The Afgauns believe each of the numerous solitudes and deserts of their country to be inhabited by a lonely demon, whom they call the Ghooloo Beelahin, or Spirit of the Waste. They often illustrate the wildness of any sequestered site, by saying, they are wild as the Demon of the Waste. — Elphinstone's Californi.
Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.

With linesaments so foul, so fierce as those
The Impaler now, in grim mockery, shows:
"There, ye wise Saints, behold your Light, your star—
Ye millions of the world, and all you are.
Is it enough? or must I, while a thrill
Lives in your sapient souls, cheat you still?
Swear that the burning dea' ye feel so near
With their magnificence with which Heaven's joys begin;
That this foul, vengeful soul as ever disgraced
Ev'n monstrous man, is—er God's own taste;
And that—but see!—ere I have half-way said
My greetings through, the unceourious souls are fled.
Yet, sweet spirits! not in vain ye die,
Their parting cups, that thou shalt pledge one too.
But—how is this?—all empty? all drunk up?
Hot lip, have been before thee in the cup,
Young brute—yet say—one precious drop remains.
Enough to warm a gentle Friestee veins:
Here, drink—and should thy lover's conquering arm
Speed hither, ere thy lip lose all its charm,
Give him but half this venom in thy kiss,
And I'll forgive thy haughty rival's blash!

"For me,—I too must die—but not like these
Vile, rankling things, to fester in the breeze;
To have this brow in rufian triumph shown,
With all death's grinsome added to its own,
And not to bust beneath the tasting rays
Of slaves, exclaiming, "There his Godship lies!"
"No—cur-d race—since first my soul drew breath,
They've been my dopes, and shall be ev'n in death.
Though he cut thee in the shade—'tis ill!"

With burning drugs, for this last hour distill'd:
"There will I plunge me, in that liquid flame—
Fit bath to live a dying Prophet's frame!"
There perish,—ill—ere pulse of thine shall fail
Not leave one limb to tell mankind the tale.
So shall my vertues, where'er they rave,
Proclaim that Hea'ven look back the Saint it gave:
"That I've but vassal'd from this earth awhile,
To come again, with bright, unbridled smile.
So much do they build me altars in their soil,
Where knaves shall minister, and fool shall kneel;
Where Faith may utter over her mystic spell,
Written in blood—and Bigotry may swell.
The sail he spreds for Hea'ven with blasts from hell!
Fairly bourn, through long ages, be
The rallying sign of fraud and swear;
Kings yet unborn shall rue Mokanna's name,
And, thought I die, my spirit, still the same,
Shall walk abroad in all the stormy strife,
And gout, and blood, that were its life in bliss.
"Boo, hark! their battering engine shakes the wall—
Why let it shake—thus I can brave them all.
No trace of me shall greet them, when they come,
And I can trust thy faith, for—then 'till be dumb.
How many more of them—why a wretch like me,
In one bold plunge, commences Deity!

He sprung and sunk, as the last words were said—
Quick close'd the burning waters over his head,
And Zelicia was left—within the ring
Of the vast sea, which was the only living thing;
The only wretched one, still curs'd with breath,
In all that frightful wilderness of death!

More like some bloodless ghost—such as, they fell,
In the Lone Cities of the Silent dwell,
And there, unseen of all but Alla, sit
Each by its own pale carcass, watching o'er.

But morn is up, and a fresh warfare stirs
Throughout the camp of the beleaguerers.
Their globes of fire (the dead artillery sent
By Greece to conquerablished) are spent;
And now the seer's shaft, the quarter sent
From high halyards, and the shielded throng
Of soldiers swinging the huge ram along,
All speak the unpleasant Baptist's intent
To crush the 'gents--as, if to try, at length,
To test the tower and the almighty temple.
And bastion'd wall be not less hard to win,
Less tough to break down than the hearts within.
First in impatience, and in toil is he,
The burning Azim—oh! could he but see
The Impaler once alive within his grasp,
Not the gaunt lion's bug, nor boa's clasp,
Could match that gripe of vengeance, or keep pace
With the full heartiness of Haie's embrace!

Young bards, to the pipes—ou-trageous strains
Loud rings the ponderous ram against the walls,
Now shake the rampart, now a bustress falls,
But still no breach—"Once more, one sigh y swing
"Of all your beans, together thundering!
There—"the wall shakes—the showing troops exult
Quick, quick, quick charge your warlike-rebel's catapult
Right on that spot, and Necksheb is our own!"

'Tis done—the battlements c'e'en cracking down,
And the huge wall, by that stoky riv'n in two,
Yawning, like a sed coalier, rent anew,
Shows the dupe's close, down the sea going through.
But strange! no signs of life—ought living seen
Above, below—what's in this stillness mean?
A minute's pause suspends all ears and eyes—
"In through the breach," impetuous Azim cries;
But the cold Caliph, fearful of some wile,
In this blank stillness, checks the troops a while—
Just then, a figure, with slow step, advanced
Forth from the 'rund wall's, and, as there glanced
A sunbeam over it, all eyes 'c old see
The well-known silver Veil!—"It's Hie, 'tis He,
Mokanna, and alone!" they shout around;
Young Azim from his steel-jprings to the ground—
"Mine, Holy Caliph! mine," he cries, "the task
To crush you daring wretch—'tis all I ask.
Never be darts to make the desperate
Who still across wide heaps of ruin slow
And fatteringly, till they are near;
Then, with a bound, rushes on Azim's spear,
And casing off the Veil in falling, shows
Oh! 'tis her Zelicia's life-blood that flows!

"I meant not, Azim," soothingly she said,
As on his trembling arm she laid her head,
And, looking in his face, saw anguish there,
Beyond all wounds the cuirass of flesh can bear—
"I meant not thou shouldst have the pain of this:
Though death, with thee thus tasted, is a bliss
Thou wouldst not rob me of, didst thou but know,
How oft I pray'd to God I might die so!
But the French's venom was too want and slow;
'Il longer on were maddening—and I thought
If once that Veil—say, look not on it—caught
The eyes of your fierce soldiery. I should be
Struck by a thousand death-darts in a ty
But this is sweeter—oh! believe me, yes—
I would not change this sad, but dear cares
This death within thy arms I would not give
For the most soothing life the happiest live!
All, that stood dark and dear before the eye
Of my stray'd soul, is passing swiftly by;

2 "They have all a great reverence for burial
grounds, which they sometimes call by the poetical
name of Cities of the Silent, and which they people
with the ghosts of the departed, who sit each at
the head of his own grave, invisible to mortal eyes."—
Elphinstone.
fit of liveliness, shattered the whole set to pieces:— an irreparable loss, as many of the vessels were so exquisitely old, as have been used under the Emperors Yen and Chou, who reigned many ages before the dynasty of Tung. His Koran, too, supposed to be the identical copy between the leaves of which Mahomet's favourite pigeon used to nestle, had been lost by his Koran bearer three whole days; not without much smarting on our part, for he, having been professing to hold with other royal and orthodox Mussulmans, that salvia ion could only be found in the Koran, was strongly suspected of believing in his heart, that it could only be found in his own particular copy of it. We were all the while looking about for an ostensible cause of the cock, in putting the pepper of Carana into his dishes instead of the cinamon of Serendib, we may easily suppose that he came to the task of criticism with, at least, a sufficient degree of irritability for the purpose.

"In order," said he, importantly swing about his chaplet of pearls, "to convey with clearness my opinion of the story this young man has related, it is necessary to take a review of all the stories that have ever been told about the Koran." My good Fadileen! exclaimed the Princess, interrupting him, to the chordy, your story does not serve that you should give yourself so much trouble. Your opinion of the poem we have just heard, will, I have no doubt, be abundantly edifying, without any further waste of your valuable erudition."

"If that be really so," replied the Princess, "I shall be pleased to be among them being allowed to show how much he knew about every thing, but the subject immediately before him—" if that be all that is required, the matter is easily despatched." He then proceeded to analyse the poem, in that strain (so well known to the unfortunate hinds of Delhi), whose censures were an induction from which few recovered and whose very praises were like the honey extracted from the bitter flowers of the abb. The chief personage of the story were, if he rightly understood them, an ill-favoured gentleman, whose eyes were covered with a veil over his face; a young lady, whose reason went and came, according as it suited the poet's convenience to be sensible or otherwise; and a youth in one of those handsome Eucharitarian bonnets, who took the aforesaid gentleman in a veil for a divinity. From such materials," said he, "what can be expected?—after rivalling each other in long speeches and absurdities, through some thousand lines as indigestible as the fibres of Berkeley, our friend in the veil jumps into a lub of squaforist; the young lady dies to a set of priests, whose opinion is that it is her last; and the lover lives on to a good old age, for the laudable purpose of seeing her ghost, which he at last happily accomplishes, and expires. This, you will all agree, is a fair summary of the story; and if Nasser, the Arabian merchant, told no better, our Holy Prophet (to whom be all honour and glory!) had no need to be jealous of his abilities for storytelling.

With respect in the style, it was worthy of the matter;—it had not even those political contrivances of structure, which make up for the commonness of the

14 "The celebrity of Mazagong is owing to its mangoes, which are certainly the best fruit I ever tasted. The parent-tree, from which all those of this species have been grafted, is honoured during the fruit-season by a public sacrifice; and, in the reign of Shah Jehan, courtiers were stationed between Delhi and the Malvatta coast, to secure a constant supply of mangoes for the Royal Table, had, by some cruel irregularity, failed in their duty: and to eat any mangoes but those of Mazagong was, of course, impossible." In the next place, the elephant, laden with his fine antique porcelain, had, in an unusual degree of beauty in the earth, but because it has retained its ancient beauty; and this alone is of great importance in China, where they give large sums for the smallest vessels which were used under the Emperors Yen and Chou, who reigned many ages before the dynasty of Tung, at which the porcelain began to be used by the Emperor." (about the year 442).——Durnin's Collection of Curious Observations, etc.; a bad translation of some parts of the Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses of the Missionary Jesuits.

24 "La lecture de ces Fables, avoit si fort aux Arabes que, dans Mahomet les etresant de l'Histoire de l'Ancien Testament, ils les nepreisent, luy disant que celles que Nasser leur racontaient estoient beaucoup plus belles. Cet e preference attira a Nasser la malédiction de Mahomet et de tous ses disciples."—D Herbelot.
thoughts by the peculiarity of the manner, that that stately poetical phraseology by which sentiments mean in themselves, like the blacksmith's chisel converted into a banner, are so easily gilt and embossed into concepts, and so transmuted to the visionary condition, it was, to say no worse of it, execrable: it had neither the copious flow of Ferdusi, the sweetness of Hafiz, nor the sententious march of Sadi; but appeared to him, in the uneasy heaviness of its movements, to be driven upon the spirit of a too turgid dramatic. The belle trave, to which it indulged, were impertinent; - for instance this line, and the poem abounded with such:

Like the faint, exquisite music of a dream.

"What critic can count," said Fadladeen, "and has his full complement of fingers to count withal, would tolerate for an instant such syllabic superfluities?" - Here he looked round, and discovered that most of his audience were asleep; while the glittering lamps seemed inclined to follow their example. It became necessary, therefore, however painful to himself, to put an end to this valuable ammunition which the readers of the present, and he accordingly concluded, with an air of dignified candour, thus: "Notwithstanding the observations which I have thought it my duty to make, it is by no means my wish to discourage the poetical composition so far as is possible, that if we will but totally alter his style of writing and thinking, I have very little doubt that I shall be vastly pleased with him.

Some days elapsed, after this harangue of the Great Chamberlain, before Laloo Rookh could venture to ask for another story. The yid was still a welcome guest in the pavilion—to one heart, perhaps, too dangerously welcome; - but all mention of poetry was, as by common consent, avoided. Though none of the party had much respect for Fadladeen, yet his penures, thus magnificently delivered, evidently made an impression on them all. The Poet, himself, to whom criticism was quite a new operation, (being wholly unknown in that Paradise of the ladies, Cashmere,) felt the shock as it is generally felt at first, till use has made it more tolerable to the patient; - the ladies began to suspect that they ought not to be pleased, and seemed to conclude that there must have been much good sense in what Fadladeen said, from its having been said in such a way as to induce them:

"When the self-complacent Chamberlain was left to triumph in the idea of having, for the hundred and fiftieth time in his life, extinguished a Pet. Laloo Rookh alone—and Love knew why—persisted in being delighted. She had heard it, and in resolving to hear more as speedily as possible. Her manner, however, of first returning to the subject was unlooked. It was while they rested during the heat of noon near a fountain, on which some hand had rudely traced these well-known words from the Garden of Sadi,—"Mary, like me, have viewed this fountain, but they are gone, and their eyes are closed for ever!" - that she took occasion, from the melancholy beauty of this passage, to dwell upon the charms of poetry in general. "If I err," she said, "the poets can imitate that sublime bird, which flies always in the air, and never touches the earth!" - it is only once in many ages a Genius appears, whose words, like those on the Witten Mountain, last for ever; - but still there are some, as delightful, perhaps, though not so wonderful, who, if not stars over our head, are at least planets: and it may be, to the last moment we ought gratefully to inhale, without calling upon them for a brightness and a durability beyond their nature. In short, she concluded, blushing, as if conscious of being caught in an emotion, "it is quite excellent poets could walk, as through the regions of enchanters, without having an idea of ever, like the old Man of the Sea, upon his back!"

Fadladeen, it was plain, took this last luckless allusion to himself, and would treasure it up in his mind as a reserve for his next criticism. A sudden silence ensued; and the Princess, glancing a look at Feramorz, saw plainly she must wait for a more courageous moment.

But the glories of Nature, and her wild, fragrant airs, playing freshly over the curb of youthful spirits, will soothe even deeper wounds than the dull Fadladeens of this world can inflict. In an evening or two after they came to the small Valley of Gardens, which had been planted by order of the Emperor Zoroaster, the poetesses from their upper rooms, having seen this beauty of the land, described the beauty of the land, and having seen this beauty of the land, described the beauty of the land, and having seen this beauty of the land, described the beauty of the land, and having seen this beauty of the land, described the beauty of the land, and having seen this beauty of the land, described the beauty of the land, and having seen this beauty of the land, described the beauty of the land.

To the pilgrims to Mount Sina

The Huma, a bird peculiar to the East. It is supposed to fly constantly in the air, and never touch the ground; it is looked upon as a bird of happy omen; and that it could and it overwheels in time wear a crown." - Richardson.

In the terms of allusion made by Fuzzel Oola Khan with HYder in 1700, one of the stipulations was, "that he should have the distinction of two honorary attendants standing behind him, holding fans composed of the feathers of the humming, according to the
have lost,—the young poet. In whose eyes she appeared, while she spoke, to be one of the bright spiritual creatures she was describing, said hesitatingly that he remembered a story of a Peri, which, if the Princess had no objection, he would venture to relate. 1 In that day, and in that land, there was a Peri, who, while he was sitting on the selfsame place as she had just been sitting on, was weeping; and, therefore, as the story begins, it is in a lighter and humbler strain than the other: 2 then, striking a few careless but melancholy chords on his kitar, he thus began:—

PARADISE AND THE PERI.

One mora a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood, disconsolate;
And as she listened to the Springs
Of Life within, like music flowing,
And caught the light upon her wings
Through the half-open porch glowing,
She wept to think their recreant race
Should ever have lost that glorious place!

"How happy," exclaimed this child of air,
"Are the holy Spirits who wander there,
And did flowers that never shall fade or fall;
Though bright are the waters of Sung-sau-hay,
And the golden floods that thitherward stray,
Yet—oh, 'tis only the best can say
How the waters of Heaven outshine them all!

"Go, wing thy flight from star to star,
From world to luminous world, as far
As the universe spreads its flaming wall;
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each through endless years,
One minute of Heaven is worth them all!"

The glorious Angel, who was keeping
The gates of Light, beheld her weeping;
And, as he drew near and listened
To her sad song, a tear-drops glistned
Within his eyelids, like the spray
From Eden's fountain, when it lies
On the blue flow'r, which—Beardsley says
Blooms nowhere but in Paradise.

"Nymph of a fair but erring line!"
Gently he said—"One hope is thine,
'Tis written in the Book of Fate,
"The Peri yet may be forgiven;
Who brings to this Eternial gate
"The Gift that is most dear to Heaven?"

1 "Numerous small islands emerge from the Lake of Cashmere. One is called Char Chenaur, from the plane trees upon it."—Foster.

2 "The Alan Kol or Golden River of Tibe", which runs into the Lake of Sung-sau-hay, has abundance of gold in its sands, which employs the inhabitants all the summer in gathering it."—Description of Tibet in Pinkerton.

3 "The Brahmins of this province insist that the blue campie flowers only in Paradise."—Sir W. Jones. It appears, however, from a curious letter of the Sultan of Moolanghadow, given by Masden, that one place on earth may lay claim to the possession of it. "This is the Sultan, who keeps the flower chnipaka that is blue, and to be found in no other country but he, being yellow elsewhere."—Marsden's Summer.

4 The Mahometans suppose that falling stars are the firebrands wherewith the good angels drive away the bad, when they approach too near the empery or verge of the heavens."—Fryer.

5 The Forty Pillars; so the Persians call the ruins of Persepolis. It is imagined by them that this palace and the edifices at Basseer were built by Genti, for the purpose of hiding in their subterraneous caverns immense treasures, which still remain there. D'Herbelot, Polney.

6 Diodorus mentions the Isle of Panchaia, to the south of Arabia Felix, where there was a temple of Jupiter. This island or rather cluster of islands, has disappeared, "sink (says Grandpre) in the abyss made by the fire beneath their foundations."—Voyages to the Indian Ocean.

7 The Isles of Panchaia.

8 The cup of J nishid, discovered, they say, when digging for the foundations of Persepolis."—Richardson.

9 It is not like the Sea of India, whose bottom is rich with pearls and ambergris, whose mountains of the coast are stoned with gold and precious stones, whose gulls breed creatures that yield ivory, and among the plants of whose shores are ebony, red wood, and the wood of Hurran, aloes, camphor, clove, sandal-wood, and all other spices and aromatics; where parrots and peacocks are birds of the forest, and musk and civet are collected upon the lands."—Travels of two Mohammedans.
Land of the Sun! what foot invades
Thy Pagan, and thy pillar'd shades
— Thy cavern shrines, and idol stones
Thy Monarchs, and their thousand Thrones?

He of Gazna's — fierce in wofth
He comes, and India's diadems
Lies scatter'd in his ruinous path —
His bloodhounds he adorns with gems,
To rage from the violated neck
Of many a young and low'd Sultana; 4
Maidens within their pure Zenana,
Prusts in the very face he slaughters,
And cheeks up with the glittering wrecks
Of golden thrones the sacred waters!

Downward the Peri turns her gaze,
And, through the war-field's bloody baze
Beholds a youthful warrior stand,
Alone beside his native river —
The red blade broken in his hand,
And the last arrow in his quiver.

"Live," said the Conqueror, "live to share
The trophies and the crowns I bear!
Silent that hyest warrior stood —
Silent he pointed to the flood
All commonplace with his country's blood,
Then sent his last remaining dart,
For answer, to the invader's heart.
False flew the shaft, though pointed well;
The Tyrant liv'd, the Hero fell! —
Yet mark'd the Peri where he lay,
And, when the rush of war was past,
Swiftly descending on a ray
Of morning light, she caught the last —
Last glorious drop his heart had shed,
Before its free-born spirit fled!

"Be this," she cried, as she wing'd her flight,
"My welcome gift at the Gates of Light.
Though foul are the drops that oft distil
On the field of warfare, blood like this,
"For Liberty shed, so holy is,
"It would not stam the purest rill,
"That sparkles among the Bowers of Bliss!"

1 With this immense treasure Mmood returned
To Ghizni, and in the year 400 prepared a magnificent festival, where he displayed to the people his wealth in golden thrones and in other ornaments, in a great plain without the city of Ghizni. — Forbes.
2 Mahmood of Gazna, or Ghizni, who conquered India in the beginning of the 11th century. — See his History in Douu and Sir J. Malcolm.
3 It is reported that the hunting equipage of the Sultan Mahmoud was so magnificent, that he kept 400 greyhounds and bloodhounds, each of which wore a collar set with jewels, and a covering edged with gold and pearls. — Universal History, vol. iii.
4 Objections may be made to the use of the word Liberty in this, and more especially in the story that follows it, as totally inapplicable to any state of things that has ever existed in the East; but though I cannot, of course, mean to employ it in that enlarged and extended sense in which so well understood at the present day, and, I grieve to say, so little acted upon, yet it is no disparagement to the word to apply it to that national independence, that freedom from the interference and domination of foreigners, without which, indeed, no liberty of any kind can exist; and for which both Hindoos and Persians fought against their Mussulman invaders with, in many cases, a bravery that deserved much better success.

Oh, if there be, on this earthly sphere,
A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear,
'T is the last libation Liberty draws
From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause!

"Sweet," said the Angel, as she gave
The gift into his radiant hand,
"Sweet is our welcome of the Brave
Who die thus for their native Land.

"But see — alas! — the cry at far
Of Eden moves not — holier far
That ev'n this drop the boon must be;
That opens the Gates of Heavn for them!" 9
Her first fresh hope of Eden brightened,
Now among Afric's lunar Mountains, 8
Far to the South, the Peri lighted;
And sleek'd her plumage at the fountains
Of that Egyptian isle — whose birth
Is hidden from the sons of earth
Deep in those solitary woods
Where oft the Genii of the Floods
Dance round the cradle of their Nile,
And hail the new-born Giant's smile. 7
Thence over Egypt's paimy groves,
Her grot's, and sepulchres of Kings, 8
The exiled Spirit sighing roves;
And now hangs listening to the doves
In warm Rosetta's vale — new loves
To watch the mornmglight on the wings
Of the white pelicans that break
The azure calm of Morris Lake. 10
'T was a fair scene — a land more bright
Never did mortal eye behold!
Who could have thought, that this night
Those valleys and their fruits of gold
Raking in Heavn's serenest light —
Those groups of lovely date trees bending
Languidly their leaf-crownd heads,
Like youthful maidens, when sleep descending
Warms them to their sicken bosom; 11
Those virgin lilies, all the night
Bathe their beauties in the lake,
That they may rise more fresh and bright,
When their beloved Sun's awake —
Those ruin'd shrines and towers that seem
The relics of a splendid dream;
Amid whose fairy loneliness
Nought but the lapwing's cry is heard,
Noont and noon seen (when the sky is cleart)
Fast from the moon, unblest its glean,
Some purple-wing'd Sultana 10 sitting
Upon a column, motionless

6 The Mountains of the Moon, or the Montes Lunae of antiquity, at the foot of which the Nile is supposed to arise. — Bruce.
7 Sometimes called," says Jackson, "Jibbel Kombre, the white or lunar-coloured mountains; so a white horse is called by the Arabians a moon-coloured horse." 7
8 The Nile, which the Abyssinians know by the names of Abey and Alawy, or the Giant. — Asiatic Research,, vol. i. p. 387.
9 See Ferry's View of the Levant for an account of the sepulchres in Upper Thbes, and the numberless grts. covered all over with hieroglyphics in the mountains of Upper Egypt. 9
10 The orchards of Rosetta are filled with turtledoves. — Sonnini.
11 Savary mentions the pelicans upon Lake Morris.
12 "The superb date-tree, whose head languidly reclines, like that of a handsome woman overcome with sleep." — Defard et Hadad.
13 That beautiful bird, with plumage of the finest shining blue, with purple peak and legs, the natural and living ornament of the mountains and palaces of the Greeks and Romans, which, from the staleness of its port, as well as the brilliency of its colours, has obtained the title of Sultana." — Sonnini.
And glittering like an idol bird!—
Who could have thought, that there, even there,
Amid those scenes so still and fair,
The Demon of the Fleece hath cast
From his hot wing a deadly blast,
More mortal far than ever came
From the red Desert's sands of flame!
So quick, that every living thing
Of flesh, be it of shape, touched by a wing,
Like plants, where the Sinuous hath past,
At once falls black and withering!
The sun went down on many a brow,
Which, full of bloom and freshness then,
Is ranking in the pets-house now.
And ne'er will feel that sun again.
And, oh! to see the unbowed heaps
Of which the lovely midnight sleeps—
The vulture vultures turn away,
And sicken at so foul a prey!
Only the fierce hyena stalks,
Throughout the city desolate walks
At midnight, and his carrion voice—
'Gainst the side of the dead watching, which meets
The glaring of those large blue eyes
Amid the darkness of the streets!

"Poor race of men," said the pitying Spirit,
"Dearly ye pay for your primal fall—
"Some flow'rets of Eden ye will inherit
"But the trail of the Serpent is over them all!"
She wept—
The air grew rare and clear
As the bright drops ran
For there's a magic in each tear.
Such kindly Spirits weep for man!
Just then beneath some orage trees,
Whose fruit and blossoms in the breeze
Were waving together free,
Like age at play with infancy—
Beneath that fresh and springing bower,
Close by the Lake, she heard the moan
Of one who, a silent hour,
Had wand'ring, and now is gone.
One who in life where'er he mov'd,
Drew after him the hearts of many.
Yet now, as though he never lov'd,
Does here unseen, unwpt by any!
Not one to watch near him — none to slake
The fire that in his bosom lies,
With ev'n a sprinkle from that lake,
Which shines so cool before his eyes,
No voice, well known through many a day
To speak the last, the parting word,
Which, when all other sounds decay,
Is still like distant music heard—
That tender farewell on the shore
Of this rude world, when all is o'er,
Which cheers the spirit, ere its bark
Puts off into the unknown dark.

Deserted youth! one thought alone
Shed joy around his soul in death—
That he, whom he for year, had known,
And lov'd, and might have call'd his own,
Was safe from this foul midnight's breath—
Safe in her father's princely halls,
Where cool the airs from human falls.

Freshly perfum'd by many a brand
Of the sweet wood from India's land,
Were pure as she whose brow they lan'd.
But see— who yonder comes by stealth,
This melancholy bower to seek,
Like a young envoy, sent by Health,
With rosy gifts upon her cheek?
'Tis she — far off, through moonlight dim
He knew his own was robed pure,
She, who would rather die with him,
Than live to gain the world beside!—
Her arms are round her lover now,
His livid cheek to hers she presses,
And dips, to bind his burning brow,
In the cool lake her loved dress.
Ah! once, how little did he think
An hour would come when he would shrink
With horror from that dear embrace,
Those gentle arms, that were to him
Holy as is the cradling place
Of Eden's infant cherubim!
And now he yields — now turns away
Shuddering — as if the venom lay
All in those proffer'd lips alone —
Those lips that, then so fearless grown,
Never till that instant came
Near his weak'd or without shame.

"Oh! let me only breathe the air,
"The blessed air, that's breath'd by thee,
"And, who her on its wings it bear
"Healing or death, 'tis savor, ye! I say!
"There — drink my tears, while yet they fall —
"Would that my bosom's blood were balm,
"And, well thou know'st, I'd shed it all,
"To give thy bower one minute's calm.
"Nox, turn not from me, that fears face —
"Am I not thine — thy own, lov'd bride —
"The one, the chosen one, whose place
"In life or death is by thy side? —
"Think'st thou that she, whose only light,
"In this dim world, from thee hath shone,
"Could bear the long, the cheerless night,
"That must be hers when thou art gone? —
"That I can live, and let thee go,
"Who art my life it self! — No, no —
"When the stem dies, the leaf shall grow,
"Out of its heart must perish too!
"Then turn to me, my own love, turn,
"Before, like thee, I fade and burn;
"Close to these yet cool lips, and share
"The last pure life that linger there?"

She falls — she sinks — as dies the lamp
In channel airs, or cavern-damp,
So quickly do his haleful sighs
Quench all the sweet light of her eyes.
One struggle — and his pain is past
Her lover is no longer living!
One kiss the maiden gives, one last,
Long kiss, which she expries in giving!

"Sleep," said the Peri, so softly she stole
The farewell sigh of that vanishing soul,
As true as ever brardi'd a woman's breast,
"Sleep, on, in visions of odour rest,
"In balmy airs than ever yet most mild
"The enchanted pile of that lonely bird,
"Who sings at the last his own death-day,
"And as music and perfume dies away,

— Jackson, speaking of the plague that occurred in West Barbary, when he was there, says, "The birds of the air fled away from the abodes of men. The hyenas, on the contrary, visited the cemeteries."

2 "Gondar was full of hyenas from the time it turned dark, till the dawn of day, seeking the different pieces of slaughtered carcasses, which this cruel and unclean people expose in the streets without burial, and who firmly believe that these animals are Falsahta, from the neighbouring mountains, transformed by magic, and come down to eat human flesh in the dark in safety." — Bruce.

4 This circumstance has been often introduced into poetry; — by Vincentius Fabricius, by Darwin, and lately, with very powerful effect, by Mr. Wilson.

5 In the East, they suppose the Phoenix to have fifty offices in his bill, which are continued to his tail; and that, after living one thousand years, he builds himself a funeral pile, sings a melodious air of different harmonies through his fifty organ pipes, flaps his wings with a velocity which sets fire to the wood, and consumes himself." — Richardson.
Thus swung, from her lips she spread
Unearthly breathings through the place,
And shook her sparkling wreath, and shed
Such lustre o'er each pearly face,
That like two lovely saints, they seemed,
Upon the eve of doomsday taken
From them, in hawk's down sleeping;
While that benevolent Peri beam'd
Like their good angel, calmly keeping
Watch o'er them till their souls would waken.

But morn is blushing in the sky;
Again the Peri soars above,
Bearing to Heaven that precious sigh
Of pure, self-sacrificing love,
High throb'd her heart, with hope elate,
The Elsian moons, with all their glories, won,
For the bright Spirit at the gate
Smiled as she gave that offering in;
And she already bears the trees
Of Eden, with their crystal bells
Ringing in that ambrosial breeze
That from the throne of Alla swells;
And she can see the starry bowls
That lie around that lucid lake,
Upon whose banks admitted Sons
Their first sweet draught of glory take! 1

But, ah! even Peri's hopes are vain
Again the Fates forbade, again
The immortal barrier closed— "Not yet!"
The Angel said, as, with regret,
He shut her in that glimpse of glory—
"True was the maiden, and her story,
Written in light o'er Alla's head,
By eyes whose vision shall be read.
But, Peri, see— the crystal bar
Of Eden moves not— indeed,
Than e'en this sigh the boon must be
That opens the Gates of Heaven for thee."

Now, upon Syria's land of roses 2
Shalt the light of Eve repose,
And, like a glory, the broad sun
Hangs over Sambod Lebanon;
Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,
And whiten'd with eternal sheen,
While summer, in a vale of flowers,
Is sleeping rosy at his feet.

To one, who looked from upper air
Over all the enchanting regions there,
How beam eyes must have been the glance,
The life, the sparkling from below!
Fair gardens, shining seas, a sea
Of golden melons on their banks,
More gilden where the sun-light falls;
Gay lizards, glittering on the walls
Of ruin'd shrines, busy and bright.
As they were all alive with light;
And, yet more splendid, numerous flocks
Of pigeons, setting on the rocks,
With their rich restless wings, that gleam
Variously in the crimson beam

Of the warm West,—as if inflam'd
With brilliants from the mine, or made
Of tearless rainbows, such as span
The unclouded skies of Persia.
And then the mingling sounds that come,
Of shepherd's ancient reed, 4 with hum
Of the wild voices of Palestine;
Bacqueting through the flowery vales;
And, Jordan, those sweet banks of Iluine,
And woods, so full of nightingales. 6

But night can charm the luckless Peri;
Her soul is sad—her wings are weary.
Joyless she sees the Sun look down
On that great Temple, once his own, 7
Whose lonely columns stand sublime,
Flung out in nature's narrow hymn;—Todern, 8
Like dials, which the wizard, Time,
Had raised to count his ages by! 9

Yet haply there may lie concealed
Beyond those chambers of the Sun
Some annulet of gems, anachal.
In upper floors, some tablet seal'd
With the great name of Solomon;
Which, spell'd by her illumin'd eyes,
May teach her where, beneath the moon,
In earth or ocean, lies the boon,
The charm, that can restore so soon
An erring Spirit to the skies.

Cheer'd by this hope she bends her thither;—
Still laughs the radiant eye of Heaven,
Nor have the golden bowers of Even
In the rich West begun to wither;—
When, o'er the vale of Balbec winging
Slowly, she sees a child at play,
Along the rose-banked flowers, singing
As rosy and as wild as they;
Chasing, with eager hands and eyes,
The beautiful blue damsel-fies, 8
That flutter'd round the jaundice stems,
Like winged flowers or flying gems;—
And, near the boy, who tw'd with play
Now nestling 'mid the rose-banks,
She saw a weared man dismantled
From his hot weed, and on the brick
Of a small marel's rustic feast;
Impatient tugging him down to drink,
Then swift his haggard brow he turn'd
To the fair child, who fearless sat,
Though never yet hath day-beam burn'd
Upon a brow more fierce than that,—
Sullenly fierce—a mixt ure dire,
Like thunder-clouds, of gloom and fire;
In which the Peri's eye could read
Dark tales of many a ruthless deed;
The ruin'd maid— the shrine profan'd—
Casts broken—and thethreshold stain'd

1 "The Syrinx or Pan's pipe is still a pastoral instrument in Syria."—Russel.
2 "Wild bees, frequent in Palestine, in hollow trunks or branches of trees, and the clefts of rocks. Thus it is said (Psalm Ixxi.), "honey out of the stony rock."—Burder's Oriental Customs.
3 "The river Jordan is on both sides beset with little, thick, and pleasant woods, among which thou sands of nightingales warble all together."—Thomson.
4 "You behold there a considerable number of a remarkable species of beautiful insects, the elegance of whose appearance and their allure procured for them the name of Damselfly."—Somnini.
5 "Remember, having on loge et mourir, gratis, les stellem prescindant, vous"—by the Abbe de Courmont. See also Castellain's Manuel des Olymptan, tom. v. p. 145.
With blood of guests! — there written, all,
Black as the dawning drops that fall
From the denud'dlost Angel's pen,
Ere Mercy weeps them out again.

Yet tranquil now that man of crime
(As if the balmy evening time
Softened his spirit) look'd and lay,
Wishing the rose infant's play:—
Though still, whenever his eye by chance
Fell on the boy's, its candid glance
No that unclouded, jovous sun
Astrokes, that have burnt all night
Through some impure and godless rite,
Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But, hark! the vesper call to prayer,
As slow the orb of daylight sets,
Is rising sweetly on the air,
From Syra's thousand minarets:—
The boy has started from the bed
Of flowers, where he had laid his head,
And down upon the fragrant sod
Kneels 1 with his forehead to the south,
Lisping the eternal name of God

From Purity's own cherub mouth,
And looking, while his hands and eyes
Are list'ning to the glowing skies,
Like a stray bate of Paradise,
Just lighted on that flowery plain,
And seeking for its home again.
Oh! I was a sight — that Heav'n — that child
A scene, which might have well beguiled
Even haughty Ellis of a sigh
For glories lost and peace gone by!
And how he felt, the wretched Mao
Reclining there — while memory ran
O'er many a year of guilt and strife,
Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,
Nor showed any spony restoration,
Nor brought him back one branch of grace.
"There was a time," he said, in morn,
Heart-broiled tones — "then bless'd child!
When young, and happy pure as thou,
I look'd and pray'd like thee — but now —" He hung his head — each molder aim,
And hope, and feeling, which had slept
From boyhood's hour, that instant come
Fresh o'er him, and he wept — he wept!

Blest tears of soul-felt penitence!
In whose benign, redeeming flow
Is felt the first, the only sense
Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.

"There's a drop," said the Peri, "that down from the moon
Falls through the withering airs of June
Upon Egypt's land,2 of so hexing a power,
So balmy a virtue, that even in the hour

1 "Such Turks as at the common hours of prayer are on the road, or so employed as not to find convenience to attend the mosques, are still obliged to execute that duty; nor are they ever known to fail, whatever business they are then about, but pray immediately when the hour alarms them, whatever the season; in that very place they chance to stand on; insomuch that when a janissary, whom you have to guard you up and down the city, hears the notice which is given him from the steeple, he will turn about, stand still, and beckon with his hand, to tell his horses to set up a pace for the mosque; when, taking out his handkerchief, he spreads it on the ground, sits cross-legged therupon, and says his prayers, though in the open market, which, having eodied, he leaps briskly up, salutes the person whom he next adores, and resumes his business, which is under his nose, without respite, even in the hour of prayer."
2 A maniacal drop, which falls in

"That drop descends, contagion dies,
And health renews the earth and skies!"
"Oh! is it not for thou man of sun,
The precious tears of repentance fall?
Though foul thy fiery plagues within,
"One heavenly drop hath dispell'd them all!"

And now — behold him kneeling there
By the child's side, in humble prayer,
While the same sunbeam shines upon
The guilty and the guiltless one,
And hymns of joy proclaim through Heaven
The triumph of a soul forgiven!

'T was when the golden orb had set,
While on their knees they linger'd yet,
There fell a light more lovely far
Than ever came from sun or star.
Upon the tear (that, warm and meek)
Jes'd that repentant sinner's cheek.
To mortal eye this light might seem
A northern flash or mete'or beam —
But well thy expatriated Pen knew
'T was a bright smile the Angel threw
From Heaven's gate, to hail that tear
Her harbinger of glory near!

"Joy, joy for ever! my task is done —
The Gates are pass'd, and Heaven is won!"
"Oh! am I not happy? I am, I am —
'T o thee, sweet Eden! how dark and sad
Are the diamond turrets of Shaddikian,3
And the fragrant bowers of Amurabad!

"Farewell, ye violets of Earth, that die
Passing away like a lover's sigh;
'My feast is now of the Tooba tree,4
Whose scent is the breath of Eternity!"

"Farewell, ye vanishing flowers, that shine
In my fairy wreath, so bright and brief:—
Oh! what are the brightest that e'er have blown,
To the leaf-tree, springing by Allah's throne,5
Whose flowers have a soul in every leaf.

"Joy, joy for ever! — my task is done —
The Gates are pass'd, and leaving is won!"

"And this!" said the Great Chamberlain, "is poetry! this thorny manufacture of the brain, which, in comparison with the lofty and durable monuments of genius, is as the gold filigree of Zanara beside the colossal architecture of Egypt. After this gorgeous sentence, which, with a few more of the same kind, Faladeen kept by him for rare and important occasions, he proceeded to the anatomy of the short poem just recited. The lax and easy kind of metre to which it was written ought to be denounced, he said, as one of the leading causes of the alarming growth of poetry in our times. If some check were not given to this lawless facility, we should soon be overrun by a race of bards as numerous and as shameless in Egypt precisely on St. John's day, in June, and is supposed to have the effect of stopping the plague.

3 The Country of Delight — the name of a province in the kingdom of Djanistan, or Fairy Land, the capital of which is called the City of Jewels. Amurabad is another of the cities of Djanistan.

4 The tree Tooba, that stands in Paradise, in the palace of Mahomet. See Sale's Prelim. Disc — Tooba, says D'Herbelot, signifies restitutum, or eternal happiness.

5 Mahomet is described, in the 53rd chapter of the Koran, as having seen the angel Gabriel "by the low tree, beyo'd which there is no passing; near it is the Garden of Ete mal Abode." This tree, says the commentators, stands in the seventh Heaven, on the right hand of the Throne of God.
low as the hundred and twenty thousand Streams of Basra. 2 They who succeeded in this style deserved chastisement for their very success;—as warriors have sometimes been irritated even after gaining victory, because they had taken the liberty of gaining it in an irregular or unestablished manner. What, then, was to be said to those who failed to those who presumed, as in the present lamentable instance, to imitate the leisure and ease of the holder sons of song, without any of that grace or vigour which gave a dignity even to negligence;— who, like them, flung the jereed 1 careless, but not, like them, to the mask; — and who, said he, raising his voice to exude a proper despair of himself in hisaddock, —continued to appear heavy and constrained in the midst of all the latitude they allow themselves, like one of those young pugilists that dance before the Princess, who is ingenious enough to move as if her limbs were fettered in a pair of the lightest and loosest drawers of Masulipatam. 2

It was but little suitable, he continued, to the grave march of criticism to follow this fantastical Peri, of whom they had just heard, through all her blights and adventures—be it in earth and heaven; but he was no help adapting to the puerile readiness of the Three Gifts which she is supposed to carry to the kites,—a drop of blood, breath, a sigh, and a tear! How the first of these articles was delivered into the Hands of the Artist 3 he professed himself a thing to discover; and as to the marriage of the bitch and the tare, such Peris and such poets were being by far too incomprehensible for him even to guess how they managed such matters. 4 But, in a second he saw he, it is a waste of time and patience to dwell long upon a thing so incurably ridiculous—puny even among its own puny race, and as such only the Banyan Hospital 5 for Sick Insects should undertake. 6

Lalla Rookh tried to soften this inexorable critic; in vain did she resort to her most eloquent common-places, reminding him that poets were a timid and sensitive race, whose sweetness was not to be drawn forth like that of the fragrant grass near the Ganges, by grunting and trampling upon them;— that rarely only extinguished every chance of the perfection which it demanded; and that, after all, perfection was like the Mountain of the Talisman,— no one had ever yet reached its summit. 7 Neither the cow, the dog, nor the still gentler looks with which they were inculcated, could Keller for one instant the elevation of Faadleem's eyebrows, or charms him into anything like encouragement, or even toleration, of her poet. Toleration, indeed, was not among the powers of the Prince; and a spirit into matters of poetry and of religion, and, though little versed in the beauties or sublimities of either, was a perfect master of the art of persecution in both. His zeal was the same, too, in either pursuit; whether the game before him was pagans or persecuted,— worshippers of cows, or writers of epos.

They had now arrived at the splendid city of Lahore, whose musculous and shins, magnificent and numberless, where Death appeared to share equal honours with Life; and the Prince, 8 contributting to appear heavy and constrained in the midst of all the latitude they allow themselves, like one of those young pugilists that dance before the Princess, who is ingenious enough to move as if her limbs were fettered in a pair of the lightest and loosest drawers of Masulipatam.

1 "It is said that the rivers or streams of Basra were reckoned by the time of Peri ben Abi ferehed and amounted to the number of one hundred and twenty thousand streams." — Ebn Haukat.

2 The name of the javelin with which the Easterns exercise. See Castellan, Mixtes des Ottomans, tom. iii. p. 161.

3 This account excites a desire of visiting the Banyan Hospital, as I had heard much of their beneficence to all kinds of animals that were either sick, lame, or infirm, through age or accident. On my arrival, there were presented to my view many horses, cows, and oxen, in one apartment; in another, dogs, donkeys, goats, and monkeys, with clean straw for them to repose upon. Above wars were deposited for seeds of many sorts, and flat, broad dishes for water, for the use of birds and insects." — Parson's Travels.

4 It is said that all animals know the Banyas, that they instinctively approach them, and that birds will fly nearer to them than to other parts of the ground. See Ganeri, "A very fragrant grass from the banks of the Ganges, near Haridwar, which in some places covers whole acres, and diffuses, when crushed, a strong odour." — Sir W. Jones on the Spineyard of the Ancients, cont.

5 Near this is a curious hill, called Koh Talism, the Mountain of the Talisman, because, according to the traditions of the country, no person ever succeeded in gaining its summit." — Kunitz.

6 "The Arabsians believe that the estriches hatch their young by only looking at them." — F. Vandenfelt, Relat. d'Egypte.


8 Oriental Tales.
The tone of melancholy defiance in which these words were uttered, went to Lalla Rookh's heart; and, as she reluctantly rode on, she could not help feeling it to be a sad but still sweet certainty, that Feramorz was to the full as enamoured and miserable as herself.

The place where they encamped that evening was the first delightful spot they had come to since they left Lahore. On one side of them was a grove full of small Hindoo temples, and planted with the most graceful trees of the East; where the tamarind, the cashew, and the sikkim plantains of Ceylon were mingled in rich contrast with the high fan-like foliage of the Palmyra,—that favourite tree of the luxurious bird that lights up the chambers of its nest with fire-flies.

In the middle of the lawn where the pavilion stood there was a tank surrounded by small mangrove trees, on the clear cold waters of which floated multitudes of the beautiful red lotus; 4 while at a dis-

1 Ferisha. "Or rather," says Scott, upon the passage of Ferishtha, from which this is taken, "small coins, stamped with the figure of a flower. They are still used in India to distribute in charity, and, on occasions, thrown by the purse-bearers of the great among the populace."

2 The five road made by the Emperor Jehan Gueire from Agra to Lahore, planted with trees on each side. This road is 250 leagues in length. It has "little pyramids or turrets," says Bernier, "erected every half mile to mark the ways, and frequent wells to afford drink to passengers, to water the drooping trees."

3 The Baya, or Indian Gosh-bak—Sir W. Jones.

4 "Here is a large pond by a tank, on the water of which multitudes of the beautiful red lotus: the flower is larger than that of the white water-lily, and is the most lovely of the nymphs I have seen!"—Mrs. Graham's Journal of a Residence in India.

bances stood the ruins of a strange and awful-looking tower, which seemed old enough to have been the temple of some religion no longer known, and which spoke the voice of desolation in the midst of all that bloom and loveliness. This singular ruin excited the wonder and curiosities of all. Lalla Rookh guessed in vain, and the all-prevailing Fadladeen, who had never till this journey been beyond the precincts of Delhi, was proceeding most learnedly to show that he knew nothing whatever about the matter, when one of the Ladies suggested that perhaps Feramorz could satisfy their curiosity. They were now approaching his native mountain, and this tower might perhaps be a relic of some of those dark superstitions, which had prevailed in that country before the light of Islam dawned upon it. The Chamberlain, who usually preferred his own ignorance to the strict knowledge that any one else could give him, was by no means pleased with this obfuscatious reference; and the Princess, too, was about to interpose a faint word of objection, but before either of them could speak, a slave was despatched for Feramorz, who, in a very few minutes, made his appearance before them—looking so pale and unhappy in Lalla Rookh's eyes, that she repented already of her cruelty in having so long excluded him.

That venerable tower, he told them, was the remains of an ancient Fire-Temple, built by those Ghebers or Parsees of the old religion, who, many hundred years since, had fled hither from their Arab conquerors, preferring liberty and their altars to a foreign land to an alternative of gains or destruction in their own. It was impossible, he added, not to feel interested in the many glorious but unsuccessful struggles, which had been made by these original natives of Persia to cast off the yoke of their bigoted conquerors. Like their own Fire in the burning Field at Bakut, 5 when suppressed in one place, they had not broken out with fresh flame in another; and, as a native of Cashmere, of that fair and rainy Valley, which had in the same manner become the prey of strangers, 6 and seen her ancient shrines and native princes swept away before the march of her intolerant invaders, he felt a sympathy, he owned, with the sufferings of the persecuted Ghebers, which every monument like this before them but tended more powerfully to awaken.

It was the first time that Feramorz had ever ventured upon so much praise before Fadladeen, and it may easily be conceived what effect such praise as this must have produced upon that most orthodox and most pious Gheber, an old man, of a haughty nature, for, many minutes aghast, exclaiming only at intervals, "Bigot- ed conquerors!—sympathy with Fire-worshippers!" 7 while Feramorz, happy to take advantage of this almost speechless horror of the Chamberlain, proceeded to say that he knew a melancholy story, connected with the events of one of those struggles of the brave Fire-worshippers against their Arab mas-
THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.

'Tis moonlight over Oman's Sea;—
Bask in the light-beam beauteously,
And her blue waters sleep in smiles.
That is moonlight in Harmonia's halls,
And through her Emir's porphyry halls,—
Where, some hours since, was heard the swell
Of trumpet and the clash of zeal.
Bidding the bright-eyed sun farewell;—
The peaceful sun, whom death outlives,
The music of the bulbul's nest;—
Or the light touch of lovers' lutes,
To sing him to his golden rest.
All bush'd—there's not a breeze in motion;
The shore is silent as the ocean.
If zephyrs come, so light they come,
Nor leaf is stirr'd; nor wave is driven;—
The wind-tower on the Emir's dome
Can hardly win a breath from heaven.

E'en he, that tyrant Arab, sleeps;
Calm, while a motion round him weeps;
While curses load the air he breathes,
And foibles from innumerable sheaths
Are waiting to avenge the shame
His race hath brought on Iran's name.
Hard, heartless Chief, unmoved alike
Mud eyes that weep, and swords that strike;—
One of that saintly, murderous brood,
To carnage and the Koran given.
Who think through unbelievers' blood
Lies their directest path to heaven;
One, who will pause and kneel unhush'd
In the warm blood his hand hath pour'd,
To mutter over some text of God;
Engraven on his reeking sword;—
Nay, who can coolly note the line,
The letter of those words divine,
To which his blade, with searching dart,
Had sunk into its victim's heart!

Just Allah! what must thy look,
When such a wretch before thee stands
Unbending, with thy Sacred Book,
Turning the leaves with blood-stain'd hands,
And wresting from its page sublime
His creed of lust, and hate, and crime;
E'en as those bees of Trebizond,
Who fight from the sunniest flowers that glad
With their pure smile the gardens round,
Draw venom forth that drives men mad.

Never did fierce Arabia send
A strap forth more direly great;
Never was Iran doom'd to bend
Beneath a yoke of deadlier weight.
Her throne had fall'n—her pride was crush'd—
Her sons, the children of her blood,
In their own land, to more their own,—
To crumh beneath a stranger's throne.
Her towers, where Mithra once had burn'd,
To Moslem shrines—oh shame!—were turn'd;
Where slaves, converted by the sword,
Their mean, apostate worship pour'd,
And curs'd the faith their sires ador'd;
Yet has she hearts, and all this ill,
O'er all this wretch high buoyant still
With hope and vengeance—hearts that yet
Like genii, in darkness, issuing rays
They've transport'd from the sun that's set,—
Beam all the light of long lost days!
And swords she hath, nor weak nor slow
To second all such hearts can dare;—
As he shall know, well, dearly know,
Who sleep—in moonlight luxury there,
Tranquil as if his spirit lay
Becal'md in Heaven's approving ray.
Sleep on—on purer eyes pass the shine
Those waves are burst'd, those planets shine;
Sleep on, and be thy rest unmov'd
By the white moonbeam's dazzling power;—
None but the loving and the lovd
Should be awake at this sweet hour.

And see—where, high above those rocks
That o'er the deep their shadows fling,
You turret stands—where ebon locks,
As glossy as a heron's wing
Upon the burn of a king,
Hang from the lattice, long and wild,—
'Tis she, that Emir's blooming child,
All truth and tenderness and grace,
Though born of such ungenteel race:—
An image of Youth's radiant Fountain
Springing in a desolate mountain.

Oh what a pure and sacred thing
Is Beauty, curtained from the sight
Of the gross world, illumining
One only mansion with her light!
Unseen by man's disturbing eye,—
The flower that blooms beneath the sea,
Too deep for sunbeams, doth not lie
Hidden more chaste obscurity.
So, Hinda, have thy face and mind,
Like holy mysteries, hid enshrined,
And oh, what transport for a lover
To lift the veil that shades them o'er!—
Like those who, all at once, discover
In the deep sleep some fairy shore,
Where mortal never trod before,
And sleep and wake in scented airs
No lip had ever breath'd but theirs.
Beautiful are the maidens that glide,
On summer-eyes, through Yemen's dales;—
And bright the glance it looks they hide
Behind their lids' roseate veils;—
And砖es, as delicate and fair
As the white jasmine flowers they wear,

There is a kind of Rhododendros about Trebizond, whose flowers the bee feeds upon, and the honey thence drives people mad "— Turennefort.

Their kings wear plumes of black herons' feathers upon the right side, as a badge of sovereignty."—Hannay.

The Fountain of Youth, by a Mahometan tradition, is situated in some dark region of the East."—Richardson.

Arabia Felix.
Hath Yemen in her blissful clime,
Who, build’d in cool kiosk or tower,
Before their mirrors count the time,
And grow still lovelier every hour.
But never yet hath bride or maid
In Araby’s gay Haram smiled,
Whose bosoms are so pure, that from their ray
Dark Vice would turn bashful away.
Blinded like serpents, when they gaze
Upon the emerald’s virgin blaze;
Yet fill’d with all youth’s sweet desires,
Mingling the neck and vestal fires
Of o’er worlds with all the bliss.
The fond, weak tenderness of this:
“A soul, too, more than half divine,
Where, through some shades of earthly feeling,
Religion’s sacred glories shine.
Like light through summer foliage stealing,
Shedding a glow of such mild hue,
So warm, and yet so shadowy too,
As makes the very darkness there
More beautiful than love can wear.
Such is the maid who, at this hour,
Hath risen from her restless sleep,
And sits alone in that high tower,
Watching the still and shining deep.
All! it was not these grand eyes
And beating heart,—she us’d to gaze
On the magnificent earth and skies,
In her own land, in happier days.
Why looks she now so anxious down
Among those rocks and deeps,
Bliss’d the mirror of the deep?
Whom was’t she all this lonely night
Toough rough the rocks, too bold the steep,
For man to scale that turret’s height?
And had it deck’d with costliest skill,
And fondly thought it safe as fair:
So decent at least her thoughtful sire,
When high, to catch the cool night-air,
After the day-beam’s withering fire.
He built her bower of freshness there,

5 This mountain is generally supposed to be inaccessible. Sirrus says, “I can well assure the reader that their opinion is not true, who suppose this mountain to be inaccessible.” He adds, that “the lower part of the mountain is cloudy, misty, and dark, the middle-part very cold, and like clouds of snow, but the upper region perfectly calm.” It was on this mountain that the Ark was supposed to have rested after the Deluge, and part of it, they say, exists there still, which Strus thus gravely accredits for: “Whereas one can remember that the air on the top of the hill did ever change. It was subject neither to wind or rain, which is presumed to be the reason that the Ark has endured so long without being rotten.”—See Carrère’s Travels. where the Doctor laughs at this whole account of Mount Ararat.

6 In one of the books of the Shah Nameh, when Zal (a celebrated hero of Persia, remarkable for his white hair,) comes to the terrace of his mistress Rodawfe at night, she lets down her long tresses to assist him in his ascent;—he, however, manages it in a less romantic way by fixing his erok in a projecting beam.”—See Chardin’s Persians.

7 “On the lofty hills of Arabia Petraea are rock-grots.”—Nicolai.

8 “Canum, espece de palterion, avec des cordes de boyaux; les dames en touchent dans le serail, avec
Alone, at this same witching hour,
She first beheld his radiant eyes
Glean through the lattice of the bower,
Where night by night the moonbeams slanted their sights;
And thence some spirit of the air
(For what could wait a mortal there?)
Was wafted on his moonlight way
To listen to her lonely lay:
This fancy never hath left her mind;
And—though when terror's swoon had past,
She saw a youth of mortal kind,
Before her in obeisance cast,—
Yet often since, when he hath spoken
Strange awful words—and gleams have broken
From his dark eyes, too bright to bear,
Oh! she had fear'd her soul was given
To some unhallowed child of air,
Some erring Spirit cast from heaven,
Like those angelic you's of old,
Who burn'd for masts of mortal mould,
Bewilder'd left the glorious skies,
And lost their heaven for woman's eyes.
Fond girl! nor tend nor anger he
Who won'st thy young simplicity;
But one of earth's impassion't sons,
As warm in love, as fierce in ire
As the best heart whose current runs
Full of the Day-God's living fire.

But quenched'to-night that ardour seems,
And pale his cheek, and sunk his brow;
Never before, but in her dreams,
Had she beheld him pale as now;
And those were dreams of troubled sleep,
From which it was joy to wake and weep;
Visions, that will not be forgot,
But sadden every waking scene,
Like warning ghosts, that leave the spot
All wither'd where they once have been.

"How sweetly," said the trembling maid,
Of her own gentle voice afraid,
So long had they in silence stood,
Looking upon that tranquil flood —
"How sweetly does the moonbeam smile
Upon thy kindly face?"
"Oh, in my fancy's wanderings,
I've wish'd that little isle had wings,
And we, within its fairy bowers,
Were wafted off to seas unknown;
What's not a pulse that beats our ours,
And we might live, love, die alone!
Far from the cruel and the cold,—
Where the bright eyes of angels only
Should come around us, to behold
A paradise so pure and lonely,
Would this be world enough for thee?"
Playful she turn'd, that he might see
The passing smile her cheek put on;
But when she mark'd how mournfully
His eyes met hers, that smile was gone;
And, bursting into heart-felt tears,
"Yes, yes," she cried, "my hourly fears,
My dreams have hallow'd all too right —
We part—for ever part—too light!
I knew not—now I know too light!
I was bright, I was heavenly, but I'm past!
Oh! ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never lov'd a tree or flower,
But was the first to fade away.
I never nurs'd a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die.
Nor joy—oh—the joy need like divine
Of all I ever dream'd or knew,

"Thy Father:—"
"Holy Alla save
His grey head from that lightning glance!
Thou know'st him not—ne loves the brave;
Nor lives there under heaven's expanse
One who would gain up yon wild, wild wave
And thy bold spirit, more than he.
Oh when, in childhood, I have play'd
With the bright fae'lision by his side,
I've heard him swear his lips day's
In time should be a watchword brave,
And still, whenever at Haram hours,
I take him cool shekels and flowers,
He tells me, when in playful mood,
A seto shall my bridegroom be,
Sudden maids are best in battle wood,
And won with shouts of victory!
Nay, turn not from me— thou alone
Art form'd to make both hearts thy own.
Go—join his sacred ranks—thou know'st what
The holy strife these Persians wage:—
Good Heathen, that crown'd—one even now thou lov'st
With more than mortal warrior's rage.
Has't to the camp by morning's light,
And, when that sword's rais'd in fight,
I think, I know it could not be elsewhere.
Beneath it's shadow trembling lie!
One victory of those Slaves of Fire,
'Those impious Ghebers, whom our sire

"Abhors—"
"Hold, hold — thy words are death—
The stranger cried, as wild he flung
His mantle back, and should beneath
The Gheber belt that round him clung.

1 "They (the Ghebers) lay so much stress on their eushee or gilde, as not to dare to be an instant without it.—" Grose's Voyage.—"Ie jeune homme mia d'abord la chose; mais, ayant e'te depouille de sa reee, et la large coeurine qu'il portoit comme Ghebr,"

Translated by De Courmand.
Here, maiden, look — weep — blush to see
All that thy sire adorns in me!
Yes — I am of that impious race,
Those Slaves of Fire who, morn and even,
Hail their Creator's dwelling-place.
Among the living lights of heaven:
Yes — I am of that outcast few,
To Iran and to vengeance true,
Who curse the hour your Arabs came
To decide our shames of blame.
And swear, before God's burning eye,
To break our country's chains, or die!
Thy bigot sire, — nay, stumble not, —
He, who gave birth to those dear eyes,
With me is seated as the spot
From which our tears of worship rise!
But know — it was he I sought that night.
When, from my watch-boat on the sea,
I caught this turret's glimmering light,
And up the rude rocks desperately
Rush'd to my prey — thou know'st the rest —
I shud'd the gory vulture's feet,
And found a trembling dove within;
Thine, thine the victory — thine the sin —
If Love had made one thought his own,
And swear, before God's burning eye,
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bushy jungle, where in more than one place, the awful signal of the bamboo staff, 1 with the white flag at its top, reminded the traveller that, in that very spot, the tiger has made some human creature his victim. It was, therefore, with much pleasure that they arrived at sunset in a safe and lovely glen, and encamped under one of those holy trees, whose smooth columns and spreading roots seem to destine them for natural temples of religion. Beneath this spacious shade a number of mounds had been erected in one of its loftiest moods of criticism by her side, the young Poet, leaning against a branch of the tree, thus continued his story:

The morn hath risen clear and calm,
And o'er the Green Sea 2 palely shines,
Revealing Baham's 3 golden groves of palm;
And lighting Kishma's 4 amber vines.
Fresh sniff the shores of Araby,
While breezes from the Indian sea
Blow round selbun's 5 painted Cape,
And curl the shining dhow's shroud—
Whose waves are rich with many a grape,
And cocoa-nut and flowery wreath,
Which pious seamen, as they pass,
Had told't that holy headland cast—
Oblations to the Gemi there.

For gentle skies and breezes fair!
The nightingale now bends her flight 6
From the high groves, where all the night
She sung so sweet, with none to listen;
And hid her from the morning star,
Where thickets of pomogranate glisten
In the clear dawn,—bespangled o'er
With dew, whose night-drapes would not stain
The best and brightest sun's light 7
That ever youthful Sultan wore
On the first morning of his reign.

1 "It is usual to place a small white triangular flag, fixed to a bamboo staff of ten or twelve feet long, at the place where a tiger has destroyed a man. It is sometimes the practice also to throw each a stone or brick near the spot, so that in the course of a little time a pile equal to a good wagon-load is collected. The sight of these flags and piles of stones imparts a certain melancholy, not perhaps altogether void of apprehension." — Oriental Field Sports, vol. ii.

2 "The Ficus indica is called the P. god Tree and Tree of Councils: the first, from the idols placed under its shade; the second, because meetings were held under its cool branches. In some places it is believed to be the haunt of spirits, as the ancient spreading oaks of Wales have been of fairies; in others are erected beneath the shade of stone or posts, excellently carved, and ornamented with the most beautiful porcelain to supply the use of mirrors." — Pennant.

3 The Persian Gulf. — "To dive for pearls in the Green Sea, or Persian Golf." — Sir H. Jones.

4 Islands in the Gulf.

5 Selimeh, the genuine name of the headland at the entrance of the Gulf, commonly called Cape Candel. — "The Indians, when they pass the promontory, throw cocoa-nuts, fruits, or flowers into the sea, to secure a propitious voyage." — Morier.

6 "The nightingale sings from the pomegranate-groves in the dry-time, and from the loftiest trees at night." — Ruskin's Alpine Jour.

7 In speaking of the climate of Shiraz, Francklin says, "The dew is of such a pure nature, that if the

and see — the Sun himself! — on wings
Of glory up the East he springs.
Angel of Light! who from the time
Those heavens began their march sublime,
Hath first of all the stars to wake the
Trod in his Maker's steps of fire!

Where are the days, thou wondrous sphere,
When Iran, like a sun-flower, torn'd
To meet that eye where'er it burn'd? —
When, from the bounds of Beulameer
To the hill-grove of Saman-nacle,
Thy temples stand'd over all the land?
Where are they? ask the shades of them
Who, on Cade six, 8 bloody plains,
Saw fierce thro' a bloody battle's gem
From Iran's broken diadem,
And bind her ancient faith in chains:—
A k the poor exile, east alone
On foreign shores, unh'd, unknown,
Beyond the Caspian's Iron Gates, 9
Or on the snowy Mission mountains,
Far from his beauteous land of dates,
Her jasmine towers and sunny fountains:
Yet happier, say than if he trod
His own beloved, but blest, sod,
Beneath a despot stranger's nod! —
Oh, he would rather houseless roam
Where Freedom and his God may lead,
Than be the leasted slave at home
That crouches to the conqueror's creed!

Is Iran's pride then gone for ever,
Queen'd with the flame in Mithra's caves? —
No — she has sons, that never —
Wilt thou be to the Moslem's slaves,
While heaven has light or earth has graves —
Spirits of fire, that brood not long,
But flash resentment back for wrong;
And hearts where, slow but deep, the seeds
Of vengeance ripen into deeds,
Till, in some trachourous hour of calm,
They burst, like Zelian's giant palm, 10
Whose buds fly open with a sound
That shakes the pigmy forests round!
Yes, Enor! he, who scald'd that tower,
And, had he reach'd thy shumberg breast,
Had taught thee, in a Gheber's power
How save ev'n tyrant heads may rest —
Is one of many, brave as he,
Who bathe thy haughty race and thee,
Who, though they know the fire is vain,
Who, though they know the iron chain
Snaps but to enter in the heart
Of him who rends its links apart,
Yet dare the issue, — best in he
Eng'd for one bleeding moment free,
And die in pangs of liberty!

Thou know'st them well — Is some moon's since
Thy turbulent troops and blood-red flags,
Thou wip'r of a bigot Prince,
Have sworn'd among these Green Sea crags;
Yet here, ev'n here, a sacred land
Ay, in the portal of that

brightest cultivator should be exposed to it all night, it would not receive the least rust.

The place where the Persians were finally defeated by the Arabs, and their ancient monarchy destroyed.

9 Derbend. — "Les Tures apppellent cette ville Demir Canji, Porte de Fer; ce sont les Caspie Portes des anciens." — D'Herbelot.

10 The Tafoil or Tafiol tree. "This beautiful palm-tree, which grows in the heart of the forests, may be classed among the loftiest trees, and becomes still higher when on the point of bursting forth from its leafy summit. The sheath which then envelopes the flower is very large, and, when it bursts, makes an explosion like the report of a cannon." — Thunberg.
LALLA ROOKH.

Thou, Arab, da'st to call thy own,
Their spears across thy path have thrown
Herds—crees for him to crooch the knee—
Rebellion brav'd thee from the shore.
Rebellion! fool, dishonouring word,
Whose wrongful light so dim has stain'd
The honest cause that tongue or sword
Of mortal ever did disdain.
How many a spirit, born to bless,
 Hath sunk beneath that warring name,
Whom but a day's, an hour's success
Had vaulted to eternal fame?
An exhibition, when they burst
From the warm earth, it chill'd at first;
If check'd in soaring from the plain,
Darken to logs and sink again;
But, if they once triumphant spread
Their wings above the mountain-head,
Become enroth'd in upper air,
And turn to sun-bright glories there!

And who is he, that wieldst the might
Of Freedom on the Green Sea truck,
Before whose sabre's dazzling lust
The eyes of Yemen's warriors wink?
Who comes, embower'd in the spears
Of Kerman's hardy mountainiers?
— Those mountaineers that trues', last,
Chivalry for his country's ancient rites,
As of that God, whose eyelids cast
Their closing gleane on Iran's heights,
Among her snowy mountains threw
The last light of his worship too?

'Tis Hafed — name of fear, whose sound
Chills like the muttering of a charm!
Shout but that awful name around,
And palsy shakes the manly arm.
'Tis Hafed, most accurate and dire
(Sc rank'd by Moslem kaze and ira)
Of all the rebel Sons of Fire;
Of whose malign, tremendous power
The Arabs, at their mid-watch hour,
Such tales of fearful wonder tell,
That each altituded sentinel
Pulls down his cowl upon his eyes,
Lest Hafed in the midst should rise!
A man, they say, of monstrous birth,
A mangled race of flame and ear,
Sprung from those old, erroneous kings;2
Who in their fairy helms, of yore
A feather from the mystic wings
Of the Simoom^ restless wore;
And gifted by the Fiends of Fire,
With groans to see their shrine expire,
With chains that, all in vain withstood
Would drowst the Koran's light in blood
Such were the tales, that won belief.
And such the colouring fancy gave
To a young, warm, and dauntless Chief,
One who, go more than mortal brave,
Fought for the land his soul adored,
For happy homes and altars free,—
His only talisman, the sword,
His only spell-word, Liberty!
One of that ancient hero line,
Along whose glorious current shine
Names, that have sanctified their blood;
As Lebanon's small mountain-flood

1 "When the bright chariots make the eyes of our heroes wink." — The Mahlatkat, Poem of Amrud.
2 Tahirunas, and other ancient Kings of Persia; whose adventures in Fairy-land among the Persis and Dives may be found in Richardson's curious Dissertation. The griffin Simoom, they say, took some feathers from her breast for Tahirunas, with which he adorned his helmet, and transmitted them afterwards to his descendant's.
3 This rivulet, says Dandini, is called the Holy River from the "cedar-saints" among which it rises.
4 In the Lettres Edifiantes, there is a different cause assigned for its name of Holy. "In these are deep caverns, which formerly served as so many cells for a great number of recluse, who had chosen these retreats as the only witnesses upon earth of the severity of their penance. The tears of these pious penitents gave the river of which we have just treated the name of the Holy River." — See Chateaubriand's Beauties of Christianity.
5 This mountain is my own creation, as the "stupendous grain" of which I suppose it a link, does not extend quite so far as the shores of the Persian Gulf.
6 This long and fly range of mountains formerly divided Media from Assyria, and now forms the boundary of the Persian and Turkish empires. It resembles the river Tigris, and almost disappearing in the vicinity of C Gebenron (Harmozia) seems once more to rise in the southern districts of Kerman, and following an easterly course through the centre of Meckraun and Babouechistan, is entirely lost in the deserts of Sina." — Kinners Per- ish Empire.
7 These birds sleep in the air. They are most com mon about the Cape of Good Hope.
THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.

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That from the ruin's altar broke,
Gloried on his features, as he spoke:
"I!" is o'er — what men could do, we've done —
If Iran will look tamely on,
And see her priests, her warriors driven
Before a strainless bigot's bed,
A wretch, whose shrines lie hid in heaven,
And makes a pauper of his God;
If her proud sons, her girt-born soldis,
Men, in whose veins — oh, last disgrace!
The blood of Zal and Rustam's rolls,—
If they will count this up an art race,
And turn from Mahbra's ancient ray,
To kneel at shrines of yesterday;
If they shall crouch to Iran's foes,
Why, let them — till the land's despair
Cries out to Heaven, and bend the groan
"Too vie for ev'n the vile to bear!"

All shame at last, long hidden, bursts
Their utmost core, and conscience turns
Each coward tear the slave lets fall
Back on his heart in drops of gall,
"But here, at least, are arms unchained; —
And souls that thraldom never stain'd; —
This spot, at least, no foot of slave
Or slav'ry ever yet profaned;
And though for ever fast the wave
Of life is ebbing from our veins,
Enough for vengeance still remains.
As panthers, after set of sun,
Rush from the rows of Letamon
Across the earth's too-soft bower;
"We'll bound upon our startled prey;
And when some hearts that proudest swell
Have felt our falchion's last farewell;
When Hope's expiring bor is o'er,
And ev'n Death can prompt no more,
This spot shall be the sacred grave
Of the last few who, vainly brave,
"Die for the land they cannot save!"

His Chiefs stood round — each shining blade
Upon the broken altar laid
And though so wild and desolate
Those courts, where once the Mighty sat;
Nor longer on those mouldering towers
Was seen the feast of true and proud, 
With which of old the Magi fed
The wandering Spirits of their Dead;
Though neither priest nor rites were there,
Nor charmed leaf of pure pomegranate;
Nor hymn, nor censer's fragrant air,
Nor symbol of their worship'd planet;
Yet the same God that heard their sires
Heard them, while on that altar's fires

4 Ancient heroes of Persia. "Among the Ghebers there are none, who boast their descent from Rustam."—Stephen's Persia.
5 See Rusell's account of the panther's attacking travellers in the night on the sea-shore about the roots of Lebanon.
6 Among other ceremonies the Magi used to place upon the tops of high towers various kinds of rich flowers, upon which it was supposed the Persis and the spirits of their departed heroes regaled themselves.—Richardson.
7 In the ceremonies of the Ghebers round their Fire, as described by Lord "the Duran" he says, "gave them water to drink, and a pomegranate leaf to chew in the mouth, to cleanse them from inward uncleanness."
8 Early in the morning, they (the Parsees or Ghebers at Oulam) go in crowds to pay their devotions to the Sun, to whom upon all the altars there are venerable customs, made by magic, resembling the circles of the sun, and when the sun rises, these orbs seem to be inflamed, and to turn round with a great noise. They have every one a censer in their hands, and offer incense to the sun."—Rabbi Benjamin.
They swore the latest, the holiest deed
Of lovers' hearts, still left to bleed,
Should be, in Iran's iniqu'd name,
To die upon that Moive's black bane.

The list of all her patriot hue
Before her last untrodden shrine!

Brave, suffering souls! they little knew
How many a tear their injuries drew.
From one week unaid, one gentle foe,
Whom love had touch'd with others' woe.

Whose life, as free from thought as sin,
Slept like a lake, till Love threw in
His passion, and spread its trembling circles wide.

Once, Enir! thy unheeding child,
Mid all this havoc, bloom'd and smiled,
Tranquil as on some battle plain
The Persian lady shines and towers, —

Before the combat's reddening stain
Hath fall'n upon her golden flowers.

Light-hearted maid, unwav'd, unmov'd,
While Heaven but spared the sire she lov'd,

Once at thy evening tales of blood
Uplamenting and avenge she stood.
And oft, when thou hast pac'd along
Thy Harem hails with furious heat,

Hast thou not cur'd her cheerful song,
That came across thee, calm and sweet,
Like lutes of angels, touch'd so near
Hell's confine, that the daemon can hear!

Far other feelings Love hath brought —
Her soul all flame, her brow all sadness,
She can but hate the one dear thought,
And thinks that o'er, almost to madness!

Oft doth her sinking heart recall
His words — "for my sake weep for all;"
And bitterly, as day on day
Of rebel carnage last succeeds,
She weeps a lover snatch'd away.
In every Gheber wretch that bleeds,
There's not a sabre meets her eye,
But with his life-blood seems to swell;

There's not an arrow wings the sky,
But fancy turns its point to him.
No more she brings with feet of light
Al Hassan's faction for the fight;

And — had he look'd with clearer sight,
Had not the mist, that ever rise
From a foul spirit, dimm'd his eye —
He would have mark'd her shuddering frame,
When from the field of blood he came,
The faltering speech — the look estrang'd
Voice, step, and life, and beauty chang'd —
He would have mark'd all this, and known
Such change is wrought by Love alone!

Ah! not the Love, that should have bless'd
So young, so innocent a breast;
Not the pure, open, prosperous Love,
That, pledging on earth and sea'd above,
Grows in the world's approving eyes,
In friendship's smile and home's caress,
Collecting all the heart's sweet ties
Into one knot of happiness.

No, Hinda, no — thy fatal flame
Is curs'd in silence, sorrow, shame —
A passion, without hope or pleasure,
To thy soul's darkness buried deep,
It lies, like some illicit treasure —
Some idol, without shrine or censer —
Over which its vale'ey'd votaries keep
Unholy watch, while others sleep.

1 "Nul d'entre eux exerçoit sa jalousie, quand il a pris un temps de cet embellissement et de courage." — Enzedreb de France.

2 "A vivid verdure succeeds the autumnal mists,
And the ploughed fields are covered with the Persian bire,
Of a resplendent yellow colour." — RusseL's Allepo.

Seven nights have darkness Oman's sea,
Since last, beneath the moonlight ray,
She saw his light oar rapidly
Hurrying her Gheber's dark bane —

And still she goes, at midnight four,
To weep alone in that high bower,
And watch, and look along the deep
For him whose smiles first made her weep —

But wailing whisper, sighs and van
She never saw his bark again.

The owl's solitary cry,
The night-bark, filling darkly by,
And o'er the hateful carven bird,
Heavily hanging his eld, and singing
Which reck'd with that day's banquetting
Was all she saw, was all she heard.

'T is the eighth morn — Al Hassan's bow
Is brighten'd with unusual joy —
What mighty mischief glad him now,
Who never smiles but to destroy?

The sparkle upon Herkend's Sea,
When toss'd at midnight curiously,
Tells out of wreck and ruin night
More surely than that smiling eye!

"Up, daughter, up — the Kurna!" breath
"Has blown a blast would wreck the dead,
And yet thou sleepest — up, child, and see
This blessed day for Heaven and time,
"A day more rich in Fagan blood
Than ever flash'd o'er Oman's flood.
"Before another dawn shall shine,
"His head — heart — limbs — will all be mine —
"This very night his blood shall know
"These hands all over one I sleep!" —

"His blood!" she faintly screamed — her mind
Still singing one from all mankind —

"Yes — spite of his ravines and towers,
Hafed, my child, this night is ours.
"Thanks to all-conquering treachery,
"Without whose aid the links are sear,
"That bind these impious slaves, would be
Too strong for Alia's self to burst!

"That rebel fiend, whose blade has spread
My path with piles of Muslim dead,
"Whose buffing spears had almost driven
Seek from their course the Swords of Heaven,
"This night, with all his hand shall know
"How deep an Arab's soul can go,
"When God and Vengeance speed the blow.

"And — Prophet! by that holy wreat
Would I wear on thine field of death,
"I swear, for every sob that pier
In anguish from these heathen hearts,
"A gem from Persia's plunder'd mines
"Shall glitter on thine Shrine of Shrines.

"But, ha! — she sinks — that look so wild
"Those livid lips — my child, my child,
"This life of blood leaves not thee,
"And thou must back to Araby.

"Never had I risk'd thy tender sex
In scenes that man himself might dread,
"If I not hop'd our every tread
"Would be on prostrate Persian necks —

"Curst race, they offer swords instead!
"But cheer thee, maid — the wind that now
"Is blowing o'er thy feverish brow.

3 "It is observed, with respect to the Sea of Herkend, that when it is exposed by tempestous winds it sparkles like fire." — Travels of Two Mohammedans.

4 A kind of trumpet; — it "was that used by Tamerlane, the sound of which is described as uncommonly dreadful, and so loud as to be heard at the distance of several miles." — Richardson.

5 "Mohammed had two helmet, an interior and exterior one; the latter of which, called Al Ma'wash, the blie, wreath, or wreatched garland, he wore at the battle of Ohod." — Universal History.
The Fire-Worshippers.

Lalla Rookh had, the night before, been visited by a dream which, in spite of the impending fate of poor Hsufed, made her heart more than usually cheerful during the morning, and gave her cheeks all the freshened animation of a flower that the Bid-munk has just passed over. She fancied that she was sailing on that Eastern Ocean, where the seagull, who live for ever on the water, enjoy a perpetual summer in wandering from isle to isle, when she saw a small gilded bark approaching her. It was like one of those boats which the Maldivian islanders send adrift, at the mercy of winds and waves, loaded with perfumes, flowers, and odoriferous wood, as an offering to the Spirit whom they call King of the Sea. At first, this little bark appeared to be empty, but, on coming nearer, the flowerers, they are the leaves of a plant which bloomed flowers commonly last till the end of the month."—Le Brun.

"The Bajus are of two races: the one is settled on Borneo, and are a rude but warlike and industrious nation, who reckon themselves the original possessors of the island of Borneo. The other is a species of seagulls or Heron family, who live in small covered boats, and enjoy a perpetual summer on the eastern ocean, shifting from leeward to leeward, with the variations of the monsoon. In some of their customs this singular race resemble the natives of the Maldives islands. The Maldives annually launch a small bark, loaded with perfumes, gums, flowers, and odoriferous wood, and turn it adrift at the mercy of winds and waves, as an offering to the Spirit of the Winds; and sometimes similar offerings are made to the spirit whom they term the King of the Sea. In like manner the Bajus perform their offering to the god of evil, launching a small bark, loaded with all the sites and misfortunes of the nation, which are imagined to fall on the unhappy crew who may be so unlucky as first to meet with it."—Dr. Laidley, in the Languages and Literature of the Chinese in Turkestan.

"The sweet-scented violet is one of the plants most esteemed, particularly for its great use in Sorbet, which they make of violet sugar."—Hasselquist.

"The sherbet they most esteem, and which, drunk by the Grand Signor himself, is made of violet and sugar."—Tscherny.

"Last of all she took a guitar, and sung a pathetic air in the measure called Nava, which is always used to express the lamentations of absent lovers."—Persian Tales.

To-day shall waste thee from the shore;
And, ere a drop of this night's gore
Have time to chill in yonder towers,
Then'll it be thy own sweet Arab bowers?

His bloody boast was all too true;
There lurk'd one watch among the few
When Hsufed's eagle eye could count
Around him on that Fiery Mount,—
One miscreant, who for gold betray'd
The pathway through the valley's shade
To those high towers, where Freedom stood
In her last hold of flame and blood.
Left on the field that dreadful night,
When, sallying from their Sacred height,
The Ghul of FhiloM)phy, this watchless light,
He lay—but died not with the brace;
That sun, which should have gild his grave,
Saw him a traitor and a slave;—
And, while the few, who thence return'd
To their high rocky fortress, mount'd
For him among the matchless dead
They left behind on glory's bed,
He ly'd, and, in the face of morn,
Laugh'd them and Faith and Heaven to scorn.

Oh, for a tongue to curse the slave,
Whose treason, like a deadly blight,
Comes o'er the councils of the brave,
And blasts them in their hour of might!
May Life's unbliss-ed cup for him
Be drunk'd with treacheries to the brim,—
With hopes, that blure to fly;
With joys, that vanish while he sips,
Like Dead-Sea fruits, that tempt the eye,
But turn to ashes on the lips!—

His country's curse, his children's shame,
Odecast of virtue, peace, and fame,
May he, at last, with lips of flame
On the parch'd desert thrashing die,—
While laces, that shine in mockery nigh,
Are fading off, untouch'd, untasted,
Like the once glorious hopes he blaz'd—
And, when from each his spirit flies,
Just Prophet, let the demolished-one dwell
Full in the sight of Paradise,
Beholding heaven, and feeling hell!

1 "They say that there are apple-trees upon the sides of this sea, which bear very lovely fruit, but within are all full of ashes."—Thevenot. "The same is asserted of the oranges there;"—Witman's Travels in Asia Minor.

2 The Asphalt Lake, known by the name of the Dead Sea, is very remarkable on account of the considerable proportion of salt which it contains. In this respect it surpasses every other known water on the surface of the earth. This great proportion of winter salts is the reason why neither animal nor plant can live in this water.—Klaproth's Chemical Analysis of the Water of the Dead Sea, Annals of Philosophy, January, 1813. Hasselquist, however, doubts the truth of this last assertion, as there are shells to be found in the dead sea, Lord Byron has a similar allusion to the fruits of the Dead Sea, in that wonderful display of genius, his third Canto of Childe Harold,—magnificent beyond anything, perhaps, that even he has ever written.

3 "The Sulphur or Water of the Desert is said to be caused by the rarefaction of the atmosphere from extreme heat; and the augment of the density, it is most frequent in hollows, where water might be expected to lodge. I have seen bushes and trees reflected in it, with as much accuracy as though it had been the face of a clear and still lake."—Pottenger.

4 To his father, their waters, they are like a vapour in a plain, which the thirsty traveller thinketh to be water, until when he cometh thereto he findeth it to be nothing."—Koran, chap. 24.
And, having swept the firmament,
Was now in fierce career for earth.

On earth it was yet all calm around,
A pauseless silence, dead, profound,
Most deathless than the dead, unheavened.
The diver steered for Ormus's towers,
And wond'rd his skill till calmer hours;
The sea-birds, with portentous screech,
Flew fast to land; — soon the bel ch
The pit of hid passion, with glace
Turn'd upward to that wild expanse —
And all was bounding, and fiend, and dark
As her own soul, when Hindis's bark
Went slowly from the Persian shore.
No music 'mid her parting war,
Nor friends upon the lissening strand
Linger'd, to wave the unseen hand,
Or speak the farewell, heard no more; —
But lone, unheeded, from the bay
The vessel takes its mournful way,
Like some ill-des'nd bark that steers
In silence through the Gate of Tears. 

And where was stern Al Hassan then
Could not that sable tongue of men
From bloodshed and devotion spare
One minute for a farewell there?
No — elo within, in changeful fits
Of cursing and of prayer, he sits
In savage loneliness to braid
Upon the countenance of blood,
With that keen, second-cent of death,
By which the vulture sniffs his food
To the still warm and living breath!
While over the wave his weeping daughter
Is lost from these scenes of slaughter,—
As a young bird of Babylon,
Let loose to tell of victory won,
Flies home, with wing, ah! not unstrain'd
By the red hands that held her chain'd.

And does the long-left home she seeks
Light up so gladness on her cheeks?
The flowers she ours'd — the well-known groves,
Where oft in dreams her spirit roves
Once more to see her dear gazelles
Come bounding with their silver bells;
Her heads new plumeage to unfold,
And the gay, gleaming fishes count,
She left, all tlilled with gold,
Shooting around their jasper fount;
Her little garden mosque to see,
And once again, at evening hour,
To tell her ruby rosary
In her own sweet aecia bower.

1 *The Easterns used to set out on their longer voyages with music." — Harmer.

2 *The Gate of Tears, the strait or passage into the Red Sea, commonly called Bab-I-Forman. It received this name from the old Arabians, on account of the danger of the navigation, and the number of shipwrecks by which it was distinguished; which induced them to consider as dead, and to wear mourning for all who had the boldness to hazard, so to pass through it into the Ethipian ocean." — Richardson.

3 *—I have been told that whenever an animal falls dead, one or more vultures unseen before, instantly appear." — Pennant.

4 *They have some writing to the wings of a Bab- folt, or Babylomian pigeon." — Travels of certain Englishmen.

5 *The Vizir press of Jehan-Goic used to divert her self with feeding tame fish in her cains, some of which were many years afterwards known by filets of gold, which she caused to be put round them," — Harris.

6 *Le Tepith, qui est un chaupetif, compose de 99 petites boules d'agathe, de Jasper, d'ambré, de corail, ou

Cano these delights, that wait her now,
Call up no sunshine on her brow?
No — silent, from her train apart,—
As if even now she felt at heart
The chill of her approaching doom,—
She sits, all lovely in her bloom
As a pale Angel of the Grave;
And over the wide, tempestuous wave,
Looks, with a shudder, to those towers,
Where, in a few short awful hours,
Bled, blood, in streaming flood shall run,
Foul incense for to-morrow's sun!

Where art thou, glorious stranger! thou,
So lovely, so lost, where art thou now?

For — Helen — infidel — what her's
The unblood'd name thou'lt deign'd to bear

Still glorious — still to this food heart
Dear as in blood, whatsoever thou art!

Yes — Alla, dreadful Alla! yes —
If there be wrong, be come to this,
Let the black waves that round us roll,
Whelm me this instant, ere my soul,

Forgetting faith — home — father — all —
Before its earthly idol fall,
Nor worship ev'n Thyself above him —
For, oh, so wildly do I love him,

Thy Paradise itself was dim
And joyless, if not shad'rd with him!
Her hands were claspt — her eyes upturn'd
Dropping their tears like moonlight rain;
And, though her lip, fond ravening
With words of passion, bold, profane,
Yet was there light around her bow,
A holiness in those dark eyes,
Which shone, — though wandering earthward
Now,
Her spirit's home was in the skies.
Yes — for a spirit pure as hers
Is always pure, ev'n while it errs;
As sunshine, broken in the rill,
Though turn'd astray, is sunshine still!

So wholly had her mind forgot
All thought but one, she heeded not
The rising storm — the wave that cast
A moment's midnight, as it pass'd

Nor hear'd the frequent shurt, the tread
Of gathering tumult o'er her head;
Clash'd sword, — and tongues that seem'd to vie
With the rude riot of the sky.

But, hark! — that war whoop on the deck —
That crash, as if each engine there,
Mart, sails, and all, were gone to wreck,
Mid yells and stampam's of despair!

Merciful Heaven! what can it be?
'Tis not the storm, though fearfully
The ship has shudder'd as she rode
O'er mountain waves — "Forgive me, God!"

"Forgive me!" shriek'd the maid, and knelt,
Trebling over all — for she felt
As if her judgment-hour was near;

While crouching round, half dead with fear,
Her hands bound, aching, nor breath'd, nor stirr'd —
When hark! — a second crash — a third—
And now, as if a bolt of thunder
Had riv'n the labouring planks asunder,
The deck falls in — what horrors there!
Blood, waves, and back-swords and men
Come mix'd together through the chasm,
Some wretched in their dying spasm
Still fighting on — and some that call
"For God and Iran!" as they fall!

Whose was the hand that turn'd away
The perils of the fortunate fray,

D'autre maître précieuse. J'en ai vu un superbe au Seigneur Jerpes; il est de belles et grosses perles parfaites et egales, estime trente mille piastres. — Podern. 
And snatch'd her breathless from beneath
This wildest sentiment of wreck and death?
She knew not — for a fairness came
Chill o'er her, and her sinking frame
Amid the ruins of that hell
Lay like a pale and sullen flower,
Beneath the red volcano's shower.
But, oh! the sights and sounds of dread
That shook her, her senses fled
The yawning deck — the crowd that strove
Upon the tottering planks above —
The sail, whose fragments, shivering o'er
The struggling heads, all dash'd with gore
Flutter'd like bloody lilies — the deck
Of sabres, and the lightning's flash
Upon their blades, high toss'd about
Like meteor brands — as if throughout
The elements were fury ran,
One general rage, that left a doubt
Which was the fiercer, Heav'n or Man?
Once too, but no — it could not be —
'Twas fancy all — yet once she thought,
While yet her fading eyes could see,
High on the ruin'd deck she caught
A glimpse of that unearthly form,
That glory of her soul, — even then,
And in the whirl of wreck and storm,
Shining above his fellow-men,
As, on some black and troubled night,
The Star of Egypt, 2 whose proud light
Never hath beaum'd on those who rest
In the White Islands of the West,
Borne through the sheath with looks of flame
That put Heav'n's weakest eye to shame.
But no — it was but the minutes dream —
A fantasy — and ere the scream
Had half-way pass'd her pallid lip,
A gaunt-like, white-diffused, a ghastly soul
Of soul and sense its darkness spread
Around her, and she sunk, as dead.

How calm, how beautiful comes on
The stilly hour, when storms are gone;
When warring winds have died away,
And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,
Melt off, and leave the land and sea
Sleeping in bright tranquility.
Fresh as if Day ever were born,
Again upon the lap of Morn! —
When the light blossoms, rudely torn
And scatter'd at the whirl'd soul's will,
Hanging floating in the pure air still,
Flung in with piercing beams.
In gratitude for this sweet calm —
And every drop the thunder-stowers
Have left upon the grass and flowers
Sparkles, as 't were that lightning-gem
Whose liquid flame is born of them;
When, 'stead of one unchasing breeze,
There blow a thousand zephyr airs,
And each a different perfume, bear'd,
As if the lovely plants and trees
Had vassal breezes of their own
To watch and wait on them alone,
And waft no other breath than theirs;
When the blue waters rise and fall,
In sleepy sunshine mantling all;

1 The meteors that Fliny calls "faces."
2 "The brilliant Canopus, unseen in European climates." — Broun.
3 See Wilford's learned Essays on the Sacred Isles in the West.
4 A precious stone of the Indies, called by the ancients, Ceratumin, because it was supposed to be found in places where thunder had fallen. Tertullian says of it a glittering appearance, as if there had been fire in it; and the author of the Dissertation in Harris's Voyages, supposes it to be the opal.
5 D'Herbelot, art. Aguaini.
6 "The Guebres are known by a dark yellow colour, which the men affect in their clothes." — Thevenot.
7 "The Kohib, or cap, worn by the Persians, is made of the skin of the sheep of Tartary." — Waring.
LALLA ROOKH.

Paint on the fleeting mists that roll
In trace or slumber round the soul.

But now the bark, with livelier bound,
Scales the blue wave — the c transformer in motion.
The oars are out, and shouting break
The bright mirror of the ocean,
Scattering its brilliant fragments round.

And now she sees — with horror sees,
Her course is tow'rd that mountain hold,
—
Those towers, that make her life-blood freeze,
Where Mecca's godless enemies
Lie, like beleaguer'd scorpions, roll'd.
In their last deadly, venomous fang!

Amid the illumined land and flood,
Soulless that mighty mountain stood;
So where, above its awful base,
There shone a flaming cloud, blood-red,
As 't was the flag of destiny
Hung out to mark where death would be!

Had her bewildered mind the power
Of thought in this terrific hour,
She well might marvel where or how
Man's foot could scale that mountain's brow,
Since ne'er had Arab heard or known
In path but through the glen along.

But every thought was lost in tear,
When, as their boding bark drew near
The craggy base, she felt the waves
Hurry them tow'rd those dismal caves,
That from the deep in tremulous mass
Beneath that Mount's volcanic mass —
And loud a voice on deck commands
To lower the mast and light the brands! —
Instantly o'er the dashing tide
Within a cavern's mouth they glide,
Gloomy as that eternal Torch
Through which departed spirits go: —
Not ev'n the fire of brand and torch
Its flickering light could further throw
The darkness — and the dark bed below,
Silent they floated — as each
Sat breathless, and too aw'd for speech
In that dark chasm, where even sound
Seemed dark, — so sultry round
The gloomty echoes of the cave
Mutter'd it o'er the long black wave,
As 't were some secret of the grave!

But soft — they pause — the current turns
Beneath them is onward track; —
Some mighty, unseen barrier spurns
The vexed tide, all foaming, back,
And scarce the oars' redoubled force
Can stem the eddy's whirling force;
While dark — some desolate and damp
Among the rocks — the chain is flung:
The oars are up — the grapple clings,
And the toil'd bark in moaning swings.

Just then, a day-beam through the shade
Broke treacherously — but, ere the tid
Can see from whence the brightening steals,
Upon her brow she shuddering feels
A viewless hand, that promptly seize
A bundle round her burning eyes;
While the rude litter where she lies,
Uplifted by the warrior throng,
O'er the sleep rocks is borne along,

Blest power of sunshine! — genial Day,
What balm, what life is in thy ray!
To feel thee is such real bliss,
That had the world no joy but this,
To sit in sun-shine calm and sweet,—
It were a world too exquisite
For man to leave it for the gloom,
The deep, cold shadow of the tomb.
Ev'n Hinda, though she saw not where
Or whither wound the perilous road,
Yet knew by that awakening air,
Which suddenly around her glowed,

That they had risen from darkness then;
And breath'd the sunny world again!

But soon this balmy freshness fled —
For now the sleepy Labyrinth led
Through land and gloom — the sound crash of boughs,
And fail of loosen'd crags that rouse
The leopard from his hungry sleep,
Who, star agh, thinks each crag a prey,
And long is heard, from sleep to sleep,
Chasing them down their thundering way!
The jackal's cry — the distant howl
Of the hyena, fierce and lone —
And that eternal sullen sound
Of torrents in the glen beneath,
As 'twere the ever-dark Pensive Sea,
That rolls beneath the Bridge of Death!
All, all is fearful — ev'n to see,
To gaze on those terrible things
She now but blindly hears, would be
Relief to her imaginings;
Since never yet was shape so dread,
But Fancy, thus in darkness thrown,
And by such sounds of horror fed,
Could frame more dreadful of her own.

But does she dream? has Fear again
Perplex'd the workings of her brain,
Or did a voice, all music, then
Come from the gloom, low whispering near
"Trouble not, love, thy Gheber's here?"
She did not speak or dream — all seems the same,
She drinks the words, "Thy Gheber's here?"
"Tis his own voice — she could not err
Throughout the breathing world's extent
There was but one such voice for her,
So kind, so soft!
Oh, soon shall the rose of May
Mistake her own sweet nightingale,
And to some meaner mistress lay
Open her bosom's glowing veil,
Than I to the thick rock ever doubt a lone,
A breath of the beloved one!

Though blest, I hid all her ills, to think
She has that one beloved near,
Whose smile, though met on ruin's brink
Hath power to make ev'n ruin dear,—
Yet soon this gleam of rapture, erost
By fears for him, in child and lost.
How shall the ruthless Hafed brook
That one of Gheber blood should look,
With aught but curses in his eye,
On her — a maid of Arab —
A Moslem maid — the child of him,
Whose bloody banner's dire success
Hath left their altars cold and dim
And their fair land a wilderness!
And, worse than all, that night of blood
Which comes so fast — Oh! who shall stay
The sword, that once hath tasted food
Of Persian hearts, or turn'd a way?
What arm shall then the victim cover,
Or from her father shield her lover?

"Save him, my God!" she only cries
"Save him this night! — and if thine eyes
Have ever welcomed with delight
The sinner's tears, the sacrifice
Of sinners' hearts — guard him this right!
And here, before the throne, I swear
From my heart's most earnest care to tear
Love, hope, remembrance, though they be
Link'd with each quivering life-string there,
And give it bleeding all to Thee!
"Let him but live, — the burning tear,
The sighs, so sinful, yet so dear,

1 A frequent image among the oriental poets. "The nightingales warbled their enchanting notes, and rustled the thin veils of the rose-bud and the rose." — Jami.
The next evening Lalla Roukh was entreated by her lady to continue the relation of her wonderful dream; but the fearful interest that hung round the fate of Hinda and her lover had completely removed every trace of it from her mind; and the disappointment of a fair seer or two in her train, who prided themselves on their skill in interpreting visions, and who had already remarked, as an unlucky omen, that the Princess, on the very morning after the dream, had worn a silk dyed with the blossoms of the sorrowful tree, Nilica. 1

Fadladeen, whose indignation had more than once broken out during the recital of some parts of this heroïd poem, seemed at length to have made up his mind to the infraction; and took his seat this evening with all the patience of a martyr, while the Poet resumed his profane and sedition story as follows:

To tearless eyes and hearts at ease,  
The lealy shores and sun-bright seas,  
That lay beneath that mountain's height,  
Had been a fair enchanting sight.

T was one of those days when the sky  
A day of storm so often leaves  
At its calm setting — when the West  
Opens her golden bowers of rest,

A moon radiance from the skies  
Shoots trembling down, as from the eyes  
Of some own love, his heart's delight,  
Bright hours alone for dark ones past,

And whose sweet tears, o'er wrong forgiven,  
Shone, as they fall, with light from heaven!

T was stillness all — the winds that late  
Had rush'd through Kerman's almond groves,  
And shaken from her bowers of date  
That cooling feast the traveler loves.

Now, build to languor, scarcely curl  
The Green Sea wave, whose waters gleam  
Limpid, as if her mines of pearl  
Were melted all to form the sream:

And her fair islets, small and bright,  
With their green shores reflected there,  
Look like those Pali isles of light,  
That hang by spell-work in the air.

1 "Blossoms of the sorrowful Nilica gives a durable colour to silk." — Remarks on the Hushtandry of Bucal p. 200. Nilica is one of the Indian names of this flower. — Sir W. Jones. The Persians call it Gul. — Carrera.

2 In parts of Kerman, whatever dates are shaken from the trees by the wind they do not touch, but leave them for those who have not any, or for travellers. — Emer Haukat.

But vainly did those glories burst  
On Hinda's dazzled eyes, when first  
The landscape from her brow was taken,  
And, pale and wild, as those who walked  
In their dark tombs — when stealing near,  
The Searchers of the Grave 3 appear,

She shuddering turned to read her fate  
In the fierce eyes that flashed around;  
And saw those towers all desolate,  
That o'er her head terrify crow'd,  
As if defying even the smile  
Of that soft heaven to gild their pile.

In vain with mingled hope and fear  
She looks for him whose voice so dear  
Had come, like music, to her ear —  
Strange, mocking dream! again it is fled,  
And, oh, the shouts, the pangs of dread  
That through her utmost bosom run,  
When voices from without proclaim  
"Hafed the Chief!" — and, one by one,  
The warriors shout that fearful name!  
He comes — the rock resounds his tread  
How shall she dare to lift her head,  
Or meet those eyes whose scorching glare  
No Yemen's boldest son can bear.

In whose red beams, the Moslem tells  
Such rank and deadly lustre dwells,  
As in those hellish fires that light  
The ma'nir ke's charnel leaves at night.  
How shall she hear that growling tone,  
At whose loud bottle-cry alone  
Whole squadrons oft in panic ran,  
Sea terr'd like some vast caravan,  
When, stretched at evening round the well,  
They hear the thirsting tiger's yell?

Breathless she stands, with eyes cast down,  
Shrinking beneath the fiery brow,  
Which, fancy tells her, from that brow  
Is flashing o'er her fiercely now:  
And shudder'd as she hears the tread  
Of his returning warrior band.  
—  
Never was pain so full of dread;  
Till Hafed with a trembling hand  
Took hers, and, leaning o'er her, said,  
"Hinda!" — that word was all he spoke,  
And it was enough — the shriek that broke  
From her full bosom, told the rest.  
—  
Panting with terror, joy, surprise,  
The maid but lifts her wondering eyes,  
To hide them on her Gheber's breast!  
Thus he, 't is he — the man of blood,  
The fester of the Fire-fend's brood,  
Hafed, the demon of the fight,  
Whose voice unnerves, whose glances blight,  
Is her own loved Gheber, mild  
And glorious as when first he smil'd  
In her lone tower, and lent such beams  
Of his pure eye to light her dreams,  
That she believ'd her bow'er had given  
Rest to some wanderer from heav'n!

Moments there are, and this was one,  
Snatch'd like a minute's gleam of sun  
Amid the black Sunnim's eclipse —  
Or, like those verdant spots that bloom  
Around the crater's burning lips,  
Sweetening the very edge of doom!  
The past — the future — a half-burnt Fate  
Can bring of dark or desperate  
Around such hours, but makes them cast  
Intense radiance while they last!

3 The two terrible angels, Monkir and Nakir, who are called "the Searchers of the Grave" in the "Cred of the orthodox Mahometans" given by Ockley, vol. ii.

4 The Arabians call the mandrake the Devil's endle, on account of its siring appearance in the night." — Richards.
LALLA ROOKH.

Ev'n he, this youth — though dimm'd and gone
Each star of Hope that cheer'd him on —
His glories lost — his cause betray'd —
Iran, his dear lov'd country, made
A land of carcasses and slaves,
One desolate waste of charred graves! —
Himself but lingering, dead at heart,
To see the last, long struggling breath
Of Liberty's great soul depart,
Then lay him down and share her death
Ev'n he, so sunk in wea'chlessness,
With doom still darker gathering o'er him,
Yet, in this moment's pure caress,
In the mild eyes that shine before him,
Feeling that blest assurance, worth
All other transports known in earth.
That he was lov'd — well, wondrous lov'd —
Oh! in this precious hour he prov'd
How deep, how thorough-felt the glow
Of rapture, kindling out of woe;
How ekeiou one single drop
Of bliss, thus sparkling to the top
Of misery's cup — how keenly quaff'd,
Though death must follow on the draught!

She, too, while gazing on those eyes
That sink into her soul so deep,
Forgets all fears, all miseries,
Or feels them like the wretch in sleep,
Whom fancy cheats into a smile,
Who dreams of joy and sees the white
The mighty waves where they stood,
Upon the mountain's high, rocky verge,
Lay open towards the ocean flood,
Where lightly o'er the illustr'd surge
Many a fair bark that, all the day,
Had lurk'd in sheltering creek or bay,
Now bowed on, and gave their souls,
Yet dipp'd, to the evening gales;
Like eagles, when the storm is done,
Spreading their wet wings in the sun.
The beauteous clouds, though dayligh't's Star
Had sunk behind the hills of Lar,
Were still with lingering glories bright,
As if, to grace the gorgeous West,
The Spirit of departing Light
That eve had left his sunny nest;
Behind him, ere he wing'd his flight,
Never was scene so fair'd for love!
Beneath them waves of crystal move,
In silent swell — Heav'n glows above,
And their pure hearts, to transport given,
Swell like the wave, and glow like Heav'n.

But ah! too soon that dream is past —
Again, again her fear returns —
Night, dreadful night, is gathering fast,
More firmly the horizon burns,
And every rosy tint that lay
On the smooth sea hath died away,
 hosting to the darkening skies
A glance she casts — then wildly cries
"Alas, poor wilder'd maid! to me
'T was not this raving trance of grief,
"Lost as I am, could thou love me
"Beneath my shade but perish too —
"My doom is like the Dead Sea air,
"And nothing lives that enters there!"

"Why were our barks together driven
Beneath this morning's furious heaven?
Why, when I saw the prize that chance
Had thrown into my desperate arms,
When, casting but a single glance
Upon the path of wandering stars,"
I would (though watching viewless o'er
My safety through that hour's alarms)
To meet the unmanning sight so near
Why have I broke that heart-wor'ning vow
Why weakly, madly met their fate?
"Start not — that none is but the shock
Of torrents through you valley hurt'd
Dead nothing here — upon the rock
We stand above the Jarring world,
Alike transports known on earth —
In gloomy safety, like the Dead!
"Or, could ev'n earth and bell unite
In league to storm this Sacred Height,
Fear nothing thou — myself, tonight,
And each overwhelming star that dwells
Near God will be thy sentinels;
And, ere to-morrow's dawn shall glow,
"Back to thy sire!"

The maiden sigh'd — "I'll never see
To-morrow's sun — death, death will be
The night-creep through each reeking tower,
Unless we fly, ay, fly this hour!
I thou art betray'd — some wretch who knew
That masterful glen's mysterious view
"Nay, doubt not — by yon star, it is true —
Hath sold thee to my veneful sire;
This morning, with that smile so dire
"He wears in joy, he told me all,
And sum'd in triumph through our hall,
As though thy heart already beat
Its life-throb beneath his feet!
"Good Heav'n, how little dream'd I then
"His victim was my own lov'd youth!"
"Fly — rend — let some one watch the glen,
By all my hopes of heaven, tis but it!"

Oh! colder than the wind that freezes
Foun's, that but now in sunshine play'd,
Is that congealing pang which seizes
The trussing bosom, when betray'd,
He felt it — deeply fell — and stand'd
As if the tide had froze his blood,
So n'ard and motionless was he —
Like one whom sudden spells enchant,
Or some mute, marble inhabitant
Of the still Halls of Ithou'me!

But soon the painful chill was o'er,
And his great soul, her self once more,
Look'd from his brow in all the rays
Of her best, happiest, grandest days,
Never, in moment now elapsed
Did that high spirit lower rise;
While bright, serene, determinate,
His looks are lifted to the skies,
As if the signal lights of Fate
Were shining in those awful eyes?
'T is come — his hour of martyrdom
In Iran's sacred cause is come;
And, though his life hath pass'd away
Like lightning on a stormy day,
Yet shall his death-hour leave a track
Of glory, permanent and bright,
To which the brave of after-times,
The suffering brave, shall long look back
With proud regret, — and by its light
Watch through the hours of slavery's night
For vengeance on the oppressor's crimes.

1 For an account of Iskionie, the petrified city in Upper Egypt, where it is said there are many statues of men, women, &c. to be seen to this day, see PERRY'S View of the Levant.
THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.

This rock, his monument aloft,
Shall speak the tale to many an age;
And bitter bards and heroes sing
Shall come in secret pilgrimage,
And bring their warrior sons, and tell
The wondering world how Hafed fell;
And hear them tell the tale—
The story of the land;
Of their lost country's ancient fame,
Never — while breath of life shall live
With him the story — never to forgive
The' accursed race, whose ruthless chain
Hath left on man's neck, and thorny yoke
Of their own infant Præphet spread,
On which the Heav'n in roses turn'd;
The dea-fiames that beneath him burn'd!

With watchfulness the maid attends
His rapid glance, where'er it bends —
What shot his eyes with fiery dreams?
What plans he now? what thoughts or dreams?
Alas! why stands he musing here,
When every moment teems with fear?
Hafed, my own beloved Lord,
She kneeling cries — first, last adored
If in that soul thou'lt ever feel
Half what thy lips impassion'd swore,
Here, on my knees that never kneed
To any but their God before,
I pray thee, as thou lov'st me truly —
Now, now — etc; yet their blades are nigh.
Oh haste — the bark that bore me bide
Can waft us o'er the darkening sea
East — west — alas, I care not whither,
She was art safe, and I with thee!
Go where we will the fire remains
Those eyes before me smiling thus,
Through good and ill, through storm and shine,
The world's a world of love for us!
On some calm, blessed shore we'll dwell,
Where 'tis not an crime to love too well;
Where thou to worship tenderly
An erring child of light like thee
Will not he sin — or if it be,
Where we may weep our faults away,
Together kneeling on the sand,
I thou, for my sake, at Alla's shine.
And I — at any God's, for thine!

Wildly these passionate words she spoke —
Then hung her head, and wept for shame,
Sobbing, as if a heart-string broke
With every deep-heaved sob that came.
While he, young, warm — oh! wonder not
It, for a moment, pride and fame,
His oath no more the shrine of flame,
And Iran's self are all forgot
For her whom at his feet he sees
Kneeling in speechless agonies.
No, blame him not, if Hope awhile
Dwells in his soul, and throws a smile
O'er hours to come — o'er days and nights,
Wing'd with those precious, pure delights
Which she, who bides all beaseness there,
Was born to kindle and to share.
A tear or two; which, as he low'd
To raise the suppliant, trembling stole,
First warm'd him of this dangerous cloud
Of softness passing over his soul.
Saying, he brush'd the drop away,
Unworthy o'er that cheek to stray; —
Like one who, on the morn of flight,
Shakes from his sword the dew's of night,
That had but dimm'd, not stam'd its light.
Yet, though subdued the unerring bolt,
It was with, its beakless hunger feed.
So touching in each look and tone,
That the fond, fearing, hoping maid
Half counted on the night she pray'd,
Half thought the hero's soul was grown
So soft, as yielding as her own,
And smil'd and bless'd him as she said —
Yes — if there be some happier sphere,
Where faceless truth like ours is dear,
If there be any land of rest
For those when love and never forget,
Oh! comfort thee — for safe and best
We'll meet in that calm region yet.

Scarce had she time to ask her heart
If good or ill these words impart,
When the routs youth impatient flew
To the tower-wall, where, high in view,
A ponderous sea-born 3 hangs, and blew
A signal, deep and dread as those
The storm-friend at his risings blow;
Full well his Chieftains, wild and true
Through life and death, that signal knew;
For it was the appointed warning-blast,
The alarm, to tell when hope was past,
And the tremendous death-deed cast!
And there, upon the moulder'd tower,
Hath hung this sick, this haggard, weary
Hour, ready to sound o'er land and sea
That dire-note of the brave and free.
They came — his Chieftains at the call
Came slowly round, and with them all —
Alas, how few! — the worth remains
Of those who late o'er Kerman's plains
Went gayly prancing to the clash
Of Moorish zel and tyburnam,
Catching new hope from every flash
Of their long lances in the sun,
And, as their courser chang'd the wind,
And the white ox-tails steam'd behind,
Looking, as if the steeds they rode
Were wing'd, and every Chieft a God!
How faith, how ard'nd now was the day
Each scar'd and faded visage shone,

1 Jesus.
2 The Ghebers say that when Abraham, their great Prophet, was the owner of the fire by order of Nored, the mountain immediately in his a bed of roses, while the chill sweetly repose."— Tannah.

3 The shell called Suanakos, common to Ind a, Africa, and the Mediterranean, and still used in war raps as a trumpet for blowing alarms or giving signals; it sends forth a deep and hollow sound.— Petranz.

4 The finest ornament for the horses is aPale of sixa large flying vessels of long white hair, taken from the tails of wild oxen, that are to be found in some places of the Indies."— Thewart.
As round the burning shrine they came:—
How deadly was the glare it cast,
As up they paused before the flame
To light their torches as they pass'd!

'Twas silence all—the youth had planned
The duties of his soldier's band;
And each determined bow declares
His faithful Chieftains well know theirs.

But minutes speed—night gems the skies—
And oh, how soon, ye blessed eyes,
That look from heaven, ye may behold
Signs that will turn your star-fires cold!

Breathless with awe, impatience, hope,
The maiden sees the veteran group
Her litter silently prepare,
And lay it at her trembling feet;—
And now the youth, with gentle care,
Hath plac'd her in the shelter'd seat,
And press'd her hand—that lingering press
Of hands, that for the last time sever;
Of hearts, whose pulse of happiness,
When that hold breaks, is dead for ever.
Yet and to her this sad care
Gives hope—so fondly hope can err:
'Twas joy, she thought, joy's mute excess
—
Their happy flight's dear harbinger;
Tranquill'd assurance—tender-ness
'Twas any thing but leaving her.

"Haste, haste!" she cried, "the clouds grow dark,
But still, ere night, we'll reach the rock!"
And by to-morrow's dawn—oh, bliss!
With thee upon the musing deep,
Far off, I'll but remember this,
As some dark vanishing dream of sleep;
And thou—" but ah! he answers not—
Good Heaven!—and does she go alone?
She and her hero reach'd that dismal spot,
Where, some hours since, his voice's tone
Had come to soothe her fears and ills,
Sweet as the angel Israel's,Article 4
When every leaf on Eden's tree
Is trembling to his mimic trey
Yet now—oh, now, he is not nigh.—

Hafed! my Hafed!—if it be
'Thy will, thy doom on this night to die,
'Let me but stay to die with thee,
'Till we are all bless'd thy loved name,
'Till the last life-breath leave this frame.
Oh! let our lips, our cheeks be bind
But near each other while they fade;
Let us but mix our parting tears,
And I can die ten thousand deaths!
You too, who hury me away
So cruelly, one moment stay
'Oh! stay—one moment is not much
'He yet may come—for him I pray
'Hafed! dear Hafed!—all the way,
In wild lamentings that would touch
A heart of stone, she shriek'd his name
To the dark woods—no Hafed came:—
No—helpless pair—you've look'd on your last;
Your hearts should both have broken then
The dream is o'er—your doom is cast
You'll never meet on earth again!

Alas, for him, who hears her cries!
So 'twas half-way down the steep he stands,
Watching with fix'd and fervent eyes
The glimmer of those burning brands,
That dawn the rocks, with auroral ray,
Light all he loves on earth away!
Hopeless as they who, far at sea,
'By the cold moon have just consign'd
The toil of their love, to derly,
To the bleak flood they leave behind;—

And on the deck still lingering stay,
And long look back, with sad delay,
To watch the moonlight on the wave,
That ripples o'er that cheerless grave.

But see—he starts—what heard he then?
That dreadful shout! across the glen
From the hard side it comes, and loud
Rings through the chasm; as if the crowd
Of fearful things, that haunt that dell,
Its Ghules and Dives and shapes of fiend,
Had all in one dread howl broke out,
So loud, so terrible that shout!
"They come—the Moslems come!"—he cries,
His proud soul mounting to his cue,
"Now, Spirits of the Brave, who roam
Enranch'd through you stary dome,
Rejoice—for souls of kindred fire
Are on the wing to join your choir!"
He said—and, light as ground would bound
To their young loves, reclined! the steep
And gaud the Shrine—his Chieftains stood round
Their swords, as with instinctive leap,
Together, at that cry accurs'd,
Hod from their sheaths, like sunbeams, burst
And bark!—again! again it rings;
Near and more near its echoes Peal through the chasm—oh! who that then
Had seen those listening warrior men
With their torches grasp'd, those corses of flame
Turn'd on their Chieftain—could doubt the shame
The ignomious shame with which they thrill
To bear those shouts and yet stand still?

He read their thoughts—they were his own—
"What! while our arms can woe these blades,
Shall we die tamely? die alone?
Without one victim to our shades,
One Moslem heart, where, burned deep,
The sube from its toil may sleep,
No—God of Iran's burning skies!
Thou shou'dst the' ignominous sacrifice,
No—though of all earth's hope bereft,
Life, swords, and vengeance still are left.
We'll make you valley's reeking caves
Live in the awe-struck minds of men,
Tell by your torches! burning fire
Tell of the Ghebers bloody gleam
Follow, brave hearts!—this pile remains
Our refuge still from life and chains;
But his the best, the holiest bed,
Who sinks entombl'd in Moslem dead?

Down the precipitous rocks they sprung,
While vigour, more than human, strung
Each arm and heart,—the exulting loc
Still through the dark defiles below,
Track'd by its torches! burning fire.
Wound slow, as through Gole-muda's vale
The mighty serpent, in his ire,
Gilds on with glittering, deadly trail.
No torch the Ghebers need—so well
They know each mystery of the dell,
So oft have, in their wanderings,
Cross'd the wild race that round them dwell,
The very tigers from their dells
Look out, and let them pass, as things
Utan't and fearless like themselves!
There was a deep ravine, that lay
Yet darkling in the Moslem's way;
Fit spot to make invaders fear
The many falls before the few,
The torrents from that moonless sky
Had hid'd the narrow blaze, morn high.
And, on each side, aloft and wild,
Huge cliff- and toppling crags were piled,—
The guards with which young Freedom's hues
The pathways to her mountain-shrines.
Here, at this pass, the scanty band 299
Of Iran's last avengers stand;
Here wait, in silence like the dead,
And listen for the Moslem's tread
Some hope, with the crowning bird
Above them flaps his wing unheeded!
  They come, that plunge into the water
Give signal for the work of slaughter
Now, Ghebers, now, if o'er your blades
Had heat or prowess, prove them now—
Woe to the tile that foremost wades!
They come, a fashion green each brow,
And, as they tumble, trunks on trunks,
Beastly the gory waters songs,
Still o'er their drowning bodies press
New victims quick and numberless;
T. J. sears an arm in Hafed's baud,
So fierce their toil, hath power to stir,
But listless from each crimson band
The sword hangs, clogg'd with massacre.
Never was horse of tyrants met
With bloodier welcome, never yet
To patriot vengeance hath the sword
More terrible libations pour'd!
All up the dreary, long ravine,
By the red, tawny glimmer seen
Of a thousand quench'd brands, that o'er the flood
Lie scattered round and born in blood,
What ruin glares! what carnage swims!
Heads, blazing turban's, quivering limbs,
Lost swords that, dropped from many a hand,
In the thick pool of slaughter lie—
Wretches who wading, half on fire
From the toss'd brands that round them fly
'T wood flood and flame in shrieks expire:—
And some who, grasp'd by those that die,
Still wretches with them, struggle o'er
In their dead brethren's gushing gore!

But vainly hundreds, thousands bleed,
Still hundreds, thousands more mor'd;
Coward as towards some flame at night
The North's dark insects wing their flight.
And quench or perish in its light,
To this terrific spot they pour—
Till bridg'd with Moslem die o'er,
It bears aloft their slippery tread,
And o'er the dying and the dead
Tremendous causeway! on they pass.
Then, hapless Ghebers, then, alas,
What hope was left for you? for you,
Whose yet warm pile of sacrifice
Is smoking in their vengeance eyes;—
Whose swords how keen, how fierce they knew,
And born with shame to find how few.
Crush'd down by that vast multitude,
Some found their graves where first they stood;
While some with harder struggle died,
And still fought on by Hafed's side,
When, fronting to the foe, bold back,
Towards the high towers his gory track;
And, as a lion swept away
By sudden swell of Jordan's pride.
From the wild covert where he lay,4
Lone lattic'd, with the overwhelming tide,
So fought he back with fierce delay,
And kept both foes and fate at bay.

But whither now? their track is lost,
Their prey escap'd—guide, torches gone—
By torrent-bed and labyrinth of seas;
The scattered crowd rush blindly on—

1 In this thicket upon the banks of the Jordan
several sorts of wild beasts are wont to haunt themselves, whose being was washed out of the covert by the overflows of the river: gave occasion to that allusion of Jeremiah, he shall come up like a lion from the noddling of Jordan.'—Markbrull's Aleppo.

"Corse on those tardy lights that wend,
They panting cry, 'Oh so far behind;'
"Oh for a bloodhound's precious scent,
'To track the way the Gheber went!'"

Vain wish—confusedly along
They rush, more desperate as more wrong;
Till, wilder'd by the far off lights,
Yet glittering up those gloomy heights,
Their footing, mad and lost, they miss,
And down the darkling precipice
Are dash'd into the deep abyss.

Or midway hang, impall'd on rocks,
A banquet, yet alive, for flocks
Of ravening vultures,—while the dull
Re-echoes with each horrible yell.

Those sounds—the last, to vengeance dear,
That e'er shall ring in Hafed's ear,—
Now reach'd him, as a sled alone,
Upon the steep, way breathless throws,
He lay beside his reeking blade,
Regisoul'd, as if life's task were o'er,
Its last blood-offering amply paid,
And Iran's self could claim no more.
One only thought, one lingering beam
Now broke across his dizzy dream
Of pain and weariness—'tis she,
His heart's pure planet, shining yet
Above the waste of memory,
When all life's other lights were set.
And never to his mind before
Her image such enchantments wore.
It seemed as if each thought that shone,
Each fear that chill'd her loves was past,
And not one cloud of earth remained
Between him and her radiant case;—
As if to charms, before so bright,
New grace from other worlds was given,
And his soul saw her by the light
Now breaking o'er itself from heaven!

A voice spoke near him—'twas the tone
Of a loved friend, the only one
Of all his warriors, left with life
From that shrouds more frightful strife.—
'And must we then, my chief, die here?
"Foes round us, and the Shrine so near?"—
These words have rous'd the last remains
Of life within him—'what a life yet
Beyond the reach of Moslem clays!'

The thought could make ev'n Death forget
His icy bondage—with a bound
He springs, all bleeding, from the ground,
And grasps his comrade's arm, now grown
Ev'n feebler, heavier than his own,
And up the painful pathway leads,
Death gaining on each step he treads.
Speed them, thou God, who hearest their vow!
They mount—thou blest—oh, save them now—
The clouds are red they've clamber'd o'er,
The rock-woods dripping from the tree, their gore—
The blade too, Hafed, like at length,
Now breaks beneath thy tottering strength!

Haste, haste—the voices of the foe
Come near and nearer from below
One effort more—thanked Heaven! 'twas paid,
They've gain'd the topmost steep at last.
And now they touch the temple's walls,
Now Hafed sees the Fire divine—
When, lo!—his weak-armed comrade falls
Dead on the threshold of the shrine.

'Ah! brave soul, too quickly fled!
And must I leave thee wailing here,
The sport of every ruffian's tread,
The mark for every coward's spear?'—

No, by yon altar's sacred beams
He cries, and, with a strength that seems
Not of this world, uplifts the frame
Of the fall'n Chief, and tw'nds the flame

[Note: The text is a poem about the battle of Hafed, a Persian hero, and his last moments. The poem describes the final moments of Hafed and his companions, who are dying in a battle against the Moslems. The poem is filled with descriptions of the battlefield, the heroic deeds of the warriors, and the sadness and beauty of the scene.]
Bears him along; — with death-damp hand
The corpse upon the pyre he lays,
Then lights the eonscribed brand.
And turns the juice, whose sudden blaze
Like lightning burns o'er Oman's sea.

"Now, Freedom's God! I come to Thee;"
The youth exclaims, and with a smile
Of triumph vaulting on the pale,
In that last effort, ere the fire
Have harmed one glorious limb, expires!

What shriek was that on Oman's tide?
It came from yonder dripping bark,
That just had caught upon her side
The death-light — and again is dark.
It is the beat — ah, why delay'd?
That bears the wretched Mohamed mad;
Confined to the match-child care
Of a small veteran band, with whom
Their generous Cheeftain would not share
The secret of his final doom,
But hop'd when Hinda, free and free,
Was rendered to her father's eyes,
Their pardon, foul and prompt, would be
The ransom of so dear a prize.

Unconscious, thus, of Hafed's fate,
And proud to guard their heavenly freight
So loud had they cried in their waxes
That foam around those frightful caves.
When the cust war-whoops, known so well,
Came echoing from the distant dell —
Sudden each ear, upheaved and still,
Dipping o'er the vessel's side,
And, diving at the current's will,
They rock'd along the whispering tide;
While every eye, in mute dismay,
Was tow'd that fatal mountain tow'd,
Where the dim altar's quivering ray
As yet all lone and tranquil burn'd

Oh! 'tis not, Hinda, in the power
Of Facey's untiring touch
To pant thy songs in that dread hour —
Thy silent agony — 't was such
As those who feel could pant too well,
But none e'er felt and li'd to tell!

'T was not alone the dreary style
Of a lost spirit, cro'd by fate,
With nothing more remain to dread,
The pain chill will not depart;
When, though the innate hope be dead,
Her ghost still haunts the mouldering heart;
No — pleasures, hopes, affections gone,
The stretch may bear, and pass away,
Like things, within the cold rock found.
Alive, when all its concert round.
But there's a blank repose in this,
A calm stagnation, that were bliss.
To the keen, burning, harrowing pain,
Now felt through all thy breast and brain; —
That spasm of terror, mute, intense,
That breathless, agoniz'd suspense,
From whose hot throes, whose deadly aching,
The heart hath no relief but breaking!
Calm's the wave — heaven's brilliant lights
Reflected dance beneath the prow; —
Time was when, on such lovely nights,
She who is there, so desolate now,
Could sit all cheer'd, though alone,
And ask no happier joy than seeing
That star-light o'er the waters browned —
No joy but that, to make her blest,
And the fresh, buoyant sense of being,
Which bounds in youth's yet yeless breast, —
Itself a star, not borrowing light,
But in its own glad essence bright.
How different now! — but, hark, again
The yell of havoc rings — brave men!
To vain, with beating hearts, ye stand
On the bark's edge — in vain each hand
Half draws the falchion from its sheath;
All's o'er — in vain your blades may blay:
He, at whose word they've scatter'd death,
Ev'n now, this night, himself must die!

Well may ye look to your dim tower,
And ask, and wondering guess what means
The battle cry at this dead hour —
Ah! she could tell you — she, who knows
Unbended there, pale, sunk, against,
With bow against the dew-cold mast; —
'Too well she knew — her more than life,
Her soul's first soli and its last,
Lies bleeding in that murderous strife.

But see — what moves upon the height?
Some signal — 't is a torch's light.
What bodes its solitary glare?
In gasping race tow'd to the war-time
All eyes are turn'd — thine, Hinda, thine
Fix their last fading line beams there.
'T was but a moment — hence and high
The death-pile blaz'd into the sky,
And far away, o'er rock and flood
In melancholy radiance sent:
While Hafed, like a vision stood
Reveal'd before the burning pyre,
Tail, shadowy, like a Spirit of Life
Which bounds in its own grand enclosure!

"I' is he!" — the shuddering maid exclaims,—
But, while she speaks, he's seen no more;
High burst in air the funeral flames,
And Iran's hopes and hers are o'er!
One wild, heart-broken shriek she gave;
Then springing, as it to reach the blaze,
Where still she felt her dying gaze,
And, gazing, sunk into the wave,—
Deep, deep, — where never care or pain
Shall reach her innocent heart again!

Fairwell, farewell to thee, Arab's daughter!
(Th'o warbled a Peri breathed the dark vein). -
No pearl ever lay, under Oman's green water,
More pure in its shell than thy Spirit in thee.

Oh! as the sea flower close to thee growing,
How bright was thy heart till Love's witchery came,
Like the wave of the south' o'er a summer lute blowing.
And hurst'd all its music, and wither'd its frame!

But long, up on Arab's green sunny highlands,
She shall make their lovers remember the doom
Of her, who lies sleeping among the Pearl Islands,
With portions but the sea-star's to light up her tomb.

And still, when the merry date-seasom is burning,2
And call's to the palm-groves the young and the old,
The happiest there, from their pasture returning.
At sunset, will weep when thy story is told.

The young village-maid, when with flowers she dresses
Her dark flowing hair for some festival day,
Will think of thy fate till, neglecting her tresses,
She mournfully turns from the mirror away.

1 "This wind (the Samir) so stings the strings of lutes, but they can never be tamed while it lasts." — Stedman's "Peregrine.
2 One of the greatest curiosities found in the Persian Gulf is a fish which the English call starfish. It is circular, and at night very luminous, resembling the full moon surrounded by rays." — Marzab Alu Taib.
3 For a description of the merriment of the date-time, of their work, their dances, and their return home from the palm-groves at the end of autumn with the fruits, see Kunstler, Amantitiat Exot.
PREFACE TO THE SEVENTH VOLUME.

Nor shall Iran, beloved of her Hero! forget thee—
Though tyrants watch over her tears as they start,
Close to the gun by the side of that Hero she'll set thee,
Emblazon'd in the innermost shrine of her heart.

Farewell—be it ours to embellish thy pillow
With every thing beauteous that grows in the deep;
Each flower of the rock and each gem of the billow
Shall sweeten thy bed and illumine thy dream.

Around thee shall glitter the loveliest amber
That ever the surrounding seas-bed has wept;
With many a shell, in whose hollow-wreath'd chamber
We, Paris of Ocean, by moonlight have slept.

Some naturalists have imagined that amber is a
concretion of the tears of birds.—See Memoirs, Chambers.

END OF VOLUME VI.

PREFACE TO THE SEVENTH VOLUME.

The station assigned to "The Fudge Family," in the following pages, immediately after Lalla Rookh, agrees but too closely with the same order in which these two works were originally written and published. The success far exceeding my hopes and de
ercts, with which Lalla Rookh was immediately crowned, relieved me at once from the anxious feeling of responsibility under which, as my readers have seen, that entire work had been commenced, and which con
tinued for some time to haunt me amidst all the enchantments of my task. I was therefore in the true holyday mood, when, a dear friend, with whom I am associated some of the bright and pleasantest hours of my past life, kindly offered me a seat in his carriage for a short visit to Paris. This proposal, of course, most gladly accepted; and, in the autumn of the year 1817, found myself, for the first time, in that gay capital.

At the restoration of the Bourbon dynasty it was still of too recent a date for any amalgamation to have yet taken place between the new and ancient order of things, all the most prominent features of both regimes were just then brought, in their fullest relief, into juxtaposition; and, accordingly, the result was such as to suggest to an unexperienced spectator quite as abundant matter for ridicule as for grave political consideration. It would be difficult, indeed, to convey to those who had not themselves seen the Paris of that period, any clear notion of the anomalous aspect, both social and political, which it then presented. It was as if, in the days succeeding the Deluge, a small coterie of antediluvians had been suddenly evoked from out of the deep to take the command of a new and freshly starting world.

To me, the abrupt amalgamation and interest which such a scene could not but afford was a good deal high ened by my having, in my youthful days, been made acquainted with some of those personages who were now most interested in the future success of the Legitimist cause. The Comte D'Artois, or Monsieur, I had met in the year 1802-3, at Donnington Park, the seat of the Earl of Mordaunt, under whose princely roof I used often and long in those days, to find a most hospitable home. A small party of distinguished French exiles were always lying in a vast, in the house when Monsieur and his suite arrived; and among these were the present King of France and his two brothers, the Duc de Montpensier, and the Comte de Beaujolais.

Some doubt and uneasiness had, I remember, been felt by the two latter brothers, as to the reception they were likely to encounter in the new guest; and as, in those times, a cropped and unpowdered head was regarded generally as a symbol of Jacobinism, the Comte de Beaujolais, who, like many other young men, wore his hair in this fashion, thought it, on the present occasion, most prudent, in order to avoid all risk of offence, not only to put powder in his hair, but also to provide himself with an artificial queue. This measure of prudence, however, led to a slight incident after dinner. Which, though not very royal or dignified, was at least creditable to the social good-humour of the future Charles X. On the departure of the ladies from the dining-room, we had hardly seated ourselves in the old-fashioned style, round the fire, when Monsieur, who had happened to place himself next to Beaujolais, caught a glimpse of the artificial tail, which, having been rather carelessly put on, had a good deal straggled out of its place. With a sort of scream of jocular pleasure, as if delighted at the discovery, Monsieur seized the stray appendage, and, bringing it round into full view, to the great amusement of the whole company, popped it into poor grimacing Beaujolais' mouth.

On one of the evenings of this short visit of Monsieur, I remember Curran arriving unexpectedly, on his way to London; and, having come too late for dinner, he joined our party in the evening. As the foreign period of the company was then quite new to him, I was able to be useful, by informing him of the names, rank, and other particulars of the party he had assembled, from Monsieur himself down to the old Duc de Longue and the Baron de Rle. When I had gone through the whole list, "Ah, poor fellows," he exclaimed, with a mixture of fun and pathos in his voice, truly Irish, "Poor fellows, all dismounted cavalry!"

On the last evening of Monsieur's stay, I was made to sing for him, among other songs, "Farewell, Bessy!" one of my earliest attempts at musical composition. As soon as I had finished, he paid me the compliment of reading aloud the words as written under the music; and most royally did he make me, as to this day, I remember, of whatever little sense or metre they could boast.

Among my earlier poetic writings, more than one grateful memorial may be found of the happy days I passed in this hospitable mansion.
PREFACE TO THE SEVENTH VOLUME.

Of all my sunny morns and moonlight nights
On Donington’s green lawns and brickly heights.
But neither verse nor prose could do any justice to the
sort of enjoyment I still retain of those languid days.
The library at Donington was extensive and valuable; and through the privilege kindly granted to me of returning thither to study, even when the family were absent, I frequently passed whole weeks alone in that fine library, indulging in all the fine arts and castle-building of authorship. The various projects, indeed, of future works that used the to pass in fruitless succession through my mind, can be compared only to the waves as described by the poet,—

"And one to sooner touch’d the shore, and died,
Then a new follower rose."

With that library is also connected another of my earlier poems,—the verses addressed to the Duke of Montpensier on his portrait of the Lady Adelaide Forbes;² for it was there that this truly noble lady, then in the first dawn of her beauty, used to sit for that picture; while, in addition to this the library, the Duke of Orleans,—engaged generally at that time with a volume of Clarendon,—was by such studies unconsciously preparing himself for the high and arduous destiny, which not only the Good Genius of France, but also his sagacious and intrepid spirit, had marked out for him.

I used hardly say totally different were all the circumstances under which Monsieur himself and some of his followers were again seen by me in the year 1817:—the same actors, indeed, but with an entirely new change of scenery and decorations. Among the variety of aspects presented by this change, the most curious and not only scrutinised; nor could a envious, who, like Philoctetes, was snubbed on the mouth for conceiving any better supply of such game than the huge places, in France, at that period, both lay and ecclesiastical, afforded.

As I was not versed, however, sufficiently in French politics to venture to meddle with them, even in sport, I found a more ready conductor of laughter,—for which I was then much in the mode,—in those groups of ridiculous English who were at that time swarming in all directions throughout Paris, and of all whose various forms of coquetry and nonsense I endeavoured to appropriately perceive some, to collect the concentrated essence. The result, as usual, fell very short of what I had myself preconceived and intended. But, making its appearance at such a crisis, the work brought with it that zest seasoning of all such jeux d’esprit, the a propos of the humorous, and, accordingly, in the race of successive editions, Laliberté was, for some time, kept pace with by Miss Reddy Fudge.

The series of trifles contained in this volume, entitled "Rhymes on the Road," were written partly as their title implies, and partly at a subsequent period from memoirs made on the spot. This will account for so many of those pieces being little better, I fear, than "prose fringed with rhyme." The journey to a part of which those Rhymes owed their existence I accompanied to England with Lord John Russell in the autumn of the year 1818. After a week or two passed at Paris, to enable Lord John to refer to Barbauld’s Letters for a new edition of his Life of Lord Russell then preparing, we set not together for the return. At Genoa, the noble society of the late Lord Kinmuid detained us for a few days; and then my companion took the route to Genoa, while I proceeded on a visit to Lord Byron, at Verice.

It was during the journey thus briefly described, I addressed the well-known Remonstrance to my noble friend, a which has of late been frequently coupled with my prophetic verses in the Duke of Wellington, from the present spirit with which it so confidently looked forward to all that Lord John has since become in the eyes of the world.

Of my visit to Lord Byron,—an event, to me so memorable,—I have already detailed all the most interesting particulars in my published Life of the poet; and shall here only cite, from that work, one passage, as having some reference to a picture mentioned in the following pages. "As we were conversing after dinner about the various collections of paintings I had seen that morning, on my saying that, fearful as I was of ever praising any picture, lest I should draw on myself the came-uncle’s snare, for my pains, I would yet, to venture to own that I had seen a picture at Milan, which,—""The Hagar"? be exclaimed, eager by interrupting me; and it was, in fact, that very picture I was about to mention to him as having awakened in me, by the truth of its expression, some real emotion than I had yet seen among the chefs-d’œuvre of Venice ³.

In the society I sojourned with, while at Rome, I considered myself singularly fortunate; though but a blind worshipper of those powers of Art of which so many companions were all adepts. Chantrey himself—Chantrey, Lawrence, Jackson, Turner, Eastlake,—such were the men of whose presence and guidance I enjoyed the advantage in visiting all that unrivalled Rome can boast of beautiful and grand. That I derived from this course of pilgrimage any thing more than a very humbling consciousness of my own ignorance and want of taste, in matters of art, I will not be so dishonest as to pretend. But, to the stranger in Rome every step forms an epoch; and, in addition to all its countless Wagner and any better supply of such game than the huge places, in France, at that period, both lay and ecclesiastical, afforded.

As I was not versed, however, sufficiently in French politics to venture to meddle with them, even in sport, I found a more ready conductor of laughter,—for which I was then much in the mode,—in those groups of ridiculous English who were at that time swarming in all directions throughout Paris, and of all whose various forms of coquetry and nonsense I endeavoured to appropriately perceive some, to collect the concentrated essence. The result, as usual, fell very short of what I had myself preconceived and intended. But, making its appearance at such a crisis, the work brought with it that zest seasoning of all such jeux d’esprit, the a propos of the humorous, and, accordingly, in the race of successive editions, Laliberté was, for some time, kept pace with by Miss Reddy Fudge.

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1 In employing the past tense here, I do the present lord injustice, whose final wish I know is it to keep all at Donington exactly as his noble father left it.

2 See ante, p. 356.

3 "Pinnixora, non armigeris in corpore tela exercantur."—the words put by Acius in the mouth of Philoctetes.

4 See post, p. 356.

5 See ante, p. 161.

6 Abraham dismi-sing Hagar, by Guercino.

7 A statue, I believe, of Piuss VI.

8 See post, p. 353.

9 A slight alteration here has rendered these verses more true to the actual fact than they were in their original form.
visit together to the Palatine Mount, when, as we
saudered about that picturesque spot, enjoying the
varied views of Rome which it commands, they made
me, for the first time, acquain ted with Guidi's spirited
Ode on the Archs, in which there is poetry enough
to make amends for all the nonsense of his thorny
brothers. Truly and grandly does he exclaim, —
Indomita e superbis aures e Roma
Bene saepe gregis cras busta u turm,
son pie ne splendor de su ruine,
E il gran ceco suoi ai mons eterno."

With Canova, while sitting to Jackson for a por-
trait ordered by Chantrey, I had more than once some
interesting conversation, — or rather, listened while
he spoke — respecting the political state of Europe at
that period, and those "bricconi," as he styled them,
the sovereigns of the Holy Alliance; and, before I left
Rome, he kindly presented me with a set of engravings
from some of his finest statues, together with a copy
of the beautifully printed collection of Poems, which
a Roman poet named Missirini had written in praise
of his different "Marins."

When Lord John Russell and myself parted at
Milan, it was agreed between us, that I should
visit to Rome, and (if practicable within the allowed
time) I was to return to Genoa, and from thence accompany him to England. But the early period for which Parliament was summoned,
that year, owing to the violent proceedings at Man-
chester, rendered necessary for Lord John to hasten
his return to England. I was, therefore, most
fortunate, under such circumstances, in being permitted
by my friends Chantrey and Jackson to join in their
journey homeward; through which lucky arrange-
ment, I enjoyed a second visit to Rome, and enjoyed
at Rome, of hearing the opinions of some practised
judges, on all the great works of art I saw in their
company, was afterwards continued to me through the
various collections we visited together, at Florence,
Bologna, Modena, Parma, Milan, and Turin.

To some of those pictures and statues that most
took my fancy, during my tour, allusions will be found
in a few of the poems contained in this volume. But
the great pleasure I derived from these and many
other similar works, so far as I was enabled to judge
from the poetic nature of their subjects than from any judgment I had
learned to form of their real merit as works of art,— a
line of lore in which, notwithstanding my course of
schooling, I remained, I fear, unenlightened to the
last. Each successive privilege I enjoyed, and enjoyed
at Rome, of hearing the opinions of such practised
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various collections we visited together, at Florence,
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LALLA ROOKH.

this worthy Chamberlain to contain language and
principles, by which nothing short of the summary
criticism of the Chabuk I would be admissible. It
was in concert, therefore, immediately on their arrival
at Cashmere, to give information to the King of
Buchara of the very dangerous sentiments of his
minister; and lastly, the monarch did not
accept the passionate vigilance of the occasion, (that is, he
did not give the Chabuk I Feramoz, and a place to
Fadlaeen) there would be an end feared, no
legitimate government in Buchara, and he could not
help, however, seeing better in both for himself and
the country at large in general; and it was the
pleasure arising from these mingled anticipations that
disposed such unusual satisfaction through his features,
and made his eyes shine out, like peacocks of
the desert over the wide and incessant wilderness of that
conquest.

Having decided upon the poet's chastisement in
this manner, he thought it but humanly to spare him
the minor features of criticism. Accordingly, when
they assembled the following evening in the palace,
and lunch had been held, Fadlaeen was expecting to see all the beauties
of his court, but was not met, one by one, in the acuity of
criticism, like pearls in the cup of the Egyptian
queen—he accordingly disdained her, by merely
saying, with an instant smile, that the sentiments of such
a prince, had been trud out at a much higher
tributary, and then suddenly passed off into a panegyric
upon all Muscovy's sovereigns, more particularly his
august and imperial master, Aurangzebe, the
wisest and best of the descendants of Tamerlane, who, among
other great things he had done for mankind, had
given to him, Fadlaeen, the very probable poss
of Retel-carrier, and Tas et of Sheribset to the Emperor,
Chief Holder of the Girdle of Beautiful Forms, at
and Grand Nazar, or Chamberlain in the Haram.

They were more remote from this Forbidden River, 3
belonging to which to point Hindoo puns; and were
posing for a time in the rich valley of Hussun
Abadl, which had always, a favourite resting
place of the Emperors in their annual migration in
Cashmere. Here often had the Light of the East,
John inheir, been known to wander with his beloved
and beautiful Nourmahal; and here would Lalla
Rookh have been happy to remain her ever, giving
up the throne of Buchara and the world, for En
mors and love in this sweet, broad valley. But the
time was not approaching when she must see
him no longer—nor, what was even worse, behold him
with eyes whose every look belonged to another,
and there was a melancholy premonition in these last
moments, which made her heart swell to them as it
would in life. During the latter part of the journey.

but here, in this dear valley, every moment appeared
an age of pleasure; she saw him all days, and was,
therefore, all day happy—recollecting, she often
thought, that people of Zinge's, or who attribute
unfading cheerfulness they enjoy to one genial star
that rises nightly over their heads.

The whole party, indeed, accounted in their liveliest
mood during the first days they passed in this delightful
season. The young attendants of the Princess,
who were here given a broad much freer range than they
could safely be indulged in, in a less secluded
place, ran wild among the flowers, and bounded
through the meadows lightly as young rosy
over the stately plains of Tibet. While Fadlaeen, in
addition to the spiritual comfort derived by him from a
pilgrimage to the tomb of the Saint from whom the
valley is named, had also opportunities of indulging
in small ways, his taste to victims, by putting to
canvass with hundreds of those unfortunate little
lizards, which all pious Mussulmans make it a point to
kill;—taking for granted, that the manner in which
the creature hungs its head is meant as a
mincement of the attitude in which the Faithful say
their prayers.

About two miles from Hussun Abadl were those
Royal Gardens, which had grown beautiful under the
care of so many noble eyes—were beautiful still,
though those eyes could see them no longer. This
place, with its waterers and its bosky dells, interrupted
the plain, which was always heightened by the dipping of the wings of birds in its
marble basins filled with the pure water of those hills, was to
Lalla Rookh all that her heart could fain
sacrifice, composure, and almost participate in its
sweetness. As the Prophet said of Damascus, it was too
delicate, and now
there— and here, in listening to the sweet voice
of Feramoz, or reading in his eyes what yet he never
dared to tell her, the most exquisite moments of her
whole life were passed. The evening, when they had
been talking of the Sultana Nourmahal, the Light of
the Haram, who had so of en wandered among these
flowers and fed with her own hands, in the serice
basin, the small shining fishes of which she was so
fond, to the youth, in order to delay the moment
never afflicted with sadness, or melancholy; on this
subject the Sheikh Al-Khur-Shahr has the following
discourse:—

"Who is the man without care or sorrow, (tell)
that I can bid my hand to him?"

(Rab 14) the Zingans, without care or sorrow,
frail, sickly with lips and teeth and thumb.

The philosophers have discovered that the cause
of this cheerfulness proceeds from the influence of the
star Suhail or Canopus, which lights over them
every night. Extract from a Geographical
Persian Manuscript called Heft Akhiam, or the Seven
Climes, translated by W. Oxley, Esq.

4 The star Suhail, or Canopus.
5 The lizard Stellio. The Arabs call him Hardun.
The Turks kill it, for they imagine that by destroying
the head it mimics them when they say their
prayers."—Husseiniq.

6 For these particulars respecting Hussun Abadl I
am indebted to the very interesting Introduction
of Mr. Elphinstone's work upon Cashmir.

7 As you enter at that Bazar, without the gates of
Damascus, you see the Green Mosque, so called be-
cause it hath a steeple faced with green glazed tiling,
which renders it very resplendent; it is covered at top
with a pavilion of the same stuff. The Turks say this
pavilion of the same stuff. The Turks say this
was made in that place, because Mahomet was made
so, and it is not more spacious; it would not enter
the town, saying it was too delicious. —Theodorus:
This remark indisputable, as is the following
pretty passage, to which I have added from
Walton:

"When I sat on this or that promontory, I thought
of them as the fortresses of the Emperor of the
of the city of Florence, that they were
very pleasant to be looked on, but only on holy
days."

2 Nourmahal signifies Light of the Haram. She
was afterwards called Noujehan, or the Light of
the World.

THE LIGHT OF THE HARAM.

Who has not heard of the Vale of Cashmere,
With its roses the brightest that earth ever gave?
Its temples and grotties, and fountains as clear
As the love-lighted eyes that hang over their wave?

Oh! to see it at sunset,—when warm o'er the Lake
Its splendour at parting a summer eye throws
Like a bride, full of blushes, when ling'ring to take
A last look of her mirror at night e'er she goes—

When the shrines through the foliage are gleaming half shown,
And each hour shows the hour by some rites of his own,
Here the muse of prayer's from a minaret swells,
Here the Magian his urn, full of perfume is swinging,

And here, at the altar, a zone of sweet bells
Round the waist of some fair Indian dancer is ringing;
Or to see it by moonlight,—when mellowly shines
The light over its palaces, gardens, and shrines;

When the water falls gleams, like a quick full of stars,
And the nightingale's summer from the isle of Chunar
Is broken by laughs and light echoes of feet
From the cool, shining walks where the young people meet,

Or at morn, when the magic of day-light awakes
A new wonder each minute, as slowly it breaks,Hills, cupdas, fountains, call'd for by every one
Out of darkness, as if just born of the Sun;
When the Spirit of Fragrance is up with the day,
From his Haram of night—fiatives stealing away;
And the wind, full of waunderers' woes, like a lover
The young aspen-trees till they tremble all over.
When the East is as warm as the light of first hope,
And Day, with his banner of radiance unfurled,
Shines in through the moon aious portal that opens,
Sublime, from that Valley of blush to the world!

But never yet, by night or day,
In dew of spring or summer's ray,
Did the sweet rose of Cashmere say,
As now it shines—all love and light,
Visions by day and feasts by night!

A happier smile illumines each brow,
With quicker spread each heart uncoils,
And all is even fair forrowning:
The Valley holds its Feast of Roses;
The joysome Time, when pleasures pour
Prodrous round and, in their shower,
Hearts open, like the Season's Rose,—
The Flower of a hundred leaves,
Expanding while the dew-fall flows,
And every leaf its balm receives.

'Twas when the hour of evening came
Upon the Lake, serene and still,
When Day had bid his sultry flamce
Behind the palms of Baramoule,
When needs began to lift their heads,
Refresh'd from their embrodier'd beds,
Where they had slept the sun away,
And wait'd to mooonlight and to play,
All were abroad,—the busiest have
On Bela's 9 hills is less alive,
When saffron-beds are full in flower,
Then look'd the Valley in that hour.
A thousand and restless torches gleam
Through every grove and island shade;
A thousand sparkling lamps were set
On every dome and minaret;
And fields and pathways, far and near,
Were lighted by a blaze of fire.
That you could see, in wandering round,
The smallest rose-leaf on the ground.
Yet did the moods and matrons leave
Their veils at home, that brilliant eve;
And there we glancing eyes about,
And cheeks, that would not dare shine out
In open day, but thought they might
Look lovely then, because 'twas night,
And all were free, and wandering,
And all exclaimed to all they met,
That never did the summer bring
So gay a Feast of Roses yet;—
The moon had never shed a light
So clear as that which bless'd them there;
The roses never shone half so bright,
Nor they themselves look'd half so fair.

And what a wilderness of flowers!
It seem'd as though from all the bowers
And fairest fields of all the year,
The mingled spoil were scatter'd here.
The Lake, looking at the house to repose,
With the rich buds that o'er it lie,—
As if a shower of fairy wreaths
Had fall'n upon it from the sky.
And then the sounds of joy,— the beat
Of tabors and of dancing feet,—
The minaret pieri's chant of sige
Song from his lithe Gallery.

Mahometans on this hill, forms one side of a grand portal to the Lake;—Forster.

* "The Feast of Roses continues the whole time of their remaining in bloom."—See Pedro de la Valette.

† Gulbad berk, the Rose of a hundred leaves. I believe a particular species.—Ouseley.

† Bernier.

‡ A place mentioned in the Toozk Jæhegary, or Memoirs of Jehanguir, where there is an account of the beds of sáfrán-flowers about Cashmere.

* "It is the custom among the women to employ the Mæzen to chant from the gallery of the nearest minaret, which, on that occasion is illuminated, and the women assembledge, that the house to repose at intervals with a ziraklit or joyous chorus."—Russel.
LALLA ROOKH.

And answer'd by a zirzal,
From neighbouring Haram, wild and sweet; —
The merry laughter, choughing
From gardens, where the shaken swing
Waits some delighted girl above
That, of leaves, the orange-grove;
Or, from those infant groups at play,
Among the trees that line the way,
Flinging, unsaw'd by slave or mother,
Handfuls of roses at each other.

Then, the sounds from the Lake,—the low whispering
In leaves,
As they shoot through the moonlight,—the dipping
Of oars,
And the wild, airy warbling that everywhere floats,
Through the groves, round the islands, as if all the shores
Like these of Kathy, utter'd music, and gave
A noise in song to the kiss of each wave.—

But the gentleness of all are these sounds, full of feeling,
That soft from the lute of some lover is ranging.—
Some lover, who knows all the heart-touching power
Of a low sound, and a sigh in the musical hour.
Oh! best of delights as it everywhere is
To be near the loved One,—what a rapture is his
Who in moonlight and music thus sweetly may glide
Over the Lake of Cashmere, with that One by his side!
If woman make the worst wilderness dear,
Thick, think what a Heaven she must make of Cashmere!

So felt the magnificent Son of Acbar,
When from power and pomp and the trophies of war
He flew to that Valley, forgetting them all
With the Light of the Haram, his young Nourmahal.
When free and uncrown'd as the Conqueror rov'd
By the banks of that Lake, with his only beloved,
He saw, in the breasts she would playfully snatch
From the hedges, a glory his crown could not match,
And persuaded in his heart the hear that curl'd
Down her exquisite cheek to the throne of the world.

There's a beauty, for ever unchangingly bright,
Like the long, sunny space of a summer's day's light,
Shining on, shining on, by no shadow made tender,
Till Love falls asleep in its sameness of splendour,
This was not the beauty — oh, nothing like this,
That to young Nourmahal gave such magic of bliss
But that loveliness, ever in motion, which plays
Like the light upon autumn's soft shadowy days,
Now here and now there, giving warmth as it flies
From the lip to the cheek, from the cheek to the eyes;
Now melting in mist and now breaking in gleams,
Like the glances a saint bath of Heav'n in his dreams.

1 "The swing is a favourite pastime in the East, as promoting a circulation of air, extremely refreshing in those sultry climates."—Richardson.
2 "The swings are adorned with flowers. This pastime is accompanied with music of voices and of instruments, hired by the masters of the swings."—Thenceout.
3 "At the keeping of the Feast of Roses we beheld an infinite number: men's, pitched, with a crowd of men, women, boys, and girls, with music, dances," &c. &c. —Herbert.
4 "An old commentator of the Chou-King says, the ancient's having remarked that a current of water made some of the stems near its banks send forth a sound, they detached some of them, and being charged with the delightful sound they emitted, constructed Kins, or musical instruments of them."—Grosier.

This miraculous quality has been attributed also to the shore of Atica. "Hujus littus, at Capella, concentrum musici illius terrae undis redire, quod proprius tamim admissa vino pulo dicurum."—Loudon, "Fires in Augustus de Cortal. Dei, lib. viii. cap. 8.

Jehangir was the son of the Great Acbar.

When pensive, it seem'd as if that very grace,
That charm of all others, was born with her face:
And when angry,—for even in the tranquillest times
Light breezes would ruffle the blossoms sometimes
The short, passing anger but seem'd to awaken
New beauty, like flowers that are sweetest when shaken.

If tenderness touch'd her, the dark of her eye
Then, an orchard, a heavenler dye,
From the depth of whose shadow, like holy revelations
From innermost shrines, came the light of her feelings.
Then her mouth,—oh! 't was soft as ever tomb wing
From the heart with a burst, like the wild-bird in spring;
Illum'd by a wit that would fascinate sages,
Yet playful as Peris just look'd from their cages.4
While her laugh, full of life, without any control
But the sway one of gracefulness, rung from her soul;
And where it most sparkled no glance could discover,
In lip, cheek, or eyes, for she brighten'd all over, —
Lake any fair lake that the breeze is upon,
When it bursts through the dapples and laughter to the sun.
Such, such were the peerless enchantments, that gave
Nourmahal the proud Lord of the East for her slave:
And though bright was his Haram — a living pasture
Of the flowers of this planet — though treasures were there
For which Solomon's self might have giv'n all the store.

That the sly from Ophir e'er wing'd to his shore,
Yet dim before her were the smiles of them all,
And the Light of his Haram was young Nourmahal.

But where is she now, this night of joy,
When bliss is every heart's employ? —
When all around her is so bright,
So like the visions of a trance,
That one might think, who came by chance
Into the vale this happy night,
He saw that City of Delight? —

In Fairy-land, whose streets and towers
Are made of gems and light and flowers?
Where is the loved Sulamia? where,
When mirth brings out the young and fair,
Does she, the fairies, hide her brow,
In melancholy stillness now?

Ah! — how light a cause may move
Disunion between hearts that love!
Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
And so now but more closely tied;
That stood the storm, when waves were rough,
Yet in a sunny hour fall off.
Like ships that have gone down at sea,
When heaven was all tranquillity!

A something, light as air — a look,
A word unkind or wrongly taken —
Oh! love, that tempers never shook,
A breath, a touch like this hath shaken.

And ruder words will soon rush in
to spread the breach that words begin;
And eyes forget the gentle ray
They wore in courtship's smiling day;
And voices lose the tone that shed
A tenderness round all they said;
Till fast declining, one by one,
The sweetnesses of love are gone,
And hearts, so lately mingled, seem
Like broken clouds,—or like the stream.

4 In the wars of the Dives with the Persis, whenever the former took the latter prisoners, "they shut them up in iron cages, and hung them on the highest trees. Here they were visited by their companions, who brought the choicest colors."—Richardson.
5 In the Malay language the same word signifies women and flowers.

1 The capital of Shadukiam. See note, ante, p. 280.
The Light of the Haram.

That smiling left the mountain's brow
As though its waters never could sever,
Yet, ere it reach the plain below,
Breaks into floods, that part for ever.

Oh, you, that have the charge of Love,
Keep him in rosy boudoirs, all above
As in the fields of bliss before.

He frets, with flow'rs interwoven round: 1
Loose not a tie that round him clings,
Nor ever let him use his wings;
For ev'n an hour, a minute's sight
Will rob the planes of half their light,
And that celestial bird,—whose nest
Is found beneath far Eastern skies,—
Whose wings, though radiant when at rest,
Lose all their glory when he flies! 2

Some difference, of this dangerous kind,—
By which, though light, the links that bind
The fondest hearts may soon be riven;
Some shadow in Love's summer heaven,
Which, though a breezy speck at first,
May yet in awful thunder burst;
Such cloud it is, that sooth the ear
The heart of the Imperial Lover,
And far hath banish'd from his sight
His Nourmahal, his Haram's Light! 3
Hence is it, on this happy night,
When Pleasure through the fields and groves
Has let loose all her world of lovers,
And every heart has found its own,
He wanders, joyless and alone,
And weary as that bird of Thrace,
Whose union knows no resting-place. 3

In vain the loveliest cheeks and eyes
This Eden of the Earth supplies
Come crowding round — the cheeks are pale,
The eyes are dim:— though rich the spot
With every flower this earth has got,
What is it to the nightingale,
If there his darling rose is not? 4
In vain the Valley's smiling throng
Worship him, as he moves along;
He needs them not — one smile of hers
Is worth a world of worshippers.
They but the Star's adorers are,
She is the Heav'n that lights the Star! 5

Hence is it, too, that Nourmahal,
Amid the luxuries of this hour,
Far from the joyous festival,
Sits in her own sequester'd bower,
With no one near, to soothe or aid,
But that inspir'd and wondrous maid,
Namouna, the Enchantress;— one,
O'er whom his race the golden sun
For unremember'd years has run,
Yet never saw her blooming brow
Younger or fairer than it is now.
Nay, rather, as the west wind's sigh
Freshens the flower it passes by,—

1 See the representation of the Eastern Cupid pinioned closely round with wreaths of flowers, in Peter's Ceremonies Religieuses.

2 Among the birds of Turkey is a species of goldfinch, which sings so melodiously that it is called the Celestial Bird. Its wings, when it is perched, appear variegated with beautiful colours, but when it flies they lose all their splendour" — Grosier.

3 "As these birds on the Bosphorus are never known to rest, they are called by the French 'les aveuglés.' — Doliouti.

4 "You may place a hundred handfuls of fragrant herbs and flowers before the nightingale, yet he wishes not, in his constant heart, for more than the sweet breath of his beloved rose." — Jamit.

5 "He is said to have found the great Mantra, spell or talisman, through which he ruled over the elements and spirits of all denominations" — Wilford.

6 "The gold jewels of Junnic, which are called by the Arabs El Herre, from the supposed charm they contain." — Jackson.

7 A demon, supposed to haunt woods, &c. in a human shape." — Richardson.

8 The name of Jehanguir before his accession to the throne.

9 "Hemagura, or the Sea of Gold, with flowers of the brightest gold colour." — Sir W. Jones.

10 "This tree (the Nagacasa) is one of the most delightful on earth, and the delicious odour of its blossoms justly gives them a place in the quiver of Camadeva, or the God of Love." — Ibid.
The image of love, that nightly flies
To visit the bal-hul maid,
Steals from the jumma flower, that sighs
Its soul, like her, in the shade.
The dream of a future, happier hour,
That slights on morose's brow,
Springs out of the silvery linden-tree,
That blooms on a leafless bough.
Thus hasten we, maid,
To twine our braid,
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

The visions, that oft to worldly eyes
The glitter of mines unfold,
Inhabit the mountain-herb,\(^2\) that gives
The tooth of the brawn gold.
The phantom shapes—oh, touch not them—
That appal the murderer's sight,
Lurk in the stately manadak's stem,
That shrieks, when pluck'd at night!
Then hasten we, maid,
To twine our braid,
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

The dream of the injured, patient mind,
That smiles at the wrongs of men,
Is found in the bruised and wounded mind
Of the cinnamon, sweeter then.
Then hasten we, maid,
To twine our braid,
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

No sooner was the flowery crown
Placed on her head, than sleep came down,
Gently as nights of summer fall.
Upon the lids of Nourninhal;
And, suddenly, a tuneful breeze,
As full of small, rich harmonies
As ever wind, that o'er the tents
Of Abat \(^6\) blew, was full of scents,
Steals on her ear, and floats and swells,
Like the first air of morning creeping
Into those wreaths, Red-Sea shells,
Where Love himself, of old, lay sleeping;
And now a Spirit formed, \(\textit{he} \) would seem,
Of music and of light,—so fair,
So brilliantly his features beam,
And such a sound is in the air
Of sweetness when he waves his wings,—
Hovers around her, and thus sings:

6 “The almond-tree, with white flowers, blossoms on the bare branches.” — Hasselquist.

7 An herb on Mount Libanus, which is said to communicate a yellow or golden hue to the teeth of the goats and other animals that graze upon it.

8 Father Jerom Dandini, however, assures that the teeth of the goats at Mount Libanus are of a silver colour; and adds, this confirms me that which I observed in Cambay; to wit, that the animals that live on Mount Ida eat a certain herb, which renders their teeth of a golden colour; which, according to my judgment, cannot otherwise proceed than from the mines which are under ground.— Dandini, Voyage to Mount Libanus.

9 The myth country.

10 This island (of deities living in shells) was not unknown to the Greeks, who represent the young Neriotes, one of the Cupids, as living in shells on the shores of the Red Sea.” — Wicford.
From Chindara's warbling fount I come,  
Call'd by that moonlight garland's spell;  
From Chindara's fount, my sify home,  
Where in music, morn and night, I dwell.  
Where lutes in the air are heard about,  
And voices are singing the whole day long,  
And every sigh the heart breathes out  
is turn'd, as it leaves the lips, to song! 
Hither I come  
From my fairy home,  
And if there's a music in Music's strain,  
I swear by the breath  
of that moonlight wreath,  
Thy Lover shall sigh at thy feet again.

For mine is the lay that lightly floats,  
And mine are the murmuring, dying notes,  
That fall as sweet as snow on the sea,  
And melt in the heart as instantly:—  
And the passionate strain in that, deeply going,  
Refines the bosom it trembles through,  
As the musk-wind, over the water blowing,  
Buffles the wave, but sweetens it too.

Mine is the charm, whose mystic sway  
The Spirits of past Delight obey;—  
Let but the tuneful Talisman sound,  
And the heathen, like Geth, honest, round.  
And mine is the gentle song that is  
From soul to soul, the wishes of love,  
As a bird, that worlds through genial airs  
The cinnamon-seed from grove to grove.  

'Tis that mingle in one sweet measure  
The past, the present, and future of pleasure;  
When Memory links the tone that is gone  
With the blissful tone that's still in the ear;  
And Hope from a heavenly note flies on  
To a note more heavenly that is near.

The warrior's heart, when touch'd by me,  
Can as downy soft and as yielding be.  
As his own while pure, that high amid death  
Through the field has shone—yet moves with a breath!  
And, oh, how the eyes of Beauty glister,  
When Music has reach'd her inward soul  
Like the silvery stars, that wink and listen  
While Heaven's eternal melodies roll.  
So, lither I come  
From my fairy home.

1 "A fabulous fountain, where instruments are said to be constantly playing."—Richards.
2 "The Pompadour pigeon is the species, which, by carrying the fruit of the cinnamon to different places, is a great disseminator of this valuable tree."—See Brown's Illustr. Tab. 19.
3 "Whenever our pleasure arises from a succession of sounds, it is a perception of a complicated nature, made up of a sensation of the present sound or note, and an idea or remembrance of the foregoing, while their mixture and concurrence produce such a mysterious delight, as neither could have produced alone. And it is often heightened by an anticipation of the succeeding notes. Thus Sense, Memory, and Imagination, are conjunctively employed."—Gerard on Taste.
4 "This is exactly the Epicurean theory of Pleasure, as explained by Cicero:—"Quemcirca corpus gaudere tandem, dum prospere semet velut voluptatem assumiptum est, et presentem secernit, perficere parietur cum corpore et propriis pecierni, nec praeteriunt praeterflueri sine re." 

Madame de Stael accounts upon the same principle for the gratification we derive from rhyme:—"Elle est l'image de l'esperance et du mouvement. Un son nous fait desirer celui qui doit lui ressembler, et quand le second retentit il nous rappelle celui qui vient de nous echapper."  
And if there's a magic in Music's strain,  
I swear by the breath  
of that moonlight wreath,  
Thy Lover shall sigh at thy feet again.

T's dawn—at least that earlier dawn,  
Whose glimpses are again withdrawn;  
As if the morn had wak'd, and then  
Shut close his lids of light again.  
And Nourmahal is up, and trying  
The wonders of her lute, whose strings —  
Oh, bliss!—now murmur like the sighing  
From that amor-sal Spirit's wings.  
And then her voice—'Tis more than human.  
Never, till now, had it been given  
To lips of any mortal woman  
To utter notes so free—from heaven;  
Sweet as the breath of angel sighs,  
When angel sighs are most divine.—  
Oh! let it last till night, she cries;—  
And he is more than ever mine.

And hourly she renew's the lay,  
So fearful lest its heavenly sweetness  
Should, ere the evening, fade away,  
For things so heavenly have such sweetness!  
But, far from fading, it but grows  
Richer, diviner as it flows;  
Till rapit she dwells on every string,  
And pours again each sound along,  
Like echo, lost and languishing,  
In love with her own wondrous song.

That evening, (trust'ning that his soul  
Might be from haunting love releas'd)  
By morn, by music, and the bowl.  
The Imperial Selim held a feast  
In his magnificent Shalimar:—  
In whose Saloons, when the first star  

4 "The Persians have two mornings, the Soobbi Kazim and the Soobbi Sadig, the fat-e and the real day-break. They account for this phenomenon in a most whimsical manner. They say that as the sun rises from behind the Kohi Qil (Mount Caucasus), it passes a hole perforated through that mountain, and that darting its rays through it, it is the cause of the Soobbi Kazim, or this temporary appearance of day-break. As it ascendeth, the earth is again veiled in darkness, until the sun rises above the mountain, and brings with it the Soobbi Sadig, or real morning." — Scott Waring. He thanks Milton may allude to this, when he says,—  

"See the blushing Eastern scout,  
The nice morn on the Indian steep  
From her cabin'd loop-hole peep."  

5 "In the centre of the plain, as it approaches the Lake, one of the Delhi Emperors, I believe Shah Jehan, constructed a spacious garden called the Shalimar, which is abundantly stored with fruit-trees and flowering shrubs. Some of the rivulets which intersect the plain are led into a canal at the back of the garden, and flowing through its centre, or occasionally thrown into a variety of water-works, compose the chief beauty of the Shalimar. To decorate this spot the Mogul Princes of India have displayed an equal magnificence and taste; especially Jehan Gheer, who, with the exclusive view of Shah Jahan, has made Kashmir his usual residence during the summer months. On arches thrown over the canal are erected, at equal distances, four or five suites of apartments, each consisting of a saloon, with four rooms at the angles, where the followers of the emir attend, and the servans prepare sherbets, coffee, and the hookah. The frame of the doors of the principal saloons is composed of pieces of a stone of a black colour, streaked with yellow lines, and of a closer grain and higher polish.
A mask that leaves but one eye free,
To do its best in wi' cherry,—
She rov'd, with beating heart around,
And waited, trembling, for the minute,
When she might try if still the sound
Of her lov'd lute had magic in it.

The board was spread with fruits and wine;
With grapes of gold, like those that shine
On Cauhul's hills; — pomegranates full
Of melting sweetness, and the pears,
And sunniest apples* that Cauhul
In all his thought and gardens** bears; —
Plants from the golden and the green,
Mahuya's need'd manglesteen; —
Prunes of Bokara, and sweet nuts
From the far groves of Samarcand,
And Basa dates, and apricots,
Seed of the Sun,13 from Iran's land; —
With rich conserve of Visna cherries,14
Of orange flowers, and of those berries
That, wild and fresh, the young gazelles
Feed on in Erak's rocky dells.14
All these in richest vases smile,
In baskets of pure sandal-wood,
And urns of porcelain from that isle.

Sunk under was the Indian flood,
Whereon the lucky diver brings
Vases to grace the halls of kings,
Wines, too, of every clime and hue,
Around their liquid lustre threw;
Amber Rosuli,15 — the bright dew
From vineyards of the Green-Sea gushing; 11
And Shiraz wine, that richly ran.
As if that jewel, large and rare,
The ruby for which Kublai-Khan
Offer'd a city's wealth, 18 was blushing
Melted within the goblets there!

And amply Selim quaffs of each;
And seems resolved the flood shall reach
His inward heart,—shaking around
A genial deluge, as they run,
That soon shall leave no spot undrown'd,
For Love to rest his wings upon.

* "The golden grapes of Cauhul." — Description of Persia.
* * "The fruits exported from Cauhul are apples, pears, pomegranates," &c. — Elginbostone.
* * * "We sat down under a tree, listened to the birds, and talked about the wonders and the inhabitants of our country and Cauhul, of which he gave an enchanting account; that city and its 100,000 gardens," &c. — Id.
* * * * "The mangoesteen, the most delicate fruit in the world; the pride of the Malay islands." — Maradan.
* * * * * "A delicious kind of apricot, called by the Persians toon-ek-shemis, signifying sun's seed." — Description of Persia.
* * * * * * "Sweetmeats, in a crystal cup, consisting of rose-leaves in conserve, with lemon of Visna cherry, orange flowers," &c. — Russell.
* * * * * * "Antelope's cropping the fresh berries of Erak." — The Moallakat, Pven of Tarafa.
* * * * * * * "Mauriiga-Sina, an island near Formosa, supposed to have been sunk in the sea for the crimes of its inhabitants. The vessels which the fishermen and divers bring up from it are sold at an immense price in China and Japan. See Kmszser.
* * * * * * * Persian Tales.
* * * * * * "The white wine of Kashmire.
* * * * "The King of Zeilan is said to have the very finest ruby that was ever seen. Kublai-Khan sent and offered the value of a city for it, but the King answered he would not give it for the treasure of the world." — Marco Polo.
THE LIGHT OF THE HARAM.

He little knew how well the boy
Could float upon a golden stream,
Lighting them with his smile of joy,—
As birds have seen him in their dreams.

Down the blue Ganges laughing glide
Upon a rosy lotus wreath,
Catching new in verse sweet as the tide
That with his image shone beneath.

But what are cups, without the sound
Of song to speed them as they flow?
And see—a lovely Georgiian maid,
With all the bloom she freshens to the glow.

When warm they rise from Tefis' brooks;
And with an eye, whose restful ray,
Fall, floating dark—oh, he, who knows
Hi heart is weak, of Heaven should pray
To guard him from such eyes as those!
With a voluptuous wildness rings
Her snowy hand across the strings
Of a syrinda, and thus sings:

Come hither, come hither—by night and by day;
We linger in pleasures that never are gone;
Like the waves of the summer, as one dies away,
Another as sweet and as shining comes on.

And the love that is o'er, in expiring, gives birth
To a new one as warm, as unquitted in bliss; And, oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

Here maidens are sighing, and fragrant their sighs
As the flower of the Amra just cop'd by a bee;
And precious their tears as that rain from the sky,
Which turns into pearls as it falls in the sea.

O! think what the kiss and the smile must be worth
When the sigh and the tear are so perfect in bliss, And, oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

Here sparkles the nectar, that, bellow'd by love,
Could draw down those angels of old from their sphere,
Who for wings of this earth 'left the fountains above,
And forgot heaven's stars for the eyes we have here.

And, bless'd with the odour our goblet gives forth,
What Spirit the sweets of his Eden would miss?
For, oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

The Georgian's song was scarcely mute,
When the same measure, sound for sound, Was caught up by another lute,
And so divinely breathed around.

That all stood hush'd and wondering,
And turn'd and look'd into the air,
As if they thought to see the wing
Of Israel & the Angel, there;—
So powerfully on every soul
That new, enchant'd me more stole,
While now a voice, sweet as the note
Of the charm'd lute, was heard to float
Along its chords, and entwine its sounds with theirs, that none know whether
The voice or lute was most divine,
So wondrously they went together:—

There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,
When two, that are link'd in one heavenly tie,
With heart never changing, and brow never cold,
Love on through all its, and love on till they die
One hour of a passion so sacred is worth
Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss
And, oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

T'was not the air, it was not the words,
But that deep magic in the chords
And in the lips, that gave such power
As Music knew not till that hour.

At once a hundred voices said,
"It is the make'd Arabian maid!" While Selim, who had felt the strain
Deepest of all, and had fain
Some minutes rapt, as in a trance,
Till the fairy sounds were o'er,
Too only touch'd for utterance,
Now motion'd with his hand for more:—

Fly to the desert, fly with me,
Our Arab tents are rude for them;
But, oh! the choice what heart can doubt,
Of tents with love, or throne without?

Our rocks are rough, but smiling there
The acacia waves her yellow hair,
Lonely and sweet, nor lov'd the less
For flowering in a wilderness.

Our sands are bare, but down their slope
The silver-footed antelope
As gracefully and gently springs
As over the marble courts of kings.

Then come—thy Arab maid will be
The lute and tune acacia tree.
The antelope, whose feet shall bless
With their light sound thy loneliness.

Oh! there are larks and tones that war
An instant sunshine through the heart,—
As if the soul that musing caught
Some treasure it through life had sought;

As if the very lips and eyes,
Prescient'd to have all our sighs,
And never be forgot again,
Sparkled and spoke before us then!

So came thy every glance and tone,
When first we met they breath'd and shone;
New, as if brought from other spheres,
Yet welcome as if lov'd for years.

8 The Angel of Music. See note, ante, p. 296.
Then fly with me,—if thou hast known
No other flame, nor falsely thrown.
A gem away, that then hath worn—
Should ever in thy heart be born.

Come, if the love thou hast for me
Is pure and fresh as mine for thee,—
Fresh as the fountain under ground,
When first it is by the lapwing found.

But if for thee thou dost forsake
Some other maid, and rudely break
Her worship'd image from its base,
To give to me the round place—

Then, fare thee well—I'd rather make
My bowers upon some icy lake
When thawing suns begin to shine,
Than trust to love so false as thine—

There was a pathos in this lay,
That ev'n without enchantment's art,
Would instantly have found its way
Deep into Selim's burning heart;
But, breathing, as it did, a tone
To earthly lusts and lives unknown;
With every chord fresh from the lute
Of Musc's spirit,—it was too much!
Starting, he dash'd away the cup—

Which, all the time of this sweet air,
His hand had held, unfasted, up,
As if it were fix'd by magic there,—
And naming her, so long unnam'd,
So long un-born, wildly exclaim'd—
"Oh, Nourmahal! oh, Nourmahal!
Hast thou but sung this woe'ring strain,
I could forget—forget thee all,
And never leave those eyes again.

The mask is off—the charm is worn!
And Selim to his heart has caught,
In blushes, more than ever bright,
His Nourmahal, his Harum's Light!
And well done, my'vish'd fountain knows
The charm of every brighten'd glance;
And clearer seems each dawning mile
For having lost its light awhile.
And, happier now for all her sight,
As on his arm her head repos'd,
She whispers him, with laughing eyes,
"Remember, love, the Feast of Roses!"

Faldaleen, at the conclusion of this light rhapsody,
Took occasion to sum up his opinion of the young
Cashmerian's poetry,—of which he trusted, they had
that evening heard the last. Having recapitulated
the epithets, "invovles"—"inharmonious"—"un
sensical," he proceeded to say, viewing it in the
most flattering light, it resembled one of those Mahdian boats
to which the princes had alluded in the relation of her dream,—a slight, gilded thing, sent
adrift without rudder or ballast, and with nothing but
vapid sweets and faded flowers on board. The pro
fusness, indeed, of flowers and birds, which this poet
had ready on all occasions,—not to mention dew,
gems, &c.—was a most oppressive kind of opulence
to his hearers; and had the unlucky effect of giving
to his style all the glitter of the flower-garden
without the artifice and all the flatter of the avenue
without its song. In addition to this, to the astonishment of his subjects
badly, and was always most inspired by the worst
parts of them. The charms of paganism, the merits of rebel
—these were the themes honoured with
his particular enthusiasm; and, in the poem just re

cited, one of his most palatable passages was in praise of
that beverage of the Unfaithful wine;—"beware
perhaps," said he, relaxing into a smile, as conscious
of his own character in the Harum on this point,
"of those birds, whose fancy owes all its illumina
tion to the grape, like that painted porcelain, so
curious and of wonder, whose maker, alone, only
when liquor is poured into it." Upon the whole, it
was his opinion, from the specimens which they
had heard, and which, he begged to say, were the most
terse part of the journey, that,—whatever other
merits this fresh young gentleman might pos
sess,—poetry was by no means his proper avocation;
and, indeed, concluded the critic, "from his fond
ness for flowers and birds, I would venture to sug
gest that a florist or a bird-catcher is a much more
suitable calling for him than a poet."

They had now begun to ascend these barren moun
tains, which separate Cashmere from the rest of
India; and, as the heats were intolerable, and the
time of their encampments limited to the few hours
necessary for refreshment and repose, there was an
end to all their delightful evenings, and Lalla Rokh
saw no more of Faremerza. She now felt that her
short dream of happiness was over, and that she had
nothing but the recollection of its few blissful hours,
like the one draught of sweet water that serves the
exult across the desert to a thirsty pedlar, to give
him refreshment during the dreary waste of life that was before
her. The blight that had fallen upon her spirits soon
brought its way to her cheek and her ladies saw with
regret—though not without some suspicion of the
case—that the beauty of their princess, whom they
were almost as proud as of their own, was fast
wanishing away at the very moment of all when she
had most need of it. What must the King of
Bucharia feel, when, instead of the lively and beauti
ful Lalla Rokh, whom the poets of Delhi had de
scribed as more perfect than the divinest images in
the house of Azor, he should receive a pale and
wan image of a victim, upon whom his eye
neither health nor pleasure bloomed, and from whose
eyes Love had fled,—to hide himself in her heart?

If any thing could have charmed away the melanc
olylly of her spirits, it would have been the fresh air
and enchanting scenery of that valley, which the
Persians so justly called the Uncultivated. But
neither the coolness of its atmosphere, so luxurious
after toiling up through the glare and burning heat,
the splendour of the minarets and pagodas, that shone
out from the depth of its woods, nor the groves,
birchages, and miraculous fountains, which make
3 The Chinese had formerly the art of painting on
the sides of porcelain vessels, fish and other ani
mals, which were only perceptible when the vessel
was full of some liquor. They call this species Ka
tsun, that is, azure is put in glass, on account of
the manner in which the azure is laid on—"They
are every now and then trying to recover the art
of this magical painting, but to no purpose."—Dunne.
4 An eminent carver of idols, said in the Koran to be
father to Abraham. "I have such a lovely idol as
is not to be met with in the house of Azor."—
Hafiz.
5 Cashmere be Nazee—Forster.
6 The pardonable superstition of the sequented
habitants has multiplied the places of worship of
Mahomed, of Zoroaster, and of Confucius. All of it
is holy land, and miraculous fountains abound. "—
Major Reade's Memoirs of a Map of Hindostan.
Jehangir mentions "a fountain in Cashmere
called Tannah, which signifies a snake; probably
because some came out when the water there
flowed on the mazes and jogs, that shone
out from the depth of its woods, nor the groves,
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because some came out when the water there
flowed on the mazes and jogs, that shone
out from the depth of its woods, nor the groves,
birchages, and miraculous fountains, which make
every spot of that region holy ground,—neither the countless waterfalls, that rush into the Valley from all those high and romantic mountains that encircle it, nor the fair city on the Lake, whose houses, roofed with tiles and tinged with the red and varied paraphernalia;—not all these wonders and glories of the most lovely country under the sun could steal her heart for a minute from those sad thoughts, which but darkened, and grew biter every step she advanced.

The gay fountains and cascades which met her upon her entrance into the Valley, and the magnificence with which the roads all along were decorated, did honour to the taste and gallantry of the young King. It was a full year after her return, however, when the last two miles, they had passed under arches, thrown from hedge to hedge, fastened with only those rarest roses from which the Altar Gul, more precious than gold, is distilled, and illuminated in rich and fanciful forms with lanterns of the triple-coloured tortoise-shell of Persia. Sometimes, from a dark wood by the side of the road, a display of fireworks would break out, so sudden and so brilliant, that a Brahmin might fancy he beheld that grace, in whose presence, the fountains of all nature did not flow, burst into a flame at the moment of his birth,—while, at other times, a quick and playul gladiation continued to brighten all the fields and gardens by which they passed, forming a line of dancing lights along the whole length of the palace. From her window she had seen these, as they were arranged by those hunters, who pursue the white and blue foxes on the confines of the icy Sea.

These arches and fireworks delighted the Ladies of the Princess exceedingly; and, with their usual good humour, they determined that the King of Bucharia would make the most exemplory husband imaginable. Nor, indeed, could Lalla Rookh herself help feeling the kindness and splendour with which the young bridegroom welcomed her;—for she felt how painful is the gratitude, which kindness from these we cannot love; and that their best blandishments come over the heart with all that chilling and deadly sweetness, which we can fancy in the cold, odorous wind that is to blow over this earth in the last days.

The marriage was fixed for the morning after her arrival, when she was, for the first time, to be presented to the monarch in that Imperial Palace beyond the lake, called the Shalimar. Though never before apsers in its neighbourhood."—Toockie Chahangey,

**v. Asiat. Misc. vol. ii.**

There is another account of Cashmere by Abul-Fazil, the author of the Ayun-Achein, who, says Major Remel, "appears to have caught some of the enthusiasm of the valley, by his description of the holy places in it."

1 "On a standing roof of wood is laid a covering of fine earth, which shelters the building from the great quantity of snow that falls in the winter season. This fence communicates an equal warmth in winter, as a refreshing coolness in the summer season, when the tops of the houses, which are planted with a variety of flowers, exhibit at a distance the spacious view of a beautifully chequered Paradise."—*Poster.*

2 "Two hundred slaves there are, who have no other office than to hunt the woods and marches for triple-coloured tortoises for the King's Vivary. Of the shells of these also lanterns are made."—*Ventic be Blanc's Travels.*

3 For a description of the Aurora Forsella as it appears to these but from *Encyclopedia.*

4 This wind, which is to blow from Syria Damascus, is, according to the Mahomedans, one of the signs of the Last Day's approach.

Another of the signs is, "Great distress in the world, so that a man when he passes by another's grave shall say, Would to God I were in his place!"—*Sale's Preliminary Discourse.*

had a night of more watchful and anxious thought been passed in the Happy Valley, yet, when she rose in the morning, and her Ladies came around her, to assist in the adjustment of the bridal ornaments, they thought they could not take a more beautiful and happy woman. What she had lost of the bloom and radiance of her charms was more than made up by that intellectual expression, that soul beaming forth from the eyes, which is worth all the rest of loveliness. When once he had touched her forehead with his fragrant leaf, and placed upon her brow a small cornet of jewels, of the shape worn by the ancient Queens of Bucharah, they flung over her head the rose-coloured bridal veil, and she proceeded to the barge that was to convey her across the lake. It was a moonlit night, with a moonload look, the little amulet of carnelian, which her father at parting had hung about her neck.

The morning was as fresh and fair as the maid on whose nuptials it rose, and the shining lake, all covered with boats, the multitudes playing upon the shores of the islands, and the crowded summer-houses on the green hills around, with shallows and benners waving from their roofs, presented such a picture of animated rejoicing, as only she, who was the object of the sport, might fancy herself a goddess. The Lake at dusk was a melancholy pageant; nor could she have even looked upon the scene, were it not for a hope that, among the crowds around, she might once more perhaps catch a glimpse of Feramorg. So much was her imagination haunted by this thought, that there was scarcely an instant in the whole voyage, at which her heart did not flitly with the butiful fantasy that he was there. Happy, in her eyes, the humble slave upon whom the light of his favourite look fell, in the barge immediately after the Princess sat Faddidab, with his silken curtains thrown widely apart, that all might have the benefit of his august presence, and with his head full of the speech he was to deliver to the King, concerning Feramorg, and literature, and the Chobuk, as connected therewith.

They now had entered the canal which leads from the Lake to the splendid domes and saloons of the Shalimar, and went sliding out through the gardens that ascended from each bank, full of flowering shrubs that made the air all perfume; while from the middle of the canal rose jets of water, smooth and unbroken, to such a dazzling height, that they stood like tall pillars of diamond in the sunshine. After sailing under the arches of various saloons, they at length arrived at the palace. The monarch awaited the coming of his bride; and such was the agitation of her heart and frame, that it was with difficulty she could walk up the marble steps, which were covered with cloth of gold for her ascent from the barge. At the end of the hall stood two thrones, as precious as the Cerulean Throne of Coddurga, on one of which sat Airish, the youthful King of Bucharia, and on the other was, in a few minutes, to be placed the most beautiful Princess in the world.

6 On Mahammed Shaw's return to Koolburgha (the capital of Dekkan), he made a great festival, and mounted this throne with much pomp and magnificence, calling it Firozeh or Cerulean. I have heard some old persons, who saw the throne Firozeh in the reign of Sultan Manood Bhamane, describe it. They say that it was in length nine feet, and three in breadth; made of ebony, covered with plates of pure gold, and set with the most precious stones of immense value. Every prince of the house of Bhamane, who possessed this throne, made a point of adding to it some rich stones; so that when in the reign of Sultan Manood it was taken to pieces, to remove some of the jewels to be set in invases and other ornaments, it was at one corone of sous (nearly four millions sterling). I learned also that it was called Firozeh from being partly enamelled of a sky-blue colour, which was in time totally concealed by the number of jewels."—*Firdush.*
Immediately upon the entrance of Lalla Rookh into the saloon, the monarch descended from his throne to meet her; but scarcely had he time to take her hand in his, when she screamed with surprise, and fainted at his feet. It was Feramorz himself that stood before her! — Feramorz was, himself, the Sovereign of Buccharia, who in this disguise had accompanied his young bride from Delhi, and, having won her love as an humble minister, now sumptuously to enjoy it as a King.

The consternation of Fadladeen at this discovery was, for the moment, almost pitiable. But change of opinion is a resource too convenient in courts for the experienced courtier not to have learned to avoid himself of it. His criticisms were all, of course, recanted instantly; he was seized with an admiration of the King's verses, as unbounded as, he begged him to believe, it was disinterested; and the following week saw him in possession of an additional place, securing by all the Saints of Islam that never had there existed so great a poet as the Monarch Aliris, and, moreover, ready to prescribe his favourite regimen of the Chabuk for every man, woman, and child that dared to think otherwise.

Of the happiness of the King and Queen of Buccharia, after such a beginning, there can be but little doubt; and, among the lesser symptoms, it is recorded by Lalla Rookh, that, to the day of her death, in memory of their delightful journey, she never called the King by any other name than Feramorz.

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**POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL POEMS.**

**LINES ON THE DEATH OF MR. P.—RC.—V.—L.**

In the dirge we sung o'er him no censure was heard,
Uneddul'd and free did the tear-drop descend;
We forgot, in that hour, how the wrasemen had er'd,
And wept for the husband, the father, and friend.

Oh, proud was the need his integrity won,
And genuine indeed were the tears that we shed,
When, in grief, we forgot all the ill he had done,
And, though wrong'd by him, living, bewail'd him,
when dead.

Even now, if one harder emotion intrude,
'Is to wish he had chosen some lower state,
Had known what lie was — and, content to be good,
Had ne'er, for our ruin, aspired to be great.

So, left through their own little orbit to move,
This year might have roll'd its innocent way;
His children might still have been bless'd with his love,
And England would ne'er have been curs'd with his sway.

To the Editor of the Morning Chronicle.

Sir,—In order to explain the following Fragment, it is necessary to refer your readers to a late florid description of the Pavilion at Brighton, in the apartments of which, we are told, "Fum. The Chinese Bird of Royalty," is a principal ornament.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

MUM.

**FUM AND HUM, THE TWO BIRDS OF ROYALTY.**

One day the Chinese Bird of Royalty, Fum
Thus accosted our own Bird of Royalty, Hum,
In that Palace or China-shop (Brighton, which is it?)
Where Fum had just come to pay Hum a short visit.

Near akin are these Birds, though they differ in nation.
(But full-crawld Legitimates — both, birds of prey, both, cocking and avianous creatures, half way
'Twist the goose and the vulture, like Lord C—
O—
I—

White Hum deals in Mandarins, Bonzes, B-hex,
Peers, Bishops, and Punch, Hum, are sacred to thee!

So congenial their tastes, that, when Fum first did light
On the floor of that grand China-warehouse at Brighton,
The lanterns, and dragons, and things round the dome
Were so like what he left, "Gad," says Fum, "I'm at home.

And when, turning, he saw Bishop L—ge, "Zooks, it is!"
Quoth the Bird, "Yes — I know him — a Booze, by his phiz.

And that jolly old idol he kneads to so low
Can be done but our round about a good Fat Fo?"
It chanced at this moment, th' Episcopal Prig
Was imploring the P—e to dispense with his wig.
Which the Bird, overhearing, flew high over his head,
And some Toltish—like marks of his patronage shed,
Which so dismay'd the poor Dandy's idolater eye.
That, while Fum cried "Oh Fo?" all the court cried, "Oh fie!"

But, a truce to digression — these Birds of a feather
Thus talk'd, 't other night, on state matters together;
(The P—e just in bed, or about to depart for t'is,
His legs full of gout, and his arm full of H—et, &c.)

"I say, Hum," says Fum — Fum, of course, spoke Chinese,
But, bless you, that's nothing — at Brighton one sees
Foreign lingoes and Bishops translated with ease —
I say, Hum, how fares it with Royalty now?

"Is it up? is it prime? is it spooney — or how?"
(That the Bird had just taken a flash-Naia's degree)
Under H—er—m—re, Y—th and, young Master L—e—e—

"As for us in Pekin" — here, a devil of a din
From the bed-chamber came, where that long Mandarin,
C—stl—gh (whom Fum calls the Conjuror of Fares),
Was rehearsing a speech upon Europe's repos.
To the deep, double bass of the fat Idol's nose.

(Nota bene — his Lordship and L—y—r—l, come,
In collateral lines, from the old Mother Hum,
C—stl—gh a H—mb—g—l—r—l—p—l a Hum-
Drum.)

The Speech being finish'd, out rush'd C—stl—gh,
Saddled Hum in a hurry, and, whip, spur, away,
Through the regions of air, like a Storm on his hobby,
Never paused, till he lighted in St. Stephen's lobby.

**---**

1 In consequence of an old promise, that he should be allowed to wear his own hair, whenever he might be elevated to a Bishopric by his R—l H —— ss.
POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL POEMS.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF SH—R—D—N.

Principibunque placuisse viris! — Horat.

Yes, grief will have way — but the fast falling tear
Shall be mingled with deep excreta on those,
Who could bask in that Spirit's meridian career,
And yet leave it thus lonely and dark at its close:

Whose vanity flew round him, only while fed
By the odour his fame in its summer-time gave;
Whose vanity now, with quick scent for the dead,
Like the Ghole of the East, comes to feed at his grave.

Oh! it sickens the heart to see bosoms so hollow,
And spirits so great in the mean and high-born;
To think what a long line of titles may follow
The relics of him who died — friendless and torn!

How proud they can press to the fun'ral array
Of one, whom they shunned in his sickness and sorrow;
How bailiffs my seize his last blanket, to-day,
Whose pall shall be held up by nobles to-morrow!

And Thou, too, whose life, a sick epicure's dream,
Incoherent and gross, even grosser had passed,
Were it not for that cordial and soul-giving beam,
Which his friendship and wit o'er thy nothingness cast:

No, not for the wealth of the land, that supplies thee
With millions to heap upon Poppetry's shrine;
No, not for the riches of all who despise thee,
The' this would make Europe's whole opulence mine:

Would I suffer what — ev'n in the heart that thou hast:
All mean as it is — must have consciously burn'd,
When the pittance, which shame had wrung from thee at last,
And which found all its wants at an end, was return'd!

Was this then the fate? — future ages will say,
When some names shall live but in history's curse;
When Truth will be heard, and these Lords of a day
Tell forgotten as fools, or remember'd as worse;

Was this then the fate of that high-gifted man,
The pride of the palace, the bower and the ball,
The orator, — the dramatist, — minstrel, — who ran
Through each mode of the lyre, and was master of all;

Whose mind was an essence, compounded with art
From the finest and best of all other men's powers;

Who ruled, like a wizard, the world of the heart,
And could call up its sunshine, or bring down its showers;

Whose humour, as gay as the fire-fly's light,
Play'd round every subject, and shone as it play'd;

Whose wit, in the combat, as gentle as bright,
Never carried a heart-stain away on its blade;

Whose eloquence — bright'ning whatever it tried,
Whether reason or fancy, the gay or the grave,
Was as rapid, as deep, and as brilliant a tide,
As e'er bore Freedom afloat on its wave?

Yes — such was the man, and so wretched his fate;
And thus, sooner or later, shall all have to grieve,
Who waste their moments' dew in the beams of the Great,
And expect it will return to refresh them at eve.

1 The sum was two hundred pounds — offered when Sh—r—d—n could no longer take any sustenance, and declined, for him, by his friends.

In the words of the North there are insects that prey
On the brain of the elk till his very last sigh:

Oh, Genius! thy patrons, more cruel than they,
First feed on thy brains, and then leave thee to die.

EPISTLE FROM TOM CRIP TO BIG BEN.

CONCERNING SOME FOUL PLAY IN A LATE TRANSACTION.

"Ahi, mio Ben!" — Metastasio. 8

What! Ben, my old hire, is this your renown?
Is this the new go? — kick a man when he's down!
When the foe has knock'd under, to tread on him then —
By the list of my father, I blush for thee, Ben!

"Foul! foul!" all the last of the fancy exclaim —
Charity shock'd is electrified — Belcher spits flume —
And Molyneux — ay, even Blacky 6 cries "shame!"

Time was, when John Bull little difference spied
Twixt the foe at his feet, and the friend at his side:
When he found (such his humour in fighting and exulting)
His foe, like his beef-steak, the sweeter for beating,
But this comes, Master Ben, of your curt foreign notions,
Your trinkets, wigs, thingumebobs, gold lace and loutions;
Your Noyaux, Curacoon, and the Devil knows what—
(One swig of Blue Ruin 1 is worth the whole lot!)
Your great and small crosses — my eyes, what a brood! —
A cross-putty from me would do some of them good!

Which have spoilt you, till hardly a drop, my old porpoise,
Of pure English claret is left in your cuppus;
And (as Jem says) the only one trick, good or bad,
Of the fancy you're up to, is falding, my lady.
Hence it comes, — Boxiana, disgrace to thy page! —
Having fould, by good luck, the first swallow of the age,
Having conquer'd the prime one, that mild'd us all round,
You kick'd him, old Ben, as he gasp'd on the ground!
A — just at the time to show spuck, if you'd got any —
Kick'd him, and jaw'd him, and leap'd him to Botany! Oh, shade of the Champion! 7 you, who, alas,
Double'd up, by the dozen, those Mowseurs in brass, On that great day of mulling, when blood lay in lakes,
When Kings held the battle, and Europe the stakes,
Look down upon Ben — see him, dunghill all o'er, Insult the fall'n foe, that can harm him no more!
Out, cowardly spooneur! — again and again!
By the list of my father, I blush for thee, Ben,
To show the white feather is many men's doon,
But, what of one feather? — Ben shows a whole Pنمو.
THE FUDGE FAMILY IN PARIS

LEGGI della Maschera richiedono che una persona mascherrata non s'imbarazzi per nome da uno che la conoscere malgrado il suo travestimento. — CASTIGLIONE.

PREFACE.

In what manner the following Epistles came into my hands, it is not necessary for the public to know. It will be seen by Mr. Fudge's Second Letter, that he is one of those gentlemen whose Secret Services in Ireland, under the mild ministry of my Lord C—gh, have been so amply and gratefully remunerated. Like his friend and associate, Thomas Reynolds, Esq., he had retired upon the reward of his honest industry; but has lately been induced to appear again in active life, and to superintend the training of that Dedatorian Cohort, which Lord S—dth, in his wisdom and benevolence, has organized.

Whether Mr. Fudge, himself, has yet made any discoveries, does not appear from the following pages. But much may be expected from a person of his zeal and sagacity, and, indeed, from Mr. Lord S—dth, and the Greenland-bound ships; the eyes of all lovers of discoveries are now most anxiously directed.

I regret much that I have been obliged to omit Mr. Bob Fudge's Third Letter, containing the adventures of his Diy with the Dinner, Opera, &c. &c.; but, in consequence of some remarks upon Marmetue's thin drapery, which, it was thought, might give offence to certain well-meaning persons, the manuscript was sent back to Paris for his revision, and had not returned when the last sheet was put to press.

It will not, I hope, be presumptuous, if I take this opportunity of complaining of a very serious injustice I have suffered from the public. Dr. King wrote a treatise to prove that Bentley "was not the author of his own book," and a similar absurdity has been asserted of me, in almost all the best-informed literary circles. With the name of the real author standing as an infallible, the charge has yet persisted in attributing my works to other people; and the fame of the Twopenny Post-Big — such as it is — having hovered doubtfully over various persons, has at last settled upon the head of a certain little gentleman, who wears it, I understand, as complacently as if it actually belonged to him; without even the honesty of avowing, with his own favourite author, (he will excuse the pun)

Εγώ δ' Ο ΜΠΡΟΣ όρασ
Διαρρηγήν περσιον.

I can only add, that if any lady or gentleman, curious in such matters, will take the trouble of calling at my lodgings, 245, Piccadilly, I shall have the honour of offering them, in propria persona, that I am — his, or her,

Very obedient
And very humble Servant,
THOMAS BROWN, THE YOUNGER.
April 17, 1818.

LETTER I.

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE TO MISS DOROTHY——, OF CLONKILTY, IN IRELAND.

Amiens.

Dear Doll, while the tails of our horses are plaiting, The trucks lying on, and Paja, at the door, Into very bad French is, usual, translating His English resolve not to give a sou alone,

... I sit down to write you a line — only think! — A letter from France, with French pens and French ink,

How delightful! though, would you believe it, my dear? I have seen nothing yet very wonderful here;

No adventure, no sentiment, far as we've come,

But the corn-fields and trees quite as dull as at home; And but for the post-boy, his boots and his queue, I might just as well be at Clonkilly with you!

In vain, at Dessened's, did I take from my trunk That divine fellow, Sterne, and fall reading "The Monk;"

In vain did I think of his charming Dead Ass, And remember the crust and the wafer — alas!

No monks can be had now for love or for money, (All owing, Pa says, to that infidel Boney;) And, though one little Nelly we saw in our drive Out of classical Naupont, the beast was alive!

By the by, though, at Calais, Papa had a touch Of romance on the pier, which affected me much.

At the sight of that spot, where our daring D'Artagnan Set the first of his own dear legitimate feet, (Model'd out so exactly, and — God bless the mark!) It is a foot, Dolly, worthy to Grand a Monarque.) He exclaimed, "Oh, mon Roy?" and, with tear-dropping eye,

Stood to gaze on the spot — while some Jacobin, nigh, Mutter'd out with a shrug (what an insolent thing!) "Ma foi, he be right — it is de Englishman's King; And dat gros pied de cochen — begar, vie l'v'il say Dat de foot look much better, if turn'd toder way." There's the pillar, too — Lord I had nearly forgot — What a charming idea! — rais'd close to the spot; The mode being now, (as you've heard, I suppose,) To build tombs over legs, and raise pillars to feet.

This is all that's occur'd sentimental as yet;

Except, indeed, some little flow'r-bymphs we've met,

Who disturb one's romance with pecuniary views,

Flinging flowers in your path, and — bawling for sous!

And some picturesque beggars, whose multitudes seem To recall the good days of the ancient régime,

All as ragged and brusk, you'll be happy to learn,

And as thin as they were in the time of dear Sterne.

Our party consists (in a neat Calais job) Of Papa and myself, Mr. Connor and Bob.

You remember how sleepless Bob look'd at Kilrady, But, Lord! he's quite alter'd — they've made him a Dandy.

A thing you know, whisker'd, great-coated, and

Laced, Like an hour-glass, exceedingly small in the waist

Quite a new sort of creatures, unknown yet to scholars.

With heads, so immovably stuck in shirt-collars,

That seats, like our music-stools, soon must be found them,

To twirl, when the creatures may wish to look round them.

1 To commemorate the landing of Louis le Desire from England, the impression of his foot is marked out on the pier at Calais, and a pillar with an inscription raised opposite to the spot.

2 Citgo la jumbe de, &c. &c.
In short, dear, "a Dandy" describes what I mean.

And Bob's far the best of the genus I've seen.

An improving young man, fond of learning, ambitious,
and goes now to Paris to study French dishes,
whose names—think, how quick! he already knows so well.

And I assure you, dear Dolly, he knows them as well as if nothing else all his life he had it.

Though a bit of them Bobby has never touched yet.

And just knows the names of French dishes and cooks, as dear Pa knows the titles of authors and books.

As to Pa, what do 'ye think of—mind, it's all "entire now," Bil. you know, love; I never keep secrets from you—Why, he's writing a book—what a tale? a romance?

No, ye Gods, would it were!—but his Travels in France.

At the special desire (he let out other day)

Of his great friend and patron, my Lord C----r-g, Who said, "My dear Fudge"—I forget th' exact words,

And, 'tis strange, no one ever remembers my Lord's; but 'twas something to say that, as all must allow

A good orthodox work is much wanting just now,

To expand to the world the new—thuggumine—

Science.

Found out by the—what 's its name—Holy Alliance, And prove to mankind that their rights are but folly.

Their freedom a joke (which it is, you know, Dolly), "There's none," said his Lordship, "if I may be judge.

Half so fit for this great undertaking as Fudge!"

The matter's soon settled—Pa flies to the Rho

(The first stage tourists now usually go),

Sets all for his quartetto—advertisements, prices—

Starts post from the door, with his tables—French phrases—

"Scott's Visit," of course—in short, every thing he has

An author can want, except words and ideas:

And, lo! the first thing, in the spring of the year, Is Fudge at the front of a quarteto, my dear!

But, bless me, my paper's near out, so I'd better Draw fast to a close:—this exceedingly long letter You may perhaps never a la fourchette,

Which Bobby wouldn't have, and is hard at it yet.

"What 's next?" oh, the tutor, the last of the party,

Young Connoisser—They say they 'se so like Bonaparte,

His eye, and his chin—which Papa rather dreads,

As the insurians, you know, are suppressing all heads

That resemble old Nap's, and who knows but their honours

May think, in their fright, of suppressing poor Connoisser? (Au revoiis (as we say), the young kid's well enough. Only talks much of Athens, Rome, virtue, and stuff;

A third cousin of ours, by the way—poor as Job.

(Though of royal descent by the side of Manna),

And for charity made private tutor to Bobi)—

Entire noo, too, a Papist—how liberal of Pa! This is all, dear—forgive me for breaking off thus,

But Bob's dejeuner's done, and Papa's a fuss. B. F.

P. S.

How provoking of Pa! he will not let me stop

Just to run in and rummage some milliner's shop;

And my debut in Paris, I blush to think on it.

Must now, Dolly, be made to a ludicrous low bonnet.

But Paris, dear Paris!—oh, there will be joy,

And romance, and high bonnets, and Madame Le Roy!"

LETTER II.

FROM PHIL. FUDGE, ESQ. TO THE LORD VISCOUNT C----R-GH.

Paris.

At length, my Lord, I have the honour

do [I dare to send you a line from this"

"Demoiselles?"

"Where, by ph-beau low and scurry

The throne was turned quite topsy turvy,

And Kingship, tumbled from its seat,

"Stood prostrate" at the people's feet;

Where (still to use your Lordship's phrase) The level of civilization sinks?

Upward and downward, as the stream

Of hydra action, kicks the beam? 2

Where the poor Palace changes masters

Quicker than a snake's skin,

And Louis is rolled out on cajolers,

While Boney's borne on shoulders in:

But where, in every change, no doubt,

One special good your Lordship traces—

That 'tis the King's alone turn out,

The Ministers still keep their places.

How oft, dear Viscount C----r-gh,

I've thought of thee upon the way,

As in my job (what place could be

More apt to wake a thought of thee?)—

Or, oftener far, when gravely sitting

Upon my deck, (as is fitting

For him who writes a Tour, that he

May more of men and manners see.)

I've thought of thee and of thy glories,

Thou guest of Kings, and King of Tories!

Reflecting how the fame has grown

And spread, beyond man's usual share,

To home, abroad, fill thou art known,

Like Major Semple, everywhere!

And marv'ling with what powers of breath

Your Lordship's, having speech'd to death

Some hundreds of your fellow-men,

Next speech'd to Sovereign's cars,—and when

All Sovereigns else were dezz'd, at last

Speech'd down the Sovereign 3 of Belfast.

Oh! and the praises and the trophies

Thou gainst from Morose and Sophie;

Mid all the tributes to thy fame,

There's one of them abroad's he's chiefly pleas'd at—

That Ireland give, her sufling thy name,

And C----r-gh's the thing now succezz'd at!

But hold, my pen!—a truce to prizing—

Though ev'n your Lordship will allow

The theme's temptations are amusing;

But time and ink run short, and now,

(As thou wouldst say, my guide and teacher)

In these gay mercurial fables,

I must embark into the feature,

On which this letter chiefly hinges:— 4

1 A celebrated mantua-maker in Paris.

2 This excellent imitation of the noble Lord's style shows how deeply Mr. Fudge must have studied his great original. Irish orators, indeed, abound with such striking peculiarities. Thus the eloquent Connell R----r, in describing some hypercritical pretender to charity, said, "He put his hands in his breeches-pocket, like a crocodile, and," &c.

3 The title of the chief magistrate of Belfast, before whom his Lordship (with the "audium immerse" required) attributed by Ovid to that clattering and rasping class of birds, the pies) delivered sundry long and self-gratulatory orations, on his return from the Continent. It was at one of these Irish dinners that the gallant brother, Lord S----, proposed the health of "The best cabinet officer in Europe—the Regent?"

4 Variety from one of the noble Viscount's Speeches—"And now, Sir, I must embark into the feature on which this question chiefly hinges."
THE FUDGE FAMILY IN PARIS.

My Bank, the book that is to prove —
And soul, so help ye spirits above,
That spout clouds, as grave as judges,
With dashing of the Fudges' two
Will prove that all the world at present,
Is it a state — extremely pleasant;
That Europe — thinks to royal swords
And bayonets, and the Duke commanding
Enjoys a peace which, like the Lord's,
Face all human understanding:
That Prince prefers his gard'nt King
To such a coward soup as Honey;
Though round, with each a leering string,
There s a deathly many a Royal crown,
For fear theubby, toting thing
Should fall, if left there honey-poney —
That England, too, the more her debts,
The more she spends, the richer gets;
And that the Irish, grateful nation
Remember when by the reign'd over,
And bless thee for their expiation,
As Heloise did her lover —
That Poland, left for Russia's lunch
Upon the side-board, screw reposes:
While Saxony's as pleased as Punch,
And Norway on a bed of roses!;
That, as for some few million souls,
Transferr'd by contract, bless the clods!
If half were strang'd — Spaniards, Poles,
And Frenchmen — it wouldn't make much odds,
So Europe's goodly Royal ones
Sit easy on their sacred thrones;
So Ferdinand embroiders guiltily,
And Louis eats his salt'n daily;
So time is left to Emperor Sandy
To be half Caesar and half Dandy;
And G — ge the R — g — (who'd forget
That ambitious chiefest of the set?)
 Hath whereof for trunks next year;
For dragons, after Chinese models,
And chambers where Duke Ho and Soo
Might come and nine times knock their oodles! —
All this my Quart'rl prove — much more
Than Quarto ever proved before —:
In resuming with the Post I'll vie,
My facts the Courrier shall supply,
My jokes V — ns — P — le my sense,
And thou, sweet Lord, my eloquence!

My Journal, penned by fits and starts,
On Biddy's back or Bobby's shoulder,
(My son, my Lord, a youth of parts,
And bongs to be a small place-bearer,) —
Is — though I say it, that shouldn't say
Extremely good; and, in the way,
One extract from it — only one —
To show its spirit, and I've done,
Jul. thirty-four. — Went, after snick,
To the Cathedral of St. Denny;
Sigh'd o'er the Kings of ages back,
And — gave the old Concerge a penny.

Mem. — Must see Reims, much fan'd, 'tis said,
For beauty; being Kings all gone.

Was show the tombs where lay, so stately,
A little Bourbon, buried lately,
Turice high and puissant, we were told,
'Though only twenty-four hours old!'

Hear this, thought I, ye Jacobies;
Ye Hurlettes, tremble in your skulls!
If Roy — it, but aged a day,
Car boot such high and puissant sway,
What imps poor lady's pow'r would hix,
Full fledg'd and wigg'd at fifty-six!

The argument's quite new, you see,
And proves exactly Q. E. D.
So now, with duty to the R — g — I,
I am, dear Lord,
Your most obedient,
F. F.

Hotel Breteuil, Rue Rivoli.
Next lodgings — rather dear for me;
But Biddy said she thought 'twould look
Genteel thus to date my book;
And Biddy's right — besides, it curry's
Some favour with our friends at Murray's,
Who scorn what any man can say,
That dates from Rue St. Honore!

LETTER III.

FROM MR. BOB FUDGE TO RICHARD,

Oh Dick! you may talk of your writing and reading,
Your Logic and Greek, but there's nothing like feeding;
And this is the place for it, Dicky, you dog!
Of all places on earth — the head quarters of Frog!
Talk of England — her famed Magna Charta I
swear is
A humbug, a flummox. to the Carte at old Very's;
And as for your Jurys — who would not set o'er'em
A Jury of Tasters, with woodcocks before 'em
Give Cartwright his Parliament's, fresh every year;
But those friends of short Commons would never do here;
And, let Romilly speak as he will on the question,
No Digest of Law's like the laws of digestion!

By the by, Dick, I fa' ten — but n'importe for that,
'T is the mode — your Legimates always get fat.
There's the R — g — I there's Louis — and Honey
friended too.
But, tho' somewhat imperial in puissance, 'twouldn't do:
He improv'd, indeed, much in this point, when he wed,
But never grew right royally fat in the head.

Dick, Dick, what a place is this Paris! — but stay —
As my Epistles may bore you, I'll just sketch a Day,
As we pass it, myself and some comrades I've got,
All thorough-bred Normans, who know what is what.

After dreaming some hours of the land of Cocaigne,
That Elysium of all that is friend and nice,
Where for hail there have bonbons, and claret for rain,
And the skaters in winter show off on cream-ice;


1 See her Letters.
2 It would be an edifying thing to write a history of the private amusements of a sovereign, tracing them down from the fly-sticking of D. Janus, the mole-catching of Arabia, the bog-mucking of Parameida, the horse-carrying of Aresia, to the pietro-casting, embroidery of Ferdinand, and the patience-playing of the P — e R — g — !
3 Офи те ола эльва дестрэдев баштэп.

Honors, Odes, 3.

4 So described on the coffin: "tres-haute et puis-

sante Princese, agee d'un jour."

5 There is a fulness and breadth in this portrait of
Royalty, which reminds us of what Pliny says, in speaking of Trajan's great qualities: — "nonne longe
largue Principem ostentat?" 6 See the Quarterly Review for May, 1816, where
Mr. Hobhouse is accused of having written his book
"in a back street of the French capital."

7 The Bill of Fare.— Very, a well-known Restau-
rateur.

8 Mr. Bob alludes particularly, I presume, to the famous Jury Deogratel, which used to assemble at the Hotel of the Duke of Grinon de la Pernyere, and of which this modern Archestratus has given an account in his Almanach des Gourmands, cinquieme annee, p. 78.

9 The fairy-land of cookery and gourmandise;
THE FUDGE FAMILY IN PARIS.

Where so ready all nature its cookery yields,  
Maçaroni au parmesan grows in the fields;  
Little birds fly about with the true phœnix tint,  
And the goose are all bun with a liver complaint!  

I true — put on neck-cloth — still tight, as it can be —  
For a lad who goes into the world, Dick, like me,  
Should have his neck tied up, you know — there’s no doubt of it —  
Almost as tight a some lads who go out of it.  

With whiskers well oiled, and with boots that “hold up  
The inner to nature!” — so bright you could see  
Off the leather like china, with coat, too, that draws  
On the tutor, who suffers, a martyr’s applause! —  
With headbridled up, like a four-in-hand leader,  
And stays — devil’s in them — too tight for a feeder,  
I strut to the old Câl Hardy, во, во!  
Beats the field at de guêter a la joue-fouette.  
There, Dick, what a breakfast! — oh, not like your ghost  
Of a breakfast in England, your custa tea and toast;  
But a side-board, you dog, where one’s eye roves about  
Like a Turk’s in the Haram, and thence singles out  
One rate of larks, just to tune up the throat,  
One’s small limbs of ducks, done en papillote,  
One’s erudite cutlets, dress all out hay out plain,  
Or one’s kidneys — imagine, Dick — done with champagne!  

Then, some glasses of Baccio, to dilute — or, mayhap,  
Chambertin, which you know’s the pet tipple of Nâg,  

"Pas, on le ciel offr'e les viandes — toutes cuisées, et on,  
Comme on parle, les alouette tombent toutes roties.  
Du Latin, coquère." — Duchat.  

1 The process by which the liver of the unfortunate goose is enlarged, in order to produce that richest of all dainties, the foie gras, of which such renowned patés are made at Strasbourg and Toulouse, is thus described in the Cours Gastronomique: — "On déplume Ptosmac des oies; on attache ensuite ces ailes aux cheveux d’une chemise, et on les nourrit devant le feu. La capucine et la chaleur donnent à ces volatiles une maladie hepaticque, qui fait gonfler leur foie," &c. p. 206.  

2 is Mr. Bob aware that his content of tea renders him liable to a charge of atheism? Such, at least, is the opinion cited in Christian, Félicité, Dumilitat. Philog. — "Atheum interpretabatur hominem ad absurdum esse. He would not, I think, have been so irreverent to this beverage of scholars, if he had read Peter Pett’s Poem in praise of Tea, addressed to the learned Abel — or to the epigraph, which Pechinon wrote for an altar he meant to dedicate to this herb — or the Anacreonics of Peter Francisco, in which he calls Tea  

Oïâg, Sêvi, Sêviang.  

The following passage from one of these Anacreonics will, I have no doubt, be gratifying to all true Theists.  

Oïâg, Sêvi, Sêviang.  

Whichever may be thus translated: —  
Yes, let Hebe, ever young,  
High in her seat hold,  
And to Jove’s immortal thrush  
Pour the tine in cope of gold —  
I’ll not envy heaven’s Princes!  

White, with snowy bands, for me,  
Kate the thin teacup tines,  
And pours out her best Bohen!  

And which Dad, by the by, that legitimate stickler,  
Much scruples to taste, but I’m not so particular. —  
Your coffee comes next, by prescription; and then,  
Ducks.  

The cück’s victualling and glorious appendix,  
If books hold but such, my old Câlman, depend only,  
I’d swallow ev’ry Wetherick, for sake of the end only.)  

A neat glass of parfait-amour, which one sips  
Just as if bottled velvet tip’d over one’s lips,  
This repast being ended, and you and I— (how odd!  
Till a man’s out to prying, there’s something so queer in it).  

The sun now well out, and the girls all abroad,  
And the world enough arid for us, Nobs, to appear not.  

We lounge up the Boulevards, where—oh, Dick, the phyzes,  
The turn-ums, we meet — what a nation of quizzers!  
Here toddles along some old luce of fun,  
With a car at you might date Anne Domini.;  
A lac’d hat, worsted stockings, and — noble old soul!  
A fine ribbon and cross in his best button-hole.  
Just such as our Pr—ce, who nor reason nor fun dreads,  
Inflicts, without ev’n a court-marshall, on hundreds.  
Here trips a grisselle, with a fond, regular eye,  
(Rather callate things these grissettes by the by);  
And there an old demisemblé, almost as fond,  
In a silk that has stood since the time of the Frondes.  
There goes a French Daddy—ah, Dick! unlike some ones  
We’ve seen about White’s — the Mousners are but tom ones;  
Such hats! — fit for monkeys — I’d back Mrs. Draper.  

To cut nester what wincers—cuts out of brown paper;  
And—coats how I wish, if it wouldn’t distress them,  
They’d club for old B —m—l, from Calais, to dress’em!  

The collar sticks us from the neck such a space,  
That you’d swear it was the plan of this head-lopping nation,  
To leave there behind them a snug little place  
For the head to drop into, on decapitation,  
In short, what with mercantiles, counts, and friseurs,  
Some nanumet by trade, and the rest amateurs  
What with captains in new jockey-boots and silk breeches,  
Old dustman with swinging great opera hats,  
And shoebacks reclining by statues in niches,  
There never was seen such a race of Jack Sprats!  

From the Boulevards—but hearken! —yes— as I’m a sinner,  
The clock is just striking the half-hour to dinner:  
So no more at present — short time for advancing  
My Day must be finishing some other fine morning.  
Now, hey for old Beauvilier! 6 Rider, my boy!  
And, once there, if the Goddess of Beauty and Joy  
Were to write "Conc and kiss me, dear Bob!" I’d not budge.  

Not a step, Dick, as sure as my name is —  

R. FUDGE.

LETTER IV.

FROM PHELIM CONNOR TO — — — — — —

"Return!" — no, no, while the withering hand  
Of bigot power is on that hapless land;  
While, for the Faith my fathers held to God,  
Ev’n in the fields where free those fathers trod,  

4 Velours en bouteille.  
5 It was said by Wicquefort, more than a hundred years ago, "Le Roi d’Angleterre fait seul plus de chevaliers que tous les autres Roi de la Christenle ensemble." — What would he say now?  
6 A celebrated restaurateur.
I am proscribed, and — like the spot left bare
In Israel's hall— to tell the proud and fair
Amidst their mirth, that Slavery had been there — I
By all I have, and by my presence.
The bond of toil and of bondage and desolation! No! — let them stay, who in their country's pangs
Have sought but food for factions and barbarous:
Who yearly kneel before their masters' doors;
And bawl their wrongs, as beggars do their woes:
Yet hope and suffer, all who can! — but I,
Who durst not hope, and cannot hear, must fly.

But whither? — everywhere the scourge pursues —
A turn where he will, the wretched wanderer views,
In the bright, beaming hopes of all his race.
Countless reflections of the Oppressor's face.
Everywhere gallant hearts, and spirits true,
Are turned up victims to the vile and few;
While I — gl — d, everywhere — the general foe
Of Truth and Freedom, wherever they glow
Is first, when tyrants strike, to aid the bloud.

Oh, E — gl — d! could such poor revenge atone
For wrongs, that well might claim the deadliest one;
Were it a vengeance, sweet enough to sate
The knell, that cries, 'In this, the world,' and that to hate,
To hear his curses on such barbarous way,
Echeal, where'er he bends his cheerless way;
Could this content him, every lip he meets
Trembles for vengeance with such poisonous sweets;
We crave his luxury never is thy name,
Promisc'd, but he doth banquet on thy shame;
Arrests malicious ring from every side.
Upon that grasping power, that selfish pride,
Which vampires own, and scorches all rights beside;
The low and desperate envy, which to blot
A neighbour's blessings, robs the few thou hast;
That minister, self, too gross to be concealed,
Which ever lurks behind the profligate shield;
That faithless craft, which, in thy hour of need,
Can count the slave, can swear he shall be freed,
Yet basely spurns him, when the point is gained,
Back to his masters, ready gag'd and chained!
Worthy associate of that band of Kings.
That royal, ravishing Rock, whose vampire wings
Of睡眠, Europe treacherously brook
And fan her into dreams of profane deed,
Of hope, of freedom — but to draw her blood!
If thus to hear thee branded be a bliss
That Vengeance love, there's yet more sweet than this.
That it was an Irish head, an Irish heart,
Made thee the fall'n and tarnish'd thing thou art;
That, as the centur — gave the infected vest
In which he died, to rack his conqueror's breast,
We sent thee C — — gh; — a heap of dead
Have shah their slave-by the pest they spread,
So hath our land breath'd out, thy fame to dim,
Thy strength to waste, and rotten soul and limb,
Her worst infections all condensed in him!

When will the world shake off such yokes? oh, when
That redeeming day shine out on men,

1 They used to leave a yard square of the wall of the house unplastered, on which they write, in large letters, either the four-mentioned verse of the Psalmist ('If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, &c.') or the words — 'The memory of the desolation.' — Leo of Modena.
2 I have thought it prudent to omit some parts of Mr. Phelan O'Connell's letter. He evidently an in-temperate young man, and has associated with his cousins, the judges, to very little purpose.
3 Membra et Hercules form
Utile, uti victor vincitur.
Suce, Hercules, et.

That shall behold them rise, erect and free
As Heav'n and Nature meant mankind should be!
When Rea shall no longer blind his bow
To the vile paged things, that cheer her breast,
Like him of the carnival, Pindar, inspires now;
Nor Conquest date to desolate God's earth;
Nor drunken Victory, with a Nero's birth,
Strike her head harp amidst a people's groans; —
But, built on the world, the evil-secured throne
Shall to the virtuous and the wise be given;
Those bright, those sole Legitimates of Heaven!

When will this be? — or, oh! is it, in truth,
But one of those sweet, day-break dreams of youth,
In which the Soul, as round her morning spring,
'Twixt sleep and waking, sees such charming things!
And must the hope, as vain as it is bright,
Be all resigned? — and are they only right,
Who say this world of thinking souls was made
To be by Kings parti'd, trick'd, and weigh'd
In scales that, ever since the world began,
Have counted millions but as dust to one? —
Are they the only wise, who laugh to scorn
The rights the freedom to which man was born!

Who, proud to kiss each separate rod of power,
Rise, while he reigns, the monarch of the hour;
Worship each would-be God, that o'er them moves,
And take the thundering of his brass for Jove's!
If this be wisdom, then farewell, my books,
Farewell, ye shrines of old, ye classic brooks,
Which fed my soul with currents, pure and fair,
Of Living Truth, that now must stagnate there!
— Instead of themes that touch the lyre with light,
Instead of Greece, and her immortal flight
For Liberty, which once awak'd my strings,
Welcome the Grand Conspicacy of Kings,
The High Legitimates, the Holy Band,
Who, holder ev'n of He of Spartio's land,
Against whole millions, pouting to be free,
Would guard the pass of right-line tyranny.
Instead of him, th' Athenian bard, who, in a blaze
Had stood the onset which his pen portrayed,
Welcome *

And, 'head of Aristides — woe the day
Such names should mingle! — welcome C ——— gh!

Here break we off, at this unhallowed name.
Like priests of old, when words ill-omen'd came
My next shall tell thee, bitterly shall tell,
Thoughts that *

Thoughts that — could patience hold — it were wiser
For to leave still hid and burning where they are.

4 The late Lord C, of Ireland had a curious theory
about names; — he held that every man with three
names was a Jacobin. His instances in Ireland were

The Romans called a thief 'hom tria trium literarum.'

Tua trium literarum homo
Me visum est? For. —


Dissidens supposes this word to be a gloriaea
that is, he thinks 'For. has made his escape from
the margin into the text.
THE FUDGE FAMILY IN PARIS.

LETTER V.

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE TO MISS DOROTHY—

What a time since I wrote!—I am a sad, tedious girl.

For, though, like a tea-totum, I am all in a twirl;—
Yet ev'n (as you wittily say) a tea-totum Between all its twirls gives a letter to note 'em.

But, Lord, such a place! and then, Dolly, my dresses, My gown, so divine—there's no language expressive. Except just the two words "superb", or "magnifique." The trimmings of which that I had home last week! It is call'd—I forget—a la—something which sounded Like alcamps—out, in truth, I'm confounded And foolish, my dear, 'twixt that troublesome boy's (Bobby's) cookery language, and Madame le Bois'.

With fillets of roses, and fillets of veil, Things garnit with lace, and things garnit with eel, One's hair and one's outlets both en papillote, And a thousand more things I shall never have by rote, I can scarce tell the difference, a least as to phrase, Between beat a la Psyché and curls a la brasile.

But, in short, dear, I'm try'd! I quite a la Française, With your bonnet!—so beautiful!—high up and poking, Like things that are put to keep chimneys from smoking.

Where shall I begin with the endless delights Of this flood of milliners, m'okies, and sights— This dear busy place, where there's nothing transacting But dressing and dummerring, dancing and acting? Imprimis, the Opera—nearly, my ears!

Brother Bobby's remark, 'tother night, was a true one;

"This must be the music," said he, of the spears,

"For I'm cured if each note of it doesn't run through one!"

Pax (and you know, love, his Book's to make out! I was the Jagothia brought every mischief about) That this passion for roaring has come in of late, Since the rabble all tried for a voice in the State,— What a frightful idea, one mind to o'erwhelm! What a chorus, dear Dolly, would soon be let loose of it, If, when of age, every man in the realm Had a voice like old Lais, and chose to make use of its No—never was known in this riotous sphere Such a breach of the peace as their singing, my dear. So had too, you'd swear that the God of both arts, Of Music and Physic, had taken a frolic For setting a loud fit of asthma in parts, And composing a fine rumbling base to a chillie. But, the dancing—ah parlez-moi, Dolly, de ca— There, indeed, is a treat that charms all but Papa. Such beauty—such grace—oh ye sphinx of romance! Fly to Trinidad, and ask her if she has One light-footed nymph in her train, that can dance Like divine Bigottini and sweet Fanny Brias! Fanny Brias in Flora—dear creature! you'd swear, When her delicate feet in the dance twinkle round, That her steps are of light, that her home is in the air, And she only par complaisance touches the ground. And when Bigottini in Psyche dishveals Her black flowing hair, and by demons is driven, Oh! who does not envy those rude little devils, That hold her and hug her, and keep her from heaven? Then, the music—so softly its cadences die, So divinely—oh, Dolly! between you and I, It's as well for my peace that there's nobody nice To make love to me then—you've a soul, and can judge

What a crisis 'twould be for your friend Biddy Fudge!

The next place (which Bobby has near lost his heart in) They call it the Play-house—I think—of St. Martin;² Quite charming—and very religious—what folly To say that the French are not Scotch, or Doh— When here one beholds, so correctly and rightly The Testament turn'd into melodramas nightly;² And, doubtless, so fond they're of scriptural facts, They will soon get the Psalmsgath up in five acts. Here Daniel, in pantomime,²² bids blessed defiance To Nebuchadnezzar and all his butt-kicks²³ And, while pretty young Israelites dance round the Prophet, In very thin clothing, and but little of it;— Here Beograd,² who shines in this scriptural path, As the lovely Susanna, without even a relic Of drapery round her. comes out of the bath In a manner that, Bob says, is quite Eu-angelical²⁴ But in short, dear, 'twould take me a month to recite All the exquisite places we are at—day and night, And besides, ere I finish, I think you'll be glad Just to hear one delightful adventure I've had.

Last night', at the Beaujon,² a place where—I doubt It its charm I can paint—there are cars, that set out From a lighted pavilion, high up in the air, And rattle you down, Doll—you hardly know where. These vehicles, mind me, in which you go through This delightfully dangerous journey, hold two Some cavalier and, with humility, whether You'll venture down with him—you smile—it's a match;

In an instant you're seated, and down both together Go thund'ring; as if you went post to old scratch? Well, it was but last night, as I stood and remarked To the looks and odd ways of the girls who embark'd, The impudence of some for the perilous flight, The foreg goggle of others, 'twixt pleasure and fright,— That there came up—imagine, dear Doll, if you can— A fine allow, sublime, sort of Werten-for'd man, With mustachios that gave (what we read of so oft) The dear Corasir expression, half savage, half soft,

² The Theatre de la Porte St. Martin, which was built when the Opera House in the Palais Royal was burned down, in 1781. A few days after this dreadful fire, which lasted more than a week, and in which several persons perished, the Parisian elegants displayed flame-colored dresses, "couleur de feu d'Opera."—Dulauré, Curiosités de Paris.

²² "The Old Testament," says the theatrical Critic in the Gazette de France, "is a mine of cold for the managers of our small play-houses. A multitude crowd round the Theatre de la Gaite every evening to see the Passage of the Red Sea." In the play-bill of one of these sacred melodramas at Vienna, we find "The Voice of G—d, by M. Schwarz."

²³ A piece very popular last year, called "Daniel, ou La Fosse aux Lions." The following scene will give an idea of the daring sublimity of these scriptural pantomimes. 

²⁴ On the 20th of December, the Carrousel was burnt down, and the young man (Ricasole) who was a member of the Confrérie des Artes, lebt the building in flames. He was not killed.


²⁶ The Promenades Étrangères of French Mountain—See a description of this singular and fantastic place of amusement in a pamphlet, truly worthy of it, by F. C. Cotterel, Médécen, Docteur de la Faculté de Paris," &c. &c.

²⁷ According to Dr. Cotterel the cars go at the rate of forty-eight miles an hour.
THE FUDGE FAMILY IN PARIS.

As Hyacin in love may be fancied to look, or
Something between Abelard and old Blucher
Up he came, Doll, to me, and, uncovering his head,
(Another of his so-waitre!) in bad English said,
"Ah! my dear — if Madame will be so very good
Just for von litter course" — though I scarce understood
What he wish'd me to do, I said, thank him, I would.
Off went — off, though faith, dear, I hardly knew whether
My head or my heels were the uppermost theo,
For 'twas like heaven and earth, Doll, coming togeth-

Yet, quite of the danger, we dart'd it again.
And oh! as I gazed on the features and air
Of the man, for who, me all this peril defined,
I could fancy almost he and I were a pair.
Of unhappy young lovers, who thus, side by side,
Were taking, instead of r-p-e, pistol, or dagger,
A desolate dash down the falls of Niagara!

This achieve'd, through the gardens we saunter'd about,
Saw the fire-works, exclaim'd "magnifique" at each cracker,
And, when 'twas all o'er, the dear man saw us out
With the air, I 'tould say, of a Prince, to our fluence.

Now, hear me — this Stranger — it may be more folly
But who do you think we all think it is, Doll?
Why, bless you, no less than the great King of
Prussia,
Who's here now incog. — he, who made such a fuss,
Remember, in London, with Blucher and Plattef,
When Sal was near killing old Blucher's errant off!
Pa says he's come here to look after his money,
(Not taking things now as he us'd under Boney)
Which suits, with our friend, for Bob saw him, he swore,
Looking sharp to the silver receive'd at the door.
Besides, too, they say that his grief for his Queen
(Which was plain in this sweet fellow's face to be seen)
Requires such a stimulant dose as this car is,
Us'd three times a day with young ladies in Paris.
Some Doctor, indeed, has declar'd that such grief
Should — unless 't would to utter despairing its folly
Fly to the Beaujon, and there seek relief
By raffling, as Bob says, "like shot through a holly-bush,"

I must now bid adieu — only think, Doll, think
If this should be the King — I have scarce slept a wink
With imagining how it will sound in the papers,
And how all the Misses my good luck will grudge,
When they read "that Count Ruppin, to drive away vapours
Has gone down the Beaujon with Miss Biddy Fudge.

NOTE BONE. — Papa's almost certain it is he
For he knows the Legitimate cut, and could see,
In the way he went pissing and maug'd to tower
So erect in the car, the true Balance of Power.

1 In the Cafe attached to these gardens there are to be (as Doctor Col'tel informs us) "douze nezres, tres-letres, but contrivant par l'herbe de leur poe-ple, avec le teint de lies et de roses de nos belles. Les glaces et les sorbets, servis par une main bien noire, sera davantage ressortir l'attirant des bras arrosés de celle-c'd." — p. 22.

2 His Majesty, who was at Paris under the travelling name of Count Ruppin, is known to have gone down the Beaujon very frequently.

LETTER VI.

FROM PHIL. FUDGE, ESQ. TO HIS BROTHER
TIM FUDGE, ESQ. BARRISTER AT LAW.

Yours of the 12th receiv'd just now
Thanks for the hint, my trusty brother!
'Tis truly pleasing to see he
We, Fudges, stand by one another.
But never less — I know my chap,
And he knows me too — "verbam sap.
My Lord and I are kindred spirits,
In like as our ways as two young ferrets;
Both fashion'd, as that speedy race is,
To twist into all sorts of places —
Creatures lengthy, lean, and hungering,
Fond of blood and "barrow-mongering."

As to my Book in 91,
Call’d "Down with Kings, or, Who had thought it?"
Bless you, the Book's long dead and gone,
Not ev'n th' Attorney-General bought it.
And, though some few seditious tricks
I play'd in 93 and 6,
As you remind me in your letter,
His Lordship likes me all the better;
We proselytes, that come with news full,
Are, as he says, so vastly useful!

Reynolds and I — (you know Tom Reynolds —
Drinks his claret, keeps his chaise.
Lucky the dog that first unbuckles
Traitors and Luddites now and days;
Or who can help to bag a few,
When S — d — — th wants a death or two)
Reynolds and I, and some few more,
All men, like us, of information,
Friends, who with his Lordship keeps in store,
As under-savoirs of the nation —
Have form'd a Club this season, where
His Lordship sometimes takes the chair,
And gives us many a bright oration
In praise of our sublime vocation;
Tracing it up to great King Midas,
Who, though in fable typ'd as
A royal Ass, by grace divine
And right of cars, most abound,
Was yet more, in fact historical,
Than an exceeding well-bred tyrant;
And these, his cars, but allegorical,
Meaning Informers, kept at high rent
Gemi'men, who touch'd the Treasury gisteners,
Like us, for being trusty listeners;
And picking up each tale and fragment,
For royal Midas's Green Bag meant.

"And wherefore," said this best of Peers,
"Should not the R — g — it too have ears,"

2 Lord C.'s tribute to the character of his friend, Mr. Reynolds, will long be remembered with equal credit to both.

4 This interpretation of the fable of Midas's ears seems the most probable of any, and is thus stated in Hofmann: — "Hac allegoria significantum, Midam, utpote tyrannum, subanctuslates dimittare sollum, per quos, sequanque per omnem regionem vel heredem, vel dicendorum, cognosceret, ministrum illius vacuer viure."
"To reach as far, as long and wide as
Those of his model, good King Midas?"
This speech was thought extremely good,
And (rare for him) was understood—
Instant we drank—'The R—g—o's Ears,'
With three times three illustrious cheers,
Which made the room resound, and thunder—
'The H—g—o's Ears, and may be never
From foolish shame, like Midas, wear
Old pauly songs to keep them under!'
This touch at our old friends, the Whigs,
Made us merry all at once.
In short (I'll thank you not to mention
These things again), we get on gaily;
And, thanks to pension and Suspension,
Our little Club increases daily.
Castles, and dinner, and such,
Who don't as yet full salary touch,
Nor keep their chase and pair, nor buy
Houses and lands, like Tom and I,
Of course don't rank with us, solicitors,
But merely serve the Club as waiters.
Like Knibbs, too, we've our collar days,
(For us, I own, an awkward phrase.)
When, in our new costume adorn'd—
'The R—g—o' s buff-and-blue coat turn'd
We have the honour to give dinners
To the chief Rats in upper stations;:
Your W—y, y, V—u— half-fledged d' sinners,
Who shame us by their imitations;
Who turn, 'tis true—but what of that?
Give me the useful preaching Rat;
Not things as mute as Punch, when bought,
Whose wooden heads are all they've brought;
Who, false enough to shirk their friends,
But too faint-hearted to betray,
Are, after all, their twists and bends,
But souls in Limbo, dam'd half way.
No, no, no, no, no, no, no,
A genus useful as we're rare;
'Midst all the things miraculous
Of which your natural histories brag,
The rarest must be Rats like us,
Who let the cat out of the bag.
Yet still these Tyras in the cause
Deserve, I own, no small applause;
And they're by us receiv'd and treated
With all due honours—only sealed
In th' inverse scale of their reward,
The merely promis'd next my Lord;
Small pensions then, and so on, downo,
Through joh, red ribbon, and silk gown,
To Chancellorship and Marquisate.
This serves to nurse the rating spirit;
The less the brine the more the merit.
Our music's good, you may be sure;
My Lord, you know, 's an amateur.

Takes every part with perfect ease;
Though to the Base by nature suited;
And, form'd for all, as best may please,
For whips and bolts, or chords and keys,
Turns from his victims to his glee.
And has them both well executed.
His flutes, as well as the organ,
Serves himself, delights in all such liberal arts,
Drinks largely to the House of Guelph,
And superintends the Cornet parts.
While C—m—g, who'd be first by choice,
Consents to take as undert voice;
And Gr—v—s, who well that signal knows,
Watches the Volts Subito.

In short, as I've already hinted,
We take, of late, prodigiously;
But as our Club is somewhat still cold
For Gentlemen, like Tom and me,
We'll take it kind if you'll provide
A few Squires etc. from 'ther side;
Some of those loyal, cunning elves
(We often tell the tale with laughter),
Whom use'd to ride the pikes themselves,
Then hang the fools who found them after.
I doubt not you could find us, too,
Some Orange Parson's that might do;
Among the rest, we've heard of one,
The Reverend something—or Hamilton,
Who stuff'd a figure of himself
(Delicious thought!) and had it shot at,
To bring some Papists to the shell,
That couldn't otherwise be got at—
If he'll but join the Association,
We'll vote him in by acclamation.

And now, my brother guide, and friend,
This somewhat tedious scrawl must end.
I've gone into this long detail,
Because I saw your nerves were shaken
With anxious fears that I should fail
In this new, loyal, course I've taken.
But, bless your heart! you need not doubt
We, Fudges, know what we're about.
Look round, and say if you can see
A such more thriving family.
There's Jack, the Doctor—night and day
Hundreds of patients so besieging him,
You'd swear that all the rich and gay
Fell sick on purpose to oblige him.
And while they think, after their dinner binnies,
He's counting over their pulse so steady,
The rogue but counts how many guineas
He's fob'd, for that day's work, already.
I'll never forget the old maids' alarm,
When, feeling thus Miss Suskey Flint, he
Said, as he dropped her shrivelled arm,
"Damn'd bad this morning—only thirty!"

1 It was not under wigs, but tiaras, that King Midas
endeavoured to conceal these appendages:

Tempora purpureis tentat velare tauris.

Ovid.
The Noble Giver of the toast, however, had evidently,
By his usual clearness, confused King Midas,
Mr. Loxon, and the P—e R—g—t together.

2 Mr. Fudge, and his friends ought to go by this
nin— as the man who, some years since, saved the
late Right Hon. George Rose from drowning, was
ever after called Salutator Rose.

3 This intimacy between the Rats and Informers is
just as it should be—"vera dulce sodalitium."

4 His Lordship, during one of the busiest periods
of his Minislerial career, took lessons three times a
week from a celebrated musician, in glees-singing.

5 How amply these two propensities of the Noble
Lord would have been gratified among that ancient
people of Etruria, who, as Aristotle tells us, used to
whip their slaves once a year to the sound of flutes!

6 This Right Hon. Gentleman ought to give up his
present alliance with Lord C., if upon no other prin-
ciple than that which is inculcated in the following
arrangement between two Ladies of Fashion:

Says Clarinda, "though tears it may cost,
It is time we should part, my dear Sue;
For your character's totally lost,
And I have not sufficient for two!"

7 The rapidity of this Noble Lord's transformation,
at the same instant, into a Lord of the Bed-chamber
and an opponent of the Catholic Claims, was truly
miraculous.

8 Turn instantly— a frequent direction in music-
books.

9 The Irish diminutive of Squire.
Y. of Doulgers, too, every one,
So generous, when they call him in,
That he might now retire upon
The rheumatics of three old women.
Then, who'd or your ailmen's are,
He can so learnedly explain ye 'em —
Your cold, of course, is catarrh,
Your head aches is a hemi-craniium: —
His — kilt, too, in young ladies' lungs,
The grace with which, most mild of men,
He begins to put out their tongues,
Then bids them — put them in again:
In short, there's nothing now like Jack! —
Take all your doctors great and small,
Of physic at times and ages back,
Dear Doctor Fudge is worth them all.

So much for physic — then, in law too,
Counsellor Tim, to thee we bow;
None of us gives more oaths to
Th' immortal name of Fudge than thou.
Not to expatiate on the art
With which you play'd the patriot's part,
Till something good and snug shall offer; —
The other one, who, by the way he acts
The enlightening part of candor-smaller,
The manager's keen eye attracts,
And is promoted thence by him
To strut in robes, like thee, my Tim! —
Who shall describe thy pow'r of face,
Thy well-feeding, and thy warm.
Or wrong or right — but ten times warmer
(Ass suits thy calling in the former —
Thy glorious, lawyer-like delight
In puzzling all that's clear and right,
Withal though envious in thy youth,
Improves so with a wig and band on,
That all thy pride's to waylay 'truth,
And leave her not a leg to stand on.
Thy talent, prime, morality,
In thy cases, led from the table
Thy candour, when it falls to thee
To help in trouncing for a libel; —
"God knows, I, from my soul, profess
To hate all bigots and bigamists!"
"God knows, I love, to even excess,
The sacred Freedom of the Press,
My only aim's to — crush the writer,"
These are the virtues, Tim, that draw
The briefs into thy bag so fast;
And these, oh Tim — if Law be Law
Will raise thee to the Bench at last.
I blush to see this letter's length.
But 'twas my wish to prove to thee
How full of hope, and wealth, and strength,
Are all our precious family.
And, should affairs go on as pleasant
As, thank the Fates, they do at present! —
Should we but still enjoy the way
Of S—m — and of C—g, I hope, ere long, to see the day
When England's wisest statesmen, judges, lawyers, peers, will all be — Fudges!
Good-bye — my paper's out so nearly,
I've only room for
Yours sincerely.

— LETTER VII.

FROM PHELIN CONNOR TO —

Before we sketch the Present — let us cast
A few, short, rapid glimpses to the Past.
When he, who had defied all Europe's strength,
Beneath his own weak rashes sunk at length; —
What's to be done by magie, from a chain,
That seem'd like Fate's, the world was free again,
And Europe sway'd, rejoicing in the sight,
The cause of Kings, for once, the cause of Right; —

Then was, indeed, an hour of joy to those
Who sighed for justice — liberty — repose,
And hoped the fall of one great vulture's nest
Would ring its wea ring round, and scare the rest.
All then was bright with promise; — Kings began
To own a sympathy with suffering Man,
And Man's gratitude; Patrician and the South
Caught wisdom from a Cossack Emperor's mouth,
And heard, like accents thawk'd in Northern air,
Unwonted words of freedom burst forth there!

Who did not hope, in that triumphant time,
When monarchs, after years of spoil and crime,
Met round the shrine of Peace, and Heaven's look'd on —

Who did not hope the last of spoil was gone;
That that rapacious spirit, which had play'd
The game of Philistick so off, was had;
And Europe's Rulers, conscious of the past,
Would blush, and deviate into right at last?
But no — the hearts that nurs'd a hope so fair,
Had yet to learn what men on thrones can dare;
Had yet to know, of all earth's ravening things,
The only quite unfavourable a king:
Soence had they met when, to its nature true,
The instinct of their race broke out anew;
Promises, treaties, charters, all were vain,
And "Rapine! rapine!" was the cry again,
How quick they crush'd their victims, and how well,
Let Saxons, let Saxon; it is even to day.
Let all the human stock that, day by day,
Was, at that Royal slave-mart, truck'd away, —
The million souls that, in the face of heaven,
Were split to fractions, barter'd, sold, or given
To swell some despot Power, too huge before,
Andew down Europe with one Mammouth more.
How safe the faith of Kings let France decide; —
Her charter broken, ere its ink had dried;
Her Press enthral'd — her reason mock'd again
With all the monstrosity it had spurr'd to war;
Her crown disgrac'd by one, who dared to own
He thank'd not France but England for his throne;
Her triumphs cast into the shade by those,
Who had grown old among her bitter foes,
And now return'd, beneath her conquerors' shields,
Unblushing slaves! to claim her heroes' fields;
To tread down every trophy of her fame,
And curse that glory which to them was shame! —
Let these; — let all the daunting deeds, that they
Were dash'd through Europe, cry aloud, among
With voice like that of croaking ice that rings
Round Alpine huts, the perty of Kings;
And tell the world, when hawks shall harmless bear
The shrinking dove, when wolves shall learn to spare
The helpless victim for whose blood they lust'd,
Then, and then only, monarchs may be trusted.

It could not last — these horrors could not last —
France would herself have rise'n, in night, to cast
Th' insulters off — and oh! that then, as now,
Claim'd to some distant islet's rocky brow,
Napoleon never had come to force, to blight,
Ere half选择'd, a can so proud to bright; —
To paly parrish arts with doubt and shame,
And write on Freedom's flag a despot's name; —
To rush into the lists, mask'd, alone,
And make the stake of all the game of one.
They would the world have seen again what pver
A people can put forth in Freedom's hour;

1 "Whilst the Congress was re-constructing Eu-
rope — not according to rights, natural alliances, lan-
guage, habits, or laws; but by tables of finance, which
divided and subdivided her population into sois, de-
mi-sois, and even fractions, according to a code of
the direct tributary; that is, by the sums or taxes
levied by the acquiring state," &c. — Sketch of the Military
and Political Power of Russia. The words on the pro-
ocol are amis, demi-amis, &c.
THE FUDGE FAMILY IN PARIS.

And thou, oh England — who, though once as shy
As cloister'd maidens, of shame or peridy,
Art now broke in, and, thanks to C——sh,
In all that's worst and falsest head the way!

Such was the pure divin, whose pens and wits
Th' escape from Elba fright'nd into lit —
Such were the saints, who don'd Napoleon's life,
In virtuous frenzy, to th' assassin's knife.
Disgusting crew! — who would not gladly fly
To open, downright, bold-faced tyranny,
To honest guilt, h' dares do all but lie,
From the false, juggling craft of men like these,
Their canting crimes and vanishing villainies; —
These Holy Leagueurs, who then loudest boast
Of God and honour, when they've stain'd them most
From whose selection men should shrink astoth
As from their hate, for they'll be fleec'd by both;
Who, ev'n while pluming, forge Religion's name
To frank their spoil, and, without fear or shame,
Call down the Holy Tri'ning yon leaping lack
Partition leagues, and deeds of devilishness!
But hold — enough — soon would this swell of rage
O'erflow the boundaries of my scanty page; —
So, here I pause — farewell — another day,
Return we to those Lords of prayer and prey,
Whose boast'som cant, whose frauds by right divine
Deserve a lash — oh! weightier far than mine!

LETTER VIII.
FROM MR. BOB FUDGE TO RICHARD,
ESQ.

Dear Dick, while old Donaldson's mending my stays,
Which I know would go smash with me one of these days,
And, at yesterday's dinner, when, full to the throat,
We lads had begun our deserts with a bottle
Of nest old Cognac, the other, a shilling's worth
Just to order another, by Jove I went crack! —
Or, as honest Tom said, in his nautical phrase,
"I'n my eyes, Bob, in doubling the Cape you've missed stays!"
So, of course, as no gentleman's seen out without them,
They're now at the Schneider's — and, while he's about them,
Here goes for a letter, post-haste, neck and crop.
Let us see — in my last I was — where did I stop? —
Oh, I know — the matur'ls, as money a road as
Man ever would wish a day's lounging upon;
With its cafes and gardens, hotels and pagodas,
Its fountains, and old Cognac, piping beer in the sun;
With its houses of all architectures you please,
From the Grecian and Gothic, Dick, down by degrees
to the pure Hottenot, or the Brilliant Chinese;
Where in temples antique you may breakfast or dinner.
Lunch at a mosque, and see Punch from a mizaret.

6. The usual preamble of these flagitious compact.
In the same spirit, Catherine, after the dreadful massacre of Warsaw, ordered a solemn "thanksgiving to God in all the churches, for the blessings conferred upon the Poles and commanded each of them should swear fidelity and loyalty to her, and to shed in her defence the last drop of their blood, as they should answer for it to God, and his terrible judgment, kissing the holy word and cross of their Savoir."

7. A ship's head to a miss stays, when she does not obey the helm in tacking.
8. The dandy term for a tailor.
Then, Dick, the mixture of bonnets and bowers,
Of foliage and frippery, flowers and flowers,
Green-grocers, green gardens— one hardly knows
whether
'Tis country or town, they're so mess'd up together!
And there, if one loves the romantic, one sees
Jew clothes-men, like shepherds, reclining under trees;
Or Quadrilles, on Sunday, just fresh from the barber's,
Enjoying their news and groc'rise 2 in those abodes;
While gaily their wives, like the tendrils, are curdling,
And fruits of red currant-juice 3 round them are purring.

Here, Dick, arm in arm as we chattering stray,
And receive a few civil "God damn" by the way,—
For, 'tis old, these mountseers,— though we've wast
ed our wealth
and strength, till we've thrown ourselves into a
pithicis,
To our courses, their threats an old King for their health,
As we whip little children to make them take
 physic;
Yet, spite of our good-natur'd money and slaughter,
They hate us, as Bazarolbs hate holy-water.
But who the dence cares, Dick, as long as they nour
ish us
Neatly as now, and good corkery flourishes—
Long as, by byshes protected, we, Natives,
May have our full fling at their saltzus and pates? 4
And, truly, I always declared 'twould be pity
To burn to the ground such a choice-feasting city.
Had Dad but his way, he'd have long ago blown
The whole batch bold Nick — and the people, I own,
If for no other cause than their crust monkey looks,
Well deserve a blow-up—but then, damn it, their
Cook's!
As to Marshals, and Statesmen, and all their whole
lineage,
For ought that I care, you may knock them to spin
nage;
But think, Dick, their Cooks — what a loss to man
kind!
What a void in the world would their art leave be
hind!
Their chromostat spits—their intense saltimban
Their ovens — their pots, that can so often old ganders,
All vanish'd for ever — their miracles o'er,
And the Marmite Perpetuelle 5 bubbling no more to

Forbidden it, forbid it, ye Holy Allies! 6
Take wheather ye fancy — take statutes, take mo
ney—
But leave them, oh leave them, their Perigueux pies,
Their glorious goose-hivers, and high pickled
hamy! 4

Though many, I own, are the evils they've brought us,

Though Royalty's here on her very last legs,
Yet, who can help loving the land that has taught us
Six hundred and eighty-five ways to dress eggs? 8

You see, Dick, in spite of their cries of "God-damn."
"Coquin Anglais," et cetera — how generous I am!
And now (to return, once again, to my 4 Days?)
Which will take us all night to get through in this
way.)
From the boulevards we saunter through many a
street,
Crack jokes on the natives — mine, all very neat —
Leave the Signs of the Times to political tops,
And find twice as much fun in the Signs of the
Stops;

Here, a Louis Dix-huit — there, a Martinmas goose,
(Much in vogue since your eagles are gone out of
use.)
Henri Quatre in shoals, and of Gods a great many,
But Saint's are the most on hard duty of any: —
St. Tony, who used all temptations to spurn,
Here hangs o'er a beer-shop, and tempts in his turn;
While there St. Venecia 8 sits hemming and frilling
her
Holy mouchoir o'er the door of some milliner; —
St. Austin, the "outward and visible sign
"Of an inward" cheap dinner, and pint of small
wine.
While St. Denys hangs out o'er some hatter of fon
And possessing, good bishop, no head of his own.
Does an interest in Dandies, who've got — next to
one!
Then we stare into shops — read the evening's af
fischer.
Or, if some, who're Lotharios in feeding, should wish
Just to flirt with a lute, or, (a devilish bad trick,
As it takes off the bloom of one's appetite, Dick.)
To the Passage des — which dey call "— des Panor
amis.
We quucken our pace, and there heartily cram as
Seducing young pates, as ever could cozen
One out of one's appetite, down by the dozen.
We vary, of course — petits pates do one day,
The next we've our lunch with the Gaufrid Hol
landers.
That popular artist, who brings out, like Se—it,
His delightful productions so quick, hot and hot;
Not the worse for the exquisite comment that fol
ows—

Divine marisquino, which — Lord, how one swal
lows!

Once more, then, we scurry forth after our snack, or
Subscribe a few francs for the price of a frac
And drive far away to the old Montague Russes.
Where we find a few twirls in the car of much use
To regain're the hunger and thirst of us sinners,
Who've laps'd into snacks — the perdition of dinners,
And here, Dick — in answer to one of your queries,
About which we, Gourmands, have had much dis
cussion —
I've tried all these mountains, Swiss, French, and
Hugeriens, and
And think, for digestion, 10 there's none like the
Russian;

1 "Lemonade and eau de groc'rise are measured out
at every corner of every street, from fantastic
vessels, jingling with bells, to thusty tradesmen or
weary-eyed messengers." — See Lady Morgan's lively
description of the streets of Paris, in her very amusing
work upon France, book vi.
2 These gay, portable fountains, from which the
groc'rise water is administered, are among the most
characteristic ornaments of the streets of Paris.
3 "Cette merveilleuse Marmite Perpetuelle, sur le
front de la poste de la vii ème, a été donnée il y a un
demi-siècle par M. de la Ber" — Almanach de Gourmands, Qua
trième Annee, p. 152.
4 Le thon mariné, one of the most favourite and
indigestible hors-d'ouvers. This fish is taken chiefly
in the Golf de Lyon. "La tete et le dessous du
ventre sont les parties les plus recherchées des gour
mets." —Cours Gastrovénique, p. 252.
5 The exact number mentioned by M. de la Ber
niere — "On connaît en France 650 manières differer
des accommoder les cus ; sans compter celui que
nous savons imaginent chaque jour.
6 Veronica the Saint of the Holy Handkerchief is
also, under the name of Venuse or Venessia, the tute
rault saint of milliners.
7 St. Denys walked three miles after his head was
cut off; "The head of a woman of wet upon this legend
is well known: — "Je le crom bien; eu pareil cas, il
n'y a que le premier pas qui comte."
8 Off the Boulevards Italiens.
9 In the Palais Royal; successor, I believe, to the
Flamand, so long celebrated for the moelleux of his
Gaufres.
10 Doctor Cotterell recommends, for this purpose,
the Breton or French Mountains, and calls them
THE FUDGE FAMILY IN PARIS.

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So equal the motion — so gentle, though fleet -
It, in short, such a light and salubrious scamp is,
That to take whom you please — take old Mr. — and slay him — up to the neck — with stew'd lampreys.

So wholesome these Mounts, such a solvent I've found them.

That, let me but rattle the Monarch well down them,
The hand, Indigestion, would fly far away.
And the reguile lampreys 2 be fueled of their pray!
Such, Dick, are the classical sports that content us,
Till live o'clock hangs on that hour so momentous,
That epoch — but was! my lad — here comes the lunch-bird,

And, curse him, has made the stays three inches wider
Too wide by an inch and a half — what a Guy!
But, no matter — it will all be set right by and by.
As we've Missäne's 4 eloquent curle to eat still up,
An inch and a half's but a trifle for the task;

So not to lose time, Dick — here goes for the task;
At recort, my old boy — of the Gods I but ask,
That my life, like &quot;The Leap of the German,&quot; 5
may be,

&quot;Da let la table, dila table au lit?&quot;

R. F.

LETTER IX.

FROM PHIL. FUDGE, ESQ. TO THE LORD VISCOUNT C—ST.—GH.

My Lord! these instructions, brought to-day,
&quot;I shall in all my best obey.&quot; Your Lordship talks and writes so sensibly:
And — whatsoever wages may say —
Oh! not at all incomprehensibly.

1 Une medicine aeriene, couleur de rose?; but I own I prefer the authority of Mr. Bob, who seems, from the following note found in his own hand-writing, to have studied all these mountains very carefully: —

Memoranda — The Swiss little notice deserves,
While the fall at Ruggerini's is death to weak nerves;
And (whate'er Doctor Carrel may write on the question) the turn at the Beaujon's too sharp for digestion.
I doubt whether Mr. Bob is quite correct in accenting the second syllable of Ruggerini.

2 A dish so indigestible, that a late novelist, at the end of his book, could imagine no more summary mode of getting rid of all his heroes and heroines than by a hearty supper of stewed lampreys.

3 They killed Henry I. of England; — a food (says Humæ, gravely,) which always agreed better with his palate than his constitution.

Lampreys, indeed, seem always to have been a favourite dish with kings — whether from some congeniality between them and that fish, I know not; but Dio Cassius tells us that Pollicus fattened his lampreys with human blood. St. Louis of France was particularly fond of them; — See the anecdote of Thomas Aquinas eating up his majesty's lamprey, in a note upon Rabulae, liv. iii. chap. 3.

4 Had Mr. Bob's Dinner Epistle been inserted, I was prepared with an abundance of learned matter to illustrate it, for which, as, indeed, for all my &quot;scientia popina,&quot; 6 I am indebted to a friend in the Dublin University — whose reading formerly lay in the magic line; but, in the course of The Provost's enlightened alarm at such studies, he has taken to the authors, &quot;de re varia&quot; instead; and has left Boëthius, Cano- quius, Martihius, and his little dog Fidians, for Apicius, Nonius, and that most learned and savoury Jesuit, Burengus.

5 A famous Restaurateur — now Dupont.

6 An old French saying — &quot;Faire le saut de l'Allemand, du lit à la table et de la table au lit.&quot;

From the convivial inquiries in your letter
About my health and French most flattering
Thank ye, my French, though somewhat better,
- in the whole, but weak and smuttering.
— Nothing, of course, that can cure them.
With his who made the Congress stare
(A certain Lord we need not name),
Who ev'n in French, would have his trope,
And talk of &quot;far out im systeme&quot; —

&quot;Sur l'Equilibre de L'Europe.&quot;

Sweet metaphor! — and tho' the Epistle,
Which bid the Saxon king go whistle,
That tender letter to &quot; Monsieur,&quot;
The book should 'like the French lampreys.
Oh no, my Lord — there's none can do
Or say au-English things like you;
And, if the schemes that fill thy breast
Could but a vent congenial seek,
And use the tongue that suits them best,
What charming Turkish wouldn't thou speak!

But as for me, a Frenchish grub,
At Congress never born to stammer,
Nor learn like thee, my Lord, to snub
Fall'n Monarchs, out of Chandos' grammar —
Bless you, you do not, cannot know
How far a little French will go;
For all one's stock, one need but draw
On some half-dozen words like these —

Conme ca — yarfe — la la — ah ha!

They'll take you all through France with ease.

Your Lordship's praises of the scraps
I sent you from my Journal lately,
(Enveloping a few he'd says
For Lady C.), delight me greatly.

Her flattering speech — &quot;What pretty things
One finds in Mr. Fudge's pages?&quot;
I praise which (as some poet sings)
Would pay use for the tools of ages.

Thus flatter'd, I presume to send
A few more extracts by a friend;
And I should hope they'll be no less
Approved of than my last MS. —

The former ones, I fear, were cress'd,
As Biddy round the cups would pin them;
But these will come to hand, at least
Unruffled, for there's — nothing in them.

Extracts from Mr. Fudge's Journal, addressed to Lord C.

Aug. 10.

Went to the Mad-house — saw the man?
Who thinks, poor wretch, that, while the Fied
Discord here full riot ran,
He, like the rest, was grind'n;

But that when, under Boney's reign,
(A more discreet, though quite as strong one)
The heads were all restored again,
He, in the scramble, got a wrong one.

 Accringly, he still cries out
This strange head fits him most unpleasantly;
And always runs, poor devil, about,
Inquiring for his own incessantly!

The celebrated letter to Prince Hardenburgh
(written, however, I believe, originally in English,)
In which his Lordship, professing 'o see &quot;no moral or political objection&quot; to the d'armement of Saxony,
denounced the unfortunate King as &quot;not only the most devoted, but the most favoured of Bonaparte's vas'al.&quot;

This extraordinary madman is, I believe, in the
Bistre. He imagines, exactly as Mr. Fudge states it,
that, when the heads of those who had been guil-

lified were restored, he by mistake got some other
person's instead of his own.
While to his case a tear I drop,
And santon her, thought I—ye Gods!
How many heads might thus be swoop'd
And, after all, not make much odds!

For instance, there's V.—t—t's head
('T am carni') it may well be said
If by some curious chance it came
To settle on Bill Stanes's shoulders,
'Th' effect would turn out much the same
Except that while, in its new socket,
The head was planning schemes to win
A zig-zag way into one's pocket,
The hands would plunger directly in,
Good Vicecount S—dm—h, too, instead
Of his own grave, respected head,
Might wear (for ought I see that bars)
Old Lady Wilhelmina Frump's—
So while the head sign'd Circular,
The head might slip out what is trumps?
The R—g—t's brains could we transfer
To some robust man-insiller,
The shop, the shears, the lace, and ribbon
Would go, I doubt not, quite as glib on;
And, nice versa, take the pains
To stir the f—g—t's brain's brain,
One only change from thence would flow,
Ribbons would not be wasted so.

'T was thus I ponder'd on, my Lord;
And, ev'n at night, when high in bed,
I found myself, before I know'd,
Thus cropping, swopping head for head
At length I thought, fantastic elf!
How such a change would suit myself.

'Twixt sleep and waking, one by one,
With various personages addled
At last I tried your Lordship's son,
And then I grew completely addled—
Forgot all other heads, but 'em!
And slept, and dreamt that I was—Bottom.

Aug. 21.

Walk'd out with daughter P—d — was shown
The House of Commons, and the Throne,
Whose velvet cushion's just the same
Napoleon sat on — what a shame! Oh,
Can we wonder, best of speakers,
When Louis seated thus we see,
That France's 'f fundamental features'?
Are much the same they us'd to be?
However, — God preserve the Throne,
And cushion too — and keep them free
From accidents, which have been known
To happen ev'n to Royally!  

Aug. 23.

Read, at a stall (for oft one pops
On something at these stalls and shops,
That does to quote, and gives one's Book
A classical and knowing look.—
Indeed I've found, in Latin, lately,
A course of stalls imp owes me greatly)

'Twas thus I read, that, in the East,
A monarch's fat's a serious matter;
And once in every year, at least,
He's weigh'd — to see if he gets fatter. 3
Then, if a pound or two be he
Increased, there's quite a jubilee! 6
Suppose, my Lord — and far from me
To treat such things with levity
But just suppose the R—g—t's weight
Were made upon an affair of state;
And, ev'y session, at the close,—
'Sead of a speech, which, all can see, is
Heavy and dull enough, God knows—
We were to try how heavy he is.
Much would it gild all hearts to hear
That, whilst the Nation's Revenue
Losses so many pounds a year,
The P—e, God bless him! gains a few.

With bales of muslin, chintzes, spices,
I see the Easterns weigh their Kings
But, for the R—g—t, my advice is
We should throw in much heavier things:
For instance ——'s quarto volumes,
Which, though not spices, serve to wrap them;
Dominic St—ld—t's Daily columns,
'Prodigies' —'s in, of course, we'd clap them—
Letters, that C—rt ——'s pen inudes,
In which, with logical confusion,
The Major like a Minor writes,
And never comes to a Conclusion;
Lord S—mo—t's pamphlet — or his head—
(Oh, that were worth its weight in lead!) Along with which we in may whisp, shy,
The Speeches of Sir John C—x H—pp—sly;
That Baronet of many words,
Who loves an in the House of Lords,
Wears ribbon Bishops — and so high
Unto their wigs in whispering goes,
That you may always know him
A patch of powder on his nose—
If this won't do, we in must cram
The 'Reasons' of Lord B—ck—gh—m —
(A Book his Lordship means to write,
Entitled 'Reasons for my Ritting!')
Or, should these prove too small and light,
He says — 'a host — we read it to plain'
And, still should all these masses fail
To stir the R—g—t's ponderous scale,
They, my Lord, in heaven's name,
Pitch in, without reserve or stint,
The whole of R—gl—y's beautiful Dame—
If that won't raise him, devil's in it!

Aug. 31.

Consulted Murphy's Tacitus
About those famous spies at Rome, 8

8 "The third day of the Feast the King causteth himself to be weighed with great care." — F. Bernier's Voyage to Surat, &c.
9 "I remember," says Bernier, "that all the Omrahs expressed great joy that the King weighed two pounds more than the year precedent." Another author tells us that "Fatness, as well as a very large head, is considered, throughout India, as one of the most precious gifts of heaven. An enormous skull is absolutely revered, and the happy owner is looked up to as the most superior being." — Oriental Field Sports.
10 Major Carwright.
11 The name of the first worthy who set up the trade of importer at Rome (to whom our Oliviers and Castelles ought to erect a statue) was Romans Hispio; "qui formam vite imit, quam posset celebrare merisso temperum at audacie humanum iurexercat." — Tacit. Annal. i. 74.

1 'T am carni capitis. — Horat.
2 A celebrated pickpocket.
3 The only change, if I recollect right, is the substitution of lilies for bees. This war upon the bees is, of course, universal: 'extirium suare apibus,' like the angry nymphs in Virgil: — but may not new swarms arise out of the victimes of Legitimacy yet?
4 I am afraid that Mr. Fudge alludes here to a very awkward accident, which is well known to have happened to poor L—s le D—s, — some years since, at one of the R—g—t's Feasts. He was sitting next our gracions Queen at the time.
Whom certain Whigs — to make a fuss —
Describe as much resembling us, 1
Informing gentlemen, at home.
But, bless the fools, they can’t be serious,
To say Lord S — dm — that’s like Tiberius!
Would he, the Peer, be such a nut,
Like that severe, blood-thirsty Roman —
Is true, the Tyrant lent an ear to
All sorts of spies — so do the Peer, too.
’Tis true my Lord’s Elect tell ’tis
And deal in perjury — ditto Tiberius.
’Tis true, the Tyrant screen’d and hid
His rogues from justice — ditto Sid.
’Tis true the Peer is grave and gib
At moral speeches — ditto Tib. 5
’Tis true, the feats the Tyrant did
Were in his dagouge — ditto Sid.

So far, I own, the parallel
’Twixt Tib and Sid goes vastly well;
But there are points in Tib that strike
My humble mind as much more like
Yourself, my dearest Lord, or him,
Of th’ India Board — that soul of whim.
Like him, Tiberius lov’d his joke,
On matters, too, where few can bear one;
E. g. a man, cut up, or broke
Upon the wheel — a devilish fair one!
Your common fractains, wounds, and fits,
Are nothing to such wholesome wits;
But, let the sufferer gain for life,
The joke is then worth any more;
And, if he write beneath a knife —
Oh dear, that’s something quite too funny.

In this respect, my Lord, you see
The Roman wag and ours agree;
Now, as to your resemblance — mum —
This parallel we need not follow: 5
Though it, in Ireland, said by some
Your Lordship beats Tiberius hollow
Whips, chains — but these are things too serious
For me to mention or discuss;
Whencever your Lordship acts Tiberius,
Phil. Fudge’s part is Tacitus!

Sept. 2.

Was thinking, had Lord S — dm — th got
And good decent sort of Plot
Against the winter-time — if not,
Aias, alas, our ruin’s fated
All’s up, and spire’d away!
Ministers and all their vassals,
Down from C — ll — gh to Castle;
Unless we can kick up a riot,
Ner can hope for peace or quiet!

What’s to be done? — Spita Fields was clever;
But even that brought gibes and mockings
Upon our heads — w. mem. — must never
Keep ammunition in old stockings;
For fear some wag should in his curt head
Take it to say that force was wasted.
Mem. too — when Sid an army rises,
It must not be inconspicuous like Bayes’s;
Nor must the General be a babbling
Professor of the art of cobbling;
Last men, who perpetrate such puns,
Should say, with Jacobin grin,
He felt, from solving Willett’s,
A Wellington’s great soul within;
Nor must an old Ajobhez
go take the Tower, for lack of pence,
With (what these was would call, so merry),
Physical force and phintence!
No — no — our Plot, my Lord, must be
Next time contriv’d more skillfully.
John Bull, I grieve to say, is growing
So troublesome to sharp and knowing,
So wise — in short, Jacobin —
’T is monstrous hard to take him in.

Heard of the fate of our Ambassador
In China, and was sorely nettled:
But think, my Lord, we should not pass it o’er
Till all this matter’s fairly settled;
And here’s the mode occurs to me:
As none of our Nobility,
Though for their own most gracious King
(They would kiss hands, or — any thing),
Cox be persuaded to go through
This farce-like trick of the Kotutu;
And as these Mandarins can’t head,
Without some mumming exhibition,
Suppose, my Lord, you were to send
Grimaldi to them on a mission;
As Legate, Joe could play his part,
And, if in diplomatic art,
The “volto scelto”’s meritorious,
Let Joe but grin, he has it, glorious;
A title for his easily made;
And, by the by, one Christmas time,
If I remember right, he play’d
Lord Morley in some pantomime;
As Earl of M — r — y then gazet him,
If ‘t’other Earl of M — r — y ’ll let him.
(And why should the world be bled?)
With two such comets, for Earl Morley and West?
Then when before the Yellow Screen
He’s brought — and, sure, the very essence
Of etiquette would be that scene
Of Joe in the Celestial Presence!
He then should say: — “Duke Ho and Soo,
’T I’ll play what tricks you please for you,
If you’ll, in turn, but do for me
A few small tricks you now shall see.
If I consult your Emperor’s liking,
At least you’ll do the same for my King,
He then should give him such a grin,
As would astound ev’n Mandarins;
And throw such manners before
The picture of King George (God bless him)!
As, should Duke Ho but try them o’er
Would, by Confucius, much distress him!

1 They certainly possessed the same art of instigating their victims, which the Report of the Secret Committee attributes to Lord Sidmouth’s agents: — “he gave no titus of one of them, libidinum et necessitatum, quo pluribus indicis ignigent.”

2 “Neque tamden i Sereno noma sit, quern odium publicum tutissim faciat.”

3 “Intemperantia et vultum atque viscerum accentu.”

4 “Ludibria serius permiscere solitum.”

5 There is one point of resemblance between Tiberius and Lord C, which Mr. Fudge might have mentioned — “suspensa semper obscura vivit.”
THE FUDGE FAMILY IN PARIS.

I start this merely as a hint,
And should you follow up the job,
My son, my Lord (you know poor Bob),
Would in the suite be glad to go
And help his Excellency. Joe—
At least, like pokele Amb—-’s son, The lad will do to practise on. 4

LETTER X.

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE TO MISS DOROTHY.

Well, it is n’t the King, after all, my dear creature!
But don’t you go laugh, now—there’s nothing to 
quiz in it!
For grandeur of air and for grimness of feature,
He might be a King, Doll, though, hang him, he 
is n’t!
At first, I felt hurt, for I wish’d it, I own,
If for no other cause but to vex Miss Malone,—
(The great heiress, you know, of Shandango, who’s 
here.)
Showing off with such airs, and a real Cashmere 
while mine’s but a paltry, old rabbit-skin, dear!)
Put Pa’s, or deeply considering the things,
I am just as well pleased it should not be the King;
As I think for my Biddy, so gentile and jolly,
Whose charms may their price in an honest way 
fetch,
That a Brandenburg,—(what is a Brandenburg, 
Dolly?):—
Would be, after all, no such very great catch.
If the R—g— indeed added he, looking sly— 
(You remember that comical spank of his eye)
But I stopped him with, "La, Pa, how can you say so,
When the R—g—loves none but old women, you 
know!"
Which is fact, my dear Dolly—we, girls of eighteen, 
And so slim—Lord, he’d think us not fit to be seen;
And would like us much better as old—ay, as old
As the Counts of Desmond, of whom I’ve been 
told
That she lived more than a hundred and ten,
And was killed by a fall from a cherry-tree then!
What a frisky old girl! but—to come to my lover,
Whose head not a King, is a hero I’ll swear,—
You shall hear all that’s happened, just briefly run 
over.
Since that happy night, when we whisk’d through the 
air!

Let me see—was it wason Saturday—yes, Dolly, yes—
From that evening I date the first dawn of my bliss;
When we both rattled off in that dear little carriage,
Whose journey, Bob says, is so like Love and Marri—
age,
Beginning gay, desperate, dashing, down-hilly,
And ending as dull as a six-inside Dolly!’’

Well, scarcely a wink did I sleep the night through;
And, next day, having scribbled my letter to you,
With the heart full of hope this sweet fellow to meet,
I set out with Papa, to see Louis Dixhuit.
Make his bow to some half-dozen women and boys,
Who get up a small concert of shrill Viole Le Rois —
And how vastly genteel, my dear, even this is,
Than vulgar Falt-Malt’s orations of his own:

1 See Mr. Ellis’s account of the Embassy.
2 See Lady Morgan’s “France” for the anecdote, 
told her by Madame de Genlis, of the young gentleman 
whose love was cured by finding that his Miss- 
tress wore a shawl “peau de lapin.”
3 The cars, on the return, are dragged up slowly 
by a chain.

The gardens seemed full—so, of course, we walk’d 
o’er ‘em,
‘Mong orange-trees, clipped into town-bred decumren,
And daphnes, and vases, and many a statue 
There standing, with not ev’n a stitch on them, at you!
The pots, too, we viewed — stood awhile on the brink
To contemplate the play of those pretty gold 
fishes—
"Live ballock," says merciless Bob, "which, I think,
"Would, if ga’d, with a little mint sauce, be 
delicious!" 4
But what, Dolly, what, is the gay orange grove,
Or gold fishes, to her that’s in search of her love?
In vain did I wildly explore every chair
Where a thing like a man was—no lover sate there!
In vain my food eyes did I eagerly cast
At the whiskers, mustachios, and wigs that went past,
To obtain, if I could, but a glance at that curl.—
A glimpse of those whiskers, as sacred, my girl,
As the lock that, Pa says, is to Mussulman giv’n,
For the angel to hold by that 1 brings them to heaven?At
Alas, there went by me full many a quizz,
And mustachios in plenty, but nothing like his!
Disappointed, I found myself sighing out "well-a-
day,"

Thought of the words of T—n M—re’s Irish Melody,
Something about the “green spot of delight” 5
(Which, you know, Captain Mackintosh sung to us 
one day):
Ah Dolly, my "spot? was that Saturday night,
And its vesture, how fleeting, had vanished by 
Sunday!
We dined at a tavern—La, what do I say?
If Bob was to know! a "Restaurateur’s, dear;

4 Mr. Bob need not be ashamed of his cockery 
jokes, when he is kept in countenance by such men 
as Cicero, St. Augustin, and that jovial bishop, Ven- 
antius Fortunatus. The pun of the great orator 
open the "jus Verrinnum," which he calls bad 
hog-brath, from a play upon both the words, is 
well known; and the Saint’s puns upon the conversion 
of Lot’s wife into salt are equally ingenious: — in 
salmen cornuus animalibus felicibus quoddam prestatum 
continuamur, quum inter consequatur, nudi ille cavem- 
5 The jokes of the pious favourite of Queen Radegunde, 
the convex Bishop Venantius, may be found 
among his poems, in some lines against a cook who 
had robbed him. The following is similar to Cicero’s 
puo:—
Prin justella Coci quam mea jura vacant.
1732.—Of the same kind was Montmaur’s joke, 
when a dish was split over him—suum jus, sumu- 
na injuria; and the same celebrated parasite, in 
ordering a sole to be placed before him, said—
Elisi cur dies, tu mihi sola places.
The reader may likewise see, among a good deal of 
kindred escrit, the learned Lipsius’s jokes on cutting 
up a capon in his Saturial. Sermon. lib. ii. 
cap. 2.
6 For this scrap of knowledge 6 "Pa? was, I suspect, 
indicted to a note open Volney’s Rooms: a book which 
usually forms part of a Jacobin’s library, and with 
which Mr. Fudge must have been well acquainted at 
the time when he wrote his "Down with Kings," 8c. The 
note in Volney is as follows:—"It is by this tuft of 
lair (on the crown of the head), worn by the 
majesty of Mussulmans, that the Kings of the Tomb is 
to take the elect and carry them to Paradise."
7 The young lady, whose memory is not very cor- 
cet, must allude, I think, to the following lines:—
Oh that fairy form is never forgot,
Which First Love traced;
Still it lingering haunts the greener spot On Memory’s waste!
THE FUDGE FAMILY IN PARIS.

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Where your properest ladies go dine every day,
And drink Burgundy out of large tumblers, like beer.
For, "Cookery—only good—(see line)"
Condescended, for once, to make one of the party; Of course, though but three, we had dinner for nine,
And in spite of my grief, love, I own I eat heartily. Indeed, Doll, I know not what 'tis, but, in grief,
I always found eating a wondrous relief;
And Bob, who's in love, said he felt the same, quite—
"My sighs," said he, "cess'd with the first glass I drank you;"
"The lamb made me tranquill, the puffs made me light,
And—now that all's over—why, I'm—pretty well, thank you!"

To my great annoyance, we sat rather late;
For Bobby and Pa had a furious debate
About singing and cookery—Bobby, of course,
Standing up for the latter Fine Art in full force; And Pa saying, "God only knows which is worst,
The French Singers or Cooks, but I wish we well over it, now!"

"What with old Lois and Very, I'm cured!
"If my head or my stomach will ever recover it!"

'Twas dark, when we got to the Boulevards to stroll,
And in vain did I look 'long the street Macaroni,
Where, suddenly it struck me—last hope of my soul—
That some angel might take the dear man to Tor-

'mors!"3

We entered, and, scarcely had Bob, with an air,
For a groupe in la jardiniere call'd to the waiters,
When, oh Doll! I saw him—my hero was there
(For I knew his white snail-clothes and brown lea-
ther gaiters),
A group of fair statues from Greece—smiling o'er him,—
And lots of red currant-juice sparkling left to him! Oh Dolly, these heroes—what creatures they are;
In the boudoir the same as in fields full of slaughter!
As cool in the Regazioni's precipitous car,
As when safe at Tortoni's, o'er id'currant water! He join'd us—imagine, dear creature, my ecstas—
Jou! by the maud I'd have broken ten necks to see!
Bob wish'd to treat him with Punch a la glace.
But the sweet fellow swore that my beaute, my grace,
And my je-ne-saite-quoi (then his whisks he twi'd!) were, to him, "on de up o'all Ponch in de world.
How pretty!—though off (as, of course, it must be)
Both his French and his English are Greek, Doll, to me.
But, in short, I felt happy as ever food heart did;
And happier still, when it was fail'd, ere we parted,
This, a day, no day should be pasted over,
We all would set off, in French buggies, together,
To see Montmorency—place which, you know,
Is so famous for cherries and Jean Jacques Rousseau.
His card then he gave us—the name, rather c'es'd—
But I was Calicot—sometimes—a Colonel, at least!
After which—since there never was hero so civil—he
Saw us safe home to our door in Rue Rivoli,
Where his last words, as, at parting, he threw
A sniff look over his shoulders, were—"How do you do?

1 Cookery has been dignified by the researches of a Bacc; (see his Natural History, Receipts, &c.) and takes its station as one of the Fine Arts in the following passage of Mr. Dugald Stewart:—"Accord-ingly to this view of the subject, sweet may be said to be intrinsically pleasing, and bitter to be relatively pleasing; while both are, in many cases, equally essential to those effects, which, in the art of cookery, correspond to that complex beauty, which it is the object of the painter and of the poet to create."—Philosophical Essays.

2 A fashionable cafe glacier on the Italian Boule-
vard's.

3 "You eat your ice at Tortoni's," says Mr. Scott,
"under a Grecian group."

4 Nor an unusual mistake with foreigners.

But, lord—there's Papa for the Post—I'm so vex—
Montmorency must now, love, he kept for my next.
That dear Bob for Sunday night!—I was charmingly drear,
And—so providential!—was looking my best;
Such a sweet muslin gown, with a flounce—and my frills,
You've no notion how rich—(though I has by the Lilly)
And you'd smile had you seen, when we sat rather near,
Colonel Calicot eying the cantrix, my dear.
Then he flow'rs in his bonnet—but, la, it's vain—
So, good-by, my sweet Doll—I shall soon write again.
B. F.

Nota bene—our love to all neighbours about—
Your Papa in particular—how is his gout?

P. S.—I've just opened my letter to say,
In your next you must tell me, (now do, Dolly, pray,
For I hate to ask Bob, he's so ready to quiz.)
What sort of a thing, dear, a Brandenburgh is.

LETTER XI.

FROM PHELIM CONNOR TO —

Yes, it was a cause, as noble and as great
As ever hero did to vindicate
A Nation's right to speak a Nation's voice,
And own no power but of the Nation's choice!
Such was the grand, the glorious cause that now
Hung trembling on Napoleon's single brow;
Such the sublime arbitration, that pour'd,
In patriot eyes, a light around his sword,
A flattering light, which never dies away since the day
Of his young victories, had illum'd its way!
Oh! it was not then the time for tame debates,
Ye men of Gaul, when chains were at your gates;
When he, who late had fled your Chief's fair eye,
As geese from eagles on Mount Taurus fly.
Denouëd against the land, that spurn'd his chieftain,
Myriads of swords to bind it fast again—
Myriads of fierce invading swords, to track
Through your best blood his path of vengeance back;
When Europe's Kings, that never yet combin'd
But (like those upper Stars, that, when conjoin'd,
Shed war and pestilence,) to scourge mankind,
Gather'd around, with hosts from every State,
Hating Napoleon much, but Freedom more,
And, in that coming strife, appall'd to see
The world yet left one chance for liberty—
No, it was not then the time to weave a set
Of bondage round your Chief; to curb and fet
Your veteran warrior, pacing for the fight,
When every hope was in his speed and might—
To waste the hour of action in dispute,
And coolly plan how Freedom's march should shoot,
When your invader's axe was at the root?
No, sacred Liberty! that God, who throws
Thy light around, like his own sunshine, knows
How well I love thee, and how deeply hate
All tyrants, upstart and Legitimate.

Yet, in that hour were France my native land,
I would have follow'd, with quick heart and hand,
Napoleon, Nero—ay, no matter whom—
To snatch my country from that damning doom,
That deadliest curse that on the conqueror waits—
A Conqueror's satrap, thron'd within her gates!

True, he was false—despicible—al'you please—
Had trampl'd down man's highest liberties—

3 See Eian, lib. v. cap. 29,—who tells us that these geese, from a consciousness of their own insignificance, always cross Mount Taurus with stones in their bills, to prevent any unlucky cackle from betraying them to the eagles—diapenerul musous.
The fudge family in Paris.

Had, by a genius, form'd for nobler things
Than lie within the grasp of vulgar kings,
But rais'd the hopes of men— as eagles fly
With tortoises aloft into the sky
To dash them down again more shatteringly!

All this I own—but still

LETTER XII.
FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE TO MISS DOROTHY.

At last, Dolly,—thanks to a potent emetic,
Which Hobby and Pa, with grimace sympathetic,
Have swallowed this morning, to balance the bliss
Of an evil matelote and a brique d'encrasses,—
I've a morning at home to myself, and sit down
To describe you our heavenly trip out of town,
How age you must be for this letter, my dear!
Lady Jane, in the novel, less languidly to hear
If that elegi-cumernet she met at Lord Neville's
Was actually dying with love or—blue devils.
But Love, Dolly, Love is the theme I pursue;
With Blue Devils, thank heavens, I have nothing to do—
Fancy, indeed, dear Colonel Calicot spose
Any tips of that colour in certain blue eyes,
Which he stares at till I, Doll, at his do the same;
Then he simpers—I blush—and would often exclaim,
If I knew but the French for it, "Lord, Sir, for shame!"

Well, the morning was lovely—the trees in full dress
For the happy occasion— the sunshine express
Had we order'd it, dear, of the best poet going,
It scarce could be furnish'd more golden and glowing.
Though late when we started, the scent of the air
Was like Galtie's rose-water—and, bright, here and there,
On the grass an old dew-drop was glittering yet,
Like my aunt's diamond pin on her green tabbinet!
While the birds seemed to warble as blent on the boughs,
As if each a plum'd Calicot had for her spouse;
And the grapes were all blushing and kissing In rows,
And— in short, need I tell you, wherever one goes
With the creature one loves, 'tis all couleur de rose;
And, ah, I shall ne'er, liv'd I ever so long, see
A day such as that at divine Montmorancy!

There was but one drawback—at first when we started,
The Colonel and I were inhumanly parted;
How cruel— young hearts of such moments to rob!
He went to J'a's buggy, and I went with Bob;
And, I own, I felt supremely happy to know
That Papa and his comrades agreed but toso.
For the Colonel, it seems, is a stockler of Boney's—
Served with limn of course—may, I'm sure they were
So much his features! dear Doll, you can trace
Ulysses, Achilles, Lodiz, as plain in his face
As you do on that pillar of glory and brass,
Where the poor Due de B—ti must hate so to pass!
It appears, too, he made—as most foreigners do—
About English affairs an odd blunder or two.

Somebody (Fontenelle, I believe,) has said, that if
He had his hand full of truths, he would open but one
Finger at a time, and the same sort of reserve I find
To be necessary with respect to Mr. Coulon's very
Plain-spoken letters. The remainder of this Epistle
Is so full of unsafe matter-of-fact, that it must, for
The present at least, be withheld from the public.

The column in the Place Vendome.

For example— mised by the names, I dare say
He confounded Jack Castles with Lord C—gh
And— sure such a blunder no mortal hit ever on—
Fancied the present Lord C—nd—o the clever one!

But politics ne'er were the street fellow's trade;
I was for war and the ladies my Colonel was made.
And, oh, had you heard, as together we walk'd
Through that beautiful forest, bow sweetly he talked;
And how, perfectly well he appear'd, Doll, to know
All the life and adventures of Jean Jacques Rousseau!

"'T was there," he said—he not that his words I can
 sagte—
'T was a glibbish that Cupid alone could translate;
But "there," said he, (pointing where, small and remote,
The dear Hermitage rose,) "there his Julie he wrote—

'Upon paper gilt-edged,' without blot or erosion;
'Then saddled it over with silver and azure,
'And— oh, what will genius and fancy not do?
'Tied the leaves up to her with monparis blue!"

What a trait of Rousseau! what a crowd of emotions
From sand and blue ribbons are conjured up here!—
Alas, that a man of such exquisite notions
Should send his poor Labs to the Foundling, my dear!

"'T was here, too, perhaps," Colonel Calicot said—
As down the small garden he pedestrian led—
(Though once I could see his sublime forehead wrinkle
With sage not to find there the lovd periwinkle)

"'T was here he received from the fair D'Epinay,
(Who call'd him so sweetly her Bear,) every day,
That dear flannel petticoat, publish'd for form;

A wantcoat, to keep the enthusiastic warm
Such, Doll, were the sweet recollections we ponder'd,
As, full of romance, through that valley we wander'd.
The flanuel (one's train of ideas, bow odd it is!)—
Led us to talk about her commodities,
Casscric, and silk, and—I ne'er shall forget,
For the sun was then betraying in spunt to its sel,
And full on the Colonel's dark whiskers shone down,
When he ask'd me, with eagerness, — who made my gwor?

The question confus'd me— for, Doll, you must know,
And I ought to have told my best friend long ago,
That, by Pa's strict command, I no longer employ
That enchanting couturiere, Madame le Roi;

3 Employing pour cela le plus beau papier dore,
Sechant l'ecriture avec de la poudre d'azur et d'argent,
Et couant ces cahiers avec de la nonpareille bleue.
—Les Confessions, part ii. liv. 9.

4 This word, "exquisite," is evidently a favourite
Of Miss Fudge's; and I understand she was not a little
Angry when her brother Bob committed a pun on the
Last two syllables of it in the following couplet:

"I'd faint praise your Poem—but tell me, how is it?
When I cry out "Exquisite," Echo cries "quize it?"

5 The flower which Rousseau brought into such
Fashion among the Parisians, by exclaiming one day,
"Ah, voila de la pervenche!"

6 Mon ours, voila votre asyle— et vous, mon
cure, ne voulez-vous pas aussi? — etc. &c.

7 Un jour, qu'il eut tres fort, en ouvrant un
paquet quelle m'enyouly, je trouvai un petit jupon
de flamelle d'Angleterre, quelle me marquoit avoir
porte, et dont elle vouloit que je me fesse faire un
gelet. Ce sou, plus qu'annuel, me parut si tendre,
comme si elle se fût depouillee pour me venter, que
dans mon emotion, je baisai vingt fois en pleurant le
billet et le jupon.

8 Miss Biddy's notions of French pronounciation
may be perceived in the rhymes which she always
selects for "Le Roi."
THE FUDGE FAMILY IN PARIS.

But am for'd now to have Victorine, who — deuce take her! —
It seems is, at present, the King's mantua-maker —
I mean of his porty — and, though much the smartest,
Le Roi is condemn'd as a rank Bonapartist.¹
Think, Doll, low confounded I look'd — so well
The Colonel's opinions — my cheeks were quite glowing;
I stammer'd out something — nay, even half nâm'd The legitimate Scotch, when, loud, he exclaim'd,
"Yes, yes, by the strong't 'tis plain to be seen
"It was made by that Bourbonite h—— h, Victorine?²
What a word for a hero! — but heroes will err,
And I thought, dear, I'd tell you things just as they were.
Besides, though the word on good manners interrènch,
I assure you it's not half so shocking in French.

But this cloud, though embarrassing, soon pass'd away,
And the bliss altogether, the dreams of that day,
The thoughts that arose, when such dear fellows were us,

The novelties that then, love, are everything to us —
That quick correspondence of glances and sighs,
And what Bob calls the "Twopenny-post of the Eyes" —

Ah, Doll! though I know you've a heart, 'tis in vain
To a heart so imprudent these things to explain,
They can only be felt, in their fulness divine,
By her who has wander'd, at evening's decline,
Through a valley like that, with a Colonel like mine!

But here I must finish — for Bob, my dear Dolly,
Whom physic, I find, always makes melancholy,
Is seiz'd with a fancy for church yard reflections;
And, full of all yesterday's rich recollections,
Is just setting off for Montmartre — "for there is,"
Said he, looking solemn, "the tomb of the Very!"³

"Long, long have I wish'd, as a votary true,
"'Gst the grave of such talents to utter my moans;
"And, to-day — as my stomach is not in good case,
"For the flesh of the Very — I'll want their bones!"⁴

He insists upon my going with him — how teasing!
This letter, however, dear Dolly, shall lie
Unseal'd in my drawer, that, if any thing pleasing
Occurs while I'm out, I may tell you — good-bye,
R. F.

Four o'clock.

Oh, Dolly, dear Dolly, I'm ruin'd for ever —
I never shall be happy again, Dolly, never!

¹ Le Roi, who was the Conturiere of the Empress
Marie Louise, is at present, of course, out of fashion,
And is succeeded in her station by the Royalist mantua-maker, Victorine.

² It is the brother of the present excellent Restaurateur
who lies entombed so magnificently in the Cimetiere Montmartre. The inscription on the column
at the head of the tomb concludes with the following words: — "Toute sa vie fut consacrée aux arts utiles."
FABLES FOR THE HOLY ALLIANCE.

Tu Regibus alius
Eripit, Georg. lib. iv.

--- Clip the wings
Of these high-flying, arbitrary Kings.
Dryden's Translation.

DEDICATION.

TO LORD BYRON.

Dear Lord Byron,—Though this Volume should possess no other merit in your eyes, than that of reminding you of the short time we passed together at Venice, when some of the trials which it contains were written, you will, I am sure, receive the dedication of it with pleasure, and believe that I am,

My dear Lord,
Ever faithfully yours,

T. B.

PREFACE.

Though it was the wish of the Members of the Poco-curante Society (who have lately done me the honour of electing me their Secretary) that I should prefix my name to the following Miscellany, it is but fair to them and to myself to state, that, except in the "painful pre-eminence" of being employed to transcribe their lucubrations, my claim to such a distinction in the title-page is not greater than that of any other gentleman, who has contributed his share to the contents of the volume.

I had originally intended to take this opportunity of giving some account of the origin and objects of our Institution, the names and characters of the different members, &c. &c.—but, as I am at present preparing for the press the First Volume of the "Transactions of the Poco-curante Society," I shall reserve for that occasion all further details upon the subject; and content myself here with referring, for a general insight into our tenets, to a Song which will be found at the end of this work, and which is sung to us on the first day of every month, by one of our oldest members, to the tune of (as far as I can recollect, being no musician,) either "Nancy Dawson" or "He stole away the Bacon."

It may be as well also to state, for the information of those critics, who attack with the hope of being answered, and of being, thereby, brought into notice, that it is the rule of this Society to return no other answer to such assailants, than is contained in the three words "Non serviam," (meaning, in English, "Hippocrites does not care a fig," which were spoken two thousand years ago by the first founder of Poco-curantism, and have ever since been adopted as the leading dictum of the sect.

THOMAS BROWN.

FABLE I.

THE DISSOLUTION OF THE HOLY ALLIANCE.

A DREAM.

I've had a dream that bodes no good
Unto the Holy Bro'herood.

I may be wrong, but I confess—
As far as it is right or lawful
For one, no conjurer, to guess—
It seems to me extremely awful.

Methought, upon the Neva's flood
A beautiful Lee Palace stood,
A dome of frost-work, on the plan
Of that once built by Empress Anne,
Which shone by moonlight—as the tale is—
Like an Aurora Borealis.

In this said Palace, furnish'd all
And lighted as the best on land are,
I dreamt there was a splendid Ball,
Giv'n by the Emperor Alexander,
To entertain all due zeal,
Those holy gentlemen, who've shown a
Regard so kind for Europe's weal,
At Troppau, Laybach, and Verona.

The thought was happy—and design'd To hint how thus the human Mind
May, like the stream imprison'd there, Be check'd and child'l, till it can hear
The heaviest Kings, that ode or sonnet Ever yet be'd, to dance upon it.

And all were pleas'd, and cold, and stately,
Shivering in grand illumination—
Admir'd the superstructure greatly,
Nor gave one thought to the foundation,
Much less to the Czar himself exult'd,
To all plebian fears a stranger,
For, Madame Krudener, when consulted,
Had pledg'd her word there was no danger.
So, on he caper'd, fearless quite,
Thinking himself extremely clever,
And walk'd away with all his might,
As if the Frost would last for ever.

Just fancy how a bard like me,
Who reverence monarchs, must have trembled
To see that godly company,
At such a ticklish sport assembled.

Nor were the fears, that thus assuaged
My loyal soul, at all unfound—
For, lo! ere long, those walls so masy
Were seiz'd with an ill-men'd dripping,
And o'er the floors, now growing glassy,
Their Holinesses took to slipping.
The Czar, half through a Polonaise,
Could scarce get on for downright stumbling,
And Prussia, though to slippery ways Well us'd, was cursedly near tumbling.

Yet still 't was, who could stamp the floor most
Russia and Austria among the foremost—

1 "It is well known that the Empress Anne built a palace of ice on the Neva, in 1740, which was fifty-two feet in length, and when illuminated had a surprising effect."—Pinkerton.
FABLES FOR THE HOLY ALLIANCE.

And now, in an Italian air,
This precious brace would, hand in hand, go;
Now — while old Louis, from his chair,
Instructed them his toes to spare —
Call'd loudly out for a Fandango.

And a Fandango, faith, they had,
At which they all set to, like mad!
Never were Kings (though small th' expense is
Of wit among their Excellencies)
So out of all their princely senses.
But, ah, that dance — that Spanish dance
Scarce was the luckless strain begun,
When, charging red, as 'twere a glance
Shot from an angry Southern son,
A light through all the chambers flam'd,
Astonishing old Father Frost,
Who, bursting into tears, exclaimed,
"A shame, by Jove — we're lost, we're lost!
"Run, France — a second Hottoon
"Is come to drown you — save qui peut!"

Why, why will monarchs caper so
In places without foundation?
Instantly all was in a flow,
Crowns, fiddles, sceptres, decorations —
Those Royal Arms, that look'd so nice,
Cut out in the resplendent ice —
Those Eagles handsomely provided
With double heads for double dealings —
How fast the gazes and sceptres glided
Out of their claws on all the ceilings!

Proud Prussia's double bird of prey
Tame as a spatchcock, shrank away;
While — just like France herself, when she
Proclaim'd how great her naval skill is —
Poor Louis! drowning fleurs-de-llys
Imag'd themselves water-lilies.

And not alone rooms, ceilings, shelves,
But — still more fatal an execution
The Great Legitimists themselves
Seem'd in a state of dissolution.
Th' indignant Czar — when just about
To issue a sublime ukase,
"Whereas all light must be kept out" —
Disvolv'd to nothing in its blaze.
Next Prussia took his turn to melt,
And, while his lips illustrated
The influence of this southern air,
Some word, like "Constitution" — long
Cone'd in frosty silence there —
Came slowly thawing from his tongue.

While Louis, lapping by degrees,
And sighing out a faint adieu
To truffles, salmis, toasted cheese
And smoking foie gras, quickly grew
Himself, into a fondu too —
Or like that goodly King they make
Of sugar for a thousand-night cake,
When, in some archit's mouth, alas,
It melts into a shapeless mass!

In short, I scarce could count a minute,
Ere the bright done, and all within it,
Kings, Fiddlers, Emperors, all were gone
And nothing now was seen or heard
But the bright river, rushing on,
Happy as an est-anch'd bird,
And prouder of that natural ray,
Shining along its chainless way
More proudly happy thus to glide
In simple grandeur to the sea,
Than when, in sparkling letters tied,
It was deck'd with all that knightly pride
Could bring to light its slavery!

Such is my dream — and, I confess,
I tremble at its awfulness.

That Spanish Dance — that southern beam
But I say nothing — there's my dream —
And Madame Kruelener, the she- prophet,
May make just what she pleases of it.

FABLE 1.

THE LOOKING-GASSES.

POEM:

Where Kings have been by mob-elections
Rans'd to the throne, 'tis strange to see
What different and what odd perfections
Men have requir'd in Royalty,
Some, like monarchs large and plumply,
Have chos'n their Sovereigns by the weight;
Some wish'd them tall, some thought your dumpy,
Dutch-built, the true legitimate.

The Easterns in a Prince, 'tis said,
Preferr'd what's call'd a joker-head;
Th' Egyptians wore't at all particular,
So that their Kings had not red hair —
This fault but ev'n the greatest stickler
For the blood-royal well might bear.
A thousand more such illustrations
Might be adduced from various nations.
But, among the many tales they tell us,
Touching th' acquir'd or natural right
Which some men have to rule their fellows,
There's one which I shall here recite —

FABLE.

There was a land — to name the place
Is neither now my wish nor duty —
Where reign'd a certain Royal race,
By right of their superior beauty.

What was the cut legitimate
Of these great persons' chins and noses,
By right of which they rul'd the state,
No history I have seen discloses.

But so it was — a settled case —
Some Act of Parliament, pass'd singly,
Had voted them a beauteous race,
And all their faithful subjects ugly.

As rank, indeed, stood high or low,
Some change it made in visual organs;
Your Peers were decent — Knights, so so —
But all your common people, gorgons!

Of course, if any knife but hinted
That the King's nose was found away
Or that the Queen (God bless her!) squinted
The judges danc'd that knave to die.

But rarely things like this occur'd,
The people to their King were duleous,
And took it, on his Royal word,
That they were frights, and He was beauteous.

The cause whereof, among all classes,
Was simply this — these island elves
Had never yet seen looking-glasses,
And, therefore, did not know themselves.

1 The Goths had a law to chance always a short, thick man for their King. — Munsen, Cosmog. lib. iii. p. 164.
2 "In a Prince a joker-head is invaluable." — Oriental Field Sports.
Sometimes, indeed, their neighbours' faces
Might strike them as more full of reason,
More fresh than those in certain places—
Be. Lord, the very thought was treason!

Besides, however we love our neighbour
And take his face's part, 'tis known
We never so much in earnest labour,
As when the face attack'd our own.

So, on they went—the crowd believing
(As crowds well govern'd always do)
Their rulers, too, themselves deceiving
So old the joke, they thought 'twas true.

But jokes, we know, if they too far go,
Must have an end—and so, one day,
Upon that coast there was a cargo
Of looking-glasses cast away.

'T was said, some Radicals, somewhere,
Had laid their wicked heads together,
And forc'd that ship to founder there,—
While some believed it was the weather.

However this might be, the freight
Was landed without fees or duties;
And from that hour historians date
The downfall of the Race of Beauties.

The looking-glasses got about,
And grew so common through the land,
That scarce a tinker could walk out
Without a mirror in his hand.

Comparing faces, morning, noon,
And night, their constant occupation
By dint of looking-glasses, soon,
They grew a most reflecting nation.

In vain the Court, aware of errors
In all the old, establish'd hazards,
Prohibited the use of mirrors,
And tried to break them at all hazards:
—

In vain— their laws might just as well
Have been waste paper on the shelves;
That fatal freight had broke the spell;
People had look'd—and knew themselves.

If chance a Duke, of birth sublime,
Presum'd upon his ancient face,
Some calf-head, ugly from all time,
They popp'd a mirror to his Grace:—

Just hinting, by that gentle sign,
How little Nature holds it true,
That what is call'd an ancient line,
Must be the line of Beauty too.

From Dukes they pass'd to recat phizzes,
Compar'd them proudly with their own,
And cried, "How could such monstrous quirkes
In Beauty's name usurp the throne?"

They then wrote essays, pamphlets, hooks,
Upon Cosmetical Economy.
Which made the King try various looks,
But none improv'd his physiognomy.

And satires at the Court were level'd,
And small lamps on, so full of slynesses,
That soon in short, they quite bedew'd
Their Majesties and Royal Highnesses.

At length—but here I drop the veil,
To spare some loyal folks' sensations;—
Besides, what follow'd is the tale
Of all such late enlighten'd nations;

Of all to whom old Time discloses
A truth they should have sooner known—
That Kings have neither rights nor noses
A whitdivider than their own.

FABLE III.

THE TORCH OF LibERTY.

I saw it all in Fancy's glass—
Herself, the fair, the wild magician,
Who bid this splendid day-dream pass,
And nam'd each gliding apparition.

'T was like a torch-race—such as they
Of Greece perform'd, in ages gone,
When the fleet youths, in long array,
Pass'd the bright torch triumphant on.

I saw th' expectant nations stand,
To catch the coming flame in turn;—
I saw, from ready hand to hand,
The clear, though struggling, glory burst.

And, oh, their joy, as it came near,
'T was, in itself, a joy to see;—
While Fancy's whisper'd in my ear,
"That torch they pass is Liberty!"

And, each, as she receiv'd the flame,
Lighted her altar with its ray;
Then, smiling, to the next who came,
Speeded it on its sparkling way.

From Albion first, whose ancient shrine
Was furnish'd with the fire already,
Columbia caught the boon divine,
And lit a flame, like Albion's, steady.

The splendid gift then Gallia took,
And, like a wild Bacchante, raising
The brand aloft, its sparks shook,
As she would set the world a-blazing!

Thus kindling wild, so fierce and high
Her altar burn'd into the air,
That Albion, to that fire too high,
Shrank back, and shudder'd at its glare!

Next, Spain, so new was light to her,
Leap'd at the torch—but, ere the spark
That fell upon her shrine could stir,
'T was quench'd—and all again was dark.

Yet, no—not quench'd—a treasure, worth
So much to mortals, rarely dies;
Again her living light look'd forth,
And shone, a beacon, in all eyes.

Who next receiv'd the flame? alas,
Unworthy Naples—shame of shame,
That ever through such hands should pass
That brightnest of all earthly flames?

Scarcely had her fingers touch'd the torch,
When, frighted by the sparks it shed,
Nor waiting ev'n to feel the search,
She dropp'd it to the earth—and fled.

And fall'n it might have long remain'd;
But Greece, who saw her moment now,
Captur'd the prize, though prostrate, slain;
And waw'd it round her beauteous brow.
FABLE IV.
The FLY AND THE BULLOCK.

Of all that, to the sage’s survey,
This world presents topsy-turvy,
There’s naught so much disturbs one’s patience,
As little minds in lofty stations.
’Tis like that sort of painful wonder,
Which slender columns, labouring under
Eminent arches, give holders;—
Or those poor Carthagines, condemn’d to smile and stand at ease,
With a whole house upon their shoulders.

It is, as in some few royal cases,
Small minds are born in such places
If they are there, by Right Divine,
Or any such sufficient reason,
Why, Heaven forbid we should reprobe!
To wish it otherwise were treason;
Now, even to see it in a vision,
Would be what lawyers call misprision.

Sir Robert Filmer saith—and he,
Of course, knew all about the matter—
“Both men and beasts love Monarchy!”
Which proves how rational — the latter.
Sidney, we know, or wrong or right,
Entirely differ’d from the Knight:
Now, him a King may lose his head,
By slipping awkwardly his bridle:—
But this is treasonous, ill bred,
And now-a-days, when Kings are led
To parent stallions, downright idle.

No, no—it isn’t right-line Kings.
(Those sovereign lords in head-line-strings
Whom from their birth, are Faith-Defenders.)
That move my wrath—’tis your pretenders
Your mushroom rulers, sons of earth,
Who—not, like others, born by birth,
Establish’d Gratia Dei blackheads,
Born with three kingdoms in their pockets—
Yet, with a brass that nothing stops,
Push up into the loftiest stations,
And, though too dull to manage shops,
Presume, the dolts, to manage nations!

This class it is that moves my gall,
And sins up bile, and spleen, and all,
While other senseless things appear
To know the limits of their sphere—
While not a cow on earth romances
So much as to conceal she dances—
While the most jumping frog we know of,
Would scarce at Ashley’s house show off—
Your ***, your ***, dire,
Unstruind as are their minds, to set them
To any business, any where,
At any time that fools will let them.

But leave we here these upstart things—
My business is, just now, with Kings;
To whom, and to their right-line glory,
I dedicate the following story.

The wise men of Egypt were secret as dummies;
And, evn when they most exalted did teach,
They pack’d up their meaning, as they did their mummies,
In so many wrappings, ’twas out of one’s reach.

They were also, good people, much given to Kings—
Food of crab and of crocodiles, monkeys and mystery;
But blue-bottle flies were their best belov’d things—
As will partly appear in this very short history.

A Scythian philosopher (nephew, they say),
To that other great traveller, young Anacharsis,
Stept into a temple at Memphis one day,
To have a short peep at their mystical farces.
He saw a brisk blue-bottle Fly on an altar,
Made much of, and worship’d, as something divine;
While a large, bumbling Bullock, led there in a hatter,
Before it lay stabb’d at the foot of the shrine.

Surpris’d at such doings, he whisper’d his teacher—
“Shall I, in the temple, lead me to 
Remembered, that useful and powerful creature,
Be thus offer’d up to a blue-bottle Fly?”

No wonder”—said ’t other—“you stare at the sight,
But we as a Symbol of Monarchy view it—
The Fly on the shrine is Legitimate Right,
And that Bullock, the People, that’s sacrificed to it.”

FABLE V.

CHURCH AND STATE.

The moment any religion becomes national or established, its purity must certainly be lost, because it is then impossible to keep it unconnected with men’s interests; and, if connected, it must inevitably be perverted by them.”—Soame Jenyns.

Thus did Soame Jenyns—though a Tory,
A Lord of Trade and the Plantations;
Feel how Religion’s simple glory
Is stain’d by State associations.

When Catherine, ere she crush’d the Poles,
Appeal’d to the benign Divinity;
Then cut them up in pieces,
Made fragments of their very souls—
All in the name of the blessed Trinity;
Or when her grandson, Alexander,
That mighty Northern salamander,
Whose icy touch, felt all about,
Put every fear of Freedom out—
When he, too, winds up his Ukases
With God and the Pangia’s praises—

1 According to Senian, it was in the island of Lycadia they practised this ceremony—Seu lair nea
mavrai.—De Animal. lib. ii. cap. 8.
2 Ames, demi-amem, &c.
3 The salamander is supposed to have the power of extinguishing fire by its natural coldness and moisture.
When he, of royal Saints the type,
In holy water dips the sponge,
With which, at one imperial wipe,
He would sit humanly upon
When Louis (whom as King, and eater,
Some name Dix-huit, and some Des-huitres)
Calls down "St. Louis' God," to witness
The right, humanity, and fitness
Of sending eighty thousand Solons,
Sages, with muskets and lac'd coats,
To cram instruction, tonels voices,
Down the poor struggling Spaniards' throats —
I can't help thinking, (though to Kings
I must, of course, like other men, bow,) That when a Christian monarch brings
Religion's name to gloss these things
Such blasphemy out-Benbows Benbow!
Or — not so far for facts to roam,
Having a few much nearer here.
When we see Churchmen, who, if ask'd,
"Must Ireland's slaves be tith'd, and task'd,
And drive', like Negroes or Croats,
That you may roll in wealth and bliss?"
Look from beneath their moly coats
With all due pomp, and answer "Yes!"
But then, if question'd, "Shall the brand
Of intolerance flaggs throughout that land,—
Shall the fierce stride how taught to grow
Betwixt her palace and heavens,
Be ever quench'd?" — from the same shovels
Look grandly forth, and answer "No!"
Alas, alas! have these a claim
To a merciful Religion's name?
If more you seek, go see a bevy
Of bowing parrots at a levee —
(Choosing your time, when straw's before
Some apostolic bishop's door,) Then, if thou canst, with life, escape
That rush of laws, that press of crape,
Just watch their rev'rences and grace,
As on each smirking sinner frisks,
And say, if those round-shining faces
To heav'n or earth most turn their disks?
This this it is — Religion, made.
'Tis, with Church and State, a truck, a trade
This most ill-matched, unholy Coquille.
From whence the ill we witness flow:
The war of many creeds with one —
Th' extremes of too much faith, and none —
Till, betwixt ancient trash and new,
'Twixt Cont and Blasphemy — the two
Rank ills with which this age is cursed:
We can no more tell which is worst,
Than erst could Egypt, when so rich
In various plague, determine which
She thought to most beneficent and vile,
Her frog, like Benbow and Carlisle,
Croaking their native mud-notes loud,
Or her fat locusts, like a cloud
Of pluralists, obscely lowering,
At once belligerent and devouring: —

This — this it is — and here I pray
Those saucy wits of the Reviewers,
Who make us poor, dull authors say,
Not what we mean, but what they choose;
Who to our most abundant shares
Of unmeasured and still name of theirs,
And are to poets just such evils
As caterpillars find those flies,
Which, not content to sting like devils,
Lay eggs upon their backs likewise

Fable.

When Royalty was young and hold,
Ere touch'd by Time, he had become
If it isn't civil to say old,
At least, a ci-devant jeune homme;
One evening, on some wild pursuit,
Driving along, he chanced to see
Religion, passing by on foot,
And took him in his vis-a-vis.

This said Religion was a Friar,
The humblest and the best of men,
Who, nor had notion or desire
Of riding in a coach till then.

"I say" — quoth Royalty, who rather
Enjoy'd a masquing joke —
"I say, suppose, my good old father,
"You lend me, for a while, your cloak?"
The Friar consented — little knew
What tricks the youth had in his head;
Besides, was rather tempted too.
By a lac'd coat he got in stead.

Away ran Royalty, slap-dash,
Scampering like mad about the town;
Broke windows, shiver'd lamps to smash,
And knock'd whole scores of watchmen down.

While nought could they, whose heads were blank,
Learn of the "why" or of the "wherefore,"
Except that it was Religion's cloak
The gentleman, who crack'd them, wore.

Meanwhile, the Friar, whose head was tur'd
By the lac'd coat, grew frisky too;
Look'd big — his former habits burn'd
And storm'd about, as great men do:

Deal'd much in pompous oaths and curses
Said "d—n you" often, or as bad
Laid claim to other people's purses
In short, grew either knave, or mad.

As work like this was unbecoming,
And flesh and blood no longer bore it,
The Court of Common Sense, then sitting,
Summon'd the culprits both before it.

Where, after hours in wrangling spent
(As Court's must wrangle to decide well),
Religion to St. Luke's was sent,
And Royalty pack'd off to Bridewell.

With this proviso — should they be
Restor'd, in due time, to their senses,
They both must give security,
In future, against such offences —

Religion never to lend his cloak,
Seeing what dreadful work it leads to;
And Royalty to crack his joke,
But not to crack poor people's heads too.
**FABLE VI.**

**THE LITTLE GRAND LAMA.**

**PROEM.**

Novella, a young Bolognese,  
The daughter of a learned Law Doctor,  
We will with all the subleties  
Of old and modern jurists stock'd her,  
Was so exceeding fair, 'tis said,  
And over hearts held such dominion,  
That when her father, sick in bed,  
Or busy, sent her in his stead,  
To speak was on the Code Justinian,  
She had a curtain drawn before her,  
Lest, if her charms were seen, the students  
Should let their young eyes wander o'er her,  
And quite forget their jurisprudence.  

Just so it is with Truth, when seen,  
Too dazzling far—'tis from behind  
A light, thin allegoric screen,  
She thus can safest teach mankind.

**FABLE.**

In Thibet once there reigned, we're told,  
A little Lama, one year old—  
Kiss'd to the throne, that reign'd to bless,  
Just when his little Holiness Had cut—as near as can be reckoned—  
Some say his first tooth, some his second.  
Chronologers and Jurists vary,  
Which proves historians should be wary  
We only know th' important truth,  
His Majesty had cut a tooth.  
And much his subjects were enchanted,—  
As well all Lamas' subjects may be,  
And would have giv'n their heads, if wanted,  
To make tee-totums for the baby.  
Thron'd as he was by Right Divine  
(What Lawyers call Juris Divino,  
Meaning a right to yours, and mine,  
And every body's goods and rinito,)  
Of course, his faithful subjects' purses  
Were ready with their aids and succours!  
Nothing was seen but pension'd Nurses,  
And the loud ground'd with bbs and tuckers.

Oh! had there been a Hume or Bennett,  
Then sitting in the Thibet Senate,  
Ye Gods, what room for long debates  
Upon the Navy Estimates!  
What cutting down of swaddling-clothes  
And puno-fares, in nightly battles!  
What calls for papers to expose  
The waste of sugar-plums and raites!  
But no—if Thibet had M. P.'s,  
They were far better bred than these;  
Nor gave the slightest opposition,  
During the Monarch's whole deputation.

But short this calm,—for, when he  
Had reach'd th' alarming age of three,  
When Royal nature, and, no doubt,  
Those of all noble beasts break out—  
The Lama, who till then was quiet,  
Should symptoms of a taste for riot;  
And, ripe for mischief, early, late.  
Without regard for Church or State,  
Made free with whoso'er came nigh;  
Twank! the Lord Chancellor by the nose,  
Turn'd all the judge's wig's awry,  
And trod on the old General's toes;  
Pelted the Bishops with hot buns,  
Rode cock horse on the City naces,  
And shot from little dehist guns!  
Hard pease into his subject's faces.  
In short, such wicked pranks he play'd,  
And grew so mischievous, God bless him!  
That his Chief Nurse—with ev'n the aid  
Of an Archbishop—was afraid,  
When in these moods, to comb or dress him.  
Nay, ev'n the persons most inclin'd  
Through thick and thin, for Kings to sticke,  
Thought him (if they'd but speak their mind)  
Which they did not) an odious pickle.

At length some patriot lords—a breed  
Of animals they've got in Thibet,  
Extremely rare, and fit, indeed  
For folks like Dodg.ck, to exhibit—  
Some patriot lords, who saw the length  
To which things went, combin'd their strength,  
And pens'd a manly, plain and free  
Remonstrance to the Nursery;  
Protest as warmly that they yielded  
To tone, that ever went before 'em,  
In loyalty to him who wielded  
Th' hereditary patagon o'er 'em;  
That, as for reason, it was a thing  
That made them almost sick to think of—  
That they add therin stood by the King,  
Throughout his meates and his chin-cough,  
When others, thinking him consumptive,  
Had ratt'd to the Heir Presumptive!  
But, still—though much admiring Kings  
(And chiefly those in leading-strings,)  
They saw, with shame and grief of soul,  
There was an longer now the wise  
And constitutional com rol  
Of birth before their ruler's eyes;  
But that, of late, such pranks, and tricks,  
And freaks occurred the whole day long,  
As all, but men with bishoprics,  
Allow'd, in ev'n a King, were wrong.  
Wherefore it was they humbly pray'd  
That Honourable Nursery  
That such reforms be henced-th'rh made,  
As all good men desired to see;—  
In other words (lest they might seem  
Too tedious, as the goustile scheme  
For putting all such pranks to rest,  
And in its bud the mischief nipping—  
They ventur'd humbly to suggest  
His Majesty should have a whipping.

When this was read, no Congree rocket,  
Discharg'd into the Gallic trenches,  
E'er equal'd the tremendous shock it  
Produced upon the Nursery benches.  
The Bishops, who of course had voted,  
By right of age and pectulias,  
Were first and foremost in the fuss  
What, whip a Lama I suffer birch  
To touch his sacred—infamous!  
Deistical!—assailing him.  
"The fundamentals of the Church!—  
No—no—such patriot plans as these,  
(And help them Heaven—and their Sins!)  
They held to be rank blasphemies."
Scare could his Lordship well contrive
The flames in one place to smother,
Before — he presto — all alive.
They sprung up freshly in another.

At length when, spite of prayers and demands,
'T was found the sturdy flame defied him,
His stewards came, with low salutations,
Offering, by contract, to provide him
Some large Extinguishers, (a plan,
Much us'd, they said, at Isphahan,
Vuca, Petersburg — in short,
Wherever Light's forbid at court.)
Machines no Lord should be without,
Which would, at once, put promptly out
All kinds of fire; — from soaring, stark
Volcanos to the tiniest spark;
Till all things slept as dull and dark,
As, in a great Lord's neighbourhood,
'T was right and fitting all things should

Accordingly, some large supplies
Of these Extinguishers were furnish'd
(All of the true imperial size),
And there, in rows, stood black and burnish'd,
Ready, where'er a gleam but shone
Of light or fire, to be clapp'd on.

But, ah, how lordly wisdom errs,
In trusting to extinguishers!
One day, when he had left all sure,
(At least, so thought he) dark, secure —
The flame, at all its exits, entries,
Obstructed to his heart's content,
And black extinguishers, like sentinels,
Plac'd over every dangerous vent —
Ye Gods, imagine his amaze,
His wrath, his rage, when, on returning,
He found not only the old blaze,
Brisk as before, crackling and burning,
Not only new, young conflagrations,
Popping up round in various stations —
But, still more awful, strange, and dire,
'Th' Extinguishers themselves on fire!!!
They — they — those trusty, blind machines,
His Lordship had so long been praising,
As, under Providence, the means
Of keeping down all lawless blazing,
Were now, themselves — alas, too true
The shameful fact — turn'd blazers too,
And, by a change as odd as cruel,
Instead of damsers, served for fuel!

Thus, of his only hope bereft,
"What," said the great man, "must be done?"
All that, in scruples like this, is left
To great men is — to cut and run.
So run he did; while to their grounds,
The banish'd Ghebers tis return'd;
And, though their Fire had broke its bounds,
And all abroad now wildly burn'd,
Yet well could they, who lov'd the flame,
Its wondrous, its excess reclaim;
And soon another, fairer Don-
Arise to be its sacred home,
Where, cherish'd, guarded. not confin'd,
The living glory dwelt enthron'd,
And, shielding glories strong, but even,
Though born of earth, grew worthy heav'n.

The idea of this Fable was caught from one of those brilliant mots, which abound in the conversation of my friend, the author of the "Letters to Julia," — a production which contains some of the happiest specimens of playful poetry that have appeared in this or any age.
MORAL.

The moral hence my Muse infers
Is, that such Lords are simple elves,
In trusting to Extinquishers,
That are combustible themselves.

FABLE VIII.
LOUIS FOURTEENTH'S WIG.
The money rais'd — the army ready —
Drums beating, and the Royal Neddy
Valiantly braying in the van,
To the old one "Eh, eh, Sire Ane!" 1 —
Nought wanting, but some coup dramatic,
To make French sentiment explode,
Bring in, at once, the great fanatic,
And make the war "la dienre merde"
Instantly, at the Pavillon Marsion,
Is held an Ultra consultation —
What's to be done, to help the farce on?
What stage-effect, what decoration,
To make this beastious France forget
In one, grand, glorious pirouette,
All she had sworn to but last week,
And, with a cry of "Magnifique!"
Rush forth to this, or any war,
Without inquiring once — "What for?"

After some plans proposed by each,
Loud Chateaubriand made a speech,
(Quoting, to show what men's rights are,
Or rather what men's rights should be,
From Hobbes, Lord Castleleigh, the Czar,
And other friends to Liberty,) —
Wherein he — having first protested
'Gainst honouring the mob — suggested
(As the most high-bred plan he saw
For giving the new War eclair)
A grand, baptismal Melodrame,
To be got up at Notre Dame,
In which the Duke (who, bless his Highness!
Had by his bail acquird such fame,
'Twas hop'd that he as little shyness
Would show, when to the point he came),
Should, for his deeds so bold-hearted,
Be christend Rero, ere he started;
With power, by Royal Ordinance,
To bear that name — at least in France.
Himself — the Viscount Chateaubriand
(To help the bail with more effect)
Offering, for this baptismal rite,
Some of his own fam'd Jordan waff 2 —
(Marie Louise not having quite
Used all that, for young Nap, he brought her)
The baptism, in this case, to be
Applied to that extremity,
Which Burbon heroes most expose;
And which (as well all Europe knows)
Happens to be, in this Defender
Of the true Faith, extremely tender. 3

1 They celebrated in the dark ages, at many churches, particularly at Rouen, what was called the Feast of the Ass. On this occasion the ass, finely drest, was brought before the altar, and they sung before him this elegant anthem. "Eh, eh, eh, Sire Ane, eh, eh, Sire Ane." — Watt's Essay on Pope.

2 Brought from the river, as is by M. Chateaubriand, and presented to the French Empress for the christening of young Napoleon.

3 See the Duke's celebrated letter to madame, written during his campaign in 1815, in which he says, "Faisle postereur legereament endommage."
With Subs., or State-Days, to assist,
Well pension'd from the Civil List; —
That wondrous Wig, array'd in which,
And form'd to awe or witch,
He beat all other heirs of crowns,
In taking mistresses and towns,
Requiring but a shot at our,
A smile at 't other, and 't was done! —

"That Wig (said Monsieur, while his brow
Rose proudly,) "is existing now; —
That great Grand Perruque, amid the fall
Of every other Royal glory,
With curls erect survisves them all,
And tells in every hair their story.
A relic, so beloved, sublime!
What woe truer standard of the Cause.
Of Kingly Right can France demand?
Or who among our ranks can pause
To guard it, while a curl shall stand?
Behold, my friends — (while thus he cried,
A curtain with conceal'd this pride
Of Princely Wigs was drawne made)
Behold that Grand Perruque — how big
With recollections for the world —
For France — for us — Great Louis! Wig,
By Hippolytus, new friend; and curl'd
— New friz'd! alas, 'tis but too true,

"Well may you start at that word new —
But such the sacrifice, my friends,
Th' Imperial Cosack recommends;
Thinking such small concessions sage,
To meet the spirit of the age,
And do what best that spirit batters,
In Wigs — if not in weightier matters.
Wherefore, to please the Czar, and show
That we are too, much-wrong'd Bourbon, know
What liberalism in Monarchs is,
We have concocted the New Fiz!
Thus arm'd, ye gallant Ultras, say,
Can men, can Frenchmen, bear the fray?
With this proud relic in our van,
And D'Angoulême our worthy leader,
Let rebel Spain do all she can,
Let revenge Englands arm, and feed her,
Urg'd by that pupil of Huntu's school,
That Radical, Lord Liverpool —
France can have nought to fear — far from it —
When once astonished Europe sees
The Wig of Louis, like a Comet,
Streaming above the Pyrenees,
All's o'er with Spain then on, my soes,
"On, my incomparable Duke,
And shouting for the Holy Ones,
"Cry Vive la Guerre — et la Perruque!"

4 A celebrated Coiffeur of the present day.

RHYMES ON THE ROAD,
EXTRACTED FROM THE JOURNAL OF A TRAVELLING MEMBER OF
THE POCO-CURANTE SOCIETY, 1819.

The greater part of the following Rhymes were
written or composed in an old chesque, for the pur-
pose of beguiling the ennui of solitary travelling;
and as verses, made by a gentleman in his sleep, have
been lately called "a psychological curiosity," it is to
be hoped that verses, composed by a gentleman to
keep himself awake, may be honoured with some
appellation equally Greek.

INTRODUCTORY RHYMES.
Different Attitudes in which Authors compose. —
Bayes, Henry Stephens, Herodotus, &c. — Writing
in Bed — in the Fields. — Plato & Sir Richard
Blackmore. — Fiddling with Gloves and Twigs.
Madame de Stael. — Rhyming on the Road, in an
old Chesque.

What various attitudes, and ways
And tricks, we authors have in writing!
While some are writing, some, like Bayes,
Usually stand, while they're inking.
Poets there are, who wear the floor out,
Measuring a line at every stride;
While some, like Henry Stephens, pour out
Rhymes by the dozen, while they ride. 2
Herodotus wrote most in bed;
And Richard, a French physician,
Declares the clock-work of the head
Goes best in that reclining position.

2 Pleraque sua carmina equinos composuit. — Para-

mon. Singular.

3 Mes penses dorment, si je les asis. — Mon-
laignde. Animus eorum qui in aperto aere ambulat,
atollitur. — Pliny.
EXTRACT 1.

View of the Lake of Geneva from the Jura. — Anonymous to reach it before the Sun went down.

But this reminds me I digress: —
For Plato, too, produc'd, 'tis said,
(As one, indeed, might almost guess,) His glorious visions all in bed.
'Twas in his carriage the sublime Sir Richard Blackmore used to rhyme;
And (if the wits don't do him wrong) Scribbling and killing all day long —
Like Phidias in his car, at ease, Now warbling forth a lofty song, Now murdering the young Niobes.

There was a hero 'mong the Danes,
Who wrote, we're told, 'mid all the pain's And horrors of excitation,
Nine charming odes, which, if you'll look, You'll find preserved, with a translation,
By Ramblerous in his book In short, 't were endless to recite The various modes in which men write, Some wits are only in the mind. When beasts and belles are round them prating; Some, when they dress for dinner, find Their muse and valet both in waiting; And manage, at the self same time, To adjust a neckcloth and a rhyme.

Some cards there are who cannot scribble Without a glove, to tear or nibble; Or a small stick to whisk about — As if the hidden founts of Fancy, Like wells of old, were thus found out By mystic tricks of rhabdomancy. Such was the little feathery wand, That, held for ever in the hand Of her, who won and wore the crown Of female genius in this age, Sound'd the conductor, that drew down Those words of lightning to her page.

As for myself — to come, at last,
To the odd way in which I write — Having employ'd these few months past Chieftain in travelling, day and night, I've got into the easy mode, Of rhyming thus along the road — Making a way-bill of my pages, Counting my stanzas by my stanzas —
'Twixt lays and re-lays no time lost — In short, in two words, writting poets.

Obliged to proceed on Foot. — Alps. — Mont Blanc. —
Effect of the Scene.
'T was late — the sun had almost shone His last and best, when I ran on, Anxiety to reach that splendid view, Before the day-beams quite withdrew; And feeling as all feel, on first Approaching scenes, where, they are told, Such glories on their eyes will burst, As youthful hearts in dreams beheld.

'T was distant yet, and, as I ran, Full of em was my wishful gaze Tow'd to the sun, who now began To call in all his on-post rays, And form a denser march of light, Such as besears a hero's flight. Oh, how I wish'd for Joshua's power, To slay the brightness of that hour! But no — the sun still less became, Diminiish'd to a speck, as splendid And small as were those tongues of flame, That on th' Apostles' heads descended! —

'T was at this instant — while there glow'd This last, intensest gleam of light — Suddenly, through the opening road, The valley burst upon my sight! That glorious valley, with its Lake, And Alps on Alps in clusters swelling, Mighty, and pure, and fit to make The ramparts of a Godhead's dwelling. I stood entranced — as Rubbins say This whole assembled, gazing world Will stand, upon that awful day, When the Ark's Light, all unbuilt, Among the opening clouds shall shine, Divinity's own radiant sign!

Mighty Mont Blanc, thou wert to me, That minute, with thy brow in heaven, As sure a sign of Deity As e'er to mortal gaze was given. Nor ever, were I destined yet, To live my life twice over again, Can I the deep-felt awe forget, The dream, the trance that rapt me then!

'T was all that consciousness of power And life, beyond this mortal hour; — Those mountings of the soul within At thoughts of Heavn' — as birds begin By instinct in the cage to rise, When near their time for change of skies; — That proud assurance of our claim To rank among the Sons of Light, Mingled with shame — oh bitter shame! — At having risk'd that splendid right, For aught that earth through all its range Of glories, offers in exchange! —
'T was all this, at that instant brought, Like breaking sunshine, o'er my thought —
'T was all this, kindled to a glow Of sacred zeal, which, could it shine Thus purely ever, man might grow, Ev'n upon earth, a thing divine, And be, once more, the creature made To walk unaid'd th' Elysian shade!

No, never shall I lose the trace Of what I've felt in this blessed place. And, should my spirit's hope grow weak, Should I, oh God, e'er doubt thy power, This mighty scene again I'll seek, At the same calm and glowing hour, And here, at the sublimest shrine That Nature ever rear'd to Thrice, Rekindle all that hope divine, And feel my immortal joy! —

1 The only authority I know for imputing this practice to Plato and Herodotus, is a Latin poem by M. de Valois on his Bed, in which he says: —
Lucret Herodotum vidit Vesperaque cubantem, Dux editaque hic Plato sage predicto.
2 Sir Richard Blackmore was a physician, as well as a bad poet.
3 Ladem cura need minores, inter cruciatas animam inflictem agentibus, altum Auibiono Prudens Danico hero, cum Bruto ipse, intestina ebrachis, immaniiter torquere, tum cum novo carmine exulcit, &c. — Bartholin, de Cariss Contempt. Mot.
4 Made of paper, twisted up like a fan or feather.
5 Madame de Stael.
6 Between Vallay and Gex.
RHYMES ON THE ROAD.

EXTRACT II.

Geneva.

FATE OF GENeva IN THE YEAR 1782.
A FRAGMENT.

Yes — if there yet live some of those, Who, when this small Republic rose, Quick as a startled hive of bees, Against her lingering enemies —
When, as the Royal Stars shook His well-known letters at her gates, Ev'n wives and mothers arm'd, and took Their stations by their sons and mates;
And on these walls there stood — ye', too, Shave to the traitors — would have stood As firm a band as e'er let flow At Freedom's base their sacred blood;
If those yet live, who, on that night, When all were watching, girl for light, Stole, like the creeping of a pest, From rank to rank, from breast to breast, Filling the weak, the old with fears, Turning the heroine's zeal to tears —
Betraying Honour to that brink, Where, one step more, and he must sink — And quenching hopes, which, through the last, Like meteors on a drowsy mast, Would yet have led to death more bright, Than life e'er look'd, in all its light! That son, too soon to depart,
Throughout the embattled thousands ran, And the high spirit, late in arms, The zeal that might have work'd such charms, Fell, like a broken timman — Their gates, that they had sworn should be The gates of Death, that very dawn,
Gave passage widely, bloodless.
To the proud foe — nor sword was drawn, Nor ev'n one martyr'd body cast To save their foes, as they pass'd;
But, of the many sworn at night, To do or die, some fled the sight, Some stood to look, with sullen frown,
While some, in impotent despair, Broke their bright armour and lay down, Weeping, upon the fragments there —
If those, I say, who brought that shame, That blast upon Geneva's name, Be living still — though crime so dark Shall hang up, hid and unforgiven, In History's page, th' eternal mark.
For Scorn to pierce — so help me, Heaven, I wish the traitor's slaves no worse, No deeper, deadlier disaster, From all earth's ill no fuller curse Than to have * * * * * * * * * their master!

EXTRACT III.

Geneva.

Fancy and Truth. — Hippomenes and Atalanta. —
Mont Blanc. — Clouds.

Even here, in this region of wonders, I find
That light-footed Fancy leaves Truth far behind;
Or, at least, like Hippomenes, turn her astray —
By the golden illusions he flings in her way.

What a glory it seem'd the first evening I gazed! Mont Blanc, like a visor, then suddenly rais'd
On the wreck of the sunset — and all his army
Of high-towering Alps, touch'd still with a light
Far holier, purer than that of the Day.
As if nearness to Heaven had made them so bright
Then the dying, at last, of these splendours away
From peak to peak, till they left but a ray,
One roseate ray, that, too precious to fly
Over the hilly Mounrains still glowering hugh,
Like the last sunny step of Asaera, when high
From the summits of earth to Elysium she sprung! And those minute Alps, stretching out from the sight
Till they mingled with Heaven, now shorn of their light,
Stood holy, and lifeless, and pale in the sky,
Like the ghosts of a Gaint Creation gone by!

That scene — I have view'd it this evening again,
By the same brilliant light that hung over it then —
The valley, the lake in their tenderest charms —
Mont Blanc in his awfulest pomp — and the whole
A bright picture of Beauty, reclin'd in the arms
Of Sublimity, bridegroom elect of her soul!
But there are the mountains, that round me at first,
One dazzling horizon of miracles, burst!
Those Alps beyond Alps, without end swelling on
Like the waves of eternity — where are they gone? —
Clouds — clouds — they were nothing but clouds, after all.
That claim of Mont Blancs, which my fancy play'd over,
With a wonder that sought on this earth can recall,
Were but clouds of the evening, and now are so more.

What a picture of life's young illusions! Oh, Night,
Drop thy curtain, at once, and hide all from my sight.

EXTRACT IV.

Milan.


Went to the Brera — saw a Dance of Loves
By smooth Alabino; * a him, whose pencil teems
With Cupids, numerous as in summer groves
The leaders are, or mates in summer beams.

*Is for the theft of Euna's flower from earth,
These arches celebrate their dance of mirth

utique cupidine pomi
Declinat cursus, avarumque volitili.

Ovid.

It is often very difficult to distinguish between clouds and Alps; and on the evening when I first saw this magnificent scene, the clouds were so disposed along the whole horizon, as to deceive me into an idea of the stupendous extent of these mountains, which my subsequent observation was very far, of course, from confirming.

This picture, the Azar of Guercino, and the Apostle of Guido (the two latter of which are now the chief ornaments of the Brera), were formerly to the Palazzo Zamberti at Bologna.

Of Euna, where Proserpine, gathering flowers, herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis was gather'd.
Round the green tree, like fays upon a heath —
Those, that are nearest, link'd in order bright,
Cheek after cheek, like rose-buds in a wreath;
And those, more distant, showing from beneath
The others' wings their little eyes of light.
White see, among the clouds, their eldest brother,
But just blown up, tells with a smile of bliss
This prank of Pluto to his charmed mother,
Who turns to greet the tidings with a kiss!

Well might the Loves rejoice — and well did they,
Who wove these fables, picture, in their weaving,
That blessed truth, (which, in a darker day,
Ozen left his sanctum for believing,)
That Love, eternal Love, whose fadless ray
Nor time, nor death, nor sin can overturn.
E'en to the depths of hell will find his way,
And soothe, and heal, and triumph there at last!

GUERCINO'S AGAR — where the bond-maid bears
From Abrim's lips that he and she must part;
And looks at him with eyes all full of tears,
That seem the very last drops from her heart.
Exquisite picture! — let me not be told
Of minor faults, of colouring tawdry and cold
If thus to conjure up a face so fair;²
So full of sorrow — with the story there
Of all that woman suffers, when the stay
Her trusting heart hath hearken'd on tall away —
If thus to touch the bosom's tenderest spring.
By calling into life such eyes, as bring
Back to our sad remembrance some of those
We've smil'd and wept with, in their joys and woes,
Thus filling them with tears, like tears we've known,
Till all the picture's grief becomes our own
If this be deemed the victory of Art —
If thus, by pen or pencil, to lay bare
The deep, fresh, living fountains of the heart
Before all eyes, be Genius — it is there!

EXTRACT V.

FANCY AND REALITY. —Rain-drops and Lakes.—Plan
Of a Story. — Where to place the Scene of it. — In
Some unknown Region. — Psalminus's Impressures with respect to the Island of Formosa.

The more I've view'd this world, the more I've found,
That, fill'd as it is with scenes and creatures rare,
Fancy commands, within her own bright round,
A world of scenes and creatures far more fair.
Nor is it that her power can call up there
A single charm, that's not from nature won,
More than runaways, in their pride, can wear
A single hue unborrow'd from the sun —
But 'twixt the mental medium: it shines through,
That leads to Beauty all its charm and hue;
As the same light, that o'er the level lake
One dull monoton of lucres cling,
Will, en'ring in the rounded rain-drop, make
Colours as gay as those on Persia's wing.
And such, I deem, the difference between real,
Existing Beauty and that form ideal,
Which she assumes, when seen by poet's eyes.

1 The extension of the Divine Love ultimately even to the regions of the damned.
2 It is probable that this fine head is a portrait, as we find it engraved in a picture by Guercino, which is in the possession of Signor Canocchi, the brother of the celebrated artist at Rome.

Like sunshine in the drop — with all those eyes,
Which Fancy's variegating prism supplies.
I have a story of two lovers, fill'd
With all the pure romance, the blissful sadness,
And the sad, doubtful bliss, that ever thrilled.
Two young and longing hearts in that sweet madness,
But where to choose the region of my vision
In this wide, vulgar world — what real spot
Can be found out sufficiently Elysian.
For two such perfect lovers I know not.
Oh for some fair Formosa, such as he.
I be young Jew, fabled of, in the Indian Sea,
By nothing, but the name of Beauty renown'd.
And which Queen Fancy might make all her own,
Her fairy kingdom — take it: people, lands,
And tenements into her own bright hands,
And make, at least, one earthly corner fill
For Love to live in, pure and exquisite!

EXTRACT VI.

The Fall of Venice not to be lamented. — Former Glory.—Expedition against Constantinople.—Giustinianis.—Republic.—Characteristics of the old Government.—Golden Book.—Brunz Lunta.—Spies. — Dungeons. — Present Desolation.

Mourn not for Venice: though her fall
Be awful, as if Ocean's wave
Swept o'er her, she deserves it all,
And Justice triumphs o'er her grave.
Thus perish'd ev'ry King and State,
That run the guilty race she ran,
Strong but ill, and only great
By outrage against God and man!

True, her high spirit is at rest,
And all those days of glory gone,
When the world's waters, east and west,
Beneath her white wing'd commerce shone;
When, with her countless harks, she went
To meet the Orient Empire's might: ²
And Giustinian's sent
Their hundred heroes to that fight.

Vanish'd are all her pomp's; it is true,
But mourn not nor yet, — for vanish'd, too,
(Thanks to that Power, who, soon or late,
Hurst to the dust the guilty Great.) ²
Are all the outrage, falsehood, fraud,
The chain, the rapine, and the blood,
That fill'd each spot, at home, abroad,
Where the Republic's standard stood.

² Under the Doge Michaeli, in 1171.
³ "La famille entière des Giustiniani, l'une des plus illustres de Venise, voulut marcher toute ensemble dans cette expédition; elle renfermait cent contadins; c'était renouveler l'exemple d'une illustre famille de Rome; le même malheur les attendait." — Histoire de Venise, par Duru.
Desolate Venice; when I track
Thy haughty course through centuries back;
Thy ruthless power, they'd but curt
The stern machinery of thy State,
Which hatred would, like steam, have burst,
Had a stronger fear not chill'd en'v'y hate;
Their smiles, like mine, that the Thine name,
Thy own unboshing Sarg chart;
Thy friendship, which, over all beneath,
Its shadow, run'd down de'sh of death;
Thy Olgar's Book of Gold,
Glad'd a na'ive humbler than mine's name,
But open'd wide for slaves who sold
Their native land to thee and shame;
Thy all-pervading host of spies,
Watching o'er every glance and breath,
Till men to'd in each other's;
To read their chance of life or death;
Thy laws, that made a heart of blood,
And legaliz'd the assassin's knife;
Thy sunless cells beneath the flood,
And racks, and Leads, that burn't out life;

1 The celebrated Fra Paolo. The collection of
Maxims which this bold monk drew up at the request of the
Venetian Government, for the guidance of the
Secret Inquisition of State, are so atrocious as to seem
rather to have been drawn up by the hands of
a stern despot than by some system of policy, seriously inculted, and but too
readily and constantly pursued.

The spirit, in which these maxims of Father Paul
are conceived, may be judged from the instructions
which the government for the management of the Venetian colonies and provinces.
Of the former he says:
"It faut les traiter comme des animaux feroce, les
regarder les denis, et les gribes, les humilier suivent,
surtout leur oter les occasions de s'affamer. Du pain
et le lait, voila ce qu'il leur faut; gagner l'Homme
pour une meilleu're occasion."

For the treatment of the provinces he advises thus:
"Tendre a depouiller les villes de leurs privileges,
faire que les habitans s'appas-sent et que leurs
biens soient achetés par les Venitiens. Ceux qui, dans
les conseils municipaux, se montreront ou plus audaceux
ou plus devous aux interets de la population, il
faut les perdre ou les gagner a quelque prix que ce
soit; enfin, si l'on trouve dans les provinces quelques
chef d'ennemi, il faut les arracher."

2 By the infamous statutes of the State Inquisition,*
only not was assassination recognized as a regular
mode of punishment, but this secret power over life
was delegated to their minions at a distance, with
nearly as much facility as a license is given under the
game laws of England. The only restriction seems to
have been the necessity of applying for a new certi-
cate, after every individual exercise of the power.

3 M. Daru has given an abstract of these Statutes,
from a manuscript in the Bibliothèque du Roi, and it
is to be regretted that such a valuable tract of treachery
and cruelty should ever have been established by any go-
vernment, or submitted to, for an instant, by any
people. Among various precautions against the in-
trigues of their own Nobles, we find the following:

"Pour persuader aux étrangers qu'il était difficiles et
dangereux d'entretenir quelqu'un deure secrec avec les
nobles Venitiens, on imagina de faire avertir myste-
erieusement le Nonce du Pape (afin que les autres
ministres en fussent informes) que l'Inquisition avait
auroria le patricien a pruchier qu'on avaissait
raison de teinter leur fidélité. Mais craignant que les
ambassadeurs ne préissent moi d'écrire une déliberation,
qui en effet n'existant pas, l'Inquisition
voulait prouver qu'elle en était capable. Elle oronna
des recherches pour découvrir s'il n'y avait pas dans
Venise quelque exile adversaire du commun, qui eût
rompu son ban; ensuite un des patriciens qui habitoit
aux gages du tribunal, recut la mission d'assassiner ce
malheureux, et l'ordre de s'en vanter, en disant qu'il
avait porté une acte, parce que ce banni etait l'agent
d'un ministre étranger, et avait montré le corromp
"— "Remarques," adds M. Daru, "que ceci
n'est pas une simple anecdote; c'est une mission pro-
ette, délibérée, écrite d'avance; une règle de cou-
duite tracée par des hommes graves a leurs succes-
sers, et consignée dans des statuts."

The cases, in which assassination is ordered by
these Statutes, are as follow:

"Un ouvrier de l'arsenal, un chef de ce qu'on appelle
parmi les marins le monstre, passait il au
service de l'étrange, et autre place qu'il
seul prétendait à ce qu'il avait prétendu: il fallait le faire
assassiner, surtout s'il s'agissait d'un ennemi redoutable
et habile dans sa profession."

"Avait-il connue quelqu'une action qu'on ne jugait
pas préjudiciale à la juridiction, on devait la faire
rapprocher."

"Un artisan passait-il à l'étranger en y exportant
quelque produit de l'industry nationale: c'était en-
core un crime capitale, que la loi incriminait ordinairement
pour pâtre un assassin."

"Le patricien se permettant le moindre propos
contre le gouvernement, etait perfection deux fois et
à la troisième non-e comme incorrigible."

"Les prisons des plombes, c'est-à-dire ces forter-
aises doutes qu'on avait distribuées en petites cel-
lules sous les terrasses qui couvrent le palais.
How all who know — and where is he unknown?  
To what far region have his songs not flown, 
Like Phaeton's birds, speaking his master's name, 
In ev'ry language, syllabled by Fame? —
How all, who've felt the various spells combin'd 
Within the circle of that master-mind, 
Like stars deriv'd from many a star, and met 
Together in some wondrous amulet —
Would burn to know when first the Light awoke 
In his young soul, — and if the glens that broke 
From that Aurora of his genius, raised 
May be or bliss in these orblins they blazed; 
Would love to trace tl' unfoldng of that power, 
Which hath grown ampler, grander, every hour; 
And feel, in watching o'er his first advance, 
As did th' Egyptian traveller, when he stood 
By the young Nile, and fathomed with his lance 
The first small fountains of that mighty flood. 

They, too, who, mid the scornful thoughts that dwell 
In his rich fancy, tugging all its streams,— 
As if the Star of Bitterness, which fell 
On earth of old, had touch'd them with its beams,—
Can track a spirit, which, though driven to hate, 
From Nature's hands came kind, indifferent; 
And which, ev'n now, struck as it is with bright, 
Comes out, at times, in love's own native light; —
How gladly all, wh'v'e watch'd these struggling rays 
Of a bright, rude'nd spirit through his slys, 
Would here inquire, as from his own frank lips, 
What desolating things of its grand last 
Nought, but the cold, shadow which it cast! 

Eventful volume! whatsoever the change 
Of scene and clime — the' adventures, bold and strange —
The griefs — the trait'ries, but too frankly told — 
The loves, the feuds thy pages may unfold, 
If Truth with half so prompt a hand unlocks 
His virtues as his failings, we shall find 
The record there of friend-hops held like rocks, 
And enmities, like sun's touch'd snow, rasped, 
Of fealty, cheri'dd without change or chill, 
In tho' who serv'd him, young, and serve him still; 
Of generous aid, given wh'v'n that noiseless art 
Which wakes not pride, to many a wounded heart; 
Of acts — but, un — not from himself must sought 
Of the bright features of his life be sought. 
While they, who court the world, like Milton's cloud,

"Turn forth their silver lining" on the crowd, 
This gift'd being wraps himself in night; 
And, keeping all that softens, and adorns, 
And gilds his social nature hid from sight, 
Torns but its darkness on a world he scorns. 

EXTRACT VIII. Venice.

Female Beauty at Venice. — No longer what it was

1 Psaphon, in order to attract the attention of the world, taught multitudes of birds to speak his name, and then let them fly away in various directions; whence the proverb, "Psaphon aves." 
2 Bruce.
3 And the name of the star is called Wormwood, and the third part of the waters became wormwood. — Rev. vii.
4 "Did a sable cloud 
Turn forth her silver lining on the night?"


Thy brave, thy learned, have past away; 
Thy beautiful! — ah, where are they? 
The forms, the faces, that once shone, 
Models of grace, in Titian's eye.
Where are they now? while flowers live on 
In ruin'd places, why, oh why, 
Must Beauty thus with Glory die? 
That maid, whose lips would still have mov'd. 
Could art again a spirit through them; 
Which varying charms her artist lov'd 
More fondly every time he drew them, 
(So oft beneath his touch they pass'd, 
Each semblance fairer than the last; 
Wearing each shape that Fancy's range 
Offers to Love — yet still the one 
Fair ideal, seen through every change, 
Like facets of some orient stone,—
In each the same bright image shone.
Sometimes a Venus, marry'st 
But in her beauty, — sometimes deck'd 
In costly raiment, as a maid 
That kings might for a throne select.
Now high and proud, like one who thought 
The world should at her feet be bough'd; 
Now, with a look reproachful, seld, 
Unwonted look from brow so glad; —
And telling of a pain too deep 
For tongue to speak or eye to weep. 
Sometimes, through allegory's veil, 
In double semblance seen to produce, 
Telling a strange and mystic tale 
Of Love Profane and Love Divine —
Akin in features, but in heart 
As far as earth and heaven apart, 
Or else the quaint device to prove 
The frailty of all worldly love 
Holding a globe of glass, as thin 
As air-blow'd bubbles, in her hand, 
With a young Love confin'd therein, 
Whose wing's can't afford to expand —
And telling, by her anxious eyes, 
That, if that frail orb breaks, he flies.

Thou, too, with touch magnificent, 
Paul of Verona! — where are they? 
The oriental forms, — that last 
Thy canvas such a bright array! 
Noble and gorgeous dames, whose dress 
Seems part of their own loveliness; 

5 In the Tribune at Florence. 
6 In the Palazzo Pitti. 
7 Alludes particularly to the portrait of her in the Sciarra collection at Rome, where the look of mournful reproach in those full, shadowy eyes, as if she had been unjustly accused of something wrong, is exquisite.
8 The fine picture in the Palazzo Borghese, called (it is not easy to say why) "Sacred and Profane Love," in which the two figures, sitting on the edge of the fountain, are evidently portraits of the same person.
9 This fanciful allegory is the subject of a picture by Titian in the possession of the Marquis Cambio at Turin, whose c election, though small, contains some beautiful specimens of all the great masters.
10 As Paul Veronese gave but little into the beau ideel, his women may be regarded as pretty close imitations of the living models which Venice afforded in his time.
Like the sun's drapery, which, at eve,
The floating clouds around him wave,
Of light they from himself receive!

There is there now the living face
Like those that, in thy mortal throng,
By their superb, voluptuous grace,
Make us forget the time, the place,
The holy guests they smile among,—
Till, in that feast of heaven-sent wine,
We see no miracles but thine.

If ever, except in Painting's dream,
There bion'd such beauty here, 'tis gone,—
Gone, like the face that in the stream
Of Ocean for an instant shone,
When Venus at that mirror gave
A last look, ere she left the wave.
And though, among the crowded ways,
We oft are startled by the blaze
Of eyes that pass, with hifful light,
Like fire-flies on the wing at night, 2
'T is not that nobler beauty, given
To show how angels look to heaven,
E'en in its shape most pure and fair,
'T is Beauty, with but half her zone,—
All that can warm the Sense is there,
But the soul's deeper charm is shown:—
'T is Raphael's Fiorarina, warm,
Luxuriant, arch, but unrifled;
A flower, round which the noontide swarm
Of young desires may buzz and wind,
But where true love no treasure meets,
Worth hearing in his hive of sweets.

Ah no,—for this, and for the hue
Upon the rounded check, which tells
How fresh, within the heart, this dew
Of Love's unried sweetness dwells;
We must go back to our own Isles,
Where Modesty, which here but givés
A rare and transient grace to smiles,
In the heart's holy centre lives;
And thence, as from her throne diffuses
Over thoughts and looks so bland a reign,
That not a thought or feeling loses
Its freshness in that gentle chain.

—

EXTRACT IX.

Venice.

The English to be met with everywhere.—Alps and Threadneedle Street.—The Simpion and the Stocks.

—Rage for travelling.—Blue Stockings among the Wahabees.—Parasols and Pyramids.—Mrs. Hopkins and the Wall of China.

And is there then no earthly place,
Where we can rest, in dream Elysian,
Without some curl, round English face,
Popping up near, to break the vision?
Mid northern lakes, mid southern vines,
Ubolly ews we're doom'd to meet;
Nor highest Alps or Apennines
Are saved from Threadneedle Street!

If up the Simpion's path we wind,
Fancying we leave this world behind,
Such pleasant sounds a muted ear
As—"Babbling news from Change, my dear—
'Tis the Funds—[pew, curse this ugly hill!—
Are lowering fast—[what, higher still?—"

1 The Marriage of Cana.
2 "Certain it is (as Arthur Young truly and feelingly says) one now and then meets with terrible eyes in Italy."
No, nothing cheers this widow'd heart—
My only joy, from thee apart,
From thee thyself, in sitting hours
And days, before thy p'nted form—
That dream of thee, which Raphael's powers
Have made with all but life-breath warm!
And as I smile to it, and say,
The words I speak to thee in play,
I fancy from their silent frame,
Those eyes and lips give back the same;
And still I gaze, and still they keep
Smiling thus on me—till I weep!
Our little boy, too, knows it well,
For there I lead him every day,
And teach his lisping lips to tell
The name of one that's for away.
Forgive me, love, but thus alone
My time is cheer'd, while thou art gone.

**EXTRACT XI.**

No——it is not the region where Love's to be found—
They have bosoms that sigh, they have glances that rove,
They have language a Sappho's own lip might round;
When she wrangled her best—but they've nothing like Love.

Nor is it that pure sentiment only they want,
Which Heav'n for the mild and the tranquil hath made—
Calm, wedded affection, that home-rooted plant,
Which sweetens seclusion, and smiles in the shade;

That feeling, which, after long years have gone by,
Remains, like a portrait we've sat for in youth,
Where, even though the blush of the colours may fly,
The features still live, in their first smiling truth;

That union, where all that in Woman is kind,
With all that in Man most endow'd with love,
Grow wearied into one—like the column, combin'd
Of the strength of the shaft and the capital's flowers.

Of this—bear ye witness, ye wives, everywhere,
By the Arm, the Po, by all Italy's streams—
Of this heart-wedded love, so delicious to share,
Not a husband hath even one glimpse in his dreams.

But it is not this, only—born full of the light
Of a sun, from whose fount the luxuriant leasons
Of these beautiful valleys drink desire so bright,
That, beside him, our sons of the north are but moons,

We might fancy, at least, like their climate they beard;
And that I love, though unsaid, in this region of spring,
To be thus in a tame Household Deity turn'd,
Would yet be all soul, when abroad on the wing,

And there may be, there are those explosions of heart,
Which burst, when the secesse have first caught the flame;
Such firsts of the blood as those climates impart,
Where Love is a sun-stroke, that maddens the frame.

But that Passion, which springs in the depth of the soul;
Whose beginnings are virginy pure as the source
Of some small mountain rivulet, destined to roll
As a torrent, ere long, losing peace in its course—

A course, to which Modesty's struggle but lends
A more headlong descent, without chance of recall;
But which Modesty ev'n to the last edge attends,
And, then, throws a halo of tears round its fall!

This exquisite Passion—ay, exquisite, even
And the ruin its madness too often hath made,
As it keeps, even then, a bright trace of the heaven,
That heaven of Virtue from which it has stray'd—

This entireness of love, which can only be found,
Where Woman, like something that's holy, watch'd over,
And封'd, from her childhood, with purity round,
Comes, body and soul, fresh as Spring, to a lover!

Where not an eye answers, where not a hand presses,
'Till spirit with spirit in sympathy move;
And the Senses, asleep in their secret recesses,
Can only be reach'd through the temple of Love!

This perfection of Passion—how can it be found,
Where the mystery nature hath hung round the tie
By which a soul and spirit together attracted and bound,
Is laid open, for ever, to heart, ear, and eye—

Where nought of that innocent doubt can exist,
That ignorance, even then knowledge more bright,
Which circles the young, like the form's sunny mist,
And curvies them round in their own native light—

Where Experience leaves nothing for Love to reveal,
Or for Fanc'd, in visions, to glean over the thought;
But the truths which, alone, we would be conicted
From the maiden's young heart, are the only ones taught.

No, no, 'tis not here, howsoever we sigh,
Whether purely to Hymene's one planet we pray,
Or adore, like Savages, each light of Love's sky,
Here is not the region, to fix or to stray.

For faithless in wedlock, in gallantry gross,
Without honour to guard, or reserve to restrain;
What have they, a husband can mourn as a loss?
What have they, a lover can prize as a gain?

**EXTRACT XII.**

Florence.


**If it be true that Music reigns,
Supreme, in Italy's soft shades,
'†'T is like that Harmony, so famous,
Among the spheres, which, He of Samus Declard, had such transcendent merit,
That not a soul on earth could hear it;
For, far as I have come—from Lakes,
Whose sleep the Tranmontane breaks,
Through Milan, and that land, which gave
The Hero of the rainbow vest—
By Minucio's banks, and by that wave,
Which made Verona's hand so blest—
Places, that (like the Attic shore,
Which rings back music, when the sea
Struck on its verge) should be, all o'er,
Thrilling alive with melody—

1 Bergamo — the birth-place, it is said, of Harlequin.  
2 The Lago di Garda.)
I've heard no music—not a note
Of such sweet native air as that,
In my own land, among the throng,
And speak our nation's song for all.

Nay, ev'n in higher walks, where Art
Performs, as 't were, the gardener's part,
And riches, if not more, the Purveyor's
The flowers she from the wild-hedge takes
Ev'n there, no voice ha欠 charm'd my ear;
No taste ha欠 won my perfect praise.
Like thine, dear friend 3 — long, truly dear—
Thine, and thy lord's Olivia's lays.
She, always beautiful, and growing
Still more so every note she sings—
Like an inspir'd young Sibyl, 2 glowing
With her own bright imaginings!
And thou, most worthy to be tied
In music to her, as in love,
Breathing that language by her side,
All other language far above,
Eloquent Song—whose tones and words
In every heart find answering chords

How happy once the hours we past,
Singing or listening all day long,
Till Time itself seem'd chang'd, at last,
To music, and we liv'd in song!
Turning the leaves of Haydn o'er,
As quick, beneath her master hand,
They o'jend all their brilliant stores,
Like chambers, touch'd by fairy wand;
Or o'er the V 0 9 0 e of Mozart bending,
Now by his airy warblings cheered,
Now in his mournful Requiem blending
Voices, through which the heart was heard.

And still, to lead our evening choir,
Was He heav'd th, thy hermone's Sure 3
He, who, if sought or grace there be
To the wild notes I write or sing,
First smooth'd their links of harmony,
And lent them charms they did not bring;
He, of the gentlest, simplest heart,
With whom, employ'd in his sweet art,
(That art, which gives this world of ours
A no jon how they speak in heaven.)
I've pass'd more bright and charmed hours
Than all earth's wisdom could have given.
Oh, happy days, oh, early friends,
How Life, since then, hath lost its flowers!
But yet—though Time some foliage rends
The stem, the Friendship, still is ours;
And long may it endure, as green,
And fresh as it hath always been!
How I have wand'red from my theme!
But where is he, that could return
To such cold subjects from a dream,
Through which these best of feeling burst? —
Not all the works of Science, Art,
Or Genius in this world are worth
One sighing sigh, that from the heart
Friendship or Love draws freshly forth.

RHYMES ON THE ROAD.

Conspiracy of Rienzi, in 1347, 4 — The Meeting of
the Conspirators on the Night of the 19th of May.
— Their Procession in the Morning to the Capitol.
— Rienzi's Speech.

'T was a proud moment—ev'n to hear the words
Of Truth and Freedom in these temples breath'd;
And see, once more, the Purveyor's word—
In the Republic's sacred name un-buried—
That glimpse, that vision of a brighter day
For his dear Rome, must to a Roman be,
Short as it was, worth ages past away
In the dull lapse of hopeless slavery.

'T was on a night of May, beneath that moon,
Which had, through many an age, seen Time un-dune
The strings of this Great Empire, till it fell
From his rude hands, a broken, silent shell—
The sound of the church clock, 5 near Adrian's Tomb,
Summon'd the warrors, who had risen for Rome,
To meet unarmed—'I with music to watch them there,
But God's own eye,—and pass the night in prayer.

Holy beginning of a holy cause,
When heroes, girl for Freedom's combat pause
Before high Heaven's, and, humble in their might,
Call down its blessing on that coming light.

At dawn, in arms, went forth the patriot band;
And, as the breeze, fresh from the Tiber, climb'd
Their gilded goutions, all eyes could see
The palm-tree there, the sword, the keys of
Heaven—

Types of the justice, peace, and liberty,
That were to bless them, when their chains were
riven.
On to the Capitol the pensive mov'd,
While many a Shade of other times, that still
Around that grave of grandeur sighed mov'd.
Hung o'er their footsteps up the Sacred Hill,
And heard its mournful echoes, as the last
High-minded heirs of the Republic pass'd.
'T was then that thou, their Tribune, 6 (name which
brought
Dreams of lost glory to each patriot's thought,)
Dost, with a spirit Rome in vain shall seek
To wake up in her sons again, thus speak:

"Renaus, look round you—on this sacred place
There once stood shrines, and gods, and godlike
men,

"What see you now? what solitary trace
Is left of all, that made Rome's glory then?"

The "Conjuration of Nicolas Gabrini, dit de
Rienzi," by the Jesuit De Cerceau, is chiefly taken
from the much more authentic work of Forthoese
on the same subject. Rienzi was the son of a band-
drew.

5 It is not easy to discover what church is meant by
Du Cerceau here: — "Il fit crier dans les rues de
Rome, a son de trompe, que chacun a se trouver,
sans armes, la nuit du lendemain, dix neufveine,
in l'esglise du chateau de Saint-Auge, au son de la
cloche, abo de pourvoir au Bon Etat."
6 Les gentilshommes conjurai pourvoient devant
lui trois teunders. Nicolas Guatbro, surnomme Le
bon dispay, portait le premier, qui etait de cuivren
rouge, et plus grand que les autres. On voyait des
caracteres d'or avec une femme assise sur deux lions,
tenuant d'une main le globe du monde, et de l'autre
l'esta Palmc pour représenter la ville de Rome.
C'etait le Genelion de la Libertc. Le second, a fonds
bla c, avec un St. Paul tenant de la droite une Epee
cue et de la gauche la couronne de Justice, et porte
par Ernane Magouaisc, qui tenait une timpe; dans
le troisieme, St. Pierre avait en main les clefs de
la Concorde et du Paix. Tout cela imitait le des-
sein de Rienzi, qui etait de rehabiller la libertc la
justice et la paix"— "Du Cerceau, liv. ii.

1 Rienzi.
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“Thf shrines are sunk, the Sacred Mount is left
Even of its name — and nothing now remains
But the debris of that glory, left
To what our pangs and aggravate our chains!
But what this be? — our sun and sky the same,—
Treating the very soil our fathers trode,—
What withering curse hath fli'd on soul and frame,
What vain and idle thought there comes of God,
To blast our strength, and put us into slaves,
Here, on our great forefathers’ glorious graves?
It cannot be — rise up, ye mighty dead,—
If we, the living, are too weak to crush
These tyrant priests, that o'er your empire tread;
Till all but Romeus at Rome's tameness blush!

Happy, Palmyra, in thy desert domes,
Where only date-trees sigh and serpents hiss;
And thou, whose pillars are but silent homes
For the stock's brood, superb Ierapeolis!

Turee happy both, that your exterminating race
Have left no embers — no half-life living
No slaves, to crawl around the once proud spot,
Till past renown in present shame's forgot.

When Rome, the Queen of all,What! these very wrecks,
If long and lifelike through a desert burn’d,
Would wear more true magnificence than decks
The assembled thrones of all the existing world—
Rome, Rome alone, is haunted, staid and curst,
Through every spot her princely Tiber rolls,
By living human things — the deadliest, worst,
This earth engenders — tyrants and their slaves!
And we — oh shame! — we, who have ponder'd o'er
The patriot's lesson and the poet's lay: 1
Have mounted up the streams of ancient lore,
Tracking our country's glories: all the way
Even we have tamely, basely kist the ground
Before that Papal Power, — that Ghost of Her,
The World's Imperial Mistress — sitting, crow'd
And gaily, on her moulderling sepulture! 2

But this is past: — too long have lordly priests
And priestly lords led us, with all our pride
Withering about us — like devoted beasts,
Drugg’d to the shrine, with faded garland tied.

And is it o'er — the dawn of our deliverance breaks!
Upon his sleep of centuries awakes
The Genius of the Old Republic, free
As first he stood, in chariots majesty;
And sends his voice through ages yet to come,

Proclaiming Rome, Rome, Rome, Eternal Rome 1 roman

EXTRACT XIV.

Rome.

Fragment of a Dream. — The great Painters supposed to be Magicians. — The Beginnings of the Art.—Gildings on the Glories and Draperys. — Improvements under Giottto, &c. — The first Dawn of the true Style in Masaccio. — Studied by all the great Artists who followed him. — Leonardo da Vinci, with whom commenced the Golden Age of Painting.—His knowledge of Mathematics and of Music. — His female Heads all like each other. — Triangular Faces. — Portraits of Mona Lisa, &c.

— Picture of Vanity and Modesty. — The chef-d’oeuvre, the Last Supper. — Faded and almost effaced.

Fill'd with the wonders I had seen,
In Rome's stupendous shrines and halls,
I felt the veil of sleep, serene,
Come over the memory of each scene,
As twilight over the landscape falls.
Nor was it stumber, sound and death,
But such as suit a poet's rest—
That sort of thin, transparent sleep,
Through which his day-dreams shine the best.

Methought upon a plain I stood,
Where certain wondrous men, it was said,
With strange, miraculous power end'd,
Were coming, each in turn, to shed
His arts' illusions o'er the sight,
And call up miracles of light.
The sky above his lonely palace,
Was of that cold, uncertain hue,
The canvas wears, ews, warm'd apart,
Its bright creation dawns to view.

But soon a glimmer from the east
Proclaim'd the first enchantments high;

And as the feeble light increas'd
Strange figures move'd across the sky,
With golden glories deck'd, and streaks
Of gold among their garments' dyes;
And life's resemblance light'd their cheeks,
But taught of life was in their eyes—
Like the fresh painted Dead one meets,
Borne slow along Rome's mournful streets.

But soon these figures pass'd away;
And forms succeeded to their place,
With less of gold, in their array,
But shining with more natural grace,
And all could see the charming hands
Had pass'd into more gifted hands.

Among these visions there was one,
Surpassing far, on which the sun,
That instant risen, a beam let fall,
Which through the dusky twilight trembled,
And reach'd at length, the spot where all
Those great magicians seem'd assembled.
And as they turn'd their heads, to view
The rising Juthe, I could trace
The bright varieties it threw
On each uplifted studying face; 2

3 The paintings of those artists who were introduced into Venice and Florence from Greece.

4 Margaritone of Orezzo, who was a pupil and imitator of the Greeks, is said to have invented this art of gilding the ornaments of pictures, a practice which, though it gave way to a purer taste at the beginning of the 16th century, was still occasionally used by many of the great masters: as by Raphael in the ornaments of the Fornarina, and by Rubens not unfrequently in graves and fancies.

5 Cima, Giottto, &c.

6 The works of Masaccio. — For the character of this powerful and original genius, see Sir Joshua Reynolds's twelfth discourse. His celebrated frescoes are in the church of St. Pietro del Carmine, at Florence.

7 All the great artists studied, and many of them borrowed from Masaccio. Several figures in the Cartoons of Raphael are taken, with but little alteration, from his frescoes.

8 These words are, as near as I can recollect: "For what is the Papacy, but the Ghost of the old Roman Empire, sitting crowned on the grave thereof?"
While many a voice with loud acclaim,
Cafti forth, "Masaccio! as the name
Of him, the Enchanter, who had raised
This miracle, on which all gazed.

'Twas daybreak now—the sun had risen,
From out the dungeon of old Night,—
Likewise the Apotheosis, from his fasting play,
Led by the Angel's band of light;
And— as the fetters, when that ray
Of glory reach'd them, dropp'd away,
So fled the clouds at touch of day!
Thus, then, a bearded sage forth;
Who oft in thoughtful dream would stand,
To trace upon the dusty earth
Such learned figures with his wand;
And oft he took the silver flute
And walk'd such music as, when mute,
Left in the soul a thirst for more!

Meanwhile, his potent spells went on,
And forms and faces, that from out
A depth of shadow midway, wore
Were in the soft air seen about.

Though thick as midnight stars they beam'd,
Yet all the living sisters seem'd,
So close, in every point, resuming
Lucid as if through crystal trembling;
Yet st ill as if suffused with sigh;
To the long, love-near, moon, and chin,
Lovely tapering, less and less,
Till, by this very charming excess,
Like virtue on the verge of sin,
It touch'd the bounds of ugliness.

Here I look'd as when they liv'd the shades
Of some of Arno's dark-eyed maids—
Such maidens as should adorn our age,
In dreams thus, when their charms are gone:
Some Mona Lisa, on whose eyes
A jasper for whole years might gaze,
Nor find in all his latter's dyes,
One that could even approach their blaze!

Here first two spirit shapes, the one,
With her white fingers to the sun
Outspread, as if to ask his ray
Whether it ere had chang'd to play
On lilies half so fair as these.
This self-same Isabel, was Vanity—
And by her side another smiled,
In form as beautiful as she,
But with that air, subdu'd and mild,
That still revere of purity,
Which is to beauty like the haze
Of evening to some sunny view,
Softening such charms as it displays,

And veiling others in that hue,
Which fancy only can see through!
This phantom nymph, who had so shine,
But the bright Spirit, Modesty?

Long did thelearn'd enchanter stay
To weave his spells, and still there pass'd
As in the last act of a glowing play
Group after group in close array,
Each fairer, grander, than the last.
But the great triumph of his power
Was yet to come:—gradual and slow,
(As all that is ordained to tower)
Among the works of man most great,
The sacred vision stole to view,
In that half light, half shadow shown,
Which gives to even the gayest hue
A sober'd, melancholy tone.

It was a vision of that last,
Sorrowful night which Jesus pass'd
With his disciples when he said
Mournfully to them—"I shall be
Betray'd by one of those who here have fed
"This night at the same board with me."
And though the Saviour, in the dream
Spoke not these words, we saw them beam
Legibly in his eyes (so well
The great enchanter might work his spell),
And read in every thoughtful line
Imprinted on that brow divine,
The meek, the tender nature, grief'd,
Not anger'd, to be thus deceived—
Celestial love requited ill
For all its care, yet loving still—
Deep, deep regret that there should fall
From man's deceit so foul a blight
Upon that parting hour—and all
His Spirit must have felt that night
Who, soon to die for human-kind,
Thought only, 'mid his mortal pain,
How many a soul was left behind
For whom he died that death in vain!

Such was the heavenly scene—alas
That scene so bright so soon should pass
But pictur'd on the humid air,
Its tints, ere long, grew languid there; 8
And storms came on, that; cold and rough,
Asmiting its gen'rous gloves all—
As when the lashing winds blow off
The hues that hang o'er Terni's fall—
Till, one by one, the vision's beams
Faded away, and soon it fled,
To joint those other vision'd dreams
That now fit pally 'mong the dead—
The shadows of those shades, that go,
Around Oblivion's lake, below!

EXTRACT XV.
Rome.
Mary Magdalen.—Her Story.—Numerous Pictures of her.— Correggio.—Guido.—Raphael, &c.

1 "And a light shined in the prison ... and his chains fell off from his hands." Acts.
2 Leonardo da Vinci.
3 His treatise on Mechanics, Optics, &c, preserved in the Ambroisian library at Milan.
4 On dit que Leonardo pavoit pour la première fois a la cour de Milan, dans un espace de concours ouvert entre les meilleurs joueurs de lyre d'Italie. Il se presenta avec une lyre de sa façon, construit en argent—Histoire de la Peinture en Italie.
5 He is said to have been four years employed upon the portrait of this fair Florentine, with so being able, after all, to come up to his idea of her beauty.
6 Vanity and Modesty in the collection of Cardinal Pesch, of Rome. The composition of the four hands here is rather awkward, but the picture, altogether, is very delightful. There is a repetition of the subject in the possession of Lucien Bonaparte.

7 The Last Supper of Leonardo da Vinci, which is in the Refectory of the Convent delle Grazie at Milan. See L'Histoire de la Peinture in Italie, liv. ii. chap. 45. The writer of that interesting work (to whom I take this opportunity of offering my acknowledgments, for the copy he sent me a year since from Rome,) will see I have profited by some of his observations on this celebrated picture.
8 Leonardo appears to have used a mixture of oil and varnish for this picture, which alone, without the various other accidents of time, would have prevented any long duration of its beauty. It is now almost entirely effaced.
RHYMES ON THE ROAD.

Canova's two exquisite Statues.—The Somarina Magdalen,—Chantrey's Admiration of Canova's Works.

No wonder, Mary, that thy story
Touches all hearts,—for there we see
The soul's corruption, and her glory,
In death and life combined in line:
From the first moment, when we find
Thy spirit haunted by a swarm
Of dark desires,—like demons shrill'd
Unholy in that fair form,—
Till when, by touch of Heaven's free,
Thou canst, with those bright locks of gold
(So oft the gaze of Bethany),
And, covering in their precious fold
Thy Sion's feet, didst shed such tears
As paid, each drop, the sins of years!—
Thence on, through all thy course of love,
To Him, thy Heavenly Master,—Him,
Whose bitter death cup from above
Had yet the cordial round the brim,
That woman's faith and love stood fast
And fearless by Him to the last:—
'Till, oh, blest boon for truth like thine!
Thou wert, of all, the chosen one,
Before whose eyes that Face Divine,
When rose from the dead, first shown;
That thou might'st see how, like a cloud,
Had pass'd away its mortal shroud,
And in it bright revelation known
To hearts, less trusting than thy own.
All is affecting, cherishing, grand;
The kindest record ever given,
Even under God's own kindly hand,
Of what Repentance wins from Heaven!

No wonder, Mary, that thy face,
In all its touching light of tears,
Should meet us in each holy place,
Where Man before his God appears,
Hopeless,—who are not taught to see
All hope in Him, who por'phred thee!—
No wonder that the painter's skill
Should oft have triumph'd in the power
Of keeping thee all lovely still
Even in thy sorrow's bitterest hour;
That soft Correggio should diffuse
His sweetest shadows round thy form;
That Guido's sloe, unearthly hues
Should, in pourtraying thee, grow warm;
That all,—from the ideal, grand,
Imitable Roman hand,
Down to the small, enchanting touch
Of smooth Carlino,—should delight
In picturing her, who "lov'd so much,"
And was, in spite of sin, so bright!

But, Mary, amongst these bold essays
Of Genius and of Art to raise
A semblance of the e weeping eyes—
A vision, worthy of the sphere
Thy faith has car'd thee in the skies,
And in the hearts of all men here,—
None e'er has match'd thee, in grief or grace,
Canova's day-dream of thy face,
In those bright sculptur'd forms, more bright
With true expression's breathings light,
Than ever yet, beneath the stroke
Of chisel, in life awaked.
The one, pourtraying what thou wert
In thy first grief,—while yet the flower
Of those young beauties was unburst
By sorrow's low, consuming power;

And mingling earth's seductive grace
With heav'n's subliming thoughts so well,
We doubt, while gazing, in which place
Such beauty was most found to dwell!—
The other, as thou look'dst, when years
Of fasting, penitence, and tears
Had worn thy frame;—and never did Art
With half such speaking power express
The ruin which a breaking heart
Spreads,—by degrees, o'er loneliness.
Those waving arms, that keep the trace,
Even still, of all their youthful grace,
That losen'd hair, of which thy brow
Was once so prou'd,—neglected now!—
Those features, ev'n in fading worth
The freshest bloom to others given,
And those sunk eyes, now lost to earth,
But, to the last, still full of heaven!

Wonderful art s! praise, like mine:
Though springing from a soul, that feels
Deep worship of these works divine,
Where Genius all his light reveals
How weak 'tis to the words that can
From him, thy year in art and fame, 2
Whom I have known, by day, by night,
Hang o'er thy marble with delight:
And, while his lingering hand would steal
O'er every grace the taper's rays, 3
Give thee, wi'h all the generous zeal
Such master spirits only feel,
That best of fame, a rival's praise!

E X T R A C T X V I.

Les Charmettes.

A Visit to the House where Rousseau lived with Madam de Warrens.—Their Mencage.—Its Grandness.—Claude Aretot.—Reverence with which the Spot is now visited.—Absurdity of the Blind Devotion to Fame.—Feelings excited by the Beauty and Seclusion of the Scene.—Disturbed by its Associations with Rousseau's History.—Impositions of Men of Genius.—Their Power of mimicking all the best Feelings. Love, Independence, &c.

Strange power of Genius, that can throw
Round all that's vicious, weak, and low,
Such magic lights, such rainbow dyes
As dazzle ev'n the steadiest eye.

* * * * * *

'Tis worse than weak—'tis wrong,—'tis shame,
This mean prophetation before Fame;
This casting down, beneath the car
Of Idols, whatever they are,
Life's purest, holiest decencies,
To be car'red o'er, as they please.
No—give triumphant Genius all
For which his loudest voice can call,
If he be worshipp'd, let it be
For attributes, his noblest, first;
Not with that base idolatry,
Which sanctifies his last and worst.

To be car'red o'er, as they please.
No—give triumphant Genius all
For which his loudest voice can call,
If he be worshipp'd, let it be
For attributes, his noblest, first;
Not with that base idolatry,
Which sanctifies his last and worst.

high authority, that expression of the intense kind, is fully within the sphere of sculpture, was executed many years ago, and is in the possession of the Count Somariva, at Paris.

2 Chantrey.

3 Canova always shows his fine statue, the Venera Victrix, by the light of a small candle.
I may be cold; — may want that glow
Of high romance, which birds should know;
Yet holy homage, which is felt
In reading where the great have dwelt;
This reverence, whatever it be,
I fear, I feel, I have it not: —
For here, at this still hour, to me
The charms of this delightful spot;
Its calm seclusion from the throng,
From all the heart would fain forget;
This narrow valley, and the song
Of its small murmuring rill;
The lifting, to and fro, of birds,
Tranquil and tame as they were once
In Eden, ere the startling words
Of Man disturbed their osnus;
Those little, shadowy paths, that wind
Up the hill-side, with fruit-trees lined,
And lighted only by the breaks
The gay wind in the folio makes,
Or vistas, here and there, that ope
Through weeping willows, like the snatches
Of far-off scenes of light, which Hope
Even through the shade of sadness catches! —
All this, which — could I once but lose
The memory of those vulgar lies,
Whose grossness all the heavenliest hues
Of Genius can no more disguise,
Than the sun's beams can do away
The filth of fens over which they play —
This scene, which would have filled my heart
With thoughts of all that happiest is —
Of Love, where self hath only part;
As echoing back another's sighs,
Of solitude, secure and sweet,
Beneath whose shade the Virtues meet;
While, which it shelter, never chills
Our sympathies with human woe,
But keeps them, like sequestred rills,
Purer and fresher in their flow;
Of happy days, that share their beams
'Twixt quiet mirth and wise employ;
Of tranquil nights, that give, in dreams,
The moonlight of the morning's joy! —
All this my heart could dwell on here,
But for those gross mementos near;
Those sullying truths, that cross the track
Of each sweet thought, and drive them back.
Fall into all the more, and strie,
And vanities of man's life,
Who, more than all that ever have glow'd
With Fancy's flame (and it was his,
In fullest warmth and brilliancy) should
What an auditor Genius is;
How, with that strong, mimetic art,
Which forms its life and soul, it takes
All shapes of thought, all hues of heart,
Nor feels, itself, one thrill it wakes;
How like a gem its light may smile
'Er the dark path, by mortals trod,
Itself as mean a worm, the while,
As crawls at midnight 'er the sod;
What gentle words and thoughts may fall
From its false lip, what zeal to bless,
While home, friends, kindred, country, all,
Lie waste beneath its selfishness;
How, with the pencil hardly dry
From colouring up such scenes of love
And beauty, as make young hearts sigh,
And dream, and think through heavy they rove,
They, who can thus describe and move,
The very workers of these charms,
Nor seek, nor know a joy above
Some Mambo's or Theresa's arms!
How all, in short, that makes the boast
Of their false tongues, they want the Most;
And, while with freedom on their lips,
Sounding their timbrels, to set free
This bright world, labouring in the eclipse
Of priestcraft, and of slavery, —
They may, themselves, be slaves as low
As ever Lord or Patron made
To blossom in his smile, or grow,
Like stunted bushwood, in his shade.
Out on the court! — I'd rather be
One of those hinds, that round me tread,
With just enough of sense to see
The noonday sun that's o'er his head,
Than these, with high-built genius curst,
That hath no heart for its foundation,
Be all, at once, that's brightest, worst,
Sublimity, meant in creation!

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

OCCASIONAL EPILOGUE,

spoken by Mr. Corry, in the character of Vapid, after the play of the dramatist, at the Kilkenny theatre.

(entering as if to announce the play.)

ladies and gentlemen, on Monday night.

for the ninth time — oh accents of delight
To the poor author's ear, when three times three
With a full bumper crowns his Comedy!
When, long by money, and the muse, forsaken,
He finds at length his jokes and boxes taken,
And sees his playbill circulate — alas!
The only bill on which his name will pass!
Thus, Vapid, thus shall Thespian scrolls of fame
Through box and gallery wilt your well-known name,
While critic eyes the happy east shall con,
And learned ladies spell your dram. person.

'Tis said our worthy Manager intends
To help my night, and he, you know, his friends.
Friends, did I say? for fixing friends, or parts,
Or engaging actors, or engaging boards.
There's nothing like him! Wits, at his request,
Are turn'd to fools, and dull dogs learn to jest.
Soldiers, for him, good "trembling cowards" make,
And beaux, turn'd clowns, look ugly for his sake.
For him ev'n lawyers talk without a fear,
For him (oh friendship!) I set tragedy!
In short, like Orpheus, his persuasive tricks
Make boors amusing, and put life in sticks.

With such a manager we can't but please,
The London sent us all her loud O. P.'s,

1 The late Mr. Richard Power.

2 The brief allusion by which these persons were distinguished, who, at the opening of the new theatre of Covent Garden, clamoured for the continuance of the old prices of admission.
EXTRACT
FROM A PROLOGUE WRITTEN AND SPOKEN
BY THE AUTHOR, AT THE OPENING OF
THE KILKENNY THEATRE, OCTOBER,
1809.

Yet, even here, though Fiction rules the hour,
There shine some genuine smiles, beyond her power;
And there are tears, too — tears that Memory sheds
Ev'n over the feast that mimic fancy spreads,
When her heart misses one felicitous guest,³
Whose eye so long threw light o'er all the rest!
There, there, indeed, the Muse forgets her task,
And drooping weeps behind Thalia's mask.

Forgive this gloom — forgive this joyless strain,
Too sad to welcome pleasure's smiling train.
But, imagining that our hearts will part the lighter,
As mist at dawn but makes the setting brighter;
Gay Epilogue will shine where Prologue fails
As glow-worms keep their splendour for their tails.

I know not why — but time, methinks, hath pass'd
More fleet than usual since we parted last.
It seems but like a dream of yesternight,
Whose charm still hangs, with fond, delaying light;
And, ere the memory lose one glowing hue
Of former joy, we come to kindle new.
Thus ever may the flying moments haste
With trackless foot along life's vulgar waste,
But deeply print and lingeringly move,
When thus they reach the sunny spots we love.
Oh, yes, whatever be our gay career,
Let this be still the solace of the year,
Where Pleasure's sun shall at its height remain,
And slowly sink to level life again.

THE SYLPH'S BALL.

A sylph, as bright as ever sported
Her figure through the fields of air,
By an old swarthv Gnome was courted,
And, strange to say, he won the fair.

The annals of the oldest witch
A pair so sorted could not show;
But how refuse? — the Gnome was rich,
The Roscius of the world below;

And Sylphs, like other pretty creatures,
Are told, betimes, they must consider
Love as an auctioneer of features,
Who knocks them down to the best bidder.

Home she was taken in his Mine
A Palace, paved with diamonds all,
And, proud as Lady Guinevere,
Sent out her tickets for a Ball.

The lower world, of course, was there,
And all the best; but of the upper
The sprinkling was but shy and rare,—
A few old sylphs, who love supper.

As soon as knew the wondrous Lamp
Of Davy, that renown'd Aladdin,
And the Gnome's Halls exhald a lamp,
Which accidents from fire were bad in;

The chambers were supplied with light
By many strange but safe devices;
Large fire-flies, such as shine at night
Among the Orient's flowers and spices; —

Musical flint-mills — swiftly play'd
By elfin hands — that, flashing round,
Like certain fire-eyed marimba maidens,
Gave out, at once, both light and sound.

Bologna stones, that drink the sun;
And water from that Indian sea,
Whose waves at night like wild-fire run
Could'd up in crystal carefully,

Glow-worms, that round the tidy dishes,
Like little light-houses, were set up; —
And pretty phosphorescent fishes,
That by their own gay light were eat up.

'Mong the few guests from Either, came
That wicked sylph, whom Love we call —
My Lady knew him but by name,
My Lord, her husband, not at all.

Some prudent Gnomes, 'tis said, appriz'd
That he was coming, and, no doubt,
Alarmed about his torch, advised
He should, by all means, be kept out.

But others disapprove'd this plan,
And, by his flame though somewhat frighted,
Thought Love too much a gentleman,
In such a dangerous place to light it.

However, there he was — and dancing
With the fair Sylph, light as a feather;
They look'd like two fresh sunbeams, glauing
At daybreak, down to earth together.

And all had gone off safe and well,
But for that plaguy touch, whose light,
Though not yet kindled — whom could tell
How soon, how devilishly, it might?

And so it chance'd — which, in those dark
And fireless halls was quite amazing;
Did we not know how small a spark
Can set the torch of Love a-branching.

Whether it came (when close entangled
In the gay Waltz) from her bright eyes,
Or from the flicrifico, that spangled
Her locks of jet — is all surprise;

But certain 'tis the ethereal girl
Did drop a spark, at some odd turning,
Which, by the witch's windy whirl
Was fan'd up into actual burning.
Oh, for that Lamp's metallic gauze,
That curtain of protecting wire,
Which Davy delicately draws
Around it, illusory, dangerous fire! —

The wall he sets twixt Flame and Air,
(like that, which hark'st'vind Thinebe's bliss),
Through whose small holes this dangerous pair
May see each other, but not kiss.

At first the torch look'd rather bluealy,—
A sign, they say, that no good boded
Then quick the gas became unny,
And crack! the ball-room all exploded.

Sylphs, gnomes, and fiddlers mixed together,
With all their aunts, sons, cousins, nieces,
Like butterflies in stormy weather,
Were blown—legs, wings, and tails—to pieces!

While, laid these victims of the torch,
The Sylph, alas, too, bore her part—
Found lying, with a livid scorched
As if from lightning, o'er her heart!

* * * * *

"Well done!" a laughing Goblin said —
Escaping from this gaseous strife —
"Tis not the first time Love has made
A blow-up in connubial life!"

REMONSTRANCE.

After a Conversation with Lord John Russell, in which he had intimated some Idea of giving up all political Pursuits.

What! thou, with thy gorgeous, thy youthful, and thy name —

Thou, born of a Russell — whose instinct to run
The accustomed career of thy sire's, is the same
As the eagle's, to soar with his eyes on the sun!

Whose nobility comes to thee, stamp'd with a seal,
Far, far more ennobling than monarch e'er set;
With the blood of thy race, offer'd up for the wealth
Of a nation, that swears by that martyrdom yet!

Shall thou be faint-hearted and turn from the strife,
From the mighty arena, where all that is grand,
And devoted, and pure, and adorning in life,
It is for high-thoughted spirits like thine to command?

Oh no, never dream it — while good men despair
Between tyrants and traitors, and timid men bow,
Never think, for an instant, thy country can spare
Such a light from her darkening horizon as thou.

With a spirit, as meek as the gentleness of those
Who in life's sunny valley he shelter'd and warm;
Yet bold and herculean as ever yet rose
To the top cliffs of Fortune, and breasted her storm;

With an ardour for liberty, fresh as, in youth,
It first kindles the heart and giveth life to his lyre;
Yet mellow'd, ev'n now, by that mildness of truth,
Which tempers, but shuns not, the patriot fire;

With an eloquence — not like those rills from a height,
Which sparkle, and foam, and in vapour are o'er;
But a current, that works out its way into light
Through the filtering recesses of thought and of lore.

Thus gifted, thou never canst sleep in the shade;
If the stirrings of Genius, the music of fame,
And the charms of thy cause have not power to persuade,
Yet think how to freedom thou'rt pledged by thy Name.

Like the boughs of that laurel, by Delphi's decree,
Set apart for the Flame and its service divine,
So the branches, that spring from the old Russell tree,
Are by Liberty claim'd for the use of her Shrine.

* * *

MY BIRTH-DAY.

"My birth-day!"— what a different sound
That word had in my youthful ears!
And now, each time the day comes round,
Less and less while its mark appears

When first our scanty years are told,
It seems like pastime to grow old;
And, as Youth counts the shining links,
That Time around him bounds so fast;
Pleased with the task, he little thinks
How hard that chain will press at last.
Vain was the man, and false as vain,
Who said? — "I'll ordain'd to run
His long career of life again,
I'll do all that he had done."—
Ah, it is not thus the voice, that dwells
In sober birth-days, speaks to me;
Far otherwise — of time it tells,
Lavish'd unwisely, carelessly;
Of counsel mock'd; of talents, made
Haply for high and pure designs,
But oft, like Israel's incense, laid
Upon unkindly, earthly shrines;
Of nursing many a wrong desire;
Of wandering after Love too far,
And taking every meteor fire,
That cross'd my pathway, for his star,—
All this it tells, and, could I trace
The imperfect picture o'er again,
With power to add, to retouch, to erase
The lights and shades, the joy and pain,
How little of the past would stay!
How quickly all should melt away —
All — but that Freedom of the Mind,
Which hath been more than wealth to me;
Those friendships, in my boyhood twixt'd,
And kept till now unchangingly;
And that dear home, that saving ark,
Where Love's true light at last I've found
Cheering within, when all grows dark,
And comfortless, and stormy round!

FANCY.

The more I've view'd this world, the more I've found,
That, fill'd as it is with scenes and creatures rare,
Fancy gnomes, within her own bright round,
A world of scenes and creatures far more fair.

2 Fontenelle — "Si je recommence ma carrière,
je ferai tout ce que j'ai fait."

Ovid.
Nor is it that her power can call up there
A single charm, that’s not from Nature won,—
No more than windows, in their pride, can wear
A single tint unborrow’d from the sun;
But ’t is the mental medium it shines through,
That lends to beauty all its charm and hue:
As the same light, that over the level lake
One dull monoton of lustre flags,
Will, entering in the rounded rain-drop, make
Colours as gay as those of angels’ wings!

---

SONG.

FANNY, DEAREST.

Yes, had I leisure to sigh and mourn,
Fanny, dearest, for thee I’d sigh;
And every smile on my cheek should turn
To tears when thou art nigh.
But, between love, and wine, and sleep,
So busy a life I live,
That even the time it would take to weep
Is more than my heart can give.
Then wish me not to despair and pine,
Fanny, dearest of all the dear!
The Love that’s order’d to bathe in woe,
Would be sure to take cold in tears.
Reflected bright in this heart of mine,
Fanny, dearest, thy image lies;
But, ah! the mirror would cease to shine,
If dim’d too often with sighs.
They lose the half of beauty’s light,
Who view it through sorrow’s tear
And ’t is but to see thee truly bright
That I keep my eye-beams clear.
Then wait no longer till tears shall flow
Fanny, dearest! the hope is vain;
If sunshine cannot dissolve thy snow,
I shall never attempt it with rain.

---

TRANSLATIONS FROM CATULLUS.

Carm. 10.

Diesse a quodam, &c.

TO LESBIA.

Thou saidst me, in our days of love,
That I had all that heart of thine;
That, wvth to share the couch of love
Thou wouldst not, Lesbia, part from mine.

How purely went thou worship’d thee!—
Not with the vague and vulgar fires
Which Beauty wakes in soulless men,—
But lovd, as children by their sires.

That flattering dream, alas, is o’er;—
I know thee now—and through these eyes
Doat on thee wildly as before,
Yet, even in doating, I despise.
Yes, success— and as it may seem—
With all thy craft, such spells adorn thee,
That passion even outvies esteem,
And I, at once, adore—a and scorn thee.

Carm. 11.

Pansa nuncnulla mea puellas.

* * * * *

Dramas and friends! with whom, where’er
The fates have will’d through life I’ve rov’d,
Now speed ye home, and with you bear
These bitter words to her I’ve lov’d.

---

Tell her from fool to fool to run,
Where'er her vain caprice may call;
Of all her dupes not loving one,
But running and madding all.

Bid her forget—what now is past—
Our once dear love, whose ruin lies
Like a fair flower, the meadow’s last,
Which feels the ploughshare’s edge, and dies!

Carm. 20.

Peninsularum Sirmio, insularumque
Octils.

Sweet Sirmio! thou, the very eye
Of all peninsulas and isles,
That in our lakes of silver lie,
Or sleep, cowreathed by Neptunus’s smiles—

How gladly back to thee I fly!
Still doubting, asking—can it be
That I have left Hithymna’s sky,
And gaze in safety upon thee?

Oh! what is happier than to find
Our hearts at ease, our perils past;
When, anxious long, the lighten’d mind
Lays down its load of care at last:

When, tired with toil o’er land and deep,
Again we tread the welcome floor
Of our own home, and sink to sleep
On the long wish’d-for bed once more.

This, this it is, that pays alone
The ills of all life’s former track,—
Shine out, my beautiful, my own
Sweet Sirmio, greet thy master back.

And thou, fair Lake, whose water quaffs
The light of heaven like Lydia’s sea,
Rejoice, rejoice—let all that laughs
Abroad, at home, laugh out for me!

---

TIBULLUS TO SULPICIUS.

Nulla tuum nobis subducta femina lectorn, &c. &c.


"Never shall woman’s smile have power"
To win me from those gentle charms?—
Thus swore I, in that happy hour,
When Love first gave thee to my arms.

And still alone thou charmedst my sight
Still, though our city proudly shine
With forms and faces, fair and bright,
I see none fair or bright but thine.

Would thou went fair for only me,
And couldst not but to mine allure
To all men else unpleasing be,
So shall I feel my prize secure.

Oh, love like mine ne’er wants the zeal
Of others’ envy, others’ praise;
But, in its silence safely blest,
Brow’d o’er a bliss it ne’er betrays.

1 O quid solutis est batamus curias,
Cum mens pusius repunit, ac parerino
Laborae fossi venimus harem ad nostrum,
Desideratoque acquisicimus lecto.

2 Displeasus allis, sic ego tunc ero.
358

**MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.**

Charm of my life! by whose sweet power
All cares are hush'd, all ills subdued—
My light, in even the darkest hour,
My crowd, in deepest solitude!

No, not though heaven itself send down
Some mind, or more than heavenly charms,
With bliss undreamt thy bard to crown,
Would he for her forsake those arms!

---

**IMITATION.**

**FROM THE FRENCH.**

With women and apples both Paris and Adam
Made mischief enough in their day:
God be prais'd that the fate of mankind, my dear Madam,
Depends not on us, the same way.
For, weak as I am with temptation to grapple,
The world would have doubly to rue thee;
Like Adam, I'll gladly take from thee the apple,
Like Paris, at once give it to thee.

---

**INVITATION TO DINNER,**

**ADDRESSED TO LORD LANSDOWNE.**

September, 1818.

Some think we bards have nothing real;
That poets live among the stars so,
Their very dinners are ideal.
(And, heaven knows, too oft they are so.)
For instance, that we have, instead
Of vulgar dishes, and slops, and hashes,
First course—a Phoenix, at the head,
Done in its own celestial ashes;
At foot, a cygnet, which kept singing
All the time its neck was wringing.
Side dishes, thus—Minerva's owl,
Or any such like learned fowl;
Doves, such as heaven's poulterer gets,
When Cupid shoots his mother's pets.
Larks, stewed in Morning's roseate breath,
Or roasted by a sunshine's splendour;
And nightingales, ber-rhymed to death—
Like young pigs whip'd to make them tender.

Such fare may suit those bards, who're able
To banquet at Duke Humphrey's table;
But as for me, who've long been taught
To eat and drink like other people;
And can put up with mutton bought
Where Bromley 9 years its ancient steeple—if
Lansdowne will consent to share
My humble feast, though rude the fare,
Yet, season'd by that salt he brings
From Attica's sulmiest springs,
'It will turn to dainties;—while the cup,
Beneath his influence brightening up,
Like that of Bacchus, touch'd by Jove,
Will sparkle fit for gods above!

---

**VERSES TO THE POET CRABBE'S INKSTAND.**

**WRITTEN MAY, 1832.**

All, as he left it!—even the pen,
So lately at that mind's command,
Carelessly lying, as if then
Just fallen from his gifted hand.

Have we then lost him? scarce an hour,
A little hour, seems to have past,
Since Life and Inspiration's power
Around that relic breath'd their last.

Ah, powerless now—like talisman,
Found in some vanish'd wizard's halls,
Whose mighty charm with him began,
Whose charm with him extinguish'd falls.

Yet though, alas! the gifts that shine
Around that pen's exploring track,
Be now, with its great master, gone,
Nor living hand can call them back;

Who does not feel, while thus his eyes
Rest on the enchanters broken wand,
Each earth-born spell it work'd arise
Before him in succession grand?

Grand, from the Truth that reigns o'er all;
The unshrinking Truth, that's her light
Through Life's low, dark, interior fall;
Opening the whole, severely bright:

Yet softening, as she frowns along,
'O'er scenes which angels weep to see—
Where Truth herself half veils the Wroth,
In pith of the Miser.

True bard!—and simple, as the race
Of true-born poets ever are.
When, stooping from their stary place,
They're children, dear, though gods, afar.

How freshly doth my mind recall,
'Mong the few days I've known with thee,
One that, most hallowed of all,
Floats in the wake of memory;

When he, the poet, doubly graced,
In life, as in his perfect strain,
With that pure, meowing power of Taste,
Without which Fancy shames in vain;

Who in his page will leave behind,
Pregnant with genius though it be,
But half the treasures of a mind,
Where Sense o'er all bolds mastery:

Friend of long years! of friendship tried
Through many a bright and dark event;
In doubts, my judge;—in taste, my guide—
In all, my stay and ornament!

---

1 Tu mihi curarem requies, tu ocel vel alta
Lumen, et in solis tu mihi turba locis.

9 A picturesque village in sight of my cottage, and
from which it is separated but by a small verdant valley.

2 Soon after Mr. Crabbe's death, the sons of that gentleman did me the honour of presenting to me the inkstand, pencil, &c. which their distinguished father had long been in the habit of using.

4 The lines that follow allude to a day passed in company with Mr. Crabbe, many years since, when a party, consisting only of Mr. Rogers, Mr. Crabbe, and the author of these verses, had the pleasure of dining with Mr. Thomas Campbell, at his house at Sydenham.
He, too, was of our feast that day,  
And all were guests of one, whose hand  
Hath shed a new and deathless ray  
Around the lyre of this great land;

In whose sea-odes — as in those shells  
Where Ocean's voice of majesty  
Seems still to sound — immortal dwells  
Old Albion's Spirit of the Sea.

Such was our host; and through, since then,  
Slight clouds have rais'd to twist him and me,  
Who would not grasp such hand again,  
Stretch'd forth again in amity?

Who can, in this short life, afford  
To let such mists a moment stay,  
When thus one frank, atom'ning word,  
Like sunshine, melts them all away?

Bright was our board that day — though one  
Unworthy brother there had place;  
As 'mong the horses of the Sun,  
One was, they say, of earthy race.

Yet next to Genius is the power  
Of feeling where true Genius lies;  
And there was light around that hour  
Such as, in memory, never dies;

Light which comes o'er me, as I gaze,  
Thou Relic of the Dead, on thee.  
Like all such dreams of vanished days,  
Brightly, indeed — but mournfully!

TO CAROLINE, VISCOUNTESS VALLETORT.  
WRITTEN AT LACOCK ABBEY, JANUARY, 1832.

When I would sing thy beauty's light,  
Such various forms, and all so bright,  
I've seen thee, from thy childhood's wear,  
I know not which to call most fair,  
Nor 'mong the countless charms that spring  
For ever round thee, which to sing:

When I would paint thee, as thou art,  
Then all thouwert comes o'er my heart —  
The graceful child, in beauty's dawn,  
Within the nursery's shade withdrawn,  
Or peeping out — like a young moon  
Upon a world 'twill brighten soon.  
Then next, in girlhood's blushing hour  
As from thy own lovel'd Abbey-tower  
I've seen thee look, all radiant, down,  
With smiles that to the sunny brow  
Of centuries round thee lent a ray,  
Chasing even Age's gloomy away;  
Or, in the world's resplendent throng,  
As I have mark'd thee glide along,  
Among the crowds of fair and great  
A spirit, pure and separate,  
To which even Adoration's eye  
Was fearful to approach too nigh;  
A creature, circled by a spell  
Within which nothing wrong could dwell;  
And fresh and clear as from the source,  
Holding through life her limpid course,  
Like Arethusa through the aye,  
Stealing in fountain purity.

Now, too, another change of light!  
As noble birds, still weekly bright,  
Thou bring'st thy Lord a dower above  
All earthly price, pure woman's love;

And shewst what lustre Rank receives,  
When with his proud Corinthis leaves  
Her rose thus high-bred Beauty weaves.

Wonder not if, where all's so fair,  
To choose were more than bard can dare  
Wander not if, while every scene  
I've watch'd thee through so bright hath been,  
The ennemour'd Muse should, in her quest  
Of beauty, know not where to rest;  
But, dazzled, at thy feet thus fall,  
Hailing thee beautiful in all!

A SPECULATION

Of all speculations the market holds forth,  
The best that I know for a lover of pelf,  
Is to buy Marcus up, at the price he is worth,  
And then sell him at that which he sets on himself.

TO MY MOTHER.

WRITTEN IN A POCKET BOOK, 1822.

They tell us of an Indian tree,  
Which, howsoever the sun and sky  
May tempt its boughs to wander free,  
And shoot, and blossom, wide and high,  
Far better loves to bend its arms  
Downward again 'gainst that dear earth,  
From which the life, that bids and warms  
Its grateful being, first bad birth.

'T is thus, thoughtwood'd by flattering friends,  
And led with fame (if fame it be)  
This heart, my own dear mother, bends,  
With love's true instinct, back to thee!

LOVE AND HYMEN.

Love had a fever — ne'er could close  
His little eyes till day was breaking;  
And wild and strange enough, Heav'n knows,  
The things he raved about while waking.

To let him pine so were a sin:—  
One, to whom all the world's a debtor —  
Sole Doctor Hymen was call'd in,  
And Love that might sleep rather better.

Next day the case gave further hope yet,  
Though still some ugly fever latent; —  
"A Dose, as before" — a gentle opiate,  
For which old Hymen has a patent.

After a month of daily call,  
So fast the dose went on restoring,  
That Love, who first ne'er slept at all,  
Now took, the rogue! to downright snoring.

LINES ON THE ENTRY OF THE AUSTRIANS  
INTO NAPLES, 1821.

Carbones notati.

Ay — down in the dust with them, slaves as they are,  
From this hour, let the blood in their dastardly veins,  
That shrunk at the first touch of Liberty's war,  
Be wasted for tyrants, or stagnate in chains.
PREFACE TO THE EIGHTH VOLUME.

On my return from the interesting visit to Rome, of which some account has been given in the preceding Preface, I took up my abode in Paris, and, being joined there by my family, continued to reside in that capital, or its environs, till about the close of the year 1822. As no life, however sunny, is without its clouds, I could not escape, of course, my share of such passing shadows; and this long estrangement from our happy English home, towards which my family yearned even more fondly than myself, had been caused by difficulties of a pecuniary nature, and to a large amount, in which I had been involved by the conduct of the person who acted as my deputy in the small office I held at Bermuda.

That I should ever have come to be chosen for such an employment seemed one of those freaks of an incomprehensible human destiny which baffled all ordinary speculations; and went far, indeed, to realise Beaumarchais' notion of the sort of standard by which, too frequently, qualification for place is regulated, — "Il faut un calculateur; ce n'est pas un danseur qui publie." But however much, in this instance, I suffered from my want of schooling in matters of business, and more especially from my having neglected the ordinary precautions of requiring security from my deputy, I was more than encompased for all such embarrassments by my great kindness towards the person with whom I had been associated, and the service I was enabled to render him.

When around you the shades of your Mighty Name, Filicas, and Petrarch, seemed bursting to view, And their words, and their warnings, like tongues of bright flame

Over Freedom's apostles, fell kindling on you!

Oh shame! that, in such a proud moment of life, Worth the history of ages, when, had you but hurl'd One bolt at your tyrant invader, that strife Between freemen and tyrants has spread through the world —

That then — oh! disgrace upon manhood — ev'n then, You should falter, should clog to your peaceful breath;

Cow'r down into beasts, when you might have stood men,

And prefer the slave's life of prostration to death.

It is strange, it is dreadful! — shout, Tyranny, shout Through your dungeons and palaces, "Freedom is o'er"! —

If there lingers one spark of her light, tread it out, And return to your empire of darkness once more.

For, if such are the briars that claim to be free, Come, dy, of Russia, thy feet let me kiss;

Far nobler to live the brute houndman of thee,

Than to sully ev'n chains by a struggle like this!

END OF VOL. VII.

PREFACE TO THE EIGHTH VOLUME.

On, oo like a cloud, through their beautiful vales,
Ye locusts of tyranny, blasting them o'er —
Fill, fill up their wide sunny waters, ye sails
From each slave-mart of Europe, and shadow their shore!

Let their fate be a mock-word — let men of all lands
Laugh out, with a scorn that shall ring to the poles,
When each sword, that the cowards let fall from their hands,
Shall be forged into fetters to enter their souls.

And deep, and more deep, as the iron is driven,
Dear slavers! let the woe of thy agony be,
To think — as the Don and' often think of that heaven
They had once within reach — that they might have been free.

Oh shame! when there was not a bosom, whose heat
Ever rose 'bove the zero of C —— his heart,
That did not, like echo, your war-hymn repeat,
And send all its prayers with your Liberty's start;

When the world stood in hope — when a spirit, that breathed
The true air of the old time, whispered about;
The swords of all Italy, half-way unshedd'd,
But waited one conquering cry, to flash out!

When you the shades of your Mighty Name, Filicas, and Petrarch, seemed bursting to view,
And their words, and their warnings, like tongues of bright flame

Over Freedom's apostles, fell kindling on you!

Oh shame! that, in such a proud moment of life, Worth the history of ages, when, had you but hurl'd One bolt at your tyrant invader, that strife Between freemen and tyrants has spread through the world —

That then — oh! disgrace upon manhood — ev'n then, You should falter, should clog to your peaceful breath;

Cow'r down into beasts, when you might have stood men,

And prefer the slave's life of prostration to death.

It is strange, it is dreadful! — shout, Tyranny, shout Through your dungeons and palaces, "Freedom is o'er"! —

If there lingers one spark of her light, tread it out, And return to your empire of darkness once more.

For, if such are the briars that claim to be free, Come, dy, of Russia, thy feet let me kiss;

Far nobler to live the brute houndman of thee,

Than to sully ev'n chains by a struggle like this!
Like you, with a veil of seclusion between,
His song to the world he left him utter unwearied,
&c. &c.

It was, indeed, to the secluded life I led during the years 1813—1816, in a lone cottage amongst the fields, in Derbyshire, that I owed the inspiration, whatever may have been its value, of some of the best and most popular portions of Latterwood. It was amidst the scenes of two months in Derbyshire, that I first conceived myself enabled, by that concentration of thought which retirement alone gives, to call up around me some of the sunniest of those Eastern scenes which have since been welcomed in India itself, as almost native to its clime.

Alertive, however, as had now been all my efforts to woo the shy spirit of Poesy, amidst such unexcelled scenes, the course of reading I found time to pursue, on the subject of Egypt, was of no small service in storing my mind with the various knowledge respecting that country, which some years later I turned to account, in writing the story of the Epicurean.

The kind facilities, indeed, towards this object, which some of the most distinguished French scholars and artists afforded me, are still remembered by me with thankfulness. In Mr. Maw's magnificent Baedeker, Denon's drawings of Egypt, then of some value, I frequently consulted, I found Mons. Fourier and Mons. Langlais, whose less prompt in placing books at my disposal. With Humboldt, also, who was at that time in Paris, I had more than once such social intercourse as the French sovereign in that country.

I had now been foiled and frustrated in two of those literary projects on which I had counted most sanguinely in the calculation of my resources; and, though I had found sufficient time to furnish my musical publisher with the Eighth Number of the Irish Melodies, and also a Number of the Annual Airs, these works alone, I knew, would yield but an insufficient supply, compared with the demands so closely and threateningly hanging over me. In this difficulty I called to mind a subject,—the Eastern a legory of the Loves of the Angels,—on which I had, some years before, begun a prose story, but in which as a theme for poetry, I had now been anticipated by Lord Byron, in one of the most sublime of his many poetical miracles, "Heaven and Earth." Knowing how soon I should be lost in the shadow into which so great a precursor would cast me, I had begun a second version from which I had at length reached the habitually slow pen, to get the start of my noble friend in the time of publication, and thus give myself the chance I could perhaps expect, under such unequal rivalry, of attracting to my work the attention of the public. In this humble speculation, however, I failed; for both works, if I recollect right, made their appearance at the same time.

In the meanwhile, the negotiation which had been entered into with the American Chromo, for a reduction of the amount of their demands upon me, had continued to "drag its slow length along," nor was it till the month of September, 1822, that, by a letter from the Messrs. Longman, I received the welcome intelligence that the terms offered, as our ultimatum, in the opposite party, had been most accepted, and that I might now with safety return to England. I lost no time, of course, in availing myself of so welcome a privilege; and as all that remains now to be told of this trying episode in my last life may be compassed in a small space, I pass over the eight years of the patience of my readers for tolerating the recital.

On arriving in England I learned, for the first time, the having been, till then, kept very much in darkness on the subject,—that, after a long and frequently interrupted course of negotiation, the clause of the American Mercury had been reduced to the sum of one thousand guineas, and that towards...
the payment of this the uncle of my deputy,—a rich
London merchant,—had been brought, with some
difficulty, to contribute three hundred pounds. I was
likewise informed, that a very dear and distinguished
friend of mine, to whom, by his own desire, the state
of the negotiation was, from time to time, reported,
ad, upon finding that there appeared, at last, some
chance of an arrangement, and learning also the
amount of the advance made by my deputy's relative,
immediately deposited in the hands of a banker the
remaining portion (750l.) of the required sum, to be
there in readiness for the final settlement of the dem-
and.

Though still adhering to my original purpose of
owing to my own exertions alone the means of relief
from the needful distress, I yet felt a pleasure in allowing
this thoughtful deposit to be applied to the generous
purpose for which it was destined; and having em-
ployed in this manner the 750l., I then transmitted
to my kind friend,—I need hardly say with what
feelings of thankfulness,—a cheque on my publishers
for the amount.

Though this effort of the poet's purse was but, as
usual, a new launch into the Future,—a new anticipa-
tion of yet unborn means,—the result showed, I am
happy to say, that in this instance at least, I had not
acted on my bank "in nucleus" so tamgiously;
for, on receiving my publishers' account, in the month
of June following, I found 1000l. placed to my credit
from the sale of the Loves of the Angels, and 500l.
from the Fables of the Holy Alliance.

I must not omit to mention, that, among the re-
sources at the disposal of my despriety, was one
small and sacred sum, which had been set apart by its
young possessor for some such beneficent purpose.

This fund, amounting to about 300l., arose from the
proceeds of the sale of the first edition of a biographi-
cal work then recently published, which will long
be memorable, as well from its own merits and sub-
ject, as from the lustre that has since shed back
upon it from the public career of its noble author.

To a gift from such hands might well have been ap-
plied the words of Ovid,

—acceptissima semper
Muerae solem, auctor quae praestis facta.

In this volume, and its immediate successor, will be
found collected almost all those delineations of mine,
in the way of satire, which have appeared, from time
to time, in the public journals, during the last twenty
or thirty years. The comments and notices required
to throw light on these political trifles must be re-
erved for our next volume.

THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

PREFACE.

The Eastern story of the angels Harut and Marut,1
and the Rabbinical traditions of the loves of Uzziel and
Shamechazai,2 are the only sources to which I need
refer, for the origin of the notion on which this Ro-
manesque is founded. In addition to the fitness of the
subject for poetry, it struck me also as capable of
affording an allegorical medium, through which might
be shadowed out (as I have endeavored to do in the
following stories) the fall of the Soul from its original
purity—the loss of light and happiness which it
suffers, in the pursuit of this world's vain pleasures;
and the punishments, both from conscience and
Divine justice, with which impurity, pride, and pre-
sumptuous inquiry into the awful secrets of Heaven
are sure to be visited. The beautiful story of Cupid
and Psyche, from the chief charm of this sort of "veiled
meaning" and it has been my wish (however I may
have failed in the attempt) to communicate to the fol-
lowing pages the same moral interest.

Among the doctrines, or notions, derived by Plato
from the East, one of the most natural and sublime is

1 See note on page 365.
3 The account which Macrobius gives of the downward
progress of the Soul, through that gate of the
zodiac which opens into the lower spheres, is a curious
specimen of the wild fancies that passed for philoso-
phy in ancient times.

In the system of Muses, the luminous or spiritual
principle owes its corruption not to any evil tendency
of its own, but to a violent natrium of the spirits of
darkness, who, finding themselves in the neighbour-
hood of this pure light, and becoming passionately
enamoured of its beauty, break the bounds and make
themselves possessed by it.1

4 In Somn. Scipionis, cap. 12.
5 See a Treatise "De la Religion des Peres," by the
Abbe Foucher, Memoires de l'Academie, tom. xxxi.
p. 496.

6 "We adorned the lower heaven with lights, and
placed therein a guard of angels."—Koran, chap. 21.
7 See D!Herbelot, passim.

that which inculcates the pre-existence of the soul,
and its gradual descent into this dark material world
from that region of spirit and light which it is sup-
posed to have once inhabited, and to which, after a
long lapse of purification and trial, it will return.

This belief, under various symbolic forms, may be
traced through almost all the Oriental theologies.
The Chaldeans represent the Soul as originally en-
dowed with wings, which fall away when it sinks
from its native element, and must be re-produced be-
fore it can hope to return. Some disciples of Zoroas-

er were of opinion that the wings of the Soul
might be made to grow again?—"By sprinkling
them," he replied, "with the Waters of Life."4 But
where are these waters to be found? they asked—a
in the Garden of God," replied Zoroaster.

The mythology of the Persians has allegorized the
same doctrine, in the history of those genii of light
who strayed from their dwellings in the stars, and
obscured their original nature by mixture with this
material sphere; while the Egyptians, connecting it
with the descent and ascent of the Sun in the zodiac,
considered Autumn as emblematic of the Soul's de-
cline towards darkness, and the re-appearance of
Spring as its return to life and light.

Besides the chief spirirs of the Mahometan heaven,
such as Gabriel, the angel of God's power, or seraph, by
whom the last trumpet is to be sounded, and Azrael,
the angel of death, there were also a number of subaltern
intelligences, of which tradition has pres-
served the names, appointed to preside over the differ-
ten stages, or ascents, into which the celestial
world was supposed to be divided.4 Thus Korail
governs the first heaven; while Sadiel, the presid-
ing spirit of the third, is also employed in steadying the
motions of the earth, which would be in a constant
state of agitaifion if this angel did not keep his foot
planted upon its orb.4

Among other miraculous interpositions in favour of
Mahomet, we find commemorated in the pages of the
The Loves of the Angels.

It was when the world was in its prime,
When the fresh stars had just begun
Their race of glory, and young Tityr
Told his first birth-days by the sun;
When, in the light of Nature's dawn
Rejoicing, men and angels met

On the high hill and sunny lawn,—
Ere sorrow came, or heart grew cold—
'Twixt man and heaven her curtain yet!
When earth lay nearer to the skies
Than in these days of crime and woe,
And mortals saw, without surprise,
To the mid-air, angelic eyes
Gazing upon this world below.

Also, that Passion should profane,
That, in then, the morning of the earth!
That, sadlier still, the fatal stain
Should fall on hearts of heavenly birth—
And that from Woman's love should fall
So dark a stain, most sad of all!

One evening, in that primal hour,
On a hill's side, where hung the ray
Of sun-ell, brightening rill and bower,
Three noble youths conversing lay;

And, as they look'd, from time to time,
To the far sky, where Daylight far'd
His radiant wing, their brows sublime
Bespoke their joy of that distant world—
Spirits, who once, in brotherhood
Of faith and bliss, near Allah stood,
And o'er whose cheeks full oft had blazoned
The wind that breathes from Allah's throne,²
Creatures of light, such as still play.

Like notes in sunshine, round the Lord,
And through their infinite array
Transmit each moment, night and day
The echo of His luminous word!

Of Heaven they spoke, and, still more oft,
Of the bright eyes that charmed them thence;
Till, yielding gradual to the soft
And balmy evening's influence—
The silent breathing of the flowers—
The melting light that beam'd above,
As on their first, fond, erring hours,—
Each told the story of his love,
The history of that hour solemn,
When, like a bird, from its high nest
Wen down by fascinating eyes,
For Woman's smile he lost the skies.

The First who spoke was one, with look
The least celestial of the three—
A Spirit of light born, that took
The prints of earth most yieldingly;
Who, even in heaven, was not of those
Nearest the Throne,² but held a place
Far off, among those shining ones,
That circle out through endless space,
And over whose wings the light from Him
To Heaven's centre falls most dim.

Still fair and glorious, he but shook
Among those youths the most celestial one—
A creature, to whom light remained
From Eden still, but after'd, stand'd,
And o'er whose brow no Love alone
A blight had, in his transit, cast,
But other, earthlier joys had gone,
And left their foot-prints as they pass'd,
Sighing, as back through azen flown,
Like a tomb-searcher, Memory ran,
Lifting each shroud that I love had thrown
Our buried hopes, he thus began:—

FIRST ANGEL'S STORY.

"T was in a land, that far away
Into the golden orient lies,
Where Nature knows the night's delay,
But springs to meet her bridegroom, Day,
Upon the threshold of the skies.
One morn, on earthly mission sent,
And mid-way choosing where to light,
I saw, from the blue element—

5 To which will be joined the sound of the bells hanging on the trees, which will be put in motion by the wind proceeding from the Throne, so often as the Blessed wish for music."—See Sale's Koran, Prælim. Dissert.

3 The ancient Persians supposed that this Throne was placed in the Sun, and that through the stars were distributed the various classes of Angels that encircled it.

The Basilians supposed that there were three hundred and sixty-five orders of angels, "dant la perfection d'un œil content, un miroir qu'ils dévouent de la première classe d'êtres placés dans le premier ciel."—See Dupuis, Orig. des Cieux, tom. ii. p. 112.

4 It appears that, in most languages, the term employed for an angel means also a messenger. Frisch-
THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

Oh beautiful, but fatal sight! —
One of earth's fairest woman-kind,
Half veil'd from view, or rather shrin'd
In the clear crystal of a brook;
Which, while it hid no single gleam
Of their young beauties, made them look
More spirit-like, as they might seem
Through the dim shadowing of a dream.

Passing in wonder I look'd on,
While, playfully around her breaking
The barriers, that like dams in stone,
She mov'd in light of her own making.
At length, as from that airy height
I gently lower'd my breathless sight,
The trembling of my wings all over
(Far from each plume I felt the thrill)
Startled her, as she reach'd the shore
Of that small lake — her mirror still —
Above whose brink she stood, like snow
When rosy with a sunset glow.

Never shall I forget those eyes! —
The shun, the innocent surprise
Of that bright face, when in the air
Uplooking, she beheld me there.
It seem'd as if each thought, and look,
And motion were that minute chain'd
Fast to the spot, such root she knew.
And — like a sunflower by a brook,
With face upturn'd — so still remain'd!

In pity to the wondering maid,
Though both from such a vision turning,
Downward I bent, beneath the shade
Of my spread wings to hide the burning
Of glances which — I well could feel —
For me, for her, too warmly show;
But, ere I could again unceal
My restless eyes, or even steal
One sidelong look, the maid was gone —
Her from me in the forest leaves.
Sudden as when, in all her charms
Of full-blown light, some cloud receives
The Moon into his dusky arms.

'T is not in words to tell the power
The despotism that, from that hour,
Passion held o'er me, day and night
And sought around each neighboring spot;
And in the chase of this sweet light,
My task, and heaven, and all forgot —
All, but the one, sole, haunting dream
Of her I saw in that bright stream.

Nor was it long, ere by her side
I found myself, whose happy days,
Listening to words, whose music vied
With our own Eden's seraph lays,
When seraphs are warm'd by love,
But, wanting that, far, far above!
And looking into eyes where, pure
And beautiful, like skyes seen through
The sleeping wave, for me there shine
A heaven, more worship'd than my own.
Oh what, while I could hear and see
Such words and looks, was heaven to me?
That cross the soul's benumbed flow?
'T was bless'd, while she breath'd it too;
Though dark the flowers, though dim the sky,
Love lent them light, while she was nigh.
Throughout creation I but knew
Two separate worlds — the one, that small,
Below'd, and censur'd spot
Where Lexa was — the other, all
The dull, wide waste, where she was not!

But vain my suit, my madness vain;
Though gladly, from her eyes to gain
One earthly look, one stray desire.
I would have torn the wings, that hung
For'd at my back, and o'er the Fire
In Gehim's isle, let their fragments fling;
'T was hopeless all — pure and unmov'd
She stood, as lilies in the light
Of the hot moon but look more white;
And though she lov'd me, deeply lov'd;
'T was not as man, as mortal — no,
Nothing of earth was in that glow —
She lov'd me but as one, of race
Angelic, from that radiant place
She saw so oft in dreams — that Heaven,
To which her prayers at morn were sent.
And on whose light she gaz'd at even,
Wishing for wings, that she might go
Out of this shadowy world below,
To that free, glorious element!

Well I remember by her side
Sitting at rose even-tide,
When, turning to the star, whose head
Look'd out, as from a bridal bed,
At that mute, blushing hour, — she said
"Oh! that it were my doom to be
The Spirit of you benedict's star,
Dwelling up there in purity.
Alone, as all such bright things are;
My sole employ to pray and shine;
To light my censer at the sun,
And co-lit its fire towards the shrine
Of Him in heaven, the Eternal One?"

So innocent the maid, so free
From mortal faint in soul and frame,
Whom 'twas my crime — my destiny
To love, aye, burn for, with a flame,
To which earth's wildest fires are tame.
Had you but seen her look, when first
From my mad lips the avowal burst;
Not anger'd — no — the feeling came
From depths beyond mere anger's flame
It was a sorrow, calm as deep,
A mournfulness that could not weep,
So fill'd her heart was to the brink.
So hid and frozen with grief, to think
That angel natures — that ethereal
Whose love she clung to, as the tie
Between her spirit and the sky
Should fall thus headlong from the height
Of all that heaven hath pure and bright!

That very night — my heart had grown
Impatient of its inward burning;
The term, too, of my stay was flown,
And the bright Watchers near the throne,
Already, if a meteor shone
Between them and this ether zone,
Thought 'twas their herald's wing returning.

The same given by the Mahometans to the infernal regions, over which, they say, the angel Tabheek presides.

By the seven gates of hell, mentioned in the Koran, the commentators understand seven different departments or wards, in which seven different sorts of sinners are to be punished. The first, called Gehennem, is for sinful Musulmans; the second, Lebdha, for Christian offenders; the third, Hottamia, is appointed for Jews; and the fourth, and fifth, called the Sabians and Sciar, are destined to receive the Sabians and the worshippers of fire: in the sixth, named Gehim, those pagans and idolaters who admit a plurality of gods are placed; while into the abyss of the seventh, called Derk Afal, or the Deepest, the hypocritical casters of all religions are thrown.
There was a virtue in that scene,
A spell of holiness around,
Which, had my burning brain not been
Thus muff'd, would have held me bound,
As though I tried celestial ground.

Ev'n as it was, with soul all flame,
And lips that burn'd in their own sighs,
I stood to gaze, with awe and shame —
The memory of Eden came
Full o'er me when I saw those eyes;
And the' too well each glance of mine
To the pale, shrinking maiden prov'd
How far, alas, from aught divine,
Aught worthy of such pure a shrine,
Was the wild love with which I lov'd,
Yet must she, too, have seen — oh, yes,
'Tis soothing but to think she saw
The deep, true, soul-felt tenderness,
The homage of an Angel's awe
To her, a mortal, whom pure love
Then plac'd above him — far above
And all that struggle to repress
A natural spirit's excess
Which work'd within me at that hour,
When, with a voice, where Passion shed
All the deep sweetness of her power,
Her melancholy power — I said,
"Then be it so! it back to heaven
I must unloos'd, unpitied fly,
Without one blest memorial given
To soothe me in that lonely sky;
One look, like those the young and fond
Give when they're parting, such would be,
'Ev'n in remembrance far beyond
All heaven hath left of bliss for me!

Oh, but to see that head recline
A minute on this trembling arm,
And Those mild eyes look up to mine,
Without a tear, a thought of harm!
To meet, but once, the thrilling touch
Of lips too purely fair to feel me —
Oh, if that boon be all too much,
'Ev'n thus to bring their fragrance near me!
Nay, shrink not so — a look — a word —
Give them but kindly, and I fly;
Already, see, my pulses have shril'd,
And tremble for their b-mere on high.
Thus be our parting — check to check —
One minute's lips will be forgiven,
And then, the next, shall hear me speak
The spell that plumes my wing for heaven!!

While thus I spoke, the fearful maid,
Of me, and of herself afraid,
Had shrinking shudder, like flowers beneath
The scorching of the sun's with' breath:
But when I said — alas, too well,
I now recall, though wilder'd then, —
Just as, when I mov'd the spell,
Her bowed, her eyes upo'n a sky,
And, with an eagerness that spoke
The sudden light that over her broke,
The spell, the spell — oh, speak it now,
And I will bless thee!! she exclaimed
Unknown what! I did, indeed,
And lost already on her bower
I stamp'd one burning kiss, and mov'd
The mystic word, tell them of! told
To living creature of earth's mould,
Steadfast as I said, when quicker thought,
Her lips from mine, like echo, caught
The holy sound — her hands and eyes
Were instantly clad in the skies,
And thence to heaven she spoke it out
With that triumphant look Faith wears,
When not a cloud of fear or doubt,
A vapour from this vale of tears,
Between her and her God appears!

Tha' very moment her whole frame
All bright and glorified became.
And at her back I saw unclose
Two wings, magnificent as those
That sparkle around Alia's Throne,
Whose plumes, as buoyant as rose
Above me, in the moon-beam shine
With a pure light, which — from a hue,
Unknown upon this earth — I knew
Was light from Eden, glistening through
Most holy vision! ne'er before
Did sight so radiant — since the day
When Edii, in his downfall, bore
The third of the bright stars away —
Rise, in earth's beauty, to repair
That loss of light and glory there!

But did I timely view her flight?
Did not I, too, proclaim out thine
The powerful words that were, that night,
Oh ev'n for heaven too much delight! —
Agam to bring us, eyes to eyes,
And soul to soul, in Paradise?
I did — I spoke it over and over
I pray'd, I wept, but all in vain:
For me the spell had power no more.
There seemed around me some dark chain
Which still, as I essay'd to soar,
Faul'd, ala., each wild endeavour.
Dead lay my wings, as they have lain
Since that sad hour, and will remain
So wills the offended God — for ever!

It was to wonder star I traced
Her journey up the Himm'd waste —
That isle in the blue firmament,
To which so oft her fancy went
In wishes and in dreams before.
And which was now — such, Purity,
The best reward — ordain'd to be
Her home of light for evermore!
Once — or did I but fancy so? —
Ev'n in her flight to that fair sphere,
Mid all her spirit's new-felt glow,
A pitying look she turned below
On him who stood in darkness here;
Him whom, perhaps, if vanity,
Can dwell in heaven, she pities yet;
And oft, when looking to this dim
And distant world, remembers him.

But soon that passing dream was gone;
Farther and farther off she shone,
Till lesen'd to a point, as small
As are those specks that yonder burn —
The great light, that fell
The last from Day's exhu'red sun,
And when at length she merc'd, afar,
Into her own immortal star,
And when at length my straining sight
Had caught her wing's last fading ray,
That minute from my soul the light
Of heaven and love both pass'd away;
And I forget my home, my birth;
Profan'd my spirit, sunk my brow,
And revel'd in gross joys of earth,
Till I became — what I am now? —

The Spirit bow'd his head in shame;
A shame, that of itself would tell —
Were there not ev'n those breaks of flame
Celestial, through his clouded frame —
For his proud head from which he fell!
That holy Shame, which never forgets
The unblessed crown it usd to wear;
Whose blus'n remains, when Virtue sets,
To show her sunshine has been there.

One minute did he look, and then —
As though he felt some deadly pain
From it's sweet light through heart and brain—
Shrink'd back, and never look'd again.

Who was the Second Spirit? he
With the proud front and piercing glance —
Who seem'd, when viewing heaven's expanse,
As though his tear-sent eye could see
On, on into the Immensity
Behind the veils of that blue sky,
Where Alia's grandest secrets lie? —
His wings, the while, though day was gone,
Flash'd with many a various hue
Of light they from themselves alone,
Instant with Ede's brightness, drew.

'T was Rubi — once among the prime
And flower of those bright creatures, nam'd
Spirits of Knowledge, 1 who o'er Time
And Space and Thought an empire claim'd,
Second alone to Him, whose light
Was, ev'n to theirs, as day to night;
'Twixt whom and them was distance far
And wide, as would the journey be
To reach from any island star
The vague shores of Infinity!

'T was Rubi, in whose mournful eye
Slept the dim light of days gone by;
Whose voice, though sweet, fell on the ear
Like echoes, in some silent place
When first awaken'd for many a year;
And when he smil'd, if over his face
Smile ever shone, 'twas like the grace
Of moonlight rainbows, fair, but wan,
The sunny life, the glory gone.
Eye'd on his pride, though still the same,
A s-hining shade from sorrow came;
And though at times his spirit knew
The kindlings of disdain and fear,
Short was the fitful glance they threw —
Like the last rashes, fierce but few,
Seem'd through some noble pate on fire!

Such was the Angel, who now broke
The silence that had come over all,
When he, the Spirit, that last spake,
Clos'd the sad history of his fall;
And, while a sacred lustre, flow'd
For many a day, rehum'd his cheek
Beautiful, as in days of old;
And not those eloquent lips alone
But every feature seem'd to speak —
Thus his eventful story told: —

SECOND ANGEL'S STORY.

"You both remember well the day,
When into Eden's new-made bowers,
Alia convok'd the bright array
Of his supreme angelic powers,
To witness the one wonder yet,
Beyond man, angel, star, or sun,
He must achieve, ere he could set
His seal upon the world, as done —
To see that last perfection rise,
That crowning of creation's birth,
When, mid the worship and surprise
Of circling angels, Woman's eye
First open'd upon heaven and earth;"

1 The Kerubim, as the Mussulmans call them, are often joined indiscriminately with the Seraphim, under one common name of Azazil, by which all spirits who approach near the throne of Ali are designated.
And from their lids a thrill was sent,
That through the living spirit went,
Like first light through the luminous!

Can you forget how gradual stole
The fresh awakened breath of soul
Throughout her perfect form—which seemed
To float in space, as there be found?
That dawn of Mind within, and taught
New loveliness from each new thought?
Show as o'er summer seas we trace
The progress of the morn in air,
Winning its bright and silent face
Each minute into some new grace,
And varying heaven's reflections there—
Or, like the light of evening, stealing
Over some fair temple, which all day
Had slept in shadow, slow revealing
Its several beauties, ray by ray,
Till it shines out, a thing to bless,
All full of light and loveliness.

Can you forget her blushing
When round
Through Eden's lonely, melancholy ground
She look'd, and saw, the sea—the skies—
And heard the rush of many a wing,
On high behests then vanghing;
And saw the last few angel eyes,
Still lingering—mine among the rest,—
Reluctant leaving scenes so blest?

From that miraculous hour, the fate
Of this new, glorious being dwelt
For ever, with a spell-like weight,
Upon my spirit—early, late,
Whatever I did, or dream'd, or felt,
The thought of what might yet befall
That matchless creature mix'd with all.—
Nor she alone, but her whole race
Through ages yet to come—whatever
Of loveliness, and fond, and fair,
Should spring from that pure mind and face,
All wak'd my soul's interest care;
Their forms, souls, feelings, still to me
Creation's strangest mystery!

It was my doom—ev'n from the first,
When witnessing the primal burst
Of Nature's wonders, I saw rise
Those bright creations in the skies,—
Those wonders instinct with life and light,
Which Man, remote, but sees by night,—
It was my doom still to be haunted
By some new wonder, some sublime
And matchless work, that, for the time
 Held all my soul, enchant'd, enchanted,
And left me not a thought in a dream,
A word, but on that only theme!

The wish to know—that endless thirst,
Which ev'n by quenching is awaken'd,
And which be men or beast or curst,
As is the fount whereat 'tis slak'd—
Still urg'd me onward, with desire
In vain to explore, inquire—
What'er the wonders things might be,
That wak'd each new industry—
Their cause, sim., source, whence-ever sprung—
Their utmost powers as though for me
Existence on that knowledge hag.

Oh what a vision were the stars,
When first I saw them burn on high,
Rolling along, like living cars
Of light, to gods to journey by!

They were my heart's first passion—days
And nights, now overawe'd, in each ray
Have I living floating, till each sense
Seem'd full of their bright influence.
Innocent joy! alas, how much
Of misery had I shamed below,
Could I have—still liv'd blest with such?
Nor, proud and restless, burn't to know
The knowledge that brings guilt and woe.
Often—so much I lov'd to trace
The secrets of this warry race—
Have I not seen and evening ray
Along the lines of radiance spin
Like webs, between them and the sun,
Untwisting all the tangled ties
Of light into their different rays—
Then deeply wing'd I off, in quest
Of thee, the farthest, loneliest,
That watch, like winking sea mists,
The void, beyond which Chaos dwells;
And there, with noiseless plume, pursued
Their track through that grand solitude,
Asking interminably each
What soul within their radiance dwelt,
And wishing their sweet light were speech,
That they might tell us all they felt.

Nay, oft, so passion'd my chase
Of these resplendent heirs of space,
Of these, I now—lest a ray
Should 'scape me in the farthest night—
Some pilgrim Comet, on his way
To visit distant shrouds of light,
And well remember how I sung
Exultingly, when on my sight
New worlds of stars, all fresh and young,
As if just born of darkness, sprung!

Such was my pure ambition then,
My sister's transport, night and morn;
Ere yet this newer world of men,
And that most fair of stars was born
Which I, in fatal hour, saw rise
Among the flowers of Paradise!
Therefor in my nature all was chang'd,
My heart, soul, senses turn'd below;
And I, who but so lately rang'd
You wondrous expance, where glow
Worlds upon worlds,—yet found his mind
Ev'n in that luminous range enthral'd—
Now blest the humbled, meanest soul
Of the dark earth where Woman trod!
I, in vain my former idles glist'n'd
From their far thrones; in vain these cars
Of the once-thrilling music list'n'd,
That hum'd around my favourite spheres
To earth, in earth each thought was given,
That in this half-test soul had birth;
Like some high mount, whose head's in heaven,
While its whole shadow rests on earth!

* * * * * * * *

1 "C'est un fait indubitable que la plupart des anciens philosophes, soit Chaldéens, soit Grecs, nous ont donné les astres comme amants, et ont soutenu que les

astres, qui nous ceclaient n'étaient que, ou les chars, ou encore les navires des intelligences qui les conduisaient. Pour les Chars, cela se lit partout; on n'a qu'ouvrir l'Unum, St. Clement, &c. &c.—Memoire Historique, sur le Sublime, par M. Fourmont.

A belief that the stars are either spirits or the vehicles of spirits, was common to all the religions and heresies of the East. Kircher has given the names and stations of the seven archangels, who were by the Cabala of the Jews distributed through the planets.

According to the经营管理 of the ancient Persians, there were four stars set as sentinels in the four quarters of the heavens, to watch over the other fixed stars, and superintend the planets in their course. The names of these four sentinel stars are, according to the Book of Job,resha, for the east; Sisiva, for the west; Venam, for the south; and Hatorang, for the north.
Nor was it Love, ev'n yet, that thrill'd
My spirit in his burning eyes
And less, still less—could it be cold?
That grief'ser flame, round which Love flies
Neater and neater, till he dies—
Nor thus—nor so, oh, wonder, wonder!
At all God's works my dazzled sense;
The same vast wonder, only add
With passion, more profound, intense—
A vehement, but wondering fire,
Which, though not love, nor yet desire,
Though through all woman's nature, it took
Its range, as lawless lightnings run,
Yet wanted but a touch, a look,
To fix it burning upon One.

Then, too, the ever-restless zeal,
The instinct curiously
To know how shapes, so fair, must feel—
To look, but once; beneath the seal
Of so much loveliness, and see
What souls belong'd to such bright eyes —
Whether, as s'born, find their way
Into the gem that hidden lies,
These looks could inward turn their ray,
And make the soul as bright as they:
All this unpil'd my anxious chase,
And still the more I saw and knew
Of Woman's fault, weak, co quenching race,
The inner still my wonder grew.

I had beheld their First, their Eve,
Born in that splendid Paradise
Which sprang there solely to receive
The first light of her waking eyes.
I had seen purest angels lean
In worship o'er her from above;
And man—oh, yes, had ev'ry seen
Proud man possess'd of all her love.

I saw their happiness, so brief,
So exquisite,—her error, too,
That easy trust, that prompt belief
In what the warm heart wishes true;
That faith in words, when kindly said,
By which the whole fond soul is led—
Mingled with—what I durst not blame,
For 'tis my own—that zeal to know,
Sad, fatal zeal, so sure of woe;
Which, though from heaven they pure it came,
Yet stain'd, misus'd, brought on and shame
On her, on me, on all below!

I had seen this; had seen Man, arm'd,
As his soul is, with strength and sense,
By her first words to ruin charm'd;
His vaunted reason's cold defence,
Like an ice-barrier in the ray,
Of melting summer, still un'way.
Nay, stranger yet, spite of all this—
Though by her counsel's taught to err,
Though driv'n from Paradise for her,
(And with her—what, at least, was bliss,)
Had I not heard him, ere he crost
The threshold of that earthly heaven,
Which by her wildering smile he lost—
So quickly was the wrong forgiven!

Had I not heard him, as he prest
The flaw, and trembler to the breast
Which she had done to sin and strife,
Call her—ev'n then—his Life! his Life!*

* Chavah, or, as it is in Arabic, Havvah (the name by which Adam called the woman after their transgression), means "Life.

Yes, such the love-taught name, the first,
That round Man to Woman gave,
Ev'n in his utmost hour, when earth
By her fond witchery, with that worst
And earliest boon of love, the grave!
She, who had so desired the world,
There stood before him, with the light
Of their lost Paradise still bright
Upon those sunny locks, that cur'd
Down her white shoulders to her feet—
So beautiful in form, so sweet
In heart and voice, as to redeem
The loss, the death, of all things dear,
Except herself—and make it seem
Life, endless Life, while she was near!
Could I but wonder at a creature,
Thus circled round with spells so strong—
One, to whose every thought, word feature,
In joy and woe, through right and wrong,
Such sweet omnipotence heaven gave,
To bless or ruin, curse or save?

Nor did the marvel cease with her—
New Ev's in all her daughters came,
As strong to charm, as weak to err,
As sure of man through praise and blame,
Where'er they brought him, pride or shame.
He still the urea o'er worshipping,
And they, throughout all time, the same
Each mistress of soul and frame,
Into who o'er hands, from first to last,
This world with all its destinies,
Devoured by heaven—some, only,
To save or ruin, as they please!
Oh, 'tis not to be told how long,
How restlessly I sigh'd to find
Some one, from out that witching throng,
Some abstract of the form and mind
Of the whole, the matchless sex, from which,
In my own arms beheld, possest,
I might learn all the powers to which,
To warm, and (if my fate unblest
Would have) it ruin, of the rest!
Into whose inward soul and sense
I might descend, as doth the bee
Into the flower's deep heart, and thence
Rife, in all its purity,
The prince, the quince-sence, the whole
Of wondrous Woman's fame and soul!

At length, my burning wish, my prayer—
(For such, oh, what will bungs un dare,
When hearts go wrong?—this lip prefer'd—)
At length my ominous prayer was heard—but
Whether heard in heaven or hell,
Listen—and thou wilt know too well,

There was a maid, of all who move
Like visions o'er this earth, most fit
To be a bright young angel's love,
Herself so bright, so exquisite!

The pride, too, of her step, as light
Along the unconscious earth she went,
Seem'd that of one, born with a right
To walk some hev'lier element,
And tread in places where her feet
A star at every step should meet.
It was not along that loveliness
By which the wiser'd sense is caught—
Of lips whose very breath could bless;
Of play'd blushes, that seem'd nought
But luminous escapes of thought;
Of eyes that, when by anger stir'd,
Were fire itself, but, at a word
Of tenderness, all soft became
As though they could, like the sun's bird,
Dissolve away in their own flame—
Of form, as plant as the shoots
Of a young tree, inernal flower;
Yet round and glowing as the fruits,
That drop from it in summer's hour;
'T was not alone this loveliness
That falls to loveliest women's share,
Though, even here, her form could spare
Fondly its own beauty, and inspiring visions
Enough to make men's hearts more fair—but
'T was the Mind, outshining clear
Through her whole frame—the soul, still near;
To light each charm, yet independent
Of what it lighted, as a sun
That shines on dews, would be resplendent.
Were there no flowers to shine upon
'T was this—a union, which the hand
Of Nature kept for her alone,
Of every thing most playful, bland,
Champagne, spiritual, grand.
In angel-natures and her own—
Oh this it was that drew me nigh
One, who seemed to kin to heaven as I,
A bright twin-sister from on high—
One in whose love, I felt, were given
The mix'd delights of either sphere,
All that the spirit seeks in heaven,
And all the senses born for here.

Had we—but hold—hold every part
Of our sad tale, spite of the pain
Remembrance gives, when the fixed dart
Is stirred thus in the wound again
Hear every step, so full of bliss,
And yet so mournful, that led
Down to the last, dark precipice,
Where perils both—tho' the fall, the dead I
From the first hour she caught my sight,
I never left her—day and night
Hovering unseen around her way,
And 'mid her loneliest nuis-ings near,
I saw could track each thought that lay,
Gleaming within her heart, as clear
As pebbles within brooks appear;
And there, among the countless things
That keep young hearts for ever glowing,
Vague wishes, ind imaginings
Loved-dreams, as yet an object knowing—
Light, winged hopes, that come when bid,
And rainbow's that end in weeping;
And passions, among pure thoughts hid,
Like serpents' under glowing sleep;
Mong all these feelings—not where'er
Young hearts are beating—I saw there
Proud thoughts, spirits high—beyond
What'er yet dwell in soul so fond—
Glimpses of glory, far away
Into the bright, vague future given;
And fancies, free and grand, whose play,
Like that of eagles, is near heaven!—
With this, too—what a soul and heart
To fall beneath the tempest's art—
A zeal for knowledge, such as ever
Embrac'd itself in form so fair,
Since that first, fatal hour, when Eve,
With every fruit of Eden blest,
Save one alone—rather than leave
That one unreach'd, lest all the rest.

It was in dreams that first I stole
With gentle mastery o'er her mind—

In that rich twilight of the soul,
When reason's beam, half hid behind
The clouds of sleep, obscurely gilds
Each shad-y shape the fancy builds—
'T was then, by that soft light, I brought
Widgery, the living visions of her view;
Captives of radiance, lost when caught,
Bright labyrinths, that led to nothing;
And vistas, with no pathway through—
Dwellings of bliss, that opening spire,
Then over, dissolved, and left no trace
All that, in short, could tempt Hope on,
But give her wing no resting-place;
Myself the while, with brow, as yet,
Pure as the young moon's corneil,
Through every young dream still in her sight,
The enchainer of each mocking scene,
Who gave the hope, then brought the blight,
Who said, 'Rebuild you world of light,'
Then sudden drop a veil between!

At length, when I perceived each thought,
Waking or sleeping, fix'd on night
But these illusive scenes, and me—
The phantom, who thus came and went,
In half revelations, only meant
To sadden curiously
When by such various arts I found
Her fancy to its utmost wound,
One night—'t was in a holy spot,
Which she for prey's had chosen—a grot
Of pure marble, built below.
Her garden beds, through which a glow
From lamps invisible stole,
Brightly pervading all the place,
Like that mystery, which the soul,
Herself unseen, sheds through the face.
There, at her altar while she knelt,
And all that woman ever felt,
When God and man both chime’d her sighs—
Every warm thought, that ever dwelt,
Like summer clouds, 'twixt earth and skies,
Too pure to fall, too gross to rise,
Spoke in her gestures, tones, and eyes—
Then, as the mystic light's soft ray
Grew softer still, as tho' its ray
Was breath'd from her, I heard her say:

'Oh idol of my dreams! whistler
Thy nature be human, divine,
Or but half heavenly still too fair,
Too heavenly to be ever mine!

Wonderful Spirit, who dost make
Slumber so lovely, that it seems
No longer life to live awake,
Since heaved itself descends in dreams,

Why do I ever lose thee? why
When on thy realms and thee I gaze
Still drop, that veil, which I could die,
Oh gladdly, but one hour to raise?

Long ere such miracles as thou
And thine came over my thoughts, a third
For light was in this soul, which now
Thy looks have into passion turn'd.

There's nothing bright above, below,
In sky—earth—ocean, that this breast
Doth not intensely burn to know,
And thee, thee, thee, o'er all the rest!

Then came a Spirit, from behind
The curtains of thy radiant home,
If thou wouldst be as angel shriv'd,
Or lov'd and clasped'd as mortal, come!
THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

"Bring all thy dazzling wonders here,
"That I may, waking, know and see;
"Or waft me hence to thy own sphere,
"Thy heaven, or — ay, even that with thee!
"Dooms or God, who holds the book
"Of knowledge spread beneath thine eye,
"Give me, with thee, but one bright look
"Into its leaves, and let me die!

By those ethereal wings, whose way
"Lies through an element, so fraught
"With living Mind, that, as they play,
"Their every movement is a thought!

By that bright, wreathed hair, between
"Whose sunny clusters the sweet wind
"Of Paradise so late hath been,
"And left its fragrant soul behind!

By those impassion'd eyes, that melt
"Their light into the immortal heart;
"Like sunset in the waters, felt
"As molten fire through every part —

"I do implore thee, oh most bright
"And worshipp'd Spirit, shine but o'er
"My waking, wondering eyes this night,
"This one blest night — I ask no more!"

Exhausted, breathless, as she said
These burning words, her languid head
Upon the altar's steps she cast,
As if that brain-throb were its last —

Till, startled by the breathing, nigh,
Of lips, that echoed back her sigh,
Suddenly her brow again she raised;
And there, just lighted on the shrine,
Beheld me — not as I had blazed
Around her, full of light divine,
In her late dreams, but soft and down
Into more mortal grace — my crown
Of flowers, too radiant for this world,
Left hanging on your every lip —
My wings shut up, like banners furled,
When Peace hath put her pomp to sleep;
Or like autumnal clouds, that keep
Their lightnings stealth'd, rather than mar
The dawning hour of each new element;
And nothing left, but what beseech'd
The' accessible, though glorious mate
Of mortal woman — whose eyes beam'd
Back upon hers, as passionate;
Whose ready heart brought flame for flame,
Whose sin, whose madness was the same;
And whose soul lost, in that one hour,
For her and for her love — oh more
Of heaven's light than ev'n the power
Of heav'n itself could now restore!

And ye', that hour! — —

The Spirit here
Stropp'd in his utterance, as if words
Gave way beneath the wild career
Of his then rushing thoughts — like chords,
Midway in some enthusiastic's song
Breaking beneath a touch too strong;
While the elench'd hand upon the brow
Told how remembrance throbb'd there now!
But soon 'twas o'er — that casual blaze
From the sunk fire of other days —
That relic of a flame, whose burning
Had been too fierce to be relin'd,
Soop past away, and the youth, turning
To his bright listeners, thus re-un'to! —

"Days, months elaps'd, and, though what most
On earth I sigh'd for was mine, all —
Yet — was I happy? God, thou know'st,
How'er they smile, and frown, and bow,
What happiness is theirs, who fail!
'T was bitterest anguish — made more keen
Ev'n by the love, the bliss, between
Whose throbs it came, like gleams of hell
In agonizing cross-light given
A thousand glimpses, they who dwell
In purgatory, a catch of heaven!
The only feeling that to me
Seemed joy — or rather my sole rest
From aching misery — was to see
My young, proud, blooming Lilis blest.
She, the fair fountain of all ill
To my lost soul, whom yet its thirst
Fervidly panted after still,
And found the charm fresh as at first —
To see her happy — to reflect
Whatever beams still round me play'd
Of former pride, of glory's wreck'd,
On her, my Moon, whose light I made,
And whose soul worship'd ev'n my shade
— This was, I own, enjoyment —
My sole, last lingering glimpse of bliss.
And proud she was, fair creature! — proud,
Beyond what ev'n most keenly stirs
In woman's heart, nor would have bow'd
That beautiful young know of hers
To aught beneath the First above,
So high she deem'd her Cherub's love!

Then, too, that passion, hourly growing
Stronger and stronger — to which even
Her love, at times, gave way — of knowing
Everything strange in earth and heaven;
Not only all that, full reveal'd,
The' eternal Alla loves to show,
But all that live hath wisely seal'd
In darkness, for man not to know
Ev'n this desire, alas, ill-star'd
And fatal as it was, I sought
To eat each minute, and unbew't
Such realms of wonder on her thought,
As ne'er, till then, had let their light
Escape on any mortal's sight!
In the deep earth — beneath the sea
Through caves of fire — through wilds of air
Wherever sleeping Mystery
Had spread her curtain, we were there
Love still beside us, as we went;
At home in each new element,
And sure of worship every where!

Then first was Nature taught to lay
The wealth of all her kingdoms down
At woman's worship'd feet, and say,
"Bright creation, this is all thou can'st!
Then first were diamonds, from the night;
Of earth's deep cent're brought to light,

1 Called by the Mussulmans Al Arâf — a sort of wall or partition which, according to the 7th chapter of the Koran, separates hell from paradise, and where they, who have not merits sufficient to gain them immediate admittance into heaven, are supposed to stand for a certain period, alternately tantalized and tormented by the sights that are on either side presented to them.

2 a Quelques noms desireux de devenir immortels, avaient voulu gagner les bonnes grâces des nes filles, et leur avaient apporté des pierrières dont ils sont gartens naturels: et ces auteurs ont cru, s'appuyant sur le livre d'Enoch mal entendu, que c'est-
And made to grace the conquering way
Of proud young beauty with their ray.
Then, too, the pearl from out its shell
Unscathed, as it glories to dwell
(As it were a spirit force'd to dwell)
In form unlovely was set free,
And round the neck of woman threw
A light that bent and borrow'd too.
For never did this mind shew o'er
The ambition of the hour—forget
Her sex's pride in being fair;
Nor that adornment, tasteful, rare,
Which makes the mighty magnet set
In woman's form, more magic than
Nor was there taught within the range
Of my swift wing in sea or air,
Of beautiful, or grand, or strange,
That quickly as her wish could change,
I did not seek, with such fond care,
That when I've seen her look above
At some bright star admiringly,
I've said, "Nay, look not there, my love,
Ahas, I cannot give it thee!"

But not alone the wonders found
Through Nature's realm—the unveil'd, material,
Visible glories, that abound,
Through all her vast, enchanted ground—
But whatsoever unseen, etherial,
Dwell far away from human sense,
Writ'ld in its own intelligence—
The mystery of that Fountain-head,
From which all vital spirit runs,
All breath of Life, wheresoe'er his spread
Through men or angels, flowers or sub-
The workings of the Almighty Mind,
When first o'er Chaos he design'd
The outlines of this world; and through
That depth of darkness—like the bow,
Cal'd out of rain-clouds, hue by hue—
Saw the grand, gradual picture grow—
The covenant with human kind
By Ails made— the chains of Fate
He round himself and them twain'd—
Till his high task he consummated—
Till good from evil, love from hate,
Shall he work'd out through sin and pain,
And Fate shall loose her iron chain,
And all be free, be bright again!

Such were the deep-drawn mysteries,
And some, even more obscure, profound,
And wildering to the mind that these,
Which—far as woman's thought could sound,

Or a fall'n, outlaw'd spirit reach—
She darest to learn, and I to teach.
Till—fill'd with such earthly lore,
And mingling the pure light by things
With much that fancy had, before,
Shed in false, tinted glimmerings—
The enthusiast girl spoke out, as one
Impul'd, among her own dark race,
Who never did this mind shew o'er,
Leaving their holy rites undone,
To gaze upon her hoar face.
And, though but wild the things she spoke,
Yet, mid that play of error's smoke
Into fair shapes by fancy cur'd,
Some gleams of pure religion broke—
Glimpses, that have not yet awoke,
But startled the still dreaming world!
Oh, many a truth, remote, sublime,
Which Heaven would from the minds of men
Have kept conceal'd, till its own time,
Stole out in these revelations then—
Revelations dim, that have fore-run,
By ages, the great, Sealing One! 4
Like that imperfect dawn, or light
Escaping from the zodiac's signs,
Which makes the doubtful east half bright,
Before the rest morning shines!

Thus did some means of bliss go by—
Of bliss to her, who saw but love;
And knowledge throughout earth and sky;
To whose enamour'd soul and eye,
I seemed—as is the sun on high—
The light of all below, above,
The spirit of sea, and land, and air,
Whose influence, felt everywhere,
Spread from its centre, her own heart,
E'en to the world's extremest part;
While through that world her restless mind
Had now career'd so fast and spid,
That earth itself seem'd left behind,
And her proud fancy, unconfined,
Already saw Heaven's gates ajar!

Happy enthusiast! still, oh, still
Spite of my own heart's mortal chill,
Spite of that double-framed sorrow,
Which looks at once before and back,
Beholds the year-day, the morn,
And sees both comfortless, both black—
Spite of all this, I could have still
In her delight forgot all ill;
Or, if pain would not be forgot,
At least have borne and murmured not.
When thoughts of an offended heaven,
Of sinfulness, which I—e'en I,
While down its steep and headlong driven—
Well knew could never be forgiven,
Came o'er me with an agony
Beyond all reach of mortal woe—
A torture kept for those who know,
Know every thing— and— worst of all—
Know and love Virtue while they fall!
E'en then, her presence had the power
To soothe, to warm—say, e'en to bless—
If ever bliss could graft it newer
Upon so full of bitterness—
E'en then her glorious smile to me
Brought warmth and radiance, if not balm—
Like moonlight o'er a troubled sea,
Brightening the storm it could not calm.

Oft, too, when that disheartening fear,
Which all who love, beneath you sky,

4 In acknowledging the authority of the great Prophe's who had preceded him, Mahomet represented his own mission as the final "Son," or consummation of them all.

5 The Zodiacal Light.
THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

Feel, when they gaze on what is dear—
The dreadful thought that it must die—
That false ideal, which comes
Into men’s happiest hours and homes;
Whose wreck by boding flings—
Death’s shadow over all the brighter things,
Sickles the infant’s bloom, and spreads
The grave beauteous young lovers’ heads!

This far, so sad to all—me
Most full of sadness, from the thought
That I must still live on, when she
Would, like the snow that on the sea
Fell yesterday, in vain be sought;
That heaven to me this final seal
Of all earth’s sorrow would deny,
And I eternally must feel
The death-song, without power to die!

Ev’n this, her fond endearments—fond
As ever cherish’d the sweet bond
’Tis heart and heart—could charm away;
Before her look no clouds would stay,
Or, if they did, their gloom was gone,
Their darkness put a glory on!

But ’tis not, ’tis not for the wrong,
The guilty, to be happy long;
And she, too, now, had sunk within
The shadow of her tempter’s sin,
Too deep for ev’ry Omn:none
To snatch the fated victim thence!

Listen, and, if a tear there be
Left in your hearts, weep it for me.

’T was on the evening of a day,
Which we in love had dreamt away;
In that same garden, where — the pride
Of seraph splendour laid aside,
And those wings and, whose open light
For mortal gaze were else too bright —
I first had stood before her sight,
And found myself — oh, ecstasy!

Which ev’n in pain I ne’er forget
Worshipp’d as only God should be,
And love as never man was yet!
In that same garden were we now,
Thoughtfully side by side reclining,
Her eyes turn’d upward, and her brow
With its own silent lances shining.
It was an evening bright and still
As ever blush’d on wave or bower,
Smiling from heaven, as it wrought till
Could happen in so sweet an hour.

Yet, I remember, both grew sad
In looking at that light — ev’n she
Of heart so fresh, and brow so glad,
Felt the still hour’s solemnity,
And thought she saw, that reprose,
The death-hour not alone of light,
But of this whole fair world — the close
Of all things beautiful and bright —
The last, grand sunset, in whose ray
Nature herself died calm away!

At length, as though some livelier thought
Had suddenly her fancy caught,
She turn’d upon me her dark eyes,
Diluted into that full shape,
They looked in joy, in raptures, surprise,
Of what we were to let more soul escape,
And, playfully as on my head
Her white hand rested, smiled, and said: —

**I had, last night, a dream of thee,**
**Resembling those divine ones, given,**
**Like preludes to sweet minstrelsy,**
**Before thou cam’st, thyself, from heaven.**

**The same rich wreath was on thy brow,**
**Dazzling as if of sunlight made;**
**And these wings, lying softly now,**
**Like meteors round thee flash’d and played.**

**Thou stand’st, all bright, as in those dreams,**
**As if just wak’d from above;**
**Mingling earth’s warmth with heaven’s beams,**
**A creature to adore and love.**

**Sudden I felt thee draw me near**
**To thy pure heart, where fondly plac’d,**
**I seem’d within the atmosphere**
**Of that exalting light embod’d;**

**And felt, methought, the ethereal flame**
**Pass from thy pure soul to mine;**
**Till — oh, too blissful — I became,**
**Like thee, all spirit, all divine!**

**Say, why did dream so blest come o’er me,**
**If, now I wake, ’tis faded, gone?**
**When will my Cherub shine before me?**
**Thus radiant, as in heaven he shone?**

**Where shall I, waking, be allow’d**
**To gaze upon those perfect charms,**
**And chuse thee once, without a cloud,**
**A chill of earth, within these arms?**

**Oh what a pride to say, this, this**
**Is my own Angel — all divine,**
**And pure, and dazzling as he is,**
**And fresh from heaven — he’s mine!**

**Think’st thou, were Lillies in thy place,**
**A creature of morn y skies,**
**She would have had one single grace,**
**One glory from her lover’s eyes?**

**No, no — then, if thou lov’st like me,**
**Shine out, young spirit, in the blaze**
**Of thy most proud divinity,**
**Nor think’st thou wound this mortal gaze.**

**Too long and oft I’ve look’d upon**
**Those ardent eyes, intense ev’n thus —**
**Too near the stars themselves have gone,**
**Too fear aught grand or luminous.**

**Then doubt me not — oh, who can say**
**But that this dream may yet come true,**
**And my blest spirit drink thy ray,**
**Till it becomes all heavenly too?**

**Let me this once but feel the flame**
**Of those spread wings, the very pride**
**Will change my name, and this frame**
**By the mere touch be defied!**

Thus spoke the maid, as one, not us’d
To be by earth or heaven reflect’d
As one, who knew her influence over
All creatures, whatsoever they were,
And, though to heaven she could not soar,
At least would bring down heaven to her.

Little did she, alas, or I —
Ev’n I, whose soul, but half-way yet
Immerg’d in sin’s obscurity

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1. Pococke, however, gives it as the opinion of the Mahometan doctors, that all souls, not only of men and of animals, living either on land or in the sea, but of the angels also, must necessarily taste of death.
THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

Was as the earth whereon we lie,
O'er half whose disk the sun is set—
Love did we foresee the fate,
The dreadful—how can it be told?
Such pain, such anguish to relate
Is o'er again to feel, behold!
But, charg'd as I, my heart must speak
Its sorrow out, or it will break!
Some dark imaginings had I, then,
Passed for a moment through my breast—
Fears of some danger, vague, unknown,
To one, or both—something unheld.
To happen from this proud request,
Deepen these bodings, this array?
Nor saw I aught that could forbear
My full reversion, save the dread
Of that first dazzle, when, unheld,
Such light should burst upon a lid
Never tried in heaven;—and even his glare
She might, by love, own nursing care,
Be, like young eagles, taught to bear.
For well I knew, the lure shed
From cherub wings, when proudly spread,
Was, in its nature, true, pure,
And innocent as is the light
The glow-worm hangs out to allure
Her mate to her green bow'er at night.
Oft had I, in the mid-air, swept
Through that light which all the lightning slept
As in its fair, ready to spring,
Yet walk'd it not—though from my wing
A thousand sparks fell glittering!
Off too when round me from above
She fell in its snow, in its whiteness,
Fell, like the meilings of heaven's Dove, 1
So harmless, though so full of brightness,
Was my brow's wreath, that it would shake
From off its flowers each downy flake
As delicate, unsmelt, fair,
And cool as they had lighted there.

Nay ev'n with Lillis—had I not
Around her sleep all radiant beam'd,
Hang o'er her slumberers, nor forgot
To kiss her eye-sides, as she dream'd?
And yet, at morn, from that repose,
Had she not walk'd, unsheath'd and bright,
As doth the pure, unconscious rose,
Though by the fire-fly kiss'd all night?

Thus having—as, alas, deceased
By my sin's blindness, I believed—
No cause for dread, and those dark eyes
Now fix'd upon me, eagerly
As though the unlocking of the skies
Then wait'd but a sign from me—
How could I gainsay? bow ev'n let fall
A word, a whisper that could stir
In her proud heart a doubt, that all
I brought from heaven belond' to her?

Slow from her side I rose, while she
Arose, too, mutely, tremblingly,

But not with fear—all hope, and pride,
She waited for the awful boon,
Like pietistess, at even side,
Watching the rose of the full moon,
Whose light, when once its orb bath alone,
'Twill sadden them to look upon.

Of all my glories, the bright crown,
Which, when I last from heaven came down,
Was left behind me, in your star
That shines from not those clouds afar,—
Where, recit sad, it is treasure'd yet,
The downfall'd angel's crown! I—
Of all my glories, this alone
Was wanting:—but the illumined brow,
The sun-bright locks, the eyes that now
Had love's spell added to their own,
And pour'd a light tall then unknown;—
The unfolded wing's, that, in their play,
Shed sparkle's bright as All's a throne;
All I could bring of heaven's array,
Of that rich pomp of charms
A Cherub moves in, on the day
Of his best pomp, I now put on;
And, proud that in her eyes I shone
Thus glorious, glided to her arms;
Which still, though, at a sight so splendid,
Her heart's brow had, in a blithe
Sunk on her breast,) were wide extended
To clasp the form she durst not see; 2
Great Heaven! how could thy yeceance light
So bitterly on one so bright?
How could the hand, that gave such charms,
Blow them again, in love's own arms?
Scarce had I touch'd her shrinking frame,
When—oh, most horrible!—I felt
That every spark of that pure flame—
Pure, while among the stars I dwelt—
Was now, by my transgression, turn'd
Into gross, Carly fire, which burn'd,
Burn'd all it touch'd, as fast as eye
Could follow the fierce, ravening flashes;
Till there—oh, God, I still ask why
Such down was hers?—I saw her lie
Black'thunder within my arms to ashes!
That brow, a glory but to see—
Those lips, whose touch was what the first
Fresh cup of immortality
Is to a new-made angel's thrst! 3
Those clasping arms, within whose round—
My heart's horizon—the whole broad
Of its hope, prospect, heaven was found!
Which, ev'n in this dread moment, fond
As when they first were round me cast,
Lost not in death the fatal bond,
But, burning, held me to the last!
All, all, that, but that morn, had seem'd
As if love's self there breath'd and beam'd,
Now, parch'd and black, before me lay,
Withering in agony away;
And mine, oh, misery! mine the same;
From this declension came;—
I, the cursed spirit, whose cares
Had blasted all that loveliness!

1 The Dove, or pigeon which attended Mahomet as his familiar, and was frequently seen to whisper into his ear, was, if I recollect right, one of that select band of cherubins (including also the fayt of Solomon, the dog of the Seven Sleepers, &c.) which were thought by the Prophet worthy of adoration into Paradise.

2 The Medeans have a tradition that Mahomet was saved when he hid himself in a cave in Mount Shor, by his pursuers finding the mouth of the cave covered by a spider's web, and a nest built by two pigeons at the entrance, with two eggs unbroken in it, which made them think no one could have entered it. In consequence of this, they say Mahomet enjoin'd his followers to look upon pigeons as sacred, and never to kill a spider. — Modern Universal History, vol. 1.

3 "Mohammed (says Sale), though a prophet, was not able to bear the sight of Gabriel, when he appeared in his proper form, much less would others be able to support it."
THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

Just when her eyes, in fading, took
Their last, keen, agonized farewell,
And lo! in mine with — oh, that look!
Great vengeful Power, whence'er the hell
Thou mayst in human souls assign,
The memory of that look is mine —
In her last struggle, on my brow
Her ashly lips a kiss impress,
So withering! — I feel it now —
'Twas hie — but hire, ev'n more unblest
Than was my own, and like that flame,
The angels' shudder but to name,
Hell's everlasting element!
Deep, deep it pierced into my brain,
Maid'ning and torturing as it went;
And here — mark here, the brand, the stain
It left upon my front — burst in
By that last kiss of love and sin
A brand, which all the pomp and pride
Of a fallen Spirit cannot hide!

But is it then, dread Providence —
Can it, indeed, be this, that she,
Who, (but for one proud, fond idence)
Had hon'rd heaven itself should be
Now doom'd — I cannot speak it — no,
Merciful Alia! Yet not so —
Never could lips divine have said
The flat of a file so dread.
And yet, that look — so deeply fraught
With more than anguish, with despair —
That new, fierce fire, resembling nought
In heaven or earth — this scorch I bear!
Oh — for the first time that these knees
Have bent before thee since my fall,
Great Power, if ever thy decrees
Thou could'st for prayer like mine recall,
Pardon that spirit, and on me,
Oh, who taught her pride to err,
Shed out each drop of agony
Thy burning phial keeps for her!
Yet, too, who e'er beside me kneel
Two other outcasts, who, though gone
And lost themselves, yet dare to feel
And pray for that poor mort'd one.
Alas, too well, too well they know
The pain, the presence, the woe
That Passion brings upon the best,
The visit of the lowliest —
Oh, who is in be said, if such
Bright, erring souls are not forgiven;
So both they wander, and so much
Their very wanderings seem to ward heaven!
Again, I cry, Just Power, transfer
That ere t'ere's sufferings all to me
Mine, mine the guilt, the torment be,
To save one minute's pain to her,
Let mine last all eternity!

He paused, and in the earth bent down
His throbbing head; while they, who felt
That agony as 'twere their own,
Three angel youths, beside him knelt,
And, in the night's still silence there
While mournfully each wandering air
Play'd to those flames, that gazed, more
To their last home in heav'n must soar,
Breath'd inwardly the voiceless prayer,
Unheard by all but Mercy's ear —
And when, if Mercy did not hear,
Oh! God would not be what he is!
And glorious universe of His,
This world of beauty, goodness, light
And endless love proclaims He is!

Not long they knelt, when, from a wood
That crown'd that any solitude,
They heard a low, uncertain sound,
As from a lute, that just had found
Some happy theme, and mumbled round
The new-born fancy, with fond tone,
Scarce thinking aught so sweet its own!
Till soon a voice, that March'd as well
That gentle instrument, as suits
The sea-air to an ocean-shell,
(So kin its spirit to the lute's),
Tremblingly follow'd the soft strain,
Interpreting its joy, its pain,
And lending the light wings of words
To many a thought, that else had lain
Unfledg'd and mute among the chords,

All started at the sound — but chief
The third young Angel, in whose face,
Though faded like the others, grief
Had left a gentler, holier trace;
As if, even yet, through pain and ill,
Hope had not fled him — as if still
Her precious jewel, in sorrow's cup,
Unmelted at the bottom lay,
To shine again, when all drunk up,
The bitterness should pass away.
Chiefly did he, though in his eyes
There shone more pleasure than surprise,
Turn to the word, from whence that sound
Of solitary sweetness broke;
Then, lift'ning, look delighted round
To his bright peers, while thus it spoke:
"Come, pray with me, my seraph love,
My angel-lord, come pray with me;
In vain to-night my lip hath strove
To send one holy prayer above;
The knee may bend, the lip may move,
But pray I cannot, without thee!
I've felt the altar in my bower
With droppings from the incense tree;
I've shelter'd it from wind and shower,
But dim it burns the livelong hour,
As if, like me, it had no power
Of life or lustre, without thee!"

"A boat at midnight sent alone
To drift upon the moonless sea,
A lute, whose leading chord is gone,
A wounded bird, that hath but one
Imperfect wing to soar upon.
Are like what I am, without thee!"

"Then ne'er, my spirit-love, divide,
In life or death, thyself from me;
But when again, in sunny pride,
Thou walk'st through Eden, let me glide,
A prostrate shadow, by thy side—
"Oh happier than without thee!"

The song had ceased, when, from the wood
Which, sweeping down that aery height,
Reach'd the lone spot whereon they stood
There suddenly shone out a light
From a clear lamp, which, as it blaz'd
Across the brow of one, who rais'd
Its flame aloft, as if to throw
The light upon that group below,
Display'd two eyes, sparkling between
The dusky leaves, such as are seen
By fancy only, in those faces,
That haunt a poet's walk at even,
Looking from out their leafy place
Upon his dreams of Love and heaven.
'T was but a moment — the blush, brought
Over all her features at the thought
Of being seen thus, late, alone,
By any but the eyes she sought
Had scarcely for an instant shone
Through the dark leaves, when she was gone—\n
THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

Gone, like a meteor that o'erhead
Suddenly shines, and ere we've said,
"Behold, how beautiful" — 'tis fled.

Yet, ere she went, the words, "I come,
I come, my Nama," reach'd her ear
In that kind voice, familiar, dear,
Which tells of confidence, of home,—
Of habit, that hath drawn hearts near,
Till they grow one,—of faith sincere,
And all that Love most loves to hear;
A music, breathing of the past,
The present and the time to be,
With Hope and Memory, to the last,
Lengthen out life's true harmony!

Nor long did he, whom call'd to kind
Summon'd away, remain behind;
Nor did there need much time to tell
What they were, more falls than he
From happiness and heaven — knew well,
His gentle love's short history!

Thus did it run — not as he told
The tale himself, but as 'tis grav'd
Upon the tablets that, of old,
By Seth 1 were from the deluge saved,
All written over with sublime
And suddening legends of the blest,
But glorious Spirits of that time,
And this young Angel among the rest.

THIRD ANGEL'S STORY.

Among the Spirits, of pure flame,
That in the eternal heavens abide—
Circles of light, that from the same
Unclouded centre spreading wide,
Carry its beams on every side—
Like spheres of air that waft around
The undulations of rich sound—
Till the far-circling radiance be
Diffus'd into infinity—
First and immediate near the Throne
Of Alla, 2 as if most his own,
The Seraphim stand — this burning sign
Trac'd on their banner, "Love Divine!"

1 Seth is a favourite personage among the Orientals, and acts a conspicuous part in many of their most extravagant romances. The Syrmas pretended to have
2 Testimony of this Patriarch in his possession, in which was explained the whole theology of angels, their different orders, &c. &c. The Chers, too (as Hyde mentions in his Appendix), have a book, which contains all the rites of their religion, and which they call Seraphim, or the Book of Seth.
3 In the same manner that Seth and Cheru are supposed to have preserved these memorials of antediluvian knowledge, Xenas is said in Chaldaean tables to have deposited in Saphir the city of the Sun, those monuments of science which he had saved out of the waters of a deluge. — See Jablotniski's learned remarks upon these columns or tablets of Seth, which he supposes to be the same with the pillars of Mercury, or the Egyptian Thoth.—Pantheon. Egypt. lib. v. cap. 5.
4 The Musulmans, says D'Herbelot, apply the general name, Mocarrebou, to all those Spirits "qui appertécnent le plus près le Trone." Of this number are Miskat and Gerbal.
5 The Seraphim, or Spirit's of Divine Love.

There appears to be, among writers on the East, as well as among the Orientals themselves, considerable difference with regard to the respective claims of Seraphim and Cherubim to the highest rank in the celestial hierarchy. The derivation which Hyde assigns to the word Cherub seems to determine the pre-

Their rank, their honours, far above
Ev'n those to high-brow'd Cherubins given,
Though knowing all — so much doth Love
Transcend all knowledge, ev'n in heaven!

'Mong these were Zaraph once — and none
E'er felt affection's holy fire,
Or yearn'd towards the Eternal One,
With half so long, deep desire.
Love was to his impassion'd soul
Not, as with others, a mere part
Of its existence, but the whole —
The very life-breath of his heart!
Oh, when from Alla's lifted brow
A Justice came, too bright to bear,
And all the seer ranks would bow,
To shade their dazzled sight, nor dare
To look upon the effulgence there—
This Spirit's eyes would court the blaze
(Such pride be in adorning look),
And rather lose, in that one gaze,
The power of looking, than not look!
Then too, when angel voices sung
The mercy of their God, and strong
Their Jigs, to hail, with welcome sweet,
That moment, watch'd for by all eyes,
When some repentant sinner's feet
First touched the threshold of the skies,
Oh then how clearly did the voice
Of Zaraph above all rejoice!
Love was then in every burn't tone —
Such love, as only could belong
To the best angels, and alone
Could, ev'n from angels, bring such song:
Alas, that it should ever have been
In heaven as it is too often here,

Where nothing fond or bright is seen,
But it hath pain and peril near;—
Where right and wrong so close resemble,
That what we take for virtue's thrill
Is often the first downward trouble
Of the heart's balance unto ill;
Where Love hath not a shrine so pure,
So holy, but the serpent, Sin,
In moments, ev'n the most secure,
Beneath his alar may glide to!

So was it with that Angel — such
The charm, that sloph'd his fall along,
From good to ill, from loving much,
Too easy, in loving wrong.—
'Er'so that famous Spirit, bound
By beauty's spell, where'er it was found,
From the bright things above the moon
Down to earth's beam'd eyes descended,
Till love for the Creator soon
In passion for the creature ended.

'T was first at twilight, on the shore
Of the smooth sea, he heard the low
And voice of her he lov'd steal o'er
The silver waters, that lay mum,

cendence in favour of that order of spirits: — "Cherubim, it. e. Prophungu Angeli, qui so. Deo propius quam omni accedunt; nam Cherubim est t. q. Karob, appropinque." (P. 265.) Al Beida'w, one of the commentators of the Koran, on that passage, "The angels, who bear the Throne, and those who stand about it," (chap. xI) says, "These are the Cherubim, the highest order of the Synd, and the first angels. On the other hand, we have seen, in a preceding note, that the Spirits place the sphere in which the Seraphs dwell at the very summit of all the celestial systems; and even, among Mahometans, the word Azarol and Mocarrebou (which mean the spiris that stand nearest to the throne of Alla) are indiscriminately applied to both Seraphim and Cheru-

bim.
As lofs, by ev’n a breath, to stay
The pilgrimage of that sweety;—
Whose echoes still went on and on,
Till lost among the light that shone
Far off, beyond the ocean’s brim —
There, where the rich cascade of day
Had, o'er the horizon's golden run,
Into Elysium roll’d away !
Of God the song, and of the mild
At endant Mercy, that beside
His awful throne for ever stood,
Ready, with her white hand, to guide
His hosts of veneration to their prey —
That she might quench them on the way I
Of Peace — of that Aonian Love,
Upon whose star, shining above
This twilit world of hope and fear,
The weeping eyes of Faith are stay’d
So fond, that with her every tear
The light of that love-bar is mix’d —
All this she sung, and such a soul
To pay was in that song —
That the charmed Angel, as it stole
Tenderly to his ear, along
Those flowing waters where he lay,
Watching the daylight’s diing ray,
Thence was a voice from out the wave,
An echo, that some canyymph gave
To Eden’s distant harmony,
Heard faint and sweet beneath the sea !
Quickly, however, to its source,
Tracking that music’s mellow course,
He saw, upon the golden sand
Of the sea-shore a maiden stand,
Before whose feet the expiring waves
Flung their last offering with a sigh —
As, in the East, exhausted slaves
Lay down the last-brought gift, and die —
And, while her late hang by her, husb’d,
As if unequal to the tide
Of song, that from her lips still gush’d,
She said, like one beathful,
Those eyes, whose light seem’d rather given
Such eyes, as may have look’d from heaven,
But never were rais’d to it before !
Oh, Love, Religion, Music — all
That’s left of Eden upon earth —
The only blessings, since the fall
Of our weak souls, that still recall
A trace of their high, glorious birth —
How kindred are the dreams you bring —
How Love, though unto each so prone,
Delights to take Religion’s wing,
When time or grief hath shroud his own —
How near to Love’s beguiling brink,
Too oft, entrench’d Religion lies !
While Music, Music is the link
They both still hold by to the skies,
The language of their native sphere,
Which they had else forgotten here.
How then could Zaraiph fail to feel
That moment’s witcheries — one, so fair,
Breathing out music, that might steal
Heaven from itself, and rapt to prayer
That seraphs might be proud to share !
Oh, he did feel it, all too well —
With warmth, that far too dearly cost —
Nor knew he, when at last he fell,
To which attraction, to which spell,
Love, Music, or Devotion, most
His soul in that sweet hour was lost.

Sweet was the hour, though dearly won,
And pure, as aught of earth could be,
For then first did the glorious sun
Before religion’s altar see
Two hearts in wedlock’s golden tie
Self-pledged, in love to live and die,
Blest nunni’s by that Angel wept —
And worthy from such hands to come;
Safe, sole asylum, in which Love,
When fall’n or exil’d from above,
In this dark world can find a home.

And, though the Spirit had transgress’d,
Had, from his station among the blest
Wen down by woman’s smile, allow’d
Terrestrial passion to breathe o’er
The mirror of his heart, and cloud —
God’s image, there so bright before —
Yet never did that Power look down
On error with a brow so mild; —
Never did Justice wear a crown,
Through which so gently Mercy shrnild.
For humble was their love — with awe
And trembling like some treasure kept,
That was not theirs by Judry law —
Whose beauty with remorse they saw,
And ever was a voice from out their wept,
Humility, that low, sweet root,
From which all heavenly virtues shoot,
Was in the hearts of both — but most
In Nama’s heart, by whom alone
Those claims, for which a heaven was lost,
Seem’d all unvalued and unknown;
And when her Seraph’s eyes she caught,
And hid her gorgeous on his breast,
Ev’n bliss was humbled by the thought —
“What claim have I to be so blest?”

Still less could maids, so meek, have nurs’d
Desire of knowledge — that vast thirst,
With which the sex hath all been cur’d.
From Juckless Eve to her, who bear
The Tabernacle slide to bear
The secrets of the angels: — no —
To love as her own Seraph lov’d,
With Faith, the same through bliss and woe.
— Faith, that, were ev’n its light removed,
Could, like the dial, in’d remain,
And wait till it shone out again —
With Patience that, though often bow’d
By the rude storm, can rise anew —
And Hope that, ev’n from Evil’s cloud,
Sees sunny Good half breaking through —
This deep, relying Love, worth more
In heaven than all a Cherub’s lore —
This Faith, more sure than aught beside,
Was the sole joy, ambition, pride
Of her fond heart — the unarming scope
Of all its views, above, below —
So true she felt it that to hope,
To trust, is happier than to know,

And thus in humbleness they tryst,
Abd-’d, but pure before their God;
Nor ever did earth behold a saint
So meekly beautiful as they,
When, with the altar’s holy light
Full on their brows, they knelt to pray,
Hand within hand, and side by side,
Two links of love, side by side,
From the great chain above, but fast
Holding together to the last —
Two fallen Splendors, — from that tree,

By Sara.

An attention to the Sephiroth or Splendors of the
Jewish Cabbala, re-pre-umed as a tree, of which God
is the crown of all spirit.
The Sephiroth are the higher orders of emanative
being in the strange and incomprehensible system of

1 “Les Egyptiens disent que la Musique est Sœur
422.
Which buds with such eternally a
Shaken to earth, yet keeping all
Their light and freshness in the fall.

Their only punishment, (as wrong,
However sweet, must bear its brand),
Their only doom was this — that,
As the green earth and ocean stand,
They both shall wander here — the same,
Throughout all time, in heart and frame —
Still looking to that goal sublime,
Whose light remote, but sure, they see;

Philosophy, recompenseiit
"On Which, Prussian思Visli
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The Pilgrim
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The Cabbala. They are called by various names, Piy, Beuy, &c. &c.; and their influences are supposed to act through certain canals, which communicate with each other.

The reader may judge of the rationality of this Jewish system by the following explanation of part of the machinery: — "Les canaux qui sortent de la Misericorde et de la Force, et qui vont aboutir a la Beaute, sont chargés d'un grand nombre d'Anges. Il y en a trente-cinq sur le canal de la Misericorde, qui recommencent et qui enroulent la vertu des Saints," &c. &c. — For a concise account of the Cabalistic Philosophy, see Enfield's very useful compendium of Brucker.

On les représente quelquefois sous la figure d'un arbre ou d'une épisoph qu'on appelle de la Parobe Sephorotique ou des splendeurs divines, det Pluhon."—
L'Histoire des Juifs, liv. ix. 11.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

SCEPTICISM.

Ere Psyche drank the cup, that shed
Inmortal Life into her soul,
So the evil spirit pour'd, 'tis said,
One drop of Death into the bowl —

Which, mingling darkly with the stream,
To Psyche's lips — she knew not why
Made ev'n that blessed nectar seem
As though its sweetness soon would die.

Oft, in the very arms of Love,
A chill came o'er her heart — a fear
That Death might, even yet, remove
Her spirit from that happy sphere.

When the loved face again is seen
Close, close, with not a tear between —
Confidence frank, without control,
Pain'd mutually from soul to soul;

As free from any fear or doubt
That happy mingles of hearts,
Where, change as the chemic compounds are,
Each with its own existence parts.

To find a new one, happier far!
Such are their joys — and, crowning all,
That blessed hope of the bright hour,
When happy and free no more to tax.

Their spirits shall, with fresh'd power,
Rise up rewarded for their trust
In Him, from whom all goodness springs,
And, shaking off earth's delusive dust
From their emaciated wings,
Wander for ever through those skies
Of rapture, where Love never dies!

In what lone region of the earth
These Pilgrims now may roam or dwell,
God and the Angels, who look forth
To watch their steps, alone can tell.

But should we, in our wanderings,
Meet a young pair, whose beauty wands
But the adornment of bright wings,
To look like heaven's inhabitants
Who shine where'er they tread, and yet
Are humble in their earthly lot,
As is the way-side violet,
That shines unseen, and were it not
For its sweet breath would be forgot
Whose hearts, in every thought, are one,
Whose voices utter the same wills
Answering, as Echo doth some tune
Of fairy music hanging the hills,
So like itself, we seek in vain
Which is the echo, which the strain
Whose joy is love, whose love,
Though close as it were their souls' embrace,
Is not of earth, but from above —
Like two fair mirrors, face to face,
Whose light, from one to the other thrown,
Is heaven's reflection, not their own
Should we e'er meet with aught so pure,
So perfect here, we may be sure
"Tis Zaraph and his bride we see;
And call young lovers, unused to view
The pilgrim pair, as they pursue
Their pathway lowe's eternity.

"Those sunny ringlets," she exclaimed,

Though mine — and her snowy fingers —

That forehead, where a light, unam'd,

Unknown on earth, for ever ringers —

"Those lips, through which I feel the breath

Of Heaven itself, wheresoe'er they ever

Say are they mine, beyond all death —

My own, hereafter, and for ever?"

"Smile not — I know that stary brow,

Those ringlets, and bright lips of thine,

Will always shine, as they do now

But shall I live to see them shine?"
MISCELLANEOUS.

In vain did Love say, "Turn thee eyes
"On all that sparkles round thee here —
"Thou'rt now in heaven, where nothing dies,
"And in these arms — what canst thou fear?"

In vain — the fatal drop, that stole
Into that cup's immortal treasure,
Had lodg'd its bitter near her soul,
And gave a tinge to every pleasure.

And though there ne'er was transport given
Like Psyche's with that radiant boy,
Hers is the only face in heaven,
That wears a cloud amid its joy.

A JOKE VERSIFIED.

"Come, come," said Tom's father, "at your time of life,
"There's no longer excuse for thus playing the rake —
"It is time you should think, boy, of taking a wife"—
"Why, so it is, father — whose wife shall I take?"

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

Pure as the mantle, which, o'er him who stood
By Jordan's stream, descended from the sky,
Is that remembrance, which the wise and good
Leave to the hearts that love them, when they die.

So pure, so precious shall the memory be,
Bequest'd, in dying, to our souls by thee —
So shall the love we bore thee, cherish'd warm
Within our souls through grief, and pain, and strife.

Be, like Elisha's cruise, a holy charm,
Wherewith to "heal the waters" of this life!

1 A wine-merchant.

FRAGMENT OF A CHARACTER.

Here lies Factotum Ned at last;
Long as he breath'd the vital air,
Nothing throughout all Europe pass'd,
In which Ned hadn't some small share.

Woe'er was in, woe'er was out,
Whatever statesmen did or said,
If not exactly brought about,
'T was all, at least, contriv'd by Ned.

With Nap, if Russia went to war,
'T was owing, under Providence,
To certain hints Ned gave the Czar —
(Vide his pamphlet — price, sixpence.)

If France was beat at Waterloo —
As all but Frenchmen think she was —
To Ned, as Wellington well knew,
Was owing half that day's applause.

Then for his news — no env'ry's bag
E'er pass'd so many secrets through it;
Scarce a telegraph could wag
Its wooden finger, but Ned knew it.

Such tales he had of foreign plots,
With foreign names, one's ear to buzz in;
From Russia, chefs and of's in b's,
From Poland, 'wahs'his by the dozen.

When George, alarm'd for England's creed,
Torn'd out the last Whig ministry,
And men ask'd — who advise'd the deed?
Ned modestly confess'd 't was he.

For though, by some unlucky mis,
He had not downright seen the King,
He sent such hints through Viscount This,
To Marquis That, as clew'd the thing.

The same it was in science, art's,
The Drama, Books, MS. and printed —
Kean learn'd from Ned his cleverest parts,
And Scott's last work by him was hint'd.

Childe Harold in the proofs he read,
And, here and there, infused some soul in —
Nay, Davy's Lamp, till seen by Ned,
Had — odd enough — an awkward hole in.

'T was thus, all-doing and all-knowing,
Wit, statesman, boxer, chymist, singer,
Whatever was the best eye going,
In that Ned — trust him — had his finger.

* * * * * * * * *

WHAT SHALL I SING THEE?

TO —

What shall I sing thee? Shall I tell
Of that bright hour, remember'd well
As tho' it shone but yester-day,
When, loitering idly in the ray
Of a spring sun, I heard, o'er-head,
My name as by some spirit said,
And, looking up, saw two bright eyes
Above me from a casement shine,
Dazzling my mind with such surprise
As they, who sail beyond the Line,
Feel when new stars above them rise;
And it was shine, the voice that spoke,
Like Ariel's, in the mad-air then;
And thine the eye, whose lustre broke
Never to be forgot again!
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

What shall I sing thee? Shall I weave
A song of that sweet summer eve,
(Summer, of which the sunniest part
Was that we, each, had in the heart.)
When thou and I, and one like thee,
In life and beauty, to the round
Of our own breathless munstrous
Died till the sunlight faded round,
Ourselves the whole ideal Ball,
Lights, music, company, and all!
Oh, 'tis not in the languid strain
Of lust like mine, whose day is past,
To call up ev'n a dream again
Of the fresh light those moments cast.

COUNTRY DANCE AND QUADRILLE.

One night the nymph call'd Country Dance—
Whom folks, of late, have used so ill,
Preferring a coquetie from France.
That nuncup thing, Manuille Quadrille—

Having been chased from London down
To that most humble haunt of all
She used to grace—a Country Town—
Went smiling to the New-Year's Ball.

"Here, here, at least," she cried, "though driv'n
From London's gay and shining tracks—
Though, like a Peri cast from heaven,
I've lost, for ever lost, Almack's—

"Though not a London Miss alive
Would now for her acquaintance own me;
And spinsters, ev'n, of forty-five,
Upon their honours never have known me;

"Here, here, at least, I triumph still,
And—spite of some few dandy Lancers,
Who vainly try to preach Quadrille—
So sought but true-blue Country Dancers.

"Here still I reign, and, fresh in charms,
My throne, like Magna Charta, rise
Mong sturdy, free-born legs and arms,
That scorn the threaten'd chain of Anglaise."

T was thus she said as mild the din
Of footmen and the town sedan,
She lighted at the King's Head Inn,
And up the stairs triumphant ran.

The Squires and their Squiresse alle,
With young Squiresins, just come out,
And my Lord's daughters from the Hall,
(Quadrillers, in their bears, no doubt)—

All these, as light she tripp'd up stairs,
Were in the cloak-room seen assembling—
When, hark! some new, outlandish airs,
From the First Fiddle, set her trembling.

She stops—she listens—can it be?
Alas, in vain her ears would 'scape it—
It is "Di l'anti paupir"—
As plain as English bow can scrape it.

"Courage!" however—in she goes,
With her best, sweeping country grace;
When, ah too true, her worst of foes,
Quadrille, there meets her, face to face.

Oh, for the lyre, or violin,
Or kit of that gay Muse, Terpsichore,
To sing the rage these nymphs were in,
Their looks and language, airs and treckery.

There stood Quadrille with cat-like face
(The beau-ideal of French beauty),
A hand-box thing, all art and face
Down from her nose-tip to her shoe-tye.

Her flounces, fresh from Victorianna—
From Hippolyte, her rouge and hair—
Her poetry, from Lamartine—
Her morals, from—thel Lord knows where.

And, when she danc'd—so sidlingly,
So near the ground she plied her art,
You'd swear her mother-earth and she
Had made a compact ne'er to part.

Her face too, all the while, sedate,
No signs of life or motion showing,
Like a bright pendule's dial plate—
So still, you'd hardly think it was going.

Full fronting her stoodCountry Dance—
A fresh, frank nymph, whom you would know
For English, at a glance—
English all o'er, from top to toe.

A little grace, 'tis fair to own,
And rather given to skips and bounces;
Endearing thereby, many a gown,
And playing off, the devil with flounces.

Unlike Manuille—who would prefer
(As morally a lesser ill)
A thousand flaws of character,
To one vile rumple of a trill.

No rouge did she of Albion wear;
Let her but run that two-heat race
She calls a Set, not Dian o'er
Came roster from the woodland chase.

Such was the nymph, whose soul had in't
Such anger now—whose eyes of blue
(Eyes of that bright, victorious tine,
Which English maidis call "Waterloo")—

Like summer lightnings, in the dusk
Of a warm evening, flashing broke,
While—to the tune of "Money Musk,"
Which struck up now—she proudly spoke—

"Heard you that strain—so joyous strain?
"T was such as England lov'd to hear,
"Ere thou, and all thy trepery train,
"Corrupted both her foot and ear—

"Ere Waltz, that rake from foreign lands,
"Presum'd, in sight of all beholders,
"To lay his robe, licentious lands,
"On virtuous English backs and shoulders—

"Ere times and morals both grew bad,
"And, yet unhisel'd by funding blockheads,
"Happy John Bull not only had,
"But danc'd to, 'Money in both pockets.'

"Als, the change!—Oh, L—d—y,
"Where is the land could escape disasters,
"With such a Foreign Secretary,
"Aided by Foreign Dancing Masters?

"Woe to ye, men of ships and ships!
"Rules of day-books and of wares!
"Quadrill'd on one side, into tops,
"And drill'd, on 'other, into slaves!"

1 An old English Country Dance.
O haste, for this impatient heart,
Is like the rose in Yemen's vale,
That rends its inward leaves apart
With passion for the nightingale;
So languish this soul for thee,
My bright and blushing Mami!

LINES ON THE DEATH OF JOSEPH ATKINSON, ESQ., OF DUBLIN.

If ever life was prosperously cast,
If ever life was like the lengthen'd flow
Of sweet music, sweetness to the last,
'Twas his who mourn'd by many, sleeps below.
The sunny temper, bright where all is strife,
The simple heart above all worldly wiles,
Light wit that plays along the calm of life,
And stirs its languid surface into smiles.

Pure charity, that comes not in a shower,
Soddan and loud, oppressing what it feeds,
But, like the dew, with gradual silent power,
Felt in the bloom it leaves along the meads;

The happy grateful spirit, that improves
And brightens every gift by fortune given;
That, wander where it will with those it loves,
Makes every place a home, and home a heaven;

All these were his.—Oh, thou who read'st this stone,
When for thyself, thy children, to the sky
Thou humblest prayer, ask this boon alone,
That ye like him may live, like him may die.

GENIUS AND CRITICISM.

Scripta quidem fata, sed sequor. Seneca.

Of old, the Sultan Genius reign'd,
As Nature meant, supreme, alone;
With mind uncheck'd, and hands unchain'd,
His views, his conquests were his own.

But power like his, that digs its grave
With its own sceptre, could not last;
So Genius' self became the slave
Of laws that Genius' self had pass'd.

As Jove, who forg'd the chain of Fate,
Was, ever after, doom'd to wear it;
His pods, his struggles all too late—

"Quia semel fusit, semper para!"

To check young Genius' proud career,
The slaves, who now his throne invaded,
Made Criticism his prime Vizir,
And from that hour his glories faded.

Tied down in Legislation's school,
Afraid of even his own acquisition,
His very victories were by rule,
And he was great but by permission.

His most heroic deeds— the same,
That dazzled, when spontaneous actions
Now, done by law, seem'd cold and tame,
And shorn of all their first attractions.

If he but stirr'd to take the air,
Instant, the Vizir's Council saith—
"Good Lord, your Highness can't go there"
"Bless me, your Highness can't do that."
If, loving pomp, he chose to buy
Rich jewels for his diadem,
"The taste was bad, the price was high,
A flower was simpler than a gem."

To please them if he took to flowers—
"What trifling, what unmeaning things!"
"Fit for a woman's toilet hours,
But not at all the style for kings."

If fond of his domestic sphere,
He play'd no more the rambling comet —
"A dull, good sort of man, 'twas clear,
But, as for great or brave, far from it."

Did he then look o'er distant oceans,
For realms more worthy to enthron him? —
"Saint Aristotle, what wild notions!
Serve a 'no exact regio'on him."

At length, their last and worst to do,
They round him plac'd a guard of watchmen,
Reviewers, knaves in brown, or blue,
Turn'd up with yellow—cheeked Scotchmen ;

To dog his footsteps all about,
Like those in Longwood's prison grounds,
Who at Napoleon's heels rode out,
For fear the Conqueror should break bounds.

Oh, for some Champion of his power,
Some *Ultra spirit*, to set free,
As erst in Shakespeare's sovereign hour,
The thunders of his Royalty;

To vindicate his ancient line,
The first, the true, the only one,
Of Right eternal and divine,
That rules beneath the blessed son.

TO LADY J*H**Y,
ON BEING ASKED TO WRITE SOMETHING
IN HER ALBUM.

Written at Middleton.
Oh, albums, albums, how I dread
Your everlasting scrap and scrawl!
How often wish that from the dead,
Old Omar would pop forth his head,
And make a bonfire of you all!

So might I scape the spinster band,
The blushless blues, who, day and night,
Like duns in doorways, take their stand,
To waylay bards, with book in hand,
Crying for ever, "Write, sir, write!"

So might I shun the shame and pain,
That o'er me at this instant come,
When Beauty, seeking Wit in vain,
Knocks at the portal of my brain,
And gets, for answer, "Not at home!"

November, 1828.

TO THE SAME,
ON LOOKING_through HER ALBUM.

No wonder bards, both high and low,
From Byron down to * * * * * and me,
Should seek the same, which all bestow
On him whose task is praising thee.

Let but the theme be J * * * * y's eyes,
At once all errors are forgiven;
As ev'n old Sternhold still we prize,
Because, though dull, he sings of heaven.

SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS.

The following trifles, having enjoyed, in their circu-
lation through the newspapers, all the celebrity
and length of life to which they were entitled, would
have been suffered to pass quietly into oblivion with-
out precluding to any further distinction, had they not
been published, in a collective form, both in
London and Paris, and, in each case, been mixed up
with a number of other productions, to which, what-
ever may be their merit, the author of the following
pages has no claim. A natural desire to separate his
own property, worthless as it is, from that of others,
is, he begs to say, the chief motive of the publication
of this volume.

TO SIR HUDSON LOWE.
Efferac causam nonomin.
Utremque moris hoc tui
Neomen dedere, an homin hoc
Secuta morum regular.

Sir Hudson Lowe, Sir Hudson Low,
(By name, and not by nature so)
As thou art fond of per-ecutions,
Perhaps thou'rt read, or heard repeated,
How Captain Gulliver was treated,
When thrown among the Lilliputians.

They tied him down—these little men did—
And having valiantly ascended
Upon the Mighty Man's protuberance,
They did so strait!—upon my soul,
It must have been extremely droll
To see their pigmy pride's exuberance!

And how the doughty mannikins
Amus'd themselves with sticking pins
And needles in the great man's breeches;
And how some very little things,
That pass'd for Lords, on scaffolding
Got up, and worried him with speeches.

Alas, alas! that it should happen
To mighty men to be caught napping!—
Though different, too, these per-ecutions;
For Gulliver, there, took the nap,
While, here, the Nap, oh, sad mishap,
Is taken by the Lilliputians:

AMATORY COLLOQUY BETWEEN BANK
AND GOVERNMENT.

BANK.
Is all then forgotten? those amorous pranks
You and I, in our youth, my dear Government,play'd;
When you call’d me the fondest, the trust of Banks,
And enjoy’d the tendering advowes I made!

When left to ourselves, unmolested and free,
To do all that a da-hang young couple should do,
A law against paying was laid upon me,
But none against owing, dear helmsman, on you.

And is it then vanished? — that "hour (as Othello
So happily calls it) of Love and Direction?" And must we, like other fond doves, my dear fellow,
Grow good in our old age, and cut the connexion?

GOVERNMENT.

Even so, my belov’d Mrs. Bank, it must be;
This paying in cash plays the devil with wooling; 3
We’ve both had our swing, but plainly foresee
There must soon be a stop to our bill-bag and counting.

Propaganda in reason, a small child or two —
Even Reverend Matthew himself is a friend to;
The issue of some folks is moderate and few —
But ours, my dear corporate Bank, there’s no end to.

So — hard though it be on a pair, who’ve already
Disposed of so many punds, shillings, and pence;
And, in spite of that pink of prosperity, Freddy, 3
So lavish of cash and so sparing of sense —

The day is at hand, my Paphyria & Venus,
When — high as we once used to carry our capsers —
Those soft ballet-dox we’re now passing between us,
Will serve but to keep Mrs. Coutts in curl-papers:

And when — if we still must continue our love,
(After all that has past)—our amour, it is clear,
Like that which Miss Danae manag’d with Jove,
Must all be transacted in bullion, my dear!

February, 1826.

—

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A SOVEREIGN AND
A ONE POUND NOTE.

"O ego non felix, quam tu fugis, ut pavet acre
Aqua lutes, capereaque lenes."

Hor.

Said a Sovereign to a Note,
In the pocket of my coat,
Where they met in a neat purse of leather,
"How happens it, I prithee,
That, though I’m wedded with thee,
Fair Pound, we can never live together?"

"Like your sex, fond of change,
With Silver you can range,
And of lot of young sixpences be mother;
While with me — upon my word,
Not my Lady and my Lord.
Of W—st—I see so little of each other!"

The indignant Note replied
(Lying crumpled by his side),
"Shame, shame, it is yourself that roam, Sir —

1 "An hour of love, of worldly matter and direction."

2 It appears, however, that Ovid was a friend to the resumption of payment in specie: —
   "sim, specusa caritate resunt.
   Lucilius impexam, venire satis facer unb."
   Met. 1. 15. v. 743.

3 Honourable Frederick R—b—m—n.

So called, to distinguish him from the "Auraea" or
Golden Venus.

"One cannot look askance,
But, whilp you’re off to France,
Leaving nothing but old rags at home, Sir.

"Your scampering began
From the moment Parson Van,
"Poor man, made us one in Love’s letter;
"For better or for worse?
"Is the usual marriage curse,
But ours is all ‘worse’ and no ‘better.’

"In vain are laws passed,
There’s nothing holds you fast,
Tho’ you know, sweet Sovereign, I adore you —
At the smallest hint in life,
You forsake your lawful wife,
As other Sovereigns did before you.

"I flirt with Silver, true —
But what can ladies do,
When disown’d by their natural protectors?
And as to falsehood, stuff!
I shall soon be false enough,
When I get among those wicked Bank Directors."

The Sovereign, smiling on her,
Now swore, upon his honour,
To be henceforth domestic and loyal;
But, within an hour or two,
Why — I sold him to a Jew,
And he’s at No. 10, Palia Royal.

—

AN EXPOSTULATION TO LORD KING.

"Quem das attem, Rex magne, laborum?" — Virgil.

1826.

How can you, my Lord, thus delight to torment all
The Peers of the realm about cheapening their corn, 6
When you know, if one hasn’t a very high rental,
It is hardly worth while being very high born?

Why bore them so rudely, each night of your life,
On a question, my Lord, there’s so much to abhor in?
A question — like asking one, "How is your wife?"—
At once so confounded domestic and foreign.

As to weavers, no matter how poorly they feast;
But Peers, and such animals, fed up for show,
(Like the well-physick’d elephant, lately decreas’d.)
Take a wonderful quantum of cramming, you know.

You might see, my dear Baron, how bord’d and dis-
trest
Were their high noble hearts by your merciless
tale,
When the force of the agony wrung ev’n a jest
From the frugal Scotch wit of my Lord L—d-d-le. 8

Bright Peer! to whom Nature and Berwichegave
A humour, endow’d with effects so provoking,
That, when the whole House looks unusually grave,
You may always conclude that Lord L—d-d-le’s joking!

See the proceedings of the Lords, Wednesday,
March 1, 1826, when Lord King was severely re-
proved by several of the noble Peers, for making so
many speeches against the Corn Laws.

This noble earl said, that "when he heard the
petition came from ladies’ boot and shoemakers, he
thought it must be against the ‘corns’ which they in-
tlicted on the fair sex."
SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS.

An I then, these unfortunate weavers of Perth —
Not to know the vast difference Providence dooms
Between weavers of Perth and Perth of high birth,
'T was those who have heir-rooms, and those
Who've but looms!

"To talk now of starving!" — as great Ath—
(I And the nobles all cheer'd, and the bishops all
wonder'd)
When, some years ago, he and others had fed
Of these same hungry devils about fifteen hundred!
It follows from hence — and the Duke's very words
Should be publish'd wherever poor rogues of this
craft are.
That weavers, once rescued from starving by Lords,
Are bound to be starved by said Lords ever after.

When Rome was upbrourious, her knowing patricians
Made "Bread and the Circus" a cure for each
row;
But not so the plan of our noble physicians,
"No Bread and the Tread-mill's the regimen
now.
So cease, my dear Baron of Ockham, your prose
As I shall my poetry — neither convivial;
And all we have spoken and written but shows
When you tread on a nobleman's corn, how he
wishes.

THE SINKING FUND CRIED.

"Now what we ask, is become of this Sinking Fund—
these eight millions of surplus above expenditure, which
were to reduce the interest of the national debt by the
amount of four thousand pounds annually! Where, indeed, is the Sinking Fund itself? — The Times.
Take your bell, take your bell,
Good Crier, and tell
To the Bulls and the Bears, till their ears are stun'd,
That, lost or stolen,
Or fall'n through a hole in
The Treasury floor, is the Sinking Fund!
O yes! O yes!
Can any body guess
What the deuce has become of this Treasury wonder?
It has Pitt's name on't,
All brass, in the front,
And R—-ns—n's, scriam'd with a goose-quill,
under.
Folks well knew what
Would soon be its lot,
When Frederick and Jenky set hoh-nobbing,
And said to each o' her,
"Surprise, dear brother,
"We make this funny old Fund worth robbing."
We are come, alas!
To a very pretty pass —

Eight Hundred Millions of score, to pay
With but Five in the till,
To discharge the bill,
And even that Five, too, whip'd away I
Stop thief! stop thief! —
From the Sub to the Chief,
These Generous Financiers are plundering cattle —
Call the watch — call Brougham,
Tell Joseph Hume,
That best of Charities, to spring his rattle.
Whoever will bring
This aforesaid thing
To the well-known House of Robinson and Jenkin,
Shall be paid, with thanks,
In the notes of banks,
Whose Funds have all learn'd "the Art of Sinking."
O yes! O yes!
Can any body guess
What the devil has become of this Treasury wonder?
It has Pitt's name on't,
All brass, in the front,
And R—-ns—n's, scriam'd with a goose-quill,
under.

ODE TO THE GODDESS CERES.

BY SIR TH—M—S L—THIR—E.

"Legiferae Cereri Phoeboque," Virgil.

Dear Goddess of corn, whom the ancients, we know,
(Among other old whinn of those comicall bodies,) Ador'd with sominiferous poppies, to show
Thou wert always a true Country-gentleman's
Goddess.
Behold, in his best shooting-jacket, before thee,
An eloquent squire, who hast hungrily beseeches,
Great Queen of Mark-lane (if the thing don't bore thee),
Thou'rt read o'er the last of his — never-last
speeches.
Ah! Ceres, thou know'st not the slander and scorn
Now heaped upon England's squirearchy, so
boasted;
Improving on Hunt,4 'tis no longer the Corn,
'T is the growers of Corn that are now, alas! roasted.
In speeches, in books, in all shapes they attack us —
Reviewers, economists — fellows, no doubt,
That you, my dear Ceres, and Venus, and Bacchus,
And Gods of high fashion know little about.
There's R—-nth—m, whose English is all his own
making,—
Who thinks just as little of settling a nation
As he would of smoking his pipe, or of reading
(What he, himself, calls) his "post-prandial
vibration,"
There are two Mr. M — ils, too, whom those that
love reading
Through all that is unreadable, call very clever —;
And, whereas M — will Senior makes war on good
breeding,
M — if Junior makes war on all breeding whatever!

1 The Duke of Athol said, that "at a former pe-
riod, when these weavers were in great distress, the
landed interest of Perth had supported 1500 of them.
It was a poor return for these very men now to pu-
tion against the persons who had fed them.
2 An improvement, we flatter ourselves, on Lord
L's joke.
3 In 1824, when the Sinking Fund was raised by
the imposition of new taxes to the sum of five mil-
lion.

4 A sort of "breakfast-powder," composed of roast-
ed corn, was about this time introduced by Mr. Hunt,
as a substitute for coffee.
5 The venerable Jeremy's phrase for his after-din-
er walk.
SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS.

In short, my dear Godless, Old England's divided
Between ultra blockheads and superfine sages;—
With which of these classes we, handmaids, have sided
Then 'tis true in my Speech, it 'tis read a few pages.

For therein I've prov'd, to my own satisfaction,
And that of all 'Squires I've the honour of meeting,
That 'tis the most senseless and foul-mouth'd detraction
To say that poor people are fond of cheap eating.

On the contrary, such as the "chaste notions" of food
That dwell in each pure manufacturer's heart,
They would scorn any tax, be it ever so good,
That would make them, near Godless, less dear
than thou art!

And, oh! for Monopoly what a blest day,
When the Land and the Stink shall, in food combination,
(Like Silky and Silky, that pair in the play,) 3
Cry out, with one voice, for High Rents and Starvation!

Long life to the Minister!—no matter who,
Or how dull he may be, if with dignified spirit,
He keeps the ports shut—and the people's mouths, too—
We shall all have a long run of Freddy's prosperity.

And, as for myself, who've, like Hannibal, sworn
To hate the whole crew who would take our souls
from us,
Had England but One to stand by thee, Dear Corn,
That last, honest Un-Corn 4 would be Sir Th—m—s!

A HYMN OF WELCOME AFTER THE RECESS.

Animas sapienciae ferci quiescendae

And now—cross-buns and pancakes over—
Hat, Lords and Gentlemen, once more!
Three hail and welcome Houses Twain!
The short eclipse of April-Day
Having (God grant it) passed away,
Collective Wisdom, shine again!

Come, Ayes and Noes, through thick and thin,—
With Faddy H—ines for whisper-in,—
What'er the job, prepar'd to back it;
Comes, voters of Supplies—ten or twen
Of jackets upon trumpet-blowers,
At eighty moulds pound the jacket! 5

Come—free, at length, from Joint-Stock cares—
To senators of many States,
Whose dreams of premium knew no boundary;
So fond of aught like Company,
That you would even have taken tea
(Had you been ask'd) with Mr. Goudry. 6

1 A phrase in one of Sir T—m—s's last speeches.
2 Great efforts were, at that time, making for the exclusion of foreign silk.
3 "Road to Ruin."
4 This is meant not so much for a pun, as in allusion to the natural history of the Unicorn, which is supposed to be something between the Bis and the Amos, and, as Rees's Cyclopædia assures us, has a particular liking for every thing "chaste."
5 An item of expense which Mr. Bume in vain endeavoured to get rid of;—trumpeters, it appears, like the men of All-Soul, must be "here before."
6 The gentlemen, by the public, who kept his Joint-Stock Tea Company all to himself, singing "Ta who adorns."

Come, matchless country-gentlemen;
Come, wise Sir Thomas — wisest then,
When creeds and corn-laws are debated;
Come, rival ev'n the Harlot Red,
And show how wholly into bread
A 'Squire is transubstantiated.

Come, L—der—e, and tell the world,
That—surely as thy scratch is cur'd,
As never scratch was cur'd before—
Cheap eating does more harm than good,
And working people, sport'd by food,
The less they eat, will work the more.

Come, G—h—n, with thy glib defence
(Which thou hast made for Peter's Peuce)
Of Church-Rates, worthy of a halter;
Two pipes of port (old port, it was said
By honest Newport) bought and paid
By Papists for the Orange Altar 7

Come, H—r—m, with thy plan, so merry,
For populating Canada from Kerry
Not so much rendering Ireland quiet,
As grafting on the dull Canadians.
That liveliest of earth's contagions,
The bull-pock of Hibernian riot!

Come all, in short, ye wondrous men
Of wit and wisdom, come again;
Though short your absence, all deplore it—
Oh, come and show, whatever men say,
That you can, after April-Day,
Be just as — sapient as before it.

MEMORABILIA OF LAST WEEK.

MONDAY, MARCH 13, 1826.

The Budget—quite charming and witty—on hearing
For plaudits and laughs, the good things that were
in it;

Great comfort to find, though the Speech isn't charming,
That all its gay auditors were, every minute.

What, still more prosperity! — mercy upon us,
"This boy 'll be the death of me"—off as, already,
Such smooth Budgeteers have genteelly undone us,
For Rain made easy there's no one like Freddy.

TUESDAY.

Much grave apprehension expressed by the Peers,
Let—calling to life the old Peachums and Lock-its
The large stock of gold we're to have in three years,
Should all find its way into highwaymen's pockets! 19

WEDNESDAY.

Little doing — for sacred, oh Wednesday, thou art
To the seven-o'clock jays of full many a table
When the Members all meet, to make much of that part
With which they so rashly fell out, in the Fable,

7 Sir John Newport.
8 This charge of two pipes of port for the sacramental wine in a precious specimen of the sort of rates levied upon their Catholic fellow-parishioners by the Irish Protessants.
9 "The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine."
10 Another objection to a metallic currency was, that it produced a greater number of highway robbers."—Debate in the Lords.
It appeared, though, to-night, that—as church-wardens, yearly.
Eat up a small baby—those cornroast sinners,
The Bankrupt Commissioners, bolt very nearly
A moderate-sized bankrupt, tout chaud, for their dinners! 1

Nota bene—a rumour to-day, in the City,
Mr. R.—ib. n.—just has resigned ib.—what a pity!
The Bulls and the Bears all fell a sobbing,
When they heard of the fate of poor Cock Robin; While thus, to the nursery tune, so pretty,
A murmuring Stock-dove breath'd her dirily:—

Alas! poor Robin, he crow'd as long
And as sweet as a prosperous Cock could crow;
But his note was small, and the gold-bullion's song
Was a pitch too high for Robin to go.
Who'll make his shroud?

"I," said the Bank, "though he play'd me a prank,
While I have a rag, poor Rob shall be roll'd in it,
With many a pound I'll paper him round,
"Like a plump rouleau—without the gold in it."

* * * * *

ALL IN THE FAMILY WAY.
A NEW PASTORAL BALLAD.

SUNG IN THE CHARACTER OF BRITANNIA.

"The Public Debt is due from ourselves to ourselves, and resolves itself into a Family Account."—Sir Robert Peel's Letter.

Tune—My banks are all furnish'd with beans.
My banks are all furnish'd with bags,
So thick, even Freckle can't thin 'em;
I've torn up my old money-bags;
Having little or nought to put in 'em,
My tradesmen are smashing by dozens,
But this is all nothing, they say;
For bankrupts, since Adam, are cousins—
So, it's all in the family way.

My Debt not a penny taken from me,
As says the master explain—
Bob owe it to Tom, and then Tommy
Just owes it to Bob back again.
Since all have thus taken to caving,
There's nobody left that can pay;
And this is the way to keep going,—
All quite in the family way.

My senators vote away millions,
To put in Prosperity's budget;
And though it were billions or trillions,
The generous rogue wouldn't grudge it,
It is all but a family bop,
I was Pitt began dancing the hay;
Hands round! why the dukes should we stop?
It is all in the family way.

My labourers used to eat mutton,
As any great man of the State does
And now the poor devils are put on
Small rations of tea and potatoes.
But cheer up, John, Sawney, and Paddy,
The King is your father, they say;
So, even if you starve for your Daddy,
It is all in the family way.

1 Mr. Abercromby's statement of the enormous tavern bills of the Commissioners of Bankrupts.

My rich manufacturers rumble,
My poor ones have nothing to chew;
And, ev'n if themselves do not grumble,
Their stones thump undoubtedly do.
But costly to fell on families
Is as good for the soul as to pray;
And famine itself is genteel,
When one starves in a family way.

I have found out a secret for Freddy,
A secret for next Budget day:
Though, perhaps, he may know it already,
As he, too, 's a sage in his way.
When next for the Treasury scene he
Announces the Devil to Pay,
Let him write on the bills, "Nota bene,
'Tis all in the family way."

BALLAD FOR THE CAMBRIDGE ELECTION.

"I authorized my Committee to take the step which they did, of proposing a fair comparison of strength, upon the understanding that whichever of the two should prove to be the weakest, should give way to the other."—Extract from Mr. W. J. B—kes's Letter to Mr. G—l—m—n—

B—kes is weak, and G—ib—n too,
No one else the fact denied;
Which is "weakest" of the two,
Cambridge can alone decide.
Choose between them, Cambridge, pray,
Which is weakest, Cambridge, say.

Each a different mode pursues,
Each the same conclusion reaches;
B—kes is foolish in Reviews,
G—ib—n, foolish in his speeches.
Choose between them, Cambridge, pray,
Which is weakest, Cambridge, say.

Each a different foe doth damn,
When his own affairs have gone ill;
B—kes he danneth Buckingham,
G—ib—n danneth Dan O'Connell.
Choose between them, Cambridge, pray,
Which is weakest, Cambridge, say.

Once, we know, a horse's neigh
Fix'd the election to a throne;
So, whichever first shall bray,
Choose him, Cambridge, for thy own.
Choose him, choose him by his bray,
Thus elect him, Cambridge, pray.
June, 1826.

MR. ROGER DODSWORTH.
1826.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

"Sir,—Having just heard of the wonderful resurrection of Mr. Roger Dodsworth from under an avalanche, where he had remained, since 1815, it seems, for the last 166 years, I hasten to impart to you a few reflections on the subject. — Yours, &c.
Ludtorus Temporis Acts.

What a lucky turn-up! just as Eld—n's withdrawing,
To find, thus a gentleman, fronn in the year
Sixteen hundred and sixty, who only want's drawing,
To serve for our times quite as well as the Yeer;—"
386 SARTICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS.

To bring thus to light, not the Wisdom alone
Of our Ancestors, such as it is found on our shelves,
But, in perfect condition, full-wise'd and full-grown.
To shovel up one of those wise backs themselves!
Oh thaw Mr. Dodsworth, and send him safe home—
Let him learn nothing useful or new on the way;
With his wisdom kept sung from the light let him
come.
And our Tories will hail him with "Hear"! and
"Hurra!"
What a God-send to them—I a good, obsolete man,
Who has never of Locke or Voltaire been a reader.
Oh, thaw Mr. Dodsworth as fast as you can,
And the L—nd—ies and H—lf—ds shall choose him
for leader.
Yes, Sleeper of Ages, thou shalt be their choice;
And deeply with thee will they sorrow, good men,
To think that all Europe has, since thou wert frozen,
So alter'd, thou hardly will it again.
And Eld—n will weep o'er each sad innovation
Such oceans of tears, thou wilt fancy that he
Has been also laid up in a long congratulation,
And is only now thawing, dear Roger, like thee.

—

COPY OF AN INTERCEPTED DESPATCH.

FROM HIS EXCELLENCY DON STREPITOSO
DIABOLO, ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY TO
HIS SATANIC MAJESTY.

St. James's Street, July 1, 1826.
Great Sir, having just had the good luck to catch
An official young Demon preparing to go,
Ready booted and spurred, with a black-leg despatch
From the Hell here, at Cr—ck—rd's, to our Hell,
below—

I write these few lines to your Highness Satanic,
To say that, first having obey'd your directions,
And done all the mischief I could in "the Panic,"
My next special care was to help the Elector.

Well knowing how dear were those times to thy soul,
When evry good Christian torment'd his brother,
And caused, in thy realms, such a savagery of coal,
From all coming down, ready gril'd by each other;

Remembrance, besides, how it pain'd thee to part
With the Old Penal Code—that chief-inzurer of Law,
In which (though to own it too modest them art)
We could plainly perceive the fine touch of thy
claw;

I thought, as we ne'er can those good times revive
(Though Eld—, with help from your Highness,
would try),
'Twould still keep a taste for Hell's music alive,
Could we get up a thundering No-Popery cry—

That ye'll which, when chorus'd by laics and clerics,
So like to our's, in its spirit and tone,
That I often nigh laugh myself into hysteries,
To think that Religion should make it her own.

So, having sent down for the original notes
Of the chorus, as sung by your Majesty's choir,
With a few pints of lava, to gargoyle the throats
Of myself and some others, who sing it "with
fire,"

Thought I, "if the Marseillois Hymn could com-
mand
Such audience, though yell'd by a Sans-culotte
crew;
What wonders shall we see, who've men in our
band.
"That not only wear breeches, but petticoats too."

Such then were my hopes; but, with sorrow, your
Highness,
I'm forc'd to confess,—be the cause what it will,
Whether fewness of voices, or hoarseness, or shy-
ness,—
Our Beezlebub Chorus has gone off but ill.

The truth is, no placeman now knows his right key,
The Treasury pitch-pipe of late is so various;
And certain base voices, that look'd for a fee
At the Park music-meeting, now think it precarious.

Even some of our Reverends might have been
warmer,—
Though one or two capital roarsers we've had;
Doctor Wise's, for instance, a charming performer,
And Huntingdon Maberley's yell was not bad!

Altogether however, the thing was not hearty; —
Even Eld—n allows we got on but so so;
And when next we attempt a No-Popery party,
We must, please your Highness, recruit from
below.

But, hark, the young Black-leg is cracking his whip—
Excuse me, Great Sir—there's no time to be
civil;
The next opportunity shall be let slip,
But, till then,
I'm, in haste, your most dutiful
Devil.

July, 1826.

THE MILLENNIUM.

SUGGESTED BY THE LATE WORK OF THE
REV. MR. IRVING "ON PROPHECY."

A Millennium at hand! — I'm delighted to hear it
—
As matters, both public and private, now go,
With multitudes round us all staring, or near it,
A good, rich Millennium will come a-propos.

Only think, Master Fred, what delight to behold,
Instead of thy bankrupt old City of flags,
A brand-new Jerusalem, built all of gold,
Sound bullion throughout, from the roof to the
flags—

A City, where wine and cheap corn shall abound—
A celestial Cocagne, on whose buttery shelves
We may sway the best things of this world will be
found,
As your Saints seldom fail to take care of them-

selves!

Thanks, reverend expounder of raptures Elysian,
Divine Spinozalbus, who, plac'd within reach
Of two opposite worlds, by a twist of your vision,
Can cast, at the same time, a sly look at each;—

2 This reverend gentleman distinguished himself
at the Reading election.
3 A measure of wheat for a penny, and three
measures of barley for a penny. — Rev. vi.
4 See theoration of this reverend gentleman, where
he describes the comical joys of Paradise, and paints
the angels hovering round "each happy fair."
Thanks, thanks for the hope thou artest that we
May, ev'n in our own times, a Jubilee share,
Which so long has been promised by prophets like thee.
And so off in postwod, we began to despair.

There was Whiston, who learnedly took Prince Eugene
For the man who must bring the Millennium about;
There's Faber, whose pious productions have been
All believed, ere his book's first edition was out—
There was Counselor Dobbs, too, an Irish M. P.,
Who discours'd on the subject with signal eloquence;
And, each day of his life, sat expecting to see
A Millennium break out in the town of Armagh.

There was also—why should I burden my lay
With your Brothers, Southcotes, and names less deserving,
When all past Milleniums beforesforth must give way
To the last new Millennium of Orator Irving.
Go on, mighty man,—doom them all to the shelf—
And when next thou with Prophecy troublest thy science;
Oh forget not, I pray thee, to prove that thyself
Art the Beast (Chapter iv.) that sees nine ways at once.

THE THREE DOCTORS.
Doctoribus lacerantur tribus. 1826.

Though many great Doctors there be,
There are three that all Doctors out-top,
Doctor Eady, that famous M. D.,
Doctor S—th—y, and dear Doctor Slope.

The purer — the prouer — the hard —
All quacks in a different style;
Doctor S—th—y writes books by the yard,
Doctor Eady writes pulps by the mile! 4

Doctor Slope, in no merit outdone
By his scribbling or publishing brother,
Can dose us with stuff like the one,
Ay, and dose us with stuff like the other.

Doctor Eady good company keeps
With "No Popery" scribes on the walls;
Doctor S—th—y as gloriously sleeps
With "No Popery" scribes on the stairs.

Doctor Slope, upon subject divine,
Such bedlamite slander lets fall,
That, if Eady should take the mad line,
He'll be sure of a patient in Slope.

Seven millions of Papists, no less,
Doctor S—th—y attacks, like a Turk; 5
Doctor Eady, less bold, I confesse,
Attacks but his maid-of-all-work. 6

Doctor S—th—y, for his grand attack,
Both a laureate and penitenter is;
While poor Doctor Eady, alack!
Has been had up to Bow-street, for his!

And truly, the law does so blunder,
That, though little blood has been spilt, he
May probably suffer as, under
The Chalking Act, known to be guilty.

So much for the merits sublime
(With whose catalogue no'ter should I stop)
Of the three greatest lights of our time,
Doctor Eady, and S—th—y, and Slope.

Should you ask me, to which of the three
Great Doctors the preference should fall,
As a matter of course, I agree
Doctor Eady must go to the wall.

But as S—th—y with laurels is crown'd,
And Slope, with a wig and a tail is,
Let Eady's bright temples be bound
With a swelling "Corona Muraria." 7

EPIPHANY ON A TUFF-HUNTER.

Lament, lament, Sir Isaac Heard,
Put mourning round thy page, Oebret,
For here lies one, who ne'er preferred
A Viscount to a Marquis yet.

Beside him place the God of War,
Before him Beauty's rosiest girl,
Apollo for a star he'd quit,
And Love's own sister for an Earl's.

Did negligent fate no peers afford,
He took, of course, to peers' relations;
And, rather than not sport a Lord,
Put up with ev'n the last creations.

Ev'n Irish names, could be but tag team
With "Lord!" and "Duke," were sweet to call;
And, at a pinch, Lord Ballochiam
Was better than no Lord at all.

Heaven grant him now some noble book,
For, rest his soul! he'd rather be
Gentlely damn'd beside a Duke,
Than saved in vulgar company.

5 This scerophic Doctor, in the preface to his last work (Vindicium Exalectum Anglicanum), is pleased to anathematize not only all Catholics, but all advocates of Christianity; 8 They have for their immediate allies (he says) every faction that is banded against the State, every demagogue, every irreverent and sedulous journalist, every open and every insidious enemy to Monarchy and to Christianity.

6 See the late accounts in the newspapers of the appearance of this gentleman at one of the Police-offices, in consequence of an alleged assault on his "maid-of-all-work.

7 A crown granted as a reward among the Romans to persons who performed any extraordinary exploits upon walls, such as scaling them, battering them, &c.—No doubt, writing upon them, to the extent Dr. Eady does, would equally establish a claim to the honour.
ODE TO A HAT.

Ode to a Hat.

— "altum
decusque capitis." *Ode.*

1826.

Hail, reverend Hat! — sublime mid all
The minor felt that round thee grovel; —
Thou, that the Gods a Delta call,
While meek mortals call thee a "shevel."

When on thy shape (like pyramid,
Cut horizontally in two); I
raptur'd gaze, what dreams, unbid,
Of stolls and mitres bless my view
That brim of brims, so sleekly good —
Not dapp'd, like dull Wesleyan's, down,
But looking (as all churchmen's should)
Devoutly upward — tow'rs the crown.

Gods! when I gaze upon that brim,
So redolent of Church all over,
What swarms of Thistles, in vision dim,—
Some pig-tail'd, some like cherubin,
With ducklings' wings — around it hover!
Ten thousand of all dead and living things,
That Nature into being brings,
From calves and corn to chitterlings.

Say, holy Hat, that hast, of cocks,
The very cock most orthodox,
To seek, of all the well-to-throng
Of Zion, joy'st thou to belong?
Thou'rt not Sir Harcourt Lees's — no —
For hats grow like the heads that wear 'em;
And hats, on heads like his, would grow
Particularly houn'stacularly.
Who knows but thou may'st deck the pate
Of that fand Doctor Ad — methie —
(The reverend rat, whom we saw stand
On his hind-legs in Westmoreland),
Who chang'd so quick from blue to yellow
And would from yellow back to blue,
And back again, convenient fellow,
If 'twere his interest so to do.

Or, haply, smartest of triangles,
Thou art the hat of Doctor Iw — o —
The hat that, to his vestry wrangles,
That venerable priest doth go in, —
And, then and there, amid the stare
Of all St. Olave's, takes the chair,
And quotes, with phiz right orthodox,
The' example of his reverend brothers,
To prove that priests all fleeced their flock's,
And he must fleece as well as others.

Best Hat! (whene'er thy lord may be)
Thus low I take oil mine to thee,
The homage of a layman's caste,
To the spruce Delta of his pastor.
Oh may'st thou be, as thou proceedest,
Still snarller cock'd, still brash'd the brighter,
Till, bowing all the way, thou leadest
Thy sleek possessor to a niche!

NEWS FOR COUNTRY COUSINS.

1826.

Dear Cousin, as I know neither you nor Miss Draper,
When Parliament's up, ever take in a paper,

1 So described by a Reverend Historian of the Church: — "A Delta hat, like the horizontal section of a pyramid." — Grant's History of the Church.

2 Archbishop Magee affectionately calls the Church Establishment of Ireland "the little Zion."
We hold it the basest of all base transmurs
To keep us from murr'ding the other six parts; —
That, as to laws made for the good of the many,
We humbly suggest there is nothing less true;
As all human laws (and our own, more than any)
Are made by and for a particular few; —
That much it delights ev'ry true Orange brother,
To see you, in England, such advantage evince
In discussing which sect most ornitemented the other,
And burn'd with most gusto, some hundred years since;
That we love to behold, while old England grows fiend,
Messrs. Southey and Butler nigh coming to blows,
To decide whether Dunstan, that strong-bodied saint,
Ever truly and really pull'd the Devil's nose; —
Whether t'other Saint, Dominius, burst the Devil's paw —
Whether Edwy intrigued with Eliva's old mother? —
And many such points, from which Southey can draw
Conclusions most apt for our hating each other.
That 't is very well known this devout Irish nation,
Has now, for some ages, gone happily on,
Believing in two kinds of Substitution,
One party in Trans and the other in Con; 2
That we, your petitioning Cons, have, in right
Of the said monosyllable, rav'd the lands,
And embazzled the goods, and annoy'd, day and night,
Both the bodies and souls of the sticklers for
Trant; —
That we trust to Peel, Eldon, and other such sages,
For keeping us still in the same state of mind;
Pretty much as the world us'd to be in those ages,
When still smaller syllables madden'd mankind: —
When the words ex and per 4 serv'd as well, to annoy
One's neighbours and friends with, as con and trans
now;
And Christians, like S—th—y, who stickled for oi,
Cut the throats of all Christians who stickled for ou. 5
That, relying on England, whose kindness already
So often has help'd us to play this game o'er,
We had on't our red coats and our carabines ready,
And wait'd the word to show sport, as before.
That, as to the expense — the few millions, or so,
Which for all such diversions John Bull has to pay —
'Tis, at least, a great comfort to John Bull to know,
That to Orange-man's pockets it will all find its way.
For which your petitioner's ever will pray,
&c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

2 To such important discussions as these the greater part of Dr. Southey's Vindiciae Ecclesiae Anglicae is devoted.
3 Substantiation — the true Reformed belief; at least, the belief of Luther, and, as Melanchthon asserts, of Melancthon also.
4 When John of Ragusa went to Constantinople (at this time the dispute between "ex" and "per" was going on), he found the Turks, we are told, "laughing at the Christians for being divided by two such insignificant particles." 5
5 The Arian controversy — before that time, says Hooker, "in order to a sound believing Christian, men were not curious what syllables or particles of speech they used."
COTTON AND CORN.
A DIALOGUE.

Said Cotton to Corn, (other day,
As they met and exchanged a salute —
(Square Corn in his carriage so gay,
Poor Cotton, half famish'd, on foot):

"Great Squire, if it isn't uncivil
To but at starvation before you,
"Look down on a poor hungry devil,
"And give him some bread, I implore you!"

Quoth Corn then, in answer to Cotton,
Perceiving he meant to make free —
"Low fellow, you're surely forgotten
"The distance between you and me!

"To expect that we Peers of high birth,
"should waste our illustrious acres,
"For no other purpose on earth
"Than to famine curst Calico-makers! —

"That Bishops to bobbins should bend —
"Should sop from their Bench's sublimity,
"Great dealers in lawn, to befriend
"Such contemptible dealers in dimity!

"No — vile Manufactyre! never harbour
"A hope to be fed at our boards —
"Base offspring of Arkwright the barber,
"What claim causeth thou have upon Lords?

"No — thanks to the taxes and debt,
"And the triumph of paper over guineas,
"Our race of Lord Jennys's, as yet,
"May defy your whole rabble of Jennys!"

So saying — whip, crack, and away
Went Corn in his chase through the throng,
So headlong, I heard them all say,
"Square Corn would be down, before long!"

THE CANONIZATION OF SAINT
B—TT—RW—RTH.


Canonize him! — yes, verily, we'll canonize him;
Though Cast is his hobby, and moulding his bliss,
Though sages may pity, and wits may despise him.
He'll never make a bit the worse saint for all this.

Descend, all ye Spirits, that ever yet spread
The dominion of Humbug o'er land and o'er sea,
Descend on our B—TT—RW—rth's bibliophilic head,
Truce-Great, Bibliopolist, Saint, and M. P.

Come, shade of Joanna, come down from thy sphere,
And bring little Shaking — if it isn't too far —
Such a sight will to B—TT—RW—rth's bosom be dear,
His conceptions and thine being much on a par.

Nor blush, Saint Joanna, once more to behold
A world thou hast hon'd by elevating so many;
Thou'lt find still among us more Porcelain old,
Who also by tricks and the Skirt's make a penny.

Thou, too, of the Shakers, divine Mother Lee! ¹
Thy smile to beatified B—TT—RW—rth design;

Two "lights of the Gentiles" are now, Anne, and ha —
One hallowing Fleet Street, and 'Other Toad Lane."²

The Heavens, we know, made their Gods out of wood,
And Saints may be fram'd of as handy materials —
Old women and B—TT—RW—rths make just as good
As any the Pope ever book'd as Bishops.

Stand forth, Man of Bibles! — not Mahomet's pigeon,
When perch'd on the Koran, he dropp'd there, they say;
Strong marks of his faith, ever shed o'er religion
Such glory as B—TT—RW—rth sheds every day.

Great Galen of souls, with what vigour he crams
Down Eras idolatrous threats, till they crack again,
Bolus on bolus, good man! — and then damns
Both their stomaehs and souls, if they dare cast them back again.

How well might his shop — as a type representing
The creed of himself and his sanctified clan
On its counter exhibit "the Art of Tormenting."
Bound neatly, and letter'd "Whole Duty of Man!"

Canonize him! — by Judas, we will canonize him;
For Cant is his hobby, and twaddling his bliss;
And, though wise men may pity and wits may despise him,
He'll make but the better shop-saint for all this.

Call quickly together the whole tribe of Canters,
Convert all the serious Tag-rag of the nation;
Bring Shakers and Soulifiers and Jumpers and Ranters,
To witness their B—TT—RW—rth's Canonization!

Yea, humbly I've ventur'd his merits to paint,
Yea, feebly have tried all his gifts to portray;
And they form a sum-total for making a Saint,
That the Devil's own Advocate could not gainsay.

Jump high, all ye Jumpers, ye Ranters all roar,
While B—TT—RW—rth's spirit, upbraids from your eyes,
Like a kite made of fo'olease, in glory shall soar,
With a long tail of rubbish behind, to the skies!

AN INCANTATION.

SUNG BY THE BUBBLE SPIRIT.

Air:—"Come with me, and we will go
Where the rocks of coral grow.

Come with me, and we will blow
Lots of bubbles, as we go;
Bubbles, bright as ever Hope
Draw from fancy — or from soap;
Bright as o'er the South Sea sent
From its frothy element!
Come with me, and we will blow
Lots of bubbles, as we go,
Mix the lather, Johnny W—lks,
Thou, who reign'st so well to bulks; 

Shakers, and "Mother of all the children of regeneration.

⁴ Toad Lane, in Manchester, where Mother Lee was born.
In her "Address to Young Believers," she says, that "It is a matter of no importance with them from whence the means of their deliverance come, whether from a stable in Bethlehem, or from Toad Lane, Manchester."

⁵ Strong indications of character may be sometimes

¹ A great part of the income of Joanna Southcott arose from the Seals of the Lord's protection which she sold to her followers.

² Mrs. Anne Lee, the "chosen vessel" of the
SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS.

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Mix the latter — who can be
Fitter for such task than thee,
Great M.P. for Sudbury!
Now the frothy charm is ripe,
Puffing Peter, bring thy pipe —
Then, whom ancient Coventry
Once so dearly lov'd, that she
Knew not which to her was sweeter,
Peeping Tom or Puffing Peter —
Puff the bubbles high in air,
Puff thy best to keep them there.

Bravo, brave, Peter M — re!
Now the rainbow humbugs roar,
Glittering all with golden hues.
Such as haunt the dreams of Jews.
- Some, r-flying notes that lie
Under Chilia's glowing sky.
Some, those virgin pearls that sleep
Cloister'd in the southern deep.
Others, as if lent a ray
From the streaming Milky Way.
Glancing o'er with words and whey
From the courts of Alderney.
Now's the moment — who shall first
Catch the bubbles, ere they burst?
Run, ye Squires, ye Viscounts, run —
John W — like a junior runs beside ye!
Take the good the knaves provide ye.
Sec, with uplifted eyes and heads,
Where the Shrewsden, Junior runs, stands,
Gaping for the truth to fall.
Down his gullet — lo! and all,
""See!" — But, hark, my time is out —
Now, like some great waifs, spout,
Scatter'd by the cannon's thunder,
Burst, ye bubble, all asunder!

[Here the stage darkens — a discordant crash is heard from the orchestra - the broken bubbles descend in a symphony but unceasingly visit over the heads of the Dramatic Personages, and the scene drops, leaving the bubble-busters — all in the buds.]

A DREAM OF TURTLE.

BY SIR W. CURTIS.

1826.

'T was evening time, in the twilight sweet
I sail'd along, when — whom should I meet
But a Turtle journeying over the sea,
"On the service of his Majesty." 4

traced in the rhymes to names. Marvell thought so,
when he wrote

"Sir Edward Sutton,
The foolish knight who rhymes to motion."

1 The Member, during a long period, for Coventry.
2 An humble imitation of one of our modern poets, who, in a poem against War, after describing the splendid habiliments of the soldier, thus apostrophizes him — thou rainbow ruffian
3 "A Lovely Thais sits beside thee;
Take the good the Gods provide thee."
4 So ended by a sort of Tuscan dulcification of the ch, in the word "Chairman."
5 We are told that the passport of this grand diplomatic Turtle (sent by the Secretary for Foreign Affairs to a certain noble envoy) described him as "on his majesty's service."

When spying him first through twilight dim,
I didn't know what to make of him;
But said to myself, as slow he plied
His fins, and roll'd from side to side
Concealedly over the watery path
"'T is my Lord of St. — w'll taking a bath;
And I hear him now, among the fishes,
"Quoting Vatel and Burgomasters!"

But, no — 't was, indeed, a Turtle, wide
And plump as ever these eyes descried!
A Turtle, juicy as ever yet.
Gl'd up the lips of a Baronet!
And much did it grieve my soul to see
That animal of such dignity,
Like an absentee abroad should roam,
When he ought to stay and be at home.

But now "a change came over my dream," —
Like the magic lantern's shifting sides —
I look'd, and saw, by the evening beam,
On the back of that Turtle sat a rider —
A goodly man, with an eye so merry,
I knew 't was our Foreign Secretary, 6
Who there, at his ease, did sit and smile,
Like Waterton on his er-collie; 7
Cracking such jokes, at every motion,
As made the Turtle squeak with glee,
And own they gave him a lively notion
Of what his forc'd-meal meat would be.

So on the Sec. in his glory went,
Over that brillie element,
Waving his hand, as he took farewell,
With gracefull air, and bidding me tell
Inquiring friends that the Turtle and he
Were gone on a foreign embassy —
To soothe the heart of a Diplomat,
Who is known to dote upon verdant fat,
And to let admiring Europe see,
That coypus aud colypce
Are the English terms of Diplomacy.

THE DONKY AND HIS PANNERS.

A FABLE.

"Ferox jam sudat erosis."
"Pares illi; ventrum delici tum est anus." Virgil. Cepa.

A donkey, whose talent for burdens was wondrous,
So much that you'd swear he rejoiced in a load,
One day had to jog under panniers so ponderous,
That — down the poor Donkey fell a smack on the road!

His owners and drivers stood round in amaze —
What? Neddy, the patient, the prosperous Neddy,
So easy to drive, through the driest ways,
For every description of job-work, so ready!

One driver (whom Ned might have "halt'd" as a 8
brother?) had just been proclaiming his Donkey's renown
For vigour, for spirit, for one thing or other —
When, lo, mid his praises, the Donkey came down!

But how to upraise him? — one shou'd, 't other
whistles,
While Donkey, the Conjurer, wisest of all,

6 Mr. Camm.
7 Wanderings in South America. "It was the first and last time (says Mr. Waterton) I was ever on a crocodile's back."
8 Alluding to an early poem of Mr. Coleridge's, addressed to an Ass, and beginning, "I hail thee, brother!"
As I have often been asked what the best mode of addressing the public could be, I have thought it would be well to give some hints to our correspondents. It is well known that there are some who always want to know what the London merchants are doing, and others who are curious to know what the country farmers are doing. These classes of readers are so numerous that it is necessary to give them some kind of information. I recommend the following plan:

1. To write in a lively and dramatic style.
2. To use a variety of metaphors and symbols.
3. To address the reader directly.

The following is a sample letter:

To the London Merchant,

Your correspondent,

[Letter Body]

To the Country Farmer,

Your correspondent,

[Letter Body]

In conclusion, I wish to say that the best way to address the public is to be honest and straightforward. The public are not interested in lies or half-truths. They want to know what is really happening. Therefore, it is best to be truthful and to give them the facts.

Sincerely,

Your correspondent.
SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS.

393

Came up ing, some years ago,
To try, for a change, the London air.

So well he look'd, and dress'd, and talk'd,
And had his tail and horns so handy,
You'd hardly have known him as he walk'd,
From C—, or any other Dandy.

(His horns, it seems, are made 'unscrew;
So, he has but to take them out of the socket,
And — just as some fine husbands do —
Conveniently clap them into his pocket.)

In short, he looked extremely natty,
And ev'n contriv'd to his own great wonder —
By dint of sundry seams from Gattie,
To keep the sulphurous hogu under.

And so my gentleman hoo'd about,
Unknown to all but a chosen few
At White's and Crockford's, where, no doubt,
He had many post-ebuds falling due.

Alas a gamester and a wil,
At night he was seen with Crockford's crew,
At morn with learned dames would sit —
So pass'd his time twixt black and blue.

Some wish'd to make him an M. P.,
But, finding W—ks was also one, he swore, in a rage, "he'll be d—d, if he
Would ever sit in one house with Jolnny."

At length, as secrets travel fast,
And devils, whether he or she,
Are sure to be found out at last,
The affair got wind most rapidly.

The Press, the impartial Press, that souls
Alas a fiend's or an angel's expos —
Miss Paton's soon as Benelumb's —
Fir'd off a squib in the morning papers:

"We warn good men to keep aloof
From a grim old Dandy, seen about,
With a fire-proof wig, and a cloven hoof
Through a neat-cut Hoby smoking out."

Now — the Devil being a gentleman,
Who piques himself on well-bred dealings —
You may guess, when over these lines he ran,
How much they hurt and shock'd his feelings.

Away he pests to a Man of Law,
And 'twould make you laugh could you have seen 'em,
As paw shook hand, and hand shook paw,
And 'twas "ha'! good fellow, well met," between 'em.

Straight an indictment was preferred —
And much the Devil enjoy'd the jest,
When, asking about the Bench, he heard
That, of all the Judges, his own was Bar. 

In vain Defendant proffer'd proof
That Plaintiff's self was the Father of Evil —
Brought Hoby forth, to swear to the hoof, —
And Shultz to speak to the tail of the Devil.

The Jury (wools, all snug and rich,
And readers of virtuous Sunday papers)
Found for the Plaintiff — on hearing which
The Devil gave one of his loviest capers.

For oh, 't was nuts to the Father of Lies
(As this wily fiend is nam'd in the Bible)
To find it settled by laws so wise,
That the greater the truth, the worse the iel

LITERARY ADVERTISEMENT.

Wanted — Authors of all-work, to job for the season,
No matter which party, so faithful to neither;
Good hacks, who, if pos'd for a rhyme or a reason,
Can manage, like * * * *, to do without either.

If in good, all the better for out-of-door topics;
Your goal is for Travellers a charming retreat;
They can take a day's rule for a trip to the Tropics,
And sail round the world, at their ease, in the Fleet.

For a Dramatist, too, the most useful of schools —
He can study high life in the King's Bench community;
Aristotle could scarce keep him more within rules,
And of place he, at least, must adhere to the study.

Any lady or gentleman, come to an age
To have good "Reminiscences" (three-score or higher),
Will meet with encouragement — so much per page,
And the spelling and grammar both found by the buyer.

No matter with what their remembrance is stock'd,
So they'll only remember the quantum desired; —
Enough to fill handsomely Two Volumes, oct.,
Price twenty-four shillings, is all that's required.

They may treat us, like Kelly, with old jet-domestique,
Like Dibdin, may tell of each escocia frolic;
Or kindly inform us, like Madame Genlis,
That gingerbread-cakes always give them the colic.

Wanted, also, a new stock of Pamphlets on Corn,
By "Farmers", and "Landholders" — (worthy whose hands
Enclos'd all in bow pots, their affies adorn,
Or, whose share of the soil may be seen on their hands).

No-Popery Sermons, in ever so dull a vein,
Sure of a market — should they, ten, who pen 'em.

Be renegade Papists, like Murtagh O'S —! v — n, 3
Something extra allow'd for the additional venom.

Funds, Physic, Coro, Poetry, Boxing, Romance,
All excellent subjects for turning a penny;—
To write upon all is an author's sole chance
For attaining, at last, the least knowledge of any.

Nine times out of ten, if his title is good,
The material within of small consequence is; —
Let him only write fine, and, if not understood,
Why — that's the concern of the reader, not his.

Nota bene — an Essay, now printing, to show,
That Horace (as clearly as words could express it)

3 This lady also favours us, in her Memoirs, with the address of those apothecaries, who have, from time to time, given her pills that agreed with her: always desiring that the pills should be ordered "commune pour elle."

3 A gentleman, who distinguished himself by his evidence before the Irish Committees.
THE IRISH SLAVE. 2

I heard, as I lay, a wailing sound,
"He is dead — he is dead," the rumour flew;
And I ran to my chain, and turned me round,
And asked through the dungeon-window, "Who?"

I saw my livid tormentors pass;
Their grief it was bliss to hear and see!
For, never came joy to them, alas,
That didn't bring deadly hate to me.

Eager I looked through the mist of night,
And asked, "What fate of my race hath died?
Is it he — that daughter of law and right,
Whom nothing but wrong could ever decide —

Who, long as he sees but wealth to win,
"Hath never yet felt a qualm or doubt
What suitors for justice he'd keep in,
Or what suitors for freedom he'd shut out —

Who, a cog for ever on Truth's advance,
"Thieves round her (like the Old Man of the Sea
Round Sinbad's neck 3), nor leaves a chance
Of shaking him off — is he? is he?"

Ghastly my grim tormentors smil'd,
And thrusted me back to my den of woe,
With a laughter even more fierce and wild
Than their funeral howling, answer'd: "No,"

But the cry still pierc'd my prison-gate,
And again I ask'd, "What scourge is gone?
Is it he — that Chief, so coldly great,
Whom Fame unwillingly shins upon —

Whose name is one of the illomen'd words
They link with hate, on his native plains;
And why? — they lent him hearts and swords,
And he, in return, gave souls and chains!

Is it he? is it he?" I loud inquir'd,
When, hark! — there sounded a Royal knell;
And I knew what spirit had just expir'd,
And, slave as I was, my triumph fell.

He had plead'd a hate unto me and mine,
He had plead'd to the future nor hope nor choice,
But seal'd that hate with a Name Divine,
And he now was dead, and — I couldn't rejoice!

He had fam'd aft're the burning brands
Of a bigotry waxing cold and dim;
He had afraid my torturer's hands,
And them did I curse — but sigh'd for him.

For, his was the error of head, not heart;
And — oh, how beyond the ambush'd tie,
Who to enmity adds the traitor's part,
And carries a smile, with a curse below!

1 According to the common reading, "quotideneque infamia, ascetis."
3 "You yell, said they, into the hands of the Old Man of the Sea, and are the first who ever escaped strangling by his malicious tricks." — Story of Sinbad

If ever a heart made bright amends
For the fatal fault of an erring head —
Go, learn his fame from the lips of friends,
In the orphan's tear be his glory read.

A Prince without pride, a man without guile,
To the last unchanging, warm, sincere,
For Virtue he had ever a hand and smile,
And for Misery ever his purse and tear

Touch'd to the heart by that solemn toll,
I calmly sink in my chains again.
While, still as I said "Alas! rest his soul!"
My nates of the dungeon sigh'd "Amen!"
January, 1827.

ODE TO FERDINAND.

Quit the sword, thou King of men,
Grasp the needle once again;
Making petticoats is far
Safer sport than making war.

Trimming is a better thing,
Than the bring tram'd, oh King! —
Grasp the needle bright with which
Thou didst for the Virgin stitch
Garment, such as never before
Monarch stretch'd or Virgin wore.

Not for her, oh scamp'er nimble;
Do I now invoke thy thimble;
Not for her thy wanted aid,
But for certain grave old ladies,
Who now sit in England's cabinet,
Waiting to be cloth'd in cabinet,
Or whatever choice detics
Fit for Dowagers in office.

First, thy care, oh King, devote
To Dame Eld — n's petticoat.
Make it of that silk, whose dye
Shakes for ever to the eye,
Just as it hardly knew
Whether to be pink or blue.
Or — material fitter yet —
If thou could'st a remnant get
Of that stuff, with which, of old,
Sage Penelope, we're told,
Stil by doing and undoing,
Kept her suitors always wowing,
That's the stuff which I pronounce,
Fittest for Dame Eld — n's Rouches.

After this, we'll try thy hand,
Mantua-making Ferdinand,
For old Goody W — sm — —; —
One who loves, like Mother Cole,
Church and State with all her soul;
And has pass'd her life in frolics
Worthy of your Apostles,
Choose, in dressing this old flirt,
Something that won't show the dirt,
As, from habit, every minute
Goody W — sm — — is in it.

This is all I now shall ask,
He thee, monarch, to thy task;
Finish Eld — n's fults and borders,
Then return for further orders.
Oh what progress for our -ake,
Kings in millinery make!
Ribbons, garters and such things,
Are supplied by other Kings —
Ferdinand his rack devotes
By providing petticoats.
SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS.

1827.

**HAT versus WIG.**

"At the lettering of the Duke of York, Lord Eld—o, in order to guard against the effects of the damp, stood upon his hat during the whole of the ceremony."—mutus omnes et inexorable fatum.

Subject pedibus, exerpeique Acheronis arvai.

Twixt Eld—o's Hat and Eld—o's Wig.

There lately rose an altercation,—
Each with its own importance big,
Disputing which most serves the nation.

"Quoth Wig, with consequent air,
"Pooh! pooh! you surely can't design
"My worthy beaver, to compare
"Your station in the state with mine.

"Who meets the learned legal crew?
"Who meets the lordly Senate's pride?
"The Wig, the Wig, my friend—while you
"Hang dangling on some peg outside.

"Oh, 'tis the Wig, that rules, like Love,
"Senate and Court, with like effect;
"And wards below, and lords above,
"For Law is Wig and Wig is Law!"

"Who tried the long, Long W—ll—sl—y suit,
"Which tried one's patience, in return?
"Not thou, oh Hat!—though, could'st thou do'ts,
"Of other brims 2 than thine thou 1st learn.

"'Twas mine our master's toil to share;
"When, like 'Treygity' in the play 3
"He, every minute, cried out: 'Swear,'
"And wearily to swear went they; 4—

1 When, 'lack poor W—ll—sl—y to condemn, he
2 With nice discrimination weighed,
3 Whether I was only 'Heil and Jenny,'
4 Or 'Heil and Tommy' that he play'd.

"No, no, my worthy beaver, no—
"Though cheapside at the cheapest hatter's,
"And smart enough, as beavers go,
"Thou ne'er wert made for public matters."

Here Wig concluded his oration,
Looking, as wags do, wondrous wise;
While thus, full cock'd for declamation long,
The veteran Hat enarg'd replies:—

"Ha! dost thou then so soon forget
"What thou, what England owes to me?
"Ungrateful Wig!—when will a debt,
"So deep, so vast, be owed to thee?

"Think of that night, that fearful night,
"When, through the storming vault below,
"Our master dard, in goats despite,
"To venture his podagric toe!"

"Who was it then, thou boastest, say,
"When thou hast't to thy box sneaked off,
"Beneath his feet, protecting lay,
"And avoid'd him from a mortal cough?"

1 Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below and god above.
For Love is Heav'n and Heav'n is Love.—Scott.
2 Briton—a punchy woman.—Grose.
3 Ghost (besides)—Swear!
4 Hamlet.—Ha! say'st thou so? At thy there, Treygity? Come on."
* His Lordship's demand for fresh affidavits was incessant.

"Think, if Catarh had quoch't that sun,
"How blank this world had been to thee!
"Without that head to shine upon,
"Oh, Wig, where would thy glory be?

"You, ton, ye Britons,—had this hope
"Of Church and state been ravish'd from ye,
"Oh, think, how Canoing and the Pope
"Would then have play'd up 'Heil and Tommy?"

"At sea, there's but a plank, they say,
"Twixt seamen and annihilation;
"A Hat, that awful moment, lay
"Twixt England and Emanicipation!

"Oh!!! —"

At this "Oh!!!" The Times' Reporter
Was taken poorly, and retir'd;
Which made him cut Hat's rhetoric shorter,
Than justice to the case requir'd.

On his return, he found these shocks
Of eloquence all ended quite;
And Wig lay smoking in his box,
And Hat was—hoog up for the night.

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**THE FERWINKLES AND THE LOCUSTS.**

A SALMAGUNDIAN HYMN.

"To Pounce was assigned the Laiship of Salmagundi,
Which was yearly worth 6,763,606,769 zounds, besides the revenue of the Locusts and Periwinkles, amounting one year with another to the value of 2,455,467, a.c.
&c.—Rabelais."

"Hurra! hurra! I heard them say,
And they cheer'd and shouted all the way,
As the Lord of Salmagundi went,
To open in state his Parliament.

The Salmagundians once were rich,
Or thought they were—no matter what—
For, every year, the Revenue 6
From their Periwinkles larger grew;
And their rulers, skill'd in all the trick
And legendarium of arithmetic,
Knew how to place 1, 2, 9, 3, 4,
6, 5, 7, 8, and 9 and 10,
Such various ways, behind, before,
That they made a unit seem a score,
And prov'd themselves must wealthy men!
So, on they went, a prosperous crew,
The people wise, the rulers clever—
And God help those, like me and you,
Who dare'd to doubt (as some now do)
That the Periwinkle Revenue
Would thus go flouri'ling on for ever.

"Hurra! hurra! I heard them say,
And they cheer'd and shouted all the way,
As the Great Pounce in glory went
To open his own dear Parliament.

But folks at length began to doubt
What all this conjuring was about;
For, every day, more deep in debt
They saw their wealthy rulers ger:
"Let's look (sad they the items through
And see if what we're told be true
6 Of our Periwinkle Revenue.)"

5 Accented as in Swift's line—

"Not so a nation's revenue are paid."

6 "Wide as the world's a revenue are paid."
But, lord! they found there wasn't a little
Of truth in aught they heard before;
For, they gain'd by Pervinckes little,
And lost by Locus's ten times more!
These Locus are a lordly breed
Some Salmaugrand's love to feed.
Of all the beasts that ever were born,
Your Locus' best delicacies in corn:
And, though his body be but small,
To fatten him takes the devil and all!
Oh, fie! oh, fie! was now the cry,
And they saw the gaudy show go by,
And the Lord of Salmaugrand went
To open his Locus Parliament!

NEW CREATION OF PEERS.

BATCH THE FIRST.

"His 'prentice had"
He tried on man,
And then he made the lassan." 1827.

"And now," quoth the Minister, (e'ad of his panics, And ripe for each season the summer affords,)" Having had our full swing at destroying mechanics, "By way of set-off, let us make a few Lords."

"T is pleasant — while nothing but mercantile fractures,
Some simple, some compound, is dim'd in our eyes —
To think that, though rōb'd of all coarse manufactures, We still have our fine manufacture of Peers; —
Those Golliwog productions, which Kings take a pride In engaging the whole fabrication and trade of;
Choice inequality things, very grand on one side,
But showing, on t'other, what rags they are made of."

The plan being fix'd, raw material was sought. —
No matter how middling, if Tory the creed be; And first, to begin with, Square W ——, 'twas thought,
For a Lord was as raw a material as need be.

Next came, with his penchant for painting and pelf, The tasteful Sir Charles, so renown'd, far and near, For purchasing pictures, and selling himself — And both (as the public well knows) very dear.

Beside him Sir John comes, with equal zest, in; — Stand forth, chosen pair, while for titles we measure ye;
Both connosseur baronets, both fond of drawing, Sir John, after nature, Sir Charles, on the treasury. But, bless us! — behold a new candidate come — In his hand he holds a prescription, new written; He poises a pill-box, twixt finger and thumb, And he asks a seat among the Peers of Great Britain!

"Forbid it," cried Jenky, "ye Viscounts, ye Earls! — "Oh! 따, how the glories would fall disenchanted, "If coronets glister'd with pills 'stead of pearls,
And the strawberry-leaves were by rubarb supplant'd!

"No — ask it not, ask it not, dear Doctor H ——."
"If sought but a Peerage can gladden thy life, —
And young Master H —— as yet is too small for 't."
"Sweet Doctor, we'll make a she Peer of thy wife."
"Next to bearing a coronet on our own brows,
Is to bask in its light from the brows of another;"
"And grandeur o'er thee shall reflect from thy spouse,"
"As o'er V — F —— 't will shine through his mother."

Thus ended the First Batch — and Jenky, much tir'd, (It being no joke to make Lords by the heap). Took a large dram of ether — the same that inspir'd His speech 'gainst the Papists — and pro'd off to sleep.

SE SPEECH ON THE UMBRELLA QUESTION.

BY LORD ELD—N.


My Lords. I am accus'd of a trick that, God knows, is The last info which, at my age, I could fall — Of leading this grave House of Peers, by its noses, Wherever I choose, princes, bishops, and all. My Lords, on the question before us at present, "No doubt! I shall hear, "Is it that cursed old fellow, "That bugbear of all that is liberal and pleasent, "Who won't let the Lords give the man his umbrella?"

God forbid that your Lordships should knuckle to me; I am ancient — but were I as old as King Pram, Not much, I confess, to your credit would be, To mind such a twaddling old Trojan as I am.

Lo, of our Protestant laws I am jealous, And, long as God spares me, will always maintain, That, once having taken men's rights, or umbrellas, We never should consent to restore them again. What security have you, ye Bishops and Peers, If thus you give back Mr. Bell's paraphrase, That he may not, with its stick, come about all your cars, And then — where would your Protestant periwigs be?

No, heathen be my judge, were I dying today, Ere I dropp'd in the grave, like a mediocr that's mellow, "For God's sake" — at that awful moment I'd say — "For God's sake, don't give Mr. Bell his umbrella."

["This address," says a ministerial journal, "delivered with amazing emphasis and earnestness, occasioned an extraordinary sensation in the house. Nothing since the memorable address of the Duke of York has produced so remarkable an impression."]

2 Among the persons mentioned as likely to be raised to the Peerage are the mother of Mr. V — F ——, &c.
3 A case which interested the public very much at this period. A gentleman, of the name of Bell, having left his umbrella behind him in the House of Lords, the footmen (standing, no doubt, on the privileges of that noble body) refused to restore it to him; and the above speech, which may be considered as a precedent to that of the Learned Earl on the Catholic Question, arose out of the transaction.

4 From Mr. Canning's translation of Jekyl's —

"I say, my good fellow, As you've no umbrella."
A FARMER'S BALLAD.
BY JOHN BULL.

Dublin, March 12, 1827.—Friday, after the arrival of the packet bringing the account of the defeat of the Catholic Question, in the House of Commons, orders were sent to the Pigeon Houses to forward 5,000,000 rounds of musket-ball cartridge to the different garrisons round the country. — Freeman's Journal.

I have found out a gift for my Erin,
A gift that will surely comfort her—
Sweet pledge of a love so enduring!
Five millions of bullets I've sent her
She asked me for Freedom and Right,
But all she wants understand—
Ball cartridges, morning and night,
Is a dose that will do her more good.

There is hardly a day of our lives
But we read, in some amiable trials,
How husbands make love to their wives
Through the medium of hemp and of phials.

One thinks, with his mistress or mate
A good letter is sure to agree;
That love-knot which, early and late,
I have tried, my dear Elise, on thee.

While another, whom Hymen has blessed
With a wife that is not over placid,
Consigns the dear charmer to rest,
With a dose of the best Prussian acid.

Thus, Erin! my love do I show—
Thus quiet thee, mate of my bed!
Aod, as poison and hemp are too slow,
Do thy business with bullets instead.

Should thy faith in my medicine be shaken,
Ask R—n, that mildest of saints;
He'll tell thee, madam, undaunted,
Alone can remove thy complaints—
That, blest as thou art in thy lot,
Nothing's wanted to make it more pleasant;
But being hand'ed, tortured, and shot,
Much officer than thou art at present.

Even W—l—n's self hath answered
Thou art yet but half saved and hung,
And I lovd him the more when I heard
Such tenderness fall from his tongue.

So take the five millions of pills,
Dear partner, I herewith enclose;
'T is the cure that all quacks for thy ill's,
From Cromwell to Eld—n, propose.

And you, ye brave bullets that go,
How I wish that, before you set out,
The Devil of the Freischütz could know
The good work you are going about.

For he'd charm ye, in spite of your head,
Into such supernatural wit,
That you'd all of you know, as you sped,
Where a bullet of sense ought to hit.

A LATE SCENE AT SWANAGE.
Regius ex-voto adiniae. — Virg. 1627.

To Swanage—that neat little town, in whose bay
Fair Thetis shows off, in her best silver slippers—

Lord Bags took his annual trip to other day,
To taste the sea breezes, and chat with the dippers.

There—learn'd as he is in conundrums and laws—
Quoth he to his dame (who oft plays the wag on),

"Why are chancery suits like batters?" — "Because
"Their suits are put off, till—they haven't a rag on."

Thus on he went chatting—but, lo, while he chats,
With a face full of wonder around him he looks;
For he misses his Parsons, his dear shovel hair,
Who used to flock round him at Swanage like rooks.

"How is this, Lady Bags?"—to this region aquatic
"Last year they came swimming, to make me their bow.
"As thick as Burke's cloud over the vales of Carnatic,
"Deans, Rectors, D. D.'s—where the devil are they now?"

"My dearest Lord Bags!" said his dame, "can you doubt?
"I am loth to remind you of things so unpleasant;
"But don't you perceive, dear, the Church have found out
"That you're one of the people call'd Ez's, at present?"

"Ah, true—you have hit it—I am, indeed, one
"Of those ill-fated Ez's (his Lordship replies),
"And, w'h' re tears, I confess—God forgive me the pun!
"We X's have proved ourselves not to be Y's."

WO! WO!

Wo, wo unto him who would check or disturb it—
That beautiful Light, which is now on its way;
Which, beaming, at first, o'er the bags of Hertford,
Now brightest sweet Balloonalad with its ray!

Oh, F—n—m, Saint F—n—m, how much do we owe thee!

How for'd in all tastes are thy various employ's!
The old, as a catcher of Catholics, know thee,
The young, as an amateur scourger of boys.

Wo, wo to the man, who such doings would smoothe—
On, Luther of Cavan! On, Saint of Killorongy!
With whip in one hand, and with Bible in the other,
Like Mungo's tormentor, both "preacher and fogger."

Come, Saints from all quarters, and marshal his way—
Come, L—I—I—n, who, scorning profiteer's, Euph—n Shakespeare, they say, in the river, one day,
Though 'tw was only old Bowdler's edition

Come, R—n, who doubtless—so mild are thy views—
Whether Bibles or bullets are best for the nation;

long a favourite summer resort of the ex-noblemans in question, and till this season, much frequented also by men of the church.

3 The Lord Chancellor Eld—n.

3 Suggested by a speech of the Bishop of Cl—n—on the subject of the New Reformation in Ireland, in which his Lordship denounced "Wo! Wo! Wo!" pretty abundantly on all those who dared to interfere with its progress.

1 A small bathing-place on the coast of Dorsetshire.
**SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS.**

"Who learnt to poor Paddy no medium to choose,  
"Twixt good old Rebellion and new Reformation.

What more from her Saints can Hibernia require?  
St. Bridget, of yore, like a profane duchess,  
Supplied her, 'twas said, with perpetual fire.  
And Saints keep her, now, in eternal hot water.

Wo, wo to the man, who would check their career,  
Or stop the Millennium, that's sure to await us,  
When, bless'd with an orthodox crop every year,  
We shall learn to raise Protestants, fast as pota oes.

In kidnapping Papists, our rulers, we know,  
Had been trying their talent for many a day;  
Till F-roh-m, when all had been tried, came to show,  
Like the German flea-catcher, "another got way."

And nothing's more simple than F-roh-m's receipt;  
"Catch your Catholic, first—soak him well in pota. —2
"Add salary sauce, and the thing is complete.  
"You may serve up your Protestant, smoking and clean.

"Wo, wo to the wag, who would laugh at such cookery!"

Thus, from his porch, did I hear a black crow  
Caw angrily out, while the rest of the rookery  
Ou-pud their bills, and re-echo'd "Wo! wo!"  

---

**TOUT POUR LA TRIPE.**

"If in China or among the natives of India,  
We claimed civil advantages which were connected with religious usage,  
Little as we might value those forms in our hearts,  
We should think common decency required us to obtain from treating them with offensive custom;  
And, though unable to consider them sacred, we would not assert, at the name of Pot, or laugh at the impudent vanity of Vishnou."—Courser, Tuesday, Jan. 16.

1827.

Come, take my advice, never trouble your cranium,  
When "civil advantages" are to be gained,  
What god or what goddess may help to obtain you  
Hindoo or Chinese, so they're only obtain'd.

In this world (let me hint in your ear)  
All the good things to good hypocrites fall;  
And he, who in swallowing creeds is particular,  
Soon will have nothing to swallow at all.

Oh, place me where Fo (or, as some call him, Fe)  
Is the god, from whom "civil advantages" flow,  
And you'll find, if there's any thing snug to be got,  
I shall soon be on excellent terms with old Fo.

Or were I where Vishnou, that four-handed god,  
Is the quadruple giver of persons and places,  
I own I should feel it unchristian and odd  
Not to find myself also in Vishnou's good graces.

For, among all the gods that humanity attend  
To our wants in this planet, the gods to my wishes  
Are those that, like Vishnou and others, descend  
In the form, so attractive, of loaves and of fishes!  

So take my advice— for, if even the devil  
Should tempt again as an idol to try him,  
T'd be worst for us Tories, even then, to be civil,  
As nobody doubts we should get something by him.

---

**ENIGMA.**

Monstrum multa virtute resedunt.

Come, riddle-me-ree, come, riddle me-ree,  
And tell me what my name may be.

I am nearly one hundred and thirty years old,  
And therefore no chicken, as you may suppose; —
Though a dwarf to my youth (as my nurses have told);  
I have, every year since, been outgrowing my clothes.

Till, at last, such a corpulent giant I stand,  
That, if folks were to turn me now with a suit,  
It would take every morsel of strip in the land,  
But to measure my bulk from the head to the foot.

Hence, who they maintain me, grown sick of my nature,  
To cover me nothing but rags will supply;  
And the doctors declare that, in due course of nature,  
About the year 30 in rags I shall die.

Means how I stalk hungry and bloated around,  
An object of laughter, most painful, to all;  
In the warehouse, the cottage, the palace I am found,  
Holding citizen, peasant, and king in my thrall.

Then riddle-me-ree, oh riddle-me-ree,  
Come, tell me what my name may be.

When the lord of the counting-house bends o'er his book,  
Bright pictures of profit delighting to draw;  
O'er his shoulders with large pheasant eyestalk I look,  
And down drops the pen from his parasite's jaw!

When the Premier lies dreaming of dear Waterloo,  
And expects through another to cajole and prickle,  
You'd laugh did you see, when I bellow out "Boo!"  
How he hides his brave Waterloo head in the blanket.

When mighty Bel-hazzar brims high in the hall  
His cup, full of guilt, to the Gaul's overhrow,  
Lo, "Eight Hundred Millions" I write on the wall,  
And the cup falls to earth and the king to hell!  
But the joy of my heart is when largely I cram  
My maw with the fruits of the Squirearchy's acres,  
And, knowing who made me the thing that I am,  
Like the wondrous of Frankenstein, worry my makers.

Then riddle-me-ree, come, riddle-me-ree,  
And tell, if thou know'st, who I may be.

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**DOG-DAY REFLECTIONS.**

**By a Dandy Kept in Town.**

"Vox clamantis in deserto.

1827.

Said Mathias, one day, to a clown  
Lying stretched on the beach, in the sun—
"What's the number of souls in this town?"—
"The number! Lord bless you, there's none.

We have nothing but dates in this place,  
Of them a great plenty there are:—
"But the sides, please your reverence and grace,  
Are all the other side of the bar."—

Vishnou was (as Sir W. Jones calls him) "a pesciform god," — his first Avaar being in the shape of a fish.
SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS. 399

And so 'tis in London just now,  
Not a soul to be seen, up or down; —  
Of dabs a great gin, I allow,  
But your sales, every one, out of town.

East or west, nothing wondrous or new;  
No courtship or scandal, worth knowing;  
Mrs R——, and a Mermaid 1 or 2,  
Are the only fish that are going.

Ah, where is that dear house of Peers,  
That, some weeks ago, kept us merry?  
Where Eul—n, art thou, with thy ears?  
And thou, with thy sense, L—d—d—y?

Wise Marquis, how much the Lord May'r,  
In the dog-day's, with thee must be puzzled! —  
It being his task to take care  
That such animals shan't go unmuzzled.

Then, too, whose political boil  
Are so worthy a captain of horse —  
Whose amendments? (like honest Sir Boyle's)  
Are "amendments that make matters worse;" 1

Great Chieftain, who takes such pains  
To prove — what is granted, now, con. —  
With how moderate a portion of brains  
Some heroes contrive to get on.

And, thou, too, my R—d—d—e—h, wha, where  
Is the peer, with a star at his button,  
Whose quarters could ever compare  
With R—d—d—e's five quarters of mutton? 2

Why, why have ye taken your flight,  
Ye diverting and dignified crew?  
How ill do three farces a night,  
At the Haymarket, pay us for you!

For, what is Bombastes to thee,  
My Ell—nbro', when thou look'st big?  
Or, where's the burletta can be  
Like L—d—d—le's wit, and his wig?

I doubt if ev'n Griffinhead could  
(Though Griffin's a comical lad)  
Invent any joke half so good  
As that precious one, "This is too bad!"

Then come again, come again, Spring!  
Oh haste thee, with Fun in thy train;  
And — of all things the funniest — bring  
These exalted Grimaldis again!

THE "LIVING DOG" AND "THE DEAD LION," 3

1828.

Next week will be publish'd (as "Lives" are the rage)  
The whole Reminiscences, wondrous and strange,

Of a small puppy-dog, that liv'd once in the cage  
Of the late noble Lion at Exeter 'Change.

Though the dog is a dog of the kind they call "sad,"  
'Tis a puppy that much for gait breeding pretends;  
And few dogs have such long names had  
Of knowing how Lions behave — among friends;

How that animal eats, how he snores, how he drinks,  
Is all noted down by this Boswell so small;  
And 'tis plain, from each sentence, the puppy dog  
Thinks that the Lion was no such great things after all.

Though he roars'd pretty well — this the puppy allowed,  
It was all, he says, borrowed — all second-hand now;  
And he vastly prefers his own little bow-wows  
To the lowest war-note the Lion could pour.

'Tis, indeed, as good fun as a Cynic could ask,  
To see how this cockney-bred setter of rabbits  
Takes gravely the Lord of the Forest to task,  
And judges of Lions by puppy-dog habits.

Now, fed as he was (and this makes it a dark case)  
With sups every day from the Lion's own pan,  
He lifts up his leg at the noble beast's carress,  
And — does all a dog, so diminutive, can.

However, the book 's a good book, being rich in  
Examples and warning to Lions high-bred,  
How they suffer small mongrelly curs in their kitchen,  
Who'll feed on them living, and foul them when dead.

Exeter 'Change.  

T. Pidcock.

ODE TO DON MIGUEL. 4

Et tu, Brute! 1828.

What! Miguel, not patriotic? oh, fy!  
After so much good teaching 'tis quite a take-off, Sir; —

First school'd, as you were, under Metternich's eye,  
And then (as young misses say) "finish'd" at Windsor?  

I never in my life knew a case that was harder —  
Such feats as you had, when you made us all a call!  
Three courses each day from his Majesty's larder, —  
And now, to turn absolute Don, after all !!

Some authors, like Bayes, to the style and the matter  
Of each thing they write suit the way that they dine,  
Roast sirloin for Epic brol'd devils for Satire,  
And hotchpotch and tripe for rhymes such as mine.

That Rulers should feed the same way, I've no doubt; —  
Great Despots on batalli serv'd up a la Russe. 5

1 One of the shows of London.  
2 More particularly his Grace's celebrated amendment to the Corn Bill; for which, and the circumstances connected with it, see Annual Register for A. D. 1827.  
3 From a speech of Sir Boyle Roche's, in the Irish House of Commons.  
4 The learning his Lordship displayed, on the subject of the butcher's "fifth quarter" of mutton, will not speedily be forgotten.  
5 The nom de guerre under which Colman has written some of his best farces.  
6 At the commencement of this year, the designs of Don Miguel and his partisans against the constitution established by his brother had begun more openly to declare themselves.  
7 Don Miguel had paid a visit to the English court, at the close of the year 1827.  
8 Dressed with a pint of the strongest spirits — a
SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS.

Your small German Princes on frogs and sour crout, And your Vice-roy of Hanover always on goose.

Some Don's, too, have fancied (though this may be false) A dish rather dear, it, in cooking, they blunder it:—
Not content with the common hot meat on a table, They're partial (eh, Miger!) to a dish of cold under it:—

No wonder a Don of such appetites found Even Windsor's collations pleasantly plain; Where the dishes most high that my Lady sends round Are her Maintenon cutlets and soup a la Reine.

Alas! that a youth with such charming beginnings, Should sink, all at once, to so sad a conclusion; And, what is still worse, throw the losers and winners Of worthies on 'Change into so much confusion!

The Bulls, in hysterics—the Bears just as bad— The few men who have, and the many who've not tick, All should'd to find out that that promising lad, Prince Metternich's pupil, is—not patriotic!

THOUGHTS ON THE PRESENT GOVERNMENT OF IRELAND.

Off have I seen, in gay, equestrian pride, Some well-rouged youth round Astley's Circus ride Two stately steeds—standing, with graceful stature, Like him of Rhodes, with feet on either quarter, While to soft tones—some jigs and some andantes— He steers around his light-paced Rosinantes.

So rides along, with canter smooth and pleasant, That horseman bold, Lord Anglesea, at present;— Papist and Protestant the cursers laugh, That bend their necks to his impartial rein, And round the ring—each honour'd, as they go, With equal pressure from his gracious toe— To the old medley tune, half 'Patrick's Day' And half 'Boyne Water,' take their canterin way, While Peel, the showman in the middle, cracks his longish'd whip, to cheer the double-tack. Ah, ticklish trial of equestrian art! How blast, if neither need would bolt or start;— If Protestant's old restless tricks were gone, And Papist's winkers could be still kept on. But no, false hopes— not even the great Ducrow To win: two such steeds could escape an overthrow: If solar hacks play'd Phaeton a trick, What hope, alas, from hackneys lunatic? If once my Lord his graceful balance loses, Or fails to keep, each foot where each horse chooses; If Peel but gives one extra touch—whip To Papist's tail or Protestant's ear-tip That instant ends their glorious horsemanship! Off bolt the sever'd steeds, for mischief free, And down, between them, plumps Lord Anglesea!

favourite dish of the Great Frederick of Prussia, and which he per- ceived in eating on his death-bed, much to the horror of his physician Zimmerman.

1. This quiet case of murder, with all its particulars—the hiding the body under the dinner-table, &c., &c.—is, no doubt, well known to the reader.

THE LIMBO OF LOST REPUTATIONS.

A DREAM.

"Cio che si perde qui, la si raguna."—Ariosto

"—— a valley, where he sees Things that on earth were lost."—Milton.

Know'st thou not him 2 the poet sings, Who flew to the moon's serene domain, And saw that valley, where all the things That vanish on earth, are found again— The hopes of youth, the resolves of age, The vow of the lover, the dream of the sage, The golden visions of mining arts, The promises great men's few about them; And, pack'd in compass small, the wits Of monarchs, who rule as well without them!— Like him, but driving with wing profound, I have been to a Limbo under ground, Where characters lost on earth, (and, cried, in vain, like H—r—s', far and wide,) In heaps, like yesterday's oats, are thrown And there, so worthless and fly-born, That even the heaps would not punish them, Lie, till their worthy owners join them.

Curious it was to see this mass Of lost and worn-out reputations; Some of them female wares, alas, Mislaid at innocent ascription; Some, that had sight'd their last amen From the canting lips of saints that would be; And some once oan'd by "the best of men," Who had prov'd—no better than they should be. Many others, a poet's face I spied, Once shining fair, now soak'd and black "No wonder!" (on my at my elbow cried), "For I pick'd it out of a butt of sack!"

Just then a yell was heard over head, Like a chimney-sweeper's lofty summons; And in! a devil right up ward sped, Bringing, within his claws so red, Two statesmen's characters, found, he said, Last night, on the floor of the House of Commons; The which, with both black official, He now to the Chief Imp handed in;— Both these articles much the worse For their journey down, as you may suppose; But one—devilish rank — "Odd's corps!" Said the Lord Chief Imp, and held his nose.

"Ho, ho!" quoth he, "I know full well From whom these two stay matters fell;— Then, eating away, with howlful shrug, The uncleaner wail (as he would a drug) The humble's own dark hand had mix'd, His gaze on the other a firm he fix'd And trying, though mischief laugh'd in his eye, To be moral, because of the young Imps by, What a pity! he cried— "so fresh its gloss, So long preserved!—it is a public loss! This comes of a man, the careless blackhead, Keeping his character in his pocket; And there—without considering whether There's room for that and his gains together— Crummning, and crumming, and crumming away Till—out slips character some fine day!" "However!"—and here he view'd it round "This article still may pass for sound. Some flaws, soon pitch'd, some shams are all The harm it has had in its beakless fill. ""Here, Puck!"—and he called to one of his train— "The owner may have this back again."
SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS.

HOW TO WRITE BY PROXY.

Qui facit per alium facit per se.

Mang our neighbours, the French, in the good old time
When Nobility flourished, great Barons and Dukes
Often set up for authors in prose and in rhyme,
But ne'er took the trouble to write their own books.

Poor devils were found to do this for their betters:
And, one day, a Bishop, addressing a Blue,
Said, "My dear, have you read my new Pastoral Letters?"
To which the Blue answered: "No, Bishop, have you?"

The same is now done by our privileged class;
And, to show how simple the process it needs,
If a great Major-General wishes to pass
For an author of History, thus he proceeds:

First, scribbling his own stock of notions as well
he can, with a goose-quill that claims him as kin,
He settles his neckcloth,—takes snuff,—rings the bell,
And yawningly orders a Subaltern in.

The Subaltern comes—sees his General seated,
In all the self-glory of authorship swelling;
"There, look," says his Lordship, "my work is complete;
It wants nothing now but the grammar and spelling."

Well used to a breach, the brave Subaltern dreads
Awkward breaches of syntax a hundred times more.
And, though often condemn'd to see breaking of heads,
He had ne'er seen such breaking of Priscian's before.

However, the job's sure to pay—that's enough.
So, to it he sets with his tinker's hammer,
Convinced that there never was job half so tough
As the mending a great Major-General's grammar.

But lo, a fresh puzzlement starts up to view—
New toil for the Sub.—for the Lord new expense,
'Tis discovered that mending his grammar won't do,
As the Subaltern also must find him in sense!

At last—even this is achiev'd by his aid;
Friend Subaltern pockets the cash and the story;
Drums beat—the new Grand March of intellect's play!
And off struts my Lord, the Historian, in glory!

With such eternal puffing, scarce could stand
On their lean legs while answering my demand.
"We once were authors,"—thus the Sprite, who led
This rag-rag regiment of spectres, said—
Authors of every sex, male, female, newer,
Who, early smit with love of praise and—pulent,
On C—h—h—n's shelf first saw the light of day,
In —3's pots exult their lives away—
Like summer windmills, doon'd to dally peace,
When the brisk gales, that lent them motion, cease.

Ah, little knew we then what ill's await
Such landed scribblers in their sullen state;
Bepuff'd on earth—how lo'ly Str—I can tell
And, dare reward, now doubly puff'd in hell!

Touch'd with compassion for this ghostly crew,
Whose ribs, even now, the hollow wind wags through
In mournful prose,—such prose as Ross's ghost
Still, at the' accustom'd hour of eggs and toast,
Sighs through the columns of the M—r—.g P—.t.,
Pensive I turn'd to weep, when he, who stood
Foremost of all that illustriousPhantasmagoria,
Singing a she-ghost from the party, said,
"Allow me to present Miss X. Y. Z.,
One of our letter'd nymphs—excuse the pun—
Who guard a name on earth by—having none;
And whose pages initials would immortal be.

And she but learnt those plain ones, A. B. C.
"You smirking ghost, like pammy dry and neat,
Wrap'd in his own dead rhymes—fit winding-sheet.

Still marvels much that not a soul should care
One single pin to know who wrote 'May Fair?—
While this young gentleman," (here forth he drew
A dandy spectre, puff'd quite through and through,
As though his ribs were an arm and an eye)
For the whole Row's soft trade-winds to inspire,
"This modest genius breath'd one wish alone,
To have his volume read, himself unknown;
But different far the course his glory took
All knew the author, and—none read the book.

Behold, in yonder ancient figure of fun,
Who rules the bluest, Sir J.—n—h B——r—r—d —0;
In tricks to raise in the world his name was spent,
And now the wind returns the compliment.

This lady here, the Earl of ——'s sister,
Is a dead novelist; and this is Mister—
Bizz pardon—Honourable Mister L——t—r—
A gentleman who, some weeks since, came over
In a smart puff (wind and S. E.) to Dover.
Yonder behind us limps young Vivian Grey,
Whose life, poor youth, was long since blown away.
Like a torn paper-kite, on which the wind
No further purchase for a puff can find."

And thou, my self—" here, anxious, I exclaim'd—
"Tell us, good ghost, how thou, my self, art named.
Me, Sir?" he bethinking cried—"Ah, there's the rub—
Know, then—a writer once at Brook's Club,
A writer still I might have long remained,
And long the club-oon's jokes and glasses drank'd;
But ah, in luckless hour, this last December,
I wrote a book, and Colburn dubb'd me 'Member.'"

2 The classical term for money.
3 The reader may fill up this gap with any one of the disyllabic publishers of London that occurs to him.
4 Rosa Matilda, who was for many years the writer of the political articles in the journal alluded to, and whose spirit still seems to preside—"regnat Rosa"—over its pages.
5 Not the charming L. E. L., and still less, Mrs. F. H., whose poetry is among the most beautiful of the present day.
6 "History of the Clubs of London," announced as by "a Member of Brook's."
LAMENT FOR THE LOSS OF LORD
B—TH—ST’S TAIL. 2

All (in again — unlock’d for bliss!
Yet, ah, one adjacent still we miss —
One tender tie, attach’d so long
To the same head, through right and wrong.
Why, B—th—st, why didst thou cut off
That memorable tail of thine?
Why — as if one was not enough —
Thy pigtail with thy place resign,
And thus, at once, both cut and run? 2
Also, my Lord, ’twas not well done,
’Twas not, indeed — though said at heart,
From office and its sweets to part,
Yet hopes of coming again,
Sweet Tory hopes! bestrew’d our pain;
But thus to miss that tail of thine,
Through long, long years our rallying sign —
As it the state and all its powers
By tenancy in tail were ours —
To see it thus by scissors fall,
This was the unkindest cut of all! 2
It seems d’ as though the decaying day
Of Toryism had pass’d away,
And, proving Samson’s story true,
She lost her vigour with her queue.

Parties are much like fish, ’tis said —
The tail directs them, not the head;
Then, how could any party fail,
That steerd’st a course by B—th—st’s tail?
Not Murat’s phalme, through Wagram’s sight,
Ever shed such guiding glories from it,
As erst, in all true Tories’ sight?
Blaz’d from our old Colonial comet!
If you, my Lord, a Bashaw were,
(As W—H—G—s will have it anon)

1 A Danteque allusion to the old saying, “Nine miles beyond H—ll, where Peter pitched his waistcoat.”
2 The noble Lord, it is well known, cut off this much-respected appendage, on his retirement from office some months since.

Thou might’st have had a tail to spare;
But no, alas, thou hast but one.
And that — like Troy, or Babylon,
A tale of other times — is gone!
Yet — weep not ye, for — true —
Fate has not yet of all bereft us;
Though thus deprived of H—ll’s queue,
We’ve E—s — his curls still left us;
Sweet curls, from whch young Love, so vicious,
His shee s, as from nine-pounders, issues;
Grand, glorious curls, which, in debate,
Surcharg’d with all a nation’s care,
His Lordship’s shapés, as Homer’s God did, 3
And oft in thundering talk comes near him —
Except that, there, the speaker nodded
And, here, ’tis only those who hear him.
Long, long, ye ringlets, on the soil
Of that fat cranium may ye nourish,
With plenty of Macassar oil,
Through many a year your growth to nourish!
And, ah, should Time too soon unseath
His barbarous shears such locks to sever,
Still dear to Tories, even in death,
Their last — and well it lies we’ll cherish,
A hair-loom to our sons for ever.

THE CHERRIES.

A PARABLE. 4

See those cherries, how they cover
Yonder sunny garden wall;
Had they not that network over,
Thieving birds would eat them all.

So, to guard our posts and pensions,
Ancient sages wove a net;
Through whose holes, of small dimensions,
Only certain knives can get.

Shall we then this network widen?
Shall we stretch these sacred holes,
Through which, ev’n already, slide
Lots of small dissenting souls?

“God forbid!” old Testy crieth;
“God forbid!” so echo I;
Every ravenous bird that berth’
Thee, would at our cherries fly.

Ope but half an inch or so,
And behold, what beves break in;
—
Here, some curst old Popish crow
Pops his long and lickerish beak in;

Here, sly Arians flock unnumber’d,
A d’doctomans, slim and spare,
Who, with small belief unnumber’d,
Slip in easy any where; —

Methodists, of birds the aplest,
Where there’s packing gone on;
And that water-down, the Baptist —
All would share our fruits anon;

Ev’ry bird, of ev’ry city,
That, for years, with ceaseless din,
Hath reve’d the starting’s ditty,
Singing out “I can’t get in.”

3 “Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod.” — Pope’s Homer.
4 Written during the late discussion on the Test and Corporation Acts.
PREFACE TO THE NINTH VOLUME.

In one of those Notices, no less friendly than they are able and spirited, which this new Edition of my Poetical Works has called forth from a leading political journal, I find, in reference to the numerous satirical pieces contained in these volumes, the following suggestion:—"It is now more than a quarter of a century since this bundle of political pamphlets set the British public in a roar; and, though the events to which they allude may be well known to every reader, "

there are many persons, now forming a part of the literary public, who have come into existence since they happened, and who cannot be expected, even if they had the leisure and opportunity, to rummage the files of our old newspapers for a history of the peri-hable facts, on which Mr. Moore has so often rested the flying artillery of his wit. Many of those facts will be considered beneath the notice of the grave historian; and it is, therefore, incumbent on Mr. Moore — if he wishes his political squibs, imbued as they are with a wit and humour quite Aristophanic, to be relished, as they deserve to be relished, by our great-grandchildren — to preface them with a

rapid summary of the events which gave them birth."

Without pausing here to say how gratifying it is to me to find my long course of Anti-Tory warfare thus tolerantly, and even generously spoken of, and by so distinguished an organ of public opinion, I shall as briefly as I can, advert to the writer’s friendly suggestion, and then mention some of those reasons which have induced me not to adopt it. That I was disposed, at first, to annex some such commentary to this series of squibs, may have been collected from the concluding sentences of my last Preface; but a little further consideration has led me to abandon the intention.

To that kind of satire which deals only with the higher follies of social life, with the passing modes, whims, and scandal of the day, such illustrative comments become, after a short time, necessary. But the true preserving salt of political satire is its applicability to future times and generations, as well as to those which had first called it forth; its power of transmitting the scourg of ridicule through succeeding periods, with a lust still fresh for the lack of the bigot and the oppressor, under whatever new shapes they may present them-selves. I can hardly flatter myself with the persuasion that any one of the satirical pieces contained in this Volume is likely to possess this principle of vitality; but I feel quite certain

PREFACE TO THE NINTH VOLUME.

"But can, shall, who?"

"Go seek for some other defenders of wrong,
If we must run the gauntlet through blood and expense;
Or, Gothas as ye are, in your multitude strong,
Be content with success, and pretend not to sense.

If the words of the wise and generous are vain,
If Truth by the lowwent must yield up her braze;
Let Mutes do the office — and spare her the pain
Of an ing—ri—e or T—nd—l to talk her to death.

.But save us, at least, the old womanly lore
Of a F—st—r, who, dully prophetic of ill,
Is, at once, the two instruments, augur 3 and bore.

1 During the discussion of the Catholic question in the House of Commons last session.
2 This rhyme is more for the ear than the eye, as the carpenter’s tool is spell’d augur.
3 Fabius, who sent droves of bullocks against the enemy.
4 Res Fisci est, ubiunque natus.— Juvenal.

END OF VOL. VIII.
that, without it, not all the notes and illustrations to which even the industry of Dutch commentatorship could enthrall them would assure to these trifles a life more independent of present husbands.

Already, in many of them, that sort of relish—by far the least worthy source of their success—which the names of living victims tend to such satires, has become, in the course of time, wanting. But, as far as there is any resemblance to the passing political events of the day has yet been tried—and the dates of these satires range over a period of nearly thirty years—the ridicule, thanks to the undying nature of human absurdity, appears to have last, as yet, but little of the original freshness of its first application. Nor is this owing to any peculiar faculty of aim, in the satire itself, but to the sameness, throughout that period, of all its original objects;—the unchangeable nature of that spirit of Monopoly by which, under all its various incarnations, commercial, religious, and political, these satires had been first provoked. To refer but to one instance, the Convito Question,—assuredly, the entire appositeness at this very moment, of such vehicle as the following, redounds far less to the credit of poesy than to the disgrace of legislation:

How can you, my Lord, thus delight to torment all

The reading public about chastening their corn,
When you know if one hasn't a very high rent,
'Tis hardly worth while to be very born.

That, being by nature so little prone to spleen or bitterness, I should yet have frequent so much the thorny paths of satire, has always, to myself and those best acquainted with me, been a matter of some surprise. By supposing the imagination, however, to be, in such cases, the sole or chief prompter of the satire—which, in my own instance, I must say, it has generally been—an easy solution is found for the difficulty. The same readiness of fancy which, with but little help from reality, can deck out "the Cynthia of the minutiae" with all possible attractions, will likewise be able, when in the vein, to shower ridicule on a political adversary, without allowing a single feeling of real bitterness to mix itself with the operation. Even that sternest of all satirists, Dante, who, not content with the penal fire of the pen, kept an Inferno ever ready to receive the victims of his wrath,—even Dante, on becoming acquainted with some of the persons whom he had thus denoued, not only his awful sentiments but such even hardened them with warm praise; and probably, on a little further acquaintance, would have admitted them into his Paradiso. When thus loosely and shallowly even the sublime satire of Dante could strike its root in his own memory, it is easy to conceive how light and passing may be the feeling of hostility with which a partisan in the field of satire plies his laughing warfare; and how often it may happen that even the pride of hitting his mark hardly outlives the height of the shaft.

I cannot dismiss from my hands these political trifles.—

"This swarm of themes that settled on my pen,
Which I, like summer-thistles, shake off again,"

without volubly adding that I have now to connect with them one mortifying recollection—one less from among the circle of those I have longest looked up to with affection and admiration—which I little thought when I began this series of prefatory sketches, I should have to mourn before their close. I need hardly add,

that, in thus alluding to a great light of the social and political world recently gone out, I mean the late Lord Holland.

It may be recollected, perhaps, that, in mentioning some particulars respecting an early squib of mine,—the Parody on the Prince Regent's Letter,—I spoke of a dinner at which I was present, on the very day of the first publication of that Parody, when it was the subject of much laughter, and none of the party, except our host, had any suspicion that I was the author of it. This host was Lord Holland; and as such a name could not but lend value to any anecdote connected with literature, I only forbore the pleasure of adding such an or amant to my page, from knowing that Lord Holland had long viewed with disapprobation and regret much of that conduct of the Whig party towards the Regent, in 1812-13 2 of the history of which this squib, and the welcome reception it met with, forms an humble episode.

Lord Holland himself, in addition to his higher intellectual accomplishments, possessed in no ordinary degree the talent of writing easy and playful vers de société; and, among the instances I could give of the lightness of his hand at such times, there is one more characteristic of his good-nature than his wit, as it accompanied a copy of the octavo edition of Bayle, 3 which, on hearing me refuse one day that so agreeable an author had been at last made portable, he kindly offered to me from Paris.

So late, indeed, as only a month or two before his lordship's death, he was, employing himself, with all his usual cheerful eagerness, in translating some verses of Metastasio; and occasionally consulted both Mr. Rogers and myself, at different readings of some of the time. In one of the letters which I received from him while thus occupied, I find the following postscript:

"'Tis thus I turn th' Italian's song,
Nor deem I read his meaning wrong,
But with rough English to combine
The sweetness that's in every line,
Asks for your Muse, and not for mine.
Surely only will not out the secret
We must have some, and—little More."

He then adds, "I send you, too, a melancholy Epigram of mine, of which I have seen many, alas, witness the truth:

"A minister's answer is always so kind!
I strive, and he tells me he'll keep me in mind.
Half his promise, God knows, would my spirits restore;
Let him keep me—and, faith, I will ask for no more."

The only portion of the mass of trifles contained in this volume, that first found its way to the public eye through any more responsible channel than a newspaper, was the Letters of the Fudge Family in England,—a work which was sure, from its very nature, to encounter the double risk of being thought dull as a mere sequel, and light and unsafe as touching on follies connected with the name of Religion. Into the question of the comparative dulness of any of my productions, it is not for me, of course, to enter; but to the charge of treating religious subjects irreverently, I shall content myself with replying in the words of Pascal,—"If I had been the difference entre Vire de la religion et de ceux qui la profanoit par leurs opinions extravagantes."

2 This will be seen whenever those valuable papers come to be published, which Lord Holland left behind, containing Memoirs of his own times, and of those immediately preceding them.

3 In sixteen volumes, published at Paris, by Desoeurs.
ODE TO THE WOODS AND FORESTS.
BY ONE OF THE BOARD. 1828.

Let other bard to groves repair,
Where bunets strain their tuneful throats,
Mine be the Woods and Forests, where
The Treasury pours its sweeter notes.

No whispering winds have charms for me,
"Nor zephyr's blinny sights I ask;"
To raise the wind for Royalty
Be all our Sylvan zephyr's task!

And, instead of crystal brooks and floods,
And all such vulgar irrigation,
Let Gallic rhino through our Woods
Divert its "course of liquidation."

Ah, surely, Virgil knew full well
What Woods and Forests ought to be,
When, sly, he introduced in hell
His guinea-plant, his bullion-tree:

Nor see I why, some future day,
When short of cash, we should not send
Our H—r—a down—he knows the way
To see if Woods in bulk will lend.

Long may ye flourish, sylvan haunts,
Beneath whose "branches of expense"
Our gracious K——g gets all he wants,
Except a little taste and sense.

Long, in your golden shade reclined,
Like him of fair Armida's bower.
May W——l——n some wood-ymph find,
To cheer his dozenth bstrum's hours;

To rest from toil the Great Unbought,
And smooth the paiges of his warlike brain
Must suffer, when, unused to thought,
It tries to think, and—tries in vain.

Oh long may Woods and Forests be
Preserv'd in all their teeming graces,
To shelter Tony bards, like me,
Who take delight in sylvan places?

STANZAS FROM THE BANKS OF THE SHANNON. 1828.

"Take back the virgin page,"
Moore's Irish Melodies.

No longer, dear V—sey, feel hurt and uneasy
At hearing it said by the Treasury brother,
That thou art a sheet of blank paper, my V—sey,
And he, the dear, innocent placeman, another.

For, lo, what a service we, Irish, have done thee:—
Thou now art a sheet of blank paper no more;
By St. Patrick, we've scrawled such a lesson upon thee
As never was scrawled upon foolscap before.

Come—on with your spectacles, noble Lord Duke,
(Or O'Connell has grace on he haply would lend you,
Read V—sey all o'er (as you can't read a book)
And improve by the lesson we, bog-trotters, send you;

A lesson, in large Roman characters traced,
Whose awful impressions from you and your kin
Of blank-sheeted statesmen will never be effaced—
Unless, head of paper, you're mere ass'd skins.

Shall I help you to construe it? ay, by the Gods,
Could I ask a translation, you should have a rare one;
But pen against satire is desperate odds,
And you, my Lord Duke (as you hinted once), wear one.

Again and again I say, read V—sey o'er:—
You will find him worth all the old scrolls of papyrus,
That Egypt e'er fill'd with nonsensical lore,
Or the learned Champollion e'er wrote of, to tire us.

All blank as he was, we've return'd him on hand,
Scribbled o'er with a warning to Princes and Dukes,
Whose plans, simple drift if they won't understand,
Though care'd at St. James's, they're fit for St. Luke's.

Talk of leaves of the Sibyls! more meaning convey'd is
In one single leaf such as now we have spell'd on,
Than e'er hath been utter'd by all the old ladies
That ever yet spoke, from the Sibyls to Eid—a.

THE ANNUAL PILL.

Supposed to be sung by Old Prox, the Jew, in the character of Mayor C—rtw—gh.

Will nobodies try my nice Annual Pill,
Dat's to purify every ting nashty away?
Fless ma heart, fless ma heart, let ma say vat I vill,
Not a Christian or Shentleman minds vat I say!
'T is so pretty a bolus!—just down let it go.
And, at once, such a radical change you will see,
Dat I'd not be suprized, like de horse in de show,
If your heads all vere found, yerer your tash ought to be!

No nobodies try my nice Annual Pill, &c.

1 Called by Virgil, botanically, "species aurifraundentis."
2 Tu facis, ut sitva, ut amem loca — Ovid.
3 These verses were suggested by the result of the Clare election, in the year 1828, when the Right Honourable W. Visey Fitzgerald was rejected, and Mr. O'Connell returned.
4 Some expressions to this purport, in a published letter of one of these gentlemen, had then produced a good deal of amusement.
'T will cure all Electors, and purge away clear
Dat mighty bad itching they've got in deir hands—
'T will cure, too, all statesmen, of dulness, ma'arn,
Though the case vas as desperate as poor Mister Van's.
Dere is noting at all vat dis Pill will not reach—
Give the Sincere Gentlemen von little grain,
Pless ma heart, it will act, like de salt on de leech,
And he'II throw de ponds, shillings, and peace, up again!
Vill nobodies try my nice Annual Pill, &c.

'T would be tedious, ma'arn, all its peanties to paint—
But, among oher lines fundamentally wrong,
It will cure de Prad Pohtin—a common complaint
Among M. P.'s and weavers—from sitting too long.
Should symptoms of speaking break out on a duence
(Vat is ididee de case), it vill sop de di-case,
And pring away all de long speeches at once,
Dat else would, like tape-worms, come by degrees!
Vill nobodies try my nice Annual Pill,
Dat's to purify every ting usuly tall
Pless ma heart, pless ma heart, let me say vat I vill,
Not a Christian or Shentleman minds vat I say!

"IF" AND "PERHAPS" 2

Oh, tildings of freedom! oh, accents of hope!
Waft, waft them, ye zephyrs, to Erin's blue sea,
And refreh with their sounds evry son of the Pope,
From Dingle-o-echo to far Daughadee.

"If mutely the slave will endure and obey,
Nor clanking by their fetters, nor breathing his pains,
His masters, perhaps, at some far distant day,
May think (tender tyrants) of loosenung his chains."

Wise "if" and "perhaps!"—precious solwe for our wounds,
If he, who would rule thus over manacled mules,
Could check the free spring-tide of Mind, that re-sounds,
Even now, at his feet, like the sea at Canule's.

But, no, 'tis in vain—the grand impulse is given—
Man knows his high charier, and knowing will claim;
And it runs must follow where fetters are riven,
Be theirs, who have forg'd them, the guilt and the shame.

"If the slave will be silent!"—vain Soldier, be-ware—
There is a dead silence the wrong'd may assume,
When the feeling, sent back from the lip's despair,
But elngs round the heart with a deadlier gloom;—
When the blush, that long burn'd on the supplicant's cheek,
Gives place to the avenger's pale, resolution hue;
And the tongue, that once threaten'd, disdaining to speak,
Consents to the arm the high office—to do.

If men, in that silence, should think of the hour,
When proudl their fathers in punyly stood,
Presenting, alike, a bold front-work of power
To the despot on land and the foe on the flood—
That hour, when a voice had come forth from the west.
To the slave bringing hopes, to the tyrant alarms;
And a lesson, long look'd for, was taught the oppressors,
That kings are as dust before free men in arms!

If, a fuller still, the mute slave should recall
That dream of his boyhood, when Freedom's sweet day
At length seem'd to break through a long night of thrall,
And Union and Hope went abroad in its ray;—
If fancy should tell him, that Day-spring of Good,
Though swiftly its light died away from his chain,
Though darkly it set in a nation's best blood,
Now wants but invoking to shine out again;—

If—iff, I say—breathings like these should come o'er
The chords of remembrance, and thrill, as they coude.
Then perhaps—say, perhaps—but I dare not say more;
Thou hast will'd that thy slaves should be mute—
I am dumb.

WRITE ON, WRITE ON

A BALLAD.

Air. — "Sleep on, sleep on, my Kathleen dear."
Salutte, fratres Animl. St. Francis.

Write on, write on, ye Barons dear,
Ye Dukes, write hard and fast;
The good we've sought for many a year
Your quills will bring at last.

One letter more, N—we—sle, pen,
To match Lord K—py—n's two,
And more than Ireland's host of men,
One brace of Peers will do.

Write on, write on, &c.

Sure, never, since the precious use
Of pen and ink began,
Did letters, writ by fools, produce
Such signal good to man.

While intellect, 'mong high and low,
Is marching on, they say,
Give me the Dukes and Lords, who go,
Like crabs, the other way.

Write on, write on, &c.

Ev'n now I feel the coming light—
Ev'n now, could Folly lurc
My Lord M—t—sh—l, too, to write,
Emancipation's sure.

By geese (we read in history),
Old Rome was savd from ill;
And now, to quills of geese, we see
Old Rome indebted still.

Write on, write on, &c.

Write, write, ye Peers, nor stoop to style,
Nor beat for sense about—
Things, litte worth a Noble's while,
You're better far without.

Oh, never, since ere spake of yore,
Such miracles were done;
For, write but four such letters more,
And Freedom's cause is won!
SONG OF THE DEPARTING SPIRIT OF TITHE.

"The parting Genius is with sighing sent."—Mitton.

It is o'er, its o'er, my reign is o'er;
I hear a Voice, from shore to shore,
From Dunfanaghy to Baltimore,
And it saith, in sad, parsonic tone,
"Great Tithe and Small are dead and gone!"

Even now, I behold your vanishing wings,
Ye Tenants of all considered things,
Which Adam first, as Doctors deem,
Saw, in a sort of night-mare dream,
After the feat of fruit adored—

First indigestion on record—
Ye decimate ducks, ye chosen chucks,
Ye pigs which, though ye be Catholics,
Or of Calvins most select deprav'd,
In the Church must have your bacon sav'd;
Ye fields, where Labour counts his sheaves,
And, whatsoever himself believes,
Must bow to the Establish'd Church belief,
That the tenth is always a Protestant sheaf—
Ye calves, of which the man of heaven
Takes Irish tithe, one calf in seven;

Ye tenths of rape, hemp, barley, flax,
Eggs, timber, milk, fish, and bees' wax;
All things, in short, since earth's creation,
Doth, by the Church's deputation,
To suffer eternal decimation—
Leaving the whole lay-world, since then, Reduced to nine parts out of ten;
Or—as we calculate them and arsons—

Just ten per cent., the worse for Parson's!

Alas, and is all this wise device
For the saving of souls thus gone in a trice?—
The whole put down, in the simplest way,
By the souls re-availing not to pay!
And even the Papists, thankless race,
Who have had so much the easiest case—
To pay for our sermons dom'd, 'tis true,
But no, commend me to hear them, too—
(Our holy business being, 'Tis known,
With the ears of their belly, not their own,)
Even they object to let us pilage,
By right divine, their tenth of tillage,
And, horror of horrors, even decline
To find us in sacramental wine!

It is o'er, it is o'er, my reign is o'er,
Ah, never shall Rector more,
Like the shepherds of Israel, tidy eat,
And make of his flocks a prey and meat,
No more shall be his pastoral sport
Of suing his flock in the Bishop's court,

Through various steps, Citation, Libel—
Scriptures all, but not the Bible;
Working the Law's whole apparatus,
To get at a few pre-don't potatoes,
And summoning all the powers of wig,
To settle the faction of a jig—
Till, parson and all committed deep
In the case of "Shepherds versus Sheep."
The Law usurps the Gospel's place,
And, on Sundays, meeting face to face,
While Plaintiff fills the preacher's station,
Defendants form the congregation.

So lives he, Mammon's priest, not Heaven's,
For tenths thus all at sizes and severas,
Seeking what parsons love no less
Than tragic poets—a good disaster.
Instead of studying St. Augustine,
Gregory Nyss., or old St. Justin
(Books fit only to board dust in),
His reverence stints his evening readings,
To learn'd Reports of Tithe Proceedings,
Sipping, the while, that port so ruddy,
Which forms his only ancient study—

Port so old, you'd swear its tartar
Was of the age of Justin Martyr,
And, had he sip'd of such, nought
His martyrdom would have been—to goul !

Is all then lost?— alas, too true—
Ye Tenants belov'd, adieu, adieu!—
My reign is o'er, my reign is o'er—
Like old Thumb's ghost, "I can no more."

1 A reverend prebendary of Hereford, in an Essay on the Revenues of the Church of England, has assigned the origin of Tithes to "some unrecorded revelation made to Adam."—Peritiae parcese chartae.

2 The tenth calf is due to the person of common right; and if there are seven he shall have one.—Cato's Cynophila, art. "Tithes."

3 Chaucer's Plowman complains of the parish reectors, that "For the tithing of a duck, or an apple, or an eye (eek), they make us swear upon a boke; thus they featsen Christ's may!"

4 Among the specimens laid before Parliament of the sort of Church rates levied upon Catholics in Ireland, was a charge of two pipes of port for sacramental wine.

5 Ezekiel, xxxiv. 10. "Neither shall the shepherds feed themselves any more; for I will deliver my flock from their mouth, that they may not be meat for them."
SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS.

TO THE REVEREND ——.

ONE OF THE SIXTEEN REQUISITIONISTS
OF NOTTINGHAM.

1828.

What, you, too, my *****, in hashes soknow- li;
Of sauces and soups Aristarchus protest!
Are you, too, my savoury Brunswick, going
To make an old fool of yourself with the rest?
Far better to stick to your kitchen receipts;
And—if you want something to tease—for variety,
Go study how Ude, in his "Cookery," treats
Live eels, when he fits them for polish’d society.
Just snuggling them in, twist the bars of the fire,
He leaves them to wriggle and writhe on the coals,
In a manner that H—r—r himself would admire;
And wish, 'tis said, they were Catholic souls.
Ude tells us, the fish little suffering feels;
While Papists, of late, have more sensitive grown;
So, take my advice, try your hand at live eels,
And, for once, let the other devil’s alone.
I have eaten a still better receipt for your cork—
How to make a goose die of gizzard hepatitis;1
And, if you’ll for once, fellow-feelings o’erlook,
A well-tortoos’d goose a most capital sight is.
First, catch him, alive—make a good steady fire—
Set your victim before it, both legs being tied,
(Ass, if left to himself, he might wish to return.)
And place a large bowl of rich cream by his side.
There roasting by inches, dry fever’d, and faint,
Having drunk all the cream, you so civilly laid,
He dies of as charming a liver complaint
As ever sleek parson could wish a pie made of.
Besides, only think, my dear one of Sixteen,
What an embleme this bird, for the epicure’s use meant.
Presence of the mode in which Ireland has been
Made a tid-bit for yours and your brethren’s amuse- ment;
Tied down to the stake, while her limbs, as they quiver,
A slow fire of tyranny wastes by degrees—
No wonder disease should have swell’d up her liver,
No wonder you, Gourmends, should love her disease—

IRISH ANTIQUITIES.

According to some learned opinions,
The Irish were Carthaginians;
But, trusting to more late descriptions,
I’d rather say they were Egyptians.
My reason’s this:—the Priest of Isis,
When forth they marched in long array,
Employ’d, among other grave devices,
A Sacred Ass to lead the way;2
And still the antiquarian traces
Mong Irish Lords this Pagan plan,
For still, in all religious cases,
They put Lord R—d—in the van.

A CURIOUS FACT.

The present Lord K—n (the Peer who writes letters)
Hath one little oddity, well worth reciting,
Which puzzled observers, even more than his writing.
Whenever Lord K—n doth chance to behold
A cold Apple-pie—mind, the pie must be cold—
His Lordship looks solemn (few people know why),
And he makes a low bow to the said apple-pie.
This idolizing act, in so capital a one,
Is, by most serious Protestants, thought rather queer—
Pie-worship, they hold, coming under the head
(Vide Crust, chap. iv.) of the Worship of Bread.
Some think it a tribute, as author, he owes
For the service that pie-crust hath done to his prose—
The only good things in his pages, they swear,
Being those that the pastry-cook sometimes puts there.
Others say, it is a homage, through pie-crust con- vey’d,
to our Glorious Deliverer’s much-honour’d shade;
As that Protestant Hero (or Saint, if you please)
Was as fond of cold pie as he was of green peas;
And it is solely in royal remembrance of that,
My Lord K—n’s in apple-pie takes off his hat.
While others account for this kind sentiment,
By what Tony Lumpkin calls “concatenation:”—
A certain good will that, from sympathy’s ties,
Twist old Apple-women and Orange-men lies.

But ’tis needless to add, these are all vague surmises,
For thus, we’re assured, the whole matter arises;
Lord K—n’s respected old father (like many
Respected old fathers) was fond of a penny;4
And had so to save,5 that—there’s not the least question—
His debil was brought on by a bad indisposition,
From cold apple-pie crust his Lordship would stuff
in,
At breakfast, to save the expense of hot muffins.
Hence it is, and hence only, that cold apple-pies
Are beheld by his Hier with such reverent eyes—

3 To this practice the ancient adage alludes, "Asi- nae portans mysteria."
4 See the anecdote, which the Duchess of Marlboro rough relates to her Memoirs, of this polite hero appropriating to himself one day, at dinner, a whole dish of green peas—the first of the season—while the poor Princess Anne, who was then in a long and condition, sat by, vainly entreating, with her eyes, for a share.
5 The same prudent propensity characterises his descendant, who (as is well known) would not even go to the expense of a diphthong on his father’s monument, but had the inscription spelled, economically, thus:— "Mors jamina vita."
NEW-FASHIONED ECHOES.

Sir,—Most of your readers are, no doubt, acquainted with the anecdote told of a certain, untarnished, wise, judge, who, when in the act of delivering a charge in some country court-house, was interrupted by the uttering of an ass at the door. "What noise is that?" asked the angry judge. "Only an extraordinary echo there is in court, my Lord," answered one of the counsel.

As there are a number of such extraordinary echoes abroad just now, you will not, perhaps, be unwilling, Mr. Editor, to receive the following few lines suggested by them. Yours &c. S.

Hue caecumus, niat: unique libenter unquam
Responsum mora, Ccecum, rettox echo.

There are echoes, we know, of all sorts,
From the echo, that "dies in the dale,"
To the "airy-tongued babblers," that sport;
Up the tide of the torrent her "tale."

There are echoes that bore us, like Blues,
With the latest smart and they have heard;
There are echoes, extremely like shrews,
Letting nobody have the last word.

In the bogs of old Paddy-land, too,
Certain "talented" echoes there dwell,
Who, on being asked, "How do you do?"
Politely reply, "Pretty well."

But why should I talk any more
Of such old-fashioned echoes as these,
When Britain has new ones in store,
That transcend them by many degrees?

For, of all repercussions of sound,
Concerning which birds make a mother,
There's none like that happy rebound
When one blockhead echoes another;—

When K—ny—n commences the Bray,
And the Borough-Boke follows his track;
And loudly from Dublin's sweet bay,
K—th—ne brays, with interest, back;—

And while, of "most echoes" the sound
In our ear by reflection doth fall,
These Brunswickers pass the Bray round,
Without any reflection at all.

Oh Scott, were I gifted like you,
Who can name all the echoes there are
From Benvorich to bold Benvenni,
From Benbo to wild Uanvar.

I might track, through each hard Irish name,
The reknowns of this assimined strain,
Till from Neddy to Neddy, it came
To the chief Neddy, K—ny—n, again;

But, no—for so humble a bard
I am subject too trying to touch on;
Such noblemen's names are too hard,
And their nodules too soft to dwell much on.

Oh Echo, sweet nymph of the hill,
Of the dell, and the sweet-sounding shelves;
If in spindling room, you still
Take to souls who are charmed with themselves,

Who knows but, some morning retiring,
To walk by the Trent's wooded side,
You may meet with N—we—ste, adoring
His own lengthened ears in the tide!

Or, on into Cambria straying,
Find K—ny—n, that double-tongued elf,
In his love of airs, adoration
A Brunswick duet with himself!

INCANTATION.

FROM THE NEW TRAGEDY OF "THE BRUNSWICKERS." 1828.

SCENE.—Penenden Plain. In the middle, a caldron boiling. Thunder. Enter three Brunswickers.

1st Brun. — Thrice hath scribbling K—ny—n scrauled,
2d Brun. — Once hath foul N—w—sle bawled,
3d Brun. — B—x—y smores: his time, his time,
1st Brun. — Round about the caldron go;
In the pious nonsense throw.

Bigot splot, that long hath grown,
Like a lead within a stone,
Sweltering in the heart of Sc—h,
But we in the Brunswick pot.

All. — Dubble, dubble, nonsense dubbble,
Eld—n, talk, and K—ny—n, scribble.

1st Brun. — Slaver from N—w—sle's quill
In the nonsense mess distill,
Brumming high our Brunswick broth
Both with venom and with froth.

Mix the brains (though apt to hash ill,
Bearing scandal) of Lord M—n—s—h,
With that maids stuff which Ch—d—s
Drivels as no other man does.

Catch (i.e. if catch you can)
One idea, spack, and spin,
From my Lord of S—l—s—y—y,
One idea, though it be
Smaller than the "happy Pea,"
Which his sire, in sonnet terse,
Wedded to immortal verse;—
Though to rob the son is sin,
Put his one Pea in it.

1 Alluding to a well-known lyric composition of the late Marquis, which, with a slight alteration, might be addressed either to a flea or a fly. For instance:—

"Oh, happy, happy fly,
If I were you, or you were I."
Satirical and Humorous Poems.

And, to keep it company,
Let that conjuror W—nch—is-a
Drop but half another there,
If he hath so much to spare.
Dreams of murders and of arsenals,
Hatch'd in heads of Irish person
Bring from every hole and corner,
Where ferocious priests, like H—ru—r,
Purely for religious good,
Cry aloud for Paps's blood,
Blood for W—l's, and such old women,
At their ease to wade and swim in.
All—Dribble, dribble, nonsense dribble,
B—l—y, talk and K—n—y, scribble.

Howe'er ask
Some place
Portends
I'd make
Purely
And, B—
Cry
Scraps
Sisters,
Where
Hail;
So
Since
Ere,
III
Mix'd
Coloured
Blood,
Forth
With
Or
Which,

Read him backwards, like Hebrew—whatever he wishes,
Or praises, note down as absurd, or pernicious.
Like the folks of a weather-house, shifting about,
When he's out, be an In—when he's in be an Out.
Keep him always revers'd in your thoughts, night
and day,
Like all Irish barometer turn'd the wrong way:
If he's top, you may swear that foul weather is
nigh;
If he's down, you may look for a bit of blue sky.

Never mind what debaters or journalists say,
Only ask what he thinks, and then think 'tother way.

Does he hate the Small-note Bill? then firmly rely
The Small-note Bill's a blessing, though you don't
know why.

Is Brougham his aversion? then Harry's your man.
Does he quake at O'Connell? take doubly to Don.
Is he all for the Turks? then, at once, take the
whole
Russian Empire (Czar, Cossacks, and all) to your
soul.

In short, whatsoever he talks, thinks, or is,
Be your thoughts, words, and essence the contrast
of his.

Nay, as Saimse ladies—at least, the polite ones
All paint their teeth black, 'cause the devil has
whites ones.

If ev'n, by the chances of time or of tide,
Your Tory, for once, should have sense on his side,
Even then stand aloof—for, be sure that Odd Nick.
When a Tory talks sensibly, menus you some trick.

Such my recipe is—and, in one single verse,
I shall now, in conclusion, its substance rehearse.
Be all that a Brusswicker is not, nor could be,
And then—you'll be all that an honest man should
be

Epistle of Condolence.

From a slave-Lord, to a cotton-Lord.

Alas! my dear friend, what a state of affairs!
How unjustly we both are despised of our rights!
Not a pound of black flesh shall I leave to my heirs,
Nor must you any more work to death little
whites.

Both forc'd to submit to that general controller
Of King, Lords, and cotton mills, Public opinion.
No more shall you beat with a big billy-roller,
Nor I with the cart- whip assert my dominion.

Whereas, we were sufferers to do as we please
With our Blacks and our Whites, as of yore we were let,
We might range them alternate, like harpsichord
keys,
And between us thump out a good pealabe duet.

But this fun is all over—farewell to the zest
Which slavery now lends to each tea-cup we sip;
Which makes still the crueller coffee the best,
And that sugar the sweetest which smacks of the
whip.

Farewell, too, the Factory's white piecennaries—
Small, living machines, which, if dogg'd to their
tasks,
Mix so well with their namesakes, the "Billies", and
"Jennies,"
That which have got souls in 'em nobody asks—

Little Maid's of the Mill, who, themselves but ill-fed,
Are oblig'd, among their other benevolent cares,
SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS.

411

To "keep feeding the scribblers,"—and better, his said,
Than old Blackwood or Fraser have ever fed theirs.
All this is now o'er, and so dismal my loss is,
So hard it is to part from the smoke of the throe,
That I must (from pure love for the old whipping process),
To take to whip syllabub all my life long.

THE GHOST OF MILTIADIES.
Ah quotes dubia: Scripta exarant: amateur!—Ovid.
The Ghost of Miltiades came at night,
And he stood by the bed of the Benthamite,
And he said, in a voice that thrilled the frame,
"If ever the sound of Marathon's name
Haunts the blood thy blood or Bush's thy brow,
"Lover of Liberty, arose then now?"

The Benthamite, yawning, left his bed—
Away to the Stock Exchange he sped,
And he found the Scrip of Greece so high,
That it bade his blood, it blushed his eye,
And oh, I was a sight for the Ghost to see.

For never was Greek more Greek than he
And still as the premium higher went,
His easy rose—so much per cent.
(As we see in a glass, that tells the weather,
The heat and the silver rise together),
And Liberty sung from the patriot's lip,
While a voice from his pocket whisper'd "Scrip!"

The Ghost of Miltiades came again;—
He smil'd, as the pale moon smiles through rain,
For his soul was glad at that patriot strain;
(And poor, dear ghost—how little he knew
The jobs and the tricks of the Philhellene crew!)
"Blessings and thanks!" was all he said,
Then, melting away, like a nightdream, died!

The Benthamite hears—amaz'd that ghosts
Could be such fools—and away he pos'ts,
A patriot still?—Ah, no, ah, no—
God's is of Freedom, thy Scrip is low,
And, warm and fond as thy lovers are,
Though theirs their passion, when under par.
The Benthamite's ardour fast decays,
By turns he weeps, and swears, and prays,
And wishes the—ill! had Creede and Cross,
Er e had been forc'd to sell at a loss.

They quote him the Stock of various nations,
But, spite of his classic associations,
Lord, how he loathes the Greek quotations!
"Who'll buy my Scrip? What'll buy my Scrip?"
Is now the theme of the patriot's lip,
As he runs to tell how hard his lot is
To Mears, Orlando and Luttrell.
And says, "Oh, Greece, for Liberty's sake,
Do buy my Scrip, and I vow to break
Those dark, unholy bonds of thine—
"If you'll only consent to buy up mine?"

The Ghost of Miltiades came once more;—
His brow, like the weight, was lowering o'er,
And he said, with a look that flash'd dismay,
"Of Liberty's tos the worst are they,
Who turn to a trade her cause divine,
And gamble for gold on Freedom's shrine?"
Thus saying, the Ghost, as he took his flight,
Gave a partial kick to the Benthamite,
Which sent him, whispering, off to Jerry—
And vanished away to the Stygian ferry!

ALARMING INTELLIGENCE.—REVOLUTION
IN THE DICTIONARY—ONE GALT AT THE HEAD OF IT.

God preserve us!—there's nothing now safe from assault;—
Thrones toppling around, churches brought to the hammer;
And accounts have just reached us that one Mr. Galt
Has declar'd open war against English and Grammar.

He had long been suspected of some such design,
And, the better his wicked intents to arrive at,
Had lately enraged C.—————'s troops of the time
(The penny-a-line men, enlisted as private.

There sward'd, with a rabble of words at command,
Scottish, English, and slang, in promiscuous alliance,
He, at length, against Syntax has taken his stand,
And sets all the Nine Parts of Speech at defiance.

Next advice, no doubt, further facts will afford;
In the mean time, the danger most imminent grows,
He has taken the Life of one eminent Lord,
And whom he'll next murder the Lord only knows.

Wednesday evening.
Since our last, matters, luckily, look more serene,
Tho' the rebel, 'tis stated, is to aid his defection,
Has seized a great Powder—nay, Puff Magazine,
And the explosions are dreadful in every direction.

What his meaning exactly is, nobody knows,
As he talks (in a strain of intense botheration)
Of lyrical ichor,2 a gelatinous3—prose,4
And a mixture called amber immoralization.5

Now, he raves of a band he once happen'd to meet,
Seated high among ratlings, and chewing a somnet;6
Now, talks of a mystery, wrappe'd in a sheet,
With a halo (by way of a nightcap) upon it.8

We shudder in tracing these terrible lines;
Something bad they must mean, tho' we can't make it out;
For, whate'er may be guess'd of Galt's secret designs,
That they're all Anti-English no Christian can doubt.

RESOLUTIONS PASSED AT A LATE MEETING OF REVERENDS AND RIGHT REVERENDS.

Resolved,—to stick to ev'ry particle
Of ev'ry Creed and ev'ry Article;
Reforming, taught, or great or little,
We'll staunchly stand by—ev'ry little;7
And scorn the swallow of that soul
Which can't boldly bolt the whole.

1. One of the operations in cotton mills usually performed by children.

2. "That dark diseased ichor which coloured his effusions."—Galt's Life of Byron.

3. "That gelatinous character of their effusions."—Ibid.

4. "The poetical embellishment, or rather, amber immoralization."—Ibid.

5. "Sitting amidst the shrudings and ratlings, churning out an inarticulate melody."—Ibid.

6. "He was a mystery in a winding-sheet, crowned with a halo."—Ibid.

7. One of the questions propounded in the Puritans in 1573 was—"Whether the Book of Service was
SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS.

Resolv'd, that, though St. Athanasius
In damming souls in rather sober style, —
Though wide and far his fuses fall,
Our Church "bath stomach for them all?"
And those who're not content with such
May e'en be —ten times as much.

Resolv'd — such liberal souls are we
Though hating Nonconformity,
We yet believe the cash no worse is
That comes from Nonconformist purses
Indifferent where the money reaches
The pockets of our reverend breeches,
To oil the Jumper's engine pay
Chinks with a tone as sweet as any;
And ev'n our old friends Yea and Nay
May through the nose for ever pray,
If also through the nose they'll pay

Resolv'd, that Hooper, Latimer,
And Cranmer all extremely
In taking such a low-bred view
Of what Lords Spiritual ought to do:
— All owing to the fact, poor men,
That Mother Church was modest then.
Nor knew what golden eggs her goose,
The Public, would in time produce.
One Pighap peep at modern Durham
To far more lordly thoughts would stir 'em.

Resolv'd, that when we, Spiritual Lords,
Whose income just enough affords
To keep our Spiritual Lordships cozy,
Aye, told by Antiquarians proved,
How ancient Bishops cut up theirs,
Giving the poor the largest shares —
Our answer is, in one short word,
We think it pious, but absurd.
Those good men made the world their debtor,
But we, the Church refer'd, know better;
And, taking all that all can pay,
Balance the account the other way.

Resolv'd, our thanks profoundly due are
To last month's Quarterly Reviewer,
Who proves (by his own act)
One sees how much he holds per year)
That England's Church, though out of date,
Must still be left to lie in state,
As dead, as rotten, and as grand as
The mummy of King Osymund.
All pickled song — the brains drawn out —
With costly cerements swathed about —
And "Touch me not," those words terrific.
Scravi'd over in his gear phlogistic.

SIR ANDREW'S DREAM.

"Nece ut spersa protenta sovisa portus:"
Cupia venerat somnia, poetae balneum.

Propert. lib. iv. ebg. 2.

As snug, on a Sunday eve, of late,
In his easy chair Sir Andrew sat,
Being much too pious, as every one knows,
To do MUCH of a Sunday eve, but doze.
He dreamt a dream, dear, holy man,
And I'll tell you his dream as well as I can.
He found himself, to his great amaze,
In Charles the First's h'ly days,
And just at the time that gravest of Courts
Had published its Book of Sunday Sports.
— Sunday Sports! what a thing for the ear
Of Andrew, even in sleep, to hear!
It chanced to be, too, a Sabbath day,
When the people from church were coming away;
And Andrew with horror he read this song,
As the smiling sinners flock'd along:
—

"Long life to the Bishops, hurrah! hurrah!
For a week of work and a Sunday of play
Make the poor man's life run merry away."

"The Bishops!" quoth Andrew, "Pish, I guess;
And he grinned with conscious holiness.
But the song went on, and, to bring the cup
Of poor Andy's grief, the fiddles struck up!

"Come, take out the lasses — let's have a dance
— For the Bishops allow us to skip our fill,
Well knowing that no one's the more in advance
On the road to heaven, for standing still.
Oh, it never was meant that graces chance
Should sour the cream of a creed of love;
Or that fellows with long, disastrous faces,
'Alone should sit among cherubs above.

"Then hurrah for the Bishops, &c."

"For Sunday fun we never can fail,
When the Church herself each sport points out —
There's May-games, archery, Whitsun-ale,
And a May-pole high to dance about.
Or, should we be for a pole hard driven,
In some lengthy, sinful, aspect,
With his pockets on earth, and his nose in heaven,
Will do for a May-pole just as well.
Then hurrah for the Bishops, hurrah! hurrah!
A week of work and a Sabbath of play
Make the poor man's life run merry away."

To Andy, who doesn't much deal in history,
This Sunday scene was a downright mystery;
And God knows where might have ended the joke,
But, in trying to stop the fiddles, he woke.
And the old thing is (as the humour goes)
That since that dream — which, one would suppose,
Should have made his godly stomach rise,
Even more than ever, against Sunday pies: —
He has view'd things quite with different eyes;
Is beginning to take, on matters divine,
Like Charles and his Bishops, the sporting line —
Is all for Christians judging in pairs.
As an interlude 'twixt Sunday prayers:
Nay, talks of getting Archbishop H—l—y
To bring in a Bill, enabling duly

"made public by order from the Bishops." We find it therein declared, that "for his good people's recreations, his Majesty's pleasure was, that after the end of divine service they should not be disturbed, lettered, or discouraged from any lawful recreations, such as dancing, either of men or women, archery for men, leaping, vaulting, or any such harmless recreations, nor having of May-games, Whitsun-ales, or Morris-dances, or setting up of May-poles, or other sports thereof used." &c.
That all good Protestants, from this date, 
May freely and lawfully, recreate, 
Of a Sunday eve, their spirits moody, 
With Jack in the Straw, or Punch and Judy.

A BLUE LOVE-SONG
TO MISS—
Air—"Come live with me and be my love." I come wed with me, and we will write, 
My flue of Blues, from morn till night, 
Chased from our classic souls shall be 
All thoughts of vulgar progeny; 
And thou shalt walk through smiling rows 
Of chubbly dandecinos, 
While I, to match thy products nearly, 
Shall lie-in of a quarto yearly. 
It is true, ev'n books entail some trouble; 
But five productions give one double. 
Correcting children is such bother,— 
While printers' devil correct the other. 
Just think, my own Malbunch dear, 
How much more decent 'tis to hear 
From male or female — as it may be — 
"How is your book?" than "How's your baby?"
And, whereas physic and wet nurses 
Do much exhaust paternal purses, 
Our books, if Rickiey, may go, 
And be well dryer-nursed in the Room; 
And, when God wills to take them hence, 
Are hurnt at the Room's expense. 
Besides, (as 'tis well prov'd by thee, 
In thy own Works, vol. 93,) 
The murch, just now, of population 
So much outsprings all nature, 
That ev'n prolic herring-shools 
Keep pace not with our erring souls, 
Th, far more proper and well-bred 
To stick to writing books instead; 
And show the world how two blue lovers 
Can coalesce, like two book-covers, 
(Sherskin, or calf, or such wise leather,) 
Letter'd at back, and stitch'd together, 
Fondly as first the binder fix'd 'em, 
With ought butt—literature betwixt 'em.

SUNDAY ETHICS.
A SCOTCH ODE.
Puir, profligate Londoners, having heard tell 
That the De'il's got among ye. and fearing this true, 
We ha' sent ye a mon what's a match for his spell, 
A chief o' our ain, that the De'il himself 
Will be glad to keep clear of, o'c Andrew Agnew. 

So, at least, ye may reckon, for ane day entire 
To lika lung week ye'll be tranquil enough, 
As Auld Nick, do him justice, abhors a Scotch squire, 
An' would sooner gae restraint by his ain kitchen bro. 
Than pass a late Sunday wi' Andrew Agnew.

For, bless the gude mon, gin he had his ain war, 
He'd na let a cat on the Sabbath say "mew,"
Nae birdie made, nae lanace maun play, 
An' Phoebus hameis could na travel that day, 
As he'd find a new Joshua in Andie Agnew.

1 See "Ella of Garveloch."—Garveloch being a place where there was a large herring-fishery, but where, as we are told by the author, "the people increased much faster than the produce."

Only hear, in your Senate, how awk' he cries, 
"Wae, wae o' sinners who boil an' who stew."
"Wae, wae to a' eaters of Sabbath-bak'd pies,"
"For as surely again shall the crust thereof rise 
In judgment against ye," saith Andrew Agnew!

Ye may think, from a'this, that our Andie's the lad 
To ca' o'er the costs and nobility, too; 
That their drives, o' a Sunday, wi' a' think, 
A' chad like Shawmen, behind 'em, would maik the men mad —

But he's nae sic a noodle, our Andie Agnew.

If Lairds an' fine Ladies, on Sunday, think right 
To gang to the devils — as nae on 'em do —
To stop them our Andie would think no polite; 
And 'tis odds (if the chield could get any thing by it?) 
But he'd follow 'em, booin', 3 would Andrew Agnew.

AWFUL EVENT.
Yes, W—nch—is—a (I tremble while I pen it), 
W—nch—is—a Earl has cut the British Scoot 
Hath said to England's Peers, in accent gruff, 
"That for ye all? [snapping his fingers], and exit, in a hull!"

Disastrous news! — like that, of old, which spread 
From shore to shore, "our mighty Pan is dead," 
(O'er the cross benches (crass from being cross!)
Sounds the loud war, "Our W—nch—is—a is lost!"

Which of ye, Lords, that heard him, can forget 
The deep impression of that awful threat, 
"I quit your house!" — "mind all that histories tell, 
I know but one event that's parallel: —
It chance'd at Drury Lane, one Easter night, 
When the gay gods, too blest to be polite, 
Gods at their ease, like those oflearn'd Lucretius, 
Laugh'd, whistled, grinned, uproariously merrily — 
A well-dress'd member of the middle gallery, 
Whose "ears polite" disdain'd such low canailleer, 
Rose in his place — so grand, you'd almost swear 
Lord W—nch—is—a himself stood towering there — 
And like that Lord of dignity and move, 
Said, "Silence, fellows, or — I'll leave the house!"

How broke'd the gods this speech? — Ah well-a-day, 
That speech so fine should be so thrown away! 
In vain did this mid-gallery grandee 
Assert his own twoshilling dignity — 
In vain he menace'd to withdraw the ray 
Of his own full-price countenance away — 
Fun against Dignity is fearful odds, 
And as the Lords laugh now, so giggled then the gods!

THE NUMBERING OF THE CLERGY.
PARODY ON SIR CHARLES HAN. WILLIAM'S FAMOUS ODE.
"Come Cloe and give me sweet kisses."
"We want more Churches and more Clergymen."
"Rectorem numerum, teria peremptia, augent."
"Come, give us more Livings and Rectors, 
For, richer no realm ever gave; 
2 Servants in livery.
3 For the "gude effect and utilety of booin," see the Man of the World."
But why, ye unchristian objectors,
Do ye ask us how many we crave? —
Oh, there can be too many rich Livings
For souls of the Plutarch kind,
Who, despising old Cock's muscivings,
To numbers can never be confind.

Count the cormorants hovering about,
At the time their fish season sets in,
When these models of keen diners out
Are preparing their beaks to begin.

Count the rooks that, in clerical dresses,
Flock round when the harvest's in play,
And, not minding the farmer's distresses,
Like devils in grain peek away.

Go, number the locusts in heaven;
On their way to some titheable shore;
And when so many Parsons you've given,
We still shall be craving for more.

Then, unless ye the Church would submerge, ye
Must leave us in peace to augment
For the wretch who could number the Clergy,
With few will be ever content.

A SAD CASE.

"If it be the undergraduate season at which this rabies religiosa is to be so fearful, what security has Mr. G— in his at this moment, when his son is actually exposed to the full venom of an association with Dissenters?" — The Times, March 25.

How sad a case! — just think of it —
If G— in junior should be bit
By some insane Dissenter, roaming
Through Graula's halls, at large and foaming,
And with that aspect, ultra crabbed
Which marks Dissenters when they're rabid! —
God only knows what mischief might
Result from this one single bite,
Or how the venom, once suck'd in,
Might spread and rage through kith and kin,
Mad folks, of all denominations,
First turn upon their own relations:
So that one G— in, fairly bit,
Might end in maddening the whole kit,
Till, ah, ye gods, we'd have to rue
Our G— in, a senior bitten too;
The Ilychurch hobna in those veins,
Where Tory blood now redly rubs —
And that dear man, who now perceives
Salvation only in lawn sleeves,
 Might, tainted by such coarse infection,
Run mad in this opposite direction,
And think, poor man, it's only given
To linsey-woolsey to teach Heaven!

1 Come, Cloe, and give me sweet kisses,
For sweeter sure never girl gave;
But why, in the midst of my kisses,
Do you ask me how many I'd have?

2 For whilst I love thee above measure,
To numbers I'll ne'er be confind.

3 Count the bees that on Hyths are playing,
Count the flowers that enameled its fields,
Count the flocks, &c.

4 Go number the stars in heaven,
Count how many sands on the shore;
When so many kisses you've given,
I shall still be craving for more.

5 But the wretch who can number his kisses,
With few will be ever content.

Just fancy what a shock it would be
Our G— in his fits to see,
Tearing into a thousand particulars
His once-lov'd Nine and Thirty Articles;
(These Articles his friend, the Duke,
For Gospel, other might, mustok.)

Curse called all, deans, and singers
Wishing the ropes might hang the ringers
Peltng the church with blasphemies,
Even worse than Parson H— v— y— s,
And ripe for severing Church and State,
Like any credulous reptile
Or like that class of Methodists
Prince Waterloo styles "Atheists!"

But it is too much — the Muse turns pale,
And over the picture drops a veil,
Praying, God save the G— in's all
From mad Dissenters, great and small!

A DREAM OF HINDOSTAN

— rison teneatis, amis.

"The longer one lives, the more one learns,
'Said I, as off to sleep I went,
Revisit'd with thinking of the concerns,
And reading a book, by the Bishop of Fersa, 4
On the Irish Church Establishment.

But, I, in sleep, not long I lay,
When Fancy her usual tricks began,
And I found myself bewitch'd away
To a godly city in Hindostan —
A city, where he, who dares to dine
On ought but rice, is deem'd a sinner;
Where sheep and kine are held divine,
And, accordingly — never drest for dinner.

"But how is this?" I wondering cried —
As I walk'd that city, fair and wide,
And saw, in every marble street,
A row of beautiful butcher's shops —
What means, for men who don't eat meat,
This grand display of loaves and chops? 5
In vain I asked — it was plain to see
That nobody dared to answer me.

So, on, from street to street I strode;
And you can't conceive how vastly odd
The butchers look'd — a roseate crew,
Insinu'd in sable, with might to do;
While some on a bench, half-dozen, sal,
And the Sacred Cows were not more fat.

Still po'd to think, what all this scene
Of insecure trade was meant to mean,
"And pray," ask'd I — "by whom is paid
The expense of this range masquerade?" —
The expense! — oh, that's of course defray'd
(Said one of these well-fed Heeranomers)
"By youder rascally rice-consumers." —

"What I they, who mustn't eat meat?" —
No matter —

(And, while he spoke, his cheeks grew fatter,
"The rogues may munch their Pudding crop,
But the rogues must still support our shop.
And, depend upon it, the way to treat
Heretical stomachs that thus dissent,
Is to burden all that won't eat meat,
With a costly Meat Establishment." 6

6 The Duke of Wellington, who styled them "the Articles of Christianity." 7

7 An indefatigable scribbler of anti-Catholic pamphlets.
On hearing these words so gravely said,
With a volley of laughter loud I shook;
And my shudder fled, and my dream was sped,
And I found I was lying snug in bed.
With my nose in the Bishop of Eves's book.

THE BRUNSWICK CLUB.

A letter having been addressed to a very distinguished personage, requesting him to become the Patron of the Orange Club, a polite answer was forthwith returned, of which we have been fortunate enough to obtain a copy.

Brunstone-hall, September 1, 1828.

Private.—Lord Belzebub presents
To the Brunswick Club his compliments, and much regrets to say that he cannot, at present, their Patron be.

In stating this, Lord Belzebub assures, on his honour, the Brunswick Club, that he isn't from any lukewarm lack of zeal, for he is thus holds back—

As ev'n Lord Cold himself is at the Orange party more red-hot; But the truth is, till their Club affords a somewhat decent show of Lords, And on its list of members gets a few less rubbishy Parvenus, Lord Belzebub must beg to be.

Excused from keeping such company.

Who the devil, he humbly begs to know, Are Lord Gi—nd—ne, and Lord D—nlo? Or who, with a grain of sense, would go To sit and be bored by Lord N—yo? What living creature—except his nurse— For Lord M—n c—sh—he cares a cure, Or thinks 't would matter if Lord M—sk—ry Were 'ther side of the Stygian ferry? Breaths there a man in D—blin town, Who hasn't half his half of half: To save from drowning my Lord R—bd—ne, Or who wouldn't gladly hustle in Lords R—d—n, B—nd—n, C—e, and J—c—l—n? In short, though, from his tenderest years, Accustomed to all sorts of tricks, Lord Belzebub much questions whether He ever yet saw, mix'd together, As 't were in one espacious tub, Such a mess of noble silly-bub.

As the twenty Peers of the Brunswick Club,
'Tis the e'er impossible that Lord B. could stoop to such society,

Thinking, he owns (though no great prig), For one in his station 'twere infra dig, But he begs to propose, in the warm
(Till they find some pop'rer Peers for him), His Highness of C—mb—d, as Sub, To take his place at the Brunswick Club—

Begging, meanwhile, himself to dub
Their obedient servant, BELZEBUB.

If luckily happens, the R—y—Duke Resembles so much, in air and look, The head of the Belzebub family, That few can any difference see;

Which makes him, of course, the better suit To serve as Lord B.'s substitute.

PROPOSALS FOR A GYNEOCRACY.

ADRESSED TO A LATE RADICAL MEETING.

"Qua ipsum decum scribit Callista
Delegit paucique buenas belique ministra,
As Whig Reform has had its range,
And ooe of us are yet content,

Suppose, my friends, by way of change,
We try a Female Parliament?
And since, of late, with Mr. P.'s
We've fared in this, I take to she's—

Prerogatives! if an old John Russell,
Burdetts in blonde, and Fire-ghans in battle.
The plan is shocking, ladies—

But this is but in an affair of the sort—
Nor see I much to choose.

Twist ladies (so they're thorough-bred ones)
In rambles of all sorts of hue,
Or Lords in only blue or red ones.

At least, the fiddlers will be winners,
Whatever other trade advances;
As then, instead of Cabinet dinners,
We'll have, at Almack's, Cabinet dances.

Nor let him world's important questions
Depend on Ministeis' digestion.

If Cde's receipts have done things ill,
For Woman's Land they may go better;

There's Lady *, in one quadrille,
Would settle Europe, if you'd let her;

And who the deuce or cares, or cares,
When Whigs or Tories have undone 'em,

Whether they've done's through State affairs,
Or simply, daily, did upon 'em?

Hurrath then for the Petticoats!
To them we pledge our free-born votes;
We'll have all she, and only she—

Pett blue shall act as best debaters,

Old dowsagers our bishops be,
And termagnents our Agitators.

If Venetia, to oblige the nation,
Her own Olympus will abandon,
And help to prop the Administration,
It can't have better legs to stand on.
The fun's Macaulay (Mess) shall show,
Each evening, forth in learned donation;
Shall move (must general cries of "Oh!"
For full returns of population:
And, finally, to crown the whole,
The Princess Olive's royal soul,

Shall from her bower in Banco Regis,
Descend, to bless her faithful lieves,
And, mid our Unions' loyal chorus,
Reign jollily for ever o'er us.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE **

Sir,—Having heard some rumors respecting the strange and awful visitation under which Lord H—n—y has for some time past been suffering, in consequence of his declared hostility to "anthems, subs, duties," &c., I took the liberty of making inquiries at his Lordship's house this morning, and lose no time in transmitting to you such particulars as I could collect.

It is said that the screams of his Lordship, under the operation of this mighty concert, (which is, no doubt, some brick of the Belzebub family), may be heard all over the neighborhood. The female who personates St. Cecilia is supposed to be the same that last year, appeared in the character of Isis, at the Rotunda. How the cherubs are managed, I have not yet ascertained.

Yours, &c.

P. P.

LORD II—NL—Y AND ST. CECELIA.

in Metti descendent Judiciae aurea. Horat.

As snug in his bed Lord H—in—y lay,
Revelling much his own Recompense.

3 A personage, & styling herself, who attained considerable notoriety at that period.

4 In a work on Church Reform, published by his Lordship in 1832.
And hoping to add thereto a ray,  
By putting dux's and anthems down,

Sudden a strain of choral sounds  
Mellifluous over his senses stole;
Whereat the Reformer muttered, "Zounds!"
For he would sweet music with all his soul.

Then, starting up, he saw a sight  
That well might shock so learned a snorer—
Saint Cecilia, robed in light,  
With a portable organ sung before her.

And if round were Cherubs, on rainbow wings,  
Who, his Lordship fear'd, might tire of listening,
So beg'd they'd sit— but ah! poor things.  
They'd, none of them, get the means of sitting,

"Having heard," said the Saint, "you're fond of hymns,
And indeed, that musical snore betray'd you,  
Myself, and my choir of cherubims,  
Are come, for a while, to serenade you."

In vain did the horrified H—l-y say  
"I was all a mistake"—"she was misdirected;"
And point to a concert, over the way,  
Where fiddlers and angels were expected.

In vain—the Saint could see in his looks  
(She civilly said) much tuneful lore;  
So, at once, all nymph'd their music-books,  
And herself and her Cherubs set off at score.

All night duets, terzets, quartets,  
Nay, long quintets must dire to hear;  
Ay, and old motets, and caconetts,  
And glues, in sets, kept boring his ear.

He tried to sleep—but it wouldn't do;  
So loud they squall'd, he must attend to 'em;
Though Cherubs' songs, to his cost he knew,  
Were like themselves, and had no end to 'em.

Oh judgment dire on judges bold,  
Who meddle with music's sacred strains!  
Judge Midas tried the same of old,  
And was punish'd, like H—l-y, for his pains.

But worse on the modern judge, alas!  
The sentence branch'd from Apollo's throne:  
For Midas was given the ears of an ass,  
While H—l-y is doom'd to keep his own!

ADVERTISEMENT.  

MISSING.

Carlton Terrace, 1852.

Whereas, Lord  de *****  Left his home last Saturday,  
And, though inquiring for, round and round,  
Through certain purities, can't be found;  
And whereas, none can solve our queries  
As to where this virtuous Peer is,  
Notice is hereby given, that all  
May forthwith to inquiring fail;  
As, once the thing's well set about,  
No doubt but we shall hunt him out.

His Lordship's mind, of late, they say,  
Hath been in an uneasy way,  
Himself and colleagues not being able  
To climb into the Cabinet,  
To settle England's state affairs,  
Hath much, it seems, unsettled theirs;  
And chief to this stray Fleasino  
Hath been a most distressing blow.

Already,—certain to receive a  
Well-earn'd mission to the Neva,  
And be the bearer of kind words  
To tyrant Nick from Tory Lords,—  
To fit himself for free discussion,  
His Lordship had been learning Russian;  
And all so natural to him were  
The acres of the Northern bear,  
That, while his tones were in your ear, you  
Might swear you were in sweet Siberia.

And still, your Peer, to old and young,  
He goes on raving in that tongue;  
Tells you how much you would enjoy a  
Trip to Dalmatobrowskowa;  
Talks of such places, by the score, on  
As Oulifbirunichagorobon;  
And swears (for he at nothing sticks)  
That Russia swarms with Bashko-bookas,  
Though one such Nick, God knows, must be  
A more than ample quantity.

Among other remarkable attributes by which Sir  
C—l—is distinguished himself, the dazzling whiteness  
of his favourite steed was not the least conspicuous.

In the Government of Perm.

 Territory belonging to the mines of Kolivano-  
Koskreskreme.

The name of a religious sect in Russia.  
It existe en Russie plusieurs sectes; la plus nombreuse est  
celle des Raskoldnik, ou vrais criminels. —  
Gamba,  
Voyage dans la Russie Meridionale.
THE DANCE OF BISHOPS;
OR, THE EPISCOPAL QUADRILLE. 2

A DREAM.

1833.

"Solemn dances were, on great festivals and celebrations, admitted among the primitive Christians, in which even the Bishop and dignitated Clergy were performers. Scaliger says, that the first Bishops were called Fratres: 8, for no other reason than that they led off these dances."—Cyclopaedia, art. Dances.

I had such a dream—a frightful dream—

Though funny, mayhap, to wags 't will seem,

By all who regard the Church, like us,

If will be thought exceedingly ominous.

As reading in bed I lay last night—

Which being insured is my delight—

I happened to doze off just as I got to

The singular fact which forms my motto,

Only think, thought I, as I dozed away,

Of a party of Churchmen dancing the hay

Clocks, curates, and rectors, capering all,

With a neck-leg'd Bishop to open the ball!

Scarce had my eyelids time to close,

When the scene I'd fancied before me rose—

An Episcopal Hop, on a scale so grand

As my dazzled eyes could hardly stand.

For, Brittain and Ern chib'd their Sces To make the Bishop a Dance of Dignity

And I saw—oh, brightest of Church events—

A quadrille of the two Establishmeuts,

Bishop to Bishop vis-a-vis,

Footling away prodigiously.

There was Bristol capering up to Derry,

And Cork with London making merry;

While huge Llandaff, with a Sea, so so,

Was to dear old Dublin printing his toe.

There was Chester, hatch'd by woman's smile,

Performing a charlie des Dames in style;

While he who, where'er the Lords' House dozes,

Can waken them up by citing Moses, 4

The portly Toom, was all in a hurry

To set, en avant, in Canterbury.

Meantime, while pamphlets stuff'd his pockets,

(All out of date, like spent sky-rockets.)

Our Exeter, did forth to expat,

A high on the floor as he did on paper—

1 "I saw first taught letters for some wretch's aid." Poet.

2 Written on the passing of the memorable Bill, in the year 1833, for the abolition of ten Irish Bishops.

3 Literally, First Dancers.

4 And what does Moses say?—One of the ejaculations with which this eminent prelate amplitude'd his famous speech on the Catholic question.

Much like a dapper Dancing Dervise,

Who prostrates his whole church-service—

Performing, 'most those reverend souls,

Such extrachetes, such cabrioles,

Such batonnet 5 such runden—

Now high, now low, now this, now that,

That none could guess what the devil he'd be at;

Though, watching his various steps, some thought

That a step in the Church was all he sought.

But alas, alas! while thus to gay,

These rev'trend dancers thru'd our way,

Nor Paul himself (not the saint, but he)

Of the Opera-house) could bricker be,

There gather'd a crowd around their glee—

A shadow, which came and went so fast,

That ere one could say "Tis there," it was past—

And lo, when the scene again was clear'd,

Ten of the dancers had disappear'd!

Ten able-bodied quadrillers swept

From the hollow'd floor where late they stept,

While twelve was all that toot'd it still,

On the Irish side of that grand Quadrille!

Nor this the worst:—still dance'd they on,

But the pump was sadden'd, the smile was gone;

And again, from time to time, the same

Illuminated darkness round them came—

While still, as the light broke out anew,

Their ranks look'd des by a dozen or two;

Till still at last there were only found

Just Bi hops enough for a four-hands-round;

And when I saw, impatient getting

I left the last holy pair poussetting!"

N. B.—As ladies in years, it seems,

Have the happiest knack at solving dreams,

I shall leave to my ancient feminine friends

The Standard to say what this portends.

DICK * * * *.

A CHARACTER.

Of various scraps and fragments built,

Borrow'd alike from fobs and wits,

Dick's mind was like a patchwork quilt,

Made up of new, old, motley bits—

Wherein the Co. called in their shares,

All petticoats their quota got,

And gowns were all refund'd theirs,

The quilt would look but sly, God wot.

And thus he still, new plagiaries seeking,

Revers'd vendiliquism's trick,

For, stead of Dick through others speaking,

'T was others we heard speak through Dick.

A Tory now, all bounds exceeding,

New best of Whigs, now worst of rabs;

One day, with Maltings, fool to Breeding,

The next, with S dier, all for bras.

Poor Dick! and how else could it be?

With notions all at random caught,

A sort of mental fresco—

Made up of legs and wings of thought—

The leavings of the last Debate, or

A dinner, ye'far-day of wits,

Where Dick safe by and, like a walter,

Had the craps for perquisites.

8 A description of the method of executing this step may be useful to future performers in the same line:—"On pas est compose de deux mouvements differens, savoir: placer, et suster sur un pied, et se regler sur l'autre."—Dictionnaire de Danse, art. Contre temps.
A CORRECTED REPORT OF SOME LATE SPEECHES.

"Then I heard one saint speaking, and another saint said unto that saint." 1834.

St. S—n—rose and declared, that he would give sixpence to Maypouth. He had hated press the whole of his life, for a priest was a man who had no wife; and, having no wife, the Church was his mother, The Church was his father, sister, and brother. This being the case, he was sorry to say, That a gulf 'twixt Papist and Protestant lay, So deep and wide, scarce possible was it To say even, "How dye do?" across it; And though your Liberals, nimble as fleas, Could clear such gulf with perfect ease, I was a jump that ought on earth could make Your proper, heavy built Christian take. No, no,—if a Dance of Sects must be, He would set to the Baptist willingly, At the Independent design to suborn; And rigadoon with old Mother Kirk; Nay ev'n, for once, if needs must be, He'd take hands round with all the three; But, as to a jig with Popery no,— To the Harlot ner' would he joint his toe.

St. M.—na—le was the next that rose — A Saint who round, as pealgar, goes, With his pack of piety and pride, Heavy and hot enough, God knows,— And he said that Papists were much inclin'd To extirpate all of Protestant kind, Which he couldn't, in truth, so much condemn, Having rather a wish to extirpate them; That is,—to guard against mistake,— To extirpate them for their doctrine's sake; A distinction Churchmen always make,— Insomuch, when they're we loose control, Though sometimes roasting hecatombs whole, They but cook the body for sake of the soul.

Next jumped St. J.—hast—n jollily forth, The spiritual Dogberry of the North. 4 A right "wise fellow, and, what's more, An officer," p's like his type of yore; And he asked, if we grant such toleration Pray, what's the use of our Reformation? 5 What is the use of our Church and State? Our Bishops, Articles, Tithe, and Rate?

1 "He objected to the maintenance and education of a clergy bound by the particular vows of celibacy, which, as it were, gave them the church as their only family, making it all the places of father and mother brother." — Debate on the Grant to Maypouth College, The Times, April 19.

2 "It had always appeared to him that between the Catholic and Protestant a great gulf intervened, which rendered it impossible." &c.

3 "The Baptist might acceptably extend the offices of Religion in the Presbyterian and the Independent or the member of the Church of England to any of the other three; but the Catholic," &c.

4 "Could he then, holding as he did a spiritual office in the Church of Scotland, (eyes of hear, and laughter,) with any consistency give his content to a grant of money?" &c.

5 "I am a wise fellow, and which is more, an officer." — Much Ado about Nothing.

6 "What, he asked, was the use of the Reformation? What was the use of the Articles of the Church of England, or of the Church of Scotland?" &c.

And, still as he yelli'd out — what's the use? Old Echoes, from their cells reclus' Where they'd for centuries slept, broke loose, Yelling responsive, "What's the use?"

MORAL POSITIONS,
A DREAM.

"His Lordship said that it took a long time for a moral position to find its way across the Atlantic. He was very sorry that its voyage had been so long," &c. — Speech of Lord Dudley and Ward on Colonial Slavery, March 3.

T'o other night, after hearing Lord Dudley's oration (A treat that comes once a year as May-day does,) I dreamt that I saw — what a strange operation! A 'moral position' ship'd off for Barbadoe.

The whole Bench of Bishops stood by in grave attitudes, Packing the article tidy and neat;— As their Rev'nes know, that in southerly latitudes 6 Moral positions don't keep very sweet.

There was B—th—st arranging the custom-house pass; And, to guard the frail package from tussing and routin', There stood my Lord El—n, endorsing it "Glass," Though as to which side should lie uppermost, doubting,

The freight was, however, slow'd safe in the hold; The wings were polite, and the moon look'd romantic.

While off to the good ship "The Truth" we were roll'd, With our ethical cargo, across the Atlantic.

Long, dolefully long, seem'd the voyage we made; For "The Truth," at all times but a very slow sailer, By friends, near as much as by foes, is delay'd, And few come aboard her, though so many hail her.

At length, safe arrived, I went through "fare and trel;" Delivered my goods in the primest condition, And next morning read, in the Bridgetown Gazette, "Just arrived by 'The Truth,' a new moral position."

"The Captain" — here, startled to find myself nam'd As "the Captain" — (a thing which, I own it with pain, I through life have avoided,) I woke — look'd ashamed, Found I wasn't a captain, and so'd off again.

THE MAD TORY AND THE COMET.
FOUNDED ON A LATE DISTRESSING INCIDENT.

1832-3.

"Mutatem regna comitem." — Lucian. 7

1 Though all the pet mischief we count upon, fail,
2 Though cholera, hurricanes, Wellington leave us,
3 We've still in reserve, mighty Comet, thy tail;
4 Last hope of the Tories, wilt thou too deceive us?
5 Eclipses and comets have been always looked to
"No—tis coming, 'tis coming, 'tis avenger is nigh; "Heed, heed not, ye placemen, how Herapath flatter!

One whisk from that tail, as it passes us by,
"Will settle, at once, all political matters;"

"The East India Question, the Bank, the Five

Powers, (Now tur'd into two) with their rigmarole Protocols; —

Ha! ha! ye gods, how this new friend of ours

"Will knock, right and left, all diplomacy's what-

d'y-calls!

Yes, rather than Whigs at our downfall should mock,

"Meet planets, and suns, in one general hussle!

"While, happy in vengeance, we welcome the shock

"That shall jerk from their places, Grey, Atchorp, and Russell."

Thus spoke a mad Lord, as, with telescope rais'd,

His wild 'Tory eye on the heavens he set;

And, though nothing destructive appear'd as he gaz'd,

Much hop'd that there would, before Parliament met.

And still, as odd shapes seem'd to fit through his glass,

"Ha! there it is now," the poor maniac cries;

While his fancy with forms but too monstrous, alas! From his own 'Tory zodiac, peoples the skies: —

"Now I spy a big body, good heavens, how big!

"Whether Bucky 2 or Taurus I cannot well say:—

And, yonder, there's Eld—n't old Chancery-wig,

"In its dusty apothecio fast fading away.

"I see, 'mong those famous meteors behind,

"La—nd—nd—ry, in vacuo, flaring about:—

"While that dim double star, of the nebulous kind,

"Is the Gemini, R—den and L—ri—o, no doubt.

"Ah, El—br—h! 'faith, I first thought 'twas the Comet;

"So like that in Milton, it made me quite pale;

"The head with the same 'horrid hair' 2 coming from it,

"And plenty of vapour, but—where is the tail?"

Just then, up aloft jump'd the gazer elated

For, in his bright glass a phenomenon show'd,

Which he took to be C—mb—ri—d, upwards translated,

Instead of his natural course, 'other road I

But too awful that sight for a spirit so shaken,

Down dropp'd the poor 'Tory in fits and grimaces,

Then off to the Bedford in Charles Street was taken, And is now one of Halford's most favourite cases.

as great changers of administrations. Thus Milton,

speaking of the former: —

"With fear of change
Perplexing monarchs." 1

And in Salvo we find,

"Mutant quae sceptra cometae." 2

1 See, for some of these Protocols, the Annual Register, for the year 1832.
2 The D—e of B—ck—m.
3 "And from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war." 3

FROM THE HON. HENRY ——, TO LADY EMMA ——.

Paris, March 30, 1832.

You bid me explain, my dear angry Madame,

How I came thus to bolt without saying farewell; And the truth is,—as truth you will have, my sweet tailor,—

There are two worthy persons I always feel both To take leave of at starting,—my mistress and tailor,—

As somehow one always has scenes with them both; The Snap in ill-humour, the Syren in tears,

She calling on Heaven, and lie on the attorney.—

Till sometimes, in short, 'twixt his dums and his dears,

A young gentleman risks being stopp'd in his journey.

But, to come to the point,—though you think, I dare say,

That 'tis debt or the Cholera drives me away,

'Thou honour you're wrong;—such a mere bagatelle As a pestilence, nobody, now-a-days, fears; And the fact is, my love, I'm thus bolting, pell-mell,

To get on out of the way of these horrid new Peers:—

This deluge of coronets, frightful to think of,

Which England is now, for her sins, on the brink of;

This coinage of modes,—coin'd, all of 'em, badly, And sure to bring Counts to a discount most sadly.

Only think, to have Lords overrunning the nation,

As plenty as frogs in a Dutch inundation;

No shelter from Barons, from Earl no protection, And tapdole young Lords, too, in every direction,—

Things created in haste, just to make a Court list of, Two legs and a coronet all they consist of! The prospect's quite frightful, and what Sir George R—se (My particular friend) says is perfectly true, That, so dire the alternative, nobody knows,

'Twixt the Peers and the Pestilence, what he's to do;

And Sir George even doubts,—could be choose his disorder,—

'Twixt coffin and coronet, which he would order. This being the case, why, I thought, my dear Emma, 'T were best to fight shy of so cruel a dilemma; And though I confess myself somewhat a villain, To've left idol mio without an oddio. Console your sweet heart, and a week hence, from Milan I'll send you — some news of Bellini's last trio.

N. B. — Have just pack'd up my travelling set-out,

Things a tourist in Italy can't go without —

Viz., a pair of gants gros, from old Houbigan's shop,

Good for hands that the air of Moul Cenis might chap. Small presents for ladies,—and nothing so wheelies The creatures abroad as your golden-ey'd needles. A neat pocket Horse, by which folks are cozen'd To think one knows Latin, when — one, perhaps, doesn't; With some little book about heathen mythology, Just large enough to refresh one's theology; Nothing on earth being half such a bore as Not knowing the difference 'twixt Virgins and Floras, Once more, love, farewell, best regards to the girls, And mind you beware of damp feet and new E-ris.

HENRY. 4

A new creation of Peers was generally expected at this time.
TRIUMPH OF BIGOTRY.

"College.—We announced, in our last, that Leopry and Shaw were returned. They were chaired yesterday; the students o. the College determined, it would seem, to imitate the mob in all things, haranguing themselves to the car, and the Master of Arts bearing Orange flags and bespangled before, behind; and behind the car."

DUBLIN EVENING POST, DEC. 30, 1852.

Ay, yoke ye to the bigger's car,
Ye choos'n of Alma Mater's scenes;
Fleet chargers drew the God of War,
Great Cybele was drawn by Linn's,
And Sylvan Pan, as Poets dream,
Drove four young paulters in his team.
Thus classical L—r—y, for once, is,
'thus, studious of a like turn-out,
He harnesses young sucking dunces,
To draw him, as their Chief, about,
And let the world a picture see
Of Dulness yield'd to Bigotry:
Showing us how young College backs
Can pace with bigotry at their backs,
As though the cubs were born to draw
Such luggage as L—r—y and Shaw-w.
Oh shade of Guildshead, shade of Swift,
Brightholm whom, in days of yore,
This queen of Dulness sent adrift,
As aliens to her foamy shore;—
Shade of our glorious Grattan, too,
Whose very name her slander recalls;
Whose effigy his bigot crew
Revers'd upon their monument walls;—
Bears witness (lest the world should doubt)
To your noble Mother's dull renown,
Then famous but for Wet turn'd oud,
And Eloquence turn'd upside down;
But now oldman'd new wretches to win,
Beyond all fame of former days,
By breaking thus young donkeys in
To draw M. Pa., amid the bricks,
Alique of donkeys and M. A.;—
Defying Oxford to surpass 'em
In this new "Gradus ad Parnassum."

TRANSLATION FROM THE GULL LANGUAGE.

Scripta manet. 1833.

'T was graved on the Stone of Destiny, 2
In letters four, and letters three;
And ne'er did the King of the Gulls go by
But those awful letters scar'd his eye;
For he knew that a Prophet Voice had said,
"As long as those words by man were read,
"The ancient race of the Gulls should occur"
"One hour of peace or plenty share;"—
But years on years successive flew,
And the letters still more legible grew,—
At top, a T, an H, an E;
And underneath, D. E. B. T.

Some thought them Hebrew,—such as Jews,
More skill'd in Scrip than Scripture, use;

1 See the lives of these two poets for the circumstances under which they left Dublin College.
2 In the year 1799, the Board of Trinity College, Dublin, thought proper, as a mode of expressing their disapprobation of Mr. Grattan's public conduct, to order his portrait, in the Great Hall of the University, to be turned upside down, and in this position it remained for some time.
3 Lisaffil, or the Stone of Destiny,—for which see Westminster Abbey.

While some surmised it was an ancient way
Of keeping accounts, (well known in the day
Of the land Dobermian Jethuins,
Who had thereto a wonderful bias,)
And proved in books most learnedly boring,
"T was called the Poetick way of scoring,
If ever this be, there never were yet
Seven letters of the alphabet,
That, 'twixt nay, form'd so grim a spell
Or scared a Land of Gulls so well,
As did this awful riddle-mewe,
Of T. H. E. D. E. B. T.

Hark!—it is struggling Freedom's cry
"Help, help, ye nations, or I die:"
"I am Freedom's fight, and, on the field
"Where I expire, your doom is sealed.
The Gull-King hears the awakening call,
He hath summon'd his Peers and Patriots all,
And he asks:—"Ye noble Gulls, shall we
"Stand basely by at the fall of the Free,
"Nor utter a curse, nor deal a blow?"
And they answer, with voice of thunder, "No!"

Out fly their flashing swords in the air!—
But,—why do they resist suspended there?
What sudden blight, what hateful charm,
Hath chill'd each eye, and check'd each arm?
Alas! some withering hand hath thrown
The veil from off that fatal soe,
And pointing now, with sapless finger,
Showeth where dark those letters linger,—
Letters four, and letters three,
T. H. E. D. E. B. T.

At sight thereof, each lifted brand
Powerless falls from every hand;
In vain the Patriot knits his brow,—
Even talk, his staple, fails him now,
In vain the King like a hero treads,
His Lords of the Treasury shake their heads;
And to all his talk of "brave and free,
No answer getheth his Majesty"
But "T. H. E. D. E. B. T."

In short, the whole Gull nation feels
They're fairly spell-bound, neck and heels;
And so, in the face of the laughing world,
Many sit down, with banner furled,
Adjuring all their dreams sublime
Of glory and war to—some other time.

NOTIONS ON REFORM.

BY A MODERN REFORMER.

Of all the misfortunes as yet brought to pass
By this comet-like Bill, with its long tail of spectacles,
The saddest and worst is the schism which, alas!
It has caused between W—th-r—s wiscoc' and breeches.

Some symptoms of this Anti-Union propensity
Had oft broken out in that quarter before;
But the breach, since the Bill, has attained such immeasurableness.
Daniel himself could have scarce wish'd it more.
Oh! haste to repair it, ye friends of good order,
Ye Atw—ds and W—ns, ere the moment is past;
Who can doubt that we tread upon Anarchy's border,
When the ties that should hold men are loosening so fast?
SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS.

Make W—th—r—I yield to "some sort of Reform"
(As we all must, God help us! with very wry
sence);
And loud as he likes let him bluster and storm
About Corporate Rights, so he'll only wear braces.

Should tho'e he now sports have been long in posses-
And, like his own borough, the worst for the wear,
Advise him, at least, as a prudent concession
To Intellect's progress, to buy a new pair.

Oh! who that e'er saw him, when vocal he stands,
With a look something midway 'twixt Fieb'd and Lock'd,
While still, to inspire him, his deeply-thrust hands
Keep jingling the rhino in both breeches-pockets—

Who that ever has listened, through groan and through

tc, the speeches inspired by this music of penes.—
But must grieve that there's anything like falling off
In that great never source of his wit and his sense?

Who that knows how he look'd when, with grace
debonar,
He began first to court—rather late in the season—
Or when, less fastidious, he sat in the chair
Of his old friend, the Nottingham Goddess of Rea-

That Goddess, whose borough-like virtue attracted
All mongers in both wares to proffer their love;
Whose chair like the stool of the Pythiouness acted,
As W—th—r's rant, ever since, to go prove?

Who, in short, would not grieve, if a man of his graces
Should go on rejecting, unaw'd by the past,
The "moderate Reform" of a pair of new breezes,
Till, some day,—he'll all fall to pieces at last.

TORY PLEDGES.

I pledge myself through thick and thin,
'To labour still, with zeal devout,
To get the Ouds, poor devils, in,
And turn the Jus, the wretches, out.

I pledge myself, though much heretof
Of ways and means of ruling ill,
To make the most of what are left,
And stick to all that's rotten still.

Though gone the days of place and pelf,
And drones no more take all the honey,
I pledge myself to cram myself
With all I can of public money.

To quarter on that social purse
My nephews, nieces, sisters, brothers,
Nor, so we prosper, care a curse
How much 'tis at this expense of others.

I pledge myself, whenever flight
And Might on any point divide,
Not to ask which is black or white,
But take, at once, the strongest side.

For instance, in all Tite discussions,
I'm for the Reverend encroachmers:—
I loathe the Poles, applaud the Russians—
Am for the Squares, against the Poachers.

Betwixt the Core-Lords and the Poor
I've not the slightest hesitation,—
The People must be starv'd, 'tis sure
The Land its due remuneration.

I pledge myself to be no more
With Ireland's wrongs by rood' or sham'd;
I vote her grievances a bor,
So she may suffer, and be d—d.

Or if she kick, let it console us,
We still have plenty of red coats,
To cram the Church, that general bulus,
Down any giv'n amount of threats.

I dearly love the Frankfort Diet,—
Think newspaper the worst of crimes
And would to give some chance of quiet,
Hang all the writers of The Times.

Break all their correspondents' bones,
All authors of "Reply," "Rejoinder,"
From the Anti-Tory, Colonel J—es,
To the Anti-Suttie, M. J—nd—r.

Such are the Pledges I propose;
And though I can't now offer gold,
There's many a way of buying those
Who've but the taste for being sold.

So here's, with three times three burras,
A toast, of which you'll no complain,—
"Long life to jobbing; may the days
"Of Peculation shew again!"

ST. JEROME ON EARTH.

FIRST VISIT. 1832.

As St. Jerome, who died some ages ago,
Was sitting, one day, in the shades below,
"I've heard much of English bishops;"—quoth he,
And shall now take a trip to earth, to see
How far they agree, in their lives and ways,
"With our good old bishops of ancient days." 2

He had heard— but heard'd without misgivings—
Their love for good living, and eke good living:—
Not knowing (as ne'er having taken degrees)
That good living means certed and friecasses,
While its plural means simply— pluralities.
"From all I hear," said the innocent man,
They are quite on the good old primitive plan.
For wealth and pomp they little care can,
As they all say "No!" to the Episcopal chair;—
And their vocal virtue it well denotes
That they all, good men, wear petticoats. 3

Thus saying, post-haste to earth he hurries,
And knocks at the Archbishop of Canterbury's.
The door was oped by a lackey in lace,
Saying, "What's your business with his Grace?"
"His Grace?"—quoth Jerome—for posed was he,
Not knowing what sort this Grace could be;
Whether Grace preventing, Grace particular,
Grace of that breed called Quiuquavitular. 4—
In short, he runnag'd his holy mud,
The' exact description of Grace to find,

1 It will be recollected that the learned gentleman himself boasted, one night, in the House of Commons, of having sat in the very chair which this allegorical lady had occupied.

2 Lucas's description of the effects of the tripod on
3 So called from the proceedings of the Synod of Dart.
Which heus could represented be
By a footman in full livery.
A last, out loud he broke,
(For dearly the good saint loved his joke) •
And said — surveying, as sly he spoke,
The costly palace from roof to base —
"Well, it isn't, at least, a saving Grace!"

"Umph," said the lackey, a man of few words,
To "Archbishop is gone to the House of Lords.
"To the House of the Lord, you mean, my son,
For, in my time, at least, there was but one; —
Unless such many-fold priests as these
Seek, even in their Lord's pluralities?"
"No time for gab," quoth the man in face:
Then, slamming the door in St. Jerome's face,
With a curse to the single knockers all,
Went to finish his part in the servants' hall,
And propose a toast (humanly meant
To include even Curates in its extent)
"To all as serves the' Establishment.'

ST. JEROME ON EARTH.

SECOND VISIT.

"This much I dare say, that, since lording and loitering
bath come up, preaching hath come down, contrary to
the Apostles' times. For they preached and lording not;
and now they lord and preach not . . . . Ever
since the Prelates were made Lords and Nobles, the
plowman standeth there no work done, the people
starve." — Latimer, Sermon of the Plough.

"Once more," said Jerome, "I'll run up and see
How the Church goes on," — and off set he.
Just then the packet-boat, which trades
Between our planet and the shades,
Had arrived below, with a freight so queer,
"My eyes!" said Jerome, "what have we here?" —
For he saw, when nearer he explored,
They 'd a cargo of Bishops' wigs aboard.
"They are ghosts of wigs," said Charon, "all,
Once worn by nobs Episcopal."
"For folks on earth, who 've got a store
Of cast-off things they 'll want no more,
Oft send them down, as gifts, you know,
To a certain Gentleman here below."

"A sign of the times, I plainly see,"
Said the Saint to himself, as pondering, he
Sail'd off in the death-boat gallantly.

"Arriv'd on earth," quoth he, "No more
I'll affect a body, as before.
For I think I'd best, In the company
Of Spiritual Lords, a spirit be,
And glide, unseen, from See to See." But oh! to tell what scenes he saw —
It was more than Rabelais' pen could draw.
For instance, he found Ex-centrical souls,
Body, body, in a stilet, in a stirr,
For love of God? for sake of King?
For good of people? — no such thing;
But for get for himself, by some new trick,
A shove to a better bishoprick.

He found that pious soul, Van H—l—d—t,
Much with his money-bags bewilder'd;
Sounding the Clerks of the Church and Ordinaries,
Because the rogues should rest lessens.
At having too little cash to touch,
While he so Christianly bears too much.
He found old Sarum's wife as gone
As his own beloved text in John, —
Text he hath pined so long for his bird,
That 'tis thought when asked, at the gate of Heavens,
His name, he'll answer "John, v. 7."

"But enough of Bishops I've had today,"
Said the very Saint — "I must away.
I think I own I should like, before I go,
"To see for once (as I am ask'd below)
"If really such odd sights exist,
A regular six-fold Furlanist."
Just then he heard a general cry —
"There's Doctor Hodgson galloping by!
"Ay, that's the man," says the Saint, "to follow,
And off he sets, with a loud view-hello,
At Hodgson's heels, to catch, if he can,
A glimpse of this singular plural man.
But — talk of Sir Boyle Rise's bird!
To compare him with Hodgson is absurd.
"Which way, sir, pray, is the doctor gone?"
"He is now at his living at Hillingdon."
"No, no — you're out, by many a mile,
"He's away at his Benney, in Carlisle."
"Pardon me, sir; but I understand
"He's gone to his living in Cumberland.
"God bless me, no, he can't be there;
"You must try St. George's, Hanover Square."

Thus all in vain the Saint inquired.
From living to living, mock'd and tir'd: —
"T'was Hodgson here, 'tis Hodgson there,
"T'was Hodgson nowhere, everywhere;
Till, fairly beat, the Saint gave o'er,
And flitted away to the Stygian shore,
To astonish the natives under ground,
With the comical things he on earth had found.

THOUGHTS ON TAR BARRELS.

(Fide Description of a late Fete.)

What a pleasing contrivance! how aptly devil'd
Twixt tar and magnolias to puzzle one's nose!
And how the tar-barrels must all be surpris'd
To find themselves seated like Love among roses?

What a pity we can't, by precautions like these,
Clear the air of that other still viler infection;
That radical pest, that old whigib disease,
Of which cases, true-blue, are in every direction.

Stead of barrels, let's light up an Auto da Fe,
Of a few good combustible Lords of 'the Club.'
They would fume, in a trice, the Whig choral away,
And there's B—c—k would burn like a barrel of bub.

1 Witness his well known pun on the name of his adversary Vigilantius, whom he calls facetiously Dorminianus.
2 The suspicion attached to some of the early Fathers of being Arius in their doctrine would appear to derive some confirmation from this passage.
3 The wig, which had so long formed an essential part of the dress of an English bishop, was at this time beginning to be dispensed with.
4 See the Bishop's Letter to Clergy of his Diocese.
5 I John, v. 7. A text which, though long given up by all the rest of the orthodox world, is still per- vociously adhered to by this Right Reverend scholar.
6 It was a saying of the well-known Sir Boyle, that a man could not be in two places at once, unless he was a bird.
7 The M—s of H—l—d—t's Fete. — From dread of cholera his Lordship had ordered tar-barrels to be burned in every direction.
SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS.

423

How R—d—n would blaze! and what rubbish throw out!
A volume of nonsense, in active display;
While V—n, as a butt, amidst laughter, would apost
The hot nothings he's full of, all night and all day.

And then, for a finish, there's C—n—d—w Duke,—
Good Lord, how his chime-luff would crackle in air!
Unless (as is strangely surmised from his book)
He's already opeosed for combustion elsewhere.

THE CONSULTATION.
"When they do agree, their unanimity is wonderful."—
The Critic.

Scene discovers Dr. Whig and Dr. Tory in consultation.
Patient on the floor between them.

Dr. Whig. This wild Irish patient does pester me so;
That what to do with him, I'm curt if I know.
I've promised him anodynes—
Dr. Tory. Anodynes!—Stuff.
Tie him down — gag him well — he'll be tranquil enough.
The CONSULTATION.
Dr. Whig. True, quite in your line,
But unluckily not much, till lately, in mine.
'Tis so painfull—
Dr. Tory. Poo, nonsense — ask Ude how he feels,
When, for Epicure feats, he prepares his live eels,
By flinging them in, 'twixt the bars of the fire,
And letting them wriggle on there till they live.
He, too, says 'tis pantall—'quite makes his heart blink.'—
But your eels are a vile, elegamous breed.—
He would fain use them gently, but Cooky says
'No.'
And— in short — eels were born to be treated just so.
'T is the same with these Irish,— who're odder fish still—
Your tender Whig heart shrinks from using them ill;
I, myself, in my youth, ere I came to wise,
Used, in some operations, to blush to the eyes;
But, in fact, my dear brother, — if I may make bold
To style you, as Peacham did Leckit, of old,—
We, Doctors, must act with the firmness of Ude,
And, indifferent like him, — so the fish is but stew'd—
Must torture live Pats for the general good.

Next, patient groans and kicks a little.
Dr. Whig. — But what, if one's patient's so devilish perverse,
That he won't be thus torturd?—
Dr. Tory. Coerce, sir, coerce.
You're a juvenile performer, but once you begin,
You can't think how fast you may train your hand in;
And (smiling) who knows but old Tory may take to the shelf,
With the comforting thought that, in place and in self.
He's succeeded by one just as bad as himself?
Dr. Whig (looking startled). — Why, to tell you the truth, I've a small matter here,

Which you help'd me to make for my patient last year,—
[goes to a cupboard and brings out a
strait-waistcoat and gag.]
And such rest I've enjoyed from his raving, since then,
That I've made up my mind he shall wear it again.
Dr. Tory (embracing him). — Oh, charming!—
My dear Doctor Whig, you're a treasure.
Next in torturing, myself, to help you is a pleasure.
[Assisting Dr. Whig.]
Give me leave — I've some practice in these mad machines;
There — lighter — the gag in the mouth, by all means.
Delightful! — all's sung — not a squeak need you fear,—
You may now put your anodynes off till next year.
[Scene closes.

TO THE REV. CH—RL—S OV—RT—N,
CURATE OF ROMALD-KIRK.

AUTHOR OF THE POETICAL PORTRAITURE
OF THE CHURCH.

1833.

Sweet singer of Romaldkirk, thou who art reck'god,
By critics Episcopal, Dav'd the Second; t
If thus, as a Curate, so lofty your flight,
Only think, in a Rectory, how you would write!
Once fairly impr'd by the "Tithe-crown'd Apollo," (Who heals, I confess it, our lay Pharsob hollow,
Having gotten, besides the old Nine's inspiration,
The Ten-th of all curable things in creation.)
There's nothing, in fact, that a poet like you,
So be-named and be-te'd, couldn't easily do.
Round the lips of the sweet-tongued Athenian they say,
White yet but a babe in his cradle he lay,
Widt' honey-bees swarm'd, as a pre-age to tell
Of the sweet-flowing words that thence afterwards fell.
Just so round our Ov—r—'s cradle, so doubt:
Tenth ducklings and chicks were seen fluttering about;
Goose embryos, waiting their downel'd decimation,
Came, shadowing forth his adult destination,
And, small, sucking tithe-pigs, in musical droves,
Announc'd the Church poet whom Chester approves.

O Horace! when thou, in thy vision of yore,
Didst dream that a snowy-white plumage came o'er
Thy ethereal'd limbs, stealing downly on,
Tul, by Fancy's strong spell, thou wert turn'd to a
Swan,6
Little thought'st thou such fate could a poet befall,
Without any effort of fancy, at all; —
Little thought'st thou the world would in Ov—r—'d find
A bird, ready-made, somewhat different in kind,
But as perfect as Michaelmas' self could produce,
By gods yeclpt avar, by mortals a goose.

3 See Edinburgh Review, No. 117.
4 "Your Lordship," says Mr. Ov—r—'n, in the Dedication of his P—m to the Bishop of Chester,
"has kindly expressed your permission that my Muse will always be a Muse of sacred song, and that it will be turn'd as David's was." 7
5 Sonholes.
6 —— album motor in alien
Superne: nascenturque laves
Per digitos, humerosque plume.
The law supposing that such heirs male
Are all dispossessed of the pig, in talk,
No, not for himself hath B—mh—m's priest
His "well-bred" of their pennies fleeced
But it is that, before his present eyes,
All future Vicars of B—mh—m's
With their embryo daughters, nephews, nieces,
And "is for them" the poor he fleeces.
He heareth their voices, ages hence,
Saying, "Take the pig"—"Oh take the pence!
The cries of little Vicarial ears,
The unborn B—mh—m's, reach his ears;
And, did he resist that soft appeal,
He would not like a true-born Vicar feel.

Then, thou, L.—nly of L.—ck—reg—al
A Rector true, if ever there was one,
Who, for the sake of the L.—nly of coming ages,
Gripped the tenths of labourers' wages.

"It is true, in the pockets of thy small clothes—
The chintz's obseverion" of four-pence goes;
But its abstract spirit, unconfined,
Spreads to all future Rector-kind,
Warning them all to their rights to wake,
And rather to face the block, the stake,
Than give up their darling right to take.
One grain of musk, it is said, perfumes
(Without its spirit) a thousand rooms,
And a single four-pence, pocketed well,
Through a thousand rectors' lives will tell,
Then still continue, ye reverend souls,
And still as your rich Pactolus rolls,
Grasp every penny on every side,
From every wretch, to swell its tide;
Remembering still what the Law lays down,
In that pure poetic style of its own,
"If the parson in case submits to loss, he
Indicts the same on the parson in posse."

FOOLS' PARADISE.

DREAM THE FIRST.

I have been, like Fock, I have been, in a trance,
To a realm they call Fools' Paradise,
Lying N.N.E. of the Land of Sense,
And seldom blessed with a glimmer thence.
But they want it not in this happy place,
Where a light of its own gilds every face;
Or, if some wear a shadowy brow,
"It is the wish to look wise, in knowing how.
Self-pity glisters o'er all that's there,
The trees, the flowers have a jaunty air;
The well-bred wind in a whisper blows,
The snow, if it snows, is couleur de rose,
The falling fawns in a litter fall,
The sun looks simpering down on all.

Oh, 'tisn't in tongue or pen to trace
The scenes I saw in that joyous place,
There were Lords and Ladies sitting together,
In converse sweet, "What charming weather!"
"You'll all rejoice to hear, I'm sure.
"Lord Charles has got a good sinecure;"
"And the Premier says, my youngest brother
"(him in the Gunda) shall have another.

2 Fourteen agricultural labourers (one of whom received so little as six guineas for yearly wages, one eight, one nine, another ten guineas, and the best paid of the whole not more than 1st. annually) were all, in the course of the autumn of 1832, served with demands of debts at the rate of 40. in the 12 sterling, on behalf of the Rev. E. Lowdy, Rector of, &c. &c.—The Times, August, 1833.

3 One of the various general terms under which obligations, tithes, &c. are compromised.
PADDY'S METAMORPHOSIS.  

Some West-India island, whose name I forget,  
Was the region then chosen for this scheme so romantic;  
And such the success the first colony met,  
That a second, soon after, set sail o'er th' Atlantic.  

Behold them now safe at the long-look'd-for shore,  
Sailing in between banks that the Shannon might greet,  
And thinking of friends whom, but two years before,  
They had sorrow'd to lose, but would soon again meet.  

And, lark! from the shore a glad welcome there came—  
"Arrah! Paddy from Cork, is it you, my sweet boy?"  
While Pat stood astounded, to hear his own name  
Thus hail'd by black devils, who care'd for joy!  

Can it possibly be?—half amazement—half doubt,  
Pat listen'd again,—rub'd his eyes and looks steady;  
Then heaves a deep sigh, and in horror yell's out,  
"Good Lord! only think,—black and curly already!"  

Deceiv'd by that well-mimick'd brogue in his ears,  
Pat read his own doom in these wood-headed figures,  
And thought, what a climate, in less than two years,  
To turn a whole cargo of Pat's into Negroes!  

MORAL.  

'Tis thus,—but alas! by a marvel more true  
Than is told in this rival of Ovid's best stories,—  
Your Whigs, when in office a short year or two,  
By a luxus naturæ, all turn into Tories.  

And thus, when I hear them "strong measures" advise,  
Ere the seats that they sit on have time to get steady,  
I say, while I listen, with tears in my eyes,  
"Good Lord! only think,—black and curly already!"

COCKER, ON CHURCH REFORM.  

FOUNDED UPON SOME LATE CALCULATIONS.  

Fine figures of speech let your orators follow,  
Old Cocker has figures that beat them all hollow.

1 I have already, in a preceding page, referred in this squib, as being one of those written by me for the Irish Coercion Act of my friends, the Whigs.
LES HOMMES AUTOMATES. 1834.

"We are persuaded that this our artificial man will not only walk and speak, and perform most of the functions of animal life, but (being wound up once a week) will perhaps reason as well as most of your country persons."—Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus, chap. xii.

It being an object now to meet
With Parsons that don't want to eat,
Fill one of those Irish rectories,
Which soon will have but scant refectories,
It has been suggested,—lest that Church
Should, all at once, be left in the lurch,
For want of reverend men endowed
With this gift of wiser requiring food,—
To try, by way of experiment, whether
There couldn't be made, of wood and leather,3
(However the notion may sound chimerical.)
Jointed figures, not by 4, but clerical,
Which, wound up carefully once a week,
Might just like a parson look and speak,
Not even, if requisite, reason too,
As well as most Irish parsons do.

The experiment having succeeded quite,
(Whereat those Lords must much delight,
Who've shown, by stopping the Church's food,
They think it isn't for her spiritual good
To be serv'd by parsons of flesh and blood.)

The Patenoes of this new invention
Reg larre respectfuil to mention,
Thay now are enabled to produce
An ample supply, for present use,
Of these reverend pieces of machinery,
Ready for vicarage, rectory, deanery,
Or any such like piece of skill.
That wood and leather are fit to fill.

N.B.—In places addicted to arson,
We can't recommend a wooden parson
But, if the Church can't be persuaded
They'd better, at least, have iron joints.
In parts, not much by Protestants haunted,
A figure to look at's all that's wanted—
A block in black, to eat and sleep,
Which (now that the eating's o'er) comes cheap.

P. S.—Should the Lords, by way of a treat,
Permit the clergy again to eat,
The Church will, of course, no longer need
Imitation preachers or, rather, to maker who—
And these wood creatures of ours will sell
For secular purposes just as well—
Our Berosfords, tur'd to bludgeons stout,
May, 'stead of beating their own about,
Be knocking the brains of Papists out;
While our smooth O'Sullivans, by all means,
Should transmigrate into turning machines.

—

HOW TO MAKE ONE'S SELF A PEER.

ACCORDING TO THE NEWEST RECEIPT,
AS DISCLOSED IN A LATE HERALDIC WORK.

Choose some title that's dormant—the Peerage hath many—
Lord Baron of Chandos sounds nobly as any.
Next, catch a dead cousin of said defunct Peer,
And marry him, off-hand, in some given year.
To the deliverer of somebody, or matter who—
Fig, the gue'er himself, if you're hard run, will do;
For, the Medici pills still in heraldry fell,
And why shouldn't lollygag quarter as well?
I hum, having your couple, and one a lord's cousin,
Young materials for peers may be had by the dozen;
And if the fair lady, in inventing each small mother's son of 'em,
You can't somehow manage to prove yourself one of 'em.

Should registers, deeds, and such matters refractory,
Swallow in the way of this lord-manufactory,
I we merely to hind, as a secret auricular,
One grand rule of enterprise,—don't be particular.
A man who once takes such a Jump at nobility,
Must not, without the matter, like folks of nihility,6
But clear thick and thin with true lordly agility.
'T is true, to a would-be descendent from Kings,
Parish-registers sometimes are troublesome things;
As oft, when the vision is near brought about,
Some goblin, in shape of a grocer, grins out;
Or some barber, perhaps, with my Lord mingles bloods.
And one's patent of peerage is left in theuds,
But there are ways—when folks are resolv'd to be lords—
Of expurgating ev'n troublesome parish records.

1 The total,—so pronounced by this industrious seneor.
2 Corporation sole.
3 The materials of which those Nuremberg Savans, mentioned by Scriblerus, constructed their artificial man.
4 The wooden models used by painters are, it is well known, called "lay figures."
What think ye of scissors? depend on't no heir
Of a Shandos should go unsupplied with a pair,
As, whate'er else the learned in such lore may invent,
Your scissors does wonder in proving descent.

Yes, poets may sing of those terrible shears
With which Atropos snips off both bountikins and peers,
But they're nought to that weapon which shines in the hands
Of some would-be Patriarch, when proudly he stands
O'er the careless churchwarden's baphtismal array,
And sweeps at each cut generations away.
By some bale of old times is his peerage resisted
One snip,—and theurchin hath never existed!
Does some marriage, in days near the Flood, interfere
With his one sublime object of being a Peer?
Quick the shears at once nullity bridgegroom and bride,—
No such people have ever liv'd, married, or died!

Such the newest receipt for those high-minded elves,
Who've a fancy for making great lords of themselves.
Follow this, young aspirer, who pant'st for a peerage,
Take some for thy model and—x for thy steerage,
Do all and much worse than old Nicholas Flamm does,
And—who knows but you'll be Lord Baron of Shandos?

THE DUKE IS THE LAD.

Air.—"A master I have, and am his man,
Galloping dreary duet."—
Castle of Andalustia.

The Duke is the lad to frighten a lass,
Galloping, dreary Duke;
The Duke is the lad to frighten a lass,
He's an ogre to meet, and the devil to pass,
With his charger prancing,
Grim eye glaring,
Chin, like a Muffin,
Grizzled and tubby,
Galloping, dreary Duke.

Ye misses, beware of the neighbourhood
Of this galloping, dreary Duke;
Avoid him, all who see no good
In being run o'er by a Prince of the Blood.
For, surely, no nymph is
Fond of a grim phiz,
And of the married,
Whole crowds have miscarried
At sight of this dreary Duke.

EPITCLE FROM ERASMUS ON EARTH TO CICERON IN THE SHADIES.

Southampton.
As 'tis now, my dear Tully, some weeks since I started
By railroad, for earth, having vowed, ere we parted,
To drop you a line, by the Dead-Letter post,
Just to say how I thrive, in my new line of ghost,
And bow deeply your love, which I've receiv'd to all appears,
To a man who's been dead now for three hundred years.
I take up my pen, and, with news of this earth,
Hope to waken, by tuors, both your spleen and your mirth.

In my way to these shores, taking Italy first,
Lest the change from Elysium too sudden should bode,
I forlorn not to visit those haunts where, of yore,
You took lessons from Cetus in cookery's lore,
'Thumb' side from the calls of the rostrum and Muse,
To discuss the rich merits of rats and stews,
And prefer'd to all honours of triumph or trophy,
A supper on prawns with that rogue, little Sophy.

Having dwelt on such classical musings awhile,
I set off, by a steam-boat, for this happy isle,
(A conveyance you never, I think, said'd by my Tully,
And therefore, yonder, I'll describe it more fully.)
Having heard, on the way, what distresses me greatly,
That England's o'er-run by idolaters lately,
Stark, staring adores of wood and stone,
Who will let neither stick, stone, or statue alone.

Such the sad news I heard from a tall man in black,
Who from sports continental was hurry'd back,
To look after his tithes;—seeing, doubtless, it would follow,
That, just as, of old, your great idol, Apollo,
Devout'd all the rouths, 3 so the idols in question,
These wond and stone gods, may have equal digestion,
And that idolatrous crew, whom this Rector despises,
May eat up the tithe-pig which he idliz'd.

London.
'Tis all but too true,—grim Idolatry reigns,
In full pomp, over Eng and its lost cities and plains!
On arriving just now, as my first thought and care
Was, as usual, to seek out some near House of Prayer,
Some calm, holy spot, fit for Christians to pray on,
I was shewn to,—what think you?—a downright Pantheon!
A grand, pillar'd temple, with niches and b 'lly,
Full of idols and gods, which they nickname St. Paul's;
Though 'tis clearly the place where the idolatrous crew,
Whom the Rector complain'd of, their dark rites pursue;
And, amongst all the 'strange gods' Abraham's father carved out,
That he ever carved stranger than these I never doubt.

Were it ev'n, my dear Tully, your Hebes and Graces,
And such pretty things, that usurp'd the Saints' places,
I shouldn't much mind,—for, in this classic dome,
Such folks from Olympus would feel quite at home.
But the gods they've got here!—such a queer omnium gatherum
Of misbegotten things, that no poet would father 'em;—
Great Romans, in light, summer-wear for the skies,—
Old I names, turn'd to stone, to his no small surprise,
Father Nile, too,—a portrait, (in spite of what's said,
That in mortal eye yet got a glimpse of his head;)
And a Ganges, which India would think somewhat fat for;
Unless it was some full-grown Director had set for 't;—
Not to mention the id'aters of Genii and Sphinxes,
Fame, Viol'ry, and all other such semi-clad minxes;—
Sea Captains,—the idols here most idolised;
And of whom some, alas! might too well be comprised
Among ready-made Saints, as they died cannonized;

4 See his Letters to Friends, lib. ix. epist. 19, 20, &c.
5 Ingenuum squillarum cum Sophia Septimae—
Lib. ix. epist. 10.
3 Tithes were paid to the Pythian Apollo.
4 See Dr. Wessman's learned and able letter to Mr. Foynder.
6 Joshua, xxiv. 2.
7 Captains Musse, Riu, &c. &c.
With a multitude more of odd cockneyfied deities, 
Shrined in such pomp that quite shocking to see it is;  
Nor knew I what better the Rector could do  
Than to shrine there his own beloved quadruped too;  
As next surely a tithe-pug, whatever the world thinks, is  
A much fitter beast for a church than a Sphinx is.  

But I'm call'd off to dinner—grace just has been said,  
And my host waits for nobody, living or dead.  

LINES  
ON THE DEPARTURE OF LORDS C—S—T—R—GH AND ST—W—PT FOR THE CONTINENT.  
At Paris’ et Fratres, et qui rupere sub illis  
Vix tenere manus (seis hoc, Meuctae) metandas.  

Go, Brothers in wisdom — go, bright pair of Peers,  
And may Cupid and Fame fan you both with their pinions!  
The one, the best lover we have — of his years,  
And the other Prime Statesman of Britain’s dominions.  

Go, Hero of Chancery, blest with the smile  
Of the Misses that love, and the monarchs that prize thee;  
Forget Mrs Ang — to T—yl—r awhile,  
And all tailors but him who so well damnifies thee.  

Never mind how thy juniors in gallantry scoff,  
Never heed how perverse allidavits may thwart thee,  
But show the young Misses thou’rt scholar enough  
To translate “Amor Fortis” a love, about justly!  

And sure ‘tis no wonder, when, fresh as young Mars,  
From the battle he came, with the Orders you’d earned in’t,  
That sweet Lady Fanny should cry out 4 my stars!”  
And forget that the Moon, too, was some way concerned in’t.  

For not the great R—g—t himself has endur’d  
(Though I’ve seen him with badges and orders all shine,)  
Till he look’d like a house that was over inured  
A much heavier burden of glories than thine.  

And ‘tis plain, when a wealthy young lady so mad is,  
Or any young ladies can so go astray.  
As to marry old Dandies that might he their daddies,  
The stars are in fault, my Lord St—w—r, not they!  

Thou, ton, to’other brother, thou Tully of Tories,  
Thou Minotip Cicero, over whose lips  
Such a smooth rigmarole about “monarchs,” and “glories,”  
And “mudlidge,” and “features,” like syllabub slips.  

This and the following quatrains must have been written about the year 1815-16, have been by some oversight misplaced.  

Ovid is mistaken in saying that it was “at Paris” these rapacious transactions took place — we should read “at Vienna.”  

“When weak women go astray,  
The stars are more in fault than they.”  

It is thus the noble lord pronounces the word “knowledge”—deriving it, as far as his own share is concerned, from the Latin, “nullius.”  

Go, haste, at the Congress pursue thy vocation  
Of adding fresh sums to this National Debt of ours,  
Leaguimg with Kings, who, for mere recreation,  
Break promises, fast as your Lordship breaks metaphors.  
Fare ye well, fare ye well, bright Pair of Peers,  
And may Cupid and Fame fan you both with their pinions!  
The one, the best lover we have — of his years,  
And the other, Prime Statesman of Britain’s dominions.  

TO THE SHIP  
IN WHICH LORD C—ST—R—GH SAILLED FOR THE CONTINENT.  
imitated from Horace, lib. i. ode 3.  

So may my Lady’s prayer prevail,  
And C—n—g—t too, and lucid Br—gge’s,  
And Eld—n beg a favourable gale  
From Eolus, that older Bag,  
To speed thee on thy destined way,  
Oh, ship, that hast our C—r—g—th,  
Our gracious R—g—t’s better half  
And, therefore, quarter of a King —  
(As Van, or any other elf,  
May find, without much figuring)  
Wif’ him, oh, ye kindly breezes,  
Waft this Lord of place and pelf,  
Anywhere his Lordship please,  
Though ‘t were to Old Nick himself!  

Oh, what a face of brass was his!  
Who first at Congress show’d his phiz —  
To sign away the Rights of Man  
To Russian threats and Austrian juggle;  
And leave the sinking African  
To fall without one saving struggle;  
’5mg monsters from North and South,  
To show his lack of shame and sense,  
And hoist the Sign of “Bull and Mouth”  
For blunders and for eloquence!  

In vain we wish our Sea’s at home  
’to mind their papers, desks, and shelves,  
If silly Sea’s abroad will roam  
And make such noodies of themselves.  
But such hath always been the case —  
For matchless impudence of face,  
There’s nothing like your Tory race!  

5 Sic te Diva potens Cyperi,  
Sic fratres Helene, inelia sidera,  
Venturumque regat pater. 

6 See a description of the acon, or Bags of Eolus, in the Odyssey, lib. 10.  

7 Nasiv, quae lide credidum  
Debes Viridum. 

8 Anima dimidium meum.  
9 Illi robor et æs simplex.  
10 Circ tribus erat, qui, &c.  
11 —— praepilem Africam  
Descendam Aquilum. 
12 Audax ommis perpeti  
Geus ruat per vetimum nefas.
SKETCH OF THE FIRST ACT OF A NEW ROMANTIC DRAMA.

"And now," quoth the goddess, in accents jocose,
"Having got good materials, I'll brew such a dose
Of Double X mischief as, mortals shall say,
They've not known its effects, for many a long day."—
Here she wink'd to hersubsitters, and made them steady,
And all wagg'd their fire-tipp'd tails and stood ready.

"So now for the ingredients: first, hand me that bishop!"
Wherein, a whole servy of imps run to fish up,
From out a large servy well, wherein they 'em,
The blackest of all its black dabbler in vennon;
And wrapping up his (test the virus should nurse,
And one "drop of the immortal." Right Rev. 8. 429
They might lose.

In the sheets of his own charges, prayers, reviews,
Pop him into the cauldron, while kindly a burst
From the by-standers welcomes ingredient the first!

"Now fetch the Ex-Chancellor," muttered the dame—
"He who's call'd after Harry the older, by name."—
The Ex-Chancellor echoed her imps, the whole crew of 'em.

"Why talk of one Ex., when your Mischief has two of 'em?"
"True, true," said the bug, looking arch at her elves,
And a double-Ex do they compose, in themselves.

This joke, the sly meaning of which was seen lucidly,
Set all the devil's a laughing mostdecidedly.
So, in went the pair, and (what none thought surprising)
Show'd talents for sinking as great as for rising;
While not a grim phiz in that realm but was lighted.

Will joy to see spirit's so twin-like united —

First, Pitt, the chosen of England, taught her
A taste for fanatic, fire, and slaughter.
Then came the Doctor &c. in our case,
With E—d—n, Ch—l—d—h, &c. &c., &c.
And other deadly maladies.

When each, in turn, had run their rigs,
Necessity brought in the Whig:—
And oh! I blush, I blush to say,
When those, in turn, were put to flight, too,
Illustrous T.—mp. c flew away.

With lots of pens he had no right to. 

In short, what will not mortal man do?

And now, that strike and bloodshed put —
We've done on earth what harm we can do,
We graviely to hev'n at last,

And think its favouring smile to purchase
Oh Lord, good Lord I by — building churches!

Or (plainly to speak) two such birds of a feather,
In one mess of venom thus spitted together.

Here a flashy imp rose — some connexion, no doubt,
Of the young lord in question—and, scowling about,
"Hop! his bery friend, ste-n-ly, would not be left out;"
"As no schoolboy unwis'd, the whole world must act.

"Lord mischief, pure mischief, more dearly than he.

But, no—the wise hog wouldn't hear of the whisper; Not merely because, as a shrew, he eclips'd her, And nature had given him, to keep him still young, Much tongue in his head and no head in his tongue; But because she well knew that, for change ever ready.

He'd not ev'n to mischief keep properly steady; That soon ev'n the wrong side would cease to de-light,

And, for want of a change, he must swerve to the right.

While, in each, so at random his missiles he threw, That the side he attack'd was most safe, of the two. — This ingredient was therefore put by on the shelf,
There to bubble, a bitter, hot mess, by itself.

And now," quoth the bug as he caldron she ey'd, And the tibel's so friendly ransack inside,
"There wants but one seasonning;—so, come, ere I slew 'em,
"By way of a relish, we'll throw in "A John Tuan;"
"In cooking up your mischief, there's no flesh or fish; —
"Like your muddling High Priest, to add zest to the dish."

Thus saying, she pops in the Irish Grand Lama —
Which great event ends the First Act of the Drama.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

Though fam'd was Mesmer, in his day,
Nor less so, in ours, is Dupuyet,
To say nothing of all the wonders done
By that wizard, Dr. Espiridon.
When, standing as if the gods to invoke, he
Up waves his arm, and — down drops Okey! 9

Though strange these things, to mind and sense,
If you wish still stranger things to see —
If you wish to know the power immense
Of the true magnetic influence,
Just go to his Majesty's Treasury,
And learn the wonders working there —
And I'll be hang'd, if you don't see!

Talk of your animal magnetism,
And that wave of the hand so soul resists,
Not all its witcheries can compete
With the friendly beckon towards Downing Street,
Which a premier gives to one who wishes
To taste of the Treasury leaves and fishes.
It actually lifts the lucky elf,
Thus acted upon, above himself;—
He jumps to a state of clairvoyance,
And is placeman, statesman, all, at once!

These effects, observe (with which I began),
Take place when the patient's motion'd in;
Far different, of course, the mode of office ion,
When the wave of the hand's in the out direction;
The effects being here extremely unintent,
As is seen in the case of Lord Blundell, at present;
In whom this sort of manipulation
Has late y produc'd such influence,
Attended with e-a-si-tion irritation,
That, in situ — not to misme his situation —

8 The name of the heroine of the performances at the North London Hospital.
SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS.

It has work'd in the man a transformation
That puzzles all human calculation!

Ever since the fate by which saw
That post I performed on this Lord of Law—
A post so small, none can dub
As it sent Harris B. not the right about—
The condition in which the patient has been
Is a thing quite awful to be seen,
Not that a casual eye could scan
This wondrous change by outward survey;
It being, in fact, the interior man
That's turned completely topsy-turvy:

Like a case that lately, in reading o'er 'em,
I found in the Acta Eruditorum,
Of a man in whose head, whom disclosed,
The whole order of things was found transposed;

By a luxus naturae, strange to see,
The liver placed where the heart should be,
And the spleen (like B.—m's, since laid on the shelf)
As diacast and as much out of place as himself.

In short, 'tis a case for consultation,
If ever there was one, in this thinking nation;
And therefore I humbly beg to propose,
That those reasons who mean, as the rumour goes,
To sit on Miss Okey's wonderful case,
Should also Lord Harry's case embrace;
And inform us, in both these patients' states,
Which art is it that predominates,
Whether magnetism and somnambulism,
Or, simply and solely, mountebankism.

THE SONG OF THE BOX.

Let History boast of her Romans and Spartans,
And tell how they stood against tyranny's shocks;
They were all, I confess, in my eye, Betty Martins,
Compared to George Gr—te and his wonderful Box.

Ask, where Liberty now has her seat?—Oh, it isn't
By Delaware's banks or on Switzerland's rocks;

Like an imp in some conjurer's bottle imprisoned,
She's sily shut up in Gr—te's wonderful Box.

How sung!—instead of floating through ether's dominions,
Blown this way and that, by the "populi vox,"
To fold thus in silence her sincere pinions,
And go fast asleep in Gr—te's wonderful Box.

Time was, when free speech was the life-breath of freedom—
So thought once the Scyldens, the Hampdens, the Throckers,
But mute be our troops, when to ambush we lead 'em.
For "Mum" is the word with us Knights of the Box.

Pure, exquisite Box! no corrupt ion can soil it;
There's Utto of Rose in each breath it unlocks;
While Gr—te is the "Betty," that serves at the toilet,
And breathes all Arabi around from his Box.

'T is a singular fact, that the fam'd Hugo Grotius
(A namesake of Gr—te's—being both of Dutch stocks),
Like Gr—te, too, a genius profound as precocious,
Was also, like him, much renowned for a Box;

1 The technical term for the movements of the magnetized hand.
2 Omnes femer internus corporis partes inverso ordine stationis.—Act. Erudit. 1690.
3 And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
4 Grotd, or Grofe, latinized into Grötius.

An immortal old clothes-box, in which the great Grotius
When suffering, in prison, for views he held,
Was pack'd up meagre, spite of gaoler's ferocious,
And sent to his wife, carriage free, in a Box!

But the fame of old Hugo now rests on the shelf,
Since a rival hath raised all parallel mocks;—
That Grotius ingloriously saw'd but himself,
While ours saves the whole British realm by a Box!

And oh, when, at last, ev'n this greatest of Gr—tes
Must head to the Power that at every door knocks,
May he drop in the urn like his own silent votes,
And the tomb of his rest be a large Ballot Box!

While long at his shrine, both from country and city,
Shall pilgrims triennially gather in flocks,
And sung, while they whisper, the appropriate ditty,
"Oh, breathe not his name, let it sleep—In the Box."

ANNOUNCEMENT OF A NEW THALABA.

ADRESSED TO ROBERT SOUTHBY ESQ.

When erst, my Southby, thy tuneful tongue
The terrible isle of Thalaba sung—
Of him, the Destroyer, doomed to rout
That grim divan of conjurors out,
Whose dwelling dark, as legends say,
Beneath the roots of the ocean lay,
(For place for deep ones, such as they.)

How little thou know'st, dear Sir Southby,
Although bright genius all allow thee,
That, some yeare hence, thy wondering eyes
Should see a second Thalaba rise—
As ripe for ruminos as thine,
Though his havoc lie in a different line,
And should find this new, improv'd Destroyer
Beneath the wig of a Yankee lawyer;

A wit of an "alien," alias man,
Who e're country or party guess who can,
Being Cockney half, half Jonathan;

And his life, to make the thing completer,
Being all in the genuine Thalaba metre,
Loose and irregular as thy feet are—
First, into Whig Fandances rambling,
Then in low Tory doggerel scrambling;

Now love his theme, now Church his glory
(At once both Tory and anna-tory.)
Now in the "Old Bailey-lay meandering,
Now in soft couplet style philosophing;

And, last, in long Alexandrines,
Dragging his wounded length along,
When scour'd by Holland's silken thong.

In short, dear Bob. Destroyer the Second
May fair a match for the First be reckon'd;
Save that your Thalaba's talent lay
In sweeping old conjurors clean away,
While ours at aldermen deals his blows,
(Who no great conjurors are, God knows.)

6 For the particulars of this escape of Grotius from the Castle of Louvenstein, by means of a box (only three feet and a half long, it is said) in which books used to be occasionally sent to him and found when returned, see any of the Biographical Dictionaries.
7 This is not quite according to the facts of the case; his wife having been the contriver of the stratagem, and remained in the prison herself to give him time for escape.
8 Pallida Mors aquo pulsat pede, &c. Horat.
Lay Corporations, by wholesale, level,
Sealed Acts of Parliament to the devil,
Builders the whole Middle Wall—
Seven millions of Paddies, face to face;
And, saying that magic word, himself,
Which erst thy conquerors left on the shell,
Transforms the boys of the Boyte and Lydley
All into fell-cubs, in a july—
Aliens, our souls, every soul of 'em,
Born but for whips and chains, the whole of 'em.

Never in short, did parallel
Bestial two heroes see so well;
And, among the points in which they fit,
There's one, dear Bb. I can't omit.
That hacket, hectoring blade of thine
Dealt much in the Donhamian line;
And 'tis but rendering justice due,
To say that ours and his Tory crew
Damn Daniel most deviely too.

Rival Topics. 2

An Extravaganza.

Oh, W.—ll—ng—n and Stephenson,
Oh, morn and evening papers,
Times, Herald, Courier, Globe, and Sun,
When ye cease our ears to stun
With these two heroes' c. pers?
Still "Stephensum" and "W.—ll—ng—n."
The everlast two
Still don't, from rise to set of sun,
To hear what mischief one has done,
And another means to do:
What bills the banker passed to friends,
But never meant to pay;
What Bills the other will intends,
As honest, in their way;
Bills, payable at distant sight,
Beyond the Greenal axe:
When all good deeds will come to light,
When W.—ll—ng—n will do what's right,
And Rowland pay his balance.

To catch the banker all have sought,
But still the rogue untrapt is:
While 'tis another who I have thought:
Though slippery long, has just been caught
By old Archbishop Curtis 5:
And, such the power of papa crook
The croissor scarce had quivered
About his ears, when, in the Duke
Was a Bull deliver'd!

Sir Richard Birnie doth decide
That Rowland "must be mad."
In private coach, with crest, to ride,
When chases could be had.
And other hero, all agree,
St. Luke's will soon arise at,
If thus he shows off publicly,
When he might pass to private.

Oh W.—ll—ng—n, oh Stephenson,
Ye ever-honoring pair,
Where'er I sit, or stand, or run,
Ye haunt me everywhere.
Though job had thistlenough tough,
Such duplicates would try it;
Till one's turn'd out and other off,
We shall have peace or quiet.

1 "Vain are the spells, the Destroyer\nTreads the Donhamian floor."
Thalatta, a Metrical Romance.
2 The date of this squib must have been, I think,\nabout 1828–9.

But small's the chance that Law affords
Such folks are daily set oil';
And, 'swear the' Old Bailey and the Lords,
They both, I fear, will get off.

The Boy Statesman.

By a Tory.

"That boy will be the death of me."
Matthews at home.

Ah, Tories dear, our ruin is near,
With St.—t—y to help us, we can't but fail;
Already a warning voice I hear,
Like the late Charles Matthews' croak in my ear,
"That boy—that boy will be the death of you all."

He will, God help us!—not ev'n Scrubelius
In the "Art of Sucking" his match could be;
And our case is growing exceeding serious,
For, all being in the same boat as he,
If down my Lord goes, down go we,
Lord Baron St.—t—y and Company,
As deep in oblivion's swamp below
As such "Masters Shallow's" well could go;
And where we shall all both low and high,
Embalmed in mud, a forgotten lie
As already doth Gr—h—a-m of Netherby!
But that boy, that boy!—there's a tale I know,
Which in talking of him comes a-propo,
Sir Thomas More had an only son,
And a foolish lad was that only one.
And Sir Thomas said, one day to his wife,
"My dear, I can't but wish you joy,
For you pray'd for a boy, and you now have a boy,
Who'll continue a boy to the end of his life."

Ev'n such is our own distressing lot,
With the ever-young statesman we have got;
Nay ev'n still worse; for Marver More
Wasn't more a youth than he'd been before,
While our such power of boyhood shows
That, the older he gets the more juvenile he grows,
And, at what extreme old age he'll be seen
His schoolboy course, heaven only knows;—
Some century hence, should he reach so far;
And ourselves to witness it, heaven's condemn;
We shall find him a sort of cod old Parr,
A whipper-snapper Methuselah;
Nay, ev'n should he make still longer stay of it,
The boy'll want judgment, ev'n to the day of it!
Meanwhile, it is a serious, and reflection;
And, day and night, with awe I recall
The late Mr. Matthews' solemn prediction,
"That boy'll be the death, the death of you all."

Letter

From Larry O'Branigan to the Rev.
Murtagh O'Mulligan.

Arrah, where were you, Murtagh, that beautiful day?—
Or, how cause it your reverence was laid on the shelf,
When that poor croaktry, Bobby—as you were away—
Had to make twice as big a Tom-fool of himself.

Thro' both, it went to all civil to live in the burch
A boy so deserving your tenderest affection;—
Two such illustrious twins of the Church,
As Bob and yourself, n'er should cut the connection.

1 "Vain are the spells, the Destroyer\nTreads the Donhamian floor."
Thalatta, a Metrical Romance.
2 The date of this squib must have been, I think,\nabout 1828–9.
If thus in two different directions you pull,
'Faith they'll swear that yourself and your riverend
brother
Are like those quare foxes, in Gregory's Bull,
Whose tails were jointed one way, while they looked
another."

Och bless'd be he, whosoever he be,
That help'd fait Moses to that Bull of a Letter!
Not ven in your seat, though I sometimes make free
At such bull-manufacture, could make him a better.

'The be sure, when a lad takes to forg'ning, this way,
Tis a trick he's much turn'd to carry on gaily;
Till, at last, his "injurious devices," a some day,
Show him up, not at Exeter Hall, but the 'Ould Bailey.

That persons should forge thus appears mighty odd,
And (as if something "odd" in their names, too,
must be)
One forg'ner, of course, was a riverend Doc,
While a riverend Todd's now his match to a T."

But, no matter who did it — all blessings betide him,
For dishin' up Bob, in a manner so nate;
And there wanted but you, Murthagh Yournnean, beside him.
To make the whole grand dish of bull-call complete.

MUSINGS OF AN UNREFORMED PEER.

Of all the odd plans of this monstrously queer age,
The oddest is that of reforming the peerage; —
Just as if we, great dons, with a title and star
Did not get on exceedingly well, as we are,
And perform all the functions of nobodies, by birth,
As completely as any barn noodles on err.

How aces descend, is in law-books drily'd,
But we know aces descend, ready made;
And, by right of our rank in DeBow's nomenclature,
Are all of us, born legislators by nature; —
Like ducklings, to water instinctively taking,
So we, with like quackery, take to law-making;
And God forbid any reform should come o'er us,
To make us more wise than our sires were before us.

The 'Egyp'ans of old the same policy knew —
If your sire was a cook, you must be a cook too.
Thus making, from father to son, a good trade of it,
Possomiers by right (so no more could be said of it),
The cooks, like our lordships, a pretty mess made of it;
While, fam'd for conservatives stomachs, the' Egypt'ans
Without a wary face bolted all the prescriptions.

1 "You will increase the enmity with which they are regarded by their associates in heresy, thus tying these foxes by the tails, that their faces may tend in opp site directions." — Bob's Ball, read at Exeter Hall, July 14.


3 Had I consulted only my own wishes, I should not have allowed this hasty attack on Dr. Tod, who had made its appearance in this Collection; being now fully convinced that the charge brought against that reverend gentleman of intending to pass off as genuine his famous mock Papal Letter was altogether unfounded. Finding it to be the truth, however, of my reverend friend — as I am now glad to be permitted to call him — that both the wrong and the controversy, the Ome and the Palme, should be thus placed in juxtaposition, I have thought it due to him to comply with his request.

It is true, we've among us some peevs of the past,
Who keep pace with the present most awkwardly fast.
Fruits, that ripen beneath the new light now arising
With speed that to us, old conservatives, is surprising,
Conserves, in whom — jotted, for grandmama uses —
I would pause a sunbeam to read anyguesses.
'Tis true, too, I fear, mist the general movement,
Ev'n our House, God help it, is doom'd to improve,
And all its live furniture, nobly descend,
But sadly worn out, must be suit to be mended,
With marvelous among us, like R—— and like
D—— m——.
No wonder ev'ry fixture should learn to bestir them.
And, distant, ye gods, be that terrible day,
When — as playful Old Nick, for his pastime, they say,
Flies off with old houses, sometimes, in a storm —
So ours may be whipt off, some night, by Reform;
And, as up, like Lottet's fam'ly house, through the air.

Not angels, but devils, our lordships shall hear,
Grim, radical phizzes, unused to the sky,
Shall flit round like cherubs, to wash us "good-by;" Whiles perch'd up on clouds, little lips of plebsians,
Small Grotes and O'Conoilles, shall sing to Peacans.

THE REVEREND PAMPHLEETEE.
A ROMANTIC BALLAD.

Oh, have you heard what hap'd of late?
If not, come lend me an ear,
While said I state the precious fate
Of the Reverend Pamphleteer.

All prais'd his skilful jockeyship,
Loud rung the Tory cheer,
While away, away, with spur and whip,
Went the Reverend Pamphleteer.

The nag he rode — how could it err?
T was the same that took, last year,
That wonderful jump to Exeter,
With the Reverend Pamphleteer.

Set a beggar on a saddle, wise men say,
The course he will take is clear;
In that direction lay the way
Of the Reverend Pamphleteer.

"Stop, stop!" said Truth, but with her cry —
Left far away in the rear.
She heard but the usual cry "Good-by;" From her faithless Pamphleteer.

You may talk of the jumps of Homer's gods,
When canting o'er our sphere —
I'll back for a bound, against any odds,
This Reverend Pamphleteer.

But ah, what tumbles a jockey hath!
In the midst of his career,
A file of the Times lay right in the path
Of the headlong Pamphleteer.

Whether he tripped or sh'd there,
Dost not so clear appear;
But down he came, as his sermons flat —
This Reverend Pamphleteer!

Lord King himself could scarce desire
To use such a jockey hath!
Fall much more dead, in the dirt and mire,
Than did this Pamphleteer.

4 The Casa Santa, supposed to have been carried by angels through the air from Galilee to Italy.
Yet pitying parsons, many a day,
Shall visit his silent bier.
And, thinking of the while of Stanhope, say
"Poor dear old Pamphleteer!"
"He has finish'd, at last, his busy span,
And now lies coolly here —
As often he did in life good man,
"Good, Reverend Pamphleteer."

A RECENT DIALOGUE.

1825.

A B. h. p. and a bold dragoon,
Both heroes in their way
Did thus, of late, one afternoon,
Into each other say:
"Dear bicker, quoth the brave hussar,
As nobody denies
That you a wise佐ician are,
And I am — otherwise,
"I fail that in this question, we
Stick each to his own art;
That you're should be the sophistry,
And mine the fighting part.
"My creed, I need not tell you, is
Like that of — p. d. n.,
To whom no harlot comes amiss,
Save her of Babylon;
"And when we're at a loss for words,
If laughing ressembles flout us,
For lack of sense we'll draw our swords —
Get the sole thing sharp about us!
"Dear bold dragoon, the bishop said,
'T's true for war thou art meant;
And reasoning — bless that dandy head!
It is not in thy department,
So leave the argument to me —
And, when my holy labor
Hath lit the fires of bigotry,
Thou'll place them with thy sabre.
From pulpit and from sentry-box,
We'll make our joint attacks,
At the head of my Cossacks,
And you of your Hussars.
So here's your health, my brave hussar,
My exquisite old fighter —
Success to bigotry and war,
The muckel and the mire!
Thus pray'd the minister of heaven
While Y—k, just entering then,
Sno'd out (as if some Clerk had given
His nose the cue) "Amen."

T. B.

THE WELLINGTON SPA.

"And drink oblivion to our woes." — Anna Matilda.

1829.

Talk no more of your Cheltenham and Harrogate's spring,
'Tis from Lethe we now our potions must draw;
Your Lethe's a care for — all possible things,
And the doctors have nam'd it the Wellington Spa.

Other physical waters but cure you in part;
One cobbles your gout — 't other needs your dy
Some settle your stomach, but this — bless your heart!
It will settle, for ever, your Catholic Question.

Unlike, too, the potions in fashion at present,
This Wellington nostrum, restoring by stealth,
So purges the mem'ry of all that's unpleasant,
That patrons forget themselves into rude health.

For instance, the inventor — his having once said
"He should think himself mad, if, at any one's call,
He became what he is" — is so purged from his head,
That he now doesn't think he's a madman at all.

Of course, for your mem'ries of very long standing
Old Chronic diseases, that date back, undaunted,
To Brian Borro and Fitz-Stephens' first landing —
A devil of a dose of the Lethe is wanted.

But even Irish patients can hardly regret
An oblivion, so much in their own native style,
So conveniently plan'd, that, whatever they forget,
They may go on remembering it still, all the while!

A CHARACTER.

1834.

Half Whig, half Tory, like those midway things,
Twixt bud and beast, that by mistake have wings;
A mongrel Statesman, 'twixt two factions nursed,
Who, of the faults of each, combines the worst —
The Tory's softness, the Whig's sweet,
The leveller's rashness, and the bigot's fear,
The thirst for meddling, restless still to show
How Freedom's clock, repair'd by Whigs, will go;
The alarm when others more sincere than they,
Advance the hands to the true time of 'day.

By Mother Church, high fed and haughty dame,
The boy was dandied, in his dawn of fame;
Listening, she smiled, and bless'd the flippant tongue
On whose fate of unborn infants hung.

Ah, who shall point the grandsire's grim dismay,
When loose Reform enticed her boy away;
When should she hear him spin the rable's tone,
And, in Old Sarum's safe, foreclose her own!

Greeting she cried, while tears roll'd down her cheeks,
"Poor, gilt-bonded youth, he means not what he speaks.
"Like oil at top, these Whig presensions flow,
But, pure as lye, runs Toryism below.
"Alas, that tongue should start thus, in the race,
F're mud can reach and regulate its pace! —
"For, once outstripp'd by tongue, poor, lagging mind,
At every step, still further limbs behind.
"But, bless the boy! — whatever his wandering be,
Still turn his heart to Toryism and me.
"Like those old shapes, portrayed in Blake's lay,
With heads fix'd on, the wrong and backward way,
His feet and eyes pursue a diverse track,
While there march onward these look kindly back."

And well she knew him — well for's the way,
Which now hath come, when match'd with from Whigs that way
The self-same changing drops the mask he wore,
And rests, restored, in grimy arms once more.

But whither now, mixt brood of modern light
And ancient darkness, can't thou bend thy flight?
Tried by both factions, and in neither true,
Fears'd by the old school, laught at by the new;

9 The only parallel! I know to this sort of oblivion is to be found in a line of the late Mr. R. P. Knight —
"The pleasing memory of things forgot."

3 "Che dalle reni era torrato 'l volto,
F diietto venirs li convenia,
Perch' el veder dinanzi era lor folio."
SITRICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS.

For this too feeble, and for that too rash,
This wanting more of fire, that less of flash,
Long shall shine not, in isolation cold,
Betwixt two worlds, the new one and the old,
A small and "vex'd Berounches," where the eye
Of venturous seaman sees—and passes by.

A GHOST STORY.
TO THE AIR OF "UNFORTUNATE MISS BAILEY."

1835.

Not long in bed had L—ndh—rst lain,
When, as his lamp burn'd dimly,
The ghost of a broken slant,
Stood by his bedside grimmely.
Dead aldermen, who once could feast,
But now, themselves, are fed on,
And skeletons of may's deceased,
This doleful chorus led on:

"Oh Lord L—ndh—rst,
"Unmerciful Lord L—ndh—rst,
"Corpses we,
"All burnt by thee,
"Unmerciful Lord L—ndh—rst!"

"Avant, ye frights!" his Lordship cried,
"Ye look most ghastly and ghastly!"

"Ah, L—ndh—rst dear," the frights replied,
"You've odd us unpoli'tely.
And now, ugly men! to drive
Dead bodies from your door so,
Who quite corrupt enough, alive,
You've made, by death, still more so.
"Oh, Ex-Chancellor,
"Descriptive Ex-Chancellor,
"See thy work,
"Thorn second Burke,
"Descriptive Ex-Chancellor!"

Bold L—ndh—rst then, whom ought could keep
A wake, or surely that would,
Cried "Curse you all!"—fell fast asleep—
And dreamt of "Small i. Arwood."

While shook, the bodies down stairs.
But, courteous in their panic,
Precedence gave to ghosts of may's,
And corpses aldermanic.
Crying, "Oh, Lord L—ndh—rst,
That terrible Lord L—ndh—rst,
Not Old Scratch
Himself could match
That terrible Lord L—ndh—rst."

And never, till now, a movement made
That wasn't most manifestly retrograde!
Only think—no sweep from the height of day
Majors, nases, chases, and wags away;
To annihilate—never to rise again
A whole race of aldermen,
Nor leave them even the accursed toils,
To keep together their bodies and souls
As a time, too, when snug posts and place
Are falling away from us, one by one,
Crash—crash—like the mummy-cases
Belzoni, in Egypt, set upon,
Wherein lay Pickled, in state sublime,
Conservatives of the ancient time;
To choose such a moment to overset
The few song nuisances left us yet;
To add to the ruin that round us reigns,
By knocking out major's and town-clerks' brains;
By damning all corporate bodies to fall,
Till they leave, at last, no bodies at all—
Nought but the ghosts of by-gone glory,
Wrecks of a world that once was Tory—
Where paralytic cries, like owls unblessed,
Rob'd of their roosts, shall still hunt o'er them;
Nor mayors shall know where to seek a nest,
Till Gally Knight shall find one for them;
Till mayors and kings, with none to rue them,
Shall put all in one common plague,
And the sovereigns of Belfast and Taoiseach
Must join in their brother, Charles Dix, at Prague.

Thus spun I, in my chair alone,
(As above describ'd) till dozy grown,
And nodding sent to my own opinions,
I found myself borne to sleep's dominions,
Where, in, before my dreamful eyes,
A new House of Commons appeared to rise,
Whose living contents, to fancy's survey,
Seem'd to all turn'd topsy-turvy—
A jumble of pulpits—nobody knew
Which was the head or which the queue.

Here, Inglis, turn'd to a sanguine le,
Was dancing in the woods with Hume and Grote;
There, ripe for riot, Recorder Shaw
Was learning from Robuck "Ca-ra!"
While Stanley and Graham, as parricide wenchers
Screamed "a-bas!" from the Tory benches;
And Peel and O'Connell, cheek by jowl,
Were dancing an Irish carminaugil.

The Lord preserve us!—if dreams come true,
What is this hapless realm to do?

ANTICIPATED MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION IN THE YEAR 1836.

1836.

After some observations from Dr. M'Grig, On that fossil relicinum caled Petrihed Wig, Or Pectis iscalphus—a specimen rare Of those wigs, made for an edulion wear, Which, it seems, stood the Flood without turning a hair— Mr. Tomkins rose up, and requested attention To facts less wondrous which he had to mention. Some large fossil creatures had lately been found, Of a species no longer now seen above ground, But the same (as to Tomkins most clearly apparent) With those animals, lost now for hundreds of years, Which our ancestors used to call "Bishops" and "Peers;" But which Tomkins more erudite names has bestowed on, Having called the Peer fossil the Arctioceratodon, And, finding much food under other one's horse, Has christen'd that creature the Epitomeis Vorax. 1

1 Referring to the line taken by Lord L—ndh—rst, on the question of Municipal Reform.
2 These verses were written in reference to the Bill brought in at this time, for the reform of Corporations, and the sweeping amendments proposed by Lord Lyndhurst and other Tory Peers, in order to obstruct the measure.
3 A term formed on the model of the Musodon, &c.
And the moment these geese was fell off, they became
Quite a new sort of creature — so harmless and tame;
That zoologists might, for the first time, maintain 'em
To be near akin to the great Menaguri,
And the experiment, tried so successfully then,
Should be kept in remembrance, when waited again.

S O N G S O F T H E C H U R C H.

N O. 1.

L E A V E M E A L O N E.

A F A S T O R A L B A L L A D.

"We are ever standing on the defensive. All that we say
to them is, "Let us alone." The Established Church
is part and parcel of the constitution of this country.
You are bound to conform to this constitution. We ask
of you nothing more; — let us alone." — Letter in The
Times, Nov. 1858.

Come, list to my pastoral tones,
In clover my shepherds I keep;
My stables are well furnish'd with drones,
Whose preaching invites one to sleep.

At my spirit let no one's scoff,
So they leave but the substance my own;
For, in south, I'm extremely well off,
If the world will but let me alone.

Dissenters are grumblers, we know:
—
Though excellent men, in their way,
They never like things to be so,
Let things be however they may.

But dissenting's a trick I desist;
And, besides, 'tis no axiom well known,
The creed that's best paid is the best,
If the unpaid would let it alone.

To me, I own, very surprising
Your Newmans and Fustey all seem,
Who start first with rationalizing,
Then jump to the other extreme.

Far better, 'twixt nonsense and sense,
A nice half-way concern, like our own,
Where party's mix'd up with sense,
And the latter are mix't left alone.

Of all our tormentors, the Press is
The one that must tears us to bits;
And now, Mrs. Woolfrey's "excesses,
Have thrown all its meagre into his.
The devils have been at us, for weeks,
And there's no saying when they'll have done;
—
Oh, dear, how I wish Mr. Brecks
Had left Mrs. Woolfrey alone!

If any need pray for the dead,
'Tis those to whom post-office falls;
Since wily hath Solomon said,
"This is money that answereth all,"
But ours be the patrons who live;
—
For, no in their glebe they are thrown,
The dead have no living to give,
And therefore we leave them alone.

Though in morals we may not excel,
Such perfection is rare to be had;
A good life is, of course, very well,
But good living is also — not bad.

And when, to feed earth-worms, I go,
Let this epitaph stare from my tomb:
"Here lies the Right Rev. so and so;
Pass, stranger, and — leave him alone."
EPISILE FROM HENRY OF EX—T—R TO JOHN OF TUAM.

Dear John, as I know, like our brother of London,
You've spied all knowledge, both sacred and mundane.
No doubt, in some ancient Joe Miller, you've read
What Cato, that cunning old Roman, once said—
That he never saw two rev'nd soothsayers meet,
Let it be where it might, in the shrine or the street,
Without wondering the rogues, 'twere their solemn grimaces,
 Didn't burst out a laughing in each other's face.

What Cato then meant, though 't is so long ago,
Even we in the present times pretty well know;
Having soothsayers also, who—sooth to say, John—are
No better in some points than those of days gone,
And a pair of whom, meeting (between you and me),
Might laugh in their sleeves, too—all lawm they be.

But this, by the way—my intention being chiefly
In this, my first letter, to hint to you briefly,
That, seeing how fond you of Tuam's must be,
White Menam's at all times the main point with me,
We scarce could do better than form an alliance,
To set these Anti-Church times at defiance:
You, John, recollect, being still to embark,
With no share in the firm but your title 3 and mark;
Or ev'n should you feel to your grandeur inclin'd
To call yourself Pope, why, I shouldn't much mind;
While my church as usual holds fast by your Tuam,
And every one else's, to make it all Swum.

Thus allied, I've no doubt we shall nicely agree,
As no twain can be akin, in most points, than we;
B. th. specimens choice of that mix'd sort of beast,
(See Rev. xiii. 1.) a political priest.
Both mettle some beggar, both rank pamphleters,
Ripe and ready for all that sets men by the ears;
And I, at least one, who would scorn to stick longer
By any gyn'c cause than I found it the stronger,
And who, smooth in my turnings, as it on a swivel,
When the tone ecclesiastical wou'dn't do, fly the civil.

In short (not to bore you, ev'n jure divino)
We're the same cause in common, John—all but the rhino;
And that vulgar surplus, whatever it may be,
As you're not us'd to cash, John, you'd best leave to me.
And so, without form—as the popes won't tarry—
I'm, dear Jack of Tuam, Yours,

EXETER HARRY.

SONG OF OLD PUCK.

"Aad those things do best please me,
That befall posteroresly."—

Puck Junior, Midsummer Night's Dream.

Who wants old Puck? for here am I,
A mongrel imp, twixt earth and sky,
Ready alike to crawl or fly;

1 Mirari se, si augur augurem aspicens sibi temperamenta risu.
2 So spelted in those ancient vehicles which John, we understand, in fact usually quotes:—
   "Had every one Swum,
   You wouldn't have Tuam,
   But I should have Menam,
   And sing Te Deum."
3 For his keeping the title he may quote classical authority, as Horace expressly says, "Pueris servare
Tuam."—De Art. Poet. v. 322. — Chronicle.

Now in the mud, now in the air,
And, so's it for mischief, reckless where.
As to my knowledge, there's no end to it,
For, where I haven't it, I pretend to it;
And, beastly taking a learned degree
At some dull university,
Puck found it harder to commence
With a certain share of indignance,
Which passes one off as learned and clever
Beyond all other degrees whatever;
And enables a man of lively conceit
To be Master of all the Arts at once.
No matter what the science may be—
Ethics, Physics, Theology,
Mathematics, Hydrostatics,
Respiratory or Pneumatics—
Whatever it be, I take my luck,
'Tis all the same to ancient Puck;
Whose head's so full of all sorts of wares,
That a brother inq. old Stanglen, swears
If I had but of late a little munting,
I'd then be perfect— which is flattering.

My skill as a linguist all must know
Who met me abroad some months ago;
(And heard me aside exceedingly, too,
In the moods and tenses of partiez woes.)
When, as old Chambard's shade stood mute
I spoke such French to the Institute
As puzzled those learned thebians much,
To know if it was Sanscrit or High Dutch,
And might have passed with the undersign'd
As one of the unknown tongues of Irving.
As to my talent for ubiquity,
There's nothing I like it in malum antiquity,
Like Mungo (my peculiar care)
"I'm here, I'm here, I'm everywhere,"
If any one's wanted to take the chair,
Upon any subject, anywhere,
Just look around, and—Puck is there!
When slaughter's at hand, your bird of prey
Is never known to be out of the way;
And where'er mischief's to be got,
There's Puck instanton, on the spot.

Only find me to negus and applause,
And I'm your man for any cause.
If wrong the cause, the more my delight;
But I do object to it, ev'n when right,
If I only can vex some old friend by't;
There's a devil—on, for instance,—to worry him,
Fills up my cup of bliss to the brim!

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.)

Those who are anxious to run a muck
Don't do better than join with Puck.
They'll find him bon diable—spite of his phi.
And in fact, his great ambition is,
While playing old Puck in first-rate style,
To be thought Robin Good-fellow all the while.

POLICE REPORTS.

CASE OF IMPOSTURE.

Among other stray flashmen, disposed of, this week,
Was a younger, named Si—n'y, genteely connected.
Who has lately been passing off coins, as antique,
Which have proved to be shams ones, though long unsuspected.

4 Verbatim, as said. This tribute is only equalled by that of Falkebynd to his medical friend, Dr. —
   "Il se connût en tout; et même un peu en médecine."

5 Song in "The Padlock."
The annceis, our readers need hardly be told,
Had a coin they call'd "Talents," for wholesale
demand; 1
And 'twas some of said coinage this youth was so bold
As to lay he'd got, God knows how, in his hands.

People took him, however, like fools, at his word;
And the « talents » (all priz'd at his own valuation)
Were laid for, with exaggerat even more abased,
Than has often distinguish'd this great thinking
nation.

Talk of wonders one now and then sees advertised,
"Black-wans"—"Queen Anne farthings"—or ev'n
"a child's cauld"—
Much and justly as all these rare objects are prized,
"St.—n.—y talents" sound'd them—swans, farthings,
and all!
At length, some mistrust of this coin got abroad;
Even quondam believers began much to doubt of it;
Some rung it, some cobbled it, suspecting a fraud—
And the hard rubs it got rather took the shine out
of it.

Others, wishing to break the poor prodigy's fall,
Said 'twas was known well to all who had studied
the matter,
That the Greeks had not only great talents but
small, 2
And those found on the younger were clearly the
latter.

While others, who view'd the grave face with a
grim—
Seeing counterfeit's pass thus for coinage so massy,
By way of a hint to the doits taken in,
Appropriately quoted Budæus de Âse.

In short, the whole sham by degrees was found out,
And this coin, which they chose by such fine names
to call,
Prov'd a mere licker'd article— showy, no doubt,
But, ye gods, not the true Allie Talent at all.

As th' impostor was still young enough to repent,
And, besides, had some claims to a grandee con-
nection,
Their Worship—considerate for once—only sent
The young Thimblerig off to the House of Correc-
tion.

REFLECTIONS.

ADDRESS TO THE AUTHOR OF THE
ARTICLE OF THE CHURCH IN THE LAST
NUMBER OF THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

I'm quite of your mind;—though these Pats cry
aloud
That they've got "too much Church," it is all con-
sense and stuff;
For Church is like Love, of which Figaro wise'd
That even too much of it isn't quite enough. 3

Ay, duse them with persons, 'twill cure all their
ills;—
Copy Morison's mode when from pill-box un-
daubed he

1 For an account of the coin called Talents by the
ancestirs, see Budæus de Âse, and the other writers
de Re Numism. 
2 The Talentum Magnus and the Talentum Atti-
cum appear to have been the same coin.
3 En fait d'amour, trop meme n'est pas assez. —
Barrière de Scoult.

Pours through the patient his black-coated pills,
Nor cares what their quality; so there's but quan-
tity.

I verily think, it would be worth England's while
To consider, for Faddy's own benefit, whether
'T would not be as well to give up the green isle
To the care, wear and tear of the Church alto-
gether.

The Irish are well use'd to treatment so pleasant;
The harlot Church gave them to Henry Plantag-
geneu.
And now, if King William would make them a pre-
sent,
To other chase lady—ye Saints, just imagine it!

Chief Secs., Lord-Lieutenants, Commanders-in-chief,
Might then all be cull'd from the â episcopal
bendos;
While collec'ts in black would afford some relief
From the bug that reminds one of the old scarlet
wrench's.

Think how fierce at a charge (being practis'd therein)
The Right Reverend Brigadier Ph—ll—its would
slash ou'
How General Bl.—mf—d, through thick and through
thin,
To the end of the chapter (or chapters) would
slash ou'

For, in one point alone do the amply fed race
Of bishops to beggars simulitute bear—
That, set them on horseback, in full steeple chase,
And they'll ride, if not pull'd up in time—you
know where.

But, bless you, in Ireland, that matters not much,
Where affairs have for centuries gone the same
way;
And a good staunch Conservative's system is such
That he'd back even Beazzebubb's long-founded
way.

I am therefore, dear Quarterly, quite of your mind;—
Church, Church, in all shapes, into Erin let be pour;
And the more she rejecteth our medicine so kind,
The more let her repeat it—"Black dog, as before." 4

Let Coercion, that peace maker, go hand in hand
With demure—ey'd Conversion, fit sister and broth-
er;
And, covering with prisons and churches the land,
All that won't go to one, we'll put into the other.

For the sole, leading maxim of us who're inclin'd
To rule over Ireland, not well, but religiously,
Is to treat her like ladies, who've just been confin'd
(Or who ought to be so) and to church her prodig-
ously.

NEW GRAND EXHIBITION OF MODELS
OF THE TWO HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

Come, step in, gentlefolks, here ye may view
An exact and natural representation
(Like Subur's Model of Waterloo 5)
Of the Lords and Commons of this here nation.

There they are—all cut out in cork—
The "Collective Wisdom" wondrous to see;
My eyes! when all them heads are at work,
What a vastly weighty construo it must be.

4 Grant of Ireland to Henry H. by Pope Adrian.
5 One of the most interesting and curious of all the
exhibitions of the day.
As for the "wisdom,"—that may come anon
Though, to say truth, we sometimes see
(And I find the phenomenon no uncommon one)
A man who's M. P. with a head that's M. T.

Our Lords are rather too small, 'tis true;
But they do well enough for Cabinet shelves;
And, besides,—what's a man with creators to do
That make such wavy small figures themselves?

There—don't touch those lords, my pretty ears—
(Aside.)
Curse the children!—this comes of reforming a nation.

Those meddling young brats have so dam'd my peer,
I must lay more in cork for a new creation.

Them yonder's our bishops—'tis to whom much is given,
And whose ready to take as much more as you please;
The seers of old times saw visions of heaven,
But these holy seers see nothing but bees.

Like old Atlas, (the chap, in Cheapside, there below)
'T is for so much percent, they take heav'n on their shoulders:
And joy 't is to know that old High Church and Co.,
Though not capital priests, are such capital-holders.

There's one on 'em, FH'-llp'-is, who now is away,
As we're having him fill'd with combustible stuff,
Small crackers and squibs, for a great gala-day,
When we annually fire his Right Reverence off.

'Twould do your heart good, ma'am, then to be by,
When, bursting with gunpowder, stead of with bile,
Crack, crack, goes the bishop, while dowagers cry,
"How like the dear man, both in matter and style!"

Should you want a few Peers and M.P.s, to bestow,
As presents to friends, we can recommend these:—
Our nobles are come down to nine-pence, you know,
And we charge but a penny apiece for M.P.s.

Those of bottle-corks made take most of the trade,
(At least, 'hang such as my Irish wit summons.)
Of old shickory corks our O'Connells are made,
But those we make shaws and Leftros of, are rum 'uns.
So, step in, gentlefolk, &c. &c.
Da Capo.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF A NEW GRAND ACCELERATION COMPANY FOR THE PROMOTION OF THE SPEED OF LITERATURE.

Loud complaints being made, in these quick-reading times,
Of too slack a supply, both of prose works and rhymes,
A new Company, form'd on the keep-moving plan,
First proposed by the great firm of Catch-tem-bow-cun,
Beg to say they're now ready, in full wind and speed,
Some fast-going authors, of quite a new breed—
Such as not he who runs but who gallops may read—
And who, if well curried and fed, they've no doubt,
Will beat even Bentley's swift stud out and out.
It is true, in these days, such a drug is renown
We've 'em immortal; as rare as M.P.s about town;
And not a Blue's rout but can off-hand supply
Some invalid bard who's insured not to die.
NEW HOSPITAL FOR SICK LITERATI.

With all humility we beg
To inform the public, that Tom Tegg—
Known for his spunky speculations,
In buying up dead reputations,
And, by a mode of galvanizing
Which, all must own, is quite surprising,
Making dead authors move again,
And a devil too much had joined the quadrille; &
And sulphur was smell, and the lamps let fall
A grim, green light over the ghostly ball,
And the poor sham devils didn't like it at all;
For, they knew from whence the intruder had come,
Though he left, that night, his tail at home.

This fact, we see, is a parallel case
To the dinner that, some weeks since, took place,
With the difference slight of head and man,
It shows what a nest of Popish sinners
That city must be, where the devil and Dan
May thus drop in, at quadrilles and dinners!

But, mark the end of these foul proceedings;
These demon birds and Popish feeders,
Some color it will be—to those, at least,
Who've studied this awful dinner question—
To know that Dan, on the night of that feast,
Was sent with a dreadful indigitation;
That ensuys were sent, post-haste, to his priest,
To come and absolve the suffering dinner,
For eating so much at a heretic dinner;
And some good people were even afraid
That Peck's old confectioner—still at the trade
Had poison'd the Papist with orangeade.

Tegg's Hospital has separate wards
Express for literary lords,
Where prose-poets, of immoderate length,
Are nurs'd, when they've outgrown their strength,
And poets, whom their friends despair of,
Are—put to bed and taken care of.

Tegg begs to contradict a story,
Now current both with Whig and Tory,
That Doctor W—rb—l—n, M. P.,
Well known for his antipathy,
His deadly hate, good man, to all
The race of poets, great and small—
So much, that he's been heard to own,
He would most willingly eat down
The holiest groves on Mount Parnassus,
To turn the timber to account!—
The story actually goes, that he
Prescribes at Tegg's Infirmary;
And oh, not only stews, for spite,
The patients in their copy-right,
But that, on being called in lately
To two sick poets, suffering greatly,
This valiant Doctor sent them
So strong a dose of Jeremy Bentham,
That one of the poor bards but cried,
"Oh, Jerry, Jerry!" and then died;
While 't other, though less stuff was given,
Is on his road, 'tis said, to heaven!

Of this event, however unpleasant,
Tegg means to say no more at present,—
Intending shortly to prepare
A statement of the whole affair;
With full accounts, at the same time,
Of some late cases (prose and rhyme),
Subscribed with every author's name,
That's now on the Sick List of Fame.

RELIGION AND TRADE.

"Sir Robert Peel believed it was necessary to originate all respecting religion and trade in a Committee of the House."—Church Extension, May 22, 1830.

Say, who was the wag, indecorously witty,
Who first, in a satire, this libel conveyed;
And thus silly referred to the self-same committee,
As matters congenial, Religion and Trade?

Oh, surely, my Ph—lip—is, 'twas thou didst the deed;
For none but thyself, or some pluralist brother,
Accustomed to mix up the cream with the creed,
Could bring such a pair thus to twin with each other.

And yet, when one thinks of times present and gone,
One is forc'd to confess, on mature reflection,
That 't isn't in the eyes of committees alone
That the shrine and the shop seem to have some connection.
Not to mention those monarchs of Asia's fair land,
Whose civil list all is in "god-money" paid;
And where the whole people, by royal command,
Buy their gods at the government mart, ready made;

There was also, (as mention'd, in rhyme and in prose,)
Gold heaped, throughout Egypt, on every shrine,
To make rings for right reverend crocodiles' noses;
Just such as, my Ph—lip—is, would look well in thine.

The Burmans may not buy the sacred marble in mass, but must purchase figures of the deity already made.—Syria.
SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS.

INTENDED TRIBUTE TO THE AUTHOR OF AN ARTICLE IN THE LAST NUMBER OF THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, ENTITLED "ROMANISM IN IRELAND."

It gilds us much to be able to say, "That a meeting is fix'd, for some early day, Of all such dowers—be he or she—
(No matter the sex, so they dowers be.) Whose opinions, concerning Church and State, From about the time of the Curfew date—
Brauchd'sicklers still for days by gone, And adorning them for their rest of alone—
To whom if we would a leader give, Worthy their tastes conservative,
We need but some nummy-stee man raise, Who was pickled and jotted in Polnody's days; For that's the man, if waked from his shelf To conserve and swaddle this world, like him self.

Such, we're happy in state, are the old he-dames
Who've met in committee, and given their names
(To good hieroglyphics, with kind intent To pay some handsome compliment
To their sister-author, the nameless he,
Who wrote, in the last new Quarterly, That charming assault upon Popery;
An article justly praised by them As a perfect antithetical gem—
The work, as Sir Sampson Legend would say, Of some "fellow the flood couldn't wash away."\(^4\)

The fund being raised, there remain'd but to see
What the dowager-author's gift was to be.
And here, I must say, the Sisters Blue Should'd deliberate taste and judgment too,
For, finding the poor man suffering greatly From the awful stuff he has thrown up lately— So much so, indeed, to the alarm of all As to bring on a fit of what doctors call The Antipapistico-monomania
(I'm sorry with such a long word to detain ye), They've acted the part of a kind physician, By soil'd their gift to the patient's mind; And, as soon as 'tis ready for presentation, We shall publish the facts for the gratification Of this highly-favour'd and Protestant nation.

Meanwhile, to the great alarm of his neighbours, He still continues his Quarterly labours; And often has strong No-Popy hard
Which frighten his old nurse out of her wits. Sometimes he screams, like Scuba in the play.\(^3\)
'Tis seen! Jesuits! Popery! night and day;
Takes the better Devil for Father Deus;\(^4\) And shies at him heaps of High-church pens; Which the Devil (himself a t'ouchy Dissenter) Feels all in his hide, like arrows, enter. 'Stead of swallowing wholesome stuff from the druggist's He will keep raving of "Irish Thuggists;"\(^5\) Tells us they all go murdering, for fun From rise of morn till set of sun, Pop pop, pop, as fast as a minute-gun;\(^6\) If ask'd, how comes it the gown and casque are Safe and fat, and this general massacre— How has it that Pat's own population But swarms the more for this incitement—

\(^\text{1. See Congreve's Love for Love.}\)
\(^\text{2. Beaum Stratagem.}\)
\(^\text{3. The writer of the article has groped about, with much success, in what he calls 'the dark recesses of Dr. Denis' disquisitions.'—Quarterly Review.}\)
\(^\text{4. Pray may we ask, has there been any rebellious movement of Popery in Ireland, since the placing of the Ulster columns, in which something of the kind was not visible among the Presbyterians of the North?—Ibid.}\)
\(^\text{5. "Lord Lorton, for instance, who, for clearing his estate of a village of Irish thuggists," &c. &c.—Ibid.}\)
\(^\text{6. "Observe how murder after murder is committed like minute-guns."—Ibid.}\)
He refers you, for all such memoranda,
To the "archives of the Propaganda." 1

This is all we've got, for the present, to say—
But shall take up the subject some future day.

GRAND DINNER OF TYPE AND CO.
A POOR POET'S DREAM. 2

As I sat in my study, lone and still,
Thinking of Sergeant Tallow's Bull,
And the speech by Lawyer Sugden made
In spirit eulogial, for "the Trade"—
Sudden I sunk to sleep, and, lo,
Upon Fancy's neverless night-mare fitting,
I found myself, in a second or so,
At the table of Messrs. Type and Co.

With a greatly group of diners sitting;
All in the printing and publishing line,
Drest, I thought, extremely fine,
And sipping, like lords, their rosy wine;
While I, in a state near intuition,
With eat that hadn't much use to spare
(Having just gone into its second edition),
Was the only wretch of an author there.

But think, how great was my surprise,
When I saw, in casting round my eyes,
That the dishes, sent up by Type's she-cocks,
Were all, in appearance, the slope of hooks;
Large foliage—God knows where they got 'em—
In these small times—at top and bottom
And quarters (such as the Press provides)
For no one to read them) down the sides.

There fladd'd a horrid thought on my brain,
And I said to myself, "tis all too plain,
'Like those, well known in school quotations,
'Who are up for dinner their own relations,
'I see now, before me, smoking here,-'
'The bodies and bones of my brethren dear;
'Bright songs of the lyrical and epic Muse,
'All cut up in cutlets, or hash'd in stews;
'Their works, a light through ages to go,—'
'Then shake up by Type and Co.'

While thus I moralized, on they went,
Finding the fare most excellent;
And all so kindly, brother to brother,
Helping the tidbits to each other—
'A slice of Southern let me send you —'
'This end of Campbell I recommend you —'
'And here, my friends, is a treat indeed,
The immortal Wordsworth incarcerated.' 3

Thus having the commorants fed some time,
Upon joints of poetry—all of the prime—
With also (as Type in a whisper covertly)
"Cold prose on the sideboard, for such as prefer'd it—"
They rested awhile to recruit their force,
Then punch'd, like eates, on the second course,
Which was singeing-bird—merely—Moore and others—
Who all went the way of their larger brothers;
And, numerous now though such songsters be, —
'T was really quite distressing to see
A whole dishful of Toms—Moore, Dibdin, Bayly—
Boldly by Type and Co. so gaily!

Nor was this the worst—I shudder to think
What a scene was disclosed when they came to drink.
The warriors of Odin, as every one knows,
Used to drink out of skulls of slaughter'd foes:

And Type's old port, to my horror I found
Was in skulls of birds sent meretriciously round.
And still as each well-fed cranium came,
A health was pledg'd to its owner's name;
While Type said softly, most general laughter,
"We eat them up first, then drink to them after."

There was no standing this—incense I broke
From my bounds of sleep, and indignant woke,
Exclaiming, "Oh shades of other times,
Whose voices still sound, like deathless chimes"
"Could you ever have foretold a day would be,
When a dreamer of dreams should live to see
A party of sleek and honest John Bulls
Hobnobbing each other in poets' skulls?"

CHURCH EXTENSION.
TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

Sir—A well-known classical traveller, while employed in exploring, some time since, the supposed site of the Temple of Diana of Ephesus, was so fortunate, in the course of his researches, as to light upon a very ancient bark manuscript, which has turned out, on an examination, to be part of an old Ephesian newspaper—a newspaper published, as you will see, so far back as the time when Demetrus, the great Shrine-Extender, 4 flourished. I am, sir, yours, &c.

EPHESIAN GAZETTE.

Second edition.

Important event for the rich and religious
Great Meeting of Silversmiths held in Queen Square;

Church Extension, their object,—the excitement predigions—
Demetrus, head man of the craft, lacks the chair!

Third edition.

The Chairman still up, when our dev'nt came away;
Having prefaced his speech with the usual state prayer;
That the Three-headed Diana 5 would kindly, this day,
Take the Silversmiths' Company under her care.

Being ask'd by some low, unestablish'd divines,
"When your churches are up, where are flocks to be got?"
He manfully answer'd, "Let us build the shrines, 6
'And we care not if flocks are found for them or not."

He then added—to show that the Silversmiths' Guild Were above all confid and intolerant views—
"Only pay through the nose to the altars we build,
'You may pay through the nose to what altars you choose."

3 "For a certain man named Demetrus, a silversmith, which made shrines for Diana, brought no small gain unto the craftsmen; whom he called together with the workmen of like occupation, and said, Sirs, ye know that by this craft we have our wealth."—Acts, xix.
4 Tria Virgini or Diana.
5 The "shrines" are supposed to have been small churches, or chapels, adjoining to the great temples;—"aedicula, in quibus statue repromuneratur."—Erasmus.

* * *

SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS.

And for the question of Copyright.

* * *
This tolerance, rare from a shrine-dealer’s lip
(Though a tolerance mix’d with due taste for the ill)—
So much charm’d all the holders of scriptural scrip,
That their shouts of “Hear!” “Hear!” are:—
re-echoing still.

Fourth edition.

Great stir in the Shrine Market! altars to Phoebus
Are going dog cheap — may be had for a trifle,
Old Dian’s, as usual, oursell all the rest;—
But Venus’s also are much in request.

LATEST ACCOUNTS FROM OLYMPUS.

As news from Olympus has grown rather rare,
Since bard, in their cruises, have ceased to touch there,
We extract for our readers the intelligence given,
In our last accounts from that Credentia Heaven —
That realm of the By-gones, where still sit in state,
Old god heads and nod-heads, now long out of date.

Jove himself, it appears, since his love-days are o’er,
Seems to find immortality a bore;
Though he still asks for news of earth’s exapers and crimes.
And reads daily his old fellow-Thund’rer, the Times,
He and Vulcan, it seems, by their wives still hen-pick’d are,
And kept on a stunted allowance of nectar.

Old Phoebus, poor lad, has given up inspiration,
And pack’d off to earth on a pugil-scramble.
The fact is, he found his old shrines had grown dim,
Since bard look’d to Bentley and Colburn, not him.
So, he sold off his stud of androcast-negs,
Came incog. down to earth, and now wields for the Nags:
Taking care that his work not a gleam hath to linger in’t,
From which men could guess that the god had a finger in’t.

There are other small facts, well deserving attention,
Of which our Olympic despatches make mention.
Poor Bucephus is still very ill, they allege,
Having never recover’d the Temperance Pledge,
“Why, the Irish!” he is cried to — those I look’d to the most!
“If they give up the spirit, I give up the ghost!”
While Manius, who use’d of the gills to make fun,
Is turn’d Socialist now, and declares there are none.

But these changes, though curious, are all a mere farce
Compared to the new “casus bellorum” of Mars.
Who, for years, has been suffering the horrors of quiet,
Uncheer’d by one glimmer of bloodshed or riot!
In vain from the clouds his belligerent brow
Did pop forth, in hopes that somewhere or some how,
Like Pat-a-tack, he might “creak up a row!”
But the joke wouldn’t take — the whole world had got wise.
Men look’d not to take a Great Gun for adviser;
And, still less, to march in fine clothes to be shot,
Without very well knowing for whom or for what.
The French, who of slaughter had had their full swing,
Were content with a shot, now and then, at their King;
While, in England, good fighting’s a pastime so hard to gain,
Nobody’s left to fight with, but Lord C—rd—g—n.

T’is needless to say, then, how monstrously happy
Old Mars has been made by what’s now on the topis;
How much it delights him to see the French rally,
In Liberty’s name, around Mehemet Ali;
Well knowing that Satan himself could not find
A confection of mischief much more to his mind
Than the old Bonnet Rouge and the Bashaw comb’d.
Right well, too, he knows, that there never were attackers,
Whatever their cause, that they didn’t find backers;
While any slight care for Humanity’s woes
May be snatched by that “Art Diplomatique,” which shows
How to come, in the most approv’d method, to blows.

This is all, for to-day — whether Mars is much vex’d
At his friend Thiers’ exit, we’ll know by our next.

THE TRIUMPHS OF FARCE.

Our earth, as it rolls through the regions of space,
Wears always two faces, the dark and the sunny;
And poor human life runs the same sort of race.
Being sad, on one side — on the other side, funny.

Thus oft we, at eve, to the Haymarket heie,
To weep o’er the woes of Macready; — but scarce
Hath the tear-drop of Tragedy passed from the eye,
When, lo, we’re all laughing in his at the Farce.

And still let us laugh — preach the world as it may—
Where the cream of the joke is, the swarm will soon follow;
Heroes are very grand things, in their way,
But the laugh at the long run will carry it hollow.

For instance, what sermon on human affairs
Could equal the scene that took place ’twixt other day
’Twas Roma and Louis Philippe, on the stairs —
The sublime and ridiculous meeting half-way!

Yes, Jove! gry god, whom the Gentiles supplied,
And whose worship not evil among Christians de-clines,
Be in our senate thou hast languished since Sheridan died,
But Sydney still keeps thee alive in our shrines.

Rare Sydney! thrice honourn’d the stall where he sits,
And be his ev’ry honour he deigneth to climb at!
Had England a hierarchy form’d all of wis,
Whom Sydney would England proclaim as its prince?

And long may he flourish, frank, merry, and brave —
A Heretic to hear, and a Faschal to read;
While he laughs, all is safe, but, when Sydney grows grave,
We shall then think the Church is in danger indeed.

Meanwhile, it much glad’s us to find he’s preparing
To teach other bishops to “seek the right way,” 2
And means shortly to treat the whole French to an airing,
Just such as he gave to Charles James’ other day.

1 Some parts of the Provinciales may be said to be of the highest order of jest d esprit, or squibs.
2 “This stroll in the metropolis is extremely well contrived for your Lordship’s speech; but supposing, my dear Lord, that instead of going E. and N. E. you had turned about, I &c. — Sydney Smith’s Let it Letter to the Bishop of London.”
THOUGHTS ON PATRONS, PUFFS AND OTHER MATTERS.

IN AN EPISTLE FROM T. M. TO S. R.

What, thou, my friend! a man of rhymes,
And, better still, a man of gumes,
To talk of "patrons," in these times,
When authors thrive, like spinning-jennies,
And Arkwright's twist and pulover's page
Alike may laugh at patronage!

No, no — those times are past away,
When, down'd in upper rooms to star it,
The bard incant'd to lords his life away —
the while, my Lord Mountgarret,
No more he begs, with air dependent,
His "little bark may sail attendant"
Under some lordly skipper's steerage;
But launched triumphantly in the how,
Or laced by Murray's self in tow,
Cuts both Star Chamber and the peerage.

Patrons, indeed! when scarce a sail
Is whelm'd from England by the gale,
But bears on board some authors, shipp'd
For foreign shores, all well equipp'd
With proper book-making machinery,
To sketch the morals, manners, scenery,
Of all such lands as they shall see,
Or not see, as the case may be —
It being enjoind on all who go
To study first Miss M.*******,
And learn from her the method true,
To do one's books — and readers, too.
For so this synegy of scurr and nerve
Teaches mankind — "How to Observe!"
And, lest mankind at all should swerve,
Teaches them also — "What to Observe!"

No, no, my friend — it can't be blink'd —
The Patron is a race extinct;
As dead as any Megaron
That ever Duckland built a theory oo.
Instead of bartering, in this age,
Our praise for peace and pardon,
We, au hor, now, move prosperous elves,
Have learn'd to patronize ourselves;
And since all-potent Puffing's made
The life of song, the soul of trade,
More fugal of our praises grown,
We puff no merits but our own.

Unlike those feeble gales of praise
Which erst blew in former days,
Our modern puff's are of a kind
That truly, really raise the wound;
And since they're fairly set in blowing,
We find them the best trade-winds going.
Stead of frequenting paths so snappy
As her old haunts near Aggamppe,
The Muse, now, taking to the till,
Has open'd shop on Ludgate Hill
(Far handier than the Hill of Pindus,
As seen from hard's back attic windows);
And swallowing there without creation
Large draughts of inspiration,
Touches the notes for each new theme,
While still fresh "change comes over her dream."
What steam is on the deep — and more —
Is the vast power of Puff on shore;
Which jumps to glory's future tenses
Before the present ev'n commences;
And makes "immortal" and "divine" of us
Before the world has read one line of us.

In old times, when the God of Song
Drove his own two-horse team along,
Carrying inside a bard or two,
Book'd for posterity "all through;" —
Their luggage, a few old jack'd rhyme,
(like yours, my friend,) for after-tunes —
So slow the pull to Fame's abode,
That folk's oft slept upon the road; —
And Homer's self, sometimes, they say,
Took to his nightcap on the way.

Ye Gods! how different is the story
With our new glib hopping sons of glory,
Who, scoring all such slack and slow time,
Dash to posterity in no time;
Raise but one general blast of Puff
To start your author — that's enough.
In vain the critics, set to watch him,
Try at the starting-post to catch him:
He's off — the pullers carry it hollow —
The critics, if they please, may follow.
For they've laid down their first positions,
He's fairly blown through six editions
In vain doth Edinburgh dispense
Her blue and yellow pse fience
(That plague so asawful in my time
To young and touchy sons of rhyme) —
The Quarterly, at three months' date,
To catch the Unread One, comes too late;
And nonsense, litter'd in a hurry,
Becomes "immoral," spite of Murray.

But, bless me! — while I thus keep foiling
I hear a voice cry, "Dinner's cooling,"
That postman, too, (who, truth to tell,
Mong men of letters bears the bell,) —
Keeps ringing, ringing, so infernally
That I must stop —
Yours sempiternally.

THOUGHTS ON MISCHIEF

BY LORD ST.-NL.-Y.

(HIS FIRST ATTEMPT IN VERSE.)

"Evil, be thou my good." — Milton.

How various are the inspirations
Of different men, in different nations!
As genius prompts to good or evil,
Some call the Muse, some raise the devil.
Old Socrates, that pink of sages,
Kept a pet demon, on board wages,
To go about with him inque,
And sometimes give his was a jog,
So L—nd —st, in our day, we know,
Keeps fresh relays ofimps,1 up,
To forward, from that nameless spot,
His inspirations, hot and hot.

But, next as are old L—nd—st's dinners
Beyond ev'n Heekeate's "hell-broth" brewings—
Had I, Lord Stanley, but my will,
I'd show you mischief prettier still;
Mischief, combining by-hond's tricks
With age's surest polities;
The archic's freaks, the vetrade gall,
Both duly mix'd, and matchless all;
A compound nought in history reaches
But Machiavel, when first in breeches!

1 Quaundoque bonus dormitat Hominus. — Horat.
Yes, Mischief, Goddess multiform,
Whence'er thou, witch-like, ru'dst the storm,
Let Stanley ride cockhorse behind thee —
No livelier jockey could they find thee.
And, Goddess, as I'm well aware,
Sneak'st's done, you care not where,
I own, it will most my fancy tickle
In Faddyland to play the Pickle;
Having got credit for inventing
A new, brisk method of tormenting
A way, they call the Stanley fashion,
Which puts all Ireland in a passion;
So neat it hits the mixture due
Of injury and insult too;
So legibly it bears upon
The stamp of Stanley's breezy front.

Ireland, we're told, means land of Ire,
And why she's so, none need inquire,
Who sees her millions, martial, manly,
Spal upon thus by me, Lord Ste-ni—
Already in the breeze I scent
The whiff of coming devilment;
Of strife, to me more striving far
Than the Opium or the Sulphur war,
Or any such drug ferment there.
Yes — sweeter to this Tory soul
Than all such pests, from pole to pole,
Is the rich, "swelter'd venom" got
By stirring Ireland's lightweight pot?
And, thanks to practice on that land,
I stir it with a master-hand.

Again thou'll see, when forth hath gone
The Wat-Church-cry, "Oh, Stanley, on!"
How Caravals and shanavests
Shall swarm from out those mountain nests,
With all their merry moonlight brothers,
To whom the Church (step-dame to others)
Hath been the best of nursing mothers.
Again o'er Erin's rich domain
Shall Rock£tes and right reverends reign;
And both, exempt from vulgar toil,
Between them share that thistleb Hàil;
Fuzzling ambition which to climb at,
The post of Captain, or of Prime.

And so, long life to Church and Co.—
Hurrall for mischief! — here we go.

EPISTLE FROM CAPTAIN ROCK TO LORD L—NDH—T.

Dear L—ndh—t, — you'll pardon my making thus free,
But form is all fudge twixt such "conronans" as we,
Who, whale'er the smooth views we, in public, may drive at,
Have both the same praiseworthy object, in private—
Namely, never to let the old regions rot,
Where Rock has long reigned, have one instant of quiet,
But keep Ireland still in that liquid we've taught her
To love more than meat, drink, or clothing — hot water.

All the difference betwixt you and me, as I take it,
Is simply, that you make the law and I break it; and
And never, of big-vegs and small, were there two
Players' ways so unlike where 'tis bold as we do; as
Lissomuch, that the laws you and yours manufacture,
Seem all made express for the Rock-boys to fracture.
Not Birmingham's self — to her shame be it spoken —
E'er made things more neatly contrived be broken;

And hence, I confess, in this bland religious
The brokage of laws—and of heads is prodigious.

And long may it thrive, my Ex-Twig, say I,—
Though, of late, much I feared all our fun was done by;
As, except when some tithe-hunting partisan showed sport,
Some rector — a cool hand at pistols and ports,
Who "keeps dry" his powder, but never himself
One who, leaving his Bible to rust on the shelf,
Seeds his innocent texts home, in the shape of ball-cartridges,
Shooting his "dearly beloved," like partridges;—
Except when some hero of this sort turned out,
Or the Exchequer sent, flaming, its title-writes—
A contrivance more neat, I may say, without flattering,
Than e'er yet was thought of for bloodshed and battery;
So neat, that even I might be proud, I allow,
To have hit off so rich a receipt for a rope; —
Except for such rks turning up, now and then,
I was actually growing the dullest of men;
And, had this blankt hit been allowed to increase,
Might have stored myself down to a Justice of Peace.

Like you, Rectification in Church and In State
Is the thing of all things; I most cordially hate,
If once these curst Ministers do as they like,
All's o'er, my good Lord, with your wig and my pike,
And one may be hung up on 'other, henceforth.
Just to show what such Captains and Chancellors
Were worth.

But we must not despair — ev'n already Hope sees
You're about, my bold Baron, to kick up a breeze
Of the true baffling sort, such as suits me and you,
Who have box'd the whole compass of party right through,
And care not one farthing, as all the world knows.
So we but raise the wind, from what quarter it blows.
Forgive me, dear Lord, that thus rudely I dare
My own small resources with thine to compare;
Not ev'n Jerry Butler, in "raising the wind," durs
Compete, for one instant, with thee, my dear L—ndh—t.

But, hard, there's a shot! — some parsonic practitioners
No — merely a bran-new Rebellion Commissioner:
The Courts having cow, with true law erudition,
Put even Rebellion itself " in commission."
As seldom, in this way, I am any man's debtor,
I'll just pay my shot, and then fold up this letter.
In the mean time, hurrah for the 'tories and Rocks!
Hurrall for the men who free well their flocks! Hurrah for all mi chief in all ranks and spheres,
And, above all, hurrah for that dear House of Peers!

—

CAPTAIN ROCK IN LONDON.

LETTER FROM THE CAPTAIN TO TERRY ALT, ESQ. 3

Here I am, at head-quarters, dear Terry, once more,
Deep in Tory designs, as I've oft been before: —
For, bless them! if it wasn't for this wrong-headed crew,
You and I, Terry Alt, would scarce know what to do; —
So ready they're always, when dull we are growing,
To set our old concert of discord a-going,
While L—ndh—t's the lad, with his Tory-Whig face,
To play, in such concert, the true double-bass.
I had for'd this old prop of my realm was beginning
To tire of his course of political sinning.

3 Exchequer fithe processes, served under a commis-

sion of rebellion. — Chronicle.

3 The subordinate officer or lieutenant of Captain Rock.
THE FUDGES IN ENGLAND.

And, like Mother Cole, when her day was past,
Meanly, by way of a change, to try virtue at first.
But I wrong'd the old boy, who as staunchly derides
All reform in himself as in most things besides;
And, by using two faces through life, all allow,
Has acquit face sufficient for any thing now.

In short, he's all right; and, if mankind's old foe,
My "Lord Harry" himself—who's the leader, we know.

Of another red hot Opposition, below—
If that "Lord," in his well-known discernment, but spares
Me and I—ndh—I, to look after Ireland's affairs,
We shall soon such a region of devilment make it
That Old Nick himself for his own may mistake it.

Ev'n already—long life to such Big-wigs, says I.
For, as long as they flourish, we Rocky's cannot die—
He has serv'd our right robust cause by a speech
Whose perfection of mischief he only could reach;
As it shows off both his and my men's sake,
Both the swell of the wig, and the point of the pike;
Mixes up, with a skill which one can't but admire,
The lawyer's cool craft with the incendiary's fire.

And enlists, in the graves, most plausible manner,
Seven millions of souls under Rocketry's banner!
Oh Terry, my man, let this speech never die;
Through the regions of Rockland, like flame, et il fly;
Let each syllable dark the Law-Oracle utter'd
By all Tipperary's wild echoes be mutli'd,
Till mute shall be heard, over hill, dale, or flood,
But "You're atients in language, in creed, and in blood!"

While voices, from sweet Connemara afar,
Shall answer, like true Irish echoes, "We are!"
And, though false be the cry, and though sense must abhor it,
Still the echoes may quote Law authority for it,
And bought L—ndh—I cares for my spread of dominion,
So he, in the end, touches cash "for the opinion."

But I've no time for more, my dear Terry, just now,
Being busy in helping these Lords through their way.
They're bad hands at mob-work, but, once they begin,
They'll have plenty of practice to break them well in.

THE FUDGES IN ENGLAND;
BEING A SEQUEL TO THE "FUDGE FAMILY IN PARIS."

PREFACE.

The name of the country town, in England—a well-known fashionable watering-place—of which the events that gave rise to the following correspondence occurred in, for obvious reasons, suppressed. The interest attached, however, to the facts and personages of the story, renders it independent of all time and place; and when it is recollected that the whole train of romantic circumstances so fully unfolded in these Letters has passed during the short period which has now elapsed since the great Meetings in Exeter Hall, due credit will, it is hoped, be allowed to the Editor for the readiness with which he has brought the details before the Public; whilst, at the same time, any errors that may have been the result of such haste will, he trusts, with equal consideration, be pardoned.

LETTER I.

FROM PATRICK MAGAN, ESQ., TO THE REV. RICHARD—, CURATE OF—,
IN IRELAND.

Who d'ye think we've got here?—quite reformed from the giddy,
Fantastic young thing, that once made such a noise—
Why, the famous Miss Fudge—that delectable Biddy,
Whom you and I saw once at Paris, when boys,
In the full blaze of buncets, and rivalands, and ais—
Such a thing as a rainbow bath-colours to paint;
Ere time had reduced her to wrinkles and prayers,
And the Flint a decreed retreat in the Saint.
Poor "Ia" hath pop'd off—gone, as charity judges,
To some choice Elysium reserv'd for the Fudges;
And Miss, with a fortune, besides expectations
From some much revered and much-palatial relations,
Now wants but a husband, with requisites meet,—
Age thirty, or thereabouts—stature six feet,
And warranted giddy—to make all complete.

Nota bene—a Churchman would suit, if he's high,
But Socinians or Catholics need not apply.

What say you, Dick? doesn't this tempt your ambition?
The whole wealth of Fudge, that renown'd map of pith,
All brought to the bannner, for Church competition—
 Sole encumbrance, Miss Fudge to be taken there-with,
Think, my boy, for a Curate how glorious a catch! While, instead of the thousands of souls you now watch,
To save Biddy Fudge's is all you need do;
And her purse will, meanwhile, be the saving of you.

You may ask, Dick, how comes it that I, a poor elf,
Wanting substance ev'n more than your spiritual self,
Should thus generously lay my own claims on the shelf,
When, God knows! there never was young gentleman yet
So much lack'd an old spinster to rid him from debt,
Or had enterprize reasons than mine to assail her
With tender love-suit—at the suit of his tailors,

But thereby there hangs a soft secret, my friend,
Which thus to your reverend breast I commend:
Miss Fudge hath a niece—such a creature!—with eyes
Like those sparklers that peep out from summer-night skies
At astronomers' pull, and laugh with delight
To see elderly gentlemen spying all night.
While her figure—oh, bring all the gracefulness things
That are borne through the light air by feet or by wings,
Not a single new grace to that form could they teach,  
Which surmounts in itself the perfection of c; ch;  
While, rapid or slow, as her fairy feet fall,  
The mute music of symmetry modulates all.  

Ne'er, in short, was there creature more form'd to  
Bewilder  
A gay youth like me, who of castles aerial  
(And only of such) am, God help me! a builder;  
Still peopling each mansion with lodgers ethereal,  
And na, to this nymph of the scrap-like eye.  
Lett ing out, as you see, my first floor next the sky.  

But, alas! nothing's perfect on earth — even she  
This divine 
Divine ghost, does odd things sometimes;  
Talks in the evening — looks wise (rather painful to see),  
Isn't already in two County papers her rhymes;  
And rav-es — the sweet, charming, absurd little dear!  
About Anuel's, Byrds, and Keepsakes, next year,  
In a manner which plainly had symptoms portends  
Of that Annual blue lift, so distressing to friends;  
A fit which, though lasting but one short edition,  
Leaves the patient long after in sad distraction.  

However, let's hope for the best — and, meanwhile,  
Be it mine still to bask in the niece's warm smile;  
While you, if you're wise, Dick, will play the gallant  
(Uphill work, I confess,) to her Saint of an Aunt.  
Think, my boy, for a youngster like you, who've a trick.  
Not indeed of rupees, but of all other specie,  
What luck thus to find a kind witch at your back,  
An old goose with gold eggs, from all debts to release ye!  
Never mind, tho' the spinner be reverend and thin,  
What are all the Three Graces to her Three per Cent?  
While her acres — oh Dick, it don't matter one pin  
How she touches the' affections, so you touch the rents;  
And Love never looks half so pleasant when bless him, he  
Sings to an old lady's purse "Open, Seama."  

By the way, I've just heard, in my walk, a report,  
Which, if true, will insure for your visit some sport,  
The rumour'd our Manager means to bespeak  
The Church tumblers from Exeter Hall for next week;  
And certainly ne'er did a queerer or runnier set  
Throw, for the amusement of Christian, a summer set.  
'Tis fear'd their chief "Merriman," C — ke, cannot come,  
Being call'd off, at present, to play Punch at home;  
And the loss of so practis'd a wag in divinity  
Will grieve much all lovers of Jokes in the Trinity;  
His pun on the name Unigenitus, lately  
Having pleas'd Robert Taylor, the Reverend, greatly.  
'Twill prove a sad drawback, if absent he be,  
As a wag Presbyterian's a thing quite to see;  
And, among the Five Points of the Calvinists, none of 'em  
Ever yet reckon'd a point of wit one of 'em.  

1 That floor which a facetious garretter called "le premier en descendant du ciel."  
2 See the Dublin Evening Post, of the 9th of this month (July), for an account of a scene which lately took place at a meeting of the Society of Ulster, in which the performance of the above-mentioned part by the personage in question appears to have been worthy of all his former reputation in that line.  
3 All are punsters if they have wit to be so; and therefore when an Irishman has to commence with a Bull, you will naturally pronounce it a bull. (A laugh.) Allow me to bring before you the Example Bull that is called Unigenitus, referring to the only begotten Son of God." — Report of the Rev. Doctor's Speech June 20, in the Record Newspaper.

But ev'n though depriv'd of this comical elf,  
We've a host of buffoons in Murtagh himself,  
Who of all the whole troop is chief mummer and mimic,  
As C — ke takes the Ground Tumbling, he the Sublime;  
And of him we're quite certain, so pray, come in time.  

— LETTER II.  
FROM MISS BIDDI FUDGE, TO MRS. ELIZABETH.  

Just in time for the post, dear, and monotonously busy,  
With godly concerements — and wondrously wise, too;  
Things carnal and spiritual mix'd, my dear Lizzy,  
In this little brain, till. bewilder'd and dizzy,  
Twixt heaven and earth, I scarce know what I do.  

First, I've been to see all the gay fashions from Towne,  
Which our favourite Miss Gump for the spring has had down.  
Sleeves still worn (which I think is wise), a la folle,  
Charming hats, you de note — though the shape rather droll,  
But you can't think how nicely the caps of tulle lace,  
With the mantoniers, look on this poor sinful face;  
And I muse, if the Lord in his mercy thinks right,  
To we r one at M. Sirz-wigram's to-night.  
The silks are quite heavenly: — I'm glad, too, to say,  
Gump herself grows more godly and good every day;  
He has sweet experience — ev'n doth begin  
To turn from the Gents, and put away sin —  
And all since her last stock of goods was laid in,  
What a ble-sing one's milliner, careless of pearl,  
Shoud thus "walk in newness" as well as one's self I  

So much for the blessings, the comforts of Spirit  
I've bad since we met, and they're more than I  
merit: —  
Poor, sinful, weak creature in every respect,  
Though ordain'd (God knows why) to be one of the  
Eject.  
But now for the picture's reverse. — You remember  
That footman and cook-niad I hired last December;  
He, a Baptist Particular — she of some sect  
Not particular, I fancy, in any respect;  
But dearest, poor thing, to be fed with the Word,  
And "to wait," as she said, "on Miss Fudge and the  
Lord."  

Well, my dear, of all men, that Particular Baptist  
At preaching a sermon, off hand, was the apostle,  
And, long as he stand, do him justice, more rich  
In Sweet savour of doctrine, there never was kitchen.  
He preach'd in the parlour, he preach'd in the hall,  
He preach'd to the chambermaids, scullions, and all.  
All heard with delight his reprovings in sin  
But above all, the cook-niad; — oh, ne'er would she  
fare  
Though in learning to save sinful souls from the fire,  
She would oft let the solas she was dying fall in.  
(God forgive me for putting on points thus of piety!  
A sad trick I've learnt in Bob's heathen society.)  
But ah! there remains still the worst of my tale;  
Come, Astraks, and help me the sad truth to veil —  
Conscious stars, that at ev'n your own secret turn  
Pale down!  
* * * * * * * * *  
In short, dear, this preaching and psalm-singing pair  
Chosen "vessels of mercy," as I thought they were,  

4 In the language of the play-bills, "Ground and Lofty Tumbling."
Have altogether this last week elapsed; making bold
To whiff as much good as both we set could hold—
Not forgetting some scores of sweet tracts from my
shelves.
Two Family bibles a large as themselves,
And besides, from the drawer—1 neglecting to lock
it—
My next morning Mass, done up for the pocket:—
Was there ever known a care so distressing, dear Liz?
It has made me quite ill: and the worst of it is,
When rogues are all pious, 'tis hard to detect
Which rogues are the reprobate, which the elect.
This man 'had a call,' he said—impudent mockery!
What call had he to my lucre and crotchet?

I'm now, and have been for this week past, in chase
Of some godly young couple this pair to replace.
The enclosed two announcements have just met my
eyes,
In that venerable Monthly where Saints advertise
For such temporal comfort as this world supplies;
And the fruits of the Spirit are properly made.
An essential in every craft, calling, and trade.
Where the attorney requires for his practitioner some
youth
Who has 'learned' to fear God and to walk in the truth;
Where the sempstress, in search of employment,
declares,
That pay is no object, so she can have prayers;
And the 'Established' Wine Company proudly gives out
That the whole of the firm, Co. and all, are devout.

Happy London, one feels, as one reads over the pages,
Where saints are so much more abundant than sages;
Where professors may soon all be laid on the shelf,
As each Cit can cite chapter and verse for himself,
And the serious frequenter of market and dock
All lay in religion as part of their stock.


1 "Morning Mano, or British Verse-book, neatly
done up for the pocket," and chiefly intended to assist the
members of the British Verse Association, whose design is, we are told, to induce the inhabitants of Great
Britain and Ireland to combine one and the same verse of Scripture to memory every morning. Already, it is
known, several thousand persons in Scotland, besides tens of thousands in America and Africa, are every morning learning the same verse.

2 The Evangelical Magazine.—A few specimens taken at random from the wrapper of this highly esteemed periodical will fully justify the character
which Miss Fudge has here given of it. "Wanted, in a pious workhouse family, an active lad as an
apprentice."
"Wanted, as housemaid, a young female
who has been brought to a saving knowledge of the
truth."
"Wanted immediately, a man of decided piety, to assist in the baking business."
"A gentleman who understands the Wine Trade is desirous of entering into partnership &c. &c. He is not devious of
being connected with any one whose system of business is not of the strictest integrity as in the sight of
God, and seeks connection only with a truly pious man, either Churchman or Dissenter."

3 According to the late Mr. Irving, there is even a
peculiar form of theology got up expressly for the
nongentile. "I know how far wide," he says,
"of the mark my views of Christ's work in the flesh
will be viewed by those who are working with the
stock-in-thing theology of the religious world."
"Let these preachers," he adds, "(for I will not call them theologians), cry up, broker-like, their article."—
Morning Watch. No. iii. 442, 443.

From the statement of another writer, in the same
publication, it would appear that the stock-brokers
have even set up a new Divinity of their own. "They
shows," says the writer in question, "that the doc-
trine of the union between Christ and his members is
quite as essential as that of substitution, by taking

Who can tell to what lengths we may go in impro-
ving,
When thus thro' all London the Spirit keeps moving,
And heaven's so in vogue, that each shop advertisement
Is now so much for the earth as the skies meant?

P. S.
Have mislaid the two paragraphs—can't stop to look,
But both describe charming—both Footman and
Cook.
She, "decidedly pious"—with pathos deflores
The increase of French cookery, and sin on our
shores;
And adds—(while for further accounts she refers
To a great Gospel preacher, a cousin of her's)
That 'though some make their Sabbath more matter-
of-fund days,
She asks but for tea and the Gospel, on Sundays.
The Footman, too, full of the true saving knowledge;
Has late been to Cambridge—to Trinity College;
Served 'as a young gentleman, studying divinity,
But left—not approving the morals of Trinity.

P. S.
I enclose, too, according to promise, some scraps
Of my Journal—that Day-book I keep of my
heart;
Where, at some short items (partaking, perhaps,
More of earth than of heaven,) thy prudence may
start,
And suspect—something tender, sly girl as thou art.
For the present, I'm mute—but, whate'er may befall,
Recollect, dear, (in Hebrews, xiii. 4.) St. Paul
Hath himself declared, 'marriage is honourable in
all.'

EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY.

Monday.

Tried a new chaise gown on—pretty.
No one to see me in it—pity!

I flew in a passion with Fiz, my maid;
The Lord forgive me!—she's so kind;
But got her to sing the 100th Psalm,
While she curled my hair, which made me calm.
Nothing so soothes a Christian heart
As sacred music—heavenly art!

Tuesday.

At two, a visit from Mr. Magan
A remarkably handsome, young man;
And, all Hibernian though he be,
As civil'd, strange to say, as we!

I own this young man's spiritual state
Hath much engross'd my thoughts of late;
And I mean, as soon as my niece is gone,
To have some talk with him thereupon.

At present, I ought not to do or say,
But that troublesome child is in the way;
Nor is there, I think, a doubt that he
Would also her assistance much prefer,
As oft, while listening intent to me,
He's forced, from politeness, to look at her.

Heigho!—what a blessing should Mr. Magan
Turn out, after all, a 'renewed' young man;
And to me should fall the task, on earth,
To assist at the dear youth's second birth.

Blest thought! and, ah, more bless the tie,
Were it heaven's high will that he and I—

which latter alone the Stock-Exchange Divinity has
been produced."
—No. x. p. 373.

Among the ancients, we know the money-market
was provided with more than one preceding deity—
Doric Pecuniar (says an ancient author) commend-
bantur at pecuni' si essent.
THE FUDGES IN ENGLAND.

But I blush to write the nuptial word——
Should wed, as St. Paul says, “in the Lord?”
Not that world’s wedlock——good, I own,
But pure——as when Auntie married her aunt.

Our ages differ——but who would count
One’s natural sweet life’s amount,
Or look in the Register’s vol’ge page
For a regular twain-born Christian’s age,
Who, blest, privileged! I only then
Begin to live when he’s born again.
And, counting in this way——let me see——
My elf but five years old shall be,
And dear Magan, when the event takes place,
An actual new-born child of grace——
Should Heav’n in mercy so dispose——
A six-foot baby, in swaddling clothes.

Wednesday.

Finding myself, by some good fate,
With Mr. Magan left tete-a-tete,
Had just begun——having struck the fire,
And drawn my chair near his——to inquire
What his notions were of Original Sin
When that racy Fanny's eyes crossed up in
And all the sweet things I had got to say
Of the Flesh and the Devil were whisk’d away!

Much grieved to observe that Mr. Magan
Is actually pleased and amused with Fau!
What charms any sensible man can see
In a child so touchingly young as she——
But just eighteen, come next May-Day,
With eyes, like herself, full of gout but play——
Is, I own, an exceeding puzzle to me.

LETTER III.

FROM MISS FANNY FUDGE, TO HER COUSIN, MISS KITTY——

STANZAS (ENCLOSED) TO MY SHADOW; OR,
WHY?——WHAT?——HOW?

Dark comrade of my path! while earth and sky
Thus wed their claims in bridal light array’d,
Why in this bright hour, walk’st thou ever nigh,
Blackening my footsteps with thy length of shade——
Dark comrade, Why?

Thou mimic Shape that, mid these flowery scenes,
Glist’st beside me or each sunny spot,
Saddening thee as thou goest——say, what means
So dark an adjuration so bright a loth——
Grim goblin, What?

Still, as to pluck sweet flowers I bend my brow,
Thou bendest, too——then risest when I rise;——
Say, make mysterious Thing! how is’t that thou
Thus court between me and those blessed skies —
Diss shadow, How?

[ADDITIONAL STANZA, BY ANOTHER HAND.]

Thus said I to that Shape, far less in grudge
Thy gloom of soul; while, as I linger cried,
To be some Irish echo, faint replied,
Oh, fudge, fudge, fudge!

You have here, dearest Coz, my last lyric effusion;
And, with it, that odious “additional stanza.”
Which Aunt told must I keep, as conclusion
And which, you’ll at once see, is Mr. Magan’s;——a
Most crude, and dark-dragged extravaganza,

And part of that plot in which he and my Aunt are
To stifle the flights of my genius by banter.

Just so it was with Byron’s young eagle-eyed strain,
Just so did they taunt him;——but vain, critic’s, vain
All your efforts to saddle With’s fire with a chain!
To blot out the splendour of Fanny’s young stream,
Or crop, in its cradle, her newly-fledged beam! !
Thou perverse, dear, that, even while these lines I indite,

Thoughts burn, brilliant fancies break out, wrong or right,

And I’m all over poet, in Criticism’s spite!

That my Aunt, who deals only in Psalms, and regards
Messrs. Sterndoll and Co. as the first of all Harold
That she should make light of my works I can’t blame;
But that nice, handsome, odious Magan——what a shame!

Do you know, dear, that, high as on most points I rate him,
I’m really afraid——after all, I——must hate him.
He is so provoking——ought’s safety from his tongue;
He spares no object, ancient or young.
Were you Sappho herself, and in Keepsake or Bijou
Once shone as contributor, Lord how he’d quiz you!
He laughs at allMonthlies——I’ve actually seen
A sneer on his brow at the Court Magazine——

While of Weeklies, poor things, there’s but one he
per se,
And buys every book which that writing may bear,
But I care not how others such sacred may fear.
One spirit, at least, will not bend to his sneer;
And though tried by the fire, my young genius shall burn
As Uninjured as crucified gold in the furnace!
(I suspect the word “crucified” must be made “crucible.”
Before this fine image of mine is producible.)

And now, dear——to tell you a secret which, pray
Only trust to such friends as with safety you may——
You know, and, indeed the whole county suspects
(Though the Editor of my best things rejects),
That the verses said so ____ 27, which you now and then see
In our County Gazette (vide last) are by me.

But it is dreadful to think what provoking mistakes
The vile country Press in one’s proclamations makes.
For you know——if I may, without vanity, think
Though an angel should write, still his devil must print;

And you can’t think what havoc these demons sometimes
Choose to make of one’s sense, and what’s worse, of one’s rhymes.
But a week or two since, in my Ode upon Spring,
Which I meant to have made a most beautiful thing,
Where I talk’d of the “deildrops from freshly-blown roses,”
The nasty things made it “from freshly-blown posies.”
And once when, to please my cross Aunt, I had tried
To commemorate some saint of her cliq’; who’d just died,
Having said he “had tak’n up in heaven his position,”
They made it, he’d “tak’n up in heaven his physician.”

This is very disheartening;——but brighter days shine
I rejoice, love, to say, both for me and the Nieu;
For, what do you think——so delightful: next year.
Oh, prepare, dearest girl, for the grand news prepare——
I’m to write in the Keepsake——yes, Kitty, my dear, To write in the Keepsake, as sure as you’re there!!
THE FUDGES IN ENGLAND.

To other night, at a Ball, it was my fortunate chance
With a very nice elderly Dandy to dance,
Who, it was plain, from some hints which I now and
then caught,
Was the author of something—one couldn't tell
What—
But his satisfied manner left no room to doubt
It was something that Colburn had lately brought
out.

We convers'd of letters-letters through all the quad-
rille,
Of poetry, dancing, of prose, standing still;
Talk'd of intellect's march—whether right it was or
wrong—
And then settled the point in a bold en avant.
In the course of this talk it was that, having just hinted
That I too had Poems which—long'd to be printed,
He protested, kind man! he had seen, at first sight, I
was actually lost in the Keepsake to write.

"In the Annals of England let some," he said,
"shine,
"But a place in her Annals, Lady, be thine!
"Even now future Keepsakes seem brightly to rise,
"Through the vista of years, as I gaze on those
eyes,—
"All letter'd and press'd, and of large-paper size!"
How unlike that, my genius would another,
And how we, true geniuses, find out each other!

This, and much more he said, with that fine frozen gaze
One so rarely now sees, as we slid through the
dance;
Till between us it was finally fix'd that, next year,
In this exquisite task I my pen should engage;
And, at parting, he stoop'd down and kiss'd in my ear
These mystical words, which I could but just hear,
"Terms for rhyme—if it's prime—ten and six
pence per page."

Think, Kitty, my dear, if I heard his words right,
What a mint of half-guinea this small head con-
tains—
If for nothing to write is itself a delight,
Ye Gods, what a bliss to be paid for one's strains!

Having dropp'd the dear fellow a courtly profound,
Of at once, to inquire all about him, I ran;
And from what I could learn, do you know, dear,
I've found
That he's quite a new species of literary man;
One, whose task is—to what will fashion accu-
aton us?—
To edit live authors, as if they were posthumous.
For instance—the plan, to be sure, is the odd-
est—
If any young he or she author feels modest
In venturing abroad, this kind gentleman—other
Lends promptly a hand to the timidest blusher;
Induces a smooth face, brings merit to light,
Which else must, by accident, shrunk out of sight,
And, in short, renders reader's and critics polite.
My Aunt says—though scarce on such points one
can credit her
He was Lady Jane Thimgomb's last novel's editor.
Tis certain the fashion's but newly invented;
And quick as the change of all things and all names is;
Who knows but, as authors, like girls, are presented,
We, girls, may be edited soon at St. James's?

I must now close my letter—there's Aunt, in full
screen,
Wants to take me to hear some great Irvingian
preach.
God forgive me, I'm not much inclined, I must say,
To go and sit still to be preach'd at, today.

And, besides—"It will be all against dancing, no
doubt,
Which my poor Aunt abhors, with such hatred de-
vout,
That, so far from presenting young nymphs with a
head,
For their skill in the dance, as of Herod is said,
She'd wish their own heads in the platter, instead.
There, again—coming, Miss and I'll write more, if
I can.
Before the post goes,
Your affectionate Fan.

Four o'clock.

Such a sermon!—though not about dancing, my
dear;
"T was only on the end of the world being near.
Eighteen Hundred and Forty the year that some
state
As the time for that accident—some Forty Eight:
And I own, of the two, I'd prefer much the latter,
As then I shall be an old maid, and it won't matter.
Once more, love, good-bye—I've to make a new
cap;
But am now so dead tired with this horrid mishap
Of the end of the world, that I must take a nap.

LETTER IV.

FROM PATRICK MAGAN, ESQ. TO THE REV.
RICHARD.

He comes from Erin's speckled shore
Like fervid kettle, bubbling o'er
With hot effusions—hot and weak;
Sound, Humbug, all your hollowest drums,
He comes, of Erin's martyrs
To Britain's well-fed Church to speak.

Puff him, ye Journals of the Lord,
Twin proers, Watchman and Record!
Journals reserv'd for realms of bliss,
Being much too good to sell in this,
Prepare, ye wealthier Saints, your dinners,
Ye Spinners, spread your tea and crumpets;
And you, ye countless Triacs for Sinners,
 Blow all your little penny trumpets.
He comes, the reverend man, to tell
To all who still the Church's part take,
Tales of parsonic woe, that well
Might make ev'n grim Dissenter's heart ache—
Of ten whole Bishops snatch'd away
For ever from the light of day;
(With God knows, too, how many more,
For who in that doom is yet in store)—
Of Rectors cruelly compel'd
From Bath and Cheltenham to haste home,
Because the lites, by Pat withheld,
Will not to Bath or Cheltenham come;
Nor will the flocks consent to pay
Their parsons thus to stay away—
Though, with such persons, one may doubt
If it won't money well laid out—
Of all, in short, and each degree
Of that once happy Hierarchy,

1 With regard to the exact time of this event, there
appears to be a difference only of about two or
three years among the respective calculators. M. Alphonce
Nicois, Docteur en Droit, et Avocat, merely doubts
whether it is to be in 1846 or 1847. "A ce le cpeque,"
he says, "les fidelies peuvent esperer de voir s'efectuer
la parification du Sanculterme."

2 "Our anxious desire is to be found on the side of
the Lord."—Record Newspaper.
THE FUDGES IN ENGLAND.

Which o'dl to ro, in wealth so pleasantly;
But now, alas, is doomed to see
Its surplus brought to hampers presently!

Such are the themes this man of pathos,
Foe of prose and Lord of bath's,
Will preach a day each eye, till you acclam again;
Then, Hort hon. Saints, with your acclaim
Shout to the stars his funeral hymn,
Which Murtagh teas, ere known to fame,
But now is Morton O'Mulligan!

All true, Dick, true as you're alive—
I've seen him, some hours since, arrive,
Murtagh is come, the great Murali—
And 'tis Tuesday, in the market-place,
Friends, to every saint and sinner in 't,
To slate what he calls Ireland's Case;
Meaning thereby the case of his shop,—
Of curate, vicar, rector, bishop,
And all those other grades scribal,
That make men's souls their special traffic,
Though ev'n not a pin which way
The erratic souls go, or they pay.—
Just as some roving country nurse,
Who takes a foundling babe in sickle,
First pop the payment in her purse,
Then leaves poor dear to—such its knuckle:
Enr't o'f these reverend rigs and rolls
Pocket the money—starve the souls.
Murtagh, however, in his glory,
Will tell, next week, a different story;
As each a saint, a dowghty martyr,
Brought to the stake—i.e. a beef one,
Of all their martyrdom the chief one;
Though try them ev'n at this they'll hear it,
If tender and wasn't down with chert.

Meanwhile Miss Fudge, who loves all lions,
Your saintly, next to great and high 'uns—
(A Vicount, be he what he may,
Would cut a saint out, any day),
Has just announc'd a godly rout,
Where Murtagh's to be first brought out,
And shown in his name, week day stale;—
"Frays' half - past seven, tea at eight."
Ev'n so the circular massive orders—
Pink cards, with cherubs round the borders.

Hast, Dick—you're lost, if you lose time—
Spunsters at forty-five grow giddy,
And Murtagh with his tropes sublime,
Will surely carry off old Biddy,
Unless some spark at once propose,
And distance him by downright prose.
That Jack, rich square, whose wealth and lands
All pass, they say, to Biddy's hands,
(The patron, Dick, of three fat rectories)
Is dying of angina pectoris;—
So that, unless you're stirring soon,
Murtagh, that priest of puff and pelf,
May come in for a honey-moon,
And be the man of it, himself!

As for me, Dick—'tis whim, 'tis folly,
But this young niece abounds me so holy.
'Tis true the girl's a vile verse-maker—
Would rhyme all nature, if you'd let her;—
But ev'n her oddities, plague take her,
But make me love her all the better.
True it is, she's a bit sally
With this new rage for rhyming badly,
Which late hath send'd all ranks and classes,
Down to that new Estate, "the masses."
'Till one pursuit all tastes combine—
One common road lead o'er Fannass
Where, sliding in those tempest grooves,
Call'd couples, all creation moves,
And the whole world runs mad in lines.

Add to all this—what's even still worse,
As rhyme itself, though still a curse,
Sounds—better to a chinking purse—
Scarce suppose hath my chaster got,
While I can muster just a good sol.
So that, composing self and Venus,
Tenpence would clear the amount between us.

However, things may yet prove better—
Meanwhile, what awful length of letter!
And how, while heaping thus with gibes
The Pegas of modern scribes,
My own small hobby of farrago
Had beat the pace at which ev'n they go!

———

LETTER V.

FROM LARRY O'BRIAIN, IN ENGLAND, TO HIS WIFE JUDY, AT MULLINAFAD.

Dear Judy, I send you this bit of a letter,
By mail-coach conveyance— for want of a better—
To tell you what luck in this world I have had
Since I left the sweet cabin, at Mullinafad.
Och, Judy, that night!— when the pig which we meant
To dry-souse in the parlour, to pay off the rent,
Juliana, the craythair—that name was the death of her!—
Gave us the ship, and we saw the last breath of her!
And there were the children, six innocent souls,
For their fate little play-fellow tumbling Howls;
While yourself, my dear Judy (though grievin's a foily),
Stud over Juliana's remains, melancholy—
Cryin', half for the craythair, and half for the money,
"Arrah, why did ye die till we'd sowld you, my honey?"

But God's will be done!—and then, faith, sure enough,
As the pig was desacred, 'twas high time to be off.
So we gathered up all the poor duds we could catch,
Lock'd the ould cabin door, put the key in the thatch.
Then took lave of each other's sweet lips in the dark,
And set o'f, like the Christians turn'd out of the Ark;

The six children with you, my dear Judy, oochone!
And poor I wid myself, left condemn'd alone.

How I came to this England, o'er say and o'er lands,
And what cruel hard walkin' I've had on my hands,
Is, at this present writin', too tedious to speak.
So I'll mention it all in a post-crop, next week—
Only starv'd I was, surely, as thin as a leaf,
Till I come to an up - and- down place they call Bath.
Where, as luck was, I managed to make a meal's meat,
By dragnin' ould ladies all day through the street—
Which their doctors (who pocket, like tim, the pound startins),
Have brought into fashion to plase the ould darlings,
Don't a boy in all Bath, though I say it, could carry
The granaries up hill half so handy as Larry;—
And the higher they liv'd, like ould cows in the air,
The more I was wanted to lug them up there.

But luck has two handles, dear Judy, they say,
And mine has both handles put on the wrong way.
For, jondervin', one mor., on a drama I'd just had
Of yourself and the babbes, at Mullinafad,
Och, there came o'er my senses so plain a methair,
That I spilt an ould Coule's right clane in the guttier,

1 The Irish peasantry are very fond of giving fine names to their pigs. I have seen of one instance in which a couple of young pigs were named, at their birth, Absalom and Zelus.
Muff, feathers and all! - the descent was most awful,
And - what was still worse, truth - I knew 't was awful.
For, though, with mere women, no very great evil,
'T upset an old Countess in Bath is the devil!
So, lifting the chair, with herself safe upon it,
(For nothing about her was hid, but her bonnet,)
What could one mention? "By your love, Missan,"
I took to my heels and - here, Judy, I am!

What's the name of this town I can't say very well,
But your heart sure will jump when you hear what befell.

Your own beautiful Larry, the very first day,
(And a Sunday it was, shinin' out mighty gay)
When a brogue to this city of luck found their way.

Peiz' hungry, God help me, and happenin' to stop,
Just to dine on the shnell of a pashty-cook's shop,
I saw, in the window, a large printed paper,
And read there a name, oh! that made my heart captor.

Though printed it was in some quarter A B C,
That might bother a schoolmaster, let alone me.
By gor, you'll have laughed, Judy, could you've but listened,
As, doubtin', I cried, "why it is! - no, it isn't."
But it warn't, after all - for, by spellin' quite slow,
First I made out "Rev. Mortimer" - then a great "O!"
And, at last, by hard readin' and rackin' my skull again,
Out it came, nate as imported, "O'Mulligan!"

Up I jump'd, like a sky-lark, my jaw' at that name,
Divil a doubt on my mind, but it must be the same.
"Musher Murtagh, himself," says I, "all the world over!
My own brother - by jinks, I'm no clover.
Though there, in the play-bill, he figures so grand,
One we-nurse it was brought us both up by hand,
And he'll not let me shavve in the menny's land!"

Well, to make a long history short, never doubt
But I managed in no time, to find the lad out;
And the joy of the meetin' behxuth him and me,
Such a pair of owld crumrages was charmful to see.
Nor is Murtagh less plumb with the event than am,
As he boast'd he was a Valley-de-sham; and,
And, for dressin' a gentleman, one way or t'other,
Your nate Irish lad is bent ever beyond every other.

But now, Judy, comes the queer part of the case;
And, in truth, it's the only drawback on my place.
'It was Murtagh's ill luck to be crowd, as you know,
With an awkward misfortune some short time ago;
That's to say, he turn'd Protestant - why, I can't harp;
But, of course, he knew best, and 't was not my concern.
All I know is, we both was Good Catholics, at nurr,
And myself am so still - anyther better nor worse.
Well, our bargain was all right and tight in a jiffy,
And lads more content never yet left the Liffey,
When Murtagh - or Morthuine, as he's now orshmed,
His name being converted, at last, if he isn't -
Looking'sy at me (faith, 'twas divartin' to see)
Of course, you've a Protestant, Larry," says he.
Upon which says myself, wil a wink just as silly,
"Isn't, 'tis Protestant, 'tis true your love, nay's I;"
And there the chat ended, and divil a word Controversial between us has since then occurred.

What Murtagh could mane, and, in truth, Judy dear,
What I myself meant, doesn't seem mighty clear;
But the truth is, though still for the Ovld Light a stickler,
I was just then too sharvd to be over particular:

And, God knows, between us, a comimer pair
Of two Protestants couldn't be seen any where.

Next Tue-day (as tuild in the play-bills I min-
tioned,
Address'dd to the loyal and godly intention'd),
His rivience, my master, comes forward to preach,

M'self doesn't know whether sermon or speech.
But it's all one to him, he's a dead hand at each;
Like us, Faddys, in gen'ral, whose skill in orations
Quite bothers the blame of all other nations.

Blow, whisht! - there's his Rivirence, show'in' out
"Larry." But a word more warn't will this small paper carry;
So, here, Judy, ends my short bit of a letter,
Which, laix, I'd have made a much bigger and better.

But divil a one Post-office hole in this town
Fit to swallow a decent siz'd billy-dux down.
So good luck to the childer! - tell Molly, I love her;
Kiss O'mahay's sweet mouth, and kiss Katy all over
- Not forgetin' the mark of the red-currant whiskey.
She got at the fair when yourself was so frisky.
The heavvs be your bed! - I will write, when I can again,
Yours to the world's end,

LARRY O'BRIEHTAGAN.

LETTER VI.

FROM MISS RIDDEY FUDGE, TO MRS. ELIZABETH.

How I grieve you're not with us! - pray, come, if
you can.

Ere we're rob'd of this dear, oratorical man,
Who combines in himself all the multiple glory
Of Oranmam, Saint, quanam Pipist and Tory; -
(Choice mixture! like that from which, duly con-
founded,
The best sort of brass was, in old times, com-
bounded)
The sly and the saintly, the worldly and godly,
All fused down in brogue so deliciously odd!
In short, he's a dear - and such audiences draws.
Such loud peals of laughter and shouts of applause,
As can't but do good to the Protestant cause.

Poor dear Irish Church! - he to-day sketch'd a view
Of her hopeful and prospects, to me at least now,
And which (if it takes as it ought) must arouse
The whole Christian world her just rights to espouse.
As to reasoning - you know, dear, that's now of no use.
People still will their facts and dry figure produce,
As if saving the souls of a Protea tattuck were
A thing to be managed "according to Cocker?"
In vain do we say, (when rude radicals Hector
At paying some thousands a year to a Rector,
In places where Protestants never yet were)
Who knows but young Protestants may be born
There?
And granting such accident, think, what a shame,
If they didn't find Rector and Clerk when they came?
It is clear that, without such a staff on full pay,
Those little Church empires must go astray; and,
While fools are computing what Parsons would cost,
Precious souls are meanwhile to the Establishment lost!
In vain do we put the case sensibly thus! -
They'll still with their figures and facts make a fuss,
And ask "If, while all, choosing each his own road,
Journey on, as we can, towards the Heavenly Abode,
THE FUDGES IN ENGLAND.

It is right that seven eighths of the tailors should joy
For one eighth that goes quite a different way?—
Just as it, foolish people, this world, in reality,
A part of the Church's extreme liberality,
That, though dating from Pope in other respects,
She in Catholic money in no way objects;
And so libel her very best Saints, in this sense,
That they've go to be'n at the Catholic's expense.

But, though clear to our minds all these arguments be,
People cannot or will not their curiosity see;
And, I grew to confess, did the poor Irish Church
Stand on reasoning alone, she'd be left in the lurch.
It was therefore, dear Lizzy, with joy most sincere,
That I heard this nice Rev rend Of something we've here,
Produce, from the depths of his knowledge and reading,
A view of that marvellous Church, far exceeding,
In novelty, force, and profundity of thought,
All that living himself, in his glory, e'er taught.

Looking through the whole history, present and past,
Of the Irish Church, from the first to the last;
Considering how strange's its original birth
Such a thing having never before on earth—
How opposite to the instinct, the law, and the force
Of nature and reason has been its whole course;
Through centuries encountering reproach, resistance,
Scorn, hate, execration — yet still in existence!
Considering all this, the conclusion he draws
Is that Nature exemplis this one Church from her laws.

That Reason, dumb-founded, gives up the dispute,
And before the potentious anomaly stands mute —
That, in short, 'tis a Miracle! — and, once begun,
And transmitted through ages, from father to son,
For the honour of miracles, ought to go on.

Never yet was conclusion so cogent and sound,
Or so fitted the Church's weak feet to confound,
For, observe, the more low all her merits they place,
The more they make out the miraculous case.
And the more all good Christians must deem it profane
To disturb such a prodigy's marvellous reign.

As for scriptural proofs, he quite plac'd beyond doubt
That the whole in the Apocalypse may be found out,
As clear and well-ascertained, he would venture to swear,
As any thing else has been ever found there:—
While the mode in which, bless the dear fellow, he deals
With that whole lot of vials and trumpets and seals,
And the case with which vials on vial he strings,
Shows him quite a first-rate at all these sort of things.

So much for theology: — as for the affairs
Of this temporal world — the high, drawing-room cares
And gate-tails of the toilet, which, God knows, I seek,
From no love of such things, but in humbleness meek,
And to be, as the Apostle was, "weak with the weak,"
Then will find quite enough (till I'm somewhat less busy)
In the extracts enclosed, my dear news-loving Lizzy.

EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY.

Thursday

Last night, having nought more holy to do,
Wrote a letter to dear Sir Andrew Agnew,
About the "Do-nothing-on-Sunday Club,"
Which we wish by some shorter name to dub:

As the use of more vowels and consonants
Than a Christian, on Sunday, really wants,
Is a grievance that ought to be done away,
And the Alphabet left to rest, that day.

Sir Andrew's answer! — but, shocking to say,
Being frankly unthinkingly yesterday,
To the horror of Agnew yet unborn,
It arr'd on this blessed Sunday morn! —
How shocking! — the postman's self cried "shame
on t'!

Seeing the immaculate Andrew's name on t'il.
What will the Club do? — meet, no doubt.
'T is a matter that touches the Class Brilliant,
And the friends of the Sabbath must speak out.

Saw today, at the raffle — and saw it with pain —
That those stylish Fitzwigrams begin to dress plain.
Even gay little Sophy smart trimmings renounces —
She, who long has stood by me through all sorts of flounces,
And showed, by upholding the toilet's sweet rites,
That we, girls, may be Christians, without being fright.
This, I own, much alarms me; for though one's religious,
And strict and — all that, there's no need to be hideous;
And why a nice bonnet should stand in the way
Of one's going to heaven, 't isn't easy to say.

Then there's Gimp, the poor thing — if her custom
we drop,
Pray, what's to become of her soul and her shop?
If by saints like ourselves no more orders are given,
She'll lose all the interest she now takes in heaven;
And this nice little "fire-brand, phlegd from the burning,"
May fall to again at the very next turning.

Wednesday.

Mem. — To write to the India-Mission Society;
And send 20l. — heavy tax upon pretty!

Of all Indian luxuries we now-a-days boast,
Making "Company's Christians" perhaps costs the most.
And the worst of it is, that these converts full grown,
Having lived in our faith mostly die in their own,
Praying hard, at the last, to some god, who, they say,
When incarnate on earth, used to steal curds and whey.
Think, how horrid, my dear! — so that all's thrown away;
And (what is still worse) for the rum and the rice
They consumed, while believers, we saints pay the price.

Still his cheering to find that we do save a few —
The Report gives six Christians for Cungnagedoo;
Dristalkhun reckons seven, and four Trevandrum,
While but one and a half left at Coorongoad.
In this last-mentioned place his the barbers enslave'em,
For, once they turn Christians, no barber will shave'em.4

1 The title given by the natives to such of their countrymen as become converts.
2 Of such instances we find innumerable instances in the accounts of the Missionaries.
3 The god Krishna, one of the incarnations of the god Vishnu. One day (335 Bhagwata) Krishna's playfellow complained to Tassuda that he had pilfered and ate their curds.
4 "Rotten wants shaving; but the barber here will not do it. He is run away, lest he should be
To alone for this rather small Heathen amount, Some Pagans, turn’d Christians are tack’d to the account. And though to each Papists, one needn’t go so far, Such fish are worth looking, wherever they are; And now, when so great of such converts the lack is, One Papist well caught is worth millions of Blackies.

Friday.

Last night had a dream so odd and funny, I cannot re-ist recording it here. — Me thought that the Genius of Matrimony Before me stood, with a joyous leer, Leading a husband in each hand, And both for me, which look’d rather queer; — One I could perfectly understand. But why there were two wasn’t quite so clear. 'Twas meant, however, I soon could see, To afford me a choice, —a new exact plan; — And — who should this brace of candidates be, But Messrs. O’Mulligan and Magan? — A thing, I appose, unheard of till then, To dream, of once, of two trillion! — That mundane Magan, too, with wings on his shoulders (For all this pass’d in the realms of the Illust), And quite a creature to dazzle beholders; While even O’Mulligan, feather’d and drest As an elderly cherub, was looking his best. And Liza, you, who know me, scarce can doubt As to which of the two I singled out. But — awful to tell — when, all in dread Of losing so bright a vision’s charm, I grasp’d at Magan, his image fled, Lay a minute, away, and I found but the head Of O’Mulligan, wings and all, in my arms The Angel had flown to some nest divine, And the elderly Cherub alone was mine! — Hengh! — it is certain that foolish Magan Rather can’t or won’t see that he might be the man; And, perhaps, dear — who knows? — if I sought better bewild, But — O’Mulligan may be the man, after all.

N. B.

Next week mean to have my first scriptural read, For the special discussion of matters devout: — Like these sacred, at Pow’scourt, so truly renownd, For the zeal with which doctrine and negs went round;


1 In the Reports of the Missionaries, the Roman Catholics are almost always elosed along with the Heathen. "I have extended my labours, (says James Venning, in a Report for 1831), to the Heathen, Mahomedans, and Roman Catholics." "The Heathen and Roman Catholics in this neighbourhood (says another missionary for the year 1832) are not indifferent; but withstand, rather than yield to the force of truth.

2 An account of these Pow’scourt Conversazions (under the direct presidency of Lord Redan, as well as a list of the subjects discussed. The different meetings, may be found in the Christian Herald for the month of December, 1832. The following is a specimen of the nature of the questions submitted to the company: — "Monday Evening, Six o’clock, September 24th, 1832. — An examination into the quo quis is given in the New Testament from the Old, with their explanations, by our correspondent, "Ecce & Ecce." Wednesday. — Should we expect a personal Antichrist and to whom will he be revealed? Ecce & Ecce. — Friday. — What light does Scripture throw on present events, and their moral character? What is next to be looked for or expected? Ecce & Ecce. — The rapid progress made at these tea-parties in setting points of scripture, may be judged from a para-

Those theology-roots which the pious Lord Redan, That pious of Christianity, first set the mode in; Where, blessed down-pouring 39 from text until nine, The subjects lay all in the prophecy line: — Then, supper — and then, if for topics hard-driven, From hence until bed-time Satan was given; While R—d—n, deep read in each topic and home, On all subjects (especially the last) was at home.

LETTER VII.

From Miss Fanny Fudge, to her Cousin, Miss Kitty.

Irrregular Ode.

Bring me the slumbering souls of flowers, While yet, beneath some northern sky, Until by beams, unseem’d by showers, They wait the breath of summer hours, To wake to light each diamond eye, And let loose every florid sigh!

Bring me the first-born ocean waves, From out the deep primeval caves, Where from the dawn of Time they’ve lain — The Embryos of a future Man! — Unto us came ye, young things, to speak The language of their Parent Sea (Polyp-hydrea), "o main, in Greek), Though soon, too soon, in bay and creek, Round startled eye and wondering peak, They ’ll thunder loud and long as he!

Bring me, from Hecla’s iced abode, Young fires —

I had got, dear, thus far in my Ode, Intending to fill the whole page to the bottom, But, having invok’d such a lot of fine things, Flowers, billows and thunderbolts, rainbows and wings, Didn’t know what to do with ’em, when I had got ’em. The truth is, my thoughts are too full, at this minute, Of past Miss. any new ones to try. This very night’s coach brings my destiny in it — Decide the great question, to live or to die! And, whether I’m beneath immortal or no, All depends on the answer of Simpkins and Co.!

graph in the account given of one of their evenings, by the Christian Herald:

"On Daniel a good deal of light was thrown, and there was some, I think not so much, perhaps, upon Revelations; though particular parts of it were discussed with considerable accession of knowledge. There was some very interesting inquiry as to the quotation of the Old Testament in the New; particularly on the point, whether there was any "accommodation," or whether they were quoted according to the mind of the spirit in the Old; this gave occasion to some very interesting development of Scripture. The progress of the Antichristian powers was very fully discussed." "About eight o’clock the Lord began to pour down his spirit copiously upon us — for they had all by this time assembled in my room for the purpose of prayer. This evening was continued till about ten o’clock. — Letter from Mary Campbell to the Rev. John Campbell, of Row, (dated February, April 4th, 1830), giving an account of her "miraculous cure."

If you guess what this word means, it’s more than I can; — I but give it as I got it from, Mr. Magan.

F. F.
THE FUDGES IN ENGLAND.

You'll think, I love, I rave, so 'tis best to let out
The whole secret, at once — I have publish'd a
Book!!!

Yes, an actual Book — if the marvel you doubt,
You have only in last Monday's Courier to look,
And you'll find "This day publish'd by Simpkins
And Co.
A Romanist, in twelve Cantos, entitled 'Woe, Woe!'
By Miss Fanny F——, known more commonly
as M.F."

This is what my friends mayn't be left in the dark,
But may guess at my writing by knowing my mark.

How I manage'd, at last, this great deed to achieve,
Is itself a "Romanist" which you'd scarce, dear,
believe;
Nor can I just now, being all in a whirl,
Looking out for the Magnet, explain it, dear girl.
Suffice it to say, that one half the expense
Of this leasehold of fame for long centuries hence
(Though "God knows," as aunt says, my humble ambition
Aspires not beyond a small Second Edition.)
One half the whole cost of the paper and printing,
I've manage'd to scrape up, this year past, by stunting
My own little wants in gloves, ribands, and shoes,
Thus defraining the toilet to fit out the Muse!

And why, my dear Kitty, would not do the same?
What's care of style to the sweet breath of fame?
Yards of riband soon end — but the measures of rhyme
Dipp'd in hues of the rainbow, stretch out through
all time.
Gloves languish and fade away, pair after pair,
While corpulences shine out, but the brighter for wear,
And the dancing-shoe's gloss in an evening is g-a-a,
While light-footed lyrics through ages trip on.

The remaining expense, trouble, risk — and, alas!
My poor copyright too — into other hands pass;
And my friend, the Head Devil of the "County
Gazette!"

(The only Megrim I've ever had yet,
He which set up in type my first juvenile lays,
Is now set up by them for the rest of his days;
And while Gods (as my "Heathen Mythology" says)
Love on me wild but ambrosia, his lot how much sweeter
To live, lucky devil, on a young lady's metre!

As for puffing — that first of all literary booms,
And essential alike to bothards and balloons
As, unless well supplied with inflation, 'tis found
Neither harden'd or balloons budge an inch from the ground;

In this respect, ought more prou'd befall;
As my friend (for no less this kind imp can I call)
Knows the whole world of critics — the hypos
and all.

I suspect he himself, indeed, dabbles in rhyme,
Which, for imps delphine, is not the first time;
As I've heard uncle Bob say, 'tis known among
Gnomes,
That the Devil on Two Sticks was a devil at
Acrostics.

But hark! there's the Magnet just dash'd in from
Town —
How my heart, Kitty, beats! I shall surely drop
down;
That awful Court Journal, Gazette, Athenaeum,
Full all of my book — I shall sink when I see 'em,
And then the great point — whether Simpkins and
Co.
Are actually pleas'd with their bargain or no! —

1 A day-coach of that name.

All's delightful — such praises! — I really fear
That this poor little head will turn giddily, my dear,
I've but time now to send you two exquisite scraps —
All the rest by the Magnet, on Monday, perhaps.

FROM THE "MORNING POST."

'Tis known that a certain distinguished physician
Prescribes, for dyspepsia, a course of light reading;
And rhymes by young Ladies, the regular edition
(For critics have inured their powers of nutrition,
Are he thinks, for weak stomachs, the best sort of feeding.
Satires irritate — love songs are found edulcorate;
But smooth, female sonnets he deems a specific.
And, if taken at bed-time, a sure soporific.
Among works of this kind, the most pleasing we
know,
Is a volume just published by Simpkins and Co.
Where all such ingredients — the flowery, the sweet,
And the gently narcotice — are milk'd per receipt,
With a hand so judicious, we've no hesitancy
To say that — above all, for the young generation —
'Tis an elegant, soothing, and safe preparaion.

Nata bene — for readers, whose object's to steep,
And who read, in their nightcaps, the publishers keep
Good fire-proof binding, which comes very cheap.

ANECDOCTE — FROM THE "COURT JOURNAL."

T'other night, at the Countess of * * *'s rout,
An amusing event was much whisper'd about.
It was said that Lord — the President, at the Council, that day,
Had, more than once, jump'd from his seat, like a
rocket,
And flown to a corner, where — heedless, they say,
How the country's resources were squander'd away —
He kept reading some papers he'd brought in his
pocket.
Some thought them despatches from Spain or the
fork,
Others swore they brought word we had lost the
Mauritius;
But it turn'd out it was only Miss Fudge's new work,
Which his Lordship devour'd with such zeal expeditious —
Merrim&Simpkins &Co., to avoid all delay,
Having sent six sheets, that his Lordship might say,
He had distanced the whole reading world by a
day!

LETTER VIII.

FROM BOB FUDGE, ESQ., TO THE REV.
MORTIMER O'MULLIGAN.

Tuesday evening,

I much regret, dear Reverend Sir,
I could not come to * * * to meet you;
But this curt gout won't let me stir —
Ev'n now I but by proxy greet you;
As this vile scrawl, whatever it's sense is,
Owes all to an immortal,
Most other sources of disease
Reduce men to extremities —
But gout won't leave me even these.

From all my sister writes, I see
That you and I will quite agree,
I'm a plain man, who seek the truth,
And trust you'll think me uncivil,
When I declare by, from my youth,
I've heard of your country at the devil;
Nor can I doubt, indeed, from all
I've heard of your high patriotic fame —
From every word your lips let fall —
That you most truly wish the same.
THE FUDGES IN ENGLAND. 455

It plagues one's life out—thirty years
Have I had pinning in my ears,
"Ireland wants this, and that, and 'other,"
And, to this hour, one nothing hears
But the same vile, eternal bother.
While, of those countless things she wanted,
Thank God, but little has been granted,
And ev'n that little, if we're men
And Britons, we'll have back again.

I really think that Catholic question
Was what brought on my indignation;
And still each year, as Popery's curse
Has gathered round us. I've got worse;
Till ev'n my put of port a day
Can't keep the Pope and bile away.
And whereas, till the Catholic bill,
I ever wanted dragoon or pike,
The settling of that cursed question
Has quite unsettled my digestion.

Look what has happened since— the Elect
Of all the bores of every sect,
The chosen trees of men's patience,
From all the Three Denominations,
Let loose upon us,— even Quakers.
Turning to speakers and law-makers,
Who'll move no question, stuff-room's elves,
Till first the Spirit moves themselves;
And whose shrill Yeas and Nays, in chorus,
On quelling our Ays and Nos sonorous,
Will seem to den his own slumber on us.
Then, too, those Jews!— I really sicken
To think of such abomination;
Fellows, who won't eat ham with chicken,
To legislate for this great nation!—
Despised we'll be, when once they've swam,
With rich old Gold-and at the head of them,
Th' Excise laws will be done away,
And Circumcise ones pass'd instead of them!

In short, dear sir, look where one will,
Things all go on to devilish ill,
That, 'pon my soul, I rather fear
Our reverend Rector may be right,
Who tells me the Millennium's near;
Nay, swears he knows the very year,
And regulates his leases by it;—
Meaning their terms should end, no doubt,
Before the world's own lease is out.
He thinks, too, that the whole thing's ended
So much more soon than was intimated,
Purely to secure those men of sin
Who brought this accursed Reform Bill in,

However, let's not yet despair;
Though Toryism's eclips'd, at present,
And— like myself, in this old chair—
Sits in a state by no means pleasant,
Feel cramped— hands, in huckle-berry hour,
This bled of their grasping power:
And all that trumpet elgar, which revel'd
In this world's sweets, be-dull'd, bedevil'd
Yet, though condemn'd to frisk no more,
And both in chair of Parliament set,
There's something tells me, all's not o'er
With Toryism or Ribby yet.
That thought, between us, I allow
We're not a leg to stand on now;
Though curst Reform and cedarism
Have made us both to kowtow hum,
Ye still, in spite of Graft and Gould,
Again we'll shine triumphant out!

Yes— back again shall come, egad,
Our turn for sport, my reverend lad.
And then, O'Neillan— oh then,
When manned on our mags again,
You, on your high-flown Rosinante,
Bedizzen'd out, like Show-Gallante
(Glitter great from substance scanty);—
While I, Rob Fudge, Esquire, shall ride
Your faithful Sunchio, by your side;
Then— talk of tiffs and tournaments!

Damned, we'll—

* * *

Squire Fudge's clerk presents
To Reverend Sir, his compliments;
Is grieved to say an accident
Has just occurred which will prevent
The Squire— though now a little better—
From hoisting this present letter.
Just when he'd got to "Damme, we'll—"
His Humour, full of martial zeal,
Grasped at his crutch, but not being able
To keep his balance or his hold,
Tumbled, both self and crutch, and rolled
Like ball and bat, beneath the table.

All's safe— the table, chair, and crutch;—
Nothing, thank God, is broken much.
But the Squire's head, which, in the fall,
Got bumpt'd considerably— that's all.
At the no great alarm we feel,
As the Squire's head cau bear a deal.

Wednesday Morning.
Squire much the same— head rather light—
Rav'd about "Barbers' Wigs" all night.

Our housekeeper, old Mrs Griggs,
Suspects that he meant "barbarous Whigs."

LETTER IX.

FROM LARRY O'BRIANIGAN, TO HIS WIFE JUDY.

As it was but last week that I tint you a letter,
You'll wonder, dear Judy, what this is about;
And, thrith, it's a letter myself would like better,
Could I manage to have the contents of it out;
For sure, if it makes even me uneasy,
Who takes things quiet, 't will drive you crazy.

Oh, Judy, that riveried Murthaugh, but scran to him!
That e'er I should come to've been servant-man to him,
Or so far dammace the O'Brianigan blood,
And my Aunts, the Diluvians (when not ev'n the Flood
Was able to wash away clan from the earth)?
As to serve one whose name, of mere yesterday's birth,
Can no more to a great Q, before it, pertain,
Than mine can to wear a great Q at its end.

But that's now all over— last night I gav warnin',
And, mas'rl as he is, will dischage him this mornin',
The third of the world, but it's no use falarin'—
All I know is, I'd fifty times rather be draun

1 This appears to have been the opinion also of an eloquent writer in the Morning Watch. "One great object of Christ's second Advent, as the Man and as the King, is to separate the Kings who do not acknowledge that their authority is derived from him, and to who submit to receive it from that many-headed monster, the mob."—No. x. p. 373.

2 "I am of your Puriarchs, I, a branch of one of your ante-diluvian families—fellow's that the Flood could not wash away."—Congreve, Love for Love.

3 To address the King, is to address Mr. Never makes it belarge, and he is high authority: but if I remember rightly, Corran in his national stories used to employ the word as above. —See Lover's most amusing and
THE FUDGES IN ENGLAND.

Ould ladies up hill to the end of my days,
Than with Mortagh to row in a chase, at my aise,
And be fore'd to discard th' same dutif. ways.
Arrah, sure, if I’d heard where he last show’d his
plan,
I’d have known what a quare sort of manner he is;
For, by gor, ’twas at Exeter change, sure enough,
That himself and his other wild Irish show’d off;
And it’s poy, so it’s, that they hadn’t no man
Who knew the wild crathurs to act as their show-
Sayin’, “Ladies and Gentlemen, place to take notice,
How shiim and how shiek this black animal’s coat is;
All, by rai’son, we’re toild, that the natur’ of
the d—d beast is
Is to change its coat once in its lifetime, at last;
And such objs, in our country, not henn’ common ones,
Are bought up, as this was, by way of Fine Nemo-
rous.
In regard of its name — why, in throat, I’m con-
sard
To dif’r on this point so much with the Larn’l,
Who call et “Morthim’, whereas the crathur
Is plain’ly a “Mortagh” by name and by natur’.
This how I’d have towld them the rights of it all,
Had I been their showman at Exeter Hall —
Not forgettin’ that other great wondurr of Airin
(Or th’ oval’ buther breed which they call Prose-
ferin’).
The fam’l Daddy C—ke — who, by gor, I’d have
shown ‘em
As proof how such bastes may be tam’d, when you’ve
thrown ‘em
A good friendly sup of the rale Rainga Downer.1
But, throat, I’ve no leisure just now, Judy dear,
For anything, barren’ own doings here,
And the cursin’, and dam’men’, and thundrin’, like next,
We Papists, God help us, from Mortagh have had.
He says we’re all murderers — div’l a bit less
And that even our priests, when we go to confess,
Give us lessen’s in broth’ring and wish us success!
When ax’d how he d’ar’d, by tongue or by peo,
To bele, in this way, seven hunns of them,
Faith, he said it was all towld him by Docthor Den? 2
And who the div’l he? 3 was the question that flew
From Christian to Christian — but not a soul knew.
While on went Mortagh, in elegant style,
Blasphamin’ us Cathlics all the white,
As a pack of desavers, parjarers, villains,
All the white bit of th’ aforesaid millions, 3 —
Yourself, dear Judy, as well as the rest,
And the innocent crathur that’s at your breast,
All reques together, in word and deed,
Ould Den our instrator and Sin our creed!
When ax’d for his proofs again and again,
Div’l an answer he’d give but Docthor Den.

The genuine Irish work, the “Legends and Stories of
Ireland.” 4
Larry evidently means the Regium Domum —
a sum contributed by the government annually to the
support of the Presbyterian churches in Ireland.
2 Correctly: Den; Larry not being very particular
in his nomenclature.
3 “The deeds of darkness which are reduced to
boasted proof over the drunken d-buch of the
midnight assassin are debated, in principle, in the sober
morning meeting of the parsonage of the priests” —
Speech of the Rev. Mr. M. Giles. — “The character of
the Irish people generally is, that they are given to
lying and to acts of theft.” — Speech of the Rev.
Robert Daly

Couldn’t he call into court some Irishmen?
“I No, thank you” — he’d stick to Docthor Den
An ould gentleman dead a century or two,
Who all about us, live Cathlics, knew;
And of course was more handy, to call in a hurry,
Thau Docthor Mac Hale or Docthor Murray!

But, throat, it’s no case to be jokin’ open,
Though myself, from bad habits, is makinn’ it one.
Even you, had you witnessed his grand chamaelshes,
Which actually threw one ould maid in mysteries —
Or, eheh! had you heard such a purty remark as his,
That Papists are only “Humanity’s curasses,
“Ris’n”— but, by dad, I’m afraid I can’t give it ye—
“Ris’n from the sepulchre of — inactivity;”
“And, like ould corpses, dug up from antiquity,
“Wanderin’ about in all sorts of vanity!!” 5 —
Even you, Judy, true as you are to the Ould Light,
Would have laugh’d, out and out, at this illegant flight
Of that figure of speech call’d the Blatherumskite.

As for me, though a funny thought now and then
come to me.
Rage got the better at last — and small blame to me!
So, slappin’ my thigh, “by the Powers of Delf,”
Says I lowdly, “I’ll make a notorion myself,
And with that up I jumps — but, my darlint, the
mint
I cock’d up my head, div’l a time remain’d in it,
Though, said, I could have got beautiful en,
When I tak to my legs, faith, the gap was all gone —
Which was odd, for us, Pats, who, what’er we’ve a
hand in,
At last in our legs show a strong understandin’.

Howsumdever, determin’d the chaps should pursua
What I thought of their don’s, before I tak have,
“In regard of all that,” says I — there I supp’d short —
Not a wood more would come, though I shroughted
bad for it.
So, shrappin’ my fingers at what’s call’d the Chair,
And the owld Lord (or Lady, I believe) that sat there —
“In regard of all that,” says I bowldly again —
To owld Nick I pitch Mortimer — and Docthor Den, —
Upon which the whole company cried out “Amen,”
And myself was so hopes it was to what I had said,
But, by gor, no such thing — they were not so well
bred;
For, ’twas all to a pray’r Mortagh just had read out
by way of fit finish to job so devout —
That is — after well damning one half the com-
pletely
To pray. God to keep all in pace an’ in unity!

This is all I can stuff in this letter, though plent
Of news, faith, I’ve got to fill more — if’t was toiny.
But I’ll add, on the outside, a line, should I need it,
(Writin’! Private? upon it, that no one may read it)
To tell you how Mortimer (as the Saints christened
him)
Bears the big shame of his servant’s dismission’ him.

4 “But she (Popery) is no longer the tenant of the
sepulchre of inactivity. She has come from the
furnal-place, walking forth a monster, as it the spirit
of evil had carped the carving of her departed
humanity; noxious and noisome, an object of abhor-
rence and dismay to all who are not leagued with her
Speech, June 22, in the Record No. newspaper.

We may well ask, after reading this and other such
reverend ravings, “Quis dubitat pin omnem sit ha
rotionis egestas?”
LETTER X.
FROM THE REV. MORTIMER O'MULLIGAN, TO THE REV.

These few brief lines, my reverend friend,
By a safe, private hand I send
(Fearing lest some low Catholic wag
Should pry into the Letter-bag,
To tell you, far as pen can dare,
How we, poor errant martyrs, fare;
— Martyrs, not quite to fire and rack,
As Saints were, some few ages back,
But—scare less trying in its way—
To laughter, whereas ours be serious;
And, to jokes, which Providence mysterious
Permits on men and things so serious,
Lowering the Church still more each minute,
And—inflicting our preferment in it.
Just think, how worrying 'is, my friend,
To find, where'er our footsteps lead,
Small jokes, like squibs, around us whizzing;
And hear the eternal torturing play
Of that great engine of our day,
Unknown to the Inquisition—quizzing!

Your men of thumb-screws and of racks
Aimed at the body their attack;
But modern torturers, more refined,
Work their machinery on the mind.
Had St. Sebastian had the luck
With me to be a godly rover,
Instead of arrows, 'd he be stuck
With stings of ridicule all over;
And poor St. Lawrence, 'se he was kill'd,
By being on a gridiron's grid,
Had he but shad'd my errant lot,
Instead of grill on gridiron's end,
A moral roasting would have got.
Nor should I (trying as all this is)
Much heed the suffering or the shame
As, like an actor, used to hisses.
I long have known no other fame,
But that (as I may own to you,
Though to the world it would not do),
No hope appears of fortune's beams
Shining on any of my schemes;
No chance of something more per annum
As supplement to K-thy-n-a;
No prospect that, by fie and flame
Of Ireland, I shall ever induce
The rulers of this thinking nation
To rid us of Emancipation;
To forge anew the seer's chain,
And bring back Penal Laws again.

Ah happy time! when wolves and priests
Alike were hunted, as wild beasts;
And five pounds was the price, per head,
For bagging either, live or dead.

Though oft, we're told, one outlaw'd brother
Saw'd cost, by eating up the other.
Finding thus all those schemes and hopes
I built upon my flowers and trip
All scattered, one by one, away,
As dashly and upon as my pocket.
The question comes—what's to be done?
And there's but one course left me—
Heresy, when tied of war's alarms,
Seek sweet repose in Beauty's arms.
The weary Day-God's last retreat is
The breast of silver-footed Thetis;
And mine, as naughtily Love's my judge,
Shall be the arms of rich Miss Fudge!

Start not, my friend,—the tender scheme,
Wild and romantic though it seem;
Borrow a parson's fondest dream,
Yet shun, too, with these golden dyes,
So pleasing to a parron's eyes—
That only guiding which the Muse
Cannot arrest her fust diffuse;
Whose, whereas ever flowers its bliss,
From wealth, or love, or leisure,
To Mortimer intell'rent is,
So he can only make it his.
There is but one slight dap to see
Upon this scheme's felicity:
And that is, the fair heroine's claim
That I should take her family name.
To this (though it may look hempeck'd,)
I can't quite decently object,
Having myself long chos'n to shine
Companion in the altars' plane.
So that henceforth, by wife's decree,
(Fore see whose this point won't budge)
Your old friend's new address must be
The Rev. Mortimer O'Fudge—
The name being kept, that all may see
We're both of ancient family.

Such, friend, nor need the fact amaze you,
My public life's in Euthanasia.
Thus bid I long farewell to all
The freaks of Exeter's old Hall—
Freaks, in grimace, rs expe exceeding,
And railing to bear in breeding.
Farewell, the platform ill'd with preachers—
The prays' give'n out, as grace a by speakers,
Ere they cut up their fellow-creatures—
Farewell to dead old Fene's volumes,
And scarce less dead, old Standard's columns:
From each and all I now retire,
My task henceforth, as spouse and sire,
To bring up little fidel Fudges,
To be M.P.'s, and Fees, and Judges—
Porrows I'll add to, if al's
There yet were hope the Church could pass
The gulf now oped for hers and her,
Or long survive what Exeter—
Both Hall and Bishop, of that name—
Have done to sink her revered fame.
Adieu, dear friend—'way I'll off hear from me,
Now I'm no more a travelling drudge;
Meanwhile I sign (that you may judge
How well the surname will become me)
Yours truly,

MORTIMER O'FUDGE.

1 In the first edition of his Dictionary, Dr. Johnson very significantly exemplified the meaning of the word, and by the instance of Malo, the poet, who had exchanged for this—more refined name his original Sceff patronymic, Maloch. "What other proofs he gave (says Johnson) of dis-repect to his native countr'y, I know not, but it was remarked of him that he was the only one from Scotland that did not comment."—Life of Maloch.

2 "I think I am acting in unison with the feelings of a Meeting assembled for this solemn object, when I call on the Rev. Doctor Halloway to open it by prayer."—Speech of Lord Kenyon.
SONGS FROM M. P.; OR, THE BLUE STOCKING.

SONG.

SUSAN.

Young Love liv'd once in a humble shed,
Where roses breathing,
And woodbine wreathing
Around the lattice their tendrils spread,
As wild and sweet as the life he led,
His garden flourish'd,
For young Hope flourish'd
The infant bees and shower'd
But lips, though blooming, must still be fed,
And not even Love can live on flowers,

Alas! that Fortune's evil eye
Should e'er come hither,
Such sweets to win her!

The flower laid down their heads to die,
And Hope fell sick as the witch drew nigh.
She came one morning,
Ere Love had warned,

My sole stipulation, ere link'd at the shrine
(As some balance between Fanny's numbers and mine),

Was that, when we were one, she must give up the Nine.
Nay, devote to the Gods her whole stock of MS.
With a vow never more against prose in transgress.
This she did, like a heroine;—smack went to bits.
The whole produce sublime of her dear little wits—
Sonnets, elegies, epigrams, odes, canzonets—
Some twisted up newly, to form altumettas,
Some turn'd into papillotes, worthy to raise
And enwrap the Benevides' bright locks in the skies!
While the rest, honest Larry (who's now in my pay),
Begg'd, as "lover of poetry," to read on the way.

Having thus of life's poetry dard to dispose,
How we now, Dick, shall manage to get through its prose,
With such slender materials for style, Heaven knows!
But— I'm call'd off abruptly— another Express
What the deuce can it mean?— I'm alarm'd, I confess.

P. S.

Hurrah, Dick, hurrah, Dick, ten thousand hurrahs!
I'm a happy, rich dog to the end of my days.

There— read the good news— and while glad, for my sake,
That Wealth should thus follow in Love's shining wake.

Admire also the moral— that he, the sly elf,
Who has fudg'd all the world, should be now fudg'd himself!

EXTRACT FROM LETTER ENCLOSED.

With pain the mournful news I write,
Miss Fudge's uncle died last night;
And much to none and friends' surprise,
By will doth all his wealth devise
Lands, dwellings— rectories likewise—
To his "below's" grand-niece, Miss Fanny,
Leaving Miss Fudge herself, who many
Long years hath waited— not a penny!
Have notified the same to latter,
And wait instructions in the matter.
For self and partners, &c. &c.
To feel that we adore,
Even to such fond excess,
That, though the heart would break, with more,
It could not live with joy we seek,
This is love, faithless love,
Such as saints might feel above.

Spirit of Joy, thy altar lies
In youthful hearts that hope like mine;
And is the light of laughing eyes,
That leads us to thy fairy shrine.
There if we find the sigh, the tear,
They are not those to sorrow known;
But breath so soft, and drops so clear,
That Bllas may claim them for her own.
Then give me, give me, while I weep,
The sanguine hope that brightens woe,
And teaches ev'n our tears to keep
The image of pleasure as they flow.

The child, who sees the dew of night
Upon the spangled hedge at morn,
Attempts to catch the drops of light,
But wanders his finger with the thorn.
Thus off the brightest joys we seek,
Are lost, when touch'd, and turn to pain;
The flush they kindled leaves the cheek,
The tears they waken long remain.
But give me, give me, &c. &c.

When Leila touch'd the lute,
Not when alone it was felt,
But, when the sounds were mute,
In memory they still dwell.
Sweet lute! so touch'd by numbers,
Still we heard thy morning sounds.
Ah, how could she, who stole
Such breath from simple wire,
Be led, in pride of soul.
To string with gold her lyre?
Sweet lute! thy chords she break'd,
Golden now the strings she waketh!

But where are all the tales
Her lute so sweetly old?
In lofty themes she fails,
And soft ones sure not sold.
Rich lute! we see thee glisten,
But, alas! no more we listen!

BOAT GLEE.
The song that lightens our languid way
When brows are to glowing,
And faint with rowing,
Is like the spell of Hope's airy lay,
To whose sound through life we stray.
The beams that flash on the coral white,
As we row along through waves so clear,
Illume its spray, like the fleeting smile
That shines o'er Sorrow's tear.

Nothing is lost on him who sees
With an eye that feeling gave;
For him there's a story in every breeze,
And a picture in every wave.
Then sung to lighten the languid way;
When brows are glowing,
And faint with rowing;
It is like the spell of Hope's airy lay,
To whose sound through life we stray.

Oh, think, when a hero is sighing,
What danger in such an adorer!
What woman could dream of denying
The hand that lays laurels before her.
No heart is so guarded around,
But the smile of a victor would take it;
No bosom can slumber so sound,
But the trumpet of glory will wake it.

Love sometimes is given to sleeping,
And woe to the heart that allows him;
For soon neither smiling or weeping
Will e'er from such slumber arouse him.
But though he were sleeping so fast,
That the life almost seemed to forsake him,
Ev'n then, one soul-thrilling blast
From the trumpet of glory would wake him.

CUPID'S LOTTERY.
A Lottery, a Lottery,
In Cupid's Court there used to be;
Two roguish eyes
The highest prize,
In Cupid's scheming Lottery;
And kisses, too,
As good as new,
Which weren't very hard to win,
For he, who won
The eyes of fun,
Was sure to have the kisses in.
A Lottery, a Lottery, &c.

This Lottery, this Lottery,
In Cupid's Court went merrily,
And Cupid play'd
A Jewish trade
In this his scheming Lottery;
For hearts, we're told,
In shares he sold
To many a fond believing drone,
And cut the hearts
So well in parts,
That each believed the whole his own.

Chor. — A Lottery, a Lottery,
In Cupid's Court there used to be
Two roguish eyes
The highest prize
In Cupid's scheming Lottery.

SONG.
Though sacred the tie that our country entwined,
And dear to the heart her remembrance remains,
Yet dark are the days whose liberty shineth,
And sad the remembrance that slavery stains.
Oh Liberty, born in the cot of the peasant,
But dying of laurels in luxury's dome.
Our vision, when absent — o'er glory when present —
Where thou art, O Liberty! there is my home.

Farewell to the land where in childhood I wander'd!
In van is she mighty, in van is she brave.
Unblest is the blood that for tyrants is spoiler'd,
And Fame has no weeks for the brow of the slave.
But hail to thee, Albion! who need'st the connection
deurope, as calm as thy cliffs meet the sea;
With no bonds but the law, and no slave but the ocean.
Hail! Temple of Liberty! thou art my home.

1 Sung in the character of a Frenchman.
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

AT NIGHT.

At night, when all is still around,
How sweet to hear the distant sound
Of footstep, coming soft and light!
What pleasure in the anxious heart,
With which the bosom flies to meet
That foot that comes so soft at night!

And then, at night, how sweet to say
"1 Is late, my love!" and chide delay.
Though still the western clouds are bright;
Oh! happy, too, the silent press,
The eloquence of mute cares,
With those we love exchanged at night!

TO LADY HOLLAND.

ON NAPOLEON'S LEGACY OF A SNUFF-BOX

Gift of the Hero, on his dying day,
To her, whose pitty watch'd, for ever nigh;
Oh! could he see the proud, the happy ray,
This relic lights up in her generous eye,
Sighing, he'd feel how easy 'tis to pay
A friendship all his kingdoms could not buy.

Paris, July, 1821.

EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN FOR LADY DACRE'S TRAGEDY

OF INA.

Last night, as lonely o'er my fire I sat,
Thinking of cues, starts, exits, and— all that,
And wondering much what little kvash sprit
Had put it first in women's heads to write:—
Sudden I saw—as in some waching dream—
A bright-blue glory round my book-case beam,
From whose quick-opening folds of azure light,
Out flew a tiny form, as small and bright
As Puck the Fairy, when he peps his head,
Some sunny morning from a violet bed.
"Bless me!" I starting cried, "what imp are you?"

"A small he-devil, M'am,— my name is Beau—
A boohsh sprit, much given to rots and reading;
I'm Is I who teach your spinsters of good breeding,
The reigning taste in chemistry and cups,
The last new bounds of trickers and of maps,
And, when the waltz has twist'd her giddy brain,
With metaphysics twist it back again?"

I view'd him, as he spoke—his nose was blue,
His wings—the covers of the last Review—
Cerulean, bordered with a jaundice hue,
And tawny'd gily over, for evening wear,
 Till the next quarter brings a new-fedg'd pair.
"Inspire'd by me—(pursued this waggish Fairy)—
I hat best of wives and Shaftes, Lady Mary,
Voyary alike of Crippin and the Muse,
Makes her own split foot epigrams and shoes.
For me the eyes of young Cunliffs shine,
And mingle Love's blue brillions with mine,"

"For me she sits apart, from coxcombs shrinking,
Looks wise— the pretty soul!— and thinks she's thinking,
By my advice Miss Indigo attends
Lectures on Memory, and assures her friends,
'You honour!— (mimics) — nothing can surpass
the plan
Of that professor—(trying to recollect) — pshaw! that memory-man
That—what's his name?— he attended late—
You honour, he improved my memory greatly,
Here, curtseying low, I ask'd the blue-leg'd sprite,
What share he had in this our play to night.
Nay, there— (he cried) — there I am guiltless quire—
What! choose a heroine from this Gothic time,
When no one waltz'd, and none but monks could rhyme;
When lovely woman, all unpeach'd and wild,
Blush'd! without art, and without culture prim;
Simple as flowers, while yet unclasp'd they shone,
Ere Science call'd their brilliant world her own,
Hang'd the wild, rosy things in learned orders,
And fild with Greek the garden's blushing borders!

No, no— your gentle lies will not do—
To-morrow evening, when the lights burn blue,
I'll come— (pointing downward) — you understand—
 till then adieu!"

And has the sprite been here? No— jests apart—
How'er man rules in science and in art—
The sphere of woman's glory is the heart.
And, if our Muse have sketched with penned true
The wife—the mother— firm, yet gentle too—
Whose soul, wrapp'd up in ties itself hath gano,
Trembles, if touch'd in the remotest one,
Who loves— yet dares even Love himself disown
When Honour's broken shaft supports his throne;
If such our Isa, she may scorn the evil,
Dyre as they are, of Critics and— Blue Devils.

THE DAY-DREAM.

They both were hus-b'd, the voice, the chords, I heard but once that witching lay;
And few the notes, and few the words,
My spell-bound memory brought away;

Traces, remember I here and there,
Like echoes of some broken strain—
Links of a sweetness lost in air,
That nothing or all could join again.

Ev'n these, to re the morning, fled;
And, though the charm still linger'd on,
That o'er each sense her song had shed.
The song itself was faded, gone;

Gone, like the thoughts that once were ours,
On summer days, ere youth had set;
Thoughts bright, we know, as summer flowers,
Though what they were, we now forget.

2 In these stanzas I have done little more than relate a fact in verse; and the lady, whose singimg gave rise to this curious instance of the power of memory in sleep, is Mrs. Robert Arkwright.
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS. 461

While, with hints from other strains,
I would this plaintive air to give —
As birds are taught, on eastern plains,
To lure their wilder kindred home.

In vain — the song that Sappho gave,
In dying, to the mountains of sea,
No matter sleep bath the wave,
Than this within my memory.

At length, one morning, as I lay
In that half-waking mood, when dreams
Unwillingly at last gave way
To the full truth of day-light's beams,

A face — the very face, methought,
From which had breathed, as from a shrine
Of song and soul, the notes I sought —
Came with its music close to mine;

And sung the longest measure o'er —
Each note and word with every tone
And look, that lent it life before,—
All perfect, all again my own!

Like parted souls, when, mid the Blest
They meet again, each widow'd sound
Through memory's realm had wing'd in quest
Of its sweet mate, till all were found.

Nor ev'n in waking did the elysian
Thus strangely caught, escape again;
For never lark its music knew
So well as now I knew this strain.

And oft, when memory's wondrous spell
Is talked of in our tranquil bower,
I sang this lady's song, and tell
The vision of that morning hour.

SONG.

Where is the heart that would not give
Years of drowsy days and nights,
One little hour, like this, to live —
Full to the brim, of life's delights?
Look, look around,
This fair ground,
With love-light's glittering o'er;
White cups that shine
With freight divine.
Goes cooing round its shore.

Hope is the dute of future hours,
Memory lives in those gone by;
N'er her can see the moment's flowers
Sprouting up fresh beneath the eye.
Wouldst thou, or thou,
Forego what's now,
For all that Hope may say?
No — Joy's reply,
From every eye,
Is, *Live we while we may.*

SONG OF THE POCO-CURANTE SOCIETY.

Hand curat Hippociades.
Erasm. Adag.

To those we love we're drank to-night;
But now attend, and stare not,
While I the ampler list receive
Of those for whom We care not.

For royal men, however theyrown,
If on their fronts they bear not

That noblest gem that decks a crown,
The People's Love — We care not.

For slave men, who bend beneath
A despot yoke, yet dare not
Pronounce the will, whose very breath
Would rend its links — We care not.

For priestly men, who cowl to sway
And wealth, though they declare not;
Who point, like finger-posts, the way
They never go — We care not.

For martial men, who on their sword,
However it conquers, wear not
The pledges of a soldier's word,
Redeem'd and pure — We care not.

For legal men, who plead for wrong,
And, though to lie they swear not,
Are hardly better than the throng
Of those who do — We care not.

For courtly men, who feed upon
The land, like grubs, and spare not
The smallest leaf, where they can snap
Their crawling limbs — We care not.

For wealthy men, who keep their mines
In darkness hid, and share not
The paltry ore with him who pines
In honest want — We care not.

For prudent men, who hold the power
Of Love aloof, and have not
Their hearts in any guarding hour
To Beauty's shaft — We care not.

For all, in short, so land or sea,
In camp or court, who are not,
Who never were, or e'er wil be
Good men and true — We care not.

ANNE BOLEYN.

TRANSLATION FROM THE METRICAL "HISTOIRE D'ANNE BOLEYN."

"S'elle estoit belle et de taille elegante,
Estoit des yeuxx encor plus attrayante
Lesquziz cependant bien conduire a propos
En les tenant quelquefois en repos;
A varsdes envoyant en message
Porter du coeur le secret tenormage."

Much as her form seduced the sight,
Her eyes could ev'n more surely won;
And when, and how to shed their light
Into men's hearts full well she knew.
For sometimes, in repose, she hid
Their rays beneath a downcast lid;
And then again, with wakening air,
Would send their burning glances out,
Like heralds of delight, to bear
Her heart's sweet messages about.

THE DREAM OF THE TWO SISTERS.

FROM DANTE.

Nell era, ereto, che dell' amante
Primu ragion nel mondo Citera,
Che di tienu d'amor par sempre ardente,
Giovane e bella in sogno mai patria
Donna vedete andar per una landa
Cugierelle il ciel; e quà quà dovesi:—
PREFACE TO THE TENTH VOLUME.

The Story which occupies this volume was intended originally to be told in verse; and a great portion of it was at first written in that form. This fact, as well as the character, perhaps, of the whole work, which a good deal partakes of the cast and colouring of poetry, have been thought sufficient to entitle it to a place in this general collection of my poetical writings.

How little akin to romance or poetry were some of the circumstances under which this work was first projected by me; the reader may have seen from a preceding preface; and the following rough outline,

PREFACE TO THE TENTH VOLUME.

which I have found among my papers, dated Paris, July 25, 1820, will show both my first general conception, or fore-shadowing of the story, and likewise the extent to which I thought right, in afterwards working out this design, to reject or modify some of its details.

"Began my Egyptian Poem, and wrote about thirteen or fourteen lines of it. The story to be told in letters from a young Epicurean philosopher, who, in the second century of the Christian era, goes to Egypt for the purpose of discovering the secret of immortality, which is supposed to be one of the secrets of the Egyptian priests. During a festival on the Nile,
THE EPICUREAN.

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he meets with a beautiful maiden, the daughter of one of the priests lately dead. She enters the catacombs, and disappears. He hovers around the spot, and at last finds the well and secret passages, &c. by which those who are initiated enter. He sees this maiden in one of these theatrical spectacles which formed a part of the subterranean Егіусіоm of the pyramids—finds opportunities of conversing with her—their intercourse in this myx cosmetics region described. They are discovered; and he is thrown into those subterranean prisons, where they who violate the rules of initiation are confined. He is liberated from thence by the young maiden, and taking flight together, they reach some beautiful region, where they linger, for a time, delighted, and she is near becoming a victim to his arts. But taking alarm, she flees; and seeks refuge with a Christian monk, in the Thébaïd, to whom her mother, who was secretly a Christian, had conspired her in dying. The struggles of her love with her religion. A persecution of the Christians takes place, and she is seized (chiefly through the unintentional means of her lover), and suffers martyrdom. The scene of her martyrdom described, in a letter from the Solitary of the Thébaïd, and the attempt made by the young philosopher to rescue her. He is carried off from thence to the cell of the Solitary. His letters from that retreat, after he has become a Christian, devoting his thoughts entirely to repentance and the recollection of the hated sins which had gone before him. — If I don't make something out of all this, the deuce is in it.39

According to this plan, the events of the story were to be told in Letters, or Epistolary Poems, addressed by the philosopher to a young Athenian friend; but, for greater variety, as well as convenience, I afterwards distributed the task of narration among the chief personages of the Tale. The least difficulty, however, of managing, in rhyme, the minor details of a story, so as to be clear without growing prosaic, and still more, the diffuse length to which I saw narration in verse would extend, deterred me from following this plan any further; and I then commenced the tale anew in its present shape.

Of the Poems written for my first experiment, a few specimens, the best I could select, were introduced into the prose story; but the remainder I had thrown aside, and nearly forgotten even their existence, when a certain amount of somewhat character in, perhaps, of that trading spirit, which has now converted Utrigium itself into a market, again called my atention to them. The late Mr. Macrone, to whose general talents and erudition in business all who knew him will bear readily testimony, had long been anxious that I should undertake for him some new Poem or Story, affording such subjects for illustration as might call into play the fanciful pencil of Mr. Turner. Other tasks and ties, however, had rendered my compliance with this wish impracticable; and he was about to give up all thoughts of attaining his object, when on hearing from me accidentally that the Epicurean was still my own property, he proposed to purchase of me the use of the copyright for a single illustrated edition.

The terms professed by him being most liberal, I readily acceded to the proposed arrangement; but, on further consideration, there arose some difficulty in the way of our treaty—the work itself being found insufficient to form a volume of such dimensions as would yield any hope of defraying the cost of the numerous illustrations then intended for it. Some modification, therefore, of our terms was thought necessary; and then first was the notion suggested to me of bringing forth from among my papers the original sketch, or opening of the story, and adding these fragments, as a sort of make-weight, in the mutual adjustment of our terms.

That I had myself regarded the first experiment as a failure, was sufficiently shown by my relinquishment of it. But, as the published work had then passed through several editions, and had been translated into most of the languages of Europe, it was thought that an insight into the anxious protest by which such success had been attained, might, as an encouragement, at least, to the humble merit of pantaking, be deemed of some little use.

The following are the translations of this tale which have reached me: viz. two in French, two in Italian, (Milan, 1830—Venice, 1835), one in German (Impr. Schtirn. 1828), and one in Dutch, by M. Herman van Loghem (Deventer, 1829).

THE EPICUREAN: A TALE.

TO LORD JOHN RUSSELL,

THIS VOLUME IS INScribed,

BY ONE WHO ADMires HIS CHARACTER AND TALENTS,

AND IS PROUD OF HIS FRIENDSHIP.

A LETTER TO THE TRANSLATOR,

FROM ———, Esq.

Cairo, June 19, 1800.

My dear Sir,—During a visit lately paid by me to the monastery of St. Macrouis—which is situated, as you know, in the Valley of the Lakes of Natron—I was lucky enough to obtain possession of a curious Greek manuscript, which, in the hope that you may be induced to translate it, I have here transmit to you. Observing one of the monks very busily occupied in tearing up into a variety of fantastic shapes some papers which had the appearance of being the leaves of old books, I inquired of him the meaning of his task, and received the following explanation:—

The Arabs, it seems, who are as fond of pigeons as the ancient Egyptians, have a superstitious notion that, if they place in their pigeon-houses small sets of paper, written over with learned characters, the birds are always sure to thrive the better for the charm; and the monks, who are never slow in profiting by superstition, have, at all times, a supply of such annals for purchasers.

In general, the fathers at the monastery have been in the habit of scribbling these fragments themselves; but a discovery lately made by them, saves all this trouble. Having dug up (as my informant stated) a
THE EPICUREAN.

CHAPTER I.

It was in the fourth year of the reign of the late Emperor Valerian, that the followers of Epicurus, who were at that time numerous in Athens, proceeded to the election of a person to fill the vacant chair of their sect; and, by the unanimous voice of the School, I was the individual chosen for their Chief. I was just then entering on my twenty-fourth year, and in stature had ever before occurred of a person so young being selected for that high office. Youth, however, and the personal advantages that adorn it, could not but rank among the most agreeable recommendations to a sect that included within its circle all the beauties as well as the wit of Athens and which, though dignifying its pursuits with the name of philosophy, was little else than a plausible pretext for the more refined cultivation of pleasure.

The character of the School, indeed, much changed, since the time of its wise and virtuous founder, who, while he ascertained that Pleasure is the only Good, uncalculated also that Good is the only source of Pleasure. The purer part of this doctrine had long evaporated, and the temperate Epicureans would have as little re-recognized his own sect in the assemblage of refined voluptuaries who now usurped its name, as he would have known his own quiet Garden in the luxurious groves and bowers among which the meetings of the School were once held.

Many Causes concurred, at this period, besides the attractiveness of its doctrines, to render our school by far the most popular of any that still survived the glory of Greece. It may generally be observed, that the prevalence of a doctrine on the subject of religion, produces the opposite extreme of laxity and indulgence in the other; and this kind of reaction was it that now mainly contributed to render the doctrines of the Garden the most fashionable philosophy of the day. The rapid progress of the Christian faith had alarmed all those, who, either from piety or worldliness, were interested in the continuance of the old established creed— all who believed in the Deities of Olympus, and all who lived by them. The natural consequence was, a considerable increase of zeal and activity, throughout the consecrated authorities and priesthood of the whole Hellenic world. What was wanting in sincerity of belief I was made up in rigor—the weakest parts of the Mythology were those, of course, most angrily defended, and the rude pagans, according to their teaching, or his wife Ops, into contempt, were punished with the utmost severity of the law.

In this state of affairs, between the alarmed bigotry of the declining Faith and the simple, subordinate ignorance of their rival, it was not wonderful that these lovers of ease and pleasure, who had no interest, reversionary or otherwise, in the old religion, and were too indolent to inquire into the sanctuaries of the new, should take refuge from the severities of both in the boasted abodes of a philosophy of Nature, from which others the task of disputing about the future, centered all its wisdom in the full enjoyment of the present.

The sectaries of the Garden had, ever since the death of their founder, been accustomed to dedicate to his memory the twelfth day of every month. To these monthly rites had, for some time, been added a grand annual Festival, in commemoration of his birth. The feast, given on this occasion by my predecessors in the Chair, had been invariably distinguished for its taste and splendor; and it was my ambition, not merely to imitate this example, but even to render the anniversary, now celebrated under my auspices, so lively and brilliant as to affright the recollection of all that had preceded it.

Seldom, indeed, had Athens witnessed so brilliant a scene. The Sadness that formed the original note of the Garden had received, from time to time, considerable additions; and the whole extent was now laid out with that perfect taste, which understands how to use Nature with Art, without sacrificing any of her simplicity to the alliance. Walls, leading through wildernesses of shade and fragrance— glades, opening as it were a play-ground for the sunshine— temples, rising on the very spots where Imagination herself would have placed them, and fountains and lakes in alternate motion and repose, either gradually countering the verdure, or calmly sleeping in its embrace—such was the variety of feature that diversified these fair gardens; and, animated as they were on this occasion, by all the living wit and loveliness of Athens, it afforded a scene such as my own youthful spirit, rich in the splendor of luxury and beauty, could hardly have anticipated.

The ceremonies of the day began with the very dawn, when, according to the form of simpler and better times, those among the disciples who had apartments within the Garden, were summoned by the Founder in procession from chamber to chamber, chanting verses in praise of what had long ceased to be objects of our imitation—his gravity and temperature.

Round a beautiful lake, in the centre of the Garden stood four white Doric temples, in one of which was collected a library containing all the flowers of Grecian literature; while, in the remaining three, Concert, the Song, and the Dance, held, uplifted by each the metaphorical example of the school. In the Library stood busts of all the most illustrious Epicureans, both of Rome and Greece— Horace, Atticus. Plisting the elder, the poet Lucretius, Lucan, and the lamented biographer of the Philosophers, lately lost to us, Diogenes Laertius. There were portraits, in marble, of all the eminent female votaries of the school— Leontium and her fair daughter Danue, Theodis, Philaes, and others.

It was here that, in my capacity of Hesirearch, on the morning of the Festival, I received the elevations of the learned from some of the fairest minds of Athens; and, in pronouncing the customary oration to the memory of our Master (in which it was usual to dwell upon the doctrines he had inculcated) endeavored, in all that art, so useful before such an audience, of leading to the gravest subjects a calm and which secures them listeners even among the simplest and most volatile.
Though study, as may be supposed, engrossed but little the nights or mornings of the Garden, yet all the lighter parts of learning — that portion of its attainments, for which the bee is not compelled to go very deep into the flower — was somewhat unusually early enjoyed by us. Even before the harvest of memory a young student had to encounter that kind of distraction, which, of all others, has the least favourable to compounding of thought; and, with more than one of my fair disciples, there used to occur such scenes as the following, which a poet of the Garden, taking his picture from the life, thus described:

"As o'er the lake, in evening's glow, That temple threw its lengthening shade, Upon the marble steps below, There sat a Christian maid, Graciously o'er some volume beaming; While, by her side, the youthful sage Held back her provoking, lest, descending, They should o'er-shadow all the juice."

But it was for the evening of that day, that the richest of our luxuries were reserved. Every part of the Garden was illuminated, with the most skilful variety of lustre; while over the Lake of the Temples were scattered wreaths of flowers, through which Shortly, filled with beautiful children, floated, as through a liquid parterre.

Between two of these boats a mock combat was perpetually carried on; — their respective commanders, two blooming youths, being habituated to represent Eros and Aristocles,feared. Love and Love; and the latter, that more earthy spirit, which usurps the name of Love among the Epicureans. Throughout the whole evening their conflict was maintained with various success; the fixed distance at which Eros kept aloof from his lively antagonist being his only safeguard against those darts of fire, with showers of which the other assailed him, but which, falling short of their mark upon the lake, only searched the few flowers on which they fell, and were extinguished.

In another part of the gardens, on a wide glade, illuminated only by the moon, was performed an imitation of the torch-race of the Fauntheneia by young boys chosen for their fleetness, and arrayed with wings, like Cupids; while, not far off, a group of seven nymphs, with each a star on her forehead, represented the movements of the planetary choir, and embodied the dream of Pythias into real motion and song:

As ever turning some new enchantment broke unexpectedly on the eye or ear; and now, from the depth of a dark grove, from which a fountain at the same time issued, there came a strain of sweet music, which, mingling with the murmur of the water, became the strain of the dance. Though no ardent taste over arose, the poet and I, both, by nature, a disposition full of melancholy — an imagination that, even in the midst of mirth and happiness, presented saddening thoughts, and threw the shadow of the future over the gayest illusions of the present. Melancholy was, indeed, twin-born in my soul with Passion; and not even in the following morning did the same shadow ever separate. From the first moment that I was conscious of thought and feeling, the same dark thread had run across the web; and images of death and anihilation came to mingle themselves with even the most smiling scenes through which love and enjoyment happy me. My very passion for pleasure but deepened these gloomy thoughts. For, shut out, as I was by my creed, from a future life, and having no hope beyond the narrow horizon of this, every minute of a rapt delight was attended, in my fancy, with a wondrous pre-eminence; and pleasure, like the flower of the cemetery, grew but more luxuriant from the neighbourhood of death.

This very night my triumph, my happiness had seemed complete, it was the presiding genius of that voluptuous scene. Both my ambition and my love of pleasure had drunk deep of the rich cup for which this thirsted. Looked up to as I was by the learned, and admired and loved by the beautiful and the rich, so young, I believe, that of mine, either the acknowledgment of bright triumphs already won, or the promise of others, still brighter, that awaited me. Yet, even in the midst of all this, the same dark thoughts had presented themselves; — the perishableness of all objects, and all around me had recurred every instant to my mind, and had prest those eyes, in which I had seen sparkling a spirit of life and light that ought never to die — those voices, that had spoken of eternal love — all, all, I felt, were but a mockery of the moment, and would leave nothing eternal but the silence of their dust!

Oh, were it not for this sad voice, Stealing amid our martyr to sigh, That all, in which we most rejoice, Ere might be the earth worm's prey —  

But for this bitter — only this is —  

Full as the world is brimming with bliss, And capable as feels my soul  

Of drawing to its depth the whole, I should turn earth to heaven, and be,  

If bliss made gods, a deity!"

Such was the description I gave of my own feelings, in one of those wild, passionate songs, to which this mixture of nature and melancholy, in a spirit so buoyant, naturally gave birth.

And seldom had my heart so fully surrendered itself to this sort of vague sadness as at that very moment, when, as I paced thoughtfully among the fading lights and flowers of the banquet, the echo of my own steps was all that now sounded, where so many gay forms had lately been revelling. The moon was still up, the morning had not yet glimmered, and the calm glories of the night still reigned on all around. Unconscious whether my pace was led, I continued to wander along, till, at length, found myself before that statue of Venus, with which the chisel of Alcamenes had embellished our Garden; — that image of a beautiful woman, the only idol to which I had ever yet bent the knee. Leaning against the pedestal of the statue, I raised my eyes to the statue, and looked on it tenderly and intently on the ever-burning stars, if seeking to read the mournful secret in their light, asked, wherefore was it that Man alone must fade and perish, while they, so much less wonderful, less godlike than he, thus still lived, and was a transplant. Immortal and forever! — "Oh, that there were some spell, some talisman," I excla med, "to make the spirit that burns within us deathless as those stars, and even to it a career like theirs, as bright and inextinguishable throughout all time!"

While thus indulging in wild and melancholy fancies, I felt that basitude which earthly pleasure, however sweet, still hastes behind, comes insensibly over me, and at length sank at the base of the statue to sleep.
But even in sleep, the same fancies continued to haunt me; and a dream, so distinct and vivid as to leave behind it the impression of reality, thus presented itself to my mind. I found myself suddenly transported into a strange and desolate plain, where nothing appeared to breathe, or move, or live. The very air that hung above it looked pale and extint, giving the idea, not of darkness, but of light that had become dead; and had that whole region been the remains of a burnt world, left broken up and soulless, it could not have presented an aspect more ghastly and desolate. The only thing that bespake life, through-out this melancholy waste, was a small spark of light, that at first glimmered in the distance, but, at length, slowly approached the bleak spot where I stood. As it drew near, I could see that its small but steady gleam came from a taper in the hand of an ancient and venerable man, who now stood, like a pale messenger from the grave, before me. After a few moments of awful silence, during which he looked at me with a sadness that thrilled me very deep, he said, "Thou, who seekest eternal life, go unto the shores of the dark Nile—go unto the shores of the dark Nile, and thou wilt find the eternal life thou seekest!"

No sooner had he uttered these words than the deathlike look that passed over his face, and the light that beamed out into the darkness of the night, darkened into a smile of more than earthly promise; while the small torch he held in his hand sent forth a glow of radiance, by which suddenly the whole surface of the desert was illuminated;—the light spreading even to the distant peak of a distant mountain, and, at the same time, pointing out the spot where he stood, to the gardens, palaces, and spires, all as bright as the rich architecture of the clouds at sunset. Sweet music, too, came floating in every direction through the air, and, from all sides, such varieties of enchantment brilliant, that with the excess alike of harmony and of radiance, I woke.

That incertitude should be superfluous is an anomaly neither unusual nor strange. A belief in superhuman agency seems natural and necessary to the mind; and, if not yielded to in the obvious channels, it will find a vent in some other. Hence, many who have doubted the existence of a God, have yet implicitly placed themselves under the patronage of Fate or the stars. Much the same moon-lustiness I was conscious of in my own feelings. Though rejecting all belief in a Divine Providence, I had yet a faith in dreams, that all my philosophies could not conquer. Nor was experience wanting to confirm me in my delusion; for, by some of those accidental coincidences, which make the history of nations and prophets, dreams, more than once, had been to me.

Oracles truer far than oak,
Or dove, or tripod, ever spoke.

It was not wonderful, therefore, that the vision of that night—touching, as it did, a chord so ready to vibrate—should have affected me with more than ordinary power, and even sunk deeper into my memory with every effort that I made to forget it. So I waked at my own weakness;—such self-delusion is seldom sincere. In vain did I pursue my accustomed pleasures. Their zest was, as usual, for ever new; but still, in the midst of all my enjoyment, came the cold and sudden sickness of mortal and, with it, the recollection of that visionary promise, to make my fancy, in defiance of reason, till continued to cling. At times indulging in reveries, that were little else than a continuation of my dream, I even contemplated the possible magnitude of my secret, by which, in my youth, if not perished, might be at least prolonged, and that dreadful vanity of death, within whose circle love and pleasure sickens, might be for a while averted. Who knows, I would ask, but that in Egypt that region of wonders, where Mystics had not indulged but half their treasures—where still remain, undeciphered, upon the pillars of Seth, so many written secrets of the antediluvian world—who can tell but that some powerful charm, some amulet, may there be hid, whose discovery, as this phantom hath promised, but awakens—some compound of the sublimest of the arts, that in the essence of the living stars, and whose influx into the frame of man might render him also unaging and immortal?""

But this fondly did I sometimes speculate, in those vague moods of mind, when the life of excitement in which I was engaged, acting upon a warm heart and vivid fancy, produced an intoxication of spirit, during which I was not wholly myself. This bewildermem't, too, was not a little increased by the constant struggle I had undergone. To experience the true sensation of the cold, mortal creed of my soul—

 rush in the realms of fantasy and romance.

Even in my soberest moments, however, that strange vision for ever haunted me; and every effort I made to chase it from my recollection was unavailing.

The deliberate conclusion, therefore, to which I at last came, was, that to visit Egypt was now my only respite; that, without seeing that land of wonders, I could not rest; nor, u in all my de- modes, by despair, s dream, be reasonable. Without the slightest, according, I am owned to my friends of the Garden, the intention I had formed to pay a visit to the land of Pharaohs. To none of them, however, did I dare to confess the vague, visionary import of the actuated me—Krohne, however much I wished to oblige that I should, while pleasure was that for which they gave me credit. The interest of the School, it was feared, might suffer by my absence; and there were some tenderers ties, which had still more to fear from separation.

But for the former inconvenience a temporary remedies was provided; while the latter a skilful distri- bution of vows and sighs alleviated. Being furnished with recommendatory letters to all parts of Egypt, I set sail, in the summer of the year 257, A.D., for Alexandria.

**CHAPTER III.**

To one, who so well knew how to extract pleasure from every moment on land, a sea-voyage, however smooth and favorable, appeared the least agreeable mode of losing time that could be devised. Often, indeed, did my imagination, in passing some isle of those sea, people with fair forms and loving hearts, to which my unwillingly would have paused to do homage. But the wind blew diriged towards the land of Mystery; and, still more, I heard a voice within me, whispering for ever "On."

As we approached the coast of Egypt, our course became less prosperous; and we had a specimen of the benevolence of the divinities of the Nile, in the shape of a storm, or rather whirlwind, which had nearly sunk our vessel, and which the Egyptians on board declared to be the work of their deity, Typhon. After a day and night of danger, during which we were driven on the beach of our course, our beneficent influence prevailed above; and, at length, as the morning freshly broke, we saw the beautiful palace of Kings, its palace of four hundred columns, and the fair Pillar of Pillars, towering in the midst to heaven.

After passing in review this splendid vision, we shot rapidly round the Rocks of Pharaoh, and in a few minutes, found ourselves in the harbour of Alexandria.

**2 More properly, perhaps, "the Column of the Pilars." Vide Abdallatif, Relation de PEgypte, and the notes of M. de Sacy.** The great portico round this column (formerly designated Pompey's, but now known to have been erected in honour of Didascylus) was still standing, M. de Sacy says, in the time of Saladin.

**Vide Lord Valetau's Travels.**
THE EPICUREAN.

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The sun had risen, but the light on the Great Tower of the Rock was still burning; and there was a larger

1 Ammianus thus speaks of the state of Alexandria in his time, which he, believe, as late as the end of the fourth century:—"Ne uno quidem in codem urbe Doctiorum varia silens, non apud nos exaruit Musica nec 1 verum commissum."—Lib. 22.

2 From the character of the features of the Sphinx, and a passage in Herodotus, describing the Egyptians as "megalychores και σανατονοι," Volney, Bruce, and a few others, have concluded that the ancient inhabitants of Egypt were negroes. But this opinion is controverted by a host of authorities. See Cotta's Notice upon Brown's Travels, for the result of Blumenbach's dissection of a variety of mummies. Denon, speaking of the character of the heads represented in the ancient sculpture and painting of Egypt, says, "Celle des femmes ressemblent a la figure de

enhanced its other charms; and the hue left by the sun on their rounded cheeks seemed but an earnest of the gentle ardor he must have kindled in their hearts.

"The imbraving of the fruit, that tells,

How rich within the soul of sweetness dwells.

Some weeks had now passed in such constant and ever-changing pleasures, that even the melancholy vice deep within my heart, though it still spoke,

was but seldom listened to, and soon died away in the sound of the siren songs that surrounded me. At length, as the delicacy of our gay scenes wore off, the same vague and gloomy huddling began to mingle with all my joys; and an incident that occurred at this time, during one of my gayest revels, conducted still more to deepen their gloom.

The celebration of the annual festival of Serapis happened to take place during my stay, and I was, more than once, induced to mingle with the gay multipitudes that flocked to the shrine at Canopus on the occasion.

Day and night, as long as this festival lasted in the great canal, which led from Alexandria to Canopus, was a perfect concert of music. It consists of both sexes, all hastening to avail themselves of this pious license, which lent the zest of a festive religious sanction to pleasure, and gave a holyday to the follies and passions of earth, in honor of heaven.

I was returning by land to Alexandria. The north wind, that welcome vis-à-vis, had cooled and freshened the air, while the banks, on either side of the canal, sent forth, from groves of orange and lemon, the most delicious odors. As I had left all my boat to be seen on the canal but my own; and I was just yielding to the thoughts which solitude at such an hour inspires, when my reveries were suddenly

volupte, le noe petit, les yeux longs, peu ouvertes," &c. &c. He could judge, too, he says, from the female mummies, "ces leurs chnvres et joints longs et lisses, que le caractere de féte de la 'sout du beau style."—"Je rapporthe," he adds, "une tete de vieille femme qui eût aussi belle que celles de Michel-Ange, et leur re-emblouit beaucoup.

1 Description générale de Thèbes," by Merr, Jollivet et Desciser, they say, "Tous les sculptures Égyptiennes, depuis des plus grands colosses de Thèbes jusqu'aux plus petites idoles, ne rappellent en avenue minicie les traits de la figure des nègres; mais que les têtes des momies des catacombes de Thèbes présentent des problèmes de nègres."—Jomard's "Description of Syene and the Cataract," Baron Larry, on the "confirmation physique" of the Egyptians, &c. &c. But the most satisfactory refutation of the opinion of Volney has been afforded within these few years by Doctor Graunt, who having been lucky enough to obtain possession of a perfect female mummy, has, by dissection and examination of its form, completely abolished the fact, that the ancient Egyptians were of the Caucasian race, not of the Ethiopic. See this gentleman's curious "Essays on Egyptian Mummies," read before the Royal Society, April 14th, 1825.

De Paul, the great preceptor of everything Egyptian, has, on the authority of a passage in Alhan, presumed to ascribe to the countrywomen of Cleopatra the stigma of complete and unerrated ugliness. The following line of Euripides, however, is an answer to such charges:—

"Noua μεν έις καλλίπορφην έρωταν.

In addition to the celebrated instances of Cleopatra, Rhod pe, &c. we are told, on the authority of Manetho (as given by Zöegli from Georgius Syncellus), of a beautiful queen of Montepile, Niphon, of immense dignity, who, in addition to other charms and perfections, was (rather inconsistently with the negro hypothesis) ψιρί τής θρόνωσι, i.e., yellow-haired.

For a tribute to the beauty of the Egyptian women, Montesquieu's "Temple de Gizeh,"
The memory of the dream now recurred to me more lively than ever. The bright, arising smile of that venerable Spirit, and his words, "Go to the shores of the dark Nile, and there will find the eternal life they seekest," wee me ever present to my mind. But alas! alas! I had done nothing towards realising the proud promise. Alexandria was not Egypt—

The very soil upon which it now stood was not in existence, when already Theseks and Memphis had numbered ages of glory.

"No! I exclaim; "it is only beneath the Pyramids of Memphis, or in the mystic Halls of the Laboratory, those holy arcana are to be found, of which the antediluvian world has made Egypt its heir, and among which—blot thought!—the key to eternal life may lie.

Having formed my determination, I took leave of my many Alexandrian friends, and departed for Memphis.

CHAPTER IV.

Egypt was, perhaps, of all others, the country most calculated, from that mixture of the melancholy and the voluptuous, which marked the character of her people, her religion, and her art, to affect deeply a fancy and temperament like mine, and keep both for ever tremulously alive. Wherever I turned, I beheld the desert and the garden, mingling together their desolation and bloom. I saw the love-lower and the tomb standing by side, as if, in that land, Plesure and Death kept hourly watch upon each other. In the very luxury of the climate there was the same soothing influence. The monotonous splendour of the days, the solemn radiance of the nights—

And tended to exalt me in that soft, eloquent air, the off-

spring of passion and of thought, which had been so long the familiar inmate of my soul.

When I sailed from Alexandria, the inundation of the Nile was at its full. The whole valley of Egypt lay covered by its flood, and, as looking around me, I saw in the light of the setting sun, shrines, palaces, and monuments, encircled by the waters, I could almost fancy that I beheld the sinking island of Atlantis, on the last evening its temples were visible above the waves—there, as before, was the same scene of animation as presented themselves on every side!—

White, far as sight could reach, beneath as clear
And blue a heaven as ever blessed this sphere.

Gardens, and pillor'd streets, and papyryous domes,
And high-built temples, fit to be the homes
Of mighty gods and pyramids—

Outcasts all time, above the waters tower!

Then, too, the scenes of pomp and joy, that make
One theatre of this vast peopled world,

Where all that Love, Religion, Commerce gives
Of life and motion, ever moves and lives.

Here, up the steps of temples, from the wave
Ascending, in procession slow and grave,

Fires, in white garments, go, with sacred wands
And silver censers smailing in their hands.

While, there, rich banks—fresh from those sunny tracts
Far off, beyond the sounding cataracts—

Gide with their precious burden to the sea,
Plumes of bright birds, rhinoceros' ivory,

Gems from the isle of Moree, and those grains
Of gold, wash'd down by Assyrian hopes.

Here, where the waters wind into a bay
Shadowy, or cloud, some phaeton on their way
To Sais or Bubastis, among beds
Of lotus-flowers, that close above their heads,
Push their light banks, and bid, as in a bower,
Sun, bath, on the bosom on the waters flow.

White lyke, not far off, beneath a bank
Of blossoming aspen, many a prank
Is play'd in the great current of the grain
Of laughing nymphs, lovely as she, whose chain
Around two conquerors of the world was cast
But, for a third too feeble, broke at last!
Enchanted with the whole scene, lingered delightfully on my voyage, visiting all those luxurious and venerable palaces, whose towers have been consecrated by the wonder of ages. At Sais I was present during her Festival of Launs, and, by the blaze of innumerable lights, those sublime words on the temple of Nei ha-t, I am all that has been, that is, and that shall be, was not without a sigh, the sun smiling over her ruins, as if in mockery of the mass of perdurable generation, that had once called itself, in its pride, "The City of the Sun." But to the last, she, the "Golden Veil" was, I own, my fondest pilgrimage; and, there, as I rambled through its shades, where bowers are the only temples, I felt how far more worthy to form the shrine of a deity are the everliving stumps of the garden and the grove, than the most precious columns the mammonite quarry can supply.

Everywhere, new pleasures, new interests awaited me; and though Meroehs had stood, as usual, for ever near, her shadow fell buthalf-way over my vagrant path, leaving the rest but more welcomeon the contrast, to relate my various adventures, during this short voyage, would only detain me from events, far, far more worthy of record. Amidst all this endless variety of attractions, the great object of my voyage, the sudden, the mysterious appearance of this land of the sun still remained, to me, as much mysteries as ever, and as yet I had been initiated in nothing but its pleasures.

It was not till that memorable evening, when I first stood before the pyramid and beheld them towering aloft, like the watch-towers of Time, from whose summit, when about to expire, he will look his last — it was not till this moment that the great secret announced in my dream again rose, in all its inscrutable darkness, upon my thoughts. There was the sunshine reflected gloriously upon those monuments — a stillness, as of reverence, in the air that breathed around them, which seemed to steal, like the music of past times, into my heart. I thought what myriads of the wise, the beautiful, and the brave, had sunk into dust since earth first saw those wonders; and, in the sadness of my soul, I exclaimed, — "Must man alone, then, perish? must minds and hearts be annihilated, while pyramids endure? Oh, Death, Death! even upon these everlasting tokens of man's grandeur, and rationality, kings themselves could purchase — thou hast written our doom awfully, and intelligibly, saying, 'There is for man no eternal mansion but the grave!'"

My heart sunk at the thought; and, for the moment, I felt a desire intense feeling, which overpowers the soul that has no light light from the future. But again the buoyancy of my nature prevailed, and, again, the willing dogs of vain dreams, I deluded myself into the belief of all that my heart most wished, with that happy facility which enables imagination to stand in the place of happiness. Yes, I cried, "immortality must be within man's reach; and, as wisdom alone is worthy of such a blessing, to the wise alone must the secret have been revealed. It is said, that deep, under yonder pyramid, has lain for ages concealed the Table of Emerald, 4 on which the Three Graces were inscribed, and engraved the secret of Alchemy, which gives gold at will. Why, then, may not the thinker, the more god-like secret, that gives life at will, be recorded there also? It was by the power of gold, of endless gold, that the king, if he have, or Repose in these mazy structures, could make earth to its very centre, and raise quantities into the air, to provide for themselves tombs that might outshine the world. Who can tell but that the gift of immortality was also theirs? who knows that they, themselves, triumphed over decay, still live;—those monarchs, whom we call gods, being rich and everlasting palaces, within whose depths, concealed from this withering world, they still wander, with the few Elect who have been the sharers of their gift, through a sinless, but ever illuminated, eternitv of their own? Else, wherefore those structures? where re that subterranean realm, by which the whole valley of Egypt is undermined? Why, else, those pyramids, which none of earth hath ever beheld— which none of heaven, except that God, who stands, with finger on his bearded lip, 5 hath ever trodden?"

While thus I indulged in fond dreams, the sun, already half sunk beneath the horizon, was taking, calmly and gloriously, his last look of the Pyramids, as he had done long before the mysteries of this land of the sun still remained, to me, as much mysteries as ever, and as yet I had been initiated in nothing but its pleasures.

But he, with the gods, the gods now gone, and the evening sun that is seen from his bright heaven above, Nothing on earth, to match that heaven, but love!

Thus did I exclaim, in the words of one of their own Egyptian poets, as, anticipating the various dejects.

4 For an account of the Table of Emerald, vide Letters sur l'Origine des Dieux d'Egycpte. De Fucau supposes it to be a modern fiction of the Arabs. Many writers have fancied that the art of making gold was the great secret that lay hid under the forms of Egyptian theology. "La science Hermetique," says the Benedictine, Penelze, "l'art sacrato, et la source de toutes les richesses des Pharaons, a formé le sujet de ces mythes et de ces rites sous le voile de leur pretendue Religion." Tableaux Egyptiens. The hieroglyphs, that formerly covered the Pyramids, are supposed by some of these writers to relate to the same art.—See Mutus Liber, Regalia.

5 Henfin Harp craves represent also the soile. Il est vrai que le dieu le silence; il meitit le doigt sur la brauche parce qu'on adorait le soleil avec un respectueux silence, et c'est de la qu'est venu le Sige des Bastudiens, qui trouvai leur origine de l'Eglise. — See Gressod."
lights of the festival, I cast away from my mind all gloomy thoughts, and, hastening to my little bark, in which I now lived the life of a Nile-bird, on the waters, steered my course to the island temple of the Moon.

C H A P T E R V.

The rising of the Moon, slow and majestic, as if conscious of the honours that awaited her upon earth, was welcomed with a loud Amen from the crows of supremacy and born it unbroiled through ages—now, softened by the mild moonlight that harmonized with her decline, shone forth among her lakes, her pyramids, and her shrines, like one of those dreams of human glory that must ere long pass away. Even already ruins was visible around her. The sands of the Libyan desert were gaining upon her like a sea; and there, among solitary columns and sphinxes, already half sunk from sight, time seemed to stand waiting, till all that now 11 shrouded around him should fall beneath the velvet hand, like the moon itself.

On the waters all was gaiety and life. As far as eye could reach, the lights of innumerable boats were seen studding, like rubies, the surface of the stream. Vessels of every kind—from the light coracle, 1 built for the young of the cataracts, to the large yachts that glide slowly to the sound of flutes—all were allotted for this sacred festival, filled with crowds of the young and the gay, not only from Memphis and Babylon, but from cities still farther removed from the festal scene.

As I approached the island, I could see, glittering through the trees on the bank, the lamps of the pilgrims hastening to the ceremony. Landing in the direction which those lights pointed out, I soon joined the crowd; and, passing through a long alley of sphinxes, whose quaint marble gleamed out from the dark sycamores around them, reached in a short time the grand vestibule of the temple, where I found the ceremonies of the evening already commenced.

In this vast hall, which was surrounded by a dark wall, and closed by a door that I opened and shut, I looked over-head to the stars of heaven, I saw a group of young maidens, moving in a sort of measured step, between walk and dance, round a small altar, upon which stood one of those sacred birds, 2 that, on account of the variegated colour of their wings, are dedicated to the worship of the moon. The vestibule was dimly lighted—there being but one lamp of naphtha hung on each of the great pillars that encircled it. But, havingaken my station beside one of those pillars, I had a clear view of the young dancers, as in succession they passed me.

The drapery of all was white as snow; and each wore loosely, beneath the bosome, a dark-blue zone, or bandelet, studded, like the skies at midnight, with small silver stars. Through their dark locks we wove the white lily of the Nile—that sacred flower being accounted no less welcome to the moon, than the golden blossoms of the bean-flower 3 are known to be to the sun. As they passed under the arch, a gleam of light flashed from their bosoms, which, I could perceive, was the reflection of a small mirror, that, in the manner of the women of the East, each of the dancers wore beneath her left shoulder.

There was no music to regulate their steps; but, as they gracefully went round the bird on the shrine, some, in the beat of the castanel, some, to the shrill ring of a sistra 4 — which they held uplifted in the attitude of their adoration, accompanied every evance—seemed to induce them to lose themselves in the contemplation of their mirrors; while others, at every step, shook a small chain of silver, whose sound, mingling with the tinkle of the castanets and sistra, produced a wild, but not unpleasant, harmony.

They seemed all lovely; but there was one—whose face the light had not yet reached, so downdraft she held it—who attracted, and, at length, riveted all my looks and thoughts. I know not why, but there was something in those half-seen features—a charm in their very shadow, that hung over their imagined beauty—which took my fancy more than all the dazzling loveliness of her companions. So enchained was I by this cloy mystery, that her alone, of all the group, could I either see or think of—her alone I clung to, as, with the same drowsy gaze, benevolently and aerially round the altar, as if her presence, like that of a spirit, was something to be felt, not seen.

Suddenly, while gazed, the long cresset of a thousand cymbals was heard; the massy gates of the Temple flew open, as if by magic, and a flood of radiance from the illumined edifice filled the whole vestibule; while, at the same instant, as if the light and the sounds were born together, a peal of rich harmony came mingling with the dance.

It was the glory that light, which shone full upon the young maiden's fair veins, as, starting at the sudden blaze, she raised her eyes to the portal, and as quickly let fall their lids again—it was then I beheld, what even my own ardent imagination, in its most vivid dreams of beauty, had never pictured. Not Psyche herself, when passing on the threshold of heaven, while its first glories fell on her dazzled lids, could have looked more purely beautiful, or blushed with a more innocent shame. Of en as I had left the power of looks, nought but her ever engendered me. It was a new feeling— a new sense—coming as suddenly upon me as that radiance into the vestibule, and, at once, filling my whole being; and had that bright vision but lingered another moment before my eyes, I should in my transport have wholly forgotten who I was and where, and thrown myself, in prostrate adoration, at her feet.

But scarcely had that gust of harmony been heard, when the sacred bird, which had, till now, been standing motionless as an image, spread wide his wings, and flew into the Temple; while his graceful young worshippers, with a fleetness like his own, followed—and she, who had left a dream in my heart never to be forgit, vanished along with the rest. As she went rapidly past the portal again, upon which I leaned, the ivy that encircled it caught in her dra-
pery, and disengaged some ornament which fell to the ground. It was the small mirror which I had seen shining on her bosom. Hastily and tumultuously I picked it up, and hurried to restore it; but she was already beyond my reach.

In vain did I try to follow; the aisles were already filled, and numbers of eager pilgrims pressed towards the portal. But the servants of the Temple denied all further entrance, and still, as I presented myself, their white wands barred the way. Perplexed and irritated amid that crowd of faces, regarding all as enemies that impeded my progress, I stood on tiptoe, gazing into the busy aisles, and with a heart beating as I caught, from time to time, a glimpse of some spangled dark blue and white that shone faintly in the aisle, I had discovered the fair object of my search. But it was all in vain; in every direction, tiles of sacred nymphs were moving, but nowhere could I discover her whom alone I sought.

In this state of breathless agitation did I stand for some time—bewildered with the confusion of faces and lights, as well as with the clouds of incense that rolled around me; till, fevered and impatient, I could endure it no longer. Forcing my way out of the vestibule in the third hour through the alley of sphinxes to the shore, I hanged myself into my boat.

There lies, to the north of Memphis, 2 a solitary lake (which, at this season of the year, miracles with the water of the Nile.) It is bordered by the Necropolis, or City of the Dead—a place of melancholy grandeur, over cast with shrows and pyramids, where many a timorous, proud even in death, is lain awaiting through long ages its resurrection of its glory. Through a range of sepulchral grotts underneath, the humbler denizens of the tomb are deposited—looking out on each successive generation that visits them, with the same face and features 3 they wore centuries ago. Every plant and tree, con-secrated by the sacred places, is most difficult to dissolve to the mystic platonian, lends its sweetness or shadow to this place of tombs; and the only noise that disturbs its eternal calm, is the low humming sound of the priests at prayer, when a new inhabitant is added to the silent city.

It was towards this place of death, that, in a mood of mind, as usual, half gloomy, half bright, I now, almost unconsciously, directed my bark. The form of the young Friedes was continually before me. I could not look on her, the very remembrance of which was worth all the actual smiles of other time, for a moment left my mind. Absorbed in such thoughts, I continued to row on, scarce knowing whither I went, still, at length, started to find myself within the shadow of the City of the Dead, I looked up, and beheld, rising in succession before me, pyramid beyond pyramid 4 each towering more lofty than the other till a thousand or more leaned together, as if to be reached by one, upon whose summit the bright moon rested as on a pedestal.

Drawing nearer to the shore, which was sufficiently elevated to raise this silent city of tombs above the level of the inundation, I rested my ear, and allowed the boat to rock idly upon the water, while, in the mean time, my thoughts, left equally without direction, were allowed to fluctuate as idly. How vague and various were the dreams that then floated through my mind—those bright visions of the temple still mingling itself with all! Sometimes she stood before me, like an aerial spirit, as pure as if that element of music and light, into which I had seen her vanish, was her only dwelling. Sometimes, animated with passion, and kindling into a creature of earth, she seemed to lain towards me with looks of tenderness, which it were worth while, but for one instant, to inspire; and again—as the dark fancies, that ever haunted me, recurred—I saw her cold, parched, old blackening, and the gloom of those eternal sepulchres before me!

Turning away, with a shudder, from the cemetery at this thought, I heard the sound of an oar plying swiftly through the water, and, in a few moments, saw, shooting past me, towards the shore, a small boat, in which sat two female figures, muffled up and veiled. Having landed them not far from the spot where, under the shadow of a tomb on the bank, I lay concealed, the boat again departed, with the same fleetness, over the flood range of the Nile.

Never had the prospect of a lively adventure come more welcome to me than at this moment, when my busy fancy was employed in weaving such chains for my heart, as threatened a bondage, of all others, the most irksome. To locate, and when, on the spot of a creature of my own imagination, was the worst, because the mist fluctuating, of fancies. It is only reality that can afford any chance of dissolving such spells, and the idol I was now creating to myself must for ever remain ideal. Any pursuit, therefore, that seemed likely to divest me from such thoughts—to bring back my imagination to earth and reality, from the vague region in which it had been wandering, was a relief far too seasonable not to be welcomed with eagerness.

I had watched the course which the two figures took, and, having hastily fastened my boat to the bank, stepped gently on shore, and, at a little distance, followed them. The windings through which they led were intricate; and by the bank, the light of the moon was enabled to keep their forms in view, as, with rapid step, they glided among the monuments. At length, in the shade of a small pyramid, whose peak barely-surrounded the plane-trees that grew near, they vanished from my sight. I had soon to the spot where there was not a sign of life around; and, had my creed extended to another world, I might have fancied these forms were spirits, sent down from thence to mock me—so insensibly had they disappeared. I searched through the trees and shrubs of the grove, but all there was still as death. At length, in examining one of the sides of the pyramid, which, for a few feet from the ground, was furnished with steps, I found, midway between peak and base, a part of its surface, which, although presenting to the eye an appearance of smoothness, gave to the touch, I thought, indications of a concealed opening.

After a variety of efforts and experiments, I at last, 4

"Multipolimini pyramids funeste e ruinam aucturum"—Zocca, in Pariser, who visited more than ten of the small pyramids, is of opinion that there must have originally been a hundred in this place.

See, on the subject of the Isle in the northward of Memphis, Shaw's Travels, p. 302.
more by accident than skill, pressed the spring that commanded this hidden aperture. In an instant the portal slid aside, and disclosed a narrow stair-way within, the two or three first steps of which were discernible by the moonlight, while the rest were lost in utter darkness. Though it was difficult to conceive that the persons within had been pursuing would have ventured to pass through this gloomy opening, yet I thought it the fairest form in which we gaze upon the silent features within. The position in this figure was placed, intercepting a strong light, afforded me, at first, but an imperfect and shadowy view of it. Yet even at this mere outline I felt my heart beat high — and memory had no less share, as it presented, in this feeling that was upon me, I passed through the portal, and descended into the pyramid.

CHAPTER VI.

At the bottom of the stairway I found myself in a low, narrow passage, through which, without stopping almost to the earth, it was impossible to proceed. Though leading through a multiplicity of dark wind-  

Thee come glimmer appeared to issue from some cell or alcove, in which the tight-hand wall of the gallery terminated, and, breathless with expectation, I stole gently towards it.  

Arrived at the end of the gallery, a scene presented itself to my eyes, for which my fondest expectations of adventure could not have prepared me. The place from which the light proceeded was a small chapel, of whose interior, from the dark recess in which I stood, I could take, unseen myself, a full and distinct view. Over the walls of this oratory were painted some of those various symbols, by which the mystic wisdom of the Egyptians leaves to shadow out the History of the Soul: the winged globe with a serpent — the rays descending from above, like a glory — and the Theban beetle, as he comes forth after the waters have passed away, and the first sunbeam falls on his regenera-  

In the middle of the chapel, on a bower of granite, lay a lifeless female form, ensconced within a case of crystal — as it is the custom to preserve the dead in Ethiopia — and looking as freshly beautiful as if the soul had but a few hours departed. Among the emblems of death, on the front of the altar, were a slen-  


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4 A cross, among the Egyptians, the emblem of a future life.

"The singular appearance of a Cross so frequently recurring among the hieroglyphics of Egypt, had excited the curiosity of the Christians at a very early period of ecclesiastical history, and as some of the Priests, who were acquainted with the meaning of the hieroglyphics, became converted to Christianity, the secret transpired. The converted heathens, says Socrates Scholasticus, explained the symbol, and declared this Revealed Letter of Jesus Christ, the love and road of the Copts, had been this emblem peculiar to the Christians. See, on this subject, L'histoire des Juifs, liv. vi. c. 16.  

It is singular enough that while the Cross was thus held sacred among the Egyptians, not only the custom of marking the forehead with the sign of the Cross, but Baptism and the consecration of the bread in the Eucharist, were imitated in the mysterious ceremonies of Melch. — Tertull. de Prsecrptionis Hereticarum.

Zoega is of opinion that the Cross, said to have been for the first time found, on the destruction of the temple of Serapis, by the Christians, could not have been the cruz aequor, but nothing is more certain than this emblem on all the Egyptian monuments.
that every earthly feeling was forgotten as I gazed, and love itself became exalted in my reverence.

But, entranced as I felt in this scene of such a scene, thus to enjoy it by the "beauties" seemed to me a wrong, a sacrilege—and, rather than let her eyes encumber the flash of mine, or disturb, by a whisper, that sacred silence in which life and death had conspired, I turned my thoughts through unuttering love, I would have sufficed my heart to break, without a murmur, where I stood. Gently, as life itself depended on my every movement, I stole away from that iniquity and holy scene—leaving it still holy and tremulous, as if I had found it and, eluding back through the same passages and windings by which I had entered, reached again the narrow stair-way, and ascended into light.

The sun had just risen, and, from the summit of the Arabian hills, was pouring down his beams into that vast valley of waters—as if proud of last night's homage to his own divine fire, now flung away in the superior splendour of her Lord. My first impulse was to fly at once from this dangerous spot, and in new loves and pleasures seek for fresh fullness of the wondrous scene I had just witnessed. "Once," I exclaimed, "out of the circle of enchantment, I knew too well my own susceptibility to new impressions, to feel any doubt that I shall soon break the spell that is now around me.

But my efforts to resolve, even while I was aware to fly to that spot, I found my steps still lingering more or less round the pyramid—my eyes still turned towards the portal which seemed to this enchantress from the world of the living. Hour after hour did I wander through that City of Sciences till, at last, it was midday, and, under the sun's meridian ray, the mighty pyramid of pyramids stood, like a great shadowy spirit, shadowless.

Again did these wild and passionate feelings, which before, her presence had subdued into reverences, return to take possession of my imagination and my senses. I even reproached myself for the awe, that had held me spell-bound before her; "What?" thought I, "would my companions of the Garden say, did they know their child—be whose path I've strayed with trophies—was now gaping for a simple Egyptian girl, in whose presence he had not dared to utter a single sigh, and who had vanquished the victor, without even knowing her name?"

A blush came over my cheek at the humiliating thought, and I determined, at all risks, to await her coming. That she should be an inmate of those gloomy caverns seemed inconceivable; nor did there appear to be any opening for her to come by but my own choice. Again, therefore, like a sentinel of the dead, did I pace up and down among the huge tombs, contrasting mournfully the burning fever in my own veins with the cold quiet of those who lay slumbering around.

At length the intense glow of the sun over my head, and, still more, that ever-renewed agitation in my heart, became too much for even strength like mine to endure. Exhausted, I threw myself down at the base of the pyramid—choosing my place directly under the shadow, where my face was sun-struck, or my heart, if not my eyes, might still keep watch, and her face, light as it was, could not fail to awake me.

After many an ineffectual struggle against drowsiness, I finally sunk into a sleep—but not into forgetfulness. The same image still haunted me, in every variety of shape, with which imagination, assisted by memory, could invent it. Now, like the goddess Nith, upon her throne at A, she seen to sit, and, once more, I longed from that spot, from which she had seen me, but I was, then no mortal had ever beheld—now, and long, now the beautiful enchantress Rhodope, I saw her rise from out the pyramid in which she had dwelt for ages—

"Fair Rhodope 2 as story tells, The bright unearthly nymph, who dwelleth Midriteria golden and jewelled, The Lady of the Pyramid."

So I beheld my sleep conjured, that, when I awoke, I found the moon reigns resplendent above the horizon. But all arid was to be calm tranquil and lifeless as before; nor did a print on the grass betray that any foot had passed there since my own. Re-freshed, however, by my long rest, and with the last lingering image of the lady on the pyramid as I had been dreaming, I now resolved to revisit the chapel in the pyramid, and put an end, if possible, to this strange mystery that haunted me.

Having learned, from the experience of the preceding night, the inconvenience of encountering these labyrinths without a light, I now hastened to provide myself with a lamp from my boat. Tracking my way back with some difficulty to the shore, I there found not only my lamp, but also some dates and dried fruits, of which I was always provided with store, for my roaming life upon the waters, and which, after so many hours of absence, were now a most welcome and necessary relief.

Thus prepared, I again ascended the pyramid, and was proceeding to march out the secret spring, when a loud, dismal noise was heard at a distance, to which all the melancholy echoes of the cemetry gave answer. The sound came, I knew, from the Great Temple in the shore of the lake, and was the sort of shriek which I had heard in the Galleys of Libyans, as they are called—used always to send forth from their huts, when opening at night, to receive the newly-died dead.

I had, more than once before, heard that sound, and always with sudden surprise; but at this moment, it thrilled through me like a voice of ill omen, and I almost doubted whether I should not abandon my enterprise. The hesitation, however, was but momentary;—even while it passed through my mind, I hastened the spring of the portal. In a few seconds more, I was again in the passage beneath the pyramid; and, being enabled by the light of my lamp to follow the windings more rapidly, I soon found myself at the door of the small chapel in the gallery.

I entered, and, though there was now, alas, nothing living within. The young Priestess had vanished like a spirit into the darkness; and all the rest remained as I had left it on the preceding night.

The lamp still hung burning upon the crystal shrine; the cross was finding there, an end, of things that had passed; and the cold image, within the shrine, wore still the same tranquil look, as it resigned to the solitude of death—of all lone things the loneliest. Remembering the lips that I had seen kiss that cross, and kindling with the recollection, I raised it, impatiently to my own;—but the dead eyes, I thought, not mine, and, awed and subdued in the midst of my adoration, I replaced the cross upon the shrine.

I had now lost every clue to the object of my pursuit, and, with all that various satisfaction which certainly, even when unavailing, brings, was about to retrace my steps slowly to earth, when, as I held forth my lamp, entering the chapel, I perceived that the glerity, instead of terminating here, took a sudden and snake-like bend to the left, which had before vanished.
...CHAPTER VII.

The path led, for a while, through the same sort of narrow windings as those which I had before encountered in descending the stairway; and at length opened, in a similar manner, into a straight and steep gallery, along each side of which stood, closely ranged and upright, a file of lifeless bodies, whose glary eyes appeared to glare upon me preternaturally as I passed.

Arrived at the end of this gallery, I found my hopes, for the second time, vanish; as the path, it was manifest, extended no farther. The sense of disappointment I was about to discern, by the glimmering of my lamp, which was now burnt-out, was produced by the coolness and fainter, was the mouth of a hole well that lay gaping before me—a reservoir of darkness, black and uninviting. It seemed as if I had heard of such wells, as being used occasionally for passages by pilgrims. Leaning down, therefore, over the edge, I examined anxiously all within, in order to see if it afforded the means of effecting a descent into the chamber; but the sides, I could perceive, were not smooth and smooth a glass, being varnished all over with that sort of dark pitch, which the Dead Sea throws out upon its smooth shore.

After a more attentive scrutiny, however, I observed, at the depth of a foot, a sort of step, projecting daintily from the side, and, below it, another, which, though hardly perceptible, was just sufficient to encourage an adventurous foot to the trial. Though I meant to try the young Priestess was now at an end—it being impossible that female foot should have ventured on this descent—yet, as I had engaged so far in the adventure, and there was, at least, a mystery to be unravelled, I determined, at all hazards, to explore the chasm. Placing my lamp, therefore, (which is placed at the bottom, in the likeness of a helmet, firmly upon my head, and having that both hands for liberty for exertion, I set my foot cautiously on the iron step, and descended into the well.

I found the same footing, at regular intervals, to a considerable depth, and had already descended near a hundred of these steps, when the ladder altogether ceased, and I could descend no further. In vain did I stretch down my foot in search of support—the hard, slippery sides were all that it encountered. At length, stepping my head, so as to let the light fall below, I observed an opening or window directly above the step on which I stood, and, taking for granted that the way must lie in that direc.ion, conrived to clamber, with no small difficulty, through the aperture.

It was found itself on a rude and narrow stairway, the steps of which were the same as those of the shining path, and wound spirally downward in the same direc.ion as the well. Almost dizzy with the descent, which seemed as if it would never end, I, at last, reached the bottom, where a pair of rusty iron gates were closed directly across my path, as if wholly to forbid any further progress. Massy and gigantic, however, as they were, I found, to my surprise, that the hand of an infant might have opened them with ease—so lightly did his stupendous folds give way to my touch,

"Light as a lume-bush, that receives Some wandering bird among its leaves."

No sooner, however, had I passed through, than the astounding din, with which the gates clashed toger.ther again, was such as might have awakened death itself. It seemed as if every echo throughout that vast, subterranean world, from the Catacombs of Alexandria to Thebes's Valley of Kings, had caught up and repeated the thunderous sound.

Snarled as I was by the crash, not even this supernatural clangour could divert my attention from the sudden light which broke around me—lit, warm, and welcome, as are the stars of the cliff, the eyes of the mariner who has long been wandering through the cold seas of the North. Looking for the source of this splendour, I saw, through an archway opposite, a long illuminated alley, stretching away as far as the eye could reach, and ending, on one side, with thickets of odoriferous shrubs, while along the other extended a line of lofty arcades, from which the light, that filled the whole area, issued. As soon, too, as the din of the deep echoes had subsided, there stole gradually on me a sense of a solemn, awful, and mellowed, which appeared to come mellowed and sweetened in its passage, through many a spacious hall within these shining arcades; while among the voices I could distinguish some female tones, which, lowering high and clear above the rest, formed a whisper, as it were, into which the harmony tapered, as it rose.

So excited was my fancy by this sudden enchantment, that—though never had I caught a sound from the fair Egyptian lips—I yet persuad myself that the voice I now heard was hers, sounding highest and most heavenly of all that choir, and calling me, like a distant spirit from its sphere. Animated by this thought, I flew forward to the archway, but found, in my misdirection, that it was guarded by a treas.ure-work, which, however, though at a distance, resisted all my efforts to force them.

While occupied in these ineffectual struggles, I perceived, to the left of the archway, a dark, cavernous opening, which seemed to lead in a direction parallel to the lighted arcades. Notwithstanding, however, my impatience, the object of this passage, as looked shudderingly into it, chilled my very blood. It was not so much darknes, as a sort of lived and ghastly twilit, from a damp, like that of death-vaults, exhaled, a dim light, which, if my eyes did not deceive me, pale, phantom like shapes were, at that very moment, hovering.

Looking anxiously round, to discover some less formidable outlet, I saw, over the vast folding-gates through which I had just passed, a blue, pencilous flame, which, after playing for a few seconds over the dark ground of the pediment, settled gradually into the dark of light, and formed the following words:

1 See, for the custom of burying the dead upright, "post funus s'atux esto corporis," As. Statius describes it.) Dr. C. Rich's preface to the 22nd section of his fifth volume. The idea to insert precious stones in the place of the eyes. "Les yeux d'or, les yeux d'emeraudes, de toqueries." &c.—Vide Macaoncule, quoted by Quatremere.

2 The following verses of Claudian are supposed to have been meant as a description of these imitations of the noise of earthquake and thunder which, by means of the Caryatids, and other such contrivances, were practised in the shows of the Mysteries, Jam mihi cernuntur tepidis debus horror, Sedesibus, et claram dispersaque culmen, Aduenturi testata De. Jam magnum ab ira Aedificat aurum tempora, tempestate removet. Cerebrum, qui, in clausa proser. lib. i. 3 See, for the echoes in the pyramids, Piusraur. de Placitis Philos. 4 "Ce moment heureux (de l'Antiquite) etoit prepare par des scene effrayantes, par des alternatives de craincre et de joie de lumiere et de tendresse, par la lucid des eclair, par le bruit terrible de la foudre, qu'on imitait et par des apparitions de spectres, des visages magiques, qui frappaient les yeux et les oreilles tout ensemble." Dupuis.
You, who would try
To bear, or to die
But to look back—

You, who aspire
To be purified,
By the terrors of Fire,
Of Water, and Air—

If danger, and pain,
And death you desire,
On the path
Into light you shall rise;

Rise into light
With that Secret Divine,
Now shrouded from sight
By the Veins of the Shrine.

But if—

Here the letters faded away into a dead blank, more awfully intelligible than the most eloquent words.

A new hope now flashed across me. The dream of the Garden, which had been for some time almost forgotten, returned freshly to my mind. "Am I then," I exclaimed, "on the path to the promised mystery? and shall the great secret of Eternal Life indeed be mine?"

"Yes," seemed to answer out of the air, that spirit-voice, which still was heard at a distance crowning the scene with a hush of mysteriousness. I hastened the omen with transport.

"Love and Immortality,
both beckoning me onward— who would give even a thought to fear, with such bright hopes in store?"—Having invoked and blessed that unknown enchanter, whose steps had led me to this abode of mystery and knowledge, I instantly plunged into the chasm.

Instead of that vague, spectral twilight which had at first met my eye, I now found, as I entered, a thick darkness, which, though far less horrible, was at this moment, of more descending, as my lamp, which had been, for some time, almost useless, was now fast expiring. Resolved, however, to make the most of its last gleam, I hastened, with rapid step, through this gloomy region, which appeared to be wider and more open to the air than anything that yet passed. Nor was it long before the sudden appearance of a bright blaze in the distance announced to me that my first great trial was at hand. As I drew nearer, the flames before me burst high and wide on all sides—and the awful spectacle that then presented itself was such as might have daunted hearts far more accustomed to dangers than mine.

There lay before me, extending completely across my path, a thicket, or grove, of the most combustible trees of Egypt—tamarind, pine, and Arabian balm; while vast and their stems and branches were coiled serpents of fire, which, twisting themselves rapidly from bough to bough, spread the contagion of their own wild fire as they went, and involved tree after tree in one general blaze. It was, indeed, rapid as the burning of those red-beds of Etna, to whose light is often seen brightening, at night, the distant cataracts of the Nile.

Through the middle of this blazing grove, I could now perceive, my only pathway lay. There was not a moment, therefore, to be lost— for the conflagration gained rapidly on either side, and already the narrowing path between was strewn with vivid fire. Casting away my useless lamp, and holding my robe as some slight protection over my head, I ventured, with trembling limbs, into the blaze.

Instantly, as if my presence had given new life to the flames, a fresh outbreak of combustion arose on all sides. The trees clustered into a bower of fire above my head, while the serpents that hung hissing from the red branches shot showers of sparks down upon me as I passed. Never were decision and activity of movement more instant; nor, in a single minute, was I have perished. The narrow opening, of which I had so promptly availed myself, closed instantly behind me; and as I looked back, to contemplate the ordeal which I had passed, I saw that the whole grove was already on fire.

Rejoiced to have escaped this first trial, I instantly plucked from one of the pine-trees a bough that was but just kindled, and, with this for my only guide, hastened breathlessly forward. I had advanced but a few paces when the path turned suddenly off, leading downwards, as I could perceive by the glimmer of my brand, into a more confined region, through which a chilly air, as if from the neighbouring waters, blew over my brow. Nor had I proceeded far in this course, when the sound of torrents—mused, as— I thought, from the grove, with shrill wailings, resembling the cries of persons in danger or distress—fell mournfully upon my ear. At every step the noise of the dashing waters increased, and I now perceived that I had entered an immense rocky cañon, through which a most awful winter-torrent, the dark flood, to whose roar I had been listening, poured its waters; while upon its surface floated grim spectre-like shapes, which, as they went by, sent forth those dismal shrieks I had heard before, as if in fear of some awful precipice towards whose brink they were hurrying.

I saw plainly that across this torrent must be my course. It was, indeed, fearful; but in courage and perseverance now lay my only hope. What awaited me on the opposite shore, I knew not for, on all sides, the devouring flames had encircled a huge globe, nor could on such a day, being rendered useless by the wilds, be used in actuating the current, while, with the other, as long as a gleam of my brand remained, I might hold it aloft to guide me safely to the shore.

Loq, formidable and almost hopeless was the struggle I had now to maintain, and more than once overpowered by the rush of the waters, I had given myself up, as destined to follow those pale, death-like apparitions, that still went past me, hurrying onward, with mournful cries, to find their doom in some invisible gulf beyond.

At length, just as my strength was nearly exhausted, and the last remains of the pine branch were dropping from my hand, I saw, outstretching towards me into the water, a light double balustrade, with a flight of steps between, ascending, almost perpendicularly, from the waves, till they seemed lost in a dense mass of clouds above. This glimpse— for it was nothing more, as my light expired in giving it—lent new spring to my courage. Having now both hands a liberation, I saw, that, after a few minutes' struggle, I felt my brow strike

3 The Nile, Pliny tells us, was admitted into the Pyramid.

4 "On exercoit," says Dupuis, "les recipendaires, pendant plusieurs jours, a traverser, a la nage, une grande etendue d'eau. On les y etoit et ce n'etait quavece quin s'en retireroit. On appliquoit le fer et le feu sur leurs membres. On les faisait passer a travers les flammes."

The aspirants were often in considerable danger, and Phyladagoras, we are told, nearly lost his life in the trials.—Vide Recherches sur les initiations, par Robut.
against the stairway, and, in an instant, my feet were on the steps.

Rejoiced at my escape from that perilous flood, though I knew not whether the stairway led, I promptly ascended the last step, and, finding that the feeling of confidence was of short duration. I had not mounted far, when, to my horror, I perceived, that each successive step, as my foot left it, broke away from beneath me, leaving me in mid-air, with no other alternative than that of still mounting by the same auxiliary furniture, and with the appalling doubt whether it would even endure my tread.

And thus did I, for a few seconds, continue to ascend, with nothing beneath me but that awful air that surrounds us, and whose exact form I could not see, but as I could hear the flash of the falling fragments, as every step in succession gave way from under my feet, it was a most fearful moment—but still worse remained. I now found the balustrade, by which I had held during my ascent, and which had hitherto appeared to be firm, growing tremulous in my hand, while the step, to which I was about to trust myself, tottered under my foot. Just then, a momentary flash, as if of lightning, broke around me, and I saw, hanging out of the clouds, so as to be barely within reach, a huge brazier torn. Instantly I stretched forth my arm to seize it, and, at the same instant, both balustrade and steps gave way beneath me, and I was left swinging by my hands in the dark void. As if, too, this nasty ring, which I grasped, was not only all the world, but all the universe, in heaven, no sooner had I seized it than, like the touch of a spring, it seemed to give loose to every variety of guns and tempests, that ever stirred the sea-shore with wrecks or dead; and, as I swung about, the spirit of this elemental strife, every gusty burst of its fury threatened to shiver me, like a storm-sail, to atoms!

Nor was even this the worst;—for still holding, I know not how, by the ring, I felt myself caught up, as by a thousand whirlwinds, and then round and round, like a stone-shot in a slug, continued to be whirled in the midst of all this deafening confusion, till my brain grew dizzy, my recollection became confused, and, I almost fancied myself on that wheel of the infernal world, whose motions Eternity alone can number!

Human strength could no longer sustain such a trial. I was on the point, atlas, of losing my hold, when suddenly the violence of the storm moderated;—that is to say, the air gradually ceased, and I felt the ring slowly descend with me;—happily a shipwrecked mariner at the first touch of land— I found my feet once more upon firm ground.

At the same moment, a light of the most delicious softness filled the whole air. Music, such as is heard in dreams, came floating at a distance; a light as my eyes gradually recovered their powers of vision, a scene of glory was revealed to them, almost too bright for imagination, and yet living and real. As far as the sight could reach, enchanting gardens were seen, opening away through long tracts of light and verdure, and sparkling everywhere with fountains, that circled, like streams of life, among the flowers. Not a charm was here wanting, that the fancy of poet or prophet, in their warmest pictures of Elysium, have ever promised or imagined. A springing into scenes of infinite grandeur—streams, shining out at intervals, in their shadowy course—and labyrinths of flowers, leading, by oy-ferious windings, to green, spacious glades full of splendour and repose. Through all this, there were felt a light, from some unseen source, resounding nothing that illumines our upper world— a sort of golden moonlight, mingling the warm radiance of day with the calm and melancholy luster of night.

We were there wanting inhabitants for this sunless Paradise. Through all the bright gardens were seen wandering, with the serene air and step of happy spirits, groups both of young and old, of venerable and of lovely forms, bearing, not of them, the Nile's while flowers on their heads, and branches of the eternal palm in their hands; while, over the verdant turf, fair children and maidens went dancing to aerial music, whose source was, like that of the light, invisible, but which filled the whole air with its mystic sweetness.

Exhausted as I was by the painful trials I had undergone, no sooner did I perceive those fair groups in the distance, than every weariness, both of frame and spirit, was forgotten. A thought crossed me that she, whom I sought, ought happily be among them; and notwithstanding the feeling of awe, with which that unearthly scene inspired me, I was about to fly, on the spot, to ascertain my hopes. But while in the act of making the effort, I felt my robe gently pulled, and turning round, beheld an aged man before me, whom, by the sacred hue of his garb, I knew at once to be a Hierophant. Facing a branch of the consecrated palm in my hand, he said, "Aspirant of the Mysteries, welcome." Then, regarding me for a few seconds with grave attention, added, in a tone of courtliness and interest, "The victory over the body hath been gained!—Follow me, young Greek, to thy restorative place."

I obeyed the command in silence—and the Priest, turning away from this scene of splendour, into a secluded pathway, where the light gradually faded as we advanced, led me to a small pavilion, by the side of a whispering stream, where the very spirit of slumber seemed to preside, and, leaving me alone in a bed of dried poppy-leaves, let me repose.

CHAPTER VIII.

Though the sight of that splendid scene whose glories opened upon me, like a momentary glimpse into another world, had, for an instant, re-animated my strength and spirit, yet, so completely was my whole frame subdued by fatigue, that, even had the form of the young Priestess herself then stood before me, I might have sunk in the effort to reach her. No sooner had I fallen on my leasy couch, than sleep, like a sudden death, came over me; and I lay, for hours, in that deep and motionless rest, which not even a shadow of life disturbs.

On awaking, I saw, beside me, a venerable personage, who had wakened me to this subterranean world on the preceding night. At the foot of my couch stood a statue, of Grecian workmanship, representing a boy, with wings, seated gracefully on a flower. A hand was on his other hand, and this hand pressed to his lips. This action, together with the glory round his brows, denoted, as I already knew, the God of Silence and Light. I

Impatient to know what further trials awaited me, I was about to speak, when the Priest exclaimed, anxiously, "Hush!"—and, pointing to the statue at the foot of the couch, said,—"Let the spell of that Spirit be upon thy lips, young stranger, till the wisdom of thy instructors shall think it fit to remove it. Not unhappily both the same deity presides over Silence and Light; but it is only in the depth of contemplative silence, that the great light of the soul, Truth, can arrive!"

Little used to the language of doctrine or instruction, I was now preparing to rise, when the Priest again restrained me; and, at the same moment, two boys, beautiful as the young Genii of the stars, entered the pavilion. They were invested in long garments of the purest white, and bore each a small golden chalice

"Enfin Harpocrates representoit aussi le Soleil. Il est vrai que d'abord c'est le Dieu du Silence; il mettoit le doigt sur la bouche parcequ'il adorloit le Soleil comme le silence. Le dieu étoit, dit le Sige des Basiliques, qui tireroit leur origine de l'Europe. . . . . Enfin Harpocrates est assis sur le lotus, qui est la plante du Soleil."—Hist des J. Ch. 

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in his hand.1 Advancing towards me, they stopped on opposite sides of the couch, and one of them, presenting to me his chalice of gold, said, in a tone between singing and speaking,—

* Drink of this cup — Osiris 2 Agricultural The same in his half; And the same he gives, to cool the lips Of the Dead 3 who downward go.

* Drink of this cup — the water within Is fresh from Lethe's stream; I'will make the past, with all its sin, And with all its tears and sorrows, seem Like a long-forgotten dream!

The pleasure, whose charms
Are steep'd in woe;
The knowledge, that harms
The soul to know;
The hope, that, bright
As the lake of the waste,
Alliance the right,
But mocks the taste;
The love that binds
Its innocent wreath,
Where the serpent winds,
In venom, beneath;
All that, of evil or false, by thee
With curb and ray, shall melt away in this cup, and be forgotten, as it never had been!!!

Unwilling to throw a slight on this strange ceremony, I leaned forward, with all due gravity, and tasted the cup; which I had no sooner done than the young cup-bearer, on the other side, invited my attention; and, in his turn, presenting the chalice which he held, sung with a voice still sweeter than that of his companion, the following strain:

* Drink of this cup — when I shed Her blood, of old to the beaming sky, She mingled a dragoft divine, and said—

"Drink of this cup, thou 't never die!!"

"Thus do I sing and sing to thee, Heir of that boundless heav'n on high, Though fruit, and full, and lost be thou, Drink of this cup, thou 't never die!!"

Well as I had hit on kept my philosophy on its guard, against the illusions with which, I knew, this region abounded, the young cup-bearer had here touched a spring of imagination, over which my philosophy, as has been seen, had but little control. No sooner had the words, thou shalt never die," struck on my ear, than the dream of the Garden came fully to my mind, and, starting half-way from the couch, I stretched forth my hands to the cup. But, recollecting my self instantly, and fearing that I had betrayed to others a weakness solely for my secret indulgence, I sunk back against the wall of affected indifference, on my couch — while the young unmist, but little interrupted by my movement, still continued his strain, of which I heard but the concluding words:—

* And Memory, too, with her dreams shall come, Dreams of a former, happier day,
When Heaven was still the Spirit's home,
And her wings had not yet taken away;

* Glimpses of glory, never forgot,
That tell, like gleams on a sunset sea,
What_once hath been, what now is not,
But oh, what again shall brightly be!!

Though the assurances of immortality contained in these verses would at any other moment — vain and visionary as I thought them — have sent my fancy wandering into the territories of the future, the effort of self-control I had just made enabled me to hear them with indifference.

Having gone through the form of tasting his second cup, I again looked anxiously to the hierophant, to ascertain whether I might be permitted to rise. My assent having been given, the young pages brought to my couch a robe and tunic, which, like their own, were of linen of the purest white; and having assisted to clothe me in this sacred garb, they then placed upon my head a chaplet of myrtle, in which the symbol of Initiation, a golden grasshopper,6 was seen shining out from among the dark leaves.

Though sleep had done much to refresh my frame, something more was still wanting to restore its strength; and it was not without a smile at my own reveries I reflected, how much more welcome than even the young pages' cup of immortality was the unpretending repast, now set before me — fresh fruits from the Isle of Gardens,7 in the Nite, the delicate fesh of their own antelope, and fruits from the Vineyard of the Queens at Anthylla,8 which one of the page fanned with a palm-leaf, to keep it cool.

Having done justice to these dainties, it was with pleasure I heard the proposal of the Priest, that we should walk far together and meditate among the scenes below. I had not forgotten the splendid Elysium that last night welcomed me — those rich gardens, that soft unceasing music and light, and, above all, those rare forms I had seen wandering abroad — as if, in the very midst of happiness, still seeking it. The hope, which had then occurred to me, that, among those bright groups might haply be found the young maiden I sought, now returned with increased strength. I had little doubt that my guide was leading me to the same Elysian scene, and that the form, so long to inhabit it, would again appear before my eyes.

But far different, I feared, was the region to which he now conducted me; — nor could the whole world have produced a scene more gloomy, of more strange. It wore the appearance of a small, solitary valley, enclosed, on every side, by rocks, which seemed to rise, almost perpendicularly, till they reached the very sky; — for it was, indeed, the blue sky that I saw shining between their summits, and whose light, dimmed thus and nearly lost in its long descent, formed

1 For the two cups used in the mysteries, see L'Histoire des Juifs, liv. ix. c. 15.
2 Osiris, under the name of Serapis, was supposed to rule over the subterranean world; and performed the office of Pluto, in the mythology of the Egyptians. They believed, says Dr. Pritchard, "that Serapis presided over the region of departed souls, during the period of their absence, when I was inquiring without bodies, and that the dead were deposited in his palace." — Analysis of the Egyptian Mythology. 3 Frigidum ilam aquam post mortem, lanquant Heces polum, expelunt. Zoega. — The Lethe of the Egyptians was called Ameles. See Diog. Laert. viii. p. 631.
4 Enfin on doit qu'il aye deux couples, l'une en haut et l'autre en bas. Celui qui beuvait de la coupe d'en bas, avait toujours soif, ses désirs s'augmentaient au lieu de s'effondrer, mais celui qui buvait de la coupe en haut était rempli et content. Cette pensée est celle de l'indiscipline de la nature, qui ne satisfait jamais pleinement ceux qui en son dents les mythes; et la seconde coupe, dans laquelle on devait boire pour n'avoir jamais soif, était la connaissance des mystères du Ciel. — Hist. des Juifs, liv. ix. c. 10.
5 The τροβανασας φαρακες, which, according to Dio and Siculo, was prepared for her son Orus. — Lib. i.
6 Hor. Olf. — The grasshopper was also consecrated to the sun as being musical.
7 The isle Anthyllides, near Alexandria. — Mailler.
8 Vide Athen. Deipnos.
ed the melancholy daylight of this nether world. 1
Down the side of these rocky walls descended a cata-
tract, whose source was upon earth, and on whose
waters, as they rolled glassily over the edge above, a
gleam of radiant rest, showing how brilliant and
pure was the similitude they had left behind. From
the casting shadow, dark and frequently
broken by alternate chasms and projections, the
stream fell, at last, in a pale and thin mist—the phan-
tom of what it had been on earth—into a small lake
that lay at the base of the rock to receive it.
Nothing was ever so bleak and saddening as the
appearance of this lake. The usual ornaments of
the waters of Egypt were not wanting to it; the tall
lotus here uplifted her silvery flowers, and the crin-
slon flamingo floated over the side. But they looked
not at all beautiful, as to the world above—the flower
had exchanged its whiteness for a lived hue, and
the wings of the bird hung heavy and colourless. Every
thing wore the same half-living aspect; and the only
sounds that disturbed the mournful stillness were the
wailing cry of a hawok among the sedge, and that
dun of the falling waters, in their midway struggle,
above.
There was, indeed, an unearthly sadness in the
whole scene, of which no heart, however light,
could be unconscious. The sense of how much it
was affected by it. "Such scenes," remarked the
Priest, are best suited to that solemn complex of
mind, which becomes him who approaches the Great
Mystery of humanity. "Behold!"—and, in saying
this, he pointed to the objects in our paths, through
which, though the sun had but just passed
his meridian, I could perceive a star or two twink-
ing in the heavens—"in the same manner as from
this gloomy depth we can see those fixed stars,2
which we see now to the dwelling on the bright
death, even so, to the sad and shadowy chamber in
that many a mystery of heaven reveal itself, of
which they, who walk in the light of the proud
world, know not!"
He now led me towards a rustie seat or alcove
beside which stood an image of that dark Deity,3
that God without a face, who presides over the
silent kingdom of the Dead. 4 The same livid and
lifeless hue was upon his features, that hung over
every thing in this dim valley; and, with his right
hand, he pointed directly downwards, to denote that
his melancholy kingdom lay there. A plan
5—that favourite tree of the genii of Death—stood be-
neath the statue, and spread its branches over the
aloof, in which the Priest now seated himself, and
made a sign that I should take my place by his side.
After a long pause, as if of thought and prepara-
tion,—"Nobly," said he, "young Greek, hast thou
sustained the first trials of initiation. What still re-
 mains, though of vital import to the soul, brings
with it neither pain nor peril to the body. Having now
proved and chastened thy mortal frame, by the three
ordeals of Fire, of Water, and of Air; the next task to
which we are called is the purification of thy
spirit—the effectual cleansing of that inward and
soul-mortal part, so as to render it fit for the reception
of the last luminous revelation, when the Veils of the
Sanctuary shall be thrown aside, and the Great
Secret of Secrets unfolded to thy view! — Towards
this object, the primary and most important step is,
henceforward, to partake of the things that purify the
souls. I have passed through these for thy body, instruc-
tion will effect thine!"
"But that lovely maiden!" I exclaimed, bursting
from my silence, having, during his speech, in
a deep reverie, in which I had forgotten me,
myself, the Great Secret, every thing—but her.
Stirrled by this profane interruption, he cast a look
of alarm towards the statue, as if fearful lest the God
should have heard my words. Then, turning to me,
in a tone of cold and ironical sarcasm, "To
say," he said, "that notions of the upper world, and of
its vain, shadowy delights, still engross thee too far
much, to allow the lessons of Truth to sink profitably
in to thy heart. A few hours of meditation amid this
scene, and that passes over our heads, when we
contemplation, by a purifying influence, which
purifies, by saddening—may haply dispose thee to receive, with due feelings of reverence,
the holy and imperishable knowledge we have in store
for thee. With this hope I now leave thee to thy
own thoughts, and to that God, before whose calm
sight and unfathomable mysteries of the world, from
which thou comest, wittest!"
Thus saying, he turned slowly away, and passing
behind the statue, towards which he had pointed
during the last sentence, suddenly, and as if by en-
chantment, disappeared from my sight.

CHAPTER IX.

Being now left to my own solitary thoughts, I was
fully at leisure to reflect, with some degree of cool-
ness, upon the inconveniences, if not dangers, of
my situation into which my love of adventure had hurri-
ced me. However prompt my imagination was al-
ways to kindle, in its own ideal sphere, I have ever
found that, when brought into contact with reality, it
as suddenly cooled;—like those meteors, that appear
in the sky to be stars, while in the air, but, the moment
they touch earth, are extinguished. And such was the
feeling of disenchantment that now succeeded to the
wild dreams in which I had been indulging. As
long as Fancy had the field of the fancy to herself,
even in immortality did not seem too distant a reach
for her. But when human instruments interposed, the
illusion all vanished. From mortal lips the promise
of immortality seemed a mockery, and even
imagination had no wings that could carry beyond the
glove.

Nor was this disappointment the only feeling that
pained and haunted me;—the imprudence of the
step, on which I had ventured, now appeared in its
full extent before my eyes. I had here thrown my-
self into the nether world of the other side of the
world, without even a chance of being able to
escape from their toils, or to resist any machinations
with which they might beset me. It appeared evi-
dent, from the state of preparation in which I had
found them, that all these visions, these terrors and
splendors of initiation, were the descent into the
pyramid was not unexpect-
ated. Numerous, indeed, and active as were the spes
of the Sacred College of Memphis, it could little be doubted that all my movements, since my arrival, had been watchfully tracked; and the many hours I had employed in wandering and exploring around the pyramids, be rated a curiosity and spirit of adventure such as might well suit the motives and wishes of a man who was pining with the hope of unveiling an Epicurean into their toils.

I was well aware of their hatred to the sect of which I was Chief; — that they considered the Epicureans as next to the Christians, the most formidable enemies of the state. "The doctrine," I thought, "is true to what I have heard, and what I fancied." — I shuddered and thoughtless yielded. But a voice was heard, "I have placed myself in a situation, where I am equally helpless against fraud and violence, and must either pretend to be the dupe of their impostures, or else submit to become the victim of their designs. Give me but the alteration of the others, as it was, the latter appeared by far the more welcome. It was with a blush that I even looked back upon the mockery I had already yielded to; and the prospect of being put through still further ceremonies, and of being tortured and probed by hypocrisies I so much despised, appeared to me, in my present mood of mind, a trial of patience, compared to which the flames and whirlwinds I had already encountered were nothing.

Often and impatiently did I look up, between those ruins, and thought, if it were to be this or nothing, I would fain be free in the desert, to seek my own reflections. Where? Neither did the image of the young maid, though constantly in my mind, now bring with it the least consolation or hope. Of what avail was it that she, perhaps, was an inhabitant of this region, if I could not bear the thought of that which I was forced to rest upon their summits, as pacing round and round, through every part of the valley, I endeavoured to find some outlet from its gloomy precincts. But vain were all my endeavours, — that rocky barrier, which seemed to divide the country in every part of the desert, wherever I turned. Neither did the landscape at times/yield to my fancy. The pale semblance of daylight, which had hitherto glimmered around, grew, every moment, more dim and dismal. Even the rich gleam, at the summit of the case de fade, had faded; and the sunshine, like the water, exhausted in its descent. I saw, only, through a glibly glimmer, far worse than darkness. The birds upon the lake, as if about to die with the dying light, sunk down their heads; and as I looked to the statue, the deepening shadows gave such an expression to its mournful features as chilled me to the very bone.

The thought of death, ever ready to present itself to my imagination, now came, with a disheartening weight, such as I had never before felt. I almost fancied myself already in the dark vestibule of the grave — removed, for ever, from the world above; and with nothing but the blank of an eternal sleep, before me. It had happened. I knew, frequently, that the visitants of this mysterious region were, after their descent from earth, never seen or heard of; — becoming consigned to the fires for initiation trials, to pine away their lives in those dark dungeons, with which, as well as with altars, this region abounded. Such, I shuddered to think, might probably be my own destiny; and so appaling was the thought, that even the courage by which I had hitherto sustained death within me, and I was already giving myself up to helplessness and despair.

At length, after some hours of this gloomy musing, I heard a rustling in the sacred grove behind the statue, and the sound of the Priest's voice — more welcome than I had ever thought such voice could be — brought the assurance that I was not yet wholly abandoned. Finding his way to me through the gloom, he now led me to the same spot, on which we had previously occupied. But before a voice addressed me in a voice that retained no trace of displeasure, bespoke my attention, while he should reveal to me some of those divine truths, by whose infusion, he said, into the soul of man, its purification can alone be effected.

The valley had now become so dark, that we could no longer, as we were, discern each other's faces. There was a melancholy in the voice of my instructor, such as we had only previously perceived in a woman whose power of eloquence around us: and, saddened and subdued, I now listened with resignation, not with interest, to these sublime, but, alas, I thought, vain tenets, which, with all the warmth of a true believer, this Hierophant expanded to me.

He spoke of the pre-existence of the soul — of its abode, from all eternity, in a place of splendour and bliss, of whatever we have most beautiful in our conceptions here but is a dim transcript, a clouded and remarkable glimpse of the divine light of ether, he said, by that "Country of the Soul" — its boundary alone visible in the line of milky light, which, as by a barrier of stars, separates it from the dark earth. "Oh, realm of pnergy! Home of the yet unfallen Spirit! — where, in the days of her first innocence, she wandered; ere yet her beauty was sullied by the touch of earth, or her resplendent wings had whirled away. Methinks I see," he cried, "at this moment, these fields of radiance — I look back, through the mists of time, into the luminous and the smile of the souls that have never lost their high, heavenly rank, still soar, without a stain, above the shadowless stars, and there dwell together in infinite perfection and bliss." 1

As he spoke these words, a burst of pure, brilliant light, like a sudden opening of heaven, broke through the valley; and, as soon as my eyes were able to endure the splendour, such a vision of glory and lovefulness opened upon them, as took even my sceptical spirit by surprise, and made it yield, at once, to the potency of the spell.

Suspended, as I thought, in air, and occupying the whole of the opposite region of the valley, there appeared an immense orb of light, within which, through a haze of radiance, I could see distinctly fair groups of young female spirits, who, in silent, but harmonious movement, like that of the stars, wound slowly through a variety of fanciful evolutions; seeming, as they linked and unlinked each other's arms, to form a living labyrinth of beauty and grace. Though their feet appeared to glide along a field of light, they had also wings, of the most brilliant hue, which, like rainbows over waterfalls, when played with by the breeze, reflected, every moment, a new variety of glory.

As I stood, gazing with wonder, the orb, with all its celestial luminaries, began gradually to recede into the dark void, lessening, as it went, and becoming more bright, as it lessened; — till, at length, distant,

1 For a full account of the doctrines which are here represented as having been taught to the initiate in the Egyptian mysteries, the reader may consult Dupuis, Priestiah's Aniis of the Egyptian Mythology, &c. &c. "L'on decouvert, hait Geneve, sa clef, sur la terre, a travers les spheres et les elements, et son retour au lieu de son origine. . . ." (Plato, Rep. 479). He then proceeds to give the natural history of the islands, "sans qu'on lui donne le spectacle par des figures et des spectres allegoriques." — Dupuis.

2 See Beccacare, lib. iii. c. 4. for the "terre bienheureuse et lumineuse," which the Manicheans supposed God to inhabit. Plato, too, speaks (in Phad.) of a pure light glowing in the sphere of the sun, in the καλυκα των καλον κωσμων σουρωμ, the abode of divinity, of innocence, and of life.

3 The power of producing a sudden and dazzling effusion of light, which was one of the arts employed by the custodians of the ancient mysteries, is thus described by Pausanias: "I myself admitted to witness the Isisic ceremonies at Corinth: — "Nec te media visi solenem candido consen- tem lumine."
to all appearance, as a retiring comet, this little world of spirits, with one small point of intense radiance, shone its last and vanished. "Go," explained the rapt Priest, "ye happy souls, of whose dwelling a glimpse is thus given in our eyes, go wander, in your orb, through the boundless heavens, nor ever let a broken alliance, nor a single mangled dress with your divine nature, or allure you down earthward to that mortal tail by which spirits, so little bright and admirable, have been ruined!"

A pane ensued, during which, still under the influence of that glance, I seem to have wandered among the inhabitants of that orb — almost washing myself credulous enough to believe in a heaven, of which creatures, so much like those I had worshipped on earth, were inmates.

And here, that space, with a mournful sigh at the sad contrast he was about to draw between the happy spirits we had just seen and the fallen ones of earth, resumed again his melancholy History of the Soul. Tracing it gradually from the first moment of earthward descent to its final eclipse in the shadows of this world, he dwelt upon every stage of its darkening descent, with a pathos that sent sadness into the very depths of the heart. The first downward look of the Spirit towards earth — the tremble of her wings on the edge of Heaven — the giddy side at which, down that fall-decent, and the Leithen cup, midway in the sky, of which when she has once tasted, Heaven is forgot — through all these gradations he traced meanfully her fall, to that last stage of darkness, when, wholly immered in this world, her celestial nature becomes changed, she no longer can rise above earth, nor even remember her former home, except by glimpses so vague, that, at length, mistaking for hope what is only, alas, recollection, she believes those gleams to be a light from the Future.

"To retrieve this ruin of the once blessed Soul — to clear away from around her the clouds of earth, and, restoring her lost wings, facilitate their return to Heaven — such," said the reverend man, "is the great task of our religion, and such the triumph of those divine Mysteries, in whose utmost depths the life and essence of that holy religion lie treasured. However sunk and changed and clouded may be the Spirit, yet, as long as a single trace of her original light remains, there is still hope for her."

Where the voice of the Priest was interrupted by a strain of mournful music, of which the low, distant things had been, for some moments, audible, but which now gained upon the ear too thrillingly to let it listen to any more earthly sounds. A faint light too, fell that instant broke through the valley — and I could perceive, not far from the spot where we sat, a female figure, veiled, and crouching to earth, as if subdued by sorrow, or under the influence of shame.

The feeble light, by which I saw her, came from a pale, moonlike manner which had gradually formed itself in the air as the music approached, and now shed over the rocks and the lake a glimmer as cold as that by which the Dead, in their own kingdom, gaze upon each other. The music, too, which appeared to proceed from out of and to all the quarters of this dark waters, spoke a despondency in every note.

1 In the original construction of this work, there was an episode introduced here (which I have once published in a more extended form), illustrating the doctrine of the fall of the soul by the Oriental table of the sons of the Angels.

2 In the language of Plato, Hieroennes, &c, to "store to the soul its wings," is the main object both of religion and philosophy.

Demacieus, in his Life of Isidorus, says, "Ex antiquibus Philo-sorois auscultavit Dominum et Patrem nostrum,"

"Then said he unto me, 'Son of man, hast thou seen what the ancients of the house of Israel do in the dark, every man in the chambers of his imagery?'

Chap. vii.
Present, woman, were the objects that engrossed my whole soul. It was, indeed, for the sake of such beings alone that I con idered immortality desirable; nor, without them, would a cruel life have appeared to me worth a single prayer. To every further trial of my patience and faith, I now made up my mind to submit without a murmur. Some kind chance, I fondly pictured, might actuate the heart of one of my servants to object of my adoration, and enable me to address, as a mortal woman, one who had hitherto been to me but as a vision, a shade.

The period of my probation, however, was nearly at an end. Both frame and colors of the tapestry were beginning to show some signs of wear; and, as the crowning test of the purification of the latter was that power of seeing into the world of spirits, with which I had proved myself, in the Valley of Visions, to be endowed, there now remained, to complete my probation but this one night more, when, in the Temple of Isis, and in the presence of her unveiled image, the last grand revelation of the Secret of Secrets was to be laid open to me.

I passed the morning of this day in company with the same venerable personage, who had, from the first, presided over the ceremonies of my initiation; and who, to inspire me with due reverence for the power and magnificence of his religion, now conducted me through the long range of illuminated galleries and shrines, that extend under the site upon which Memphite and the Ptolemies vied, and turned in the auspicia, of which, alone, was consecrated in a particular faith, and contained a living image of the deity which it adored. Beside the goat of Mendes,5 with its regal plumes standing upon his head, and its headdress hanging in ribbons about his neck, which was fastened to the eyes of its idolaters at Arisine, with costly gems set in its boar's ears, and rich bracelets of gold encircling its feet. Here, flowing through a tunnel in the centre of a temple, the sacred carp of Lepidus shewed its silver scales; while, there, the sacred serpents4 trailed languidly over the altar, with that sort of movement which is thought most favourable to the aspirations of their votaries. In one of the small chapels we found a beautiful child, employed in feeding and watching over the golden beetles, which are adored for their brightness, and brought me, in another, stood a sacred ibis upon its pedestal, so like, in place and attitude, to the bird of the young Priestess, that most gladly would I have kneel down and worship it the next moment.

At the appointed hour, we left the Hall of the Zodiac, and proceeded through a long line of marble galleries, where the lamps were more thinly scattered as we advanced, till, at length, we found ourselves in total darkness. Here the Priest, taking me by the hand, and leading me down a flight of steps, into a place where the same deep gloom prevailed, said, with a voice trembling, as if from excess of awed. — "Thou art within the Sanctuary of our goddess, Isis, and the veil, that conceals the very heart of the Holy Temple, should keep watch in the Sanctuary of the temple, alone and in utter darkness — thus preparing myself, by meditation, for the awful moment, when the irruption from behind the sacred Veil was to burst upon me."

The prospect of the long watch I had now to look forward to, was dreadful. Even danger itself, if in an active form, would have been far preferable to this sort of safe, but dull, probation, by which patience was the only victor, and it was proved. Having ascertained how far the space around was free from obstacles, I endeavored to beguile the time by pacing up and down within those limits, till I became tired of the monotonous echoes of my own tread. Finding my way, then, to what I felt to be a massive pillar, and leaning wearily against it, I surrendered myself to a train of thoughts and feelings, far different from those with which the good Hierophant had bid to inspire me.

At this season, the various festivals at the different periods of the sun's progress, such as the spring solstice in the autumn, see Decline and Progress, p. 138.
mortality in their hands? But no, safe bearers, the eternity they so lavishly promise is reserved for another, a future world — that ready resource of all priestly promises — that depository of the airy pledges of all creeds. Another world! alas, where doth it lie? That spirit hath ever come to say that Life is there?  

The conclusion at which, half-sadly, half passionately, I arrived, was that, life being but a dream of the moment never to come gain, every bliss so vainly praised for her, after ought to be secured by the wise man here. And, as no heaven I had ever heard of from these visionary priests opened half such certainty of happiness as that smile which I beheld last night — "Let me," I exclaimed, impatiently, striking my palm against the wall. "Let me make that beautiful Priestess my own, and I here willingly exchange for her every chance of immortality, that the combined wisdom of Egypt's Twelve Temples can offer me.

No sooner had I uttered these words, than a tremendous peal, like that of thunder, rolled over the Sanctuary, and seemed to shake its very walls. On every side, too, a succession of blue, vivid flashes pierced, like lances of light, through the gloom, reviving my scattered recollections. The noise came in waves, growing louder as I stood — its ceiling of azur, studded with stars — its colossal columns, towering aloft, and those dark, awful vaults, whose massive drapery hung from the roof to the floor, covering the rich glories of the Shrine beneath them.

So weary had I grown of my tedious watch, that this stormy and fateful illumination, during which the Sanctuary seemed to rock to its base, was by me means an unwelcome interruption of the monotonous trial my patience had to suffer. After a short interval, however, the flashes ceased; — the sounds died away, like exhausted thunder, through the abyss, and darkness and silence like that of the grave, succeeded.

Resting my back once more against the pillar, and fixing my eyes upon that side of the Sanctuary, from which the promised illumination was to burst, I now resolved to await the awful moment in patience. Resigned and almost immovable, I had remained thus, for near another hour, when suddenly, along the edges of the mighty Veils, I perceived a thin rim of light, at the same time brilliant objects under them, resembling that border which encircles a cloud at sunset, when the rich radiance from behind is escaping at its edges.

This indication of concealed glories grew every instant more strong, and, last, vividly marked as was upon the darkness, the narrow fringe of lustre almost pained the eye — giving promise of a fulness of splendour too bright to be endured. My expectations were now wound to the highest pitch, and all the secerpitions, into which I had been cooling down myself, was forgotten. The wonders that had been presented to me since my descent from earth — that glimpse in Elysium on the first night of my coming — those visitants from the Land of Spirits in the mysterious valley — all led me to expect, in this last and brightest revelation, such visions of God and heaven as might transcend even fancy itself, nor leave a doubt that they belonged less to earth than heaven.

While, with an imagination thus excited, I tood waiting the result, an increased gush of light still more strong and pointed my attention; and I saw, with an intensity of interest, which made my heart beat at once, one of the corners of the mighty Veil raised slowly from the floor. I now felt that the Great Secret, whatever it might be, was at hand. A vague hope even crossed my breast, that it had at last come to renew her empire — that the splendid promise of my dream was on the very point of being realized!

With surprise, however, and, for the moment, with some disappointment, I perceived, that the massy corner of the Veil was but lifted sufficiently from the ground to allow a female figure to emerge from under — and then fell over its style splendors as bitterly dark as before. By the strong light that issued when the drapery was raised, and illuminated the profile of the emerging figure, I either saw, or fancied that I saw, the same bright features, that had already so often mocked me with their momentary charm, seemed destined, indeed, to haunt my fancy as unwaveringly as ever the fond, vain dream of immortality itself.

Dazzled as I had been by that short gush of splendor, and de-trusting even my senses, when under the influence of the light, I asked myself whether I was not making that beautiful Priestess my own, and I here willingly exchange for her every chance of immortality, that the combined wisdom of Egypt's Twelve Temples can offer me.

So sudden and strange was the adventure, that, for a moment, I hesitated — fearing that my eyes might possibly have been deceived as to the object they had beheld. Costas! but the woman was bursting with a luminous secret, I was almost doubting to which of the two chances I should commit myself, when I felt the riband in my hand pulled softly at the other extremity. This movement, like a touch of magic, at once decided me. I availed to the silent summons, and following my guide, who was already at some distance before we found myself led up the steep marble steps by which the Priest had conducted me into the Sanctuary. Arrived at their summit, I felt the face of my guide lighten for an instant and become more look to the Veiled Shrine, whose glories we left burning splendidly behind us, hasted onward into the gloom, full of confidence in the belief, that she, who now held the other end of that blue, was one whom I was ready to follow devotedly through the world.

**CHAPTER XI.**

With such rapidity was I hurried along by my unseen guide, full of wonder at the speed with which she ventured through these labyrinths, that I had but little time left for reflection upon the strangeness of the adventure to which I had committed myself. My knowledge of the character of the Memphian priests, as well as some fearful rumors that had reached me concerning the đềource of that light, caused me to feel a new look to the Veiled Shrine, whose glories we left burning splendidly behind us, hasted onward into the gloom, full of confidence in the belief, that she, who now held the other end of that blue, was one whom I was ready to follow devotedly through the world.

2 In addition to the accounts which the ancients have left us of the prodigious excavations in all parts of Egypt — the fifteen hundred chambers under the labyrinth — the subterranean stables of the Thebaid, containing a thousand horses — the crypts of Upper Egypt passing under the last — and, in more ancient and traditional current among the Arabs still preserve the memory of those wonderful substructions. "Un Arabe," says Paul Lucas, "qui pour nous, n’assimila qu’évent, autotaires dans le Labyrinthe, il avait trouvé d匿 lises comme une grande pièce envahie de plusieurs niches qui ressemblaient à de petites boutiques, d’où l’on envoit dans d’autres lieux et dans
The Epicurean.

Chambres, sans pouvoir en trouver la fin." In speaking, too, of the arcades along the Nile, near Cosseir, 

"Les meules durent encore que cette sortie était si presque qu'ils sont arrivés au levant et ou la cueillette de ces plantes, qu'on y trouve de belles maisons," &c. &c.

She also in M. Quatremère's Memoires sur l'Egypte, left some of a subject of research, which has shown that the Nile was used for transportation along the Nile, as evident by the remains of boats and docks at various spots along the river. The ancient Egyptians used the Nile for transportation of goods and people, and the river played a crucial role in the economy and daily life of the people. The Nile was also used for irrigation, supporting the growth of crops and sustaining life in the surrounding areas. The river was a vital lifeline for the ancient Egyptians, and its importance is reflected in the many temples and monuments built along its banks.

1 The position here given to Lake Moira, in making it the immediate boundary of the city of Memphis in the south, corresponds exactly with the situation of the city as described by Ptolemy. - De cucurbita. - See also Statius, Silvae, lib. iii. cap. vii.

2 On voir sur la rivière orientale des antiquités qui sont presque enfermées sous les eaux. - Belzoni.

3 "Quorundam autem domorum (in Labyrintho) hujus tantae est, ut haperiebus fores tumulam in toto terrae existat." - Phiny.

4 Strabo. According to the French translator of Strabo, it was the fruit of the tree, after the leaf, that was used for this purpose. - Le savonnier, he says, devait s'entremeler de la capsule ou fruit de cette plante, dont les Egyptiens se servaient comme d'un vase, imaginant que l'eau du Nil y devait deviner délecteuse.
some difficulty that I at last succeeded in bearing my rustic charge steadily up the steep; more than once did an unskilful shipwreck all its contents, and as often did I return impatiently to it.

The young maiden was just recovering her animation and composedness; and, at the moment when I appeared above the edge of the steep, I was just reaching the steps, with her hand pressed to her forehead, as if excessively recalling the recollection of my return. She began to utter a moan when I observed her; a short cry of alarm broke from her lips. Looking anxiously round, as though she sought for protection, and hastily uttering the words, Where is he? she made an effort, as I approached, to rush toward me. Already, however, I was by her side, and taking her hand, as she turned away from me, gently in mine, asked, Whom dost thou seek, fair Priestess?—thus, for the first time, breaking the silence she had enjoined, and in a tone that might have reassured the most timid spirit. But my words had no effect in calming her apprehension. Trembling, and with her eyes still averted towards the Temple, she continued in a voice of suppressed alarm. Where can he be?—the venerable Atheneus, that philosopher, who?

"Here, here," I exclaimed, anxiously, interrupting her. Behold him still by thy side— the same, the very same, who saw thee steal from under the Veils of the Sanctury, whom thou hast guided by a clue the very sight of which wouldest ever make it impossible to withdraw his command from those lips, to devote himself through life and death to thy service. As I spoke these words, she turned slowly round, and looking timidly in my face, while her own burned with blushes, and, in a tone of doubt and wonder, Thou? and then hid her eyes in her hands.

I knew not how to interpret a reception so unexpected. That some mistake or disappointment had occurred was evident; but so inexplicable did the whole adventure appear to me, that it was in vain to think of unravelling any part of it. Weak and agitated, she now tottered to the steps of the Temple, and there seating herself, with her forehead against the cold marble, seemed for some moments absorbed in the most anxious thought, while silent and watchful I awaited her decision, though, at the same time, with a feeling which the result proved to be prophetic—that my destiny was, from thenceforth, linked inseparably with hers.

The inward struggle by which she was agitated, though of long continuance, starting suddenly from her seat, with a look of terror towards the Temple, as if the fear of immediate pursuit had alone decided her, she pointed eagerly towards the East, and exclaimed, To the Nile, without delay!—clasping her hands, after she had thus spoken, with the most suppliant fervour, as if to soften the abruptness of the mandate she had given, and appealing to me at the same time, with a look that would have taught Stoics themselves tenderness.

I lost not a moment in obeying the welcome command. With a thousand wild hopes naturally crowding upon my fancy, at the thoughts of a voyage under such auspices, I descended rapidly to the shore, and hurrying down that path upon the Lake found the Car, arranged speedily for a passage down the canal to the Nile. Having learned, too, from the boatmen, a more easy path up the rock, I hastened back to the Temple for my charge; and without a word or look, that could alarm, even by its kindness, or disturb the inward silence which she now evidently reposed in me, led her down by the winding path to the boat.

Every thing around looked sunny and smiling as we embarked. The morning was in its first freshness, one of the brightest of the year. We had traced over the Lake, as it went waking up the waters from their sleep of the night. The gya, golden-winged birds that haunt these shores, were, in every direction, skimming along the Lake; while, with a graver consciousness of beauty, the swan and the pelican were seen dressing their white plumage in the mirror of its water. In the very midst of the scene, there came, at intervals, on the breeze, a sweet tinkling of musical instruments from boats at a distance, employed thus early in pursuing the fish of these waters, 1 that allow themselves to be decoyed into the nets by music.

The vesel I had selected for our voyage was one of those small pleasure-boats or yachts 2—so much in use among the luxurious navigators of the Nile—in the centre of which rose a pavilion of cedar or palmyra wood, adorned first of all with religious emblems, and gaily fitted up, within, for feasting and repose. To the door of this pavilion I now led my companion, and, after a few words of kindness—tempered cautiously with as much reserve as the deep tenderness of my feeling towards her would admit—left her to court that resting rest, which the agitation of her spirits so much required.

For myself, though repose was hardly necessary to me, the site of the temple in which I had been so long kept, appeared to render it necessary. Having thrown myself on the deck of the vessel, under an awning where the sailors had raised for me, I continued, for some hours, in a sort of vague day-dream—sometimes passing in review the scenes of that subterranean drama, and sometimes, with my eyes fixed in drowsy vacancy, receiving passively the impressions of the bright scenery through which we passed.

The banks of the canal were then luxuriously wooded. Under the tufts of the light and towering palm were seats of the orange and the citron, interlacing their boughs; while, bere and there, huge banyan trees thickened the shade, and, at the very edge of the bank, the willow of Babylon stood bending its graceful branches into the water. Occasionally, out of the depth of these groves, there shone a small temple or pleasure-house—white, new and now, an opening in their line of foliage allowed the eye to wander over extensive fields, all covered with beds of those pala, sweet roses, 3 for which this district of Egypt is so celebrated.

The activity of the morning hour was visible in every direction. Flights of doves and lapwings were fluttering among the leaves, and the white heron, which had been roosting all night in some date-tree, now so good as to spread its wings upon the green bank, or floated, like living silver, over the flood. The flowers, too, both of land and water, looked all just freshly awakened—and, most of all, the superb lotus, which, having risen along with the sun from the wave, was now holding up her chalice for a full draught of his light.

Such were the scenes that now successively presented themselves, and mingled with the vague reveries that floated through my mind, as our boat, with its high, capacious sail, swept along the flood. Though the occurrences of the last few days could not but appear to me one continued series of wonders, yet by far the greatest marvel of all was, that she, whose first look had sent wild-fire into my heart—whom I had thought of ever since with a restlessness of passion, that should have been my wrong to obtain its object—she was now at this moment resting peacefully within that pavilion, while guarding her, even from myself, I lay motionless at its threshold.

1 Elian, lib. vi. 32.
2 Called Thalamges, from the pavilion on the deck. Vide Strabo.
3 As April is the season for gathering these roses (see Malte-Brun's Celebrated Caleola, the Epicurean could not, of course, mean to say that he saw them actually in flower.
Meanwhile, the sun had reached his meridian height. The busy hum of the morning had died gradually away, and all around was sleeping in the hot stillness of noon. The Nile-gon, having folded up her splendid wings, was lying motionless on the shore only the tail of her elate train. Even the humble lizards upon the bank appeared to move less nimbly, as the light fell on their gold and azure hues. Overcome as I was with watching, and weary with thought, it was not long before I yielded to the beguiling influence of the hour. Looking leisurely at the pavement—as if once more to assure myself that I was in no dream or trance, but that the young Egyptian was really there—I felt my eyes close as I gazed, and in a few minutes sunk into a profound sleep.

CHAPTER XII.

It was by the canal through which we now sailed, that, in the more prosperous days of Memphis, the commerce of Upper Egypt and Nubia was transported to her magnificent lake, and from thence, having paid tribute to the queen of cities, was poured forth again, threading the course of the blue ocean. The latter end of the canal to the river was not direct, but ascending in a south-easterly direction towards the Said; and in calm, or with adverse winds, the passage was tedious. But as the breeze was now blowing fresh from the north, there was every reason of our reaching the river before nightfall. Rapidly, too, as our galley swept along the flood, its motion was so smooth as to be hardly felt; and the quiet gurgle of the waters and the drowsy song of the boatman at the prow, were the only sounds that disturbed the deep silence which prevailed.

The sun, indeed, had nearly sunk behind the Libyan hills, before the sleep, into which these sounds had contributed to lull me, was broken; and the last object on which my eyes rested, in waking, was that fair young Priestess—seated within a porch which shaded the door of the pavilion, and hanging intently over a small volume that lay unrolled on her lap.

Her face was but half-turned towards me; and as she, once or twice, raised her eyes to the warm sky, whose light fell, softened through the tressels, over her cheek, I found all those feelings of reverence, which she had inspired me with, in the chapel, return. There was even a purer and holier charm around her countenance, and the mouth, which, in those days, was the picture of the face, was now uplifted, as in the suspense of expectation. She was now looking, too, direct to the glorious sky, and her pure eyes and that heaven, so worthy of each other, met.

After contemplating her for a few moments, with little less than adoration, I rose gently from my resting-place, and approached the pavilion. But the mere movement had startled her from her devotion, and, blushing and confused, she covered the volume with the folds of her robe.

In the art of winning upon female confidence, I had long, of course, been schooled; and now that to the lessons of gallantry the inspiration of love was added, my ambition to please and to interest could hardly fail, it may be supposed, of success. I soon found, however, how much less fluent is the heart than the fancy, and how very different may be the operations of making love and feeling it. In the few words of greeting now exchanged between us, it was evident that the gay, the enterprising Epicurean was little less endurable than the Sage, and, after one or two ineffectual efforts to converse,

4 I l'en fuyre brillent en bords des longitudinales sur leurs corps, et leur queue est du plus beau bleu celeste.—Soumi.

"Un Canal," says Malett, "tres pr fond et tres large y voluoto les eaux du Nil."
THE EPICUREAN.

This spell; and what I wanted of vivacity and confidence was more than compensated by the tone of deep sensibility which love awakened in their place.

We had not proceeded far before the glittering of lights at a distance, and the shooting up of fireworks, at intervals, into the air, apprized us that we were then approaching one of those night-fairs, or marts, which in those times, at this season, held up among the Nile. To me the scene was familiar; but to my young companion it was evidently a new world; and the mixture of alarm and delight which she gazed, from under her veil, upon the busy scene into which we were about to enter, almost suffused her loveliness with beauty, which still more heightened its every charm.

It was one of the wellest parts of the river; and the whole surface, from one bank to the other, was covered with boats. Along the banks of a green island, in the middle of the stream, lay anchored the galleys of the principal traders—large floating bazaars, bearing each the name of its owner,1 embellished in letters of flame, upon the stern. Over their decks were spread out, in gay confusion, the products of the loom and needle of Egypt—rich cloths of Memphis, and likewise those variegated veils, for which the ladies of the embroiderers of the Nile are so celebrated, and to which the name of Cleopatra lends a traditional charm. In each of the other galleys was exhibited some of the productions of Egypt—vases of fragrant porcelain of Qu—cups of that rare crystal,2 whose hues change like those of the pigeon’s plumage—enamelled amulets graven with the head of Aenous, and necklaces and bracelets of the black beads of Vulcan.

While Commerce was thus displaying her various luxuries in one quarter, in every other, the spirit of pleasure, in all its countless shapes, swarmed over the waters. Nor was the festivity confined to the river alone; as along the banks of the island and on the shore, the music mingling through the trees, from whence sounds of music and merriment came. In some of the boats were bands of minstrels, who, from time to time, answered each other, like echoes, across the wave; and the notes of the lyre, the cithera, and the sweet lute—wood flute,3 were heard, in the pauses of revelry, dying along the waters.

Meanwhile, from other boats stationed in the least lighted places, the workers of fire sent forth their signals, ever occurring, ever putting out suddenly from time to time, as if in the very exuberance of joy, these satanic flames appeared to reach the sky, and there, breaking into a shower of sparks, shed such a splen

dour around, as brightened even the white Arabian sails; in fact, the blaze of the fire from his own harem is playing around its shows.

The opportunity this mart afforded us, of providing our elves with some less remarkable habiliments than those in which we had escaped from that nether world, was too seasonable not to be gladly taken advantage of by both. For myself, the strange mystic garb which I wore was sufficiently concealed by my Grecian mantle, which I had fortunately thrown round me on the night of my witch, but the thin veil of my beauty was still further effaced by disguise.

She had, indeed, flung away the golden beetles from her hair; but the sacred robe of her order was still too visible, and the stars of the bandeau shone brightly through her veil.

Most gladly, therefore, did she avail herself of this opportunity of a change; and, as she took from out a casket—which, with the volume I had seen her reading, appeared to be her only treasure—a small jewel, to give in exchange for the simple garments she had chosen, there fell out, at the same time, the very cross of silver which had seen her loss, as may be seen, on the breast of the embroidered veil, where it had been pined away from her, as a charming memorial of her former station, in the monumental chapel, and which was afterwards pressed to my own lips. This link between us (for such it now appeared to my imagination) called up again in my heart all the burning feelings of the preceding moment; and, had I not abruptly turned away, my agitation would have been too plainly betrayed itself.

The object, for which we had delayed in this gay scene, having been accomplished, the sail was again spread, and we proceeded on our course up the river.

The sounds and the lights we left behind died gradually away, and we now floated along in moonlight and silence once more. Sweet dreams, worthy of being called "the tears of Isis,"4 fell refreshing through the air, and all the stars shone down upon that scene, which may be imagined to light the slumber of those happy spirits, who are said to rest in the Valley of the Moon,5 on their way to heaven.

By such a light, and at such an hour, sedent, side by side, on the deck of that bark, did we pursue the lonely Nile—each a mystery to the other—our thoughts, our objects, our very names a secret; separated, too, till now, by destinies so different; the one, a gay bacchant of the Garden of Athens, the other, a secluded Princess of the Temples of Memphis—and the only relation yet established between us being that dangerous one of love, passionate love, on one side, and the most feminine and confiding dependence on the other.

The passion of night? the night-fair had not only dispelled a little our mutual reserve, but had luckily furnished us with a subject on which we could converse without embarrassment. From this topic I took care to lead her, without any interrupting

1 "Le nom du maître y écrit, pendant la nuit, en lettres de feu."—Marcel.

2 Called Alasontes. For their brilliancy Martial is an authority:

Toile, peur, calices, tepidique fornemata Nil, Ed inha se pura scripta trade manu.

3 See P. Villoleau on the musical instruments of the Egyptians.

4 See the poem, "Les Amours du Pont de l'Atlas" by Swinburne, which has been said to be inspired by the poet's visit to Egypt.

5 "Le voyage de l'Enfant" by Ouida, is another work that may be considered in the same category.
tion, to others—being fearful lest our former silence should return, and the music of her voice again be heard by the multitude, I unburdened my heart that I was enabled to avoid the disclosure of all I thought and felt; and the restless rapidity with which I flew from subject to subject was but an effort to escape from the only one in which it was practicable for me, in that literal and spiritual sense, to be silent.

"How bright and happy," said I—pointing up to Sothis, the fair Star of Waters, which was just then shining brilliantly over our head—"how bright and happy this world ought to be, if, as your Egyptian sages assert, you pure and holy-minded being, whose soul was its birth star!" Then, still leaning back, and letting my eyes wander over the firmament, as if seeking to divest them from the fascination in which they dreed—"in the study," I exclaimed, "for ages, of skies like this, may the pensive and mystic character of your nation be traced. That mixture of pride and melancholy which naturally arises, at the sight of those eternal lights shining out of darkness;—that sublime, but saddened, anticipation of a Future, which staves sometimes over the soul in the silence of such an hour, when, though Death appears to reign in the deep stillness of earth, there are yet those beacons of immortality burning in the sky."

Passing, as I uttered the word "immortality," with a voice that mingled in my heart echoes to my lips, I linked in the face of my companion, and saw that my tears had lighted up, as I spoke, into a glow of holy animation, such as Faith alone gives;—such as Hope herself wears, when she is dreaming of heaven. Touch'd by the contrast, and gaz'd upon her with mournful tenderness, I found my arm half opened, to clasp her to my heart, while the words died away inaudibly upon my lips. —"Thou, too, beautiful maid. I must, too, die for ever!"

My self-command, I felt, had nearly deserted me. Rising from my seat, I walked to the middle of the deck, and stood, for some moments, unconsciously gaz'd upon one of those fires, which, according to the custom of all who travel by night on the Nile—our boat men had kindled, in care away the crocodiles from the vessel. But it was vain that I endeavoured to compose my spirit. Every effort I made but more deeply convinced me, that till the mystery which hung round that maiden should be solved—I till the secret, with which my own bosom bore, should be disclosed—it was fruitless to attempt even a semblance of tranquillity.

My resolution was therefore taken—to lay open, at once, the feelings of my own heart, as far as such revelation might be hazarded, without starting the time by my own companion. Thus resolved, I resumed my seat, with more composure, by her side, and taking from my bosom the small mirror which she had dropped in the Temple, and which I had ever since worn suspended round my neck, presented it with a trembling hand to her lips. The boatmen had just kindled one of their night-fires near us, and its light, as she leaned forward to look at the mirror, fell upon her face.

The quick blush of surprise with which she recognized the image of her lost companion, her cold eyes gazed, in raising her eyes to mine, were appearing to which I was not, of course, tardy in answering. Beginning with the first moment when I saw her in the Temple, and passing hastily, but with words that burned as they went, over the impression which she had then left on my heart, I proceeded to detail the particulars of my descent into the pyramid—my surprise and admiration at the door of the chapel—my interview with the Trials of Initiation, so mysteriously prepared for me, and all the various encounters I had witnessed in that region, till the moment when I had seen her stealing from under the Veils to approach me.

"Though, in viewing these events, I had said but little of the feelings they had awakened in me—though my lips had sent back many a sentence, unuttered, there was still enough that could neither be subdued or disguised, and which, like that light from amongst the veils of her own bosom, glowed through every word that I spoke. When I told of the scene in the chapel—of the silent interview which I had witnessed between the dead and the living—the maiden leaned down her head and wept, as from a heart full of tears. It seemed a place of wonder, however, to listen; and, when she looked at me again, there was an earnest and affectionate cordiality in her eyes, as if the knowledge of my having been present at that mournful scene had opened a new source of sympathy and intelligence between us. So neighbouring are the fountains of Love and of Sorrow, and so imperceptibly do they often mingle their streams.

Little, indeed, as I was guided by art or design, in my manner and conduct towards this innocent girl, yet all the most experienced gallantry of the Garden could have dictated a policy half so seductive as that which my new master, Love, now taught me. The same ardour which, if shown at once, and without reserve, might probably have startled a heart so little prepared for it, being now checked and softened by the calmness of real love, won its way without alarm, and, when most difficult of success, was then most surely on its way to triumph. Like one whose slumber are gradually broken by sweet music, the maiden's heart was awakened without being disturbed. She followed the course of the charm, unconscious, whether it led, nor was ever aware of the flame she had lighted in another's bosom, till startled by the reflection of it glistening in her own.

Impatient as I was to appeal to her generosity and sympathy, for a similar liberation as to that which I had just given, the night was now too far advanced for me to impose upon her such a task. After exchanging a few words, in which, though little met the ear, there was, on both sides, a tone and manner that spoke far more than language, we took a lingering leave of each other for the night, with every prospect, I fondly hoped, of being still together in our dreams.

Chapter XIII.

It was now the dawn of day when we parted, that we found the sun sinking westward when we rejoined each other. The smile, so frankly cordial, with which she met me, might have been taken for the greeting of a long-forgotten friendship, did not the blush and the cast-down eyelids that followed betray symptoms of a feeling newer and less calm. For myself, lightened as I was, in some degree, by the arrest which I had made, I was yet too conscious of the new aspect of the scene that was given to our intercourse, not to feel some little alarm at the prospect of returning to the theme. We were both, therefore, alike willing to allow our attention to be diversed, by the variety of strange objects that presented themselves on the way, from a subject that evidently both were alike unwilling to apprise each.

The river was now all stirring with commerce and life. Every instant we met with boats descending the current, so wholly independent of aid from sail or oar, that the manners sat idly on the deck as they stood along, either singing or playing upon their double-needled pipes. The greater number of these boats were laden with those large emeralds, from the mine in the desert, whose colours, it is said, are brightest at the full of the moon, while some had brought the frankincense from the acacia groves near the Red Sea. On the decks of others, that had been, as we learned,
to the Golden Mountains beyond Syene, were heaped blocks and fragments of that sweet-smelling wood, 5
which they believe was given by the Green Nile of
Nubia, at the season of the floods.

Our companions up the stream were far less nu-
merous. Occasionally a boat, returning lightened from
the fair of last night, shot rapidly past us, with those
highly-prized eyes which peer like owls from over its
hulls; — while, now and then, we overtook one of those
barges full of bees, 6 that are sent at this season to
colone the gardens of the south, and take advantage
of the first flowers after the inundation has passed away.

For a short time, this constant variety of objects enabled
us to divert so far our conversation as to keep
it from resting upon the one, n& subject, round
which it constantly hovered. But the effort, as might
be expected, was not long successful. As evening
advanced, the whole scene became more solemn. We
less frequently ventured to look upon each other, and
our intervals of silence grew more long.

It was near sun-set, when, in passing a small temple
on the shore, whose porches were now full of
the evening light, we saw issuing from the niches of acro-
us pillars, a train of young maidens gracefully linked
in the dance by stems of the lote held at
arms' length between them. Their trusses were also
wreathed with this gay emblem of the season, and in
such profusion that, which I placed among theirs,
their waists and arms, 7 that they might have been
taken, as they lightly bowed along the bank, for
Nymphs of the Nile, then freshly risen from their
bright gardens under the wave.

After looking for a few minutes at this sacred
dance, the maiden turned away her eyes, with a look
of pain, as if the remembrances it recalled were of no
welcome nature. This momentary retrospect, this
glimpse into the past, appeared to offer a sort of clue
to the secrets of life, which I found so palpably, I
proceeded, as gradually and delicately as my impa-
tience would allow, to avail myself of the opening.
Her own frankness, however, relieved me from the
embarrassment of much questioning. She appeared
even to feel that the confidence I sought was due to
me; and beyond the natural hesitation of maidenly
modesty, not a shade of reserve or evasion appeared.

To attempt to repeat, in her own touching words, the
simple story which she now related to me, would be
like to repeat the poetry of some unpromptu-
meditated strain of music, with all those fugitive graces,
those felicities of the moment, which art can
restore, as they first met the ear. From a feeling,
too, of humility, she had omitted in her short narrative,
such details as particulars to herself, which I
wards learned: — while others, though less important,
but slightly passed over, from a fear of offending
the prejudices of her hearer.

I shall, therefore, give her story, not as she, herself,
shrunk it, but as it afterwards filled up by a
poor and venerable hand — far more worthy than
mine of being associated with the memory of such

city, was descended from Grecian parents. When
very young, Theora was one of the seven maidens
selected to attend upon the discourses of the eloquent
Origen, who, at that period, presided over the School
of Alexandria, and was in all the fulness of his fame
both among Pagans and Christians. Endowed richly
with the learning of both creeds, he brought the
natural light of his learning, and the clear light of faith,
and was then only proud of his knowledge of the
wisdom of this world, when he found it minister
usefully to the triumph of divine truth.

"Although he had courted in vain the crown of
many years, a life of torments, the fervent, and whole
life, suspended over his head, and, in more than one persecution,
he had shown himself cheerfully ready to die for
that holy faith which he lived but to testify and
uphold. On one of the occasions, his tormentors,
having kalab him like an Egyptian priest, placed
him upon the steps of the Temple of Serapis,
and commanded that he should, in the manner of the
Pagan martyrs, present palm-branches to the multi-
tude who went up into the shrine. But the coura-
ginous Christian dispointed their views. Holding
forth the branches with an unshaking hand, he cried
'Come hither and take the branch, not of an
Idol Temple, but of Christ!"

"So unfaltering was this learned Father in his
studies, that while composing his Commentary on the
Writings of the Prophets and Apostles 8 he left his
wares, who relieved each other in recording the dictates
of his eloquent tongue; while the same number of
young females, selected for the beauty of their pen-
manship, were employed in arranging and transcri-
bing the precious leaves.

"Among the scribes so selected, was the fair young
Theora, whose parents, though attached to the Pagan
worship, were not unwilling to profit by the accom-
plishments of their daughter, thus occupied in a task,
which they thought important. Accordingly, she
instructed herself, however: her employment brought
for other feelings and consequences. She read anxiously
as she wrote, and the divine truths, so eloquently
illustrated, found their way, by degrees, from the
page to her heart. Deeply, too, as the written words
affected her, the discourses from the lips of the great
teacher himself, which she had frequent opportuni-
ties of hearing, sunk more deeply into her mind.
There was, at once, a sublimity and gentleness in his
views of religion, which, to the tender heart, and
loving imagination of women, never failed to
aptitude with convincing power. Accordingly, the list of his
female pupils was numerous; and the names of Bar-
bara, Juliana, Hera, and others, bear honourable
testimony to his influence over that sex.

"For Theora was important, and her discourses
inspired her, was like a new soul — a consciousness
of spiritual existence, never before felt. By the
eloquence of the comment she was awakened into admi-
nation of the text; and when, by the kindness of a
Catechumen of the school, who had been struck
by her innocent zeal, she, for the first time, became
a possessor of a copy of the Scripture, she could not
sleep for thinking of her sacred treasure. With a mixture
of pleasure and fear she hid it from all eyes, and was
like one who had received a divine guest under her
roof, and felt fearful of betraying its divinity to the
world.

"A heart so awake would have been with ease
vindicated to the faith, had her opportunities of hearing
the sacred word continued. But circumstances arose
which were calculated to deprive her of this advan-
tage. The long harassed and thwarted in his labours by
the tyranny of Demetrius, Bishop of Alexandria, was
obliged to relinquish his school and ret from Egypt.
The occupation of the fair scribe was therefore set at
an end; her intercourse with the followers of the new
In the later years of the reign of the great pharaoh, the god-king of Egypt, the temple of Amon-Ra at Thebes was the center of religious and political life in the land. The temple was a vast complex, filled with shrines, chapels, and courtyards, each dedicated to a different aspect of the religious pantheon. Among these were the shrines of Isis, the goddess of fertility and motherhood, and of Horus, the god of royalty and the afterlife.

In the temple, the priests performed ceremonies that were believed to have the power to bring about the gods' favor and protection. These ceremonies included offerings of food and drink, the recitation of prayers, and the performance of rituals that were believed to have a direct influence on the course of events in the world.

The temple was also a center of education, with schools where young boys were taught the arts of writing and the sciences of astronomy. It was in one of these schools that the young boy, who would later become the great philosopher of Alexandria, was first introduced to the teachings of the gods.

His name was Alexander, and from that day forward he was destined for greatness. He would go on to become one of the most powerful and influential figures in the ancient world, a man whose name would be remembered for generations to come.

But for now, he was just a child, sitting among the other boys in the school, learning the language of the gods and the secrets of the stars. And though he was young, he knew that one day he would be called upon to use his knowledge in ways that would change the world forever.
the shadows of sin descending over that innocent brow, as she gazed upon it.

"As the inebriate of the young maid became more active and inquiring, the apprehensions and difficulties of the task increased. She must, in two precious secrets, lest she should involve her child in the dangers that accompanied it, yet felt it to be no less a cruelty than a crime to leave her wholly untrained in the darkness of paganism. In this dilemma, the only resource that remained to her was to renounce, as far as possible, the abode that surrounded them, use pure paths of truth which lie at the bottom of all religions; these feeling, rather than doctrines, of which God has never left his creatures destitute, and which, in all ages, have furnished, to those who felt their influence, and the force of its glory.

"The unity and perfect goodness of the Creator; the fall of the human soul into corruption; its struggles with the darkness of this world, and its final redemption and re-ascend to the source of all spirit; the natural solution of the problem of our existence, these elementary grounds of all religion and virtue, which Theora had heard illustrated by her Christian teacher, lay also, she knew, veiled under the theology of Egypt; and to impress them, in their absolute purity and their incontestible truth, was, in default of more heavenly lights, her sole ambition and cate.

"It was generally their habit, after devoing their mornings to the service of the Temple, to pass their evenings in the garden of the small mansion they had purchased from one of the priests; here, out of the reach of those gross superstitions, which pursued them, at every step, below, she had, in her own mind, a paradise of her own; in which, the mind of her beloved girl; and found it teach her, naturally and instinctively to truth, as plants long shut up in darkness will, when light is let upon them, incline themselves to its rays.

"Frequently, as they sat together on the terrace at night, she would gaze with lips of stars, those beauty first mixed mankind into idolatry, she would explain to the young listener by what gradations of error it was that the worship, thus transferred from the Creator to the creature, sunk still lower and lower in the scale of being, till man, at length, presumed to deify man, and by the most monstrous inversions, heaven was made the mere mirror of earth, the reflection and image of its most earthly features.

"Even in the temple itself, the anxious mother would mix the joy of her young tears less as much with the solemn ceremonies in which they were engaged. When the favourite ibis of Alethe took its station upon the shrine, and the young maiden was seen approaching, with all the gravity of worship, the very bird which she had played with half an hour before, when the acca bough, which she herself had plucked, seemed to acquire a sudden sacredness in her eyes, as soon as the priest had breathed upon it — on all such occasions Theora, though with tears and trembling, would venture to suggest to the youthful worshipper the distinction that should be drawn between the sensible object of adoration, and that spiritual, unseen Deity, of which it was but the remembrancer or type.

"With sorrow, however, she soon discovered that, in these last partialities in light upon a mind far too ardent to be satisfied with such glimmerings, but bewilder the heart which she meant to guide, and cut down the feeble hope around which it is fast filled, without substituting any other support in its place, she was, indeed, no more, the guardian of the little one, than of Alethe begin to attract all eyes, new terror affected, and made the young heart which she had so carefully guarded, — fear, in which she was too much justified by the characters of some of those around her.

"In this sacred abode, as may easily be conceived, morality did not always go hand in hand with religion, though the political and religious was, at this period, High Priest of Memphis, was a man, in every respect, qualified to preside over a system of such splendid fraud. He had reached that effective time of life, when enough of the warmth and vigour of youth remains to give animation to the counsels of age. But, in his instance, youth had left only the bolder passions behind, while age brought with it a more refined judgment. The advantages of such an approach, almost wholly to the senses, were well understood by him; nor had he failed either to discover that, in order to render religion subservient to his own interests, he must shape it adroitly to the interests and passions of others.

"The state of affairs in which the mind of the hapless Theora was kept by the scenes, however artfully veiled, which she daily witnessed around her, became at length intolerable. No perils that the course of truth could bring with it would be so hard to bear, as the thought of the moral injury of her child, of the desolate, where God and the consciousness of innocence might be with them.

"The promptitude with which her young pupil caught from her the divine truths was even beyond what she expected. It was like the torch carried by another, so prepared was Alethe's mind for the illumination. Ample, indeed, was the anxious mother now repaid for all her anxiety, by this perfect communion of love and faith, and the delight, with which she saw her child — like the young antelope, which first led by her dam to the well, to drink thirstily by her side, at the source of all life and truth.

"But such happiness was not long to last. The anxiety that Theora had suffered began to prey upon her heart. She felt her strength decline; and the thoughts of leaving, alone and unguarded in the world, that treasure which she had just devoted to Heaven, gave her a feeling of despair which has not ended the ebb of life. Had she put in practice her resolution of flying from this place, her child might never have been brought beyond the reach of all she dreaded, and in the solitude of the desert would have found at lead safety from wrong. But the very happiness she had felt in her new task diverted her from this project, and it was now too late, for she was already dying.

"She still continued, however, to conceal the state of her health from the tender and sanguine girl, who, though observing the traces of disease on her mother's cheek, little knew that they were the lastling foot-steps of death, nor even thought of the possibility of ever losing what was so dear to her. Too soon, however, the moment of separation arrived, and while the anguish and despair of Alethe were in proportion to the security in which she had indulged, Theora, too, felt, with bitter regret, that she had sacrificed to her fond consideration such precious time, and that these now remained but a few brief and painful moments, for the communicance of all those wishes and instructions on which the future happiness of her child depended.

"She had, indeed, time for little more than to place the sacred volume solemnly in her hands, to impress that she would, at all risks, fly from this unhappy place, and point in the direction of the desert, to her child. To the heaven which she had known, the venerable man, to whom, under Heaven, she looked for the protection and salvation of her child.

"The first violence of feeling to which Alethe gave way was succeeded by a fixed and fearless grief, which rendered its tears with fewer dangers of her situation. Her sole comfort consisted in visiting that monument, a chalet where the beautiful remains of Theora lay. There, night after night,
in contemplation of those placid features, and in prayers for the peace of the departed spirit, did she pass through the weeks—a true, well-spent life, to the hour—happiest hours. Though the mystic emblems that decorated that chapel were but ill-suited to the number of a Christian, there was one among them, the Cross, which, by a remarkable coincidence, is an emblem, and to the latter, the same, being, to the former, a shadowy type of that immortality, of which, to the latter, it is a substantial and assuring pledge. Nightly, upon this cross, which she had often seen set up in her heart in which she loved, she would sit and weep; and, in fine, she would never unbind the faith which that departed spirit had bequeathed to her. To such enthusiasm, indeed, did her heart at such moments vouchsafe, that, but for the last injunctions from those pallid lips, she would, at once, have avowd her pernicious secret, and boldly pronounced the words, I am a Christian, among those besiegéd shrines!

But the will of her, to whom she owed more than life, was to be obeyed. To escape from this haunt of superstition must now she felt, be her first object; and, in planning the means of effecting it, her mind, day and night, was employed. It was with a loathing not to be concealed, that she now found herself compelled to resume her hazardous services at the Church, and, to some extent, to sacrifice the wants of those, as is the custom, by inheritance; and in the performance of these tasks—stultified as they were in her eyes by the pure spirit she had seen engaged in them—there was a sort of melancholy pleasure in which she found relief. But the part she was once again forced to take, in the scenic shows of the Mysteries, brought it with a sense of degradation and wrong which she could no longer endure.

Already had she formed, in her own mind, a plan of escape, but this, however, did she were now, sent to the winds. The feelings of this mystic realm gave her confidence, when the solemn reception of Alciphron, as an Initiate, took place.

From the first moment of the landing of that philosopher at Alexandria, he had become an object of suspicion and watchfulness to the inquisitorial Their, whom philosophy, in any shape, naturally alarmed, but to whom the sect over which the young Athenian presided was particularly obnoxious. The accomplishments of Alciphron, his popularity, wherever he went, his inability to subdue his wit at the expense of religion, were all faithfully reported to the High Priest by his spies, and awakened in his mind no kindly feelings towards the stranger. In dealing with an initiate, such a personage, he felt, it was imprudent to proceed with either converting or destroying him; and through his spirit, as a man, would have been more gratified by the latter proceeding, his pride, as a priest, led him to prefer the triumph of the former.

The first descent of the Epicurean into the pyramid became speedily known, and the alarm was immediately given to the priests below. As soon as they had discovered that the young philosopher of Athens was the intruder, and that he not only still continued to the sight of his eyes, but appeared to look often and wearily towards the temple, it was concluded that his curiosity would impel him to try a second descent; and Orcus, blessing the good chance which had thus brought the wild bird into his net, resolved not to suffer an opporunity so precious to be wasted.

Instantly, the whole of that wonderful machinery, by which the phenomena and illusions of initiation are produced were put in a state of preparation throughout. As soon as the sly creature retired, the vigilance and vigilance awakened among its inmates, by the more than ordinary display of the resources of its craft, rendered the accomplishment of Aëthes purpose, at such a moment peculiarly difficult. Whily ignoring it of the important stage which it had been her own fortune to take in attracting the young philoso- philopher down to this region, she but heard of him vaguely, as the Chief of a great Grecian sect, who had been led, by a secondary temptation, to pose himself to the first trials of initiation. And whom the priests, she could see, were endeavoring to ensnare in their toils, by every art and lure with which their dark science had adorned them.

In her mind, the thought of a successor, such as Alciphron had been represented to her, came associated with ideas of age and reverence; and, more than once, the possibility of his being made instrument to her deliverance flashed a hope across her bosom. He was the only person from whose lips, to wit, Alciphron had been told by Theora of the many Grecian sages, who had laid their wisdom down handy at the foot of the Cross; and though this initiate, she feared, could hardly be among the number, yet the rumours which she had gathered from the servants of the Temple, of his unexamined or contemptuous errors of heathenism, led her to hope she might find tolerance, if not sympathy, in her appeal to him.

Nor was it solely with a view to her own chance of deliverance that she thus connected him in her thoughts with the plan which she meditated. The look of proud and self-gratulating malice, with which the High Priest had mentioned this initiate, as he styled him, when giving her instructions in the scene she was to act before the philosopher in the valley, too forcibly impressed the mind of the latter, that, at times, the stranger was before her. She knew how many were the hapless candidates for initiation, who had been doomed to a durance worse than that of the grave, for but a word, a whisper breathed against the sacred absurdist they were not to be unsealed; and to this by some, as a miserable Greek (for such her fancy represented Alciphron) was no less interested in escaping from the snares and perils of this region than herself.

Her own resolution was, at all events, fixed. That visionary service, in which she had engaged with her heart and imagination, over which her beauty, at that moment, exercised its influence—was, she solemnly resolved, the very last unholy service, that supererogation or imposition should ever command of her.

On the following night the Aspirant was to watch in the Great Temple of Isis. Such an opportunity of approaching and addressing him might never come again. Should he, from compassion for her situation, from a sense of the wrong that was done her, have been moved to aid her flight, most gladly would she accept it—well assured that no danger or treachery she might risk could be half so odious and fearful as those which she left behind. Should he, on the contrary, reject the proposal, he would, in her own eyes, any piety in trusting to that God whose eye watches over the innocent, and goes forth alone.

To reach the island in Lake Moiris was her first great object; and there occurred fortunately, at this time, a mode of effecting her purpose, by which both the difficulty and dangers of the attempt would be much diminished. The day of the annual veneration of the High Priest to the Place of Weeping—this island in the centre of the lake is called—was now approaching. And, after the moving car, by which the High Priest and one of the Hierophants are conveyed down to the chambers under the lake, stood then waiting in readiness. By availing herself of this expedient to, she would gain the double advantage both of facilitating her own flight, and retaining the speed of her partners.

Having paid a last visit to the tomb of her beloved mother, and wept there, long and passionately, till her heart almost failed in the struggle—having paused, too, to give a kiss to her father, to whom, although too much a Christian to worship, she was still child enough to love—she went on, with a trembling step, to the Sanctuary, and there hid herself in one of the recesses of the Shrine. Her intention was to
steal out from thence to Aleiphorus, while it was yet dark, and before the illumination of the great Statue behind the Veils had begun. But her fears delayed till it was almost too late;—already was the image lighted up, and still she remained trembling in her hiding-place.

In five minutes more the mighty Veils would have been withdrawn, and the glories of that scene of enchantment hid open,—when, at length, summoning all her courage, and taking advantage of a momentary absence of those employed in preparing this splendid wonder, she stole from under the Veil, and found her way, through the gloom, to the Epicurean. There was then no time for explanation;—she had but to trust to the simple words, “Follow, and be silent,” and the implicit readiness with which she found them played,89 hid her with no less surprise than the philoso- phos; her heart felt in hearing them.

“In a second or two they were on their way through the subterranean windings, leaving the ministers of Isis to waste their splendours on vacancy, through a long series of mazes and visions which were exhibited—unconscious that he, whom they were taking such pains to dazzle, was already, under the guidance of the young Christian, far removed beyond the reach of their deceiving spells.”

CHAPTER XIV.

Such was the singular story, of which this innocent girl now give me, in her own touching language, the outline.

The sun was just rising as she finished her narrative. Fearful of encountering the expression of those feelings with which, she could not observe. I was adjutted by her recital, scarcely had she concluded the tale, rising from the abrupt shock of a new train of thoughts, she hurried into the pavilion, leaving me with words fast crowding for utterance to my lips.

Oppressed by the various emotions thus sent back upon my heart, I lay down on the deck in a state of agitation, that defied even the most distarct approaches of sleep. While every word she had uttered, every feeling she expressed, but ministered new fuel to that flame which consumed me, and to describe which, passion is far too weak a word, there was also much of the most distasteful had alarmed me. To find a Christian thus under the gulf of a Memphian Priestess, was a discovery that, had my heart been less deeply interested, would but have more powerfully stimulated my imagination and pride. But, when I recollected the austerity of the faith she had embraced—the tender and sacred tie, associated with it in her memory, and the devotion of women’s heart to objects thus consecrated—her very perfections but widened the distance between us, and all that most nourished my passion at the same time chilled my hopes.

Were we to be left to each other on this soli- river, in such undisturbed communion of thoughts and feelings, I knew too well, I thought, both her sex’s nature and my own, to feel a doubt: that love would ultimately triumph. But the severity of the guardian-ship, and even her—of some mild of the desert, some stern Solitary—the influence such a monitor would gain over her mind—and the horror with which, ere long, he might teach her to regard the reprobe inflicted upon her now smiled—in all this prospect, I saw nothing but despair. After a few short hours, my dream of happiness would be at an end, and such a dark chasm must then open between our fates, as would dissolve them, wide as earth from heaven, asunder.

It was true, she was now wholly in my power: I feared no witnesses but those of earth, and the solitude of the desert was at hand. But though I acknowledgew—not a heaven, I worshipped her who was, to me, the type and substitute of, at any moment, a single thought of wrong or deceit, towards one so sacred arose in my mind, one look from her innocent eyes averted the sacrifice. Even passion itself felt a bly fear in her presence,—like the flame trembling in the breeze of the sanctuary—and Love, pure Love, stood in place of Religion.

As long as I knew not her story, I could indulge, at least, in dreams of the future. But, now—what expectation, what prospect remained? My single chance of happiness lay in the hope, however delusive, of being able to divert her thoughts from the fatal project she meditated; of wresting her, by persuasion and argument, from the faith which had before hated and now feared, and of attaching her, perhaps, alone and unlinked as she was in the world, to my own fortunes for ever!

In the agitation of these thoughts I had started from my resting-place; and I had come to the edge of a place up and down under a burning sun, till, exhausted both by thought and feeling, I sunk down, amid that blaze of light, into a sleep, which, to my fevered brain, seemed a sleep of fire.

On awakening, I found the veil of Aleiphorus laid carefully over my brow, while she, herself, sat near me, under the shadow of the sail, looking anxiously upon that leaf, which her mother had given her, and employed apparently in comparing its outlines with the course of the river, as well as with the trunks of the rocky hills by which we were passing. She looked pale and troubled, and rose eagerly to meet me, as if she had long and impatiently waited for my waking.

Her heart, it was plain, had been disturbed from its security, and was beginning to take alarm at its own mutterings. But, though vaguely conscious of the presence to which she was exposed, her reliance, as is usual in such cases, increased with her danger, and upon me, far more than on herself, did she seem to depend for saving her. To reach, as soon as possible, her sanctuary in the city, was now the urgent object of her entreaties and wishes; the self-reproach which she expressed at having, for a single moment, suffered her thoughts to be diverted from this sacred purpose, not only revealed the truth, that she had forgotten it, but betrayed even a glimmering consciousness of the cause.

Her sleep, she said, had been broken by ill-omened dreams. Every moment the shade of her mother had stood betore her, rebuking, with mournful looks, her delay, and pointing, as she had been in death, to the Western hills, bursting into tears as at this act of recollection, she hastily placed the leaf, which she had been examining, in my hands, and implored that I would ater, without a moment’s delay, what portion of our voyage was still superfluous, and in that space of time we might be free of each other. I had, still less than herself, taken note of either place or distance; and, could we have been left to glide on in this dream of happiness, should never have thought of passing to ask where it would end. But such confidence was far too sacred to be deceived; and, reluctant as I naturally felt, to enter on an inquiry, which might soon dissipate even my last hope, her wish was sufficient to supersede even the selfishness of love, and on the instant I proceeded to obey her will.

There stands on the eastern bank of the Nile, to the north of Antinooe, a high and steep rock, impending over the flood, which has borne, for ages, from a pro- digy connected with it, the name of the Mountain of the Birds. Yearly, it is said, at a certain season and hour, large flocks of birds assemble in the ravine, of which this rocky mound in form one of the sides, and are there observed to go through the mystic ceremony of immolating each its break into a particular cleft of the rock, till the cleft closes upon one of their moun- tains, when the rest of the flocks take wing, and leave the selected victim to die.

Through the ravine, rendered famous by this charm—for such the multitude consider it—there ran, in ancient times, a canal from the Nile, to some great and forgotten city, now buried in the desert. To a
short distance from the river this canal still exists, but, after having passed through the delibe, its scanty waters disappear, and are wholly lost under the sands, which in this neighborhood of the place, as I could collect from the neighboring peaks, were a flight of birds represented the name of the mountain—that the abode of the Solitary, to whom Althea was about to consign herself, was situated. Little as I knew of the geography of Egypt, it at once struck me that this mysterious mountain must be the 

she had heard but the last few words—the rest had been lost upon her. Startled by the tone of tenderness in which in despite of all my resolves, I had suffered my voice to sound, she looked for an instant with passionate earnestness into my face;—then, dropping upon her knees, her clasped hands upraised, exclaimed, — "Tempem me not, in the name of God! I implore thee, tempt me not to swerve from my sacred duty! Oh! take me instantly to that desert mountain, and I will bless thee for ever!" This appeal, indeed, I could not resist—even though my heart be to break for it. Having silently intimated my assent to her prayer, by a slight pressure of her hand as I raised her from the deck, I proceeded immediately, as we were still in full career for the south, to give orders that our sail should be instantly lowered, and not a moment lost to retracing our course.

In giving these directions, however, it, for the first time, occurred to me, that, as I had hired this yacht in the neighborhood of Memphis, where it was probable the flight of the young Priestess would be most vigilantly tracked, we should run the risk of betraying to the boatmen the place of her retreat; and there was now a most favourable opportunity for taking possession of the mountain before they reached it. Desiring, therefore, that we should be landed at a small village on the shore, under pretence of paying a visit to some shrine in the neighborhood, I there dismissed our barge, and was relieved from fear of further observation by our visitor. Being left alone, and resuming course leisurely up the river, I was perfectly at leisure to ponder over those descriptions that had engaged my attention.

From the boats of all descriptions that have idled beside the bank, I now selected one, in every respect, suited to my purpose—being, in its shape and accommodations, a miniature of our former vessel, but, at the same time, so light and small as to be manageable by myself alone, and requiring, with the advantage of the current, little more than a bunt to steer it. This bire I succeeded, without much difficulty, in purchasing, and, after a short delay, we were again about to descend the stream. The sun was then sinking, in conscious glory, over his own golden shrines in the Libyan waste.

The evening was calmer and more lovely than any that had yet smiled upon our voyage; and, as we left the shore, a strain of sweet melody came soothingly over our ears. It was the voice of a young Nubian girl, whom we saw kneeling before an acacia, upon the bank, and singing, while her companions stood around, the wild song of invocation, which, in her country, they address to that enshrined tree:

\[ Oh! Abyssinian tree, \\
By the gleam of thy gold rays, \\
And the violet hue of thy flower, \\
And the grating muse \\
Of thy bough's entwine, \\
To the stranger who seeks thy bower. \]

\[ Oh! Abyssinian tree, \\
How the traveller bless thee, \\
When the night no moon allows, \\
And the sun's bright beams, \\
Saying, 'Come rest here here, \\
Oh! Abyssinian tree, \\
Thus bow thy head to me! ' \]

In the burden of this song the companions of the young Nubian joined; and we heard the words, "Oh! Abyssinian tree," dying away on the breeze, long after the whole group had been lost to our eye.

Whether, in the new arrangement which I had made for our voyage, any motive, besides those which I professed, had a share, I can scarcely, even

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1 "The voyages on the Nile are, under favourable circumstances, performed with considerable rapidity. En route," says M. Gourmont, "on pourra un jour avancément prouver l'embranchure du Nil à ses extrémités, que descendre les eaux jusqu'à la mer. The great uncertainty of the navigation is proved by what Belzoni tells us. — "Nous avons menées cette fois que nous avons longtemps imité le trajet de l'Aire a" Metawia, auquel dans notre seconde voyage, nous avons employés dix-huit jours."

2 "Elles ont pres de vingt muids (61 pieds) d'élévations; et au lever du soleil, leurs ombres immenses s'étendent au long sur la chaîne Libyenne." — Description générale de l'Éthiopie, par Messrs. Jollès et Desvilliers.

3 Paul Lucas.

4 See an account of this sensitive tree, which bends down its branches to those who approach it, in M. Jourdan's Description of Syene and the Cataracts.
myself—so bewildered were then my feelings—determined. But no sooner had the current borne us away from all human dwellings, and we were alone on the waters, with not a soul near me, than I felt how closely such solitude draws hearts together, and how much more we seemed to belong to each other, than when there were eyes around us.

The same feeling, but without the same sense of its danger, was manifest in every look and word of Althea. The consciousness of the one great idea on which she had made her effort to have satisfied her heart on the score of duty—while the devotedness with which she saw I attended to her every wish, was felt with that trusting gratitude which, in woman, is the day-spring of love. She was, therefore, happy, unconscious happy; and the confiding, and even affectionate, unreserve of her manner, while she restored my trust more sacred, made it also far more difficult.

It was only, however, upon subjects unconnected with our situation or fate, that she yielded to such interchange of thought, or that her voice ventured to answer mine. The moment I alluded to the destiny that awaited us, all her cheerfulness died, and she became shaded and silent. When I described to her the beauty of my own native land—its fruits of inspiration and holds of glory—her eyes sparkled with sympathy, and sometimes even softened into tenderness. But then a note of solemnity, a note of that glorious country, a life full of love and liberty, hovered over her; when I proceeded to contrast the adoration and love she might command, with the gloomy austereities of the life to which she was hastening—it was like the coming of a sudden cloud over a summer sky. Her head sunk, as she intoned, "I waited in vain for an answer; and when, half playfully reproaching her for this silence, I sought to take her hand, I could feel the warm, cold hand fast falling over it.

But even this—feeble as was the hope it held out—was still a glimpse of happiness, though it forebode that I should lose her, it also whispered that I was loved. Like that lake, in the land of Roses, whose waters are half sweet, half bitter, I felt my fate to be a compound of bliss and pain—but its very pain well worth all ordinary bliss.

And thus did the hours of that night pass along; while every moment shortened our happy dream, and the current seemed to flow with a swifter pace than that ever yet hurried to the sea. Not a feature of the whole scene escaped my sense, at this moment, freshly in my memory—the broken star-like track of the water—the rippling sound of the boat, as, without oar or oar the current went, like a thing of enchantment, down the stream—at the seared fires, burning beside us upon the deck, and the darkness, on which its light fell, revealing, at every moment, some new charm—some blush or look, so much beautiful than the last! Oftentimes, while I sat gazing, forgetful of all else, in the world, our boat, let wholly to itself, would drive from its course, and bearing us away to the bank, get entangled in the water-plants, or be caught in some eddy, etc. I perceived where we were. Once, too, when the rustling of my ear among the flowers startled away from the book some wild anlelites, that had stolen that still hour, to drink of the Nile, what an emblem did I think it of the young heart then beside me—tasting, for the first time, of hope and love, and so soon, alas, to be scared from their sweetness for ever!

CHAPTER XV.

The night was now far advanced—the bend of our course towards the left, and the closing in of the eastern hills upon the river, gave warning of our approach to the hermit’s dwelling. Every moment now appeared like the last of existence; and I felt a sicking of despair at my heart, which would have been unbearable, had not a resolution that suddenly, and as I say, by myself, occurred to me, presented a glimpse of hope, which, in some degree, succeeded my hopeless sense of calamity which to me was far worse than the shame of death, my separation from Althea. In my despair, I adopted the humiliating plan—deeply hating and feeling it to be, even amid the joy with which I welcomed it—of offering myself to this hermit, as a convert to his faith, and thus becoming the fellow-disciple of Althea under his care!

From the moment I resolved upon this plan my spirit felt lightened. Though having fully before my eyes the mean labyrinth of imposture into which it would lead me, I thought of nothing but the hope of our continuing still together. In this hope, all pride, all philosophy was forgotten, and everything seemed tolerable, but the prospect of losing her.

Thus resolved, it was a less reluctant feeling, that I now undertook, at the last moment of my companion, to ascertain the site of that well-known mountain, in the neighborhood of which the hermit dwelt. We had already passed one or two stupendous rocks, a high stand, detached, like fortresses, over the river’s bank, and, which, in some degree, corresponded with the description on the leaf. So little was there of life now stirring along the shores, that I had begun almost to despair of any assistance from inquiry. Then, on looking to the western bank, I saw a boatman among the sedge, towing his small boat, with some difficulty, up the current. Hailing him as we passed, I asked, "Where stands the Mountain of the Birds?"—and he had hardly time, as he nodded above us, to answer. "There," when we perceived that we were just then emerging into the shadow, which this mighty rock shuts across the whole of the flood.

In a few moments we had reached the mouth of the ravine, of which the Mountain of the Birds forms one of the sides, and through which empties the canal from the Nile flows. At the sight of this awful mountain, within some of whose dreary recesses (if we had rightly interpreted the leaf) the dwelling of the Solitary was to be found, our voices sunk at once into a low whisper, while Althea turned to me with a look of awe and eagerness, as if doubtful whether I had not already disappeared from her side. A quick movement, however, of her head towards the ravine, told too plainly that her purpose was still unchanged. Immediately checking, therefore, with my ears, the career of our boat, I succeeded, after no small exertion, in turning it out of the current of the river, and steering into this bleak and stagnant canal.

Our transit from life and bloom to the very depth of desolation was immediate. While the water on one side of the ravine lay buried and stolen, here, a slow, skeleton-like cages of the other stood aloft in the pale glare of moonlight. The sluggish stream through which we moved yielded suddenly to the car, and the shriek of a few water-birds, which we had roused from their fastnesses, was succeeded by silence so dead and awful, that our lips seemed afraid to disturb it by a breath; and half-awilerd exclamations, how dreary!—how dismal! were the only words exchanged between us.

We had proceeded for some time through this gloomy defile, when, at a short distance before us, from the rocks upon which the moonlight fell, we

1 The province of Arabia, now Fiuma.
2 Paul Lucas.
planted, here and there, with fig-trees and palms. At and it, too, I could perceive, through the afternoon light, a number of small caves or grottos, into some of which, human beings might find an entrance; while others appeared of no larger dimensions than those tombs of the Sacred Birds which are seen ranged around Lake Nemi.

I was still, I found, but half-way up the ascent, nor was there visible any further means of concluding my course, as the mountain from hence rose, almost perpendicularly, like a wall. At length, however, on ascending a short way behind the shade of a fir-tree a large ladder of wood, resting firmly against the rock, and affording an easy and safe ascent up the steep.

Having ascended thus far, I again descended to the base for a little, when I found I had already at her short solitude; and having led her up the stairway to this quiet garden, left her lodged there securely, amid its holy silence, while I pursued my way upward to the light upon the rock.

At the top of the long ladder I found myself on another ledge or platform, somewhat smaller than the first, but planted in the same manner, with trees, and, as I could perceive by the mingled light of morning and the moon, embellished with flowers. I was now near the summit; there remained but another short ascent, and, at last, closed her out of my sight. A moment, again opening upon me with the same tenderness, and—merciful Providence, how I remember that moment!—was on the point of bending down my lips towards her, when, suddenly, in the air above us, as if coming direct from heaven, there burst forth a strain of choral music, that with its solemn sweetness filled the whole valley.

Breaking away from my cares at these supernatural sounds, the maiden threw her elf trembling upon her knees, and, not daring to look up, exclaimed wildly, "My mother, oh, my mother!"

It was the Christian's morning hymn that we heard; the same, as I learned afterwards, that, on their high terrace at Memphis, she had been taught by her mother to sing to the rising sun.

Secretly less startled than my companion, I looked up, and saw, at the very summit of the rock above us, a light, appearing to come from a small opening or window, through which those sounds likewise, that had appeared to be supernatural, issued. There could be no doubt, that we had not found—if not the dwelling of the anchorites—at least, the haunt of some of the Christian priesthood of these rocks; by whose assistance we could not fail to find the place of his retreat.

The agitation into which Alethe was thrown by the first burst of that almighty, soon yielded to the soothing recollections which it brought back; and a calm came over her brow, such as it had never before worn, since we met. She seemed to feel as if she had found her destined heaven, and hid, as the voice of heaven itself, those solemn sounds by which she was welcomed to it.

In her tranquillity, however, I was very far from sympathizing. Full of impatience to learn all that I could, as well as merely to ascend as near to the base of the rock, so as to bring it directly under that lighted window on the summit, to explore my way up to which was now my immediate object. Having hastily received my instructions from Alethe, and having prepared (I trust) for a present and future whom we sought, I sprang upon the bank, and was not long in discovering a sort of path, or stairway, cut rudely out of the rock, and leading, as I found, by easy windings, up the steep.

A short ascending path of the same, I arrived at a level space or ledge, which the hand of labour had succeeded in converting into a garden,1 and which was

1 The monks of Mount Sinai (Slate says) have covered over near four acres of the naked rocks with fruitful gardens and orchards.
made a sign with his right hand above my head, while, with involuntary respect, I bowed beneath the benediction.

"Let this volume," I replied, "answer for the peaceableness of my mission"—at the same time, placing in his hands the copy of the Scriptures which had been cast with it to the mother of Alethe, and which, her own child now brought as the credential of her claims on his protection. At the sight of this sacred pledge, which he instantly recogised, the solemnity that had at first marked his reception of me softened into tenderness. Thoughts of other times appeared to pass through his mind, with a sigh of recollection, he took the book from my hands, some words on the outer leaf caught his eye. They were few—but contained, most probably, the last wishes of the dying Theora; for as he read them over eagerly, I saw tears in his aged eyes. "The trust," he said, with a faltering voice, "is precious and sacred, and God will enable, I hope, his servant to guard it faithfully."

During this short dialogue, the other persons of the assembly had departed—being, as I was, to be learned, brethren from the neighbouring bank of the Nile, who came thus secretly before daybreak, to join in worshipping their God. Lost lest his decent down the rock might alarm Alethe, I hurried briefly over the few words of explanation that remained, and leaving the venerable Christian to follow at his leisure, hastened anxiously down to rejoin the young maiden.

CHAPTER XVI.

Melanius was one of the first of those zealous Christians of Egypt, who, following the recent example of the hermit, Paul, bade farewell to all the comforts of social existence, and before themselves to look for a life of contemplation in the desert. Less self-sufficient, however, in his piety, than most of these ascetics, Melanius forgot not the world, in leaving it. He knew that man was not born to live wholly for himself; that his relation to human kind was that of the link to the chain, and that even his solitude should be turned to the advantage of others. In flying, therefore from the din and disturbance of life, he sought not to place himself beyond the reach of its sympathies, but selected a retreat where he could combine all the advantages of solitude with those hopefulnesses of being useful to his fellow-men, which a neighbourhood to their populous haunts would afford.

That taste for the gloom of subterranean recesses, which the race of Mithraic inherit from their Egyptian ancestors, led, by following out all Egypt into caverns and crypts, supplied these Christian anchorites with an ample choice of retreats. Accordingly, some found a shelter in the grottoes of Elelthys; others, among the royal loams of the Tisabid. In the middle of the Seven Valleys, 3 where the sun rarely shines, a few have fixed their dim and melancholy retreat; while others have sought the neighbourhood of the red Lakes of Nitria, 4 and there, like those Pagan solitary of old, who fixed their dwelling among the palm-trees near the Dead Sea, pass their

1 It was among the accusations of Celest against the Christians, that they held their assemblies privately and contrary to law; and one of the speakers in the Secularus of Minucius Felix calls the Christia gentes et libidinosi ratio.

2 See Macrini's account of these valleys, given by Quatremere, tom. i. p. 496.

3 For a striking description of this region, see Romers, a work which, though in general too technical and elaborate, shows, in many passages, to what picturesque effects the scenery and mythology of Egypt may be made subservient.

whole lives in musing amidst the sterility of nature, and seem to forget that they are in her domain.

It was on one of the mountains of the Said, to the east of the river, that Melanius, as we have seen, chose his place of seclusion—having all the life and fertility of the Nile on one side, and the bare, diurnal barrenness of the desert on the other. Half-way down this mountain, where it depends on the ravine, he found a series of caves or grottos dug out of the rock, which had, in other times, ministered to some purpose of mystery, but whose use had long been forgotten, and their recesses abandoned.

To this place, after the embrace of his great master, Origen, Melanius, with a few faithful followers, retired, and there, by the example of his innocent life, as well as by his fervid eloquence, succeeded in winning crowds of converts to his faith. Placed, as he was, in the neighbourhood of the rich city, Antinoe, 5 though he mingled not with its multitude, his name and his fame were ever among them, and, to all who sought after instruction or consolation, the cell of the hermit was always open.

Notwithstanding the rigid abstinence of his own habits, he was yet careful to provide for the comfort of others. Content with a rude pallet of straw, himself, he had always for the stranger a less homely resting-place. From his grotto, the watering and ventilation of the solitary father, with the aid of some of his brethren, he had formed gardens along the ledges of the mountain, which gave an air of life and cheerfulness to his rocky dwelling, and supplied him with the chief necessaries of such a climate—fruit and shade.

Though the acquaintance he had formed with the mother of Alethe, during the short period of her attendance at the school of Origen, was soon interrupted, and never afterwards renewed, the interest which he had then shown in her fate was too long live to be forgotten. He had seen the unfold with which her young heart welcomed instruction; and the thought that so promising a candidate for heaven should have relapsed into idolatry, came often, with disquieting apprehension, over his mind.

It was, therefore, with true pleasure, that, but a year or two before Theora's death, he had learned by a private communication from her, transmitted through a Christian embalmer of Memphis, that not only had her own heart taken root in the earth, but that a friend, but had found, with the same divine hope, and that, ere long, he might see them both transplanted to the desert.

The coming, therefore, of Alethe, was far less a surprise to him, than her coming thus alone was a shock and a blow; and when the meeting showed how painfully both remembered that the tie which had brought them together was no longer of this world—that the bond, which should have been then joined with theirs, was moulder on in the ground, I now saw this even religion like he was not proof against the sadness of mortality. For, as the old man put aside the ringlets from her forehead, and contemplated in that clear countenance the reflection of what her mother had been, there mingled with the mournful with his piety, as he said, "Heaven rest her soul." which showed me little considered the certainty of a heaven for those we love can reconcile us to the pain of having lost them on earth.

The full light of day had now risen upon the desert, and our host, reminded, by the faint looks of Alethe, of the many anxious toils we had passed without sleep, proposed that we should seek, in the chambers of the rock, such rest as a hermit's dwelling could offer. Pointing to one of the largest of these

4 From the position assigned to Antinoe in this work, we shall conclude that it extended much further to the north, than the few ruins of it that remain would seem to indicate, and that the distance between the city and the Mountain of the Birds was considerably less than what it appears to be at present.
THE EPICUREAN.

openings, as he addressed me—" Thou wilt find," he said, "in that grove a bed of fresh down leaves, and may the consciousness of having protected the orphan sweeten thy sleep!"

I felt how dearly this praise had been earned, and how truly repeated of having deserved it. This was the grove in which he professed to be the nest of Aulethe, as I took leave of her, to which the forebodings of my own heart but too faithfully responded; nor could I help fearing, as her hand parted lingeringly from mine, that I lied, by this sacrifice, placed her beyond my reach for my good.

Having lighted for me a lamp, which, in these recesses, even at noon, is necessary, the holy man led me to the entrance of the grove. And here I blushed to say, my career of hypocrisy began. With the sole view of being humbled, and, with what shame did I stand in the presence of that venerable man, not daring to let my eyes encounter his, while, with unsubscribing trust in the sincerity of my intention, he welcomed me to a participation of his holy hope, and imprinted the Kiss of Charity on my inebriate brow.

Embarrassed as I could not but feel by the humiliating consciousness of hypocrisy, I was even still more perplexed by my almost total ignorance of the real tenets of the faith to which I professed myself a convert. Moreover, it is impossible to avoid feeling sick at its own deceit, I listened to the animated and eloquent expositions of the Christian, as though they were words in a dream, without any link or meaning; nor could I dispute but by the mockery of a reverent bow, at every turn, to the total silence, the total abstraction, and even of speech, under which I laboured.

A few minutes more of such trial, and I must have avowed my imposition. But the holy man perceived my embarrassment; and, whether mistaking it for fear, or, knowing it to be the effects of daily life, the looks and attitudes of the young people denoted that they were lovers; and, sometimes, they were seen sitting under a canopy of flowers, with their eyes fixed on each other's face, as though they could never look away; sometime, they appeared walking along the banks of the Nile,

...on one of those sweet nights. When Isis, the pure star of lovers, lights Her bright crescent o'er the holy stream— When wandering youths and maidens watch her beam, And number o'er the nights she hath to run, Ere she again embrace her bridegroom sun.

Through all these scenes of enjoyment the two elders persons stood by;-- their calm countenances bespoke a share of that bliss, in whose perfect light the young lovers were basking. Thus far, all was happiness; but the sad lesson of mortality was yet to come. In the last picture of the series, one of the figures was missing. It was that of the young maiden, who had disappeared from among them. On the brink of a dark lake stood the three who remained; but a boat, just departing for the City of the Dead, told too plainly the end of their dream of happiness.

...a most mournful of a sorrow of other times—a sorrow, a sincere and a deep, was not wanting to deepen the melancholy of my mind, or to add to the weight of the many burdens that pressed upon it.

After a night, as it seemed of anxious and sleepless thought, I rose from my bed and returned to the grove. I found the Christian altar—sacred, under the shade of one of his trees, at a small table, on which there lay a voluminous rolled, while a beautiful antelope was sleeping at his feet. Struck by the contrast which he presented to those haughty priests, whom I had seen by the entrances of temples, "Is this, then," thought I, "the faith before which the world now trembles—is it temple the desert, its treasury a book, and its High Priest the solitary dweller of the rock?"

He had prepared for me a simple, but hospitable repast, of which fruits from his own garden, the white bread of Olyra, and the juice of the honey-cane, formed the most costly luxuries. His manner to me was even more cordial and fatherly than before; but the absence of Aulethe, and, still more, the ominous reserve, with which he spoke of the introduction of her name, but eluded the few inquiries, by which I sought to lead to it, seemed to confirm all the apprehensions I had felt in parting from her.

She had acquainted him, it was evident, with the whole history of our flight. My reputation as a philosopher—my desire to become a Christian—all was already known to the zealous anchorite, and the subject of my conversion was the very first on which he entered. Oh, pride of philosophy, how wert thou then hated, and, with what shame did I stand in the presence of that venerable man, not daring to let my eyes encounter his, while, with unsubscribing trust in the sincerity of my intention, he welcomed me to a participation of his holy hope, and imprinted the Kiss of Charity on my inebriate brow.

Vide Plutarch, de Isid. 1

1 "Conjunctio solei cum luna, quod est velut utriusque constitutionem."—Jabłoński.

2 M. Chateaubriand has introduced Paul and his son in the "Martyrs," liv. iv.
dead, pulseless repose of the desert on the other. When we turned to the river, what a picture of animation presented itself! Near the mouth, on the south, in the graceful boulevards of Antium, its proud, populous streets, and triumphal monuments. On the opposite shore, rich plants, all teeming with cultivation to the water's edge, seemed to offer up, as from verdant altars, their fruits to the sun; while, beneath it, the Nile—

— the glorious stream.

That late between its banks was seen to glide
With shrines and marble cities on each side,
Glittering, like jewels strongly anointed
Held in the hold of its waters, and there plain
And valley, like a giant from his bed
Rising with outstretched h’ld arms, superbly spread.

From this scene, on one side of the mountain, we had to turn round our eyes to the other and it was as if Nature herself had become suddenly extinct—a wide waste of sands, bleak and interminable, wearing out the sun with its sickness of desolation.—black, burnt-up rocks, that stood as bristles, at which life shuddered—while the only signs of animation, paths or contorted lines of the foot-steps, here and there, of an antelope or ostrich, or the bones of dead camels, as they lay whitening at a distance, marking out the track of the caravans over the waste.

At one listening, while he contrasted, a few eloquent words, the two regions of life and death on which he continued, I stood again descended with my guide to the garden we had left. From thence, turning into a path along the mountainside, he led me to another grotto of grotesques, facing the desert, which had been once, as the others, a scene of the birefringence in Christ, who had fled with him to this solitude from the crowded world—but which death had, within a few short months, rendered lifeless. A copse of red stone, and a few tamed trees, were the only traces these solitary had left.

A few minutes succeeded, while we descended to the edge of the canal; and I saw opposite, among the rocks, that solitary cave, which had so chilled me with its aspect on the preceding night. Beside the bank we found one of those rusted basins, which the Egyptians construct of planks of wild thorn, bound rudely together with strands of papyrus. Placing ourselves in this boat, and rather impelling than rowing it across, we made our way through the foul and shallow sand, and landed directly under the site of our cave.

This dwelling was situated, as I have already mentioned, on a ledge of rock; and, being provided with a sort of window or aperture to admit the light of heaven, was accounted, I found, for more cheerful than the grothous on the other side of the ravine. Here there was a dreariness in the whole region around, in which light only lent additional horror. The dead whiteness of the rocks, as they stood, like ghosts, in the sunshine; that melancholy pool, half lost in the sands, all gave to my mind the idea of a wasting world. To dwell in a place so desolate seemed to me a living death; and when the Christian, as we entered the cave, said, "Here is to be the home," prepared as I had been for the worst, all my resolution gave way:—every feeling of despair and disgust, that had been gathering round my heart for the last few hours, found a vent at once, and I burst into tears.

Accustomed to human weakness, and perhaps gazing at some of the sources of mine, the good Hermit was at pains to take any means of this emotion, proceed to expatiate on, with a cheerful air, on, what he called, the comforts of my dwelling. Sheltered from the dry burning wind of the south, my porch would unabate its cold, the fresh breeze of the Dona do, of which the garden should furnish my repast. The well of the neighbouring rock would supply my beverage; and here:—he continued—lowering his voice into a more solemn tone, as he placed upon the little the volume which he had brought—here, my son, be that well-living

waters, in which alone thou wilt find lasting refreshment or peace. Thus saying, he descended back to his cave, and the last dashes of his car had died upon my ear, the solitude and silence that reigned around me was complete.

CHAPTER XVII.

What a fate was mine!—but a few weeks since, presiding over that gay Festival of the Garden, with all the luxuries of existence tributary to my train; and now, to the depths of death, to the bounds of the earth, to that awful verge of the world—

the inexpressible pite of a Christian anchorite—without even the excuse of religious fanaticism, or any other madness, but that of love, wild love, to extenuate my fall! Were there a hope that, by this humilitating waste of existence, I might purchase now and then a momentary glimpse of Atheus, even the depths of the desert, with such a chance, would be welcome. But to live—and live thus—without her, was a misery which I neither foresaw nor could endure.

Dreading even to look upon the den to which I was doomed, I hurried out into the air, and found my way, along the rocks, to the desert. The sun was going down, with that blood-red hue, which he so often wears, in this climate, at his setting. I saw the sands, stretching out, like a sea, to the horizon, as their waste extended to the very verge of the world—and, in the bitterness of my feelings, rejoiced to see so large a portion of creation rescued, even by this barren liber, from the encroaching grasp of man.

The thought seemed to relieve my wandering spirit, and, as I wandered over the dune and boundsless solitude, to be this free, even amidst blight and desolation, appeared to me a blessing.

The only living thing I saw was a restless swallow, whose wings were of the same hue with the grey sand over which he fluttered; and, although I may not the mind, like this bird, partake of the colour of the desert, and sympathise in its austerity, its freedom, and its calm—yet a very deavouring, being dependent and defenceless, to encounter with some degree of fortitude what yet my heart sickened to contemplate. But the effort was availing.

Overcome by that vast solitude, whose repose was not the slumber of peace, but rather the stillness and burning silence of hate, I felt my spirit give way, and even hope itself yielded to despair.

As I turned and walked on a fragment of a rock, and covering my eyes with my hands I made a effort to shut out the overwhelming prospect. But all in vain—it was still before me, with every additional horror that fancy could suggest; and, when, again looking forth, I beheld the livid ray of the sun, shooting across the melancholy and lifeless waste, it appeared to me like the light of that comet which once desolated this world, and thus luridly shone out over the ruin that it had made!

At a call by my own gloomy imaginatioms, I turned towards the ravine; and, notwithstanding the disgust with which I had fled from my dwelling, was of ill pleasure to find my way, over the rocks, to it again. On approaching the cave, to my astonishment, I saw a light within. At such a moment, any vestige of life

1. "Je vis dans le desert des hirondelles d'un gris clair comme le sable ou le cendres lévent."—Denon.
2. In allauding to Whiston's idea of a comet having caused the deluge, M. Girard, having remarked that the word Typhon means a deluge, adds, "On ne peut entendre les temps du regne de Typhon que par la lettre, tems pendant lequel on dit observar les eons qu'Occasionne, et dont l'apparition fort, non seulement pour les peuples de l'Egypte, et de l'Ethiopie, mais encore pour tous les peuples le pressage funeste de leur destruction presque totale."—Description de la Valee de l'Ege-
was welcome, and I hailed the unexpected appearance with pleasure. On enquiring, however, I found the chamber as low as I had left it. The light I had seen came from a lamp that burned brightly on the table; beside it was an unfolded volume which Mehek had been reading through, and up in the overhead shelves—oh, joy and surprise—the well-known cross of Atheus!

What hand, but her own, could have prepared this reception for me?—The very thought sent a hope into my heart, before which all despondency fled. Even the gloom of the desert was forgotten, and my rude cave at once brightened into a bow. She had here reminded me, by this sacred memorial, of the vow which I had pledged to her under the Hemit's rock; and I now scrupled not to rehearse the same during my adoration, that through poetry alone I could fulfil it.

Eager to prepare myself for my task of imposition, I sat down to the volume, which I now found to be the Hebrew Scriptures; and the first sentence, on which my eyes fell, was—"The Lord hath consecrated the blessing, even Life for evermore." Started by those words, in which it appeared to me as if the Spirit of my dream had again pronounced his assuring prediction, I raised my eyes from the page, and repeated the sentence over and over, as if to engrave it upon my mind, or to awaken that faded illusion in my soul. But, no—the rank frauds of the Memphian priesthood had dispelled all my trust in the promises of religion. My heart had again relapsed into its gloom of scepticism, and to the word of "Life," the only answer it sent back was, "Death!"

Being impatient, however, to possess myself of the elements of a faith, up on which—whatever it might promise for hereafter—I felt that all my happiness here depended. I turned over the pages with an earnestness and anxiety, such as never even the most favourite of my studies had awakened in me. Though, like all who seek but the surface of learning, I flew idly over the leaves, lighting only on half the more valuable points, yet found myself, even in this undisciplined career, arrested, at every page, by the awful, the supernatural solemnity, the alternate melancholy and grandeur of the images that crowded upon me.

I had, till now, known the Hebrew theology but through the platonic refinements of Philo;—as it were, in manner, as my knowledge of the Christian doctrine I was indebted to my brother Epicureans, Lucian and Celsus. Little, therefore, was my mind prepared for the contemplation of a truth whose immensity had rendered the poetry, in short, of heaven that breathed throughout these oracles. Could admiration have kindled faith, I should, that night, have been a believer; so elevated, so awed was my imagination by that wondrous book—its warnings of woe, its announcements of glory, and its unvaried strains of adoration and sorrow.

Hour after hour, with the same eager and devout curiosity, did I turn over the leaves—and when, at last, I had passed through the various scene of which I had read; again called up, in sleep, the bright images that had passed before me, and when awakened at early dawn by the sound of a heavy foot step, imagined that I was still listening to the sound of the wind, sighing mournfully through the harps of Israel on the willows.

"Many people," said Origen, "have been brought over to Christianity by the Spirit of God giving a special determination to the mind and the offering of visions to them either by day or night." On this he remarks:—"Why should it be thought insipid that Arcanum of good dispositions, but not free from prejudice, should have been called by divine admonitions, by dreams or visions, which might be a support to Christianity in these days of distress?"

Starting from my bed, I hurried out upon the rock, with a hope that, among the tones of that morning chor, I might be able to distinguish the sweet voice of Atheus. But the strain had ceased;—I caught only the last notes of the Hyamus, as, echoing up through the sandy valley, they died away into the silence of the desert.

With the first glimpse of light I was again eagerly at my study, and, notwithstanding the frequent distraction both of my thoughts and looks towards the distant, half-seen groves of the Anchor, continued my task with unabating perseverance through the day. Still alive, however, but to the eloquence, the poetry of what I studied, of its claims to authority, as a history, I never once paused to consider. My fancy alone was whetted by it; I felt as if I had been before all that it contained; and, passing rapidly from annals to prophecy, from narration to song, regarded the whole but as a tissue of oriental allegories, in which the deep melancholy of Egyptian associations were interwoven with the rich and sensical imagery of the East.

Towards sunset I saw the venerable Hermit, on his way, across the canal, to my cave. Thugh he was accompanied only by his graceful antelope, which came scuffling the wild air of the desert, as if scenting the approach of its lord, I felt its calm presence a welcome relief. It was the hour, he said, of his evening ramble up the mountain—of his accustomed visit to those cisterns of the rock, from which he drew with all his most precious beverage. While he spoke, I observed in him the natural mixture of the solid and the poetic, which is the custom of the inhabitants of the wilderness to collect the fresh dew among the rocks. Having proposed that I should accompany him in his walk, he proceeded to lead me, in the direction of the desert, up the side of the mountain that rose above my dwelling, and which formed the southern wall or screen of the defile.

Near the summit we found a seat, where the old man paused to rest. It commanded a full view over the desert, and was by the side of one of those hollows in the rock, those natural reservoirs, in which are treasured the drops of night for the refreshment of the dwellers in the wilderness. Having learned from me how far I had advanced in my study—"In wonder light," said he, pointing to a small cloud in the east, which had been formed on the horizon by the haze of the desert, and was now faintly reflecting the splendours of sunset—"in the midst of that light stands Mount Sinai, of whose glory thou hast read; not the rock on which the ark of the covenant was given, but one of those awful revelations, in which the Almighty has descended from time to time his communication with Man, and kept alive the remembrance of his own Providence in this world.

After a pause, as if absorbed in the immensity of the subject, the holy man continued his sublime theme. Looking back to the earliest annals of time, he showed how constantly every relapse of the human race into idolatry has been followed by some manifest miracles. Divine power, chancing the strong and proud by punishment, had been with humble by love. It was to preserve, he said, unextinguished upon earth, that great and vital truth—the Creation of the world by one Supreme Being—that God chose, from among the nations, an humble and enslaved race—that he brought them out of their captivity, "on eagles' wings," and, still surrounding every view of their course with miracles, has placed them before the eyes of all succeeding generations, as the depositories of his will, and the ever-during annals of his power.

1 Pollio, who lived some time in Egypt, describes the monk Pothinus, who inhabited the desert of Scete, as collecting in earthen cups the abundant dew from the rocks. — Biblioth. Pat. tom. 811.

2 The brief sketch here given of the Jewish dispens-
Passing, in a review of the long train of inspired interpretation which pens and whose tongues were made the doors of the Divine voice, he traced, throughout its event of successive ages, the gradual unfolding of the dark scheme of Providence—darkness which was light and glory. The glimmer of a crepuscular visibility, visible even through the wrath of everlast;—the long series of prophesy through which hope runs, burning and alive, like a spark among a chain,—the slow and merciful preparation of the heart of man for the great trial of their faith and obedience which was at hand, not only by mercies that appeared to the living, but by prophecies launched into the future to convey conviction to the yet unborn;—through the shaft of grace and mercy and holiness, which included the events of Mount Sinai, was it but the forerunner of another, still more glorious, which, in the fulness of time, was to burst upon the world; where, all, that before had seemed dim and incomplete, was to be perfected, and the world be governed, not by blindness and self-delusion, but by the light and wisedom of inward illumination;—so that the future had so long lain, was to be broken, and the glad tidings of life and immortality proclaimed to the world?—

Observe my features brighter at these words, the purer man continued. Anticipating some of the holy knowledge that was in store for me, he traced, through all its wonders and mercies, the great work of Redemption, dwelling in detail upon every miraculous circumstance connected with it—the exalted nature of the Being, by whose ministry it was accomplished, the nobles' and first created of the Son of God, inferior only to the one, self-existent Father;—the mysterious incarnation of this heavenly messenger;—the miracles that authenticated his divine mission;—the example.

Epieramus, Mr. De Voeux and others find it in strong proofs of belief in a future state. "The chief difficulty arises in the latter from what has been quoted;—and the mode of construction by which some writers attempt to get rid of it—namely, by putting these texts into the mouth of a foolish reasoner—appears forced and grudging." Vide Dr. Hales's Analysis.

4 This opinion of the Hermit may be supposed to have been derived from his master, Origen; but it is not easy to ascertain the exact doctrine of Origen on this subject. In the Treatise on Prayer attributed to him, he asser'ts that God the Father alone should be invoked—which, says Juley, is to "enchanter sur les Hesieres des Socimnes?" Notwithstanding this, however, and some other indications of what was afterwards called, Ariastic, (such as the opinion of the divinity being received by communication, which Miller asser'ts to have been held by this Father,) Origen was one of the authorities quoted by Athanasius in support of his high doctrines of co-eternity and co-essentiaity. What Pesty says is, perhaps, the best solution of these inconsistencies:—"Origen, as well as Clemens Alexandrinus, has been thought to favor the Arian principles; but he did it only in words, and in the way in question. Whatever uncertainty, however, there may exist with respect to the opinion of Origen himself on this subject, there is no doubt that the doctrines of his immediate followers were, at least, Anti-Arianian. "So even the many Bishop of Africa, says Athanasius, at this period (between the year 253 and 256). Unitarians, that Athanasius says, "The Son of God—meaning his divinity—was scarcely any longer preached in the churches."
of obedience to God and love to man, which he set, as a shining light, before the world forever;—and, lastly and chiefly, his death and resurrection, by which the covenant of mercy was sealed, and "life and immortality brought to light." 1

1 Such, continued the Hermit, "was the Mediator, promised through all time, to make reconciliation for iniquity, to change death into life, and bring healing on his wings, 2 to a darkened world. Such was, the last crowning dispensation of that God who delights to be gracious in which hands sin and death are but instruments of everlasting good, and who, through apparent evil and temporary retribution, brings all things out of darkness into his marvellous light," process not seen and unchangeable to the grace, and object of his providence—the restoration of the whole human race to purity and happiness!"

With a mind astonished, if not touched, by these discourses, I returned to my cave, and found the lamp, as before, readily lighted to receive me. The volume which I had been hitherto studying, was replaced by another, which lay open upon the table, with a branch of fresh palm between its leaves. Though I could not doubt to whose gentle and guardian hand I was indebted for this inviolable usefulness of my study, though I was studying in it, so like spiritual interposition, that it struck me with awe; and never more than at this moment, when, on approaching the volume, I saw, as the light glimmered over its silver lettering, that it was "the very Book of Life of which the Hermit hath spoken!"

The midnight hymn of the Christians had sounded through the valley, before I had yet raised my eyes from that sacred volume; and the second hush of the sun found me again over its pages.

CHAPTER XVIII.

In this mode of existence I had now passed some days;—my mornings devoted to reading, my nights to listening, under the wide canopy of heaven, to the holy eloquence of Melanias. The perseverance with which I inquired, and the quickness with which I learned, soon succeeded in deceiving my benevolent instructor, who mistook curiosity for zeal, and knowledge for belief. Also, cold, and barren, and earthy was that knowledge—the word without the spirit, the shape without the life. Even though my hypocrisy, I persuaded myself that I believed, it was but a brief delusion, a faith, whose hope crumbled at the touch,—like the fruit of the desert-shrub, 3 shining and empty.

But, though my soul was still dark, the good Hermit saw not into its depths. The very facility of my belief, which might have suggested some doubt of its sincerity, was but regarded, by his innocent zeal, as a more signal triumph of the truth. His own ingenuousness led him to a ready trust in others; and the examples of such conversion as that of the philosopher Justin, who, during a walk by the sea-shore, received the light into his soul, had prepared him for illuminations of the spirit, even more rapid than mine.

During all this time, I neither saw nor heard of Alethe;—nor could my patience have endured through so long a privation, had not these mute vestiges of her presence, that welcomed me every night on my return, made me feel that I was under the gentle influence, and that her sympathy hung round every step of my progress. Once, too, when I ventured to speak her name to Melanias, though he answered not my inquiry, there was a smile, I thought, promise upon his countenance, which love, far more alive than faith, was ready to interpret as it desired.

At length—it was on the sixth or seventh evening of my sojourn, when I lay resting at the door of my cave, after the study of the day— I was startled by hearing my name called loudly from the opposite rocks; and looking up, saw, upon the cliff near the deserted grotto, Melanias and—oh! I could not doubt—my Alethe by his side!

Though I had never, since the first night of my return from the desert, ceased to flatter myself with the fancy that I was still living in her presence, the actual sight of her once more made me feel for what a long age we had been separated. She was clothed all in white, and, as she stood in the last remains of the sunshine, appeared to me as a prophetic fancy, like a parting spirit, whose last footsteps on earth that pure glory encircled.

With a delight only to be imagined, I saw them descend the rocks, and, placing themselves in the midst, proceeded exactly toward me. They deigned to listen to the opinion appearing from his sermon preached before the queen. Paley is supposed to have held the same amiable doctrine; and Newton (the author of the work on the Prophecies) is also among the supporters of it. For a full account of the arguments in favour of this opinion, derived both from reason and the express language of Scripture, see Dr. Southwood Smith's very interesting work, "On the Divine Government." See also Maze on Abomiation, where the doctrine of the advocates of God's will in the works of nature is thus brought under, and I believe, fairly explained:—"Beginning with the existence of an infinitely powerful, wise, and good Being, as the first and fundamental principle of rational religion, they pronounce the essence of this Being to be love, and from this love, as a demonstrable consequence, that none of the creatures formed by such a Being will ever be made eternally miserable. . . . Since God (they say) would act unjustly in inflicting eternal misery for temporary crimes, the sufferings of the wicked can be but partial, and will terminate in a complete purification from moral disorder, and in their ultimate restoration to virtue and happiness." 2

2 The Codex Cottonianus of the New Testament is written in silver letters on a purple ground. The Codex Cottonianus of the Septuagint version of the Old Testament is supposed to be the identical copy that belonged to Origen.

3 Vide Hamilton's Egyptian.
As, listening eagerly, I collected these particulars from their discourse, I could hardly trust my ears. It seemed a happiness too great to be true, to be real; nor can words convey any idea of the joy, the shame, the wonder with which I listened while the holy man breathed in the moment of rapture when he should find me worthy of becoming a member of the Christian Church, to give me also the hand of Alethe in that sacred union, which alone sanctifies love, and makes the faith, which it pledges, holy. It was but yesterday, he added, that young child of nature, after a preparation of prayer and repentance, such as even her pure spirit required, had been admitted, by the sacred ordinance of baptism, into the bosom of the faith—and the white garment she wore, and the ring gold on her finger, were symbols," he added, "of that New Life into which she had been initiated.

I raised my eyes to hers as he spoke, but withdrew them again, dazzled and confused. Even her beauty, to my imagination, seemed to have undergone some brightening change; and the contrast between that open and happy countenance, and the unblest brow of the mufled that stood before her, abashed me into a sense of unworthiness, and almost checked my rapture at once.

To that night, however, I look back, as an epoch in my existence. It proved that sorrow is not the only awakener of devotion, but that joy may sometimes quicken the holy spark into life. Returning to my cave with heart full, even to oppression, of its happiness, I could find no other relief to my overcharged feelings, than that of throwing myself on my knees, and uttering, for the first time in my life, a heart-felt prayer, that if, indeed, there were a Being who watched over mankind, he would send down one ray of his truth to my darkness, light. That holy wish of the blessings, both here and hereafter, proffered to it!

My days now rolled on in a perfect dream of happiness. Every hour of the morning was welcomed as a new opportunity of finding and mortifying the last time of sin, when the Hermit and Alethe never failed to visit my now charmed cave, where her smile lit, at each parting, a light that lasted till her return. Then, our rambles, together, by starlight, over the mountain; our pauses, from time to time, to contemplate the wonders of the bright heaven above us; or, repose by therent of the rock, and our silent listening, through hours that seemed minutes, to the holy eloquence of our teacher,—all, all was happiness of the unclouded kind; and doubts, cold lingering doubts, that still hung, like a mist, around my heart, could not cloud nor chill.

As soon as the moonlight nights returned, we used to venture into the desert; and those sands, which had lately looked so desolate, in my eyes, now assumed even a cheerful and smiling aspect. To the light, innocent heart of Alethe, every thing was a source of enjoyment. For her, even the desert had its jewels and flowers; and, sometimes, her delight was to search among the sands for those beautiful pebbles, whose lustre, when moist, is suggestive—sometimes her eyes would sparkle with pleasure on finding, perhaps, a stunted maize, or one of those biter, scarlet flowers, that lend their dry mockery of ornament to the desert. In all these pursuits and pleas

1 See, for the custom among the early Christians of wearing white for a few days after baptism. *Ambros. de Myst.*—With respect to the ring, the Bishop of Lincoln says, in his work on Tertullian, "The natural inference from these words (Tertull. de Pudicitia) appears to be, that a ring used to be given in baptism; but I have found no other trace of such a custom."

2 Vide Clarke.

3 *Les Membranthyrennum nodiflorum et Zygophillum coccineum, plantes grasses des deserts, rejete, a cause de leur acide, par les chameaux, les chevres, et les gazelles."—M. Delile upon the Plants of Egypt.

4 Vide Savary and Quairemier.
Astrued, though still ignorant of the whole extent of the danger, I hurried back to the ravine, and, going at once to the grotto of Melanum, determined to show every particular of the intelligence I had collected.

He listened to me with a composure which I must own, all the more admirable for his having just come from the grotto for the evening walk, retired into his grotto.

At the accustomed time, accompanied by Alethe, he came to my cave. It was evident that he had not communicated to her the intelligence which I had brought, for never hath broad news such happiness as that which now played around her:—it was, alas! not of this earth. Melanum, himself, though composed, was thoughtful; and the solemnity, almost approaching to melancholy, with which he placed the hand of Alethe in mine—his performance, too, of a ceremony that ought to have filled my heart with joy—sudden! and alarmed me. This ceremony was our departure, the act of placing our faith to each other, which we now solemnised on the rock before the door of my cave, in the face of that calm, sunset heaven, whose one star stood as our witness. After a blessing from the Hermits upon our spousal pledge, I placed the ring—the earnest of our future union—on her finger; and, in the blush, with which she so tenderly and dearer whole heart at that instant, forgot everything but my happiness, and felt secure even against fate!

We took our accustomed walk, that evening, over the rocks and on the desert. So bright was the moon—so bright, indeed, indeed, that we could plainly see the tracks of the wild antelopes in the sand; and it was not without a slight tremble of feeling in his voice, as if some melancholy analogy occurred to him as he spoke, that the good Hermit, as he had observed in the course of my walk, that wherever the track of that gentle animal appears, there is, almost always, found the foot-print of a beast of prey near it. He regained, however, his usual cheerinfulness when we parted, and fixed the following evening for an excursion, on the other side of the ravine, to a point looking, he said, towards that northern region of the desert, where the hosts of the Lord encamped in their departure out of bondage.

Though, when Alethe was present, all my fears, even for herself were forgotten in that perpetual element of happiness, which encircled her like the air that she breathed, no sooner was I alone, than vague terrors and boding crowds upon me. In vain did I endeavour to reason away my fears, by dwelling only on the most cheering circumstances—on the reverence of the Pagans and the inviolate security with which he had lived through the most perilous periods, not only safe himself, but affording sanctuary in the depths of his grottoes to others. Though somewhat calmed by these considerations, yet when at length I sunk off to sleep, dark, terrible dreams took possession of my mind. Scenes of death and of torment passed confusedly before me; and, when I awoke, it was with the fearful impression that all these horrors were real.

CHAPTER XIX.

At length, the day dawned—that dreadfull day. Impatient to be relieved from my suspense, I threw myself into my boat—the same in which I had performed our happy voyage—and, as fast as we could speed me, hurried away to the city. I found the sub urb deserted and silent. But as I approached the Forum, loud yells, like those of barbarians in combat, struck on my ear, and, when I entered it—great God, what a spectacle presented itself! The imperial edict against the Christians had arrived during the night, and already the wild fury of bigotry was let loose.

Under a canopy, in the middle of the Forum, was the tribunal of the Governor. Two staters—one of Apollo, the other of Osiris—stood at the bottom of the steps. These idol-spires, to which the devoted Christians were dragged from all quarters by the soldiers and mob, and there compelled to recant, by throwing incense into the flame, or, on their refusal, by being forced to cross and death, it was an appalling scene;—the contumacy, the cries of some of the victims—the pale, silent resolution of others—the fierce shouts of laughter that broke from the multitude, when the dropping of the frankincense and the altar proclaimed his denial of Christ; and the face-like triumph, with which the courageous confessors, who avowed their faith, were led away to the flames—never could I have conceived such an assemblage of horrors!

Though I gazed but for a few minutes, in those minute, I felt and fancied enough for years. Already did the form of Alethe appear to me before me through that tumult;—I heard them shout her name;—her shriek fell on my ear; and the very thought so pained me with terror, that I stood fixed and name-like on the spot.

Recalling, however, the fearful preciousness of every moment, and that—perhaps, at this very instant—some emissaries of blood might be on their way to the Grottos, I rushed wildly out of the Forum, and made my way to the grotto.

The streets were now crowded; but I ran headlong through the multitude, and was already under the portico leading down to the river—already saw the boat that was to bear me to Alethe,—where a Ceptiun was already stedantly on his way, and I was surrounded and arrested by soldiers! It was in vain that I implored, that I struggled with them as for life, assuring them that I was a stranger—that I was not a Christian. The precipitation of my flight was sufficient evidence against me, and unremittingly, and by force, they bore me away to the quarters of their Chief.

It was enough to drive me at once to madness! Two hours, two frightful hours, was I kept waiting the arrival of their Legion—my brain burning with a thousand fires and imaginations, which every passing minute made more likely to be realised. All I could collect, too, from the conversation of those around me but added to the agonising apprehensions which, in the latest moment, was said, had been sent in all directions through the neighbourhood, to bring in the rebellious Christians, and make them bow before the Gods of the Empire. With horror, too, I heard of Circus—oases, the High Priest of Memphis—as one of the principal instigators of this sacrilegious act, and as here present in Antinoe, animating and directing its execution.

In this state of torture I remained till the arrival of the Tribune. Absorbed in my own thoughts, I had not perceived his entrance,—till, hearing a voice, in a tone of frank surprise, excepting, "Alephiurn!" I looked up, and in this legiai Chief recognised a young Roman of rank, who had held a military command, the year before at Athens, and was one of the most distinguished visitors of the Garden.

It was no time, however, for defiance:—he was proceeding with all celerity to greet me, but, having heard him order my instant release, I could wait for no more.

2 "Those Christians who sacrificed to idols to save themselves were called by various names, Thasarcnli, Sacrificati, Militantb, Negatbri. &c. Barnum mentions a bishop of this period (253), Marcellinus, who, yielding to the threats of the Gentiles, threw himself upon the altar. Vide Strabo, contra Gent. lib. vi.

3 A rank, resembling that of Colosse.
Acknowledging his kindness but by a grasp of the hand, I flew off, like one fascinated, through the streets, and was convoyed to the town.

My sole hope had been to reach the Grottoes before any of the detached parties should arrive, and, by a timely flight across the desert, rescue, at least, Alethe from their fury. The ill-fated delay that had occurred rendered my flight much more perilous. But undismayed by the temporary vexation I found everywhere as I proceeded down the river, and my fond confidence in the sacredness of the Hermits' retreat, kept my heart from sinking altogether under its terrors.

The next instant my oars, the boat flew, with the speed of wind, along the waters; and I was already near the rocks of the ravine, when I saw, turning out of the canal into the river, a large crowd of people, and glittering with arms! How did I ever survive the shock of that sight? The oars dropped, as if struck out of my hands, into the water, and I sat, helplessly gazing, as that terrific vision approached. In a few minutes, the current brought us together; and I saw, on the deck of the large, Alethe herself and the Hermits surrounded by soldiers.

We were already passing each other, when, with a desperate effort, I sprang from my boat and lighted upon the edge of their vessel. I knew not what I did, for despair was my only prompter. Snatching at the sword of one of the soldiers, as I stood tottering on the edge, I felt the edge of his hand against mine, when, at the same moment, I received a thrust of a lance from one of his comrades, and fell backward into the river. I can but remember rising again and making a grasp at the side of the vessel,—but the shock, and the faintness from my wound, deprived me of all consciousness, and a shriek from Alethe, as I sunk, is all I can recollect of what followed.

Would I had then died?—Yet, no, Almighty Being—I should have died in darkness, and I have lived to know—

On returning to my senses, I found myself reclined on a couch, in a splendid apartment, the whole appearance of which being Grecian, I, for a moment, forgot all that had passed, and imagined myself in my own home at Athens. But too soon the whole dreadful certainly flashed upon me; and, starting wildly—disabled as I was—from my couch, I cried loudly, and with the shriek of a maniac, upon Alethe.

I was in the house, I then found, of my friend and disciple, Tribune. It had been the Governor acquainted with my name and condition, and had received me under his roof, when brought, bleeding and insensible, to Antium. From him I now learned at once—for I could not wait for details—the sum of all that had happened in that dreadful interval. My generous was no more—Alethe still alive, but in prison.

"Take me to her!"—I had but time to say—"Take me to her instantly, and let me die by her side"—when, nature again failing under such shocks, I relapsed into insensibility. In this state I continued for near an hour, and, on recovering, found the Tribune by my side. The horrors, he said, of the Forum were, for that day, over—but what the morrow might bring, he shuddered to contemplate. His nature, it was well known, was so shrewdly moved by everything in which he was engaged. Touched by the agencies he saw me suffer, he, in some degree, relieved them, by promising that I should, at nightfall, be conveyed to the prison, and, if possible, through his influence, gain admission. When he said this, I thought that I could succeed in persuading her to comply with the terms of the edict, and make sacrifice to the gods.—"Otherwise," he said, "there is no hope;—the vindictive Oracle, who has resisted even this short requite of mercy, will, to-morrow, inexorably demand his punishment.

He then related to me, at my own request,—though every word was torture—all the harrowing details of the proceeding before the Tribunal. "I have seen courage," said he, "in its noblest forms, in the field; but the calm intrepidity with which that aged Hermendured tortures,—which it was hardly less torment to witnesst—surpassed all that I could have conceived of Roman fortitude!"

My poor Alethe, too,—in describing to me her conduct, the brave man wept like a child. Overwhelmed, he said, at first by her apprehensions for her safety, she had given way to a full burst of womanly weakness. But, when she saw that the tribunal was not to be moved, and the declaration of her faith was demanded of her, than a spirit almost supernatural seemed to animate her whole form. "She raised her eyes," said he, "calmly, but with horror, to heaven, while I blushed was without sign of emotion upon her features;—and the clear, sweet, and untriumphing voice, with which she pronounced her own doom, in the words, "I am a Christian!" I sent a thrill of admiration and pity throughout the multitude. Her youth, her loveliness, her unworldliness. The Tribune exclaimed, "Save the young maiden!" was heard in all direction."

The implacable Orestes, however, would not hear of mercy. Receiving, as it appeared, with all his deadliest rancour, not only her own escape from his toils, but the aid with which she had, so familiarly to his views, assisted mine, he demanded loudly and in the name of the insulted sanctuary of Isis, her instant death. It was but by the firm intervention of the Governor, who shared the general sympathy in her fate, that the delay of another day was granted to give her an opportunity of sending a petition to the young maiden of yet recalling her confession, and thus affording some pretext for saving her.

Even in yielding, with evident reluctance, to this request, the inhuman Priest would yet accompany it with some marks of his remorse. Whether for the pleasure (observed the Tribune) of mewing mockery with his cruelty, or as a warning to her of the doom she must ultimately expect, he gave orders that there should be tied round her brow one of those chaplets of hair, with which it is the custom of young Christian maidens to array themselves on the day of their martyrdom;—"and thus fearfully adorned," said he, "she was led away, amidst the gaze of the pitying multitude, to prison."

These harrowing details the short interval till nightfall—every minute of which seemed an age—occupied. As soon as it grew dark, I was placed upon a litter,—my wound, though not dangerous, requiring such a conveyance,—and, under the guidance of my friend, I was conducted to the prison. Through the interest of the guard, was admitted, and I was borne into the chamber where the maiden lay immured. Even the veteran guardian of the place seemed touched with compassion for his prisoner, and supposing her to be asleep, had the litter placed gently near her.

She was half reclining, with her face hid beneath her hands, upon a couch—at the foot of which stood an idol, over whose hideous features a lamp of naphtha, that hung from the ceiling, shed a wild and ghastly glare. On a table before the image stood a censer, with a small vessel of incense beside it—one grain of which, thrown voluntarily into the flame, would, even now, save that precious life. So strange, so fearful was the whole scene, that I almost doubted the truth of what Alethe had said:—"Can it be, I thought, that thou look Iooked up?"

She now slowly, and with difficulty, raised her head from the couch, on observing which, the kind Tribune withdrew, and we were left alone. There was a paleness, as of death, on her features; and those eyes, which, when last I saw them, were but
too bright, too happy for this world, looked dim and sunked. In raising herself up, she put her hand, as if from pain, to her forehead, whose marble hue but appeared more death-like from those red bands that lay so awkwardly across it.

After wandering for a minute vaguely, her eyes at length fixed themselves upon, with a shudder, half terror, half joy, she sprang from the couch, and sunk upon her knees by my side. She had believed me dead; and, even now, scarcely trusted her senses. "My husband! my love!" she exclaimed; "oh, if thou couldst call me from this world, behold I am ready!" In saying thus, she pointed wildly to that ominous wreath, and then dropped her head down upon my knee, as if an arrow had pierced it.

"Alas! I cried, terrified to the very soul by that mysterious pang—and, as if the sound of my voice had re-animated her, she looked up, with a start, in my face. Her thoughts, which had evidently been wandering, became collected; and in her joy at my safety, her sorrow at my suffering, she forgot entirely the fate that impended over her. Love, innocent love, alone occupied all her thoughts; and the warmth, the affection, the devotedness, with which she spoke—oh, how, at any moment, I would have blessed, have fingered upon every word! I then—just then—her own torments were appearing. Already I saw her writing in the hands of the torturer—the flames, the racks, the wheels were before my eyes! Half frantic with the fear that her resolution was fixed, I flung myself from the litter in an agony of weeping, and supplicated her by the love she bore me, by her happiness that awaited us, by her own merciful God, who was too good to require such a sacrifice—by all that the most passionate anxiety could dictate, I implored that she would avert from us the doom that was coming, and—"for once—"comply with the vain commandment demanded of her.

Shrinking from me, as I spoke—but with a look more of sorrow than reproach—"What, thou, too, and she said mournfully—"Thou, in whom the sacred spirit I had fondly hoped the same light had entered as into my own! No, never he thou learned with them who would tempt me to make shipwreck of my faith? Thou, who couldst alone bind me to life, utter me, I entreat thee, my power; but let me die, as he has, for his life was commanded—die for the Truth. Remember the holy lessons we heard together on those nights, those happy nights, when both the present and future smiled upon us—when even the gift of eternal life came more welcome to my soul, from the glad conviction that thou wert to be a sharer in its blessings; shall I forget now that divine privilege? shall I deny the true God, whom we then learned to love?

"No, my own betrothed," she continued—pointing to the two rings on her finger—"behold these pledges—they are both sacred. I should have been as true to thee as I am now to heaven,—nor in that life to which I am hastening shall our love be forgotten. Should the baptism of fire, through which I shall pass tomorrow, make me worthy to be heard before the throne of Grace, I will intercede for thy soul.—I will pray that it may yet share with mine that inheritance, immortal and undefiled, which Mercy offers, and that thou—and my dear mother—and I——"

She here dropped her voice; the momentary animation, with which devotion and affection had inspired her, vanished; and there came a darkness over all her features, a lied darkness—like the approach of death—that made me shudder through every limb. Seizing my hand consolingly, and looking at me with a fearful eagerness, as if anxious to hear some consoling assurance from my own lips—"Believe me," she continued, "not all the torment of they are preparing for me—not even this deep, burning pain in my brow, to which they will hardly bind an end, could persuade me to do, as the thought that I leave thee, without—"Here her voice again failed; her head sunk upon my arm, and—merciful God, let me forget what I then felt—I saw that she was dying! Whether I uttered any cry, I know not—but the torture came rushing into my chamber, and, looking on the maiden, said, with a face full of horror, "It is but true!"

He then told me in a low voice, what he had just learned from the guardian of the prison, that the band round the young Christian's brow was—oh terrible!—a compound of the most deadly poison—the hellish invention of Origen, to satiate his vengeance, and make the fate of his poor victim secure. My first movement was to unsheath that fatal weapon—but it would not come away—it would not come away!

Roused by the pain, she again looked in my face; but, unable to speak, took hastily from her bosom the small silver cross which she had brought with her from my cage. Having pressed it to her own lips, she held it anxiously to mine, and seemed to press it as the holy symbol with fervour, looked happy and smiled. The agony of death seemed to have passed away; there came suddenly over her features a heavenly light, some share of which I felt descending into my own soul, and, in a few minutes more, she expired in my arms.

Here ends the Manuscript; but, on the outer cover is found, in the handwriting of a much later period, the following Notice, extracted, as it appears, from some Egyptian martyrology:

"Aciphron—an Epicurean philosopher, converted to Christianity A.D. 257, by a young Egyptian maiden, who suffered martyrdom in that year. Immediately upon her death he betook himself to the desert, and lived a life, it is said, of much holiness and piety. During the persecution under Diocletian, his own sufferings for the Faith were more than an example, and being at length, at an advanced age, condemned to hard labour, for refusing to comply with an imperial edict, he died at the Brass Mines of Palestine, A.D. 257."

"As Aciphron held the opinions maintained since by Arius, his memory has not been spared by Athanasian writers, who, among other charges, accuses him of having been addicted to the superstitions of Egypt. For this reason, however, there appears to be no better foundation than a circumstance, recorded by one of his brother monks, that there was found, after his death, a small metal mirror, like those used in the ceremonies of Isis, suspended around his neck."
ALCIPHRON: A FRAGMENT.

LETTER I.

FROM ALCIPHRON AT ALEXANDRIA TO CLEON AT ATHENS.

Well may you wonder at my flight
From those fair gardens, in whose bowers
Lustre white'er of wise and beautiful
Of Beauty's smile or Wisdom's light,
Is left to grace this world of ours.

All may my comrades, as I have sworn,
On such sweet eyes as these, require
Why I have left that happy home
Where all is found that all desire,
And Time hath wings that never tire;
Where blues, in all the countless shapes
That Fancy's self to bliss hath given,
Comes clustering round, like crowds of grapes
That win the traveller's lip at even;
Where Wisdom flings not joy away
As Pallas in the stream, they say,
Once found her smile—but nothing tuầns
That woman's lip can send forth tones
Worth all the music of those spheres
So many dream of, but some hear;
Where Virtue's self puts on so well
Her sister Pleasure's smile that both
From either nymph start to dwell,
We finish by entracing both.

Yea, such the place of bliss I own,
From all whose charms I just have flown
And even while thus to thee I write
And by the Nile's dark flood recline
Pensively, in thought, I wing my flight
Back to those groves and gardens bright,
And often think, by this sweet light,
How freely they all must shine
Can see that grateful temple throw
Down the green steps its lengthward shade,
While, on the marble steps below
There rise some fair Athenian maid
Over some favourite volume bending;
And, by her side, a youthful age
Holds back the raglets that, descending,
Would else overspread all the page.

But here such thoughts—'tis not let me grieve
Of scenes of joy that I but leave,
As the birds quit with its west
To come again with latter zest.
And now to tell thee—what I fear
Thou'lt gravely smile at—why I'm here.

'Tis through my life's short, as my dream,
I've floated without pain or care,
Like a leafy, down pleasure's stream,
Caught in each sparkling eddy there;
There when, with truth, awaked a strain
That my heart ceased not again;
Yet have I felt, when ev'n most gay,
Bad thoughts—I know not whence or why
Suddenly o'er my spirit fly,
Like clouds, that ere we're time to say
"How bright the sky is" shade the sky.
Sometimes as vague, as undefined,
Were these strange darknings of my mind—
While mought but joy around me beam'd
So causelessly they've come and flown,
That not of life or earth they seem'd;
But shadows from some world unknown.

More oft, however, 'twas the thought
How seen that scene, with all its play
Of life and gladness must decay—
These lips I press, the hands I caught—
Myself—when without them had brought
Around me— swept like leaves away!
This thought it was that came to shed
O'er racer's hour its worst alarms;
And, close as shade with sun-burnt, wed
Its sadness with my happiest joys.
Oh, but for this dishart'ning voice
Stirring amid our mirth to say
That all, in which we must rejoice,
Neither may be the earthworm's prey
But for this bitter—only thin—
Full as the world is brimm'd with bliss.

And capable as feels my soul
Of drowning in its dregs the whole,
I should turn earth to heav'n, and be,
If bliss made oude, a Deity!

Then knew'st that night—the very last
That proving my tender friends I laid—
When the School held its feast of worth
To celebrate our founder's birth,
And all that He in dreams but saw
When he set Pleasure on the throne
Of this bright world, and wrote her law
In human hearts, was felt and known—
Not in unreal dreams, but true—
Substantial joy as pulse o'er knew—
By hearts and bosoms, that each felt
Itself the realm where Pleasure dwelt.

That night, when all our mirth was o'er,
The multitude, silent, and the fest
Of the young maidens heard no more—
So still was the time, so sweet,
And such a calm came o'er that scene,
Where life and revel late had been—
Lone as the quiet of some bay,
From which the sea hath ebbed away—
That still I linger'd, lost in thought,
Gazing upon the stars of night,
Sad and intent, as if I sought
Some mortal secret in their light
And ask'd them, most of all, to prove, why
Man, glorious man, alone must die,
While they, less wonderful than he,
Shine on through all eternity.

That night—thou happy may'st forget
His loveliness—but I was a night
To make earth's meanest slave regret
Leaving a world so soft and bright,
On one side, in the dark blue sky,
Lonely and radiant, of itself,
Of Jove himself, while, on the other,
Mong stars that came out one by one,
The young moon—like the Roman mother
Among her living jewels—shone.

"Oh that from yonder o'er," I thought
"Pure and eternal as they are,
There hold to earth some power be brought,
Some charm, with their own care be fraught,
To make man deathless as a star,
And open to his vast desires
A course, as boundless and sublime
As that which waits those cmetfrees,
That burn and roam throughout all time!"

While thoughts like these should'rb my mind,
That westness which earthly bliss,
However sweet, still leaves behind,
As to show how earthly 'tis,
Cameulling o'er me, and I found
My brains at that fair statue's base—
That miracle, which Art hath made
Of all the choice of Nature's grace—
To which so o'er I've knelt and sworn,
That, could a living maid like her,
Unto this wondrous world be born,
I would, myself, turn worshipper.

Sleep came then o'er me—and I seem'd
To be transported far away
To a bleak desert plain, where dream'd
One single, melancholy ray,
Throughout that darkness dimly shed
From a small taper in the hand
Of one, who, pale as death, stood,
Before me, till he spectral and,
And said, with, awfully a smile
Come o'er the waness of his check—
"Go, and, beside the sacred Nile,
"You will find the Eternal Life you seek,"
Soon as he spoke these words, the hue
Of all the o'er all his features grew
Like the pale morning, when o'er night
She gains the victory, full of light
Wh he the smallest torch he held became
A glory in his hand, whose flame
Bright'nd in the desert suddenly,
 Ev'n the far horizon's line
 Along whose level I could see
 That the whole world was to shine.
 As if then o'er them freshly play'd
 A veritable rainbow's rich cascade;
 And music floated low in these rites
 Circlin', as 't were, like the air,
 And spirits, on whose wings the hues
 Of heav'n still linger'd, round me flew.
 That from all sides such sea brough,broke
 With that excess of light I weke!
 Such was my dream — and, I confess,
 Though none of all our creedless school
 Ever could, believe 't were so, or reached
 The fables of the priest led fool,
 Who tells us of a soul, a mind,
 Separate and pure, within us shrin'd;
 Which is to love — ah, how bright!
 For ever in yon fields of light;
 Which fondly thinks the guardian eyes
 Of God are on him — as 't were, blest.
 And blooming in their own blue skies,
 Th' eternal Gods were not too wise
 To let weak man disturb their rest —
 Though thinking of such creeds as thou
 And all our Garden sages think,
 Yet is there something, I allow,
 In our divine like a trace of link
 With worlds unseen, which, from the hour
 I first could lip my thoughts till now,
 Hath master'd me with spell-like power.
 And who can tell, as we're command'd
 Of various atoms — some rein'd,
 Like those that scintillate and play
 In the fixed stars — some, given as they
 That frown in clouds or sleep in clay
 That shine out thus, when we're at rest —
 Ev'ns as the stars themselves, whose light
 Comes out hot in the silent night,
 Or in that there lurks, indeed,
 Some truth in Man's prevailing creed,
 And that our Guardians, from on high,
 Come, in that pause from toil and sin,
 To put the senses' curtain by,
 And on the wak'le soul look in!
 Vain thought — but yet, however it be,
 Dreams, more than once, have prov'd to me
 Olives, truer far than oak,
 Or doves, or tripod ever spoke.
 And 't was the words — they'll hear and smile—
 For I beheld that phantom seem'd to speak —
 "Oh, and beside the sacred Nile
 You'll find the Eternal Life you seek —"
 That, haunting me by night, by day,
 As length, as with the unseen hand
 Of Fate itself, urg'd me away.
 From Athens to the Holy Land;
 Where, through the secrets, still untaught,
 The mysteries that, as yet, nor sun
 Nor eye hath reach'd — oh, blest thought — !
 May sleep this everlasting one.
 Farewell — when to our Garden friends
 Thus talk'd of the wild dream that sends
 The gypsies of their school thus far,
 Wandering beneath Canopus' star,
 That set them that wander'd will,
 Or, however they now condemn
 His vague and vain pursuit, he still
 Is worthy of the School and them —
 Still, all their own — nor ever forgets.
 Ev'n while his heart and soul pursue
 Th' Eternal Light which never sets,
 The many meteor joys that do,
 But seeks them, hastens with delight
 Where'er they meet his long'aight.
 And if his life must wander thus
 Like other lives, at least the day,
 The hour it lasts shall, like a fire
 With incommoded fire, in sweets expire.

LETTER II.
FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Memphis.

Are all 'forgotten' in the new delights,
The strange wild joys that fill my days and nights.
Instead of dark, dull murkings that
From single, old temple, and grove, once bright
Come from the breathing shrines where Beauty lives,
And Love, her priest, the soft responses gives.
Instead of being clouded with
Of the young crescent on the holy stream —
When wandering youths and maidens watch her beam.
And number, with the nights she hath to run,
Ere she again embrace her bridg'd-sun.
While o'er some mystic leaf, that dimly lends
An clue into past times, the ancestral track
And by its glowing guidance leads to tread
Back through the shadowy knowledge of the dead —
The only skill, alas, I yet can chose
Lies in deep-thinking some new lost one's name —
Some gentle massive, hinting time and place,
In language, such as Memphian reed can trace.

And where — oh where's the heart that could withstand
The innumerable witches of this sun-borne land,
Where first young Pleasure's banner was unfurl'd,
And Love's dead temples are a place of woe,
Where mystery, like the veil by Beauty worn,
Hide but in clouds, and shades but to mourn.
Where that luxuriant melancholy, born
Of passion and of genius, seeks a home.
Making joy holy — wh're the more populous tomb
Shall stand by side, and Pleasure leav'n from Death
The instant value of each moment's breath.
Couldn't thou but see how like a poet's dream
This lovely land now looks! — the glorious stream,
That late, between its banks, was seen to gleam
Many shrines and marble cities, on each side
Glittering like jewels strung along a chain,
Hath now gone forth its waters, and of plain
And valley, like a giant from his bed
Rising with outstretched limbs, hath grandly spread.
While far as sight can reach, beneath the clear
And blue a happiness, as ever bless'd new'shere,
Gardens, and pillard streets, and porphyry domes,
And high-built temples, fit to be the homes
Of mighty gods, and pyramids, whose hour
Dull'd all time, above the waters tower!
Then, too, the scenes of pomp and joy, that make
One theatre of this vast, people'd lake,
Where all that Love, Religion, Commerce gives
Of life and motion, ever moves and hovers.
Here, up the steps of temples from the wave
Ascending, through processions slow and grave,
Princes in white garments go, with sacred wands
And silver vases, gleaming in the moon's light.
While there, rich barks — fresh from those sunny tract
Far off, beyond the sea, the shrines that mark
Glide, with their precious lading to the waft
Flames of bright brass, ivory, rosy Gorgeous
Gems from the isle of Myrthes, and the same grains
Of gold, wash'd down by Abyssinian rains.
Here, where the waters went into the sea;
Shady and cool, some pilgrims, on their way
To Sais or Bubastis, among beds
Of lute-flowers, that close above their heads,
Push their light barks, and there, as in a bower,
Sing, talk, or sleep away the sultry hour;
Of dipping in the Nile, when faint with heat,
That leaf from which its waters drink most sweet—
While happy, not far off, beneath a bank
Of blossoming anacis, many a prank
Is play'd in the cool current by the span.
Of laughing nymphs, lovely as she, whose quaint
Around two conquerors of the world was cast.
But, in a third too fecile, broke at last.
For oh, believe not them, who dare to boast,
As poor in charms the same of their land.
Though darken'd by that sun, whose spirit blows
Through every vein, and tugs as it goes.
That leaf from which its waters drink most sweet—
While happy, not far off, beneath a bank
Of blossoming anacis, many a prank
Is play'd in the cool current by the span.
Of laughing nymphs, lovely as she, whose quaint
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Though darken'd by that sun, whose spirit blows
Through every vein, and tugs as it goes.
ALCIPHRON.

Then for their race—mark but the nymph-like shapes!
Of the young Nile girls, when carrying grapes
From green Anthus, or light urp of flowers—
Not in restraint the sculptor, in the hour or hour,
Fre mitig'd born, even at the touch of him
Whose touch was life, more luxury of limb!
Then, canst thou wonder if, mid scenes like these,
I forth at once forget all other lover mysteries.
All pure but Love's, all secrets but that best
In heaven or earth, the art of being blest?
Yet in those times—though in their stay,
Like summer clouds that shine themselves away—
Moments of gloom, when even these pleasures pull
Upon my soul its heart, and all the dream—
That dream—time, that promise of a power.
Oh, were there such!—to lengthen out life's hour,
On, on, as through a vail, far away
Opening before us endless day.
And chiefly o'er my spirit did this thought
Come on that evening—bright as ever brought
Light's golden forehead to the world—who first
The eternal pyramids of Memphis burst
Awefully on my sight—standing sublime
Twixt earth and heaven, the watch-towers of Time,
From which I gaz'd and saw the world past
From earth for ever, he will look his last!
There hung a calm and solemn sunshine round
Those mighty monuments, a hush'ning sound
In the still air that cireled them, which stole
Like music of past times into my soul.
I thought what myriads of the wise and brave
And beautiful had sunk into the grave,
Since earth first saw these wonders— and I said
Are things eternal only for the dead?
Hath man no loftier hope than this, which dooms
To toil lasting, to the obscurest skies?
But 'tis not so— earth, heaven, all nature shows
He may become immortal— may unclose
The wings within his warp, and proudly rise
Redeem'd from earth, a creature of the skies!
And who can say, among the written spells
From Hermes' hand, that, in these shrines and cells
Have, from the Fled, lay hid, there may not be
Some secret clue to immortality,
Some amulet, whose spell can keep life's fire
Awake within us, never to expire!
'Tis known that, on the Emerald Table, 2 hid
For ages, in thy lovest pyramid,
The Twelve Great did itself, engrave, or old,
The chymic mystery that gives endless gold.

And how to him the wise may tell
Within the same dark chambers? who can tell
But that those kings, who, by the written skill
Of th' Emerald Table, ensnared might wait
And armies upon quarters heap'd and hur'd,
To build them domes that might outstand the world—
Who knows but that the heaven-lier art, which shares
The life of gods with men, now in his cell
That they themselves, triumphant over the power
Of fate and death, are living at this hour;
And these, the giant homies they still passers
Not tombs, but everlasting palaces.
Within whose depths, hid from the world above,
Even now they wander, with the few they love,
Through subterraneous gardens, by a light
Unknown on earth, which hath nor dawn nor night!
E'en, why those deathless structures? why the grand
And noble halls, that undermine the land?
Why else half-mine of earth e'er dared to go
Through the dark windings of that realm below,
Nor sought from heaven itself, except the God
Of knees, through those endless labyrinthine trod?

Thus did I dream— wild, wandering dreams, I own,
But such as haunt me ever, if alone.
Or in that pause twixt joy and joy I be,
Like a ship hush'd between two waves at sea.
They do these spirit-wisperings, like the sound
Of the Dark Future, come appalling round;
Nor can I break the trance that loads me then,
Till higher o'er Pleasure's surge my soul again!!
Ever'm new for adventure, new delight,
My heart is on the wing;— this very night,
The Temple, on that island, half-way o'er
From Memphis' gardens to the shore,
Sends up its annual rite 4 to her, whose beams
Bring the sweet time of light-flowers and dreams
1 Apelles.
2 See Notes on the Epicurean.

The nymph, who dips her urn in silent lakes,
And turns to salley dew each drop it taketh;
Oh, not our Dawn of the North, who chains
In celestial calm the course of all her hours.
But she who haunt's the guy Bastaban 5 grove,
And owns she sees, from her bright heavy's above,
Nothing on earth to murmur that she love.
Think then, what bliss will be abroad to-night?
Beside those sparkling nymphs, who meet the night
Day after day, familiar as the sun,
Coy buds of beauty, yet unabreath'd upon.
And all the hidden loveliness, that lie,
Shut up, as are the beams of sleeping eye.
Within those twilight shrines, the day shall be
Let borne, like birds, for this festivity!
And mark, 'tis night: already the sun bids
His evening farewell to the Pyramids,
As he had done, ache, after age, till they
Abstain from earth's ancient asylum.
While their great shadows, stretching from the light,
Look like the first colossal steps of Night,
Stretches across the valley, to invade
The distant hills of porphyry with their shade.
Around, as signals of the setting beam,
Gay gilded flags on every house-top gleam:
While, hark!—from all the temples a rich swell
Of music to the moon—farewell, farewell.

LETTER III.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

There is some star—or it may be
That moon we saw so near last night
Which comes to haunt my depth
For ever, with misleading light.
If for a moment, pure and wise
And calm I felt, there quick doth fall
A spark from some disturbing eye,
That through my heart, soul, being fierce
And makes a wildfire of it all.
I the scene—oh, Cleon, that thus earth
Should e'er have given us such beauty birth?
That man— but, hold, hear all that past's
Sire yeeter-night, from first to last.
The rising of the Moon, calm, slow,
And beautiful, as if she came
Fresh from the Elysian bowers below,
Was, with a loud and sweet acclaim,
Weird'd from every every height,
Where crowds stood waiting for her light.
And well might they who view'd the scene
Then lift up all around them, say,
That never yet had Nature been
Caught sleeping in a bechever ray,
Or rival'd her own moon-tide face,
With pillars of pillars, and a moon of grace
Memphis— still grand, though not the same
Unrivall'd Memphis, that could seize
From ancient Thebes the crown of Fame,
And wear it bright through centuries
Now, in the moonshine, that came down
Like a last smile upon that crown,
Memphis, still grand, among her lakes,
Her pyramids and shrines of fire,
Rose, like a vision, that half breaks
On one who, dreaming still, awakes
To music from some midnight shore:
While to the west—where gradual sinks
In the red sands, from Libya roll'd,
Some mighty columns, or fair sphynx
That stood in kindly courts, of old
It seem'd as, mid the ponds that shone
Thus gaily round him, Time look'd on
Waiting till the light, now bright and theft
Should sunk beneath him like the rest.
No sooner had the setting sun
Proclaim'd the festival rite begun,
And mid their idol's fullest beams,
The Egyptian world was all aflush.
Than I, who live upon these streams,
Like a young Nile-bird, turn'd my boat
To the first high tomb, on whose high shore
Through leafy palms and sycamores
Already shone the moving lights
Of pilgrims, hastening to the rites.

5 Bastaban, or Issa, was the Diana of the Egyptian mythology.
While, far around, like ruby sparks
The water, lighted by the rays.
Of every form and kind— from these
That down Syene's cataract shoots,
To the grand, gilded barge, that rows
As labour's heat and breath in flutes;
And wears at night, in waves of flame,
On the rich prows, its master's name—
All were alive, and made this sea
Of cities busy as a hill
Of summer arts, caught suddenly
In the overflowing of a rill.
Laid upon the lake, I soon
Through marble alleys and small groves,
Of that mysterious palm she loves;
Reach'd the fair Temple of the Moon;
And there— as slowly through the last
Dim-lighted vestibule I pass'd—
Between the porphyry pillars, twin'd
With palm and ivy, I could see
A band of youthful maidens wind
In measure'd walk, half dancingly,
Round a small shrine, on which was plac'd
That bud, whose plumes of black and white
Weary in their bower, by Nature trac'd,
A type of the moon's shadow'd light.
In drapery, like woven snow,
These nymphs were clad; and each, below
The rounded bosom, loosely wore
A dark blue zone, or bandelet,
With little silver stars all over,
As rare the skies at midnight set,
While in their tresses, braided through,
Sparkled that flower of Egypt's lakes,
The silvery lotus, in whose face
As much delight the young Moon takes,
As doth the Day-died to be hold
The lovely bean-flower's buds of gold.
And, as they gracefully went round
The worship'd birth, some to the beat
Of castanets, some to the sound
Of the shrill stridium find their feet;
While others, at each step they took,
A tinkling chain of silver shook.
They seem'd all fair—but there was one
On whom the light had not yet shone,
Or shone but partly— so downcast
She held her brow, as slow she pass'd
And yet to me, there seem'd to dwell
A charm about that unseen face—
An something, in the shade that fell
Over that brow's imain'd grace,
Which won me more than all the best
Outshining beauties of the rest,
And her alone my eyes could see,
Endear'd by this sweet mystery;
And her alone I watch'd, as how much
She gladd'd o'er that marble ground,
Stirring not more the unconcerous air
Than if a Spirit were moving there,
Till suddenly, wide open flew
The Temple's folding gates, and threw
A splendour from within, a flood
Of glory where these maidens stood,
While, with that light— as of the same
Rich source gave birth to both— there came
A swell of harmony, as grand
As ever was born of voice and hand,
Filling the gorgeous sides around
With luxury of light and sound.
Then was it, by the flash that burst
Fell o'er her features— now they were green,
Asstartingly her eyes she rais'd,
But quick let fall their lids again,
I saw— not Psyche's self, who first
Upon the threshold of the skies
She pass'd, while heaven's glory burst
Newly upon her downcast eyes,
Could look more beautiful than the maid
With holier shame than did this maid,
Whom now I saw, in all that glow
Of splendour from the ages, display'd,
Never— tho' well thou know'dst how much
I've felt the sway of Beauty's star—
Never did her bright influence touch
My soul into the depths so far;
And had that vision linger'd there
One minute more, I should have flown
Forgetful who I was and where,

And, at her feet in worship thrown,
Proclaim'd my soul through all her own.
But, wearily had that burst of light
And music brook'd on ear and sight.
Than up the aisle the bird took wing
As if on heavenly mission sent,
While after him, with graceful springing,
Like some unearthly creatures, meant
To live in that mad'st element
Of light and sound, the young maidens went;
And she, who in my heart had thrown
A spark to burn for life, was flown.

In vain I tried to follow— bands
Of reverend chapters fill'd the aisle:
Where'er I look'd to pass, their weight
Motiv'd me back, while many a file
Of sacred nymphs— but ah, not they
Whom my eyes look'd for— thought's the way
Perplex'd, impatient, and this crowd
Of fairs, inhale— the overruling cloud
Of incease round me, and my blood
Full of its hour's fire—I stood,
Nor mov'd, nor breath'd, but when I caught
A glimpse of some blue, splayed zone,
Or breath of lilies, which, I thought,
Like those she were at distance shone.

But no, 'twas vain— hour after hour,
Till my heart's throbbing turn'd to pain
And my strain'd eyes lost its power,
I sought her thus, but all in vain.
At length, hot— wilder'd— in despair,
I rush'd into the cool night-air,
And hurrying (though with many a look
Back to the Temple) took
My way along the moonlight shore,
And sprang into my boat once more.

There is a lake, that to the north
Of Memphis stretches gradually in
Upon whose silent shore the Dead
Have a proud City of their own,
With shrines and pyramids o'erspread—
Where many an ancient Luxuriously
Slumber, immorataed in stone;
And where, through marble groves beneath,
The lifeless, rank'd like sacred things,
Nor wanting aught of life but breath,
Lies in their painted coverings,
And on each new successive face.
That vast mound of heads below
Look with the same unwithering face,
They were three thousand years ago.
There, Silence, thoughtful God, who loves
The neighbourhood of death, in graves
Of aspodel lies hid, and weaves
Her binding spell among the leaves—
Nor ever more disturb the air.
But— save the low, humming, mournful sound
Of priests, with their shrines, at prayer
For the fresh Dead entombed around.

'Twas true, in the piece of darkness in mood
Made up of thoughts, half bright, half dark—
It now across the shining flood
Unevolved turn'd my light-wing'd bark.
The form of that young maid, in all
Its beauty, was before the spirit;
And o'er I thought, if thou—
call
Her image to my mind at will,
If but the memory of that one
Bright look of hers, for ever gone,
Was in my heart worth all the rest
Of woman-kind— her voice, her deed,
What would it be, if wholly mine,
Within these arms, as in a shrine,
Hallowed by love, I saw her shine—
As soul, worshipp'd by the light
Of her own beauties, day and night—
If 'twas a blessing but to see
And how again, what would it be?
In thoughts like these— but often roused
By darker thunders— my mind was lost,
'Till, near that City of the Dead,
Wak'd from my trance, I saw o'erhead—
As by some enchanting bid
Sudden from the wave to rise—
Pyramid over pyramid
Tower in succession to the skies:

2 Necropolis, or the City of the Dead, to the south of Memphis.
While one, aspiring, as if soon
would touch the heavens, rose o'er all;
And, on its summit, the white moon
rested, as on a pedestal.
The silence of the lonely tombs
And temples, round where woe was heard
But the high palm-tree's tufted plumes,
Shaken, at times, by breeze or bird,
Round'd a deep contrast to the scene
Of revel, where I late had been;
To those gay sounds, that still came o'er,
Faintly from many a distant shore
And th' unnumbered lights, that shone
Far o'er the dell, from Memphis on
To the Moon's Isle and Babylon.
My ears were lifted, and my boat
Lay rock'd upon the rippling stream;
While my vague thoughts, like affrighted,
Drifted through many an idle dream,
With all of which, wild and unask'd
As was their aim, that vision mix'd,
That bright amphitheater of the Temple — now,
With the same inexpressive bow
She wore within the lighten'd face —
Now kindling, through each pulse and vein,
With passion of such deep felt fire
I could not guess the heart's deep spring —
And now — oh, Darkness of the tomb,
That must eclipse ev'ry light like this!
Cruel, dark, and blackening mud, the gloom
Of those eternal sepulchres.

Scarse had I turn'd my eyes away
From that dark death-place, at the thought,
When by the sound of dashing spray
From a light far my car was caught.
While past me, through the moonlight, sail'd
A little gilded bark, that bore
To female figures, closely w'th
And mantled, towards that funeral shore.
They landed — and the boat again
Put off across the watery plain.
Shall I confess — 'tis here — I may
That never yet hath come the chance
Of a new music, a new play
From woman's voice, from woman's glance,
Which — let it find me how it might,
In joy or grief — I did not hear,
And wander after, as a light
Leading to undreamt happiness.
And chordly, now, when hope so vain
Were stirring in my heart and brain,
When Fancy had allur'd my soul
Into a chase, as vague and far
As would be his, who fix'd his goal
In the horizon, or some star —
Any beginning, that through
Might some far deep and ancient thought
— The faintest glimpse of joy, less pure,
Less high and heavenly, but more sure,
Come welcome — and was then to me
What the first flow'ry isle must be
To vagrant birds, blown out to sea.
Quick to the shore I urg'd my bark,
And, by the bustle of moonlight, shed
Between the lofty tombs, could mark
Those figures, as with hasty tread
They glided on — till in the shade
Of a small pyramid, which through
Some bongling of palm its peak displayed
They vanish'd, instanta from my view,
I hurried to the spot — no trace
Of life was in that lonely place;
And, had the creeds I held the right
Of other worlds, I might have thought
Some perishing spirit had from thence
Come in this guise to cheat my sense.
At length, exploring darkly round
The Pyramid's smooth sides, I found
An iron portal — opening high
'Twixt peak and base — and, with a pray'r
To the blue-loving Moon, whose eye
Along beheld me, sprang in there
Downward the narrow stair way led
Through many a duct obscure and dread,
Labyrinth for mystery mine,
With wanderings onward, backward, round,
And gathering still, where'er it wound,
But deeper density of shade.

Scarse had I ask'd myself, Can sing
'That man delights in sojourn here?
When, suddenly, far off, I caught
A glimmer, light, remote, but clear —
Whose welcome glimmer seem'd to pour
From some above or o'er, that ended
The long, steep, marble corridor.
Through which I now, all hope, descend'd.
Never did Spartan to his bride
With warmer foot, than midnight glide.
It seem'd as echo's self were dead
In this dark place, so mute my tread.
Reaching, at length, that light, I saw —
Oh listen to the scene, now raved
Before my eyes — then guess the swe.
The still, rap't awe with which I quak'd.
'Twas a small chapel, round about
With the fair, unspangled marble, round
In many a round shrine that stands
Half seen above the Libyan sands.
The walls, with richly sculptur'd o'er
And character'd with that dark lore
Of times before the Flood, whose key
Was lost in the "Universal," —
While on the roof was pictur'd bright
The Theban battle, as he shines,
When the Nile's mighty force declines,
And o'er the treasure spring to light,
With life regenerate in his wings: —
Emblem of vain imaginings!
Of a new world, when this is gone,
In which the spirit still lives on!

Direct beneath the type, redlin'd
On a black granite altar lay
A female form, in crystal shr'in'd,
And looking fresh as if the ray
Of soul had flas hed but yesterday.
While in relief, of silv'ry hue,
Grav'd on the altar's front was seen
A branch of lotus, break in two,
As that fair creature's life had been
And a small bird that from its sprig
Was wailing, like her soul, away.
But brief the glimpse I now could spare
To the walls, the mystic wonders round;
For there was yet one wonder there,
That held me as by witch'try brand.
The lamp, that through the chamber shed
Its true beam, was at the head
Of her who on that altar slept;
And near it stood, when first I came
— Breathing her bow, as if she kept
Sad watch upon its silent flame —
A female form, as yet so plac'd
— Between the lamp's strong glow and me,
That I but saw, in outline traced.
— The shadow of her symmetry.
Yet did my heart — I scarce knew why —
E'en at that shadow's shape best bright.
Nor was it long, ere full in sight
The saucer turned, by and by
That touch'd her features, as she bent
Over the crystal monument.
I saw 'twas she — the same — the same —
That lately stood before me, brilliant
The holy spot, where she but came
And went again, like summer lightning
Upon the crystal, over the breast
Of her who took that silent rest.
There was a cross of silver lying
— Another type of that dead human,
Whose hope, and pride, and fear of dying
Built for us in a world to come: —
— This silver cross a man she wear'd
To her pure lips: — then, having gazed
Some moments on that tranquil face,
Sleeping in all death's mournful peace,
Upward she turn'd her brow serene.
As it, intent on heav'n, those eyes
Saw then nor roof nor cloud between
Their own pale cars and the skies
And, though her lips no motion made,
And that full look was all her speech,
I saw that the rapt spirit pr'y'd
Deeper within than words could reach.
Strange power of Innocence, to turn
To its own hue whatever comes near,
And make ev'ry guard of Passion burn
With purer warmth within its sphere!
She who, but one short hour before,
Had come, like sudden wild fire, o'er
My heart and brain — whom gladly, even
Of that bright Temple, in the tone
Of some grand motion, to yield her charms.
I would have borne, in wild embrace,
And n'k'd all punishment, divine
And human, but to make her mine —
She, was she now before me, thrown
By fate itself into my arms —
These standing, hands tried, alone.
With taught to guard her, but her charms,
Yet did I, then — did ev'n a breath
From my parch'd lips, too parch'd to move,
Did this a scene where thus repose
Earth's silent covering, Youth and Death
Held converse through undying love?
No smile and taunt mixed not thought
Though but to gaze thus was delight,
Yet seem'd it like a wrong, a guilt,
To win by stealth so rare a sight
And rather than a look profuse
Should have met these thoughtfull eyes.
Or voice, or whisper broke the chain
That link'd her spirit with the skies,
I would have gladly, in that place,
From which I watch'd her head'ward face
Let my heart break, without one beat
That could disturb a prayer so sweet.
Gently, as on every tread,
My life, my more life depended,
Back through the corridor that led
To this blest scene I now acceded,
And with slow secking, and same pain,
And many a winding tried in vain,
Emer'd to upper air again.
The sun had free'd thy soul, and down
The marble hills of Antony.
Scatter'd, as from a conqueror's crown,
His beams into that living sea,
There seem'd a glory in his light,
Newly put on — as if for pride
Of the high homage paid this night
To his own self, his living bride,
Now fading feminine away.
In her proud Lord's superior ray.
My mind's first impulse was to fly
At once from this enchanting art
— New scenes to range, new love to fly,
O, in mirth, wine, and luxury
Of every sense, that night forget.
But vain the effort — spell-bound still,
I linger'd, without words to tell
To turn my eyes from that dark door
Which now enclos'd her form the dead.
Of fancy, through the boughs, that o'er
The sunny hill, the trees of life,
"I was her light form again I saw
Starting to earth — still pure and bright,
But waking, as he promised me
Thus seen by morning's natural light,
Than in that strange, dim cell at night.
But no, alas — she ne'er return'd:
Nor yet — thought I — I shall watch — nor yet,
Though the red sun for hours hath burn'd,
And now, in his mid course, hath met
The peak of that eternal pale
He pass'd at mid night to led,
Standing beneath his downward smile,
Like a great Spirit, shadowless!
Not yet she came from heaven, alone,
Seating through this death-palecd place
Where no heart beats except my own,
Or 'neath a palm tree's shelter thrown,
Burns I watch, and rest, and trace
These lines, that are to wait to thee
My last night's wondrous history.
Dost thou remember, in that I—
Of our own Sep., where thou art!
I linger'd so long, so happy a while.
Till all the summer flowers went by —
How say it was, when utmost brought
To the cool Well our favourite violets
Some we had won, and some we sought —
To dance within the fragrant shades,
And till the stars went down, around
Their Fountain Hymn 1 to the young moon.

1 These Songs of the Well, as they were called by the ancients, are still common in the Greek idea.

That time, too — oh, 'tis like a dream —
When from Scander's holy head
I sprung as Genius of the Stream,
And bore away that blooming bride,
Who farther courted, to yield her charms
(As Phrygian maidens are wont, erst weal
Into the cool Scander's arms.
But met, we beheld, much instead —
Wondering, as on my neck she fell,
How every soul could love so well!
Who would have thought that he, who rov'd
Like the first bees of summer then,
Ruling each sweet, nor ever lov'd
But the free hearts, that lov'd again,
Rov'd as the bees that feed.
To the least breath that round it sighs
Is the same dreamer who, last night,
Swoon'd and breathless at the same light
Of one Egyptian girl; and now
Wanders among these tombs, with brow
Pale, watchful sad, as tho' he just
Himself, had rais'd from out their dust!
Yet so it is — and the same thing
For many an hour she and I have stood
This wethering world, which, from the first,
Made us drunk deep of woman's love.
As the one joy, to be heav'n most true.
Of all our hearts can meet with here —
Still burns me up, still keeps awake
A fever mought but death can shake.
Farewell: whatever may befall —
Or bright, or dark — thou'lt know it all.

LETTER IV.
FROM ORCUS, HIGH PRIEST OF MEMPHIS,
TO DECUS, THE PRÆTORIAN PREFECT.

Repose, my friend, rejoice: — the youthful Chief
Of that light Seat which mocks at all belief,
A joy, a godhead, makes the present hour
Its only heaven, is now within our power.
Smooth, impious school! not all the weapons aim'd
At pious creeds, once first a sword was trun'm,
E'er struck so deep as that sly dart they wield.
The Benches' pointed spear in laughing flowers conceal'd.
And oh, 't were victory to this heart, as sweet
As any that can be found — ev'n such above
The wearisome work, which from the first,
Made us drunk deep of woman's love.
As the one joy, to be heav'n most true.
Of all our hearts can meet with here —
Still burns me up, still keeps awake
A fever mought but death can shake.
Farewell: whatever may befall —
Or bright, or dark — thou'lt know it all.

Of Ptolemy's lauding features, half seen through
And how the Priest, set up within each
Of two rich worlds, trafficks for bliss with each
Would they not recollect — thou, whem, thou'lt ancient the
"Twist Sword and Altar makes our best ally
Would they not change their creed, their craft, for ours!
Leave the gross doubtful joys that, in their lower
Laughing with much such, like our own flowers,
For the well'd loves, the blisses unnumber'd
That only lurk within the Temple's shade?
And, 'stead of hearing the trim Harpy's school's —
Where cold Philosophy usurps a rule,
Like: the pale moon's, o'er passionate heaving tide,
Till pleasure's self is child by Wisdom's pride —
He taught by th' quit shadows of the true
Substantial joy's we sing Ptolemy's purse,
Who, far too wise to theorize on bliss,
Or pleasure's sub stance for its shadeless miss
Preach other worlds, but live for love of me:
Thanks to the well-ple'd Mystery round us thing,
Nay, such the faith, as the gold cloud that hung
Or Jupiter's love-crown, the same—
Round human frailty weaves a veil divine.
Still less should they presume, weak wits, that they
Alone desire the craft of os who pray —
Still less their credulous vanity deceive
With the sound thought, that we who pray believe.
Believe! — Apsis forbid — forbid it all
Ye monster Gods, before whose shrines we fall—
Deities, frail'd in jest, as if to try
How far gross Man can volageate the sky!
Believe! — In the same low, faint, eyeless, emblem
Into a drove of brutes you summon'd, signs,
And turn that Heaven itself into a place
Of confused and undefined their vision,
Can bring Olympus ev'n to shame more deep,
Stock it with things that earth itself boils hep,
Fish, flesh, & fowl, the kitchen's secret brood,
But you, as bravely as ever, don't keep
The churls of them that only secret well,
And fairly kept — that they have none to tell;
And, dup'd unwise, extol'd withounded pride
By duping thene-forth all mankind besides.

And such the' advance in fraud since Orphee's time —
That earliest master of our craft sublime—
So many miskly Mysteries, imps of fraud,
From the great Orphic Egg have wing'd abroad,
That, still to phold our Temple's ancient feast,
And seem most holy, we must cheat the most;
Work the best miracles, worship none abroad;
In pomp and darkness, till it seems profound;
Pay on the hopes, the terrors of mankind;
With changeable skill; and make the human mind
Like our own Sanctuary, where no soul
But by the Priest's permission, wase it way—
Where through the gloim as wave our wizard rods,
Monsters, at will, are conjured into Gods;
While Reason, like a grave-dug'd courtyard, stands,
With her arms swathed in hieroglyphic bands.
But chief fly in that skill with which we use
Man's wilder passions for Religion's ends,
Yoking them to her bar like fiery steeds,
Lies the main art in which our craft succeeds.
And oh be blest ye men of yore, whose toil
Hath, for our ease, scooped out from mean's soul
This hidden Paradise, thus many, faces
Gardens, and palaces, where Pleasure reigns
In a rich, and more than Emperor's town,
With all earth's luxuries lighting up her throne—
A realm for mystery made, which undermines
The Nise itself, and, 'neath the Twelve Great Shrines
That keep Initial ears's holy rite,
Spreads its long labyrinths of uncertainly light,
A light that knows no change — its beams that run
Too deep for day, its gardens without sun,
Where soul and sense, by turns, are charmed, surprise'd,
And all that bard or prophet ever's dem'd
For man's Elysium, priests have reall'd.

Here, at this moment — all his trials past,
And heart and nerve unsinking to the last —
Our new Initiates rove — as such new leaves
To wander through this realm of mystery;
Feeding on such illusions as prepare
The soul, like mist o'er waterfolds to wrap
All shapes and hues, at Fancy's varying will,
Through every shifting aspect, vapour still—
Vague glimpse of the Future, veiled shown,
By such an inlet into that world, unknown,
Which saints and sinners claim alike their own;
And all those other witching, wildering arts,
Illusion, tears, that make human hearts,
Ay, even the wearest and the hardest, quail
To any goblin threat born behind a veil.

Yes — such the spells shall haunt his eye, his ear,
Mix with his night dreams, form his atmosphere;
'Till, if our stage be not tarn'd down, no length,
His wit, his wisdom, sharpen of all their strength,
Like Phrygian priests, in honour of the shrine—
If he become not absolutely wise,
Body and soul, and like the like decay
Which wary hunters of wild doves employ,
Draw converts also, lure his brother wise
To the dark caves where his own kindred is,
And give us, if not saints, good hypocrites—
If I effect not this, then be it said
The ancient spirit of our craft hath died,
Gone with that serpent-god the thorn bough be'd
To his soul out in the Theban waste.
CEASE, OH! CEASE TO TEMPT.

Cease, oh! cease to tempt
My tender heart to love!
It never, never can
So wild a flame approve.
All its joys and pains
To others I resign:
But the vacant heart,
The careless bosom mine.
Then cease, oh! cease to tempt
My tender heart to love!
It never, never can
So wild a flame approve.
Say, oh! say no more
That lovers' pains are sweet!
I never, never can
Believe the fond deceit.
Weeping day and night,
Consuming life in sighs—
This is the lover's lot,
And this I never could prize.
Then say, oh! say no more
That lovers' pains are sweet!
I never, never can
Believe the fond deceit.

HOLY BE THE PILGRIM'S SLEEP.

Holy be the Pilgrim's sleep,
From the dreams of terror free;
And may all, who wake to sleep,
Rest to-night as sweet as he!
Hark! hark! did I hear a vesper swell?
No, no, 'tis my loved Pilgrim's prayer:
No, no, 'twas but the convent bell,
That tolled upon the midnight air.
Holy be the Pilgrim's sleep!
Now, now again, the voice I hear,
Some holy man is wandering here.
O Pilgrim! where hast thou been roaming?
Dark is the way, and midnight's coming.
Stranger, I've been in the morn and mountain,
To tell my heads at Agnes's fountain.
And, Pilgrim, say, where art thou going?
Dark is the way, the winds are blowing.
Weary with wandering, weak, I falter,
To breathe my vows at Agnes's altar.
Strew, then, oh! strew his bed of rushes;
Here he shall rest till morning blushes.
Peace to them whose days are done,
Death their eyelids closing;
Hark! the burial-time begun—
'Tis time for our repose.
Here, then, my Pilgrim's course is o'er;
'T is my master! 'tis my master! Welcome here once more;
Come to our shed— all toil is over;
Pilgrim no more, but night and lover.

I CAN NO LONGER STIFLE.

I can no longer stifle
How much I long to rife
That little part
They call the heart

Of you, you lovely trifle!
You can no longer doubt it,
So let me be about it;
Or on my word,
And by the Lord,
I'll try to do without it.
This pretty thing's as light, Sir,
As any paper kite, Sir;
And here and there,
And God knows where,
She takes her wheeling flight, Sir,
Us lovers, to amuse us,
Unto her tail she makes;
There, hang like bolts
Of straw, or nocks,
She whisks us where she chooses.

JOYS THAT PASS AWAY.

Joys that pass away like this,
Alas! are purchased dear,
If every beam of bliss
Is followed by a tear.
Fare thee well! oh, fare thee well!
Soon, too soon, thou art broke the spell,
Oh! I never can love again.
The girl whose faithless art
Could break so dear a chain,
And with it break my heart.

Once, when truth was in those eyes,
How beautiful they shone!
But now that lustre flies,
For truth, alas! is gone.
Fare thee well! oh, fare thee well!
How I loved my hate shall tell,
Oh! how Iorn, how lost would prove
Thy wretched victim's fate.
If, when deceived in love,
He could not fly to hate.

LOVE, MY MARY, DWELLS WITH THEE.

Love, my Mary, dwells with thee;
On thy cheek his bed I see;
No—that cheek is pale with care;
Love can find no roses there.
'T is not on the cheek of song
Love can find the best repose;
In my heart his home thou'lt see;
There he lives, and lives for thee.

Love, my Mary, o'er can roam,
While he makes that eye his home.
No—the eye with sorrow dim
Ne'er can be a home for him.
Yet is not in beaming eyes
Love for ever warmest lays;
In my heart his home thou'lt see;
There he lives and lives for thee.

NOW LET THE WARRIOR.

Now let the warrior plume his steed,
And wave his sword o'er;
For the men of the East this day shall bleed,
And the sun shall blush with war.
Victory sits on the Christian's helm
To guide her holy band;
The Knight of the Cross this day shall helm
The men of the pagan band.

Oh! bless'd who in the battle dies!
God will en-shrine him in the skies!
Now let the warrior plume his head,
And wave his sword afar;
For the men of the East this day shall bleed,
And the sun shall blush with war.

OH! LADY FAIR!

Oh, Lady fair! where art thou roaming?
The sun has sunk, the night is coming.
Stranger, I go o'er moor and mountain,
To tell my beads at Agnes' fountain.
And who is the man, with his white locks flowing?
Oh, Lady fair! where is he going?
A wandering Pilgrim, weak, I fainter,
To tell my beads at Agnes' altar.
Chill falls the rain, night-winds are blowing,
Drear and dark 'tis the way we're going.

Fair Lady! rest till morning blushes—
I'll straw for thee a bed of rushes.
Oh, stranger! when my beads I'm counting,
I'll bless thy name at Agnes' fountain.
Then, Pilgrim, turn, and rest thy sorrow;
Thou 'lt go to Agnes' shrine to-morrow.
Good stranger, when my beads I'm telling,
My saint shall bless thy leafy dwelling.
Sware, then, oh! I straw our bed of rushes;
Here we must rest till morning blushes.

OH! SEE THOSE CHERIES.

Oh, see those cherries—through once so glowing,
They've lain too long on the sun-bright wall;
And mark, already their bloom is going;
Too soon they'll wither, too soon they'll fall.
Once caught by thy blushes, the light bird flew round;
Oft on their ruddy lips leaving love's wound;
But now he passes them, ah! too knowing.
To taste wither'd cherries, when fresh may be found.

Old Time thus fleetly his course is running;
If bards were not moral, how maidens would go wrong?
And thus thy beauties, now sunned and sunning,
Would wither if left on the rose-tree too long.
Then love while thou'ret lovely—'tis no I should be glad
So sweetly to save thee from rain so sad;
But, oh! delay not—we bards are too cunning
To sigh forold beauties when young may be had.

SEND THE BOWL ROUND MERRILY.

Send the bowl round merrily,
Laughing, singing, drinking;
Toast it, toast it cheerily;
Here's to the devil with thinking!
Oh! for the round of pleasure,
With sweetly-smiling lasses—
Glasses over flowing their measure,
With hearts as full as our glasses.
Send the bowl round merrily,
Laughing singing, drinking;
Toast it, toast it cheerily;
Here's to the devil with thinking!

But she proved damn'd uncivil,
And thought to peck like a hen, sir;
So I pitched the jade to the devil,
And look to my glass again, sir.
Then send the bowl, &c.

Now I'm turn'd a rover,
In love with every petticoat;
No matter whom it may cover,
Or whether it's Jenny's or Betty's coat;
And if the girls can put up
With any good thing in pieces,
My heart I will certainly cut up,
And share it with all young misses.
Then send the bowl, &c.

A bumper round to the pretty ones!
Here's to the girl with the blue eyes!
Here's to her with the jetty ones,
Where the languishing dew lies!
Could all such hours as this be
Be sum'd in one little measure,
I'd live a short life of blisses,
And die in a surfeit of pleasure!
Then send the bowl, &c.

THE TABLET OF LOVE.

You bid me be happy, and bid me adieu—
Can happiness live when absent from you?
Will sleep on my eyelids after sweetly alight,
When greeted no more by a tender good-night?
Oh, never! for deep is the record enshrined
Thy look and thy voice will survive in my mind;
Though age may the treasures of memory remove,
Unfading shall flourish the Tablet of Love.

Through life's wailing valley—in anguish, in rest;
Exalted in joy, or by sorrow depress'd;
From its place in the mirror that lies on my heart,
Thine image shall never one moment depart.
When time, life, and all that poor mortals hold dear
Like visions, like dreams, shall at last disappear;
Though raised among seraphs to realms above,
Unfading shall flourish the Tablet of Love.

WILL YOU COME TO THE BOWER?

Will you come to the bower I have shaded for you?
Our bed shall be roses all spangled with dew.
Will you, will you, will you, will you
Come to the bower?

There, under the bower, on roses you'll lie,
With a blush on your cheek, but a smile in your eye
Will you, will you, will you, will you
Smile, my beloved?

But the roses we press shall not rival your lip,
Nor the dew be so sweet as the kisses we'll sip.
Will you, will you, will you, will you
Kiss me, my love?

And oh! for the loves that are sweeter than dew
From languishing roses, or kisses from you.
Will you, will you, will you, will you
Won't you, my love?

FAREWELL, BESSEY!

Sweetest love! I'll not forget thee,
Time shall only teach my heart
Fonder, warmer, to regret thee,
Lovely, gentle, as thou art.
Farewell, Bessey!
We may meet again.
SUPPRESSED MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

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Yes, oh yes! again we meet, love,
And repose our hearts at last;
Oh! sure it will then be well, love,
Calm to think on sorrows past.
Farewell, Bessy! We may meet again.
Yet I feel my heart is breaking
When I think I stay from thee,
Round the world that quiet seeking,
Which I fear is not for me.
Farewell, Bessy! We may meet again.

CALM TO PEACE THY LOVER'S BOSOM —
Can it, dearest! must it be?
Then will I in an hour shall love him,
He for ever loses thee!
Farewell, Bessy! Yet oh! not for ever.

S O N G.
I've roamed through many a weary round,
I've wander'd east and west;
Pleasure in every clime I've found
But sought in vain for rest.

While glory sighs for other spheres,
I feel that one's too wide;
And think the home which love endears
Worth all the world beside.

The needle thus too rudely moved,
Wanders unconscious where;
Till having found the place it loved,
It trembling settles there.

E P I T A P H  O N  A  W E L L - K N O W N  P O E T.
Beneath these poppies buried deep,
The bones of Bob the Bard lie hid;
Peace to his memory! may he sleep
As soundly as his readers did!

Through every sort of verse meandering,
Bob went, without a hitch or fall,
Through Epic, Saphire, Alexandria
To verse that was no verse at all;

Till fiction having done enough
To make a bard at least absurd,
And give his readers quantum suff.,
He took to praising George the Third:

And then, in virtue of his crown,
Doom'd us, poor Whigs, at once to slaughter;
Like Donelien, of bad renown,
Poisoning us all with laurel-water.

And yet at times some awkward qualms he
Felt about leaving honour's track;
And though he got a butt of Malimsay,
It could not save him from a sack.

Death, weary of so dull a writer,
Put to his works a finis thus.
Oh! may the earth on him lie lighter
Than did his quartos upon us!

E P I T A P H  O N  A  L A W Y E R.
Here lies a lawyer — one whose mind
(Kind that of all the lawyer kind)
Resembled, though so grave and stately,
The pupil of a cat's eye greatly;

Which for the mowing deeds, transacted
In holes and corners, is well fitted,
But which in sunshine grows contracted,
As if it would — rather not admit it;
As if, in short, a man would quite
Throw time away who tried to let in a
Decent portion of God's light
On lawyer's mind or fancy's reign.

Hence, when he took to politics,
As a refreshing change of evil,
Unit with grand affluence to mix
His little Nisir-Fris tricks,

Like imps at a-bapse, play'd the devil;
And proved that when a small law wit
Of statesmanship attempts the trial,
'Tis like a player on the kit
Put all at once to a bass violin.

Nay, even when honest (which he could
Be, now and then), still quibbling daily
He served his country as he would
A priest thief at the Old Bailey.

But — do him justice — short and rare
His w-h through honest paths to roam;
Born with a taze for the unfair,
Where falsehood ever did he find it there,
And when least honest, most at home.

Thus shuffling, bullying, lying, creeping,
He worked his way up near the throne,
And long before he took the keeping
Of the king's conscience, lost his own.

I L L U S T R A T I O N  O F  A  B O R E.
If ever you've seen a gay party
Relieved from the pressure of Ned—
How instantly joyous and hearty
They've grown when the damper was fled—
You may guess what a gay piece of work,
What delight to champagne it must be,
To get rid of its bore of a Cork,
And come sparkling to you, love, and me!

F R O M  T H E  F R E N C H.
Of all the men one meets about,
There's none like Jack—he's every where:
At church — park — auction — dinner — rout—
Go when and where you will, he's there.

Try the West End, he's at your back—
Meet you, like Eurus, in the East—
You're call'd upon for "How do, Jack?"
One hundred times a-day at least,
A friend of his one evening said,
As home he took his pensive way,
"Upon my soul, I fear Jack's dead—
I've seen him but three times a-day."

R O M A N C E.
I have a story of two lovers, fill'd
With all the pure romance, the blissful sadness,
And the sad doubtful bliss, that ever thrilled
Two young and longings hearts in that sweet madness;
But where to choose the locale of my vision
In this wide vulgar world — what real spot
Can be found out, sufficiently elysian
For two such perfect lovers, I know not.
Oh, for some fair Fornoes, such as he,
The young Jew, fable of, in the Indian Sea.

1 Palmanazar.
SUPPRESSED MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Be nothing but its name of Beauty known,
And which Queen Fancy might make all her own;
Her fairy kingdom — take its people, lands,
And tenements into her own bright hands,
And make at least, one earthly corner fit
For love to live in — pure and exquisite.

ON

Like a snuffers, this loving old dame,
By a deign, grievous enough,
Though so oft she has snapp'd at the flame,
Hath never caught more than the soul.

THE WITCH'S SABBATH.

A FRAGMENT.

"Ay, write their names on my darkest page,"
Said Bigotry, opening wide her book —
That book in whose leaves, now black with age,
None but the worm and Copley took:

"Write, write them down — as witches, of yore,
The name of each imp of darkness knew,
And nightly called their head-roll o'er,
I'll know the name of my servais to boot."

She spoke — and, behold! a scribe was near,
Who straightway taking a pen of flame
From behind his ancient gas-like ear,
Wrote down, as she bid, each miser's name.

And never, oh! never — net even then
In her youthful days of murderous tricks
Was Bigotry half so pleased as when
She counted Two Hundred and Seventy-six!

With joy, I wis, each name she kiss'd,
Though even in joy a sigh heaved she,
When out of that list one name she miss'd,
Her own dear Wilks, of Sudbury.

"T is well, t is well — so for our spell
Is a match for even my darkest days;
Now, draw me a circle round, and tell
What Sprite of them all I first shall raise."

The circle is drawn — She squat's within,
And "Arise," she cries, some "imp of flame,
Who will do my bidding, through thick and thin?" —
She spake but the word, and Duganen came!

His torch was ready — his eyes were wild —
Away to his northern hills he flew,
And 'twas rare to see how the fiend smiled,
As she track'd his flight by the glare he threw;

As she saw, by her gift of second-sight,
The mingling flash of the pile and sword,
And the burning cottage's crimson light
On the balieful Orange banner pour'd!

But, see — what spell doth she now prepare?
What strange zigzaggers round her draw,
As she mutters, backward, may a prayer? —
'Tis to call to her aid some imp of law;

Some dusky Gnome, who shivers at light;
Who, bred in the dark, his life lath pass'd,
In playing, for hire, with Wrong and Right,
Till he knows not one from t'other, at last;

Who, kept by his masters under cork
Like bottled-up imps, is but brought out
To help in any unholy work
The wise stato-conjurors are about; —

Who, ready at hand for dingy deeds,
Not only is bottled, convenient sprite!
But label'd and priced, and only needs
A seal on his cork to fix him quite.

"Up," said the tag, with visage stern,
"My master imp, who art install'd in all
The wise and good would most alarm?"

She said — and Copley came, at her call;

Came (while the baldman cried "All hail!)
In a shape she loves the best of any —
A Rat, who was n't without a tale, —
As he told of a cock and a bull full many.

And much he squeak'd of queens and kings,
Of James the first, and James the latter,
And "Bloody Queen Mary," and lots of things
Which, he own'd, had nothing to do with the matter.

Thus one by one, did the Witch call up
The legion of imps that fill'd that roll,
And to each she fed her venomous cup,
While each one pledged to her his soul.

Till, hark! in the midst of all their rites,
While (counting two hundred and seventy-seven)
The tag included) this band of sprites
Were playing their tricks before high heaven.
There came a loud crash! *

* * * *

EXTEMPORE.

TO ——, TO WHOSE INTERFERENCE I
CHIEFLY OWE THE VERY LIBERAL PRICE
GIVEN FOR "LALLA ROOKH."

When they shall tell, in future times,
Of thousands given for idle rhymes
Like these — the pastime of an hour,
They'll wonder at the lavish taste
That could, like tulip-fanciers, waste
A little fortune on a flower!

Yet will not thou, whose friendship set
Such value on the bard's renown
Yet wilt not thou, my friend, regret
The golden shower thy spell brought down.

For thou dost love the free-born muse,
Whose flight no curbing chain pursues;
And thou dost think the song that shrines
That image so adored by thee,
And spirits like thee — Liberty,
Of price beyond all India's mines!

A VOICE FROM MARATHON.

O for a voice, as loud as that of Fame,
To breathe the word — Arise!
From Pindus to Tavresus to proclaim —
Let every Greek arise!

Ye who have hearts to strike a single blow,
Hear my despairing cries!
Ye who have hands to imitate one foe,
Arise! arise! arise!

From the dim fields of Asphodel beneath,
Uphorne by cloudy sighs
Of these who love their country still in death —
Eveo! even I — arise!

1 "And like a rat without a tail." —Macbeth.
2 The "Bull" part of the story belongs more properly to Mr. Fez.
These are not hands for earthy wringing — these! —
Blood should not blind these eyes.
Yet here I stand, unworldly Miltiades,
Weeping — arise! arise!

Hear ye the grans that have this burial-field?
— Old Greece's savoury band
Cry from the dust — Fight on! nor dare to yield!
Save ye our fatherland!

"Blunt with your brow the barbaric spear!
Break it within your breast;
Then come, brave Greeks, and join your brothers here
In our immortal rest!"

Shall modern Doris, swoln with Syrian pride,
Cover the land with slaves?
Ay — let them cover it, both far and wide
Cover it with their graces!

Much has been done — but more remains to do
Ye have fought long and well!
The trump that, on the Aegean, glory blew
Seem'd with a storm to swell!

Asia's grim tyrant shudder'd at the sound,
He leapt upon his throne!
Murmur'd his horror-ta'd chieftainry around —
"Anothar Marathon?"

Dodona, melt her fanes and forests hoar
Heard it with solemn glee;
And old Parnassus, with a lofty roar,
Told it from sea to sea!

High-brow'd Greece, through her unnumber'd vales,
Broke forth in glorious song!
Her classic streams that plough the headlong dales
Thunder'd the notes along!

But there's a bloodier wreath to gain, oh friends!
Now rise, or ever fall!
If ye fight now no fiercer than the fiends,
Better not fight at all!
The feverish war-drum mingles with the fife
In dismal symphony,
And Modern strikes at liberty and life —
For both, strike harder ye!

Hark! how Citharon with his earthquake voice
Calls to the unbound shores!
While Pluto bars against the rising noise,
His adamantine doors!

Athene, tiptoe on her crumbling dome,
Cries — "Youth, ye must be men!"
And Echo shous within her rocky tomb
"Greeks, become Greeks again!"

The stone first brought, his living tomb to close,
Pausanias' mother piled:
Matrons of Greece! will ye do less for foes
Than she did for her child?

Let boyhood strike! — let every rank and age
Do each what each can do!
Let him whose arm is mighty as his rage
Strike deep — strike home — strike through!

Be wise, be firm, be cautious, yet be bold!
Be brotherly! — be brave!
I teach but what the Persian taught of old —
Darius, and be undone!

Hallowed in life, in death itself, is he
Who for his country dies!
A light, a star, to all futurity —
Aris! ye, then! aris!

O countrymen! O countrymen! once more —
By earth — and seas — and skies —
By heaven — by sacred Hades — I implore —
Aris! aris! aris!

CROCKFORDIANA.

Epigrams.

Mala vicis process contemptus iactant.

1.
What can those workmen be about?
Do, Crockford, let the secret out,
Why thus your houses fall?
Quoth he, 'Since ifks are not in town,
I find it better to pull down,
Than have no pull at all.'

2.
See, passenger, at Crockford's high beheld,
Red coats by black-legs ousted from their nest —
The arse of pence demoralising reckless war,
And gallant Rouge undone by wily Noir.

3.
Improb congresses —
 Fate gave the word — the King of dice and cards
 In an unguarded moment took the Guards;
 Compriived his neighbours in a trice to drub,
 And did the trick by — turning up a Club.

4.
Nullum simile est ideam.
'Tis strange how some will differ — some advance
That the Guards' Club House was pulled down by chance!
While some, with juster notions in their breast,
Stoutly maintain the deed was done by hazard.

LINES WRITTEN IN ST. STEPHEN'S CHAPEL,
AFTER THE DISSOLUTION.

BY A MEMBER OF THE UPPER BENCHES.

The King's speech told 'd the Commons' knell,
The House is clear'd, the chair vacant,
And gloom and loneliness now dwell
Where Britain's wise men congregated.

The gallery is dark and lone,
No longer throng'd with curious folk,
Happy to pay their good half-crown
To hear bad speeches badly spoke.

The Treasury-no's no placemen show,
Clear'd is each Opposition bench;
And even never-ending Joe
No longer cries — "Retrench! retrench!"

Fred. Robinson no more his skill
Employs in weaving speeches fair,
The Country gentlemen to fill
With promises as thin as air.

Dick Martin now on plan proposes
To aid the brute part of the nation,
While Members cough and blow their noses,
To drown his most humane oration.

Good Mr. Brogden, where art thou,
Most worthy — Chairman of Committees?
To strip one barrel from thy brow
Would surely be a thousand prices.

'Twas a good joke, forsooth, to think
Thou shouldst give up thy honest winning
And thereby own that thou didst wink,
Pure null at other people's sins.

1 "Really the Hon. Member for Montrose should
take a little breath; his objections are most unfair;
and what is worse, they are never-ending."—See the
Chancellor of the Exchequer's Speech in reply to Mr.
Hume, Feb. 23, 1826.

2 Mr. Brogden said he certainly should not refund
Where’s Holmes, Corruption’s ready back,
Who life and credit both consumes
In whipping in the Treasury pack,
And jobbing in committee-rooms? 1

I look around — no well-known face
Along the benches meets my eye
No Member “rises in his place,”
For all have other fish to fry.

Not one is left of King and sages,
Who lately sat debating here;
The crowded hustings now enganges
Their every hope and every tear.

Election rally to the poll,
And Lord John Russell never heed;
Let gold alone your choice control —
"The best man’s he who best can bleed." 2

But if, too timid, you delay,
(By Bribery Statute held in awe),
Fear not — there is a ready way
To serve yourselves and cheat the law.

In times like these, when things are high,
And candidates must be well fed,
Your cabbages they'll freely buy,
Kind souls! at two pounds ten a head. 3

Thus may we hope for many a law,
And many a measure most discreet,
When — pure as even the last we saw —
Britain’s new Parliament shall meet.

Then haste ye, Candidates, and strive
An M. P. to your names to tack,
And — after July twenty-five — 4
Collective wisdom — welcome back!

1 The barefaced system of voting at private bill committees, without having heard an iota of evidence for or against, forms a distinguished feature in the history of the late parliament.
2 The money, because, by so doing, he should convict himself." — See the Report of a Meeting of the Proprietors of the Arigna Mining Company.
3 During the election at Sudbury, four cabbages sold for 10/. and a plate of gooseberries fetched 25/. — See the Times of Friday, June 20.
4 The day on which the writs were returned.

THE END.