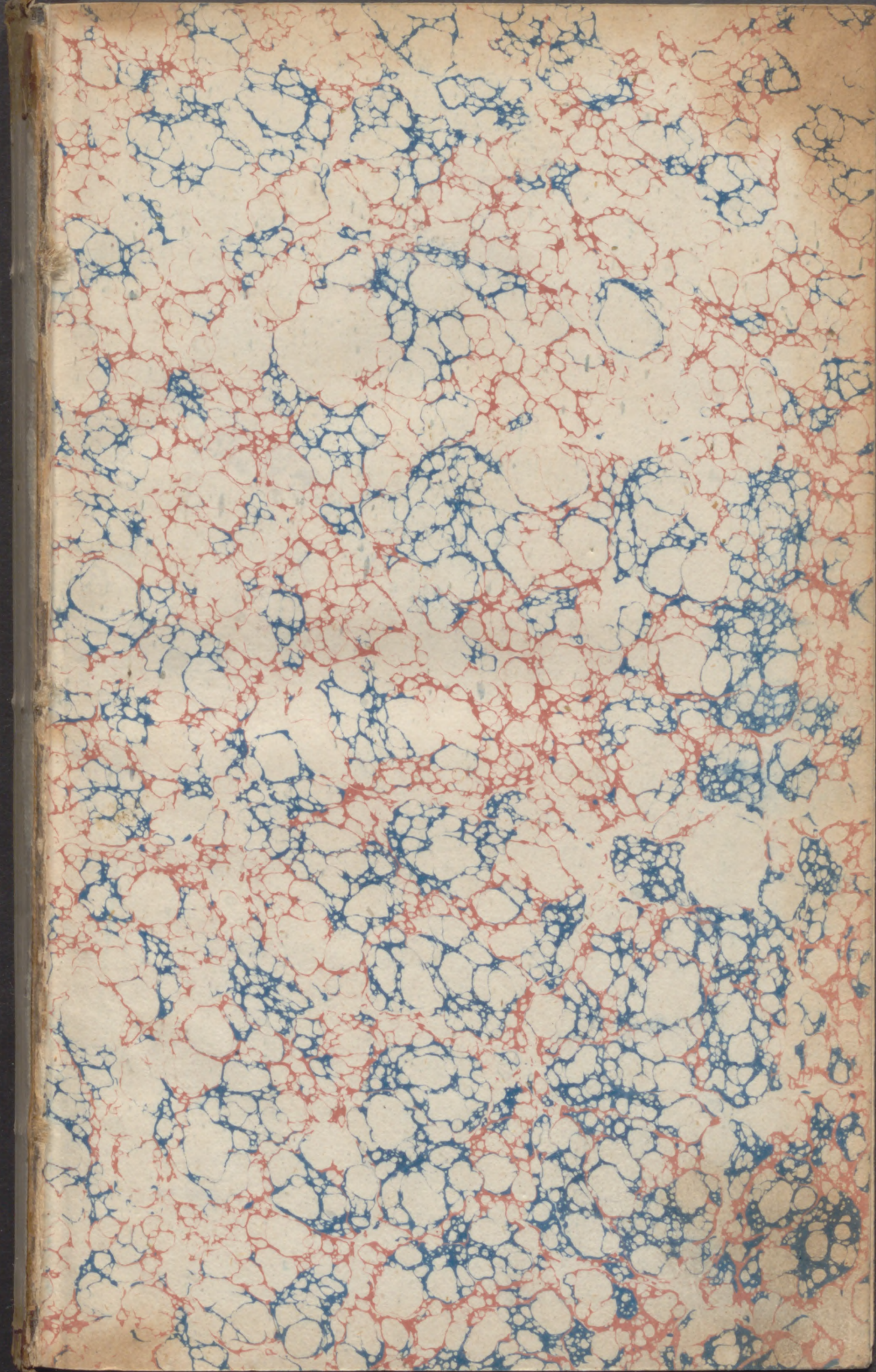


BYRONS

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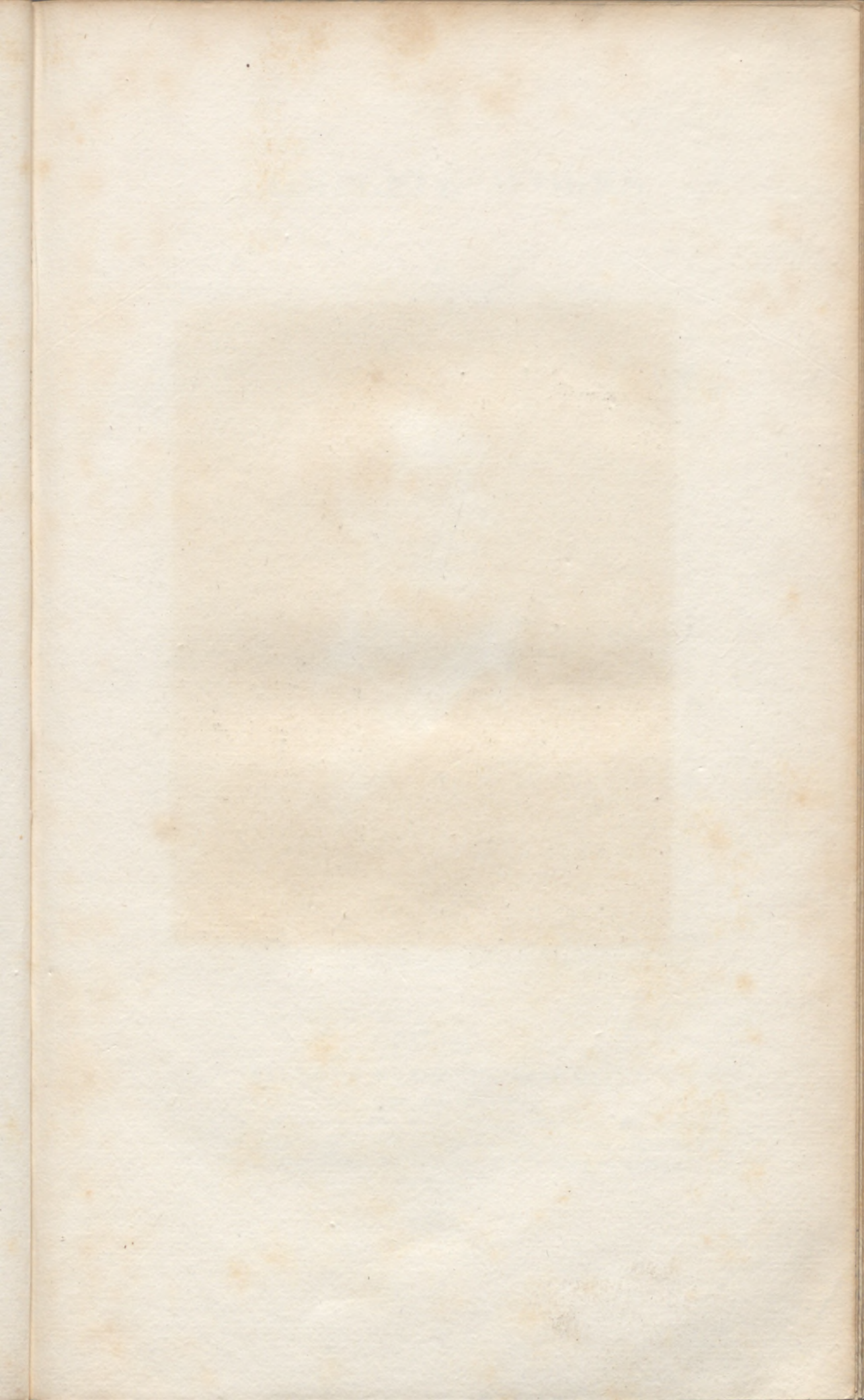




THE
COMPLETE WORKS
OF
LORD BYRON.

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THE
COMPLETE WORKS
OF
LORD BYRON,

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NEW EDITION,
ENTIRELY REVISED AND CORRECTED FROM THE
LAST LONDON EDITION.

VOL. I.



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COMPLETE WORKS

JOHN LYNN



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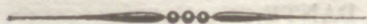
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CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

A ROMAUNT.

L'univers est une espèce de livre, dont on n'a lu que la première page quand on n'a vu que son pays. J'en ai feuilleté un assez grand nombre, que j'ai trouvées également mauvaises. Cet examen ne m'a point été infructueux. Je haïssais ma patrie. Toutes les impertinences des peuples divers, parmi lesquels j'ai vécu, m'ont reconcilié avec elle. Quand je n'aurais tiré d'autre bénéfice de mes voyages que celui-là, je n'en regretterais ni les frais ni les fatigues.

LE COSMOPOLITE.

THE HAROLD'S BLACKHAWK

A HISTORY

PREFACE

[TO THE FIRST AND SECOND CANTOS.]

THE following poem was written, for the most part, amidst the scenes which it attempts to describe. It was begun in Albania; and the parts relative to Spain and Portugal were composed from the author's observations in those countries. Thus much it may be necessary to state for the correctness of the descriptions. The scenes attempted to be sketched are in Spain, Portugal, Epirus, Acarnania, and Greece. There for the present the poem stops: its reception will determine whether the author may venture to conduct his readers to the capital of the East, through Ionia and Phrygia: these two cantos are merely experimental.

A fictitious character is introduced for the sake of giving some connexion to the piece; which, however, makes no pretension to regularity. It has been suggested to me by friends, on whose opinions I set a high value, that in this fictitious character, "Childe Harold," I may incur the suspicion of having intended some real personage: this I beg leave, once for all, to disclaim—Harold is the child of imagination, for the purpose I have stated. In some very trivial particulars, and those merely local, there might be grounds for such a notion; but in the main points, I should hope, none whatever.

It is almost superfluous to mention that the appellation "Childe," as "Childe Waters," "Childe Childers," etc., is used as more consonant with the old structure of versification which I have adopted. The "Good Night," in the beginning of the first canto, was suggested by "Lord Maxwell's Good Night," in the *Border Minstrelsy*, edited by Mr. Scott.

With the different poems which have been published on Spanish subjects, there may be found some slight coinci-

dence in the first part, which treats of the peninsula, but it can only be casual; as, with the exception of a few concluding stanzas, the whole of this poem was written in the Levant.

The stanza of Spenser, according to one of our most successful poets, admits of every variety. Dr. Beattie makes the following observation: "Not long ago I began a poem in the style and stanza of Spenser, in which I propose to give full scope to my inclination, and be either droll or pathetic, descriptive or sentimental, tender or satirical, as the humour strikes me; for, if I mistake not, the measure which I have adopted, admits equally of all these kinds of composition."¹—Strengthened in my opinion by such authority, and by the example of some in the highest order of Italian poets, I shall make no apology for attempts at similar variations in the following composition; satisfied that, if they are unsuccessful, their failure must be in the execution, rather than in the design sanctioned by the practice of Ariosto, Thomson, and Beattie.

London, February, 1812.

¹ Beattie's Letters.

ADDITION TO THE PREFACE.

I HAVE NOW waited till almost all our periodical journals have distributed their usual portion of criticism. To the justice of the generality of their criticisms I have nothing to object; it would ill become me to quarrel with their very slight degree of censure, when perhaps, if they had been less kind, they had been more candid. Returning, therefore, to all and each my best thanks for their liberality, on one point alone shall I venture an observation. Amongst the many objections justly urged to the very indifferent character of the “vagrant Childe” (whom, notwithstanding many hints to the contrary, I still maintain to be a fictitious personage¹), it has been stated that, besides the anachronism, he is very *unknightly*, as the times of the knights were times of love, honour, and so forth. Now it so happens that the good old times, when “l’amour du bon vieux temps, l’amour antique” flourished, were the most profligate of all possible centuries. Those who have any doubts on this subject may consult Ste-Palaye, *passim*, and more particularly vol. ii, page 69. The vows of chivalry were no better kept than any other vows whatsoever, and the songs of the Troubadours were not more decent, and certainly were much less refined, than those of Ovid. The “Cours d’amour, parlemens d’amour, ou de courtoisie et de gentillesse,” had much more of love than of courtesy or gentleness. See Roland on the same subject with Ste-Palaye. —Whatever other objection may be urged to that most unamiable personage, Childe Harold, he was so far perfectly knightly in his attributes — “No waiter, but a knight templar.”² — By the by, I fear that Sir Tristrem and Sir Lancelot were no better than they should be, although very poetical personages and true knights “sans peur,” though

not "sans reproche."— If the story of the institution of the "Garter" be not a fable, the knights of that order have for several centuries borne the badge of a Countess of Salisbury, of indifferent memory. So much for chivalry. Burke need not have regretted that its days are over, though Marie Antoinette was quite as chaste as most of those in whose honours lances were shivered, and knights unhorsed.

Before the days of Bayard, and down to those of Sir Joseph Banks (the most chaste and celebrated of ancient and modern times), few exceptions will be found to this statement, and I fear a little investigation will teach us not to regret those monstrous mummeries of the middle ages.

I now leave "Childe Harold" to live his day, such as he is; it had been more agreeable, and certainly more easy to have drawn an amiable character. It had been easy to varnish over his faults, to make him do more and express less; but he never was intended as an example, further than to show, that early perversion of mind and morals leads to satiety of past pleasures and disappointment in new ones, and that even the beauties of nature, and the stimulus of travel (except ambition, the most powerful of all excitements), are lost on a soul so constituted, or rather misdirected. Had I proceeded with the poem, this character would have deepened as he drew to the close; for the outline which I once meant to fill up for him was, with some exceptions, the sketch of a modern Timon, perhaps a poetical Zeluco.

¹ In the first draught of the opening cantos, the hero is uniformly called "Childe Burun."—E.

² The Rovers, or the Double arrangement.—[By Messrs. Canning and Frere, first published in the Anti-jacobin.—E.]

To Janthe.

NOR in those climes where I have late been straying,
Though beauty long hath there been matchless deem'd;
Not in those visions to the heart displaying
Forms which it sighs but to have only dream'd,
Hath aught like thee, in truth or fancy, seem'd:
Nor, having seen thee, shall I vainly seek
To paint those charms which varied as they beam'd—
To such as see thee not my words were weak;
To those who gaze on thee, what language could they speak?

Ah! may'st thou ever be what now thou art,
Nor unbeseem the promise of thy spring,
As fair in form, as warm yet pure in heart,
Love's image upon earth without his wing,
And guileless beyond hope's imagining!
And surely she who now so fondly rears
Thy youth, in thee, thus hourly brightening,
Beholds the rainbow of her future years,
Before whose heavenly hues all sorrow disappears.

Young Peri^o of the West!—'t is well for me
My years already doubly number thine;
My loveless eye unmoved may gaze on thee,
And safely view thy ripening beauties shine;
Happy I ne'er shall see them in decline,
Happier, that while all younger hearts shall bleed,
Mine shall escape the doom thine eyes assign
To those whose admiration shall succeed,
But mix'd with pangs to love's even loveliest hours decreed.

Oh! let that eye, which, wild as the gazelle's,⁵
 Now brightly bold or beautifully shy,
 Wins as it wanders, dazzles where it dwells,
 Glance o'er this page, nor to my verse deny
 That smile for which my breast might vainly sigh,
 Could I to thee be ever more than friend ;
 This much, dear maid, accord : nor question why
 To one so young my strain I would commend,
 But bid me with my wreath one matchless lily blend.

Such is thy name with this my verse entwined ;
 And long as kinder eyes a look shall cast
 On Harold's page, Ianthe's here enshrined
 Shall thus be first beheld, forgotten last :
 My days once number'd, should this homage past
 Attract thy fairy fingers near the lyre
 Of him who hail'd thee, loveliest as thou wast,
 Such is the most my memory may desire ;
 Though more than hope can claim, could friendship less require ?

¹ Ianthe—the Lady Charlotte Harley, second daughter of Edward fifth Earl of Oxford (now Lady Bacon), in the autumn of 1812, when these lines were addressed to her, had not completed her eleventh year.—E.

² *Peri*, the Persian term for a beautiful intermediate order of beings, is generally supposed to be another form of the English word *Fairy*.—E.

³ A species of the antelope. "You have the eyes of a gazelle," is considered all over the East as the greatest compliment that can be paid to a woman.—E.



Drawn by Rich^d Westall R.A.

Engraved by Cha^s Heath.

CECILIE HAROLD.

HER LOVER SINKS — SHE SHEDS NO ILL-TIMED TEAR;

HER CHIEF IS SLAIN — SHE FILLS HIS FATAL POST;

Canto I. Stanza 56.

PUBLISHED BY JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, DEC. 1. 1819.

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

A ROMAUNT.

CANTO I.

I.

OH, thou! in Hellas deem'd of heavenly birth,
Muse! form'd or fabled at the minstrel's will!
Since shamed full oft by later lyres on earth,
Mine dares not call thee from thy sacred hill;
Yet, there I've wander'd by thy vaunted rill;
Yes! sigh'd o'er Delphi's long-deserted shrine,³
Where, save that feeble fountain, all is still;
Nor mote my shell awake the weary Nine
To grace so plain a tale—this lowly lay of mine.

II.

Whilome in Albion's isle there dwelt a youth,
Who ne in virtue's ways did take delight;
But spent his days in riot most uncouth,
And vex'd with mirth the drowsy ear of night.
Ah, me! in sooth he was a shameless wight,
Sore given to revel and ungodly glee;
Few earthly things found favour in his sight,
Save concubines and carnal companie,
And flaunting wassailers of high and low degree.

III.

Childe Harold was he hight:—but whence his name
And lineage long, it suits me not to say;
Suffice it, that perchance they were of fame,
And had been glorious in another day:
But one sad losel soils a name for aye,
However mighty in the olden time;
Nor all that heralds rake from coffin'd clay,
Nor florid prose, nor honied lies of rhyme,
Can blazon evil deeds, or consecrate a crime.

IV.

Childe Harold bask'd him in the noon-tide sun,
 Disporting there like any other fly ;
 Nor deem'd before his little day was done,
 One blast might chill him into misery.
 But long ere scarce a third of his pass'd by,
 Worse than adversity the Childe befell ;
 He felt the fulness of satiety :
 Then loathed he in his native land to dwell,
 Which seem'd to him more lone than eremite's sad cell.

V.

For he through sin's long labyrinth had run,
 Nor made atonement when he did amiss ;
 Had sigh'd to many, though he loved but one,
 And that loved one, alas ! could ne'er be his.
 Ah, happy she ! to 'scape from him whose kiss
 Had been pollution unto aught so chaste ;
 Who soon had left her charms for vulgar bliss,
 And spoil'd her goodly lands to gild his waste,
 Nor calm domestic peace had ever deign'd to taste.

VI.

And now Childe Harold was sore sick at heart,
 And from his fellow bacchanals would flee ;
 'Tis said, at times the sullen tear would start,
 But pride congeal'd the drop within his ee :
 Apart he stalk'd in joyless reverie,
 And from his native land resolved to go,
 And visit scorching climes beyond the sea ;
 With pleasure drugg'd he almost long'd for woe,
 And e'en for change of scene would seek the shades below.

VII.

The Childe departed from his father's hall :
 It was a vast and venerable pile :
 So old, it seemed only not to fall,
 Yet strength was pillar'd in each massy aisle.
 Monastic dome ! condemn'd to uses vile !
 Where superstition once had made her den,
 Now Paphian girls were known to sing and smile ;
 And monks might deem their time was come agen,
 If ancient tales say true, nor wrong these holy men.

VIII.

Yet oft-times, in his maddest mirthful mood,
 Strange pangs would flash along Childe Harold's brow.
 As if the memory of some deadly feud
 Or disappointed passion lurk'd below :
 But this none knew, nor haply cared to know ;
 For his was not that open, artless soul,
 That feels relief by bidding sorrow flow,
 Nor sought he friend to counsel or condole,
 Whate'er his grief mote be, which he could not control.

IX.

And none did love him—though to hall and bower
 He gather'd revellers from far and near,
 He knew them flatt' rers of the festal hour,
 The heartless parasites of present cheer.
 Yea, none did love him—not his lemans dear—
 But pomp and power alone are woman's care,
 And where these are light Eros finds a feere ;
 Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare,
 And Mammon wins his way where seraphs might despair.

X.

Childe Harold had a mother—not forgot,
 Though parting from that mother he did shun ;
 A sister whom he loved, but saw her not
 Before his weary pilgrimage begun :
 If friends he had, he bade adieu to none.
 Yet deem not thence his breast a breast of steel :
 Ye who have known what't is to dote upon
 A few dear objects, will in sadness feel
 Such partings break the heart they fondly hope to heal.

XI.

His house, his home, his heritage, his lands,
 The laughing dames in whom he did delight,
 Whose large blue eyes, fair locks, and snowy hands,
 Might shake the saintship of an anchorite,
 And long had fed his youthful appetite ;
 His goblets brimm'd with every costly wine,
 And all that mote to luxury invite,
 Without a sigh he left to cross the brine,
 And traverse Paynim shores, and pass earth's central line.

XII.

The sails were fill'd, and fair the light winds blew,
 As glad to waft him from his native home ;
 And fast the white rocks faded from his view,
 And soon were lost in circumambient foam :
 And then, it may be, of his wish to roam
 Repented he, but in his bosom slept
 The silent thought, nor from his lips did come
 One word of wail, whilst others sate and wept,
 And to the reckless gales unmanly moaning kept.

XIII.

But when the sun was sinking in the sea,
 He seized his harp, which he at times could string,
 And strike, albeit with untaught melody,
 When deem'd he no strange ear was listening :
 And now his fingers o'er it did he fling,
 And tuned his farewell in the dim twilight.
 While flew the vessel on her snowy wing,
 And fleeting shores receded from his sight,
 Thus to the elements he pour'd his last " Good Night."

1.

" Adieu, adieu ! my native shore
 Fades o'er the waters blue ;
 The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
 And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
 Yon sun that sets upon the sea
 We follow in his flight ;
 Farewell awhile to him and thee,
 My native land—Good Night !

2.

" A few short hours and he will rise
 To give the morrow birth ;
 And I shall hail the main and skies,
 But not my mother earth.
 Deserted is my own good hall,
 Its hearth is desolate ;
 Wild weeds are gathering on the wall ;
 My dog howls at the gate.

3.

“Come hither, hither, my little page!¹
 Why dost thou weep and wail?
 Or dost thou dread the billows' rage,
 Or tremble at the gale?
 But dash the tear-drop from thine eye;
 Our ship is swift and strong:
 Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly
 More merrily along.”

4

‘Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,
 I fear not wave nor wind;
 Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I
 Am sorrowful in mind;
 For I have from my father gone,
 A mother whom I love,
 And have no friend, save these alone,
 But thee—and one above.

5.

‘My father bless'd me fervently,
 Yet did not much complain;
 But sorely will my mother sigh
 Till I come back again.’—
 “Enough, enough, my little lad!
 Such tears become thine eye;
 If I thy guileless bosom had,
 Mine own would not be dry.⁵

6.

“Come hither, hither, my stanch yeoman,⁴
 Why dost thou look so pale?
 Or dost thou dread a French foeman?
 Or shiver at the gale?”
 ‘Deem'st thou I tremble for my life?
 Sir Childe, I'm not so weak;
 But thinking on an absent wife
 Will blanch a faithful cheek.

7.

‘My spouse and boys dwell near thy hall,
 Along the bordering lake,
 And when they on their father call,
 What answer shall she make?’—

“ Enough, enough, my yeoman good,
 Thy grief let none gainsay ;
 But I, who am of lighter mood,
 Will laugh to flee away.

8.

“ For who would trust the seeming sighs
 Of wife or paramour ?
 Fresh feres will dry the bright blue eyes
 We late saw streaming o'er.
 For pleasures past I do not grieve,
 Nor perils gathering near ;
 My greatest grief is that I leave
 No thing that claims a tear.

9.

“ And now I'm in the world alone,
 Upon the wide, wide sea :
 But why should I for others groan,
 When none will sigh for me ?
 Perchance my dog will whine in vain,
 Till fed by stranger hands ;
 But long ere I come back again,
 He 'd tear me where he stands.⁵

10.

“ With thee, my bark, I 'll swiftly go
 Athwart the foaming brine ;
 Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,
 So not again to mine.
 Welcome, welcome, ye dark blue waves !
 And when you fail my sight,
 Welcome, ye deserts, and ye caves !
 My native Land—Good Night !”⁶

XIV.

On, on the vessel flies, the land is gone,
 And winds are rude in Biscay's sleepless bay.
 Four days are sped, but with the fifth anon,
 New shores descried make every bosom gay ;
 And Cintra's mountain greets them on their way,
 And Tagus dashing onward to the deep,
 His fabled golden tribute bent to pay ;
 And soon on board the Lusian pilots leap,
 And steer 'twixt fertile shores where yet few rustics reap.

XV.

Oh, Christ ! it is a goodly sight to see
 What Heaven hath done for this delicious land !
 What fruits of fragrance blush on every tree !
 What goodly prospects o'er the hills expand !
 But man would mar them with an impious hand :
 And when the Almighty lifts his fiercest scourge
 'Gainst those who most transgress his high command,
 With treble vengeance will his hot shafts urge
 Gaul's locust host, and earth from fellest foemen purge.

XVI.

What beauties doth Lisboa first unfold !
 Her image floating on that noble tide,
 Which poets vainly pave with sands of gold,
 But now whereon a thousand keels did ride
 Of mighty strength, since Albion was allied,
 And to the Lusians did her aid afford :
 A nation swoln with ignorance and pride,
 Who lick yet loathe the hand that waves the sword
 To save them from the wrath of Gaul's unsparing lord.

XVII.

But whoso entereth within this town,
 That, sheening far, celestial seems to be,
 Disconsolate will wander up and down,
 'Mid many things unsightly to strange ee ;
 For hut and palace show like filthily,
 The dingy denizens are rear'd in dirt ;
 Ne personage of high or mean degree
 Doth care for cleanness of surtout or shirt,
 Though shent with Egypt's plague, unkempt, unwash'd, unhurt.

XVIII.

Poor, paltry slaves ! yet born 'midst noblest scenes—
 Why, Nature, waste thy wonders on such men ?
 Lo ! Cintra's glorious Eden intervenes,
 In variegated maze of mount and glen.
 Ah, me ! what hand can pencil guide, or pen,
 To follow half on which the eye dilates,
 Through views more dazzling unto mortal ken
 Than those whereof such things the bard relates,
 Who to the awe-struck world unlock'd Elysium's gates ?

XIX.

The horrid crags, by toppling convent crown'd,
 The cork-trees hoar that clothe the shaggy steep,
 The mountain-moss by scorching skies imbrown'd,
 The sunken glen, whose sunless shrubs must weep,
 The tender azure of the unruffled deep,
 The orange tints that gild the greenest bough,
 The torrents that from cliff to valley leap,
 The vine on high, the willow branch below,
 Mix'd in one mighty scene, with varied beauty glow.

XX.

Then slowly climb the many-winding way,
 And frequent turn to linger as you go,
 From loftier rocks new loveliness survey,
 And rest ye at our "Lady's house of woe;"
 Where frugal monks their little relics show,
 And sundry legends to the stranger tell:
 Here impious men have punish'd been, and lo!
 Deep in yon cave Honorius long did dwell,
 In hope to merit heaven by making earth a hell.

XXI.

And here and there, as up the crags you spring,
 Mark many rude-carved crosses near the path:
 Yet deem not these devotion's offering—
 These are memorials frail of murderous wrath:
 For wheresoe'er the shrieking victim hath
 Pour'd forth his blood beneath the assassin's knife,
 Some hand erects a cross of mouldering lath;
 And grove and glen with thousand such are rife
 Throughout this purple land, where law secures not life.⁸

XXII.

On sloping mounds, or in the vale beneath,
 Are domes where whilome kings did make repair;
 But now the wild flowers round them only breathe;
 Yet ruin'd splendour still is lingering there.
 And yonder towers the prince's palace fair:
 There thou too, Vathek! England's wealthiest son,⁹
 Once form'd thy paradise, as not aware,
 When wanton wealth her mightiest deeds hath done,
 Meek peace voluptuous lures was ever wont to shun.

XXIII.

Here didst thou dwell, here schemes of pleasure plan,
 Beneath yon mountain's ever-beauteous brow:
 But now, as if a thing unblest by man,
 Thy fairy dwelling is as lone as thou!
 Here giant weeds a passage scarce allow
 To halls deserted, portals gaping wide:
 Fresh lessons to the thinking bosom, how
 Vain are the pleasaunces on earth supplied;
 Swept into wrecks anon by time's ungentle tide!

XXIV.

Behold the hall where chiefs were late convened!¹⁰
 Oh! dome displeasing unto British eye!
 With diadem hight foolscap, lo! a fiend,
 A little fiend that scoffs incessantly,
 There sits in parchment robe array'd, and by
 His side is hung a seal and sable scroll,
 Where blazon'd glare names known to chivalry,
 And sundry signatures adorn the roll,
 Whereat the urchin points, and laughs with all his soul.¹¹

XXV.

Convention is the dwarfish demon styled
 That foil'd the knights in Marialva's dome:
 Of brains (if brains they had) he them beguiled,
 And turned a nation's shallow joy to gloom.
 Here folly dash'd to earth the victor's plume,
 And policy regain'd what arms had lost:
 For chiefs like ours in vain may laurels bloom!
 Woe to the conqu'ring, not the conquer'd host,
 Since baffled triumph droops on Lusitania's coast!

XXVI.

And ever since that martial synod met,
 Britannia sickens, Cintra! at thy name;
 And folks in office at the mention fret,
 And fain would blush, if blush they could, for shame.
 How will posterity the deed proclaim!
 Will not our own and fellow-nations sneer,
 To view these champions cheated of their fame,
 By foes in fight o'erthrown, yet victors here,
 Where Scorn her finger points through many a coming year?



XXVII.

So deem'd the Childe, as o'er the mountains he
 Did take his way in solitary guise :
 Sweet was the scene, yet soon he thought to flee,
 More restless than the swallow in the skies :
 Though here awhile he learn'd to moralise,
 For meditation fix'd at times on him ;
 And conscious reason whisper'd to despise
 His early youth, mispent in maddest whim ;
 But as he gazed on truth his aching eyes grew dim.

XXVIII.

To horse ! to horse ! he quits, for ever quits
 A scene of peace, though soothing to his soul :
 Again he rouses from his moping fits,
 But seeks not now the harlot and the bowl.
 Onward he flies, nor fix'd as yet the goal
 Where he shall rest him on his pilgrimage ;
 And o'er him many changing scenes must roll
 Ere toil his thirst for travel can assuage,
 Or he shall calm his breast, or learn experience sage.

XXIX.

Yet Mafra shall one moment claim delay,
 Where dwelt of yore the Lusians' luckless queen ;
 And church and court did mingle their array,
 And mass and revel were alternate seen ;
 Lordlings and freres—ill-sorted fry I ween !
 But here the Babylonian whore hath built¹³
 A dome, where flaunts she in such glorious sheen,
 That men forget the blood which she hath spilt,
 And bow the knee to pomp that loves to varnish guilt.

XXX.

O'er vales that teem with fruits, romantic hills,
 (Oh, that such hills upheld a freeborn race !)
 Whereon to gaze the eye with joyaunce fills,
 Childe Harold wends through many a pleasant place.
 Though sluggards deem it but a foolish chase,
 And marvel men should quit their easy chair,
 The toilsome way, and long, long league to trace,
 Oh ! there is sweetness in the mountain air,
 And life, that bloated ease can never hope to share.

XXXI.

More bleak to view the hills at length recede,
 And, less luxuriant, smoother vales extend :
 Immense horizon-bounded plains succeed !
 Far as the eye discerns, withouten end,
 Spain's realms appear, whereon her shepherds tend
 Flocks, whose rich fleece right well the trader knows—
 Now must the pastor's arm his lambs defend :
 For Spain is compass'd by unyielding foes,
 And all must shield their all, or share subjection's woes.

XXXII.

Where Lusitania and her sister meet,
 Deem ye what bounds the rival realms divide ?
 Or ere the jealous queens of nations greet,
 Doth Tayo interpose his mighty tide ?
 Or dark Sierras rise in craggy pride ?
 Or fence of art, like China's vasty wall?—
 Ne barrier wall, ne river deep and wide,
 Ne horrid crags, nor mountains dark and tall,
 Rise like the rocks that part Hispania's land from Gaul :

XXXIII.

But these between a silver streamlet glides,
 And scarce a name distinguisheth the brook,
 Though rival kingdoms press its verdant sides.
 Here leans the idle shepherd on his crook,
 And vacant on the rippling waves doth look,
 That peaceful still 'twixt bitterest foemen flow :
 For proud each peasant as the noblest duke :
 Well doth the Spanish hind the difference know
 'Twixt him and Lusian slave, the lowest of the low.¹⁵

XXXIV.

But, ere the mingling bounds have far been pass'd,
 Dark Guadiana rolls his power along
 In sullen billows, murmuring and vast,
 So noted ancient roundelays among.
 Whilome upon his banks did legions throng
 Of Moor and Knight, in mailed splendour drest :
 Here ceased the swift their race, here sunk the strong :
 The Paynim turban and the Christian crest
 Mix'd on the bleeding stream, by floating hosts oppress'd.

XXXV.

Oh, lovely Spain! renown'd, romantic land!
 Where is that standard which Pelagio bore,
 When Cava's traitor-sire first called the band
 That dyed thy mountain streams with Gothic gore?¹⁴
 Where are those bloody banners which of yore
 Waved o'er thy sons, victorious to the gale,
 And drove at last the spoilers to their shore?
 Red gleam'd the cross, and waned the crescent pale,
 While Afric's echoes thrill'd with Moorish matrons' wail.

XXXVI.

Teems not each ditty with the glorious tale?
 Ah! such, alas! the hero's amplest fate!
 When granite moulders and when records fail,
 A peasant's plaint prolongs his dubious date.
 Pride! bend thine eye from heaven to thine estate,
 See how the mighty shrink into a song!
 Can volume, pillar, pile preserve thee great?
 Or must thou trust tradition's simple tongue,
 When flattery sleeps with thee, and history does thee wrong?

XXXVII.

Awake, ye sons of Spain! awake! advance!
 Lo! Chivalry, your ancient goddess, cries,
 But wields not, as of old, her thirsty lance,
 Nor shakes her crimson plumage in the skies:
 Now on the smoke of blazing bolts she flies,
 And speaks in thunder through yon engine's roar:
 In every peal she calls—"Awake! arise!"
 Say, is her voice more feeble than of yore,
 When her war-song was heard on Andalusia's shore?

XXXVIII.

Hark!—heard you not those hoofs of dreadful note?
 Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath?
 Saw ye not whom the reeking sabre smote;
 Nor saved your brethren ere they sank beneath
 Tyrants and tyrants' slaves?—the fires of death,
 The bale-fires flash on high:—from rock to rock
 Each volley tells that thousands cease to breathe;
 Death rides upon the sulphury siroc,
 Red battle stamps his foot, and nations feel the shock.

XXXIX.

Lo! where the giant on the mountain stands,
 His blood-red tresses deep'ning in the sun,
 With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,
 And eye that scorcheth all it glares upon;
 Restless it rolls, now fix'd, and now anon
 Flashing afar,—and at his iron feet
 Destruction cowers to mark what deeds are done;
 For on this morn three potent nations meet,
 To shed before his shrine the blood he deems most sweet.

XL.

By heaven! it is a splendid sight to see
 (For one who hath no friend, no brother there)
 Their rival scarfs of mix'd embroidery,
 Their various arms that glitter in the air!
 What gallant war-hounds rouse them from their lair,
 And gnash their fangs, loud yelling for the prey!
 All join the chase, but few the triumph share;
 The grave shall bear the chiefest prize away,
 And havock scarce for joy can number their array.

XLI.

Three hosts combine to offer sacrifice;
 Three tongues prefer strange orisons on high;
 Three gaudy standards flout the pale blue skies;
 The shouts are France, Spain, Albion, Victory!
 The foe, the victim, and the fond ally
 That fights for all, but ever fights in vain,
 Are met—as if at home they could not die—
 To feed the crow on Talavera's plain,
 And fertilize the field that each pretends to gain.¹⁵

XLII.

There shall they rot—ambition's honour'd fools!
 Yes, honour decks the turf that wraps their clay!
 Vain sophistry! in these behold the tools,
 The broken tools, that tyrants cast away
 By myriads, when they dare to pave their way
 With human hearts—to what?—a dream alone.
 Can despots compass aught that hails their sway?
 Or call with truth one span of earth their own,
 Save that wherein at last they crumble bone by bone?

XLIII.

Oh, Albuera ! glorious field of grief !
 As o'er thy plain the pilgrim prick'd his steed,
 Who could foresee thee, in a space so brief,
 A scene where mingling foes should boast and bleed !
 Peace to the perish'd ! may the warrior's meed
 And tears of triumph their reward prolong !
 Till others fall where other chieftains lead,
 Thy name shall circle round the gaping throng,
 And shine in worthless lays, the theme of transient song !

XLIV.

Enough of battle's minions ! let them play
 Their game of lives, and barter breath for fame :
 Fame that will scarce reanimate their clay,
 Though thousands fall to deck some single name.
 In sooth 't were sad to thwart their noble aim
 Who strike, blest hirelings ! for their country's good,
 And die, that living might have proved her shame ;
 Perish'd, perchance, in some domestic feud,
 Or in a narrower sphere wild rapine's path pursued.

XLV.

Full swiftly Harold wends his lonely way
 Where proud Sevilla triumphs unsubdued :
 Yet is she free—the spoiler's wished—for prey !
 Soon, soon shall conquest's fiery foot intrude,
 Blackening her lovely domes with traces rude.
 Inevitable hour ! 'gainst fate to strive,
 Where desolation plants her famished brood,
 Is vain, or Ilion, Tyre might yet survive,
 And virtue vanquish all, and murder cease to thrive.

XLVI.

But all unconscious of the coming doom,
 The feast, the song, the revel here abounds ;
 Strange modes of merriment the hours consume,
 Nor bleed these patriots with their country's wounds :
 Not here war's clarion, but love's rebeck¹⁶ sounds ;
 Here folly still his votaries enthralls ;
 And young-eyed lewdness walks her midnight rounds :
 Girt with the silent crimes of capitals,
 Still to the last kind vice clings to the tott'ring walls.

XLVII.

Not so the rustic—with his trembling mate
 He lurks, nor casts his heavy eye afar,
 Lest he should view his vineyard desolate,
 Blasted below the dun hot breath of war.
 No more beneath soft eve's consenting star
 Fandango twirls his jocund castanet :
 Ah, monarchs ! could ye taste the mirth ye mar,
 Not in the toils of glory would ye fret ;
 The hoarse dull drum would sleep, and man be happy yet.

XLVIII.

How carols now the lusty muleteer ?
 Of love, romance, devotion, in his lay,
 As whilome he was wont the leagues to cheer,
 His quick bells wildly jingling on the way ?
 No ! as he speeds, he chaunts :—“ Viva el Rey ! ”¹⁷
 And checks his song to execrate Godoy,
 The royal wittol Charles, and curse the day
 When first Spain's queen beheld the black-eyed boy,
 And gore-faced treason sprung from her adulterate joy.

XLIX.

On yon long, level plain, at distance crown'd
 With crags, whereon those Moorish turrets rest,
 Wide-scatter'd hoof-marks dint the wounded ground ;
 And, scathed by fire, the green sward's darken'd vest
 Tells that the foe was Andalusia's guest :
 Here was the camp, the watch-flame, and the host,
 Here the bold peasant storm'd the dragon's nest ;
 Still does he mark it with triumphant boast,
 And points to yonder cliffs, which oft were won and lost.

L.

And whomso'er along the path you meet
 Bears in his cap the badge of crimson hue,
 Which tells you whom to shun and whom to greet :¹⁸
 Woe to the man that walks in public view
 Without of loyalty this token true :
 Sharp is the knife, and sudden is the stroke ;
 And sorely would the Gallic foeman rue,
 If subtle poniards, wrapt beneath the cloak,
 Could blunt the sabre's edge, or clear the cannon's smoke.

LI.

At every turn Morena's dusky height
 Sustains aloft the battery's iron load ;
 And, far as mortal eye can compass sight,
 The mountain-howitzer, the broken road,
 The bristling palisade, the fosse o'erflow'd,
 The station'd bands, the never-vacant watch,
 The magazine in rocky durance stow'd,
 The holster'd steed beneath the shed of thatch,
 The ball-piled pyramid, the ever-blazing match,¹⁹

LII.

Portend the deeds to come :—but he whose nod
 Has tumbled feebler despots from their sway,
 A moment pauseth ere he lifts the rod ;
 A little moment deigneth to delay :
 Soon will his legions sweep through these their way ;
 The West must own the scourger of the world.
 Ah, Spain ! how sad will be thy reckoning-day,
 When soars Gaul's vulture, with his wings unfurl'd,
 And thou shalt view thy sons in crowds to Hades hurl'd !

LIII.

And must they fall ? the young, the proud, the brave,
 To swell one bloated chief's unwholesome reign ?
 No step between submission and a grave ?
 The rise of rapine and the fall of Spain ?
 And doth the power that man adores ordain
 Their doom, nor heed the suppliant's appeal ?
 Is all that desperate valour acts in vain ?
 And counsel sage, and patriotic zeal,
 The veteran's skill, youth's fire, and manhood's heart of steel ?

LIV.

Is it for this the Spanish maid, aroused,
 Hangs on the willow her unstrung guitar,
 And, all unsex'd, the anlace hath espoused,
 Sung the loud song, and dared the deed of war ?
 And she, whom once the semblance of a scar
 Appall'd, an owlet's larum chill'd with dread,
 Now views the column-scattering bay'net jar,
 The falchion flash, and o'er the yet warm dead
 Stalks with Minerva's step where Mars might quake to tread.

LV.

Ye who shall marvel when you hear her tale,
 Oh! had you known her in her softer hour,
 Mark'd her black eye that mocks her coal-black veil,
 Heard her light, lively tones in lady's bower,
 Seen her long locks that foil the painter's power,
 Her fairy form, with more than female grace,
 Scarce would you deem that Saragoza's tower
 Beheld her smile in danger's Gorgon face,
 Thin the closed ranks, and lead in glory's fearful chase.

LVI.

Her lover sinks—she sheds no ill-timed tear;
 Her chief is slain—she fills his fatal post;
 Her fellows flee—she checks their base career;
 The foe retires—she heads the sallying host:
 Who can appease like her a lover's ghost?
 Who can avenge so well a leader's fall?
 What maid retrieve when man's flush'd hope is lost?
 Who hang so fiercely on the flying Gaul,
 Foil'd by a woman's hand, before a batter'd wall? ²⁰

LVII.

Yet are Spain's maids no race of Amazons,
 But form'd for all the witching arts of love;
 Though thus in arms they emulate her sons,
 And in the horrid phalanx dare to move,
 'T is but the tender fierceness of the dove,
 Pecking the hand that hovers o'er her mate:
 In softness as in firmness far above
 Remoter females, famed for sickening prate;
 Her mind is nobler sure, her charms perchance as great.

LVIII.

The seal love's dimpling finger hath impress'd
 Denotes how soft that chin which bears his touch: ²¹
 Her lips, whose kisses pout to leave their nest,
 Bid man be valiant ere he merit such:
 Her glance how wildly beautiful! how much
 Hath Phœbus woo'd in vain to spoil her cheek,
 Which glows yet smoother from his amorous clutch!
 Who round the north for paler dames would seek?
 How poor their forms appear! how languid, wan, and weak!

LIX.

Match me, ye climes! which poets love to laud;
 Match me, ye harems of the land! where now²³
 I strike my strain, far distant, to applaud
 Beauties that ev'n a cynic must avow;
 Match me those houries, whom ye scarce allow
 To taste the gale lest love should ride the wind,
 With Spain's dark-glancing daughters—deign to know,
 There your wise prophet's paradise we find,
 His black-eyed maids of heaven, angelically kind.

LX.

Oh, thou Parnassus!²⁵ whom I now survey,
 Not in the phrenzy of a dreamer's eye,
 Not in the fabled landscape of a lay,
 But soaring snow-clad through thy native sky,
 In the wild pomp of mountain majesty!
 What marvel if I thus essay to sing?
 The humblest of thy pilgrims passing by
 Would gladly woo thine echoes with his string,
 Though from thy heights no more one muse will wave her wing.

LXI.

Oft have I dream'd of thee! whose glorious name
 Who knows not, knows not man's divinest lore:
 And now I view thee, 't is, alas! with shame
 That I in feeblest accents must adore.
 When I recount thy worshippers of yore
 I tremble, and can only bend the knee;
 Nor raise my voice, nor vainly dare to soar,
 But gaze beneath thy cloudy canopy
 In silent joy to think at last I look on thee!

LXII.

Happier in this than mightiest bards have been,
 Whose fate to distant homes confined their lot,
 Shall I unmoved behold the hallow'd scene,
 Which others rave of, though they know it not?
 Though here no more Apollo haunts his grot,
 And thou, the Muses' seat, art now their grave,
 Some gentle spirit still pervades the spot,
 Sighs in the gale, keeps silence in the cave,
 And glides with glassy foot o'er yon melodious wave.

LXIII.

Of thee hereafter.—Ev'n amidst my strain
 I turn'd aside to pay my homage here;
 Forgot the land, the sons, the maids of Spain;
 Her fate, to every freeborn bosom dear,
 And hail'd thee, not perchance without a tear.
 Now to my theme—but from thy holy haunt
 Let me some remnant, some memorial bear;
 Yield me one leaf of Daphne's deathless plant,
 Nor let thy votary's hope be deem'd an idle vaunt.

LXIV.

But ne'er didst thou, fair mount! when Greece was young,
 See round thy giant base a brighter choir,
 Nor e'er did Delphi, when her priestess sung
 The Pythian hymn with more than mortal fire,
 Behold a train more fitting to inspire
 The song of love, than Andalusia's maids,
 Nurst in the glowing lap of soft desire;
 Ah! that to these were given such peaceful shades
 As Greece can still bestow, though glory fly her glades.

LXV.

Fair is proud Seville; let her country boast
 Her strength, her wealth, her site of ancient days;²⁴
 But Cadiz, rising on the distant coast,
 Calls forth a sweeter, though ignoble praise.
 Ah, vice! how soft are thy voluptuous ways!
 While boyish blood is mantling, who can 'scape
 The fascination of thy magic gaze?
 A cherub-hydra round us dost thou gape,
 And mould to every taste thy dear delusive shape.

LXVI.

When Paphos fell by time—accursed Time!
 The queen who conquers all must yield to thee—
 The Pleasures fled, but sought as warm a clime;
 And Venus, constant to her native sea,
 To nought else constant, hither deign'd to flee;
 And fix'd her shrine within these walls of white:
 Though not to one dome circumscribeth she
 Her worship, but, devoted to her rite,
 A thousand altars rise, for ever blazing bright.

LXVII.

From morn till night, from night till startled morn
 Peeps blushing on the revel's laughing crew,
 The song is heard, the rosy garland worn,
 Devices quaint and frolics ever new,
 Tread on each other's kibes. A long adieu
 He bids to sober joy that here sojourns :
 Nought interrupts the riot, though in lieu
 Of true devotion monkish incense burns,
 And love and prayer unite, or rule the hour by turns.

LXVIII.

The sabbath comes, a day of blessed rest ;
 What hallows it upon this Christian shore ?
 Lo ! it is sacred to a solemn feast :
 Hark ! heard you not the forest-monarch's roar !
 Crashing the lance, he snuffs the spouting gore
 Of man and steed, o'erthrown beneath his horn ;
 The throng'd arena shakes with shouts for more ;
 Yells the mad crowd o'er entrails freshly torn,
 Nor shrinks the female eye, nor ev'n affects to mourn.

LXIX.

The seventh day this ; the jubilee of man.
 London ! right well thou know'st the day of prayer :
 Then thy spruce citizen, wash'd artisan,
 And smug apprentice, gulp their weekly air :
 Thy coach of hackney, whiskey, one-horse chair,
 And humblest gig, through sundry suburbs whirl,
 To Hampstead, Brentford, Harrow, make repair ;
 Till the tired jade the wheel forgets to hurl,
 Provoking envious gibe from each pedestrian churl.

LXX.

Some o'er thy Thamis row the ribbon'd fair,
 Others along the safer turnpike fly ;
 Some Richmond-hill ascend, some scud to Ware,
 And many to the steep of Highgate hie.
 Ask ye, Bœotian shades ! the reason why ?⁵⁵
 'T is to the worship of the solemn horn,
 Grasp'd in the holy hand of mystery,
 In whose dread name both men and maids are sworn,
 And consecrate the oath with draught and dance till morn.⁵⁶

LXXI.

All have their fooleries—not alike are thine,
 Fair Cadiz, rising o'er the dark blue sea!
 Soon as the matin bell proclaimeth nine,
 Thy saint adorers count the rosary:
 Much is the Virgin teased to shrive them free
 (Well do I ween the only virgin there)
 From crimes as numerous as her beadsmen be;
 Then to the crowded circus forth they fare:
 Young, old, high, low, at once the same diversion share.

LXXII.

The lists are oped, the spacious area clear'd,
 Thousands on thousands piled are seated round;
 Long ere the first loud trumpet's note is heard,
 Ne vacant space for lated wight is found:
 Here dons, grandees, but chiefly dames abound,
 Skill'd in the ogle of a roguish eye,
 Yet ever well inclined to heal the wound;
 None through their cold disdain are doom'd to die,
 As moon-struck bards complain, by love's sad archery.

LXXIII.

Hush'd is the din of tongues—on gallant steeds,
 With milk-white crest, gold spur, and light-pois'd lance,
 Four cavaliers prepare for venturous deeds,
 And lowly bending to the lists advance;
 Rich are their scarfs, their chargers featly prance:
 If in the dangerous game they shine to-day,
 The crowd's loud shout and ladies' lovely glance,
 Best prize of better acts, they bear away,
 And all that kings or chiefs e'er gain their toils repay.

LXXIV.

In costly sheen and gaudy cloak array'd,
 But all a-foot, the light-limb'd Matadore
 Stands in the centre, eager to invade
 The lord of lowing herds; but not before
 The ground with cautious tread is traversed o'er,
 Lest aught unseen should lurk to thwart his speed:
 His arms a dart, he fights aloof, nor more
 Can man achieve without the friendly steed,
 Alas! too oft condem'd for him to bear and bleed.

LXXV.

Thrice sounds the clarion ; lo ! the signal falls,
 The den expands, and expectation mute
 Gapes round the silent circle's peopled walls.
 Bounds with one lashing spring the mighty brute,
 And, wildly staring, spurns, with sounding foot,
 The sand, nor blindly rushes on his foe :
 Here, there, he points his threatening front, to suit
 His first attack, wide waving to and fro
 His angry tail ; red rolls his eye's dilated glow.

LXXVI.

Sudden he stops ; his eye is fix'd ; away,
 Away, thou heedless boy ! prepare the spear :
 Now is thy time, to perish, or display
 The skill that yet may check his mad career.
 With well-timed croupe the nimble coursers veer ;
 On foams the bull, but not unscathed he goes ;
 Streams from his flank the crimson torrent clear ;
 He flies, he wheels, distracted with his throes ;
 Dart follows dart ; lance, lance ; loud bellowings speak his woes.

LXXVII.

Again he comes ; nor dart nor lance avail,
 Nor the wild plunging of the tortured horse ;
 Though man and man's avenging arms assail,
 Vain are his weapons, vainer is his force.
 One gallant steed is stretch'd a mangled corse ;
 Another, hideous sight ! unseam'd appears,
 His gory chest unveils life's panting source,
 Though death-struck still his feeble frame he rears,
 Staggering, but stemming all, his lord unharm'd he bears.

LXXVIII.

Foil'd, bleeding, breathless, furious to the last,
 Full in the centre stands the bull at bay,
 'Mid wounds, and clinging darts, and lances brast,
 And foes disabled in the brutal fray :
 And now the Matadores around him play,
 Shake the red cloak, and poise the ready brand :
 Once more through all he bursts his thundering way—
 Vain rage ! the mantle quits the conynge hand,
 Wraps his fierce eye—'t is past—he sinks upon the sand !

LXXIX.

Where his vast neck just mingles with the spine,
 Sheathed in his form the deadly weapon lies.
 He stops—he starts—disdaining to decline ;
 Slowly he falls, amidst triumphant cries,
 Without a groan, without a struggle, dies.
 The decorated car appears—on high
 The corse is piled—sweet sight for vulgar eyes—
 Four steeds that spurn the rein, as swift as shy,
 Hurl the dark bulk along, scarce seen in dashing by.

LXXX.

Such the ungentle sport that oft invites
 The Spanish maid, and cheers the Spanish swain.
 Nurtured in blood betimes, his heart delights
 In vengeance, gloating on another's pain.
 What private feuds the troubled village stain!
 Though now one phalanx'd host should meet the foe,
 Enough, alas! in humble homes remain,
 To meditate 'gainst friends the secret blow,
 For some slight cause of wrath, whence life's warm stream must flow.

LXXXI.

But jealousy has fled ; his bars, his bolts,
 His wither'd sentinel, duenna sage!
 And all whereat the generous soul revolts,
 Which the stern dotard deem'd he could engage,
 Have pass'd to darkness with the vanish'd age.
 Who late so free as Spanish girls were seen
 (Ere war uprose in his volcanic rage),
 With braided tresses bounding o'er the green,
 While on the gay dance shone night's lover-loving queen?

LXXXII.

Oh! many a time and oft had Harold loved,
 Or dream'd he loved, since rapture is a dream ;
 But now his wayward bosom was unmoved,
 For not yet had he drunk of Lethe's stream ;
 And lately had he learn'd with truth to deem
 Love has no gift so grateful as his wings :
 How fair, how young, how soft soe'er he seem,
 Full from the fount of joy's delicious springs
 Some bitter o'er the flowers its bubbling venom flings.²⁷

LXXXIII.

Yet to the beauteous form he was not blind,
 Though now it moved him as it moves the wise;
 Not that philosophy on such a mind
 E'er deign'd to bend her chastely-awful eyes:
 But passion raves itself to rest, or flies;
 And vice, that digs her own voluptuous tomb,
 Had buried long his hopes, no more to raise:
 Pleasure's pall'd victim! life-aborring gloom
 Wrote on his faded brow cursed Cain's unresting doom.

LXXXIV.

Still he beheld, nor mingled with the throng;
 But view'd them not with misanthropic hate:
 Fain would he now have join'd the dance, the song;
 But who may smile that sinks beneath his fate?
 Nought that he saw his sadness could abate:
 Yet once he struggled 'gainst the demon's sway,
 And as in beauty's bower he pensive sate,
 Pour'd forth this unpremeditated lay,
 To charms as fair as those that soothed his happier day.

To Inez.

1.

Nay, smile not at my sullen brow,
 Alas! I cannot smile again;
 Yet Heaven avert that ever thou
 Shouldst weep, and haply weep in vain.

2.

And dost thou ask, what secret woe
 I bear, corroding joy and youth?
 And wilt thou vainly seek to know
 A pang, ev'n thou must fail to soothe!

3.

It is not love, it is not hate,
 Nor low ambition's honours lost,
 That bids me loathe my present state,
 And fly from all I prized the most;

4.

It is that weariness which springs
 From all I meet, or hear, or see ;
 To me no pleasure beauty brings ;
 Thine eyes have scarce a charm for me.

5

It is that settled, ceaseless gloom
 The fabled Hebrew wanderer bore ;
 That will not look beyond the tomb,
 But cannot hope for rest before.

6.

What exile from himself can flee ?
 To zones, though more and more remote,
 Still, still pursues, where'er I be,
 The blight of life—the demon thought.

7.

Yet others rapt in pleasure seem,
 And taste of all that I forsake ;
 Oh ! may they still of transport dream,
 And ne'er, at least like me, awake !

8.

Through many a clime 't is mine to go,
 With many a retrospection curst ;
 And all my solace is to know,
 Whate'er betides, I've known the worst.

9.

What is that worst ? Nay do not ask—
 In pity from the search forbear :
 Smile on—nor venture to unmask
 Man's heart, and view the hell that's there.³

LXXXV.

Adieu, fair Cadiz ! yea, a long adieu !
 Who may forget how well thy walls have stood !
 When all were changing thou alone wert true,
 First to be free, and last to be subdued :
 And if amidst a scene, a shock so rude,
 Some native blood was seen thy streets to dye ;
 A traitor only fell beneath the feud :²⁹
 Here all were noble, save nobility ;
 None hugg'd a conqueror's chain, save fallen chivalry !

LXXXVI.

Such be the sons of Spain, and, strange her fate!
 They fight for freedom who were never free;
 A kingless people for a nerveless state,
 Her vassals combat when their chieftains flee,
 True to the veriest slaves of treachery:
 Fond of a land which gave them nought but life,
 Pride points the path that leads to liberty;
 Back to the struggle, baffled in the strife,
 War, war is still the cry, "war even to the knife!"⁵⁰

LXXXVII.

Ye who would more of Spain and Spaniards know,
 Go, read whate'er is writ of bloodiest strife:
 Whate'er keen vengeance urged on foreign foe
 Can act, is acting there against man's life:
 From flashing scimitar to secret knife,
 War mouldeth there each weapon to his need—
 So may he guard the sister and the wife,
 So may he make each curst oppressor bleed,
 So may such foes deserve the most remorseless deed!⁵¹

LXXXVIII.

Flows there a tear of pity for the dead?
 Look o'er the ravage of the reeking plain;
 Look on the hands with female slaughter red;
 Then to the dogs resign the unburied slain,
 Then to the vulture let each corpse remain;
 Albeit unworthy of the prey-bird's maw,
 Let their bleach'd bones, and blood's unbleaching stain,
 Long mark the battle-field with hideous awe:
 Thus only may our sons conceive the scenes we saw!⁵²

LXXXIX.

Nor yet, alas! the dreadful work is done,
 Fresh legions pour adown the Pyrenees;
 It deepens still, the work is scarce begun,
 Nor mortal eye the distant end foresees.
 Fall'n nations gaze on Spain; if freed, she frees
 More than her fell Pizarros once enchain'd:
 Strange retribution! now Columbia's ease
 Repairs the wrongs that Quito's sons sustain'd,
 While o'er the parent clime prowls murder unrestrain'd

XC.

Not all the blood at Talavera shed,
 Not all the marvels of Barossa's fight,
 Not Albuera, lavish of the dead,
 Have won for Spain her well asserted right.
 When shall her olive-branch be free from blight?
 When shall she breathe her from the blushing toil?
 How many a doubtful day shall sink in night,
 Ere the Frank robber turn him from his spoil,
 And freedom's stranger-tree grow native of the soil!

XCI.

And thou, my friend!^{5a}—since unavailing woe
 Bursts from my heart, and mingles with the strain—
 Had the sword laid thee with the mighty low,
 Pride might forbid e'en friendship to complain:
 But thus unlaurell'd, to descend in vain,
 By all forgotten, save the lonely breast,
 And mix unbleeding with the boasted slain,
 While glory crowns so many a meaner crest!
 What hadst thou done, to sink so peacefully to rest?

XCII.

Oh, known the earliest, and esteem'd the most!
 Dear to a heart where nought was left so dear!
 Though to my hopeless days for ever lost,
 In dreams deny me not to see thee here!
 And morn in secret shall renew the tear
 Of consciousness awaking to her woes,
 And fancy hover o'er thy bloodless bier,
 Till my frail frame return to whence it rose,
 And mourn'd and mourner lie united in repose.

XCIII.

Here is one fytte of Harold's pilgrimage:
 He who of him may further seek to know,
 Shall find some tidings in a future page,
 If he that rhymeth now may scribble mœe.
 Is this too much? stern critic! say not so:
 Patience! and ye shall hear what he beheld
 In other lands, where he was doom'd to go:
 Lands that contain the monuments of Eld,
 Ere Greece and Grecian arts by barbarous hands were quell'd.

NOTES TO CANTO I.

Note 1. Stanza i.

Yes ! sigh'd o'er Delphi's long-deserted shrine.

The little village of Castri stands partly on the site of Delphi. Along the path of the mountain, from Chryso, are the remains of sepulchres hewn in and from the rock. "One," said the guide, "of a king who broke his neck hunting." His majesty had certainly chosen the fittest spot for such an achievement. A little above Castri is a cave, supposed the Pythian, of immense depth; the upper part of it is paved, and now a cow-house. On the other side of Castri stands a Greek monastery; some way above which is the cleft in the rock, with a range of caverns difficult of ascent, and apparently leading to the interior of the mountain; probably to the Corycian Cavern mentioned by Pausanias. From this part descend the fountain and the "Dews of Castalie."

Note 2. "Good Night." Stanza iii.

Come hither, hither, my little page!

This "little page" was Robert Rushton, the son of one of Lord Byron's tenants.—E.

Note 3. "Good Night." Stanza v.

Here follows in the original MS.—

"My Mother is a high-born dame,
And much misliketh me;
She saith my riot bringeth shame
On all my ancestry;
I had a sister once I ween,
Whose tears perhaps will flow;
But ner fair face I have not seen
For three long years and moe."—E.

Note 4. "Good Night." Stanza vi.

Come hither, hither, my staunch yeoman!

William Fletcher, the faithful valet;—who, after a service of twenty years, received the *Pilgrim's* last words at Missolonghi, and did not quit his remains until he had seen them deposited in the family vault at Hucknall.—E.

Note 5. "Good Night." Stanza ix.

Here follows in the original MS. :—

"Methinks it would my bosom glad,
To change my proud estate,
And be again a laughing lad
With one beloved playmate.
Since youth I scarce have pass'd an hour
Without disgust or pain,
Except sometimes in Lady's bower,
Or when the bowl I drain."—E.

Note 6. "Good Night." Stanza x.

Originally, the "little page" and the "yeoman" were introduced in the following stanzas :—

"And of his train there was a henchman page,
A peasant boy, who served his master well;
And often would his pranksome prate engage
Childe Harold's ear, when his proud heart did swe.

With sable thoughts that he disdain'd to tell,
Then would he smile on him, and Alwin smiled,
When aught that from his young lips archly fell
The gloomy film from Harold's eye beguiled;
And pleased for a glimpse appeared the woeful Childe.

Him and one yeoman only did he take
To travel eastward to a far countrie;
And, though the boy was grieved to leave the lake
On whose fair banks he grew from infancy,
Eftsoons his little heart beat merrily
With hope of foreign nations to behold,
And many things right marvellous to see,
Of which our vaunting voyagers oft have told,
In many a tome as true as Mandeville's of old."—E.

Note 7. Stanza xx.

And rest ye at "our Lady's house of woe.

The convent of "Our Lady of Punishment," *Nossa Senhora de Pena*,* on the summit of the rock. Below, at some distance, is the Cork Convent, where St. Honorius dug his den, over which is his epitaph. From the hills, the sea adds to the beauty of the view.

Note 8. Stanza xxi.

Throughout this purple land, where law secures not life.

It is a well-known fact, that in the year 1809, the assassinations in the streets of Lisbon and its vicinity were not confined by the Portuguese to their countrymen, but that Englishmen were daily butchered: and, so far from redress being obtained, we were requested not to interfere if we perceived any compatriot defending himself against his allies. I was once stopped in the way to the theatre at eight o'clock in the evening, when the streets were not more empty than they generally are at that hour, opposite to an open shop, and in a carriage with a friend; had we not fortunately been armed, I have not the least doubt that we should have adorned a tale, instead of telling one. The crime of assassination is not confined to Portugal: in Sicily and Malta we are knocked on the head at a handsome average nightly, and not a Sicilian or Maltese is ever punished!

Note 9. Stanza xxii.

W. Beckford, Esq., son of the once celebrated alderman and heir to his enormous wealth, published, at the early age of eighteen, "Memoirs of extraordinary Painters," and in the year after, the "Caliph Vathek," "one of the tales," says Byron, "I had a very early admiration of." After sitting for Hindon in several Parliaments, this gifted person was induced to fix, for a time, his residence in Portugal, where the memory of his magnificence was fresh at the period of Lord Byron's pilgrimage.—E.

Note 10. Stanza xxiv.

Behold the hall where chiefs were late convened!

The convention of Cintra was signed in the palace of the Marchese Marialva. ["The armistice, the negotiation, the convention itself, and the execution of its provisions were all commenced, conducted, and concluded, at the distance of thirty miles from Cintra, with which place they had not the slightest connection, political, military, or local." COL. NAPIER'S *History of the Peninsular war.*]

Note II. Stanza xxiv.

Whereat the urchin points, and laughs with all his soul.

The passage stood differently in the original MS. Some verses which the poet

* Since the publication of this poem, I have been informed of the misapprehension of the term *Nossa Senora de Pena*. It was owing to the want of the *tilde*, or mark over the *n*, which alters the signification of the word: with it, *Pena* signifies a rock; without it, *Pena* has the sense I adopted. "I do not think it necessary to alter the passage, as, though the common acceptation affixed to it is "our Lady of the Rock," I may well assume the other sense from the severities practised there. *Note to 2d Edition.*

omitted at the entreaty of his friends, can *now* offend no one, and may perhaps amuse many :—

In golden characters right well design'd,
First on the list appeareth one "Junot;"
Then certain other glorious names we find,
Which rhyme compelleth me to place below :
Dull victors ! baffled by a vanquish'd foe,
Wheeled by conyng tongues of laurels due,
Stand, worthy of each other, in a row—
Sir Arthur, Harry, and the dizzard Hew
Dalrymple, seely wight, sore dupe of t' other tew.

Convention is the dwarfish demon styled
That foil'd the knights in Marialva's dome :
Of brains (if brains they had) he them beguiled,
And turn'd a nation's shallow joy to gloom.
For well I wot, when first the news did come,
That Vimiera's field by Gaul was lost,
For paragraph ne paper scarce had room,
Such Pæans teemed for our triumphant host,
In Courier, Chronicle, and eke in Morning Post :

But when Convention sent his handy-work,
Pens, tongues, feet, hands, combined in wild uproar ;
Mayor, aldermen, laid down the uplifted fork ;
The Bench of Bishops half forgot to snore ;
Stern Cobbett, who for one whole week forbore
To question aught, once more with transport leapt,
And bit his devilish quill agen, and swore
With foe such treaty never should be kept,
Then burst the blatant * beast, and roar'd, and raged, and—slept !

Thus unto Heaven appeal'd the people ; Heaven,
Which loves the lieges of our gracious King,
Decreed that ere our generals were forgiven,
Inquiry should be held about the thing.
But Mercy cloak'd the babes beneath her wing,
And as they spared our foes, so spared we them.
(Where was the pity of our sires for Byng !) †
Yet knaves, not idiots, should the law condemn.
Then live ye, triumph, gallant knights ! and bless your judges' phlegm.

Note 12. Stanza xxix.

But here the Babylonian whore hath built.

The extent of Mafra is prodigious ; it contains a palace, convent, and most superb church. The six organs are the most beautiful I ever beheld in point of decoration ; we did not hear them, but were told that their tones were correspondent to their splendour. Mafra is termed the Escorial of Portugal.

Note 13. Stanza xxxiii.

Well doth the Spanish hind the difference know
*Twixt him and Lusian slave, the lowest of the low.

As I found the Portuguese, so I have characterised them. That they are since improved, at least in courage, is evident. The late exploits of Lord Wellington have effaced the follies of Cintra. He has, indeed, done wonders : he has, perhaps, changed the character of a nation, reconciled rival superstitions, and baffled an enemy who never retreated before his predecessors.—1812.

Note 14. Stanza xxxv.

When Cava's traitor-sire first call'd the band
That dyed thy mountain streams with Gothic gore †

Count Julian's daughter, the Helen of Spain. Pelagius preserved his independence in the fastnesses of the Asturias, and the descendants of his followers, after some centuries, completed their struggle by the conquest of Grenada.

* "Blatant beast"—a figure for the mob, I think first used by Smollett in his "Adventures of an Atom." Horace has the "bellua multorum caputum :—" in England fortunately enough, the illustrious mobility have not even one.

† By this query it is not meant that our foolish Generals should have been shot, but that Byng might have been spared ; though the one suffered and the others escaped, probably for Candide's reason, "pour encourager les autres."

Note 15. Stanza xli.

We think it right to restore here a note which Lord Byron himself suppressed with reluctance, at the urgent request of a friend. It alludes, *inter alia*, to the then recent publication of Sir Walter Scott's *Vision of Don Roderick*, of which work the profits had been handsomely given to the cause of Portuguese patriotism:—"We have heard wonders of the Portuguese lately, and their gallantry. Pray Heaven it continue; yet 'would it were bed-time, Hal, and all were well!' They must fight a great many hours, by 'Shrewsbury clock,' before the number of their slain equals that of our countrymen butchered by these kind creatures, now metamorphosed into 'caçadores,' and what not. I merely state a fact, not confined to Portugal; for in Sicily and Malta we are knocked on the head at a handsome average nightly, and not a Sicilian and Maltese is ever punished! The neglect of protection is disgraceful to our government and governors; for the murders are as notorious as the moon that shines upon them, and the apathy that overlooks them. The Portuguese, it is to be hoped, are complimented with the 'Forlorn Hope,'—if the cowards are become brave (like the rest of their kind, in a corner), pray let them display it. But there is a subscription for these 'θρασύ-δειλοί' (they need not be ashamed of the epithet once applied to the Spartans); and all the charitable patronymics, from ostentatious A. to diffident Z., and £1:1:0 from 'An admirer of Valour,' are in requisition for the lists at Lloyd's and the honour of British benevolence. Well! we have fought, and subscribed, and bestowed peerages, and buried the killed by our friends and foes; and, lo! all this is to be done over again! Like Lien Chi (in Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World*), as we 'grow older, we grow never the better.' It would be pleasant to learn who will subscribe for us, in or about the year 1815, and what nation will send fifty thousand men, first to be decimated in the capital, and then decimated again (in the Irish fashion, *nine out of ten*), in the 'bed of honour;' which, as Sergeant Kite says, is considerably larger and more commodious than 'the bed of Ware.' Then they must have a poet to write the '*Vision of Don Perceval*,' and generously bestow the profits of the well and widely printed quarto, to rebuild the 'Backwynd' and the 'Canongate,' or furnish new kilts for the half-roasted Highlanders. Lord Wellington, however, has enacted marvels; and so did his Oriental brother, whom I saw chariofeering over the French flag, and heard clipping bad Spanish, after listening to the speech of a patriotic cobbler of Cadiz, on the event of his own entry into that city, and the exit of some five thousand bold Britons out of this 'best of all possible worlds.' Sorely were we puzzled how to dispose of that same victory of Talavera; and a victory it surely was somewhere, for every body claimed it. The Spanish despatch and mob called it Cuesta's, and made no great mention of the Viscount; the French called it theirs (to my great discomfiture,—for a French consul stopped my mouth in Greece with a pestilent Paris gazette, just as I had killed Sebastiani, 'in buckram,' and King Joseph, 'in Kendal green'),—and we have not yet determined *what* to call it, or *whose*; for, certes, it was none of our own. Howbeit, Massena's retreat is a great comfort; and as we have not been in the habit of pursuing for some years past, no wonder we are a little awkward at first. No doubt we shall improve; or, if not, we have only to take to our old way of retrograding, and there we are at home."—E.

Note 16. Stanza xlvi.

Not here war's clarion, but love's rebeck sounds.

A kind of fiddle, with only two strings, played on by a bow, said to have been brought by the Moors into Spain.—E.

Note 17. Stanza xlviii.

No! as he speeds, he chaunts:—"Vivâ el Rey!"

"Vivâ el Rey Fernando!"—Long live King Ferdinand! is the chorus of most of the Spanish patriotic songs; they are chiefly in dispraise of the old King Charles, the Queen, and the Prince of Peace. I have heard many of them; some of the airs are beautiful. Godoy, the *Principe de la Paz*, was born at Badajoz, on the frontiers of Portugal, and was originally in the ranks of the Spanish Guards, till

his person attracted the Queen's eyes, and raised him to the dukedom of Alcudia, &c. &c. It is to this man that the Spaniards universally impute the ruin of their country.

Note 18. Stanza l.

Bears in his cap the badge of crimson hue,
Which tells you whom to shun and whom to greet.

The red cockade, with "Fernando Septimo" in the centre.

Note 19. Stanza li.

The ball-piled pyramid, the ever-blazing match.

All who have seen a battery will recollect the pyramidal form in which shot and shells are piled. The Sierra Morena was fortified in every defile through which I passed in my way to Seville.

Note 20. Stanza lvi.

Foil'd by woman's hand, before a batter'd wall.

Such were the exploits of the Maid of Saragoza. When the author was at Seville, she walked daily on the Prado, decorated with medals and orders, by command of the Junta.

Note 21. Stanza lviii.

The seal love's dimpling finger hath impress'd,
Denotes how soft that chin which bears his touch.

"Sigilla in mento impressa amoris digitulo
Vestigio demonstrant mollitudinem."—AUL. GEL.

Note 22. Stanza lix.

Match me, ye harams!

This stanza was written in Turkey.

Note 23. Stanza lx.

Oh, thou Parnassus!

These stanzas were written in Castri (Delphos), at the foot of Parnassus, now called *Λιακυρα*—Liakura, Dec. 1809.

Note 24. Stanza lxx.

Fair is proud Seville; let her country boast
Her strength, her wealth, her site of ancient days.

Seville was the Hispalis of the Romans.

Note 25. Stanza lxx.

Ask ye, Bœotian shades! the reason why?

This was written at Thebes, and consequently in the best situation for asking and answering such a question; not as the birth-place of Pindar, but as the capital of Bœotia, where the first riddle was propounded and solved.

Note 26. Stanza lxx.

And consecrate the oath with draught, and dance till morn.

Lord Byron alludes to a ridiculous custom which formerly prevailed at the public-houses in Highgate, of administering a burlesque oath to all travellers of the middling rank who stopped there. The party was sworn on a pair of horns, fastened, "never to kiss the maid when he could the mistress; never to eat brown bread when he could get white; never to drink small beer when he could get strong;" with many other injunctions of the like kind,—to all which was added the saving clause,—"unless you like it best."—E.

Note 27. Stanza lxxxii.

Some bitter o'er the flowers its bubbling venom flings.

"Medio de fonte leporum
Surgit amari aliquid quod in ipsis floribus angat."—LUC.

Note 28. "To Inez."

In place of this song, which was written at Athens, January 25, 1810, and which contains, as Moore says, "some of the dreariest touches of sadness that ever Byron's pen let fall," we find, in the first draught of the Canto, the following:—

1.

Oh never talk again to me
Of northern climes and British ladies ;
It has not been your lot to see,
Like me, the lovely girl of Cadiz,
Although her eye be not of blue,
Nor fair her locks, like English lasses,
How far its own expressive hue
The languid azure eye surpasses !

2.

Prometheus-like, from heaven she stole
The fire, that through those silken lashes
In darkest glances seems to roll,
From eyes that cannot hide their flashes :
And as along her bosom steal
In lengthen'd flow her raven tresses,
You 'd swear each clustering lock could feel,
And curl'd to give her neck caresses.

3.

Our English maids are long to woo,
And frigid even in possession ;
And if their charms be fair to view,
Their lips are slow at love's confession :
But born beneath a brighter sun,
For love ordain'd the Spanish maid is,
And who,—when fondly, fairly won,—
Enchants you like the Girl of Cadiz !

4.

The Spanish maid is no coquette,
Nor joys to see a lover tremble,
And if she love, or if she hate,
Alike she knows not to dissemble.
Her heart can ne'er be bought or sold—
Howe'er it beats, it beats sincerely ;
And, though it will not bend to gold,
'T will love you long and love you dearly.

5.

The Spanish girl that meets your love
Ne'er taunts you with a mock denial,
For every thought is bent to prove
Her passion in the hour of trial.
When thronging foemen menace Spain,
She dares the deed and shares the danger ;
And should her lover press the plain,
She hurls the spear, her love's avenger.

6.

And when, beneath the evening star,
She mingles in the gay Bolero,
Or sings to her attuned guitar
Of Christian knight or Moorish hero,
Or counts her beads with fairy hand
Beneath the twinkling rays of Hesper,
Or joins devotion's choral band,
To chaunt the sweet and hallow'd vesper ;—

7.

In each her charms the heart must move
Of all who venture to behold her ;
Then let not maids less fair reprove,
Because her bosom is not colder :
Through many a clime 't is mine to roam
Where many a soft and melting maid is,
But none abroad, and few at home,
May match the dark-eyed girl of Cadiz.

Note 29. Stanza lxxxv.

A traitor only fell beneath the feud.

Alluding to the conduct and death of Solano the Governor of Cadiz.

Note 30. Stanza lxxxvi.

"War even to the knife!"

"War to the knife;" Palafox's answer to the French general at the siege of Saragoza.

Note 31. Stanza lxxxvii.

The Canto, in the original MS., closes with the following stanzas:—

Ye, who would more of Spain and Spaniards know,
Sights, Saints, Antiques, Arts, Anecdotes, and War,
Go! hie ye hence to Paternoster Row—
Are they not written in the Book of Carr,*
Green Erin's Knight and Europe's wandering star!
Then listen, Reader, to the Man of Ink,
Hear what he did, and sought, and wrote afar;
All these are coop'd within one Quarto's brink,
This borrow, steal,—don't buy,—and tell us what you think.

There may you read, with spectacles on eyes,
How many Wellesleys did embark for Spain,
As if therein they meant to colonize,
How many troops y-cross'd the laughing main
That ne'er beheld the said return again:
How many buildings are in such a place,
How many leagues from this to yonder plain,
How many relics each cathedral grace,
And where Giralda stands on her gigantic base.

There may you read (Oh, Phœbus, save Sir John!
That these my words prophetic may not err)
All that was said, or sung, or lest, or won,
By vaunting Wellesley or by blundering Frere,
He that wrote half the "Needy Knife-Grinder."†
Thus poesy the way to grandeur paves—
Who would not such diplomatists prefer?
But cease, my Muse, thy speed some respite craves,
Leave Legates to their house, and armies to their graves.

Yet here of——mention may be made,
Who for the Junta modell'd sapient laws,
Taught them to govern ere they were obey'd:
Certes, fit teacher to command, because
His soul Socratic no Xantippe awes;
Blest with a dame in Virtue's bosom nurst,—
With her let silent admiration pause!—
True to her second husband and her first:
On such unshaken fame let Satire do its worst.

Note 32. Stanza xci.

And thou, my friend!

The honourable John Wingfield, of the Guards, who died of a fever at Coimbra. I had known him ten years, the better half of his life, and the happiest part of mine.

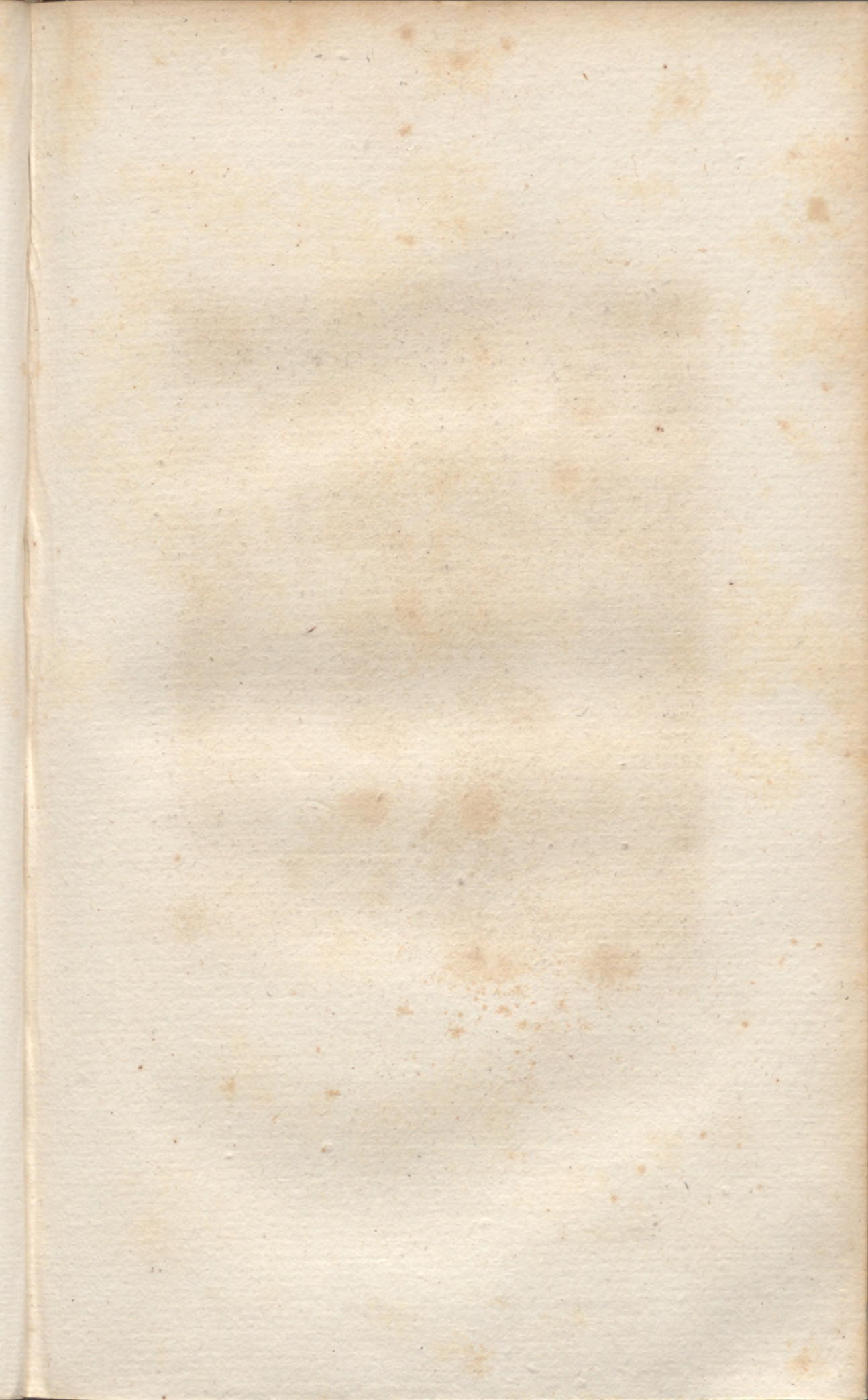
In the short space of one month I have lost her who gave me being, and most of those who had made that being tolerable. To me the lines of Young are no fiction:

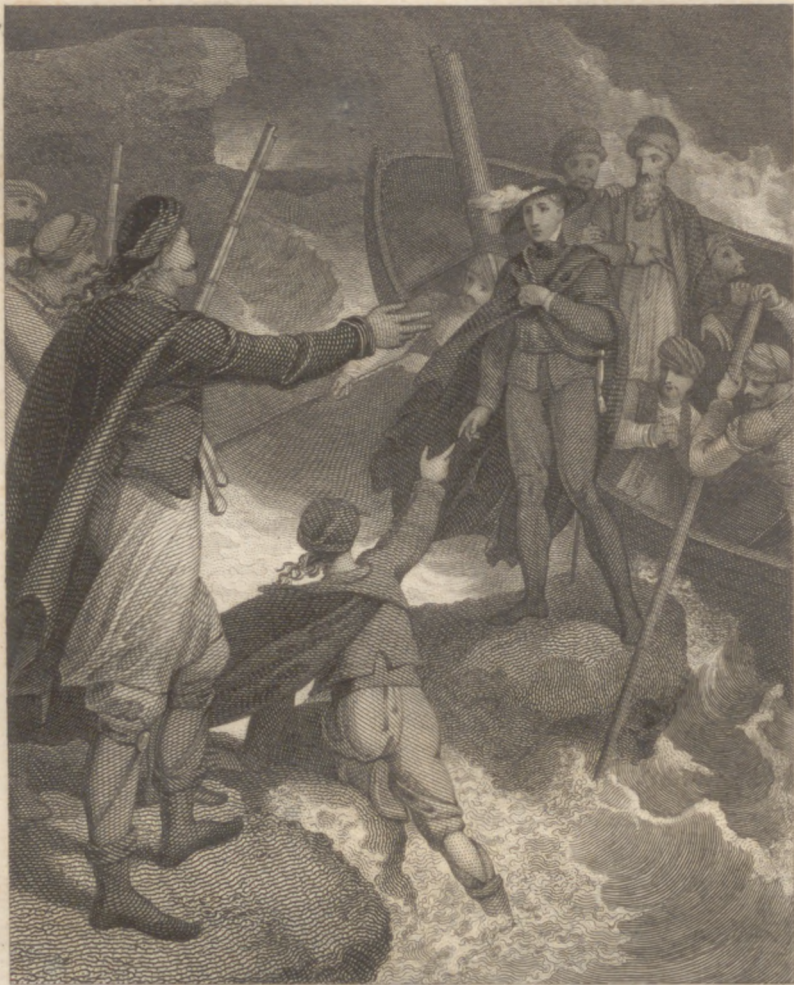
"Insatiate archer! could not one suffice?
Thy shaft flew thrice, and thrice my peace was slain,
And thrice ere thrice yon moon had fill'd her horn."

I should have ventured a verse to the memory of the late Charles Skinner Matthews, Fellow of Downing College, Cambridge, were he not too much above all praise of mine. His powers of mind, shown in the attainment of greater honours, against the ablest candidates, than those of any graduate on record at Cambridge, have sufficiently established his fame on the spot where it was acquired, while his softer qualities live in the recollection of friends who loved him too well to envy his superiority.

* Porphyry said, that the prophecies of Daniel were written after their completion, and such may be my fate here; but it requires no second sight to foretell a tome: the first glimpse of the knight was enough.

† The "Needy Knife-grinder," in the Anti-jacobin, was a joint production of Frere and Canning.—E.





Drawn by Rich^d Westall R.A.

Engraved by John Romney.

CHILDE HAROLD.

VAIN FEAR! THE SULIOTES STRETCHED THE WELCOME HAND,
LED THEM O'ER ROCKS AND PAST THE DANGEROUS SWAMP,

Canto 2. Stanza 68.

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CANTO II.

I.

COME, blue-eyed maid of heaven!—but thou, alas!
 Didst never yet one mortal song inspire—
 Goddess of wisdom! here thy temple was,
 And is, despite of war and wasting fire,¹
 And years, that bade thy worship to expire;
 But worse than steel, and flame, and ages slow,
 Is the dread sceptre and dominion dire
 Of men who never felt the sacred glow
 That thoughts of thee and thine on polish'd breasts bestow.²

II.

Ancient of days! august Athena! where,
 Where are thy men of might? thy grand in soul?
 Gone, glimmering thro' the dream of things that were;
 First in the race that led to glory's goal,
 They won, and pass'd away—is this the whole?
 A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour?
 The warrior's weapon and the sophist's stole
 Are sought in vain, and o'er each mouldering tower,
 Dim with the mist of years, grey flits the shade of power.

III.

Son of the morning, rise! approach you here!
 Come—but molest not yon defenceless urn:
 Look on this spot—a nation's sepulchre!
 Abode of gods, whose shrines no longer burn.
 Even gods must yield—religions take their turn:
 'T was Jove's—'t is Mahomet's—and other creeds
 Will rise with other years, till man shall learn
 Vainly his incense soars, his victim bleeds;
 Poor child of doubt and death, whose hope is built on reeds.⁵

IV.

Bound to the earth, he lifts his eye to heaven—
 Is 't not enough, unhappy thing! to know
 Thou art? Is this a boon so kindly given,
 That being, thou wouldst be again, and go,
 Thou know'st not, reck'st not to what region, so
 On earth no more, but mingled with the skies?
 Still wilt thou dream on future joy and woe?
 Regard and weigh yon dust before it flies:
 That little urn saith more than thousand homilies.

V.

Or burst the vanish'd hero's lofty mound;
 Far on the solitary shore he sleeps: 4
 He fell, and falling nations mourn'd around;
 But now not one of saddening thousands weeps,
 Nor warlike worshipper his vigil keeps
 Where demi-gods appear'd, as records tell.
 Remove yon skull from out the scatter'd heaps:
 Is that a temple where a god may dwell?
 Why ev'n the worm at last disdains her shatter'd cell!

VI.

Look on its broken arch, its ruin'd wall,
 Its chambers desolate, and portals foul:
 Yes, this was once ambition's airy hall,
 The dome of thought, the palace of the soul:
 Behold through each lack-lustre, eyeless hole,
 The gay recess of wisdom and of wit,
 And passion's host, that never brook'd control:
 Can all saint, sage, or sophist ever writ,
 People this lonely tower, this tenement refit?

VII.

Well didst thou speak, Athena's wisest son!
 "All that we know is, nothing can be known."
 Why should we shrink from what we cannot shun?
 Each has his pang, but feeble sufferers groan
 With brain-born dreams of evil all their own.
 Pursue what chance or fate proclaimeth best;
 Peace waits us on the shores of Acheron:
 There no forced banquet claims the sated guest,
 But silence spreads the couch of ever-welcome rest.

VIII.

Yet if, as holiest men have deem'd, there be
 A land of souls beyond that sable shore,
 To shame the doctrine of the Sadducee
 And sophists, madly vain of dubious lore ;
 How sweet it were in concert to adore
 With these who made our mortal labours light !
 To hear each voice we fear'd to hear no more !
 Behold each mighty shade reveal'd to sight,
 The Bactrian, Samian sage, and all who taught the right !

IX.

There, thou !—whose love and life together fled,
 Have left me here to love and live in vain—
 Twined with my heart, and can I deem thee dead,
 When busy memory flashes on my brain ?
 Well—I will dream that we may meet again,
 And woo the vision to my vacant breast :
 If aught of young remembrance then remain,
 Be as it may futurity's behest,
 For me 't were bliss enough to know thy spirit blest !⁵

X.

Here let me sit upon this massy stone,
 The marble column's yet unshaken base ;
 Here, son of Saturn ! was thy fav'rite throne :⁶
 Mightiest of many such ! Hence let me trace
 The latent grandeur of thy dwelling-place.
 It may not be : nor ev'n can fancy's eye
 Restore what time hath labour'd to deface.
 Yet these proud pillars claim no passing sigh—
 Unmoved the Moslem sits, the light Greek carols by.

XI.

But who, of all the plunderers of yon fane
 On high, where Pallas linger'd, loth to flee
 The latest relic of her ancient reign ;
 The last, the worst, dull spoiler, who was he ?
 Blush, Caledonia ! such thy son could be !
 England ! I joy no child he was of thine :
 Thy free-born men should spare what once was free ;
 Yet they could violate each saddening shrine,
 And bear these altars o'er the long-reluctant brine.⁷

XII.

But most the modern Pict's ignoble boast,
 To rive what Goth, and Turk, and time hath spared :⁸
 Cold as the crags upon his native coast,
 His mind as barren and his heart as hard,
 Is he whose head conceived, whose hand prepared,
 Aught to displace Athena's poor remains :
 Her sons too weak the sacred shrine to guard,
 Yet felt some portion of their mother's pains,⁹
 And never knew, till then, the weight of despot's chains.

XIII.

What! shall it e'er be said by British tongue,
 Albion was happy in Athena's tears?
 Though in thy name the slaves her bosom wrung,
 Tell not the deed to blushing Europe's ears;
 The ocean queen, the free Britannia bears
 The last poor plunder from a bleeding land :
 Yes, she, whose gen'rous aid her name endears,
 Tore down those remnants with a harpy's hand,
 Which envious Eld forebore, and tyrants left to stand.¹⁰

XIV.

Where was thine ægis, Pallas! that appall'd
 Stern Alaric and havoc on their way?¹¹
 Where Peleus' son? whom hell in vain enthrall'd,
 His shade from Hades upon that dread day
 Bursting to light in terrible array!
 What! could not Pluto spare the chief once more,
 To scare a second robber from his prey?
 Idly he wander'd on the Stygian shore,
 Nor now preserved the walls he loved to shield before.

XV

Cold is the heart, fair Greece! that looks on thee,
 Nor feels as lovers o'er the dust they loved;
 Dull is the eye that will not weep to see
 Thy walls defaced, thy mouldering shrines removed
 By British hands, which it had best behaved
 To guard those relics ne'er to be restored.
 Curst be the hour when from their isle they roved,
 And once again thy hapless bosom gored,
 And snatch'd thy shrinking gods to northern climes abhorr'd!

XVI.

But where is Harold? shall I then forget
 To urge the gloomy wanderer c'er the wave?
 Little reck'd he of all that men regret;
 No loved-one now in feign'd lament could rave;
 No friend the parting hand extended gave,
 Ere the cold stranger pass'd to other climes:
 Hard is his heart whom charms may not enslave;
 But Harold felt not as in other times,
 And left without a sigh the land of war and crimes.

XVII.

He that has sail'd upon the dark blue sea
 Has view'd at times, I ween, a full fair sight;
 When the fresh breeze is fair as breeze may be,
 The white sail set, the gallant frigate tight;
 Masts, spires, and strand retiring to the right,
 The glorious main expanding o'er the bow,
 The convoy spread like wild swans in their flight,
 The dullest sailer wearing bravely now,
 So gaily curl the waves before each dashing prow,

XVIII.

And oh, the little warlike world within!
 The well-reeved guns, the netted canopy,¹³
 The hoarse command, the busy humming din,
 When, at a word, the tops are mann'd on high:
 Hark to the boatswain's call, the cheering cry!
 While through the seaman's hand the tackle glides.
 Or schoolboy midshipman that, standing by,
 Strains his shrill pipe as good or ill betides,
 And well the docile crew that skilful urchin guides.

XIX.

White is the glassy deck, without a stain,
 Where on the watch the staid lieutenant walks:
 Look on that part which sacred doth remain
 For the lone chieftain, who majestic stalks,
 Silent and fear'd by all—not oft he talks
 With aught beneath him, if he would preserve
 That strict restraint, which broken, ever balks
 Conquest and fame: but Britons rarely swerve
 From law, however stern, which tends their strength to nerve.

XX.

Blow! swiftly blow, thou keel-compelling gale!
 Till the broad sun withdraws his lessening ray;
 Then must the pennant-bearer slacken sail,
 That lagging barks may make their lazy way.
 Ah! grievance sore, and listless dull delay,
 To waste on sluggish hulks the sweetest breeze!
 What leagues are lost before the dawn of day,
 Thus loitering pensive on the willing seas,
 The flapping sail haul'd down to halt for logs like these!

XXI.

The moon is up; by Heaven a lovely eve!
 Long streams of light o'er dancing waves expand;
 Now lads on shore may sigh, and maids believe:
 Such be our fate when we return to land!
 Meantime some rude Arion's restless hand
 Wakes the brisk harmony that sailors love;
 A circle there of merry listeners stand,
 Or to some well-known measure featly move,
 Thoughtless, as if on shore they still were free to rove.

XXII.

Through Calpe's straits survey the steepy shore;
 Europe and Afric on each other gaze!
 Lands of the dark-eyed maid and dusky Moor
 Alike beheld beneath pale Hecate's blaze:
 How softly on the Spanish shore she plays,
 Disclosing rock, and slope, and forest brown,
 Distinct, though darkening with her waning phase;
 But Mauritania's giant-shadows frown,
 From mountain-cliff to coast descending sombre down.

XXIII.

'T is night, when meditation bids us feel
 We once have loved, though love is at an end:
 The heart, lone mourner of its baffled zeal,
 Though friendless now, will dream it had a friend.
 Who with the weight of years would wish to bend,
 When youth itself survives young love and joy?
 Alas! when mingling souls forget to blend,
 Death hath but little left him to destroy!
 Ah! happy years! once more, who would not be a boy?

XXIV.

Thus bending o'er the vessel's laving side,
 To gaze on Dian's wave-reflected sphere,
 The soul forgets her schemes of hope and pride,
 And flies unconscious o'er each backward year.
 None are so desolate but something dear,
 Dearer than self, possesses or possess'd
 A thought, and claims the homage of a tear;
 A flashing pang! of which the weary breast
 Would still, albeit in vain, the heavy heart divest.

XXV.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
 To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
 Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
 And mortal foot hath ne'er, or rarely been;
 To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
 With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
 Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean—
 This is not solitude; 't is but to hold
 Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores unroll'd.

XXVI.

But 'midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
 To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
 And roam along, the world's tired denizen,
 With none who bless us, none whom we can bless;
 Minions of splendour shrinking from distress!
 None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
 If we were not, would seem to smile the less
 Of all that flatter'd, follow'd, sought, and sued:
 This is to be alone; this, this is solitude!

XXVII.

More blest the life of godly eremite,
 Such as on lonely Athos may be seen
 Watching at eve upon the giant height,
 Which looks o'er waves so blue, skies so serene,
 That he who there at such an hour hath been
 Will wistful linger on that hallow'd spot;
 Then slowly tear him from the 'witching scene,
 Sigh forth one wish that such had been his lot,
 Then turn to hate a world he had almost forgot.

XXVIII.

Pass we the long, unvarying course, the track
 Oft trod, that never leaves a trace behind ;
 Pass we the calm, the gale, the change, the tack,
 And each well-known caprice of wave and wind ;
 Pass we the joys and sorrows sailors find,
 Coop'd in their winged sea-girt citadel ;
 The foul, the fair, the contrary, the kind,
 As breezes rise and fall and billows swell,
 Till on some jocund morn—lo, land ! and all is well.

XXIX.

But not in silence pass Calypso's isles, ¹³
 The sister tenants of the middle deep ;
 There for the weary still a haven smiles,
 Though the fair goddess long hath ceased to weep,
 And o'er her cliffs a fruitless watch to keep
 For him who dared prefer a mortal bride :
 Here, too, his boy essay'd the dreadful leap
 Stern Mentor urged from high to yonder tide ;
 While, thus of both bereft, the nymph-queen doubly sigh'd.

XXX.

Her reign is past, her gentle glories gone ;
 But trust not this ; too easy youth, beware !
 A mortal sovereign holds her dangerous throne,
 And thou mayst find a new Calypso there.
 Sweet Florence!¹⁴ could another ever share
 This wayward, loveless heart, it would be thine :
 But check'd by every tie, I may not dare
 To cast a worthless offering at thy shrine,
 Nor ask so dear a breast to feel one pang for mine.

XXXI.

Thus Harold deem'd, as on that lady's eye
 He look'd, and met its beam without a thought,
 Save admiration glancing harmless by :
 Love kept aloof, albeit not far remote,
 Who knew his votary often lost and caught,
 But knew him as his worshipper no more,
 And ne'er again the boy his bosom sought :
 Since now he vainly urged him to adore,
 Well deem'd the little god his ancient sway was o'er.

XXXII.

Fair Florence found, in sooth, with some amaze,
 One who, 't was said, still sigh'd to all he saw,
 Withstand, unmoved, the lustre of her gaze,
 Which others hail'd with real or mimic awe,
 Their hope, their doom, their punishment, their law ;
 All that gay beauty from her bondsmen claims :
 And much she marvell'd that a youth so raw
 Nor felt, nor feign'd at least, the oft-told flames,
 Which, though sometimes they frown, yet rarely anger dames.

XXXIII.

Little knew she that seeming marble heart,
 Now mask'd in silence or withheld by pride,
 Was not unskilful in the spoiler's art,
 And spread its snares licentious far and wide ;
 Nor from the base pursuit had turn'd aside,
 As long as aught was worthy to pursue :
 But Harold on such arts no more relied ;
 And had he doated on those eyes so blue,
 Yet never would he join the lover's whining crew.

XXXIV.

Not much he kens, I ween, of woman's breast,
 Who thinks that wanton thing is won by sighs ;
 What careth she for hearts when once possess'd ?
 Do proper homage to thine idol's eyes ;
 But not too humbly, or she will despise
 Thee and thy suit, though told in moving tropes :
 Disguise ev'n tenderness, if thou art wise ;
 Brisk confidence still best with woman copes ;
 Pique her and soothe in turn, soon passion crowns thy hopes.

XXXV.

'T is an old lesson ; time approves it true,
 And those who know it best, deplore it most ;
 When all is won that all desire to woo,
 The paltry prize is hardly worth the cost :
 Youth wasted, minds degraded, honour lost,
 These are thy fruits, successful passion ! these !
 If, kindly cruel, early hope is crost,
 Still to the last it rankles, a disease
 Not to be cured when love itself forgets to please.

XXXVI.

Away! nor let me loiter in my song,
 For we have many a mountain-path to tread,
 And many a varied shore to sail along,
 By pensive sadness, not by fiction, led—
 Climes, fair withal as ever mortal head
 Imagined in its little schemes of thought;
 Or e'er in new Utopias were read,
 To teach man what he might be, or he ought;
 If that corrupted thing could ever such be taught.

XXXVII.

Dear nature is the kindest mother still,
 Though always changing, in her aspect mild;
 From her bare bosom let me take my fill,
 Her never-wean'd, though not her favour'd child.
 Oh! she is fairest in her features wild,
 Where nothing polish'd dares pollute her path:
 To me by day or night she ever smiled,
 Though I have mark'd her when none other hath,
 And sought her more and more, and loved her best in wrath.

XXXVIII.

Land of Albania! where Iskander rose,
 Theme of the young, and beacon of the wise,
 And he, his name-sake, whose oft-baffled foes
 Shrank from his deeds of chivalrous emprise:
 Land of Albania!¹⁵ let me bend mine eyes
 On thee, thou rugged nurse of savage men!
 The cross descends, thy minarets arise,
 And the pale crescent sparkles in the glen,
 Through many a cypress-grove within each city's ken.

XXXIX.

Childe Harold sail'd, and pass'd the barren spot,¹⁶
 Where sad Penelope o'erlook'd the wave;
 And onward view'd the mount, not yet forgot,
 The lover's refuge, and the Lesbian's grave.
 Dark Sappho! could not verse immortal save
 That breast imbued with such immortal fire?
 Could she not live who life eternal gave?
 If life eternal may await the lyre,
 That only heaven to which earth's children may aspire.

XL.

'T was on a Grecian autumn's gentle eve
 Childe Harold hail'd Leucadia's cape afar :¹⁷
 A spot he long'd to see, nor cared to leave :
 Oft did he mark the scenes of vanish'd war,
 Actium, Lepanto, fatal Trafalgar ;¹⁸
 Mark them unmoved, for he would not delight
 (Born beneath some remote inglorious star)
 In themes of bloody fray, or gallant fight,
 But loath'd the bravo's trade, and laugh'd at martial wight.

XLI.

But when he saw the evening star above
 Leucadia's far-projecting rock of woe,
 And hail'd the last resort of fruitless love,
 He felt, or deem'd he felt, no common glow :
 And as the stately vessel glided slow,
 Beneath the shadow of that ancient mount,
 He watch'd the billows' melancholy flow,
 And, sunk albeit in thought as he was wont,
 More placid seem'd his eye, and smooth his pallid front.

XLII.

Morn dawns ; and with it stern Albania's hills,
 Dark Suli's rocks, and Pindus' inland peak,
 Robed half in mist, bedew'd with snowy rills,
 Array'd in many a dun and purple streak,
 Arise ; and, as the clouds along them break,
 Disclose the dwelling of the mountaineer :
 Here roams the wolf, the eagle whets his beak,
 Birds, beasts of prey, and wilder men appear,
 And gathering storms around convulse the closing year.

XLIII.

Now Harold felt himself at length alone,
 And bade to christian tongues a long adieu ;
 Now he adventured on a shore unknown,
 Which all admire, but many dread to view ;
 His breast was arm'd 'gainst fate, his wants were few ;
 Peril he sought not, but ne'er shrank to meet ;
 The scene was savage, but the scene was new ;
 This made the ceaseless toil of travel sweet,
 Beat back keen winter's blast, and welcomed summer's heat.

XLIV.

Here the red cross, for still the cross is here,
 Though sadly scoff'd at by the circumcised,
 Forgets that pride to pamper'd priesthood dear,
 Churchman and votary alike despised.
 Foul superstition! howsoe'er disguised,
 Idol, saint, virgin, prophet, crescent, cross,
 For whatsoever symbol thou art prized,
 Thou sacerdotal gain, but general loss!
 Who from true worship's gold can separate thy dross?

XLV.

Ambracia's gulf behold, where once was lost
 A world for woman, lovely, harmless thing!
 In yonder rippling bay, their naval host
 Did many a Roman chief and Asian king¹⁹
 To doubtful conflict, certain slaughter bring:
 Look where the second Cæsar's trophies rose!²⁰
 Now, like the hands that rear'd them, withering.
 Imperial anarchs, doubling human woes!
 God! was thy globe ordain'd for such to win and lose?

XLVI.

From the dark barriers of that rugged clime,
 Ev'n to the centre of Illyria's vales,
 Childe Harold pass'd o'er many a mount sublime,
 Through lands scarce noticed in historic tales;
 Yet in famed Attica such lovely dales
 Are rarely seen; nor can fair Tempe boast
 A charm they know not; loved Parnassus fails,
 Though classic ground and consecrated most,
 To match some spots that lurk within this lowering coast.

XLVII.

He pass'd bleak Pindus, Acherusia's lake,²¹
 And left the primal city of the land,
 And onwards did his further journey take
 To greet Albania's chief, ²² whose dread command
 Is lawless law: for with a bloody hand
 He sways a nation, turbulent and bold:
 Yet here and there some daring mountain-band
 Disdain his power, and from their rocky hold
 Hurl their defiance far, nor yield, unless to gold.²³

XLVIII.

Monastic Zitza!²⁴ from thy shady brow,
 Thou small, but favour'd spot of holy ground!
 Where'er we gaze, around, above, below,
 What rainbow tints, what magic charms are found!
 Rock, river, forest, mountain all abound,
 And bluest skies that harmonize the whole;
 Beneath, the distant torrent's rushing sound
 Tells where the volumed cataract doth roll
 Between those hanging rocks, that shock yet please the soul.

XLIX.

Amidst the grove that crowns yon tufted hill,
 Which, were it not for many a mountain nigh
 Rising in lofty ranks, and loftier still,
 Might well itself be deem'd of dignity,
 The convent's white walls glisten fair on high:
 Here dwells the caloyer,²⁵ nor rude is he,
 Nor niggard of his cheer; the passer by
 Is welcome still; nor heedless will he flee
 From hence, if he delight kind Nature's sheen to see.

L.

Here in the sultriest season let him rest,
 Fresh is the green beneath those aged trees;
 Here winds of gentlest wing will fan his breast,
 From heaven itself he may inhale the breeze:
 The plain is far beneath—oh! let him seize
 Pure pleasure while he can; the scorching ray
 Here pierceth not, impregnate with disease:
 Then let his length the loitering pilgrim lay,
 And gaze, untired, the morn, the noon, the eve away.

LI.

Dusky and huge, enlarging on the sight,
 Nature's volcanic amphitheatre,²⁶
 Chimæra's Alps extend from left to right:
 Beneath, a living valley seems to stir;
 Flocks play, trees wave, streams flow, the mountain fin
 Nodding above: behold black Acheron!²⁷
 Once consecrated to the sepulchre.
 Pluto! if this be hell I look upon,
 Close shamed Elysium's gates, my shade shall seek for none!

LII.

Ne city's towers pollute the lovely view ;
 Unseen is Yanina, though not remote,
 Veil'd by the screen of hills : here men are few,
 Scanty the hamlet, rare the lonely cot ;
 But, peering down each precipice, the goat
 Browseth : and, pensive o'er his scatter'd flock,
 The little shepherd in his white capote³⁸
 Doth lean his boyish form along the rock,
 Or in his cave awaits the tempest's short-lived shock.

LIII.

Oh ! where, Dodona ! is thine aged grove,
 Prophetic fount and oracle divine ?
 What valley echoes the response of Jove ?
 What trace remaineth of the Thunderer's shrine ?
 All, all forgotten—and shall man repine
 That his frail bonds to fleeting life are broke ?
 Cease, fool ! the fate of gods may well be thine :
 Wouldst thou survive the marble or the oak ?
 When nations, tongues, and worlds must sink beneath the stroke !

LIV.

Epirus' bounds recede, and mountains fail ;
 Tired of up-gazing still, the wearied eye
 Reposes gladly on as smooth a vale
 As ever spring yclad in grassy dye :
 Ev'n on a plain no humble beauties lie,
 Where some bold river breaks the long expanse,
 And woods along the banks are waving high,
 Whose shadows in the glassy waters dance,
 Or with the moon-beams sleep in midnight's solemn trance.

LV.

The sun had sunk behind vast Tomerit,³⁹
 And Laos wide and fierce came roaring by ;³⁰
 The shades of wonted night were gathering yet,
 When, down the steep banks winding warily,
 Childe Harold saw, like meteors in the sky,
 The glittering minarets of Tepalen,
 Whose walls o'erlook the stream ; and drawing nigh,
 He heard the busy hum of warrior-men
 Swelling the breeze that sigh'd along the length'ning glen.

LVI.

He pass'd the sacred haram's silent tower,
 And, underneath the wide o'erarching gate,
 Survey'd the dwelling of this chief of power,
 Where all around proclaim'd his high estate.
 Amidst no common pomp the despot sate,
 While busy preparations shook the court ;
 Slaves, eunuchs, soldiers, guests, and santons wait ;
 Within, a palace, and without, a fort :
 Here men of every clime appear to make resort.

LVII.

Richly caparison'd, a ready row
 Of armed horse, and many a warlike store,
 Circled the wide-extending court below :
 Above, strange groups adorn'd the corridor ;
 And oftimes through the area's echoing door
 Some high-capp'd Tartar spurr'd his steed away :
 The Turk, the Greek, the Albanian, and the Moor,
 Here mingled in their many-hued array,
 While the deep war-drum's sound announced the close of day.

LVIII.

The wild Albanian kirtled to his knee,
 With shawl-girt head and ornamented gun,
 And gold-embroider'd garments, fair to see ;
 The crimson-scarfed men of Macedon ;
 The Delhi with his cap of terror on,
 And crooked glaive ; the lively, supple Greek ;
 And swarthy Nubia's mutilated son ;
 The bearded Turk that rarely deigns to speak,
 Master of all around, too potent to be meek ;

LIX.

Are mix'd conspicuous : some recline in groups,
 Scanning the motley scene that varies round ;
 There some grave Moslem to devotion stoops,
 And some that smoke, and some that play, are found ;
 Here the Albanian proudly treads the ground ;
 Half whispering there the Greek is heard to prate ;
 Hark ! from the mosque the nightly solemn sound,
 The Muezzin's call doth shake the minaret,
 " There is no god but God !—to prayer—lo ! God is great !"

LX.

Just at this season Ramazani's fast
 Through the long day its penance did maintain :
 But when the lingering twilight hour was past,
 Revel and feast assumed the rule again :
 Now all was bustle, and the menial train
 Prepared and spread the plenteous board within ;
 The vacant gallery now seem'd made in vain,
 But from the chambers came the mingling din,
 As page and slave anon were passing out and in.

LXI.

Here woman's voice is never heard : apart,
 And scarce permitted, guarded, veil'd, to move,
 She yields to one her person and her heart,
 Tamed to her cage, nor feels a wish to rove :
 For, not unhappy in her master's love,
 And joyful in a mother's gentlest cares,
 Blest cares ! all other feelings far above !
 Herself more sweetly rears the babe she bears,
 Who never quits the breast no meaner passion shares.

LXII.

In marble-paved pavilion, where a spring
 Of living water from the centre rose ;
 Whose bubbling did a genial freshness fling,
 And soft voluptuous couches breathed repose,
 Ali reclined, a man of war and woes ;
 Yet in his lineaments ye cannot trace,
 While gentleness her milder radiance throws
 Along that aged venerable face,
 The deeds that lurk beneath, and stain him with disgrace.

LXIII.

It is not that yon hoary lengthening beard
 Ill suits the passions which belong to youth ;
 Love conquers age—so Hafiz hath averr'd,
 So sings the Teian, and he sings in sooth—
 But crimes that scorn the tender voice of ruth,
 Beseeming all men ill, but most the man
 In years, have mark'd him with a tiger's tooth ;
 Blood follows blood, and, through their mortal span,
 In bloodier acts conclude those who with blood began.

LXIV.

'Mid many things most new to ear and eye
 The pilgrim rested here his weary feet,
 And gazed around on Moslem luxury,
 Till quickly wearied with that spacious seat
 Of wealth and wantonness, the choice retreat
 Of sated grandeur from the city's noise :
 And were it humbler it in sooth were sweet ;
 But peace abhorreth artificial joys,
 And pleasure, leagued with pomp, the zest of both destroys.

LXV.

Fierce are Albania's children, yet they lack
 Not virtues, were those virtues more mature.
 Where is the foe that ever saw their back ?
 Who can so well the toil of war endure ?
 Their native fastnesses not more secure
 Than they in doubtful time of troublous need :
 Their wrath how deadly ! but their friendship sure,
 When gratitude or valour bids them bleed,
 Unshaken rushing on where'er their chief may lead.

LXVI.

Childe Harold saw them in their chieftain's tower
 Thronging to war in splendour and success ;
 And after view'd them, when, within their power,
 Himself awhile the victim of distress ;
 That saddening hour when bad men hotlier press :
 But these did shelter him beneath their roof,
 When less barbarians would have cheer'd him less,
 And fellow-countrymen have stood aloof—⁵¹
 In aught that tries the heart how few withstand the proof !

LXVII.

It chanced that adverse winds once drove his bark
 Full on the coast of Suli's shaggy shore,
 When all around was desolate and dark ;
 To land was perilous, to sojourn more ;
 Yet for a while the mariners forbore,
 Dubious to trust where treachery might lurk :
 At length they ventured forth, though doubting sore
 That those who loathe alike the Frank and Turk
 Might once again renew their ancient butcher-work.

LXVIII.

Vain fear ! the Suliotes stretch'd the welcome hand,
 Led them o'er rocks and past the dangerous swamp,
 Kinder than polish'd slaves though not so bland,
 And piled the hearth, and wrung their garments damp,
 And fill'd the bowl, and trimm'd the cheerful lamp,
 And spread their fare ; though homely, all they had :
 Such conduct bears philanthropy's rare stamp—
 To rest the weary and to soothe the sad,
 Doth lesson happier men, and shames at least the bad.

LXIX.

It came to pass, that when he did address
 Himself to quit at length this mountain-land,
 Combined marauders half-way barr'd egress,
 And wasted far and near with glaive and brand ;
 And therefore did he take a trusty band
 To traverse Acarnania's forest wide,
 In war well season'd, and with labours tann'd,
 Till he did greet white Achelous' tide,
 And from his further bank Ætolia's wolds espied.

LXX.

Where lone Utraikey forms its circling cove,
 And weary waves retire to gleam at rest,
 How brown the foliage of the green hill's grove,
 Nodding at midnight o'er the calm bay's breast,
 As winds come lightly whispering from the west,
 Kissing, not ruffling, the blue deep's serene.—
 Here Harold was received a welcome guest,
 Nor did he pass unmoved the gentle scene,
 For many a joy could he from night's soft presence glean.

LXXI.

On the smooth shore the night-fires brightly blazed,
 The feast was done, the red wine circling fast,^{5a}
 And he that unawares had there ygzazed
 With gaping wonderment had stared aghast ;
 For ere night's midmost, stillest hour was past,
 The native revels of the troop began :
 Each Palikar^{5b} his sabre from him cast,
 And bounding hand in hand, man link'd to man,
 Yelling their uncouth dirge, long danced the kirtled clan.

LXXII.

Childe Harold at a little distance stood
 And view'd, but not displeas'd, the revelrie,
 Nor hated harmless mirth, however rude :
 In sooth, it was no vulgar sight to see
 Their barbarous, yet their not indecent, glee,
 And, as the flames along their faces gleam'd,
 Their gestures nimble, dark eyes flashing free,
 The long wild locks that to their girdles stream'd,
 While thus in concert they this lay half sung, half scream'd :⁵⁴

1.

⁵⁵ Tambourgi ! Tambourgi !* thy 'larum afar
 Gives hope to the valiant, and promise of war ;
 All the sons of the mountains arise at the note,
 Chimariot, Illyrian, and dark Suliote !

2.

Oh ! who is more brave than a dark Suliote,
 In his snowy camese and his shaggy capote ?
 To the wolf and the vulture he leaves his wild flock,
 And descends to the plain like the stream from the rock.

3.

Shall the sons of Chimari, who never forgive
 The fault of a friend, bid an enemy live ?
 Let those guns so unerring such vengeance forego !
 What mark is so fair as the breast of a foe ?

4.

Macedonia sends forth her invincible race ;
 For a time they abandon the cave and the chase :
 But those scarfs of blood-red shall be redder, before
 The sabre is sheathed and the battle is o'er.

5.

Then the pirates of Parga that dwell by the waves,
 And teach the pale Franks what it is to be slaves,
 Shall leave on the beach the long galley and oar,
 And track to his covert the captive on shore.

* Drummer.

6.

I ask not the pleasures that riches supply,
 My sabre shall win what the feeble must buy ;
 Shall win the young bride with her long-flowing hair,
 And many a maid from her mother shall tear.

7.

I love the fair face of the maid in her youth,
 Her caresses shall lull me, her music shall soothe ;
 Let her bring from the chamber her many-toned lyre,
 And sing us a song on the fall of her sire.

8.

Remember the moment when Prevesa fell,³⁶
 The shrieks of the conquer'd, the conquerors' yell ;
 The roofs that we fired, and the plunder we shared,
 The wealthy we slaughter'd, the lovely we spared.

9.

I talk not of mercy, I talk not of fear ;
 He neither must know who would serve the Vizier :
 Since the days of our prophet the crescent ne'er saw
 A chief ever glorious like Ali Pashaw.

10.

Dark Muchtar his son to the Danube is sped,
 Let the yellow-hair'd * Giaours † view his horse-tail § with dread ;
 When his Delhis ** come dashing in blood o'er the banks,
 How few shall escape from the Muscovite ranks !

11.

Selictar ! †† unsheathe then our chief's scimitar :
 Tambourgi ! thy 'larum gives promise of war.
 Ye mountains, that see us descend to the shore,
 Shall view us as victors, or view us no more !

* Yellow is the epithet given to the Russians.

† Infidels.

§ Horse-tails are the insignia of a pacha.

** Horsemen, answering to our forlorn hope.

†† Sword-bearer.

LXXIII.

Fair Greece! sad relic of departed worth!⁵⁷
 Immortal, though no more; though fallen, great!
 Who now shall lead thy scatter'd children forth,
 And long accustom'd bondage uncreate?
 Not such thy sons who whilome did await,
 The hopeless warriors of a willing doom,
 In bleak Thermopylæ's sepulchral strait—
 Oh! who that gallant spirit shall resume,
 Leap from Eurotas' banks, and call thee from the tomb?

LXXIV.

Spirit of freedom! when on Phyle's brow⁵⁸
 Thou sat'st with Thrasybulus and his train,
 Couldst thou forebode the dismal hour which now
 Dims the green beauties of thine Attic plain?
 Not thirty tyrants now enforce the chain,
 But every carle can lord it o'er thy land;
 Nor rise thy sons, but idly rail in vain,
 Trembling beneath the scourge of Turkish hand,
 From birth till death enslaved; in word, in deed, unmann'd.

LXXV.

In all, save form alone, how changed! and who
 That marks the fire still sparkling in each eye,
 Who but would deem their bosoms burn'd anew
 With thy unquenched beam, lost Liberty?
 And many dream withal the hour is nigh
 That gives them back their fathers' heritage:
 For foreign arms and aid they fondly sigh,
 Nor solely dare encounter hostile rage,
 Or tear their name defiled from slavery's mournful page.

LXXVI.

Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not
 Who would be free themselves must strike the blow?
 By their right arms the conquest must be wrought?
 Will Gaul or Muscovite redress ye? No!
 True, they may lay your proud despoilers low,
 But not for you will freedom's altars flame.
 Shades of the Helots! triumph o'er your foe!
 Greece! change thy lords, thy state is still the same;
 Thy glorious day is o'er, but not thine years of shame.

LXXVII.

The city won for Allah from the Giaour,
 The Giaour from Othman's race again may wrest;
 And the Serai's impenetrable tower
 Receive the fiery Frank, her former guest;³⁹
 Or Wahab's rebel brood, who dared divest
 The prophet's tomb of all its pious spoil,⁴⁰
 May wind their path of blood along the West;
 But ne'er will freedom seek this fated soil,
 But slave succeed to slave through years of endless toil.

LXXVIII.

Yet mark their mirth—ere lenten days begin,
 That penance which their holy rites prepare
 To shrive from man his weight of mortal sin,
 By daily abstinence and nightly prayer;
 But ere his sackcloth garb repentance wear,
 Some days of joyaunce are decreed to all,
 To take of pleasaunce each his secret share,
 In motley robe to dance at masking ball,
 And join the mimic train of merry Carnival.

LXXIX.

And whose more rife with merriment than thine,
 Oh Stamboul! once the empress of their reign?⁴¹
 Though turbans now pollute Sophia's shrine,
 And Greece her very altars eyes in vain:
 (Alas! her woes will still pervade my strain!)
 Gay were her minstrels once, for free her throng,
 All felt the common joy they now must feign,
 Nor oft I've seen such sight nor heard such song,
 As woo'd the eye, and thrill'd the Bosphorus along.⁴²

LXXX.

Loud was the lightsome tumult of the shore,
 Oft music changed, but never ceased her tone,
 And timely echo'd back the measured oar,
 And rippling waters made a pleasant moan:
 The queen of tides on high consenting shone,
 And when a transient breeze swept o'er the wave,
 'T was, as if darting from her heavenly throne,
 A brighter glance her form reflected gave,
 Till sparkling billows seem'd to light the banks they lave.

LXXXI.

Glanced many a light caïque along the foam,
 Danced on the shore the daughters of the land,
 Ne thought had man or maid of rest or home,
 While many a languid eye and thrilling hand
 Exchanged the look few bosoms may withstand,
 Or gently prest, return'd the pressure still :
 Oh love! young love! bound in thy rosy band,
 Let sage or cynic prattle as he will,
 These hours, and only these, redeem life's years of ill!

LXXXII.

But, midst the throng in merry masquerade,
 Lurk there no hearts that throb with secret pain,
 Even through the closest searment half betray'd?
 To such the gentle murmurs of the main
 Seem to re-echo all they mourn in vain ;
 To such the gladness of the gamesome crowd
 Is source of wayward thought and stern disdain :
 How do they loathe the laughter idly loud,
 And long to change the robe of revel for the shroud!

LXXXIII.

This must he feel, the true-born son of Greece,
 If Greece one true-born patriot still can boast :
 Not such as prate of war, but skulk in peace,
 The bondsman's peace, who sighs for all he lost,
 Yet with smooth smile his tyrant can accost,
 And wield the slavish sickle, not the sword :
 Ah! Greece! they love thee least who owe thee most,
 Their birth, their blood, and that sublime record
 Of hero sires, who shame thy now degenerate horde!

LXXXIV.

When riseth Lacedemon's hardihood,
 When Thebes Epaminondas rears again,
 When Athens' children are with hearts endued,
 When Grecian mothers shall give birth to men,
 Then mayst thou be restored ; but not till then
 A thousand years scarce serve to form a state ;
 An hour may lay it in the dust ; and when
 Can man its shatter'd splendour renovate,
 Recal its virtues back, and vanquish time and fate?

LXXXV.

And yet how lovely in thine age of woe,
 Land of lost gods and godlike men, art thou!
 Thy vales of ever-green, thy hills of snow⁴⁵
 Proclaim thee Nature's varied favourite now:
 Thy fanes, thy temples to thy surface bow,
 Commingling slowly with heroic earth,
 Broke by the share of every rustic plough:
 So perish monuments of mortal birth,
 So perish all in turn, save well-recorded worth;

LXXXVI.

Save where some solitary column mourns
 Above its prostrate brethren of the cave;⁴⁴
 Save where Tritonia's airy shrine adorns
 Colonna's cliff, and gleams along the wave;⁴⁵
 Save o'er some warrior's half-forgotten grave,
 Where the grey stones and unmolested grass
 Ages, but not oblivion, feebly brave;
 While strangers only not regardless pass,
 Lingering like me, perchance, to gaze, and sigh "Alas!"

LXXXVII.

Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild;
 Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are thy fields,
 Thine olive ripe as when Minerva smiled,
 And still his honied wealth Hymettus yields;
 There the blithe bee his fragrant fortress builds,
 The freeborn wanderer of thy mountain-air;
 Apollo still thy long, long summer gilds,
 Still in his beam Mendeli's marbles glare;
 Art, glory, freedom fail, but nature still is fair.

LXXXVIII.

Where'er we tread 't is haunted, holy ground;
 No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould,
 But one vast realm of wonder spreads around,
 And all the muse's tales seem truly told,
 Till the sense aches with gazing to behold
 The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon:
 Each hill and dale, each deepening glen and wold
 Defies the power which crush'd thy temples gone:
 Age shakes Athena's towers, but spares gray Marathon.

LXXXIX.

The sun, the soil, but not the slave, the same ;
 Unchanged in all except its foreign lord—
 Preserves alike its bounds and boundless fame
 The battle-field, where Persia's victim horde
 First bowed beneath the brunt of Hellas' sword,
 As on the morn to distant glory dear,
 When Marathon became a magic word ;⁴⁶
 Which utter'd, to the hearer's eye appear
 The camp, the host, the fight, the conqueror's career,

XC.

The flying Mede, his shaftless broken bow ;
 The fiery Greek, his red pursuing spear ;
 Mountains above, earth's, ocean's plain below ;
 Death in the front, destruction in the rear !
 Such was the scene—what now remaineth here ?
 What sacred trophy marks the hallow'd ground,
 Recording freedom's smile and Asia's tear ?
 The rifled urn, the violated mound,
 The dust thy courser's hoof, rude stranger ! spurns around.

XCI.

Yet to the remnants of thy splendour past
 Shall pilgrims, pensive, but unwearied, throng ;
 Long shall the voyager, with th' Ionian blast,
 Hail the bright clime of battle and of song ;
 Long shall thine annals and immortal tongue
 Fill with thy fame the youth of many a shore ;
 Boast of the aged ! lesson of the young !
 Which sages venerate and bards adore,
 As Pallas and the muse unveil their awful lore.

XCII.

The parted bosom clings to wonted home,
 If aught that's kindred cheer the welcome hearth ;
 He that is lonely, hither let him roam,
 And gaze complacent on congenial earth.
 Greece is no lightsome land of social mirth ;
 But he whom sadness sootheth may abide,
 And scarce regret the region of his birth,
 When wandering slow by Delphi's sacred side,
 Or gazing o'er the plains where Greek and Persian died.

XCIII.

Let such approach this consecrated land,
 And pass in peace along the magic waste ;
 But spare its relics—let no busy hand
 Deface the scenes, already how defaced !
 Not for such purpose were these altars placed :
 Revere the remnants nations once revered :
 So may our country's name be undisgraced,
 So mayst thou prosper where thy youth was rear'd,
 By every honest joy of love and life endear'd !

XCIV.

For thee, who thus in too protracted song
 Hast soothed thine idlesse with inglorious lays,
 Soon shall thy voice be lost amid the throng
 Of louder minstrels in these later days :
 To such resign the strife for fading bays—
 Ill may such contest now the spirit move
 Which heeds nor keen reproach nor partial praise ;
 Since cold each kinder heart that might approve,
 And none are left to please when none are left to love.

XCV.

Thou too art gone, thou loved and lovely one !
 Whom youth and youth's affection bound to me ;
 Who did for me what none beside have done,
 Nor shrank from one albeit unworthy thee.
 What is my being? thou hast ceased to be !
 Nor staid to welcome here thy wanderer home,
 Who mourns o'er hours which we no more shall see—
 Would they had never been, or were to come !
 Would he had ne'er return'd to find fresh cause to roam !

XCVI.

Oh! ever loving, lovely, and beloved !
 How selfish sorrow ponders on the past,
 And clings to thoughts now better far removed !
 But time shall tear thy shadow from me last.
 All thou couldst have of mine, stern Death! thou hast ;
 The parent, friend, and now the more than friend :
 Ne'er yet for one thine arrows flew so fast,
 And grief with grief continuing still to blend,
 Hath snatch'd the little joy that life had yet to lend.

XCVII.

Then must I plunge again into the crowd,
And follow all that peace disdains to seek?
Where revel calls, and laughter, vainly loud,
False to the heart, distorts the hollow cheek,
To leave the flagging spirit doubly weak:
Still o'er the features, which perforce they cheer,
To feign the pleasure or conceal the pique;
Smiles form the channel of a future tear,
Or raise the writhing lip with ill-dissembled sneer.

XCVIII.

What is the worst of woes that wait on age?
What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow?
To view each loved one blotted from life's page,
And be alone on earth, as I am now.⁴⁷
Before the Chastener humbly let me bow,
O'er hearts divided and o'er hopes destroy'd:
Roll on, vain days! full reckless may ye flow,
Since time hath reft whate'er my soul enjoy'd,
And with the ills of Eld mine earlier years alloy'd.

NOTES TO CANTO II.

Note 1. Stanza i.

—despite of war and wasting fire—

Part of the Acropolis was destroyed by the explosion of a magazine during the Venetian siege.

Note 2. Stanza i.

But worse than steel, and flame, and ages slow,
Is the dread sceptre and dominion dire
Of men who never felt the sacred glow
That thoughts of thee and thine on polish'd breasts bestow.

We can all feel, or imagine, the regret with which the ruins of cities, once the capitals of empires, are beheld; the reflections suggested by such objects are too trite to require recapitulation. But never did the littleness of man, and the vanity of his very best virtues, of patriotism to exalt, and of valour to defend his country, appear more conspicuous than in the record of what Athens was, and in the certainty of what she now is. This theatre of contention between mighty factions, of the struggles of orators, the exaltation and deposition of tyrants, the triumph and punishment of generals, is now become a scene of petty intrigue and perpetual disturbance, between the bickering agents of certain British nobility and gentry. "The wild foxes, the owls, and serpents in the ruins of Babylon," were surely less degrading than such inhabitants. The Turks have the plea of conquest for their tyranny, and the Greeks have only suffered the fortune of war, incidental to the bravest; but how are the mighty fallen, when two painters contest the privilege of plundering the Parthenon, and triumph in turn according to the tenor of each succeeding firman! Sylla could but punish, Philip subdue, and Xerxes burn Athens; but it remained for the paltry antiquarian, and his despicable agents, to render her contemptible as himself and his pursuits.

The Parthenon, before its destruction in part, by fire, during the Venetian siege, had been a temple, a church, and a mosque. In each point of view it is an object of regard; it changed its worshippers; but still it was a place of worship thrice sacred to devotion: its violation is a triple sacrilege. But

"Man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep."

Note 3. Stanza iii.

In the original MS. we find the following note to this stanza, which had been prepared for publication, but was afterwards withdrawn, "from a fear," says the poet, "that it might be considered rather as an attack, than a defence of religion:" "In this age of bigotry, when the puritan and priest have changed places, and the wretched Catholic is visited with the 'sins of his fathers,' even unto generations far beyond the pale of the commandment, the cast of opinion in these stanzas will, doubtless, meet with many a contemptuous anathema. But let it be remembered, that the spirit they breathe is desponding, not sneering, scepticism; that he who has seen the Greek and Moslem superstitions contending for mastery over the former shrines of Polytheism—who has left in his own, 'Pharisees, thanking God that they are not like publicans and sinners,' and Spaniards in theirs, abhorring the heretics, who have holpen them in their need,—will be not a little bewildered, and begin to think that, as only one of them can be right, they may, most of them, be wrong.

With regard to morals, and the effect of religion on mankind, it appears, from all historical testimony, to have had less effect in making them love their neighbours, than inducing that cordial Christian abhorrence between sectaries and schismatics. The Turks and Quakers are the most tolerant: if an Infidel pays his heratch to the former, he may pray how, when, and where he pleases; and the mild tenets, and devout demeanour of the latter, make their lives the truest commentary on the Sermon on the Mount."—E.

Note 4. Stanza v.

Far on the solitary shore he sleeps.

It was not always the custom of the Greeks to burn their dead; the greater Ajax in particular was interred entire. Almost all the chiefs became gods after their decease; and he was indeed neglected who had not annual games near his tomb, or festivals in honour of his memory by his countrymen, as Achilles, Brisdas, &c., and at last even Antinous, whose death was as heroic as his life was infamous.

Note 5. Stanza ix.

Lord Byron wrote this stanza at Newstead, in October, 1811, on hearing of the death of his Cambridge friend, young Eddlestone.—E.

Note 6. Stanza x.

Here, son of Saturn! was thy fav'rite throne.

The temple of Jupiter Olympius, of which sixteen columns entirely of marble yet survive: originally there were 150. These columns, however, are by many supposed to have belonged to the Pantheon.

Note 7. Stanza xi.

And bear these altars o'er the long-reluctant brine.

The ship was wrecked in the Archipelago.

Note 8. Stanza xii.

To rive what Goth, and Turk, and time hath spared.

At this moment (January 3, 1810), besides what has been already deposited in London, an Hydriot vessel is in the Piræus to receive every portable relic. Thus, as I heard a young Greek observe, in common with many of his countrymen—for, lost as they are, they yet feel on this occasion—thus may Lord Elgin boast of having ruined Athens. An Italian painter of the first eminence, named Lusieri, is the agent of devastation; and, like the Greek *finder* of Verres in Sicily, who followed the same profession, he has proved the able instrument of plunder. Between this artist and the French consul Fauvel, who wishes to rescue the remains for his own government, there is now a violent dispute concerning a car employed in their conveyance, the wheel of which—I wish they were both broken upon it—has been locked up by the consul, and Lusieri has laid his complaint before the Waywode. Lord Elgin has been extremely happy in his choice of Signor Lusieri. During a residence of ten years in Athens, he never had the curiosity to proceed as far as Sunium, till he accompanied us in our second excursion. However, his works, as far as they go, are most beautiful: but they are almost all unfinished. While he and his patrons confine themselves to tasting medals, appreciating cameos, sketching columns, and cheapening gems, their little absurdities are as harmless as insect or fox-hunting, maiden-speechifying, barouche-driving, or any such pastime; but when they carry away three or four ship-loads of the most valuable and massy relics that time and barbarism have left to the most injured and most celebrated of cities; when they destroy, in a vain attempt to tear down, those works which have been the admiration of ages, I know no motive which can excuse, no name which can designate, the perpetrators of this dastardly devastation. It was not the least of the crimes laid to the charge of Verres, that he had plundered Sicily in the manner since imitated at Athens. The most unblushing impudence could hardly go farther

than to affix the name of its plunderer to the walls of the Acropolis; while the wanton and useless defacement of the whole range of the basso-relievos, in one compartment of the temple, will never permit that name to be pronounced, by an observer, without execration.

On this occasion I speak impartially: I am not a collector or admiror of collections, consequently no rival; but I have some early prepossessions in favour of Greece, and do not think the honour of England advanced by plunder, whether of India or Attica.

Another noble Lord has done better, because he has done less: but some others, more or less noble, yet "all honourable men," have done *best*, because, after a deal of excavation and execration, bribery to the Waywode, mining and counter-mining, they have done nothing at all. We had such ink-shed, and wine-shed, which almost ended in blood-shed! Lord E.'s "prig,"—see Jonathan Wild for the definition of "priggism,"—quarrelled with another, *Gropius** by name (a very good name too for his business), and muttered something about satisfaction, in a verbal answer to a note of the poor Prussian: this was stated at table to Gropius, who laughed, but could eat no dinner afterwards. The rivals were not reconciled when I left Greece. I have reason to remember their squabble, for they wanted to make me their arbitrator.

Note 9. Stanza xii.

Her sons too weak the sacred shrine to guard,
Yet felt some portion of their mother's pains.

I cannot resist availing myself of the permission of my friend Dr. Clarke, whose name requires no comment with the public, but whose sanction will add tenfold weight to my testimony, to insert the following extract from a very obliging letter of his to me, as a note to the above lines:

"When the last of the metopes was taken from the Parthenon, and, in moving of it, great part of the superstructure with one of the triglyphs was thrown down by the workmen whom Lord Elgin employed; the Disdar, who beheld the mischief done to the building, took his pipe from his mouth, dropped a tear, and, in a supplicating tone of voice, said to Lusieri, Τέλος!—I was present."

The Disdar alluded to was the father of the present Disdar.

Note 10. Stanza xiii.

After stanza xiii, the original MS. has the following:—

"Come, then, ye classic Thanes of each degree,
Dark Hamilton and sullen Aberdeen,
Come, pilfer all the Pilgrim loves to see,
All that yet consecrates the fading scene:
Oh! better were it ye had never been
Nor ye, nor Elgin, nor that lesser wight,
The victim sad of vase-collecting spleen,
House-furnisher withal, one Thomas hight,
Than ye should bear one stone from wrong'd Athena's site.

Or will the gentle Dilettanti crew
Now delegate the task to digging Gell,
That mighty limner of a birds'-eye view,
How like to Nature let his volumes tell;
Who can with him the folio's limits swell
With all the Author saw, or said he saw?
Who can topographize or delve so well?
No boaster he, nor impudent and raw,
His pencil, pen, and shade, alike without a flaw."—E.

* This Sr. Gropius was employed by a noble Lord for the sole purpose of sketching, in which he excels; but I am sorry to say, that he has, through the abused sanction of that most respectable name, been treading at a humble distance in the steps of Sr. Lusieri. A shipful of his trophies was detained, and, I believe, confiscated at Constantinople in 1810. I am most happy to be now enabled to state, that "this was not in his bond;" that he was employed solely as a painter, and that his noble patron disavows all connexion with him, except as an artist. If the error in the first and second edition of this poem has given the noble Lord a moment's pain, I am very sorry for it; Sr. Gropius has assumed for years the name of his agent; and, though I cannot much condemn myself for sharing in the mistake of so many, I am happy in being one of the first to be undeceived. Indeed I have as much pleasure in contradicting this as I felt regret in stating it. *Note to 3d edition.*

Note 11. Stanza xiv.

Where was thine ægis, Pallas! that appall'd
Stern Alaric and havoc on their way!

According to Zozimus, Minerva and Achilles frightened Alaric from the Acropolis; but others relate that the Gothic king was nearly as mischievous as the Scottish peer.—See CHANDLER.

Note 12. Stanza xviii.

—the netted canopy.

The netting to prevent blocks or splinters from falling on deck during action.

Note 13. Stanza xxix.

But not in silence pass Calypso's isles.

Goza is said to have been the island of Calypso.

Note 14. Stanza xxx.

For an account of this accomplished but eccentric lady, whose acquaintance the poet formed at Malta, see vol. ii, Miscellaneous poems, "To Florence." "In one so imaginative as Lord Byron, who, while he infused so much of his life into his poetry, mingled also not a little of poetry with his life, it is difficult," says Moore, "in unravelling the texture of his feelings, to distinguish at all times between the fanciful and the real. His description *here*, for instance, of the unmoved and 'loveless heart,' with which he contemplated even the charms of this attractive person, is wholly at variance with the statements in many of his letters; and, above all, with one of the most graceful of his lesser poems, addressed to this same lady, during a thunder-storm on his road to Zitza."—E.

Note 15. Stanza xxxviii.

Land of Albania! let me bend mine eyes
On thee, thou rugged nurse of savage men!

Albania comprises part of Macedonia, Illyria, Chaonia, and Epirus. Iskander is the Turkish word for Alexander; and the celebrated Scanderbeg (Lord Alexander) is alluded to in the third and fourth lines of the thirty-eighth stanza. I do not know whether I am correct in making Scanderbeg the countryman of Alexander, who was born at Pella in Macedonia, but Mr. Gibbon terms him so, and adds Pyrrhus to the list, in speaking of his exploits.

Of Albania Gibbon remarks, that a country "within sight of Italy is less known than the interior of America." Circumstances, of little consequence to mention, led Mr. Hobhouse and myself into that country before we visited any other part of the Ottoman dominions; and with the exception of Major Leake, then officially resident at Joannina, no other Englishmen have ever advanced beyond the capital into the interior, as that gentleman very lately assured me. Ali Pacha was at that time (October, 1809) carrying on war against Ibrahim Pacha, whom he had driven to Berat, a strong fortress which he was then besieging: on our arrival at Joannina we were invited to Tepaleni, his Highness's birth-place, and favourite serai, only one day's distance from Berat; at this juncture the Vizier had made it his headquarters.

After some stay in the capital, we accordingly followed; but though furnished with every accommodation, and escorted by one of the Vizier's secretaries, we were nine days (on account of the rains) in accomplishing a journey which, on our return, barely occupied four.

On our route we passed two cities, Argyrocastro and Libochabo, apparently little inferior to Yanina in size; and no pencil or pen can ever do justice to the scenery in the vicinity of Zitza and Delvinachi, the frontier village of Epirus and Albania Proper.

On Albania and its inhabitants I am unwilling to descant, because this will be done so much better by my fellow-traveller, in a work which may probably precede this in publication, that I as little wish to follow as I would to anticipate him. But some few observations are necessary to the text.

The Arnaouts, or Albanese, struck me forcibly by their resemblance to the High-

landers of Scotland, in dress, figure, and manner of living. Their very mountains seemed Caledonian, with a kinder climate. The kilt, though white; the spare, active form; their dialect, Celtic in sound, and their hardy habits, all carried me back to Morven. No nation are so detested and dreaded by their neighbours as the Albanese: the Greeks hardly regard them as Christians, or the Turks as Moslems; and in fact they are a mixture of both, and sometimes neither. Their habits are predatory: all are armed; and the red-shawled Arnaouts, the Montenegrins, Chimariots, and Gegdes, are treacherous; the others differ somewhat in garb, and essentially in character. As far as my own experience goes, I can speak favourably. I was attended by two, an Infidel and a Mussulman, to Constantinople and every other part of Turkey which came within my observation; and more faithful in peril, or indefatigable in service, are rarely to be found. The infidel was named Basilius, the Moslem, Dervish Tahiri; the former a man of middle age, and the latter about my own. Basili was strictly charged by Ali Pacha in person to attend us; and Dervish was one of fifty who accompanied us through the forests of Acarnania to the banks of Achelous, and onward to Messalunghi in Ætolia. There I took him into my own service, and never had occasion to repent it till the moment of my departure.

When in 1810, after the departure of my friend Mr. Hobhouse for England, I was seized with a severe fever in the Morea, these men saved my life by frightening away my physician, whose throat they threatened to cut if I was not cured within a given time. To this consolatory assurance of posthumous retribution, and a resolute refusal of Dr. Romanelli's prescriptions, I attributed my recovery. I had left my last remaining English servant at Athens; my dragoman was as ill as myself, and my poor Arnaouts nursed me with an attention which would have done honour to civilization.

They had a variety of adventures; for the Moslem, Dervish, being a remarkably handsome man, was always squabbling with the husbands of Athens; insomuch that four of the principal Turks paid me a visit of remonstrance at the Convent, on the subject of his having taken a woman from the bath—whom he had lawfully bought however—a thing quite contrary to etiquette.

Basili also was extremely gallant among his own persuasion, and had the greatest veneration for the Church, mixed with the highest contempt of churchmen, whom he cuffed upon occasion in a most heterodox manner. Yet he never passed a church without crossing himself; and I remember the risk he ran in entering St. Sophia, in Stamboul, because it had once been a place of his worship. On remonstrating with him on his inconsistent proceedings, he invariably answered, "our church is holy, our priests are thieves;" and then he crossed himself as usual, and boxed the ears of the first "papas" who refused to assist in any required operation, as was always found to be necessary where a priest had any influence with the Cogia Bashi of his village. Indeed a more abandoned race of miscreants cannot exist than the lower orders of the Greek clergy.

When preparations were made for my return, my Albanians were summoned to receive their pay. Basili took his with an awkward show of regret at my intended departure, and marched away to his quarters with his bag of piastres. I sent for Dervish, but for some time he was not to be found; at last he entered, just as Signor Logotheti, father to the *ci-devant* Anglo-consul of Athens, and some other of my Greek acquaintances, paid me a visit. Dervish took the money, but on a sudden dashed it to the ground; and clasping his hands, which he raised to his forehead, rushed out of the room, weeping bitterly. From that moment to the hour of my embarkation, he continued his lamentations, and all our efforts to console him only produced this answer, "Μ' αφαιρει," "He leaves me." Signor Logotheti, who never wept before for any thing less than the loss of a para,* melted; the padre of the convent, my attendants, my visitors—and I verily believe that even "Sterne's foolish fat scullion" would have left her "fish-kettle" to sympathize with the unaffected and unexpected sorrow of this barbarian.

For my own part, when I remembered that, a short time before my departure

* Para, about the fourth of a farthing.

from England, a noble and most intimate associate had excused himself from taking leave of me, because he had to attend a relation "to a milliner's," I felt no less surprised than humiliated by the present occurrence and the past recollection.

That Dervish would leave me with some regret was to be expected: when master and man have been scrambling over the mountains of a dozen provinces together, they are unwilling to separate; but his present feelings, contrasted with his native ferocity, improved my opinion of the human heart. I believe this almost feudal fidelity is frequent amongst them. One day, on our journey over Parnassus, an Englishman in my service gave him a push in some dispute about the baggage, which he unluckily mistook for a blow; he spoke not, but sat down, leaning his head upon his hands. Foreseeing the consequences, we endeavoured to explain away the affront, which produced the following answer:—"I *have been* a robber, I *am* a soldier; no captain ever struck me; *you* are my master, I have eaten your bread; but by *that* bread! (an usual oath) had it been otherwise, I would have stabbed the dog your servant, and gone to the mountains." So the affair ended, but from that day forward he never thoroughly forgave the thoughtless fellow who insulted him.

Dervish excelled in the dance of his country, conjectured to be a remnant of the ancient Pyrrhic: be that as it may, it is manly, and requires wonderful agility. It is very distinct from the stupid Romaika, the dull round-about of the Greeks, of which our Athenian party had so many specimens.

The Albanians in general (I do not mean the cultivators of the earth in the provinces, who have also that appellation, but the mountaineers) have a fine cast of countenance; and the most beautiful women I ever beheld, in stature and in features, we saw *levelling the road* broken down by the torrents between Delvinachi and Libochabo. Their manner of walking is truly theatrical, but this strut is probably the effect of the capote, or cloak depending from one shoulder. Their long hair reminds you of the Spartans, and their courage in desultory warfare is unquestionable. Though they have some cavalry amongst the Gegdes, I never saw a good Arnaout horseman: my own preferred the English saddles, which, however, they could never keep. But on foot they are not to be subdued by fatigue.

Note 16. Stanza xxxix.

——— and passed the barren spot
Where sad Penelope o'erlook'd the wave.

Ithaca.

Note 17. Stanza xl.

Leucadia, now Santa Maura. From the promontory (the Lover's Leap) Sappho is said to have thrown herself.

Note 18. Stanza xl.

Actium and Trafalgar need no further mention. The battle of Lepanto, equally bloody and considerable, but less known, was fought in the Gulf of Patras. Here the author of *Don Quixote* lost his left hand.

Note 19. Stanza xlv.

—many a Roman chief and Asian king.

It is said that on the day previous to the battle of Actium, Anthony had thirteen kings at his levee.

Note 20. Stanza xlv.

Look where the second Cæsar's trophies rose.

Nicopolis, whose ruins are most extensive, is at some distance from Actium, where the wall of the Hippodrome survives in a few fragments.

Note 21. Stanza xlvii.

——— Acherusia's lake.

According to Pouqueville, the Lake of Yanina; but Pouqueville is always out.

Note 22. Stanza xlvii.

To greet Albania's chief.

The celebrated Ali Pacha. Of this extraordinary man there is an incorrect account in Pouqueville's Travels.

Note 23. Stanza xlvii.

Hurl their defiance far, nor yield, unless to gold.

Five thousand Suliotes, among the rocks and in the castle of Suli, withstood thirty thousand Albanians for eighteen years; the castle at last was taken by bribery. In this contest there were several acts performed not unworthy of the better days of Greece.

Note 24. Stanza xlviii.

Monastic Zitza, &c.

The convent and village of Zitza are four hours' journey from Joannina, or Yamina, the capital of the pachalick. In the valley the river Kalamas (once the Acheron) flows, and, not far from Zitza, forms a fine cataract. The situation is perhaps the finest in Greece, though the approach to Delvinachi and parts of Acarnania and Ætolia may contest the palm. Delphi, Parnassus, and, in Attica, even Cape Colonna and Port Rapti, are very inferior; as also every scene in Ionia or the Troad: I am almost inclined to add the approach to Constantinople; but, from the different features of the last, a comparison can hardly be made.

Note 25. Stanza xlix.

Here dwells the caloyer.

The Greek monks are so called.

Note 26. Stanza li.

Nature's volcanic amphitheatre.

The Chimariot mountains appear to have been volcanic.

Note 27. Stanza li.

—behold black Acheron!

Now called Kalamas.

Note 28. Stanza lii.

—in his white capote.

Albanese cloak.

Note 29. Stanza lv.

The sun had sunk behind vast Tomerit.

Anciently Mount Tomarus.

Note 30. Stanza lv.

And Laos wide and fierce came roaring by.

The river Laos was full at the time the author passed it; and, immediately above Tepaleen, was to the eye as wide as the Thames at Westminster; at least in the opinion of the author and his fellow-traveller, Mr. Hobhouse. In the summer it must be much narrower. It certainly is the finest river in the Levant: neither Acheloüs, Alpheus, Acheron, Scamander, nor Cayster, approached it in breadth or beauty.

Note 31. Stanza lxvi.

And fellow-countrymen have stood aloof.

Alluding to the wreckers of Cornwall.

Note 32. Stanza lxxi.

—the red wine circling fast.

The Albanian Mussulmans do not abstain from wine, and indeed very few of the others.

Note 33. Stanza lxxi.

Each Palikar his sabre from him cast.

Palikar, shortened when addressed to a single person, from Παλικάρης, a general name for a soldier amongst the Greeks and Albanese who speak Romaic—it means properly “a lad.”

Note 34. Stanza lxxii.

While thus in concert, &c.

As a specimen of the Albanian or Arnaout dialect of the Illyric, I here insert two of their most popular choral songs, which are generally chaunted in dancing by men or women indiscriminately. The first words are merely a kind of chorus, without meaning, like some in our own and all other languages.

Bo, Bo, Bo, Bo, Bo, Bo,
Naciarura, popuso.

Naciarura na civin
Ha pe uderini ti hin.

Ha pe uderi escrotini
Ti vin ti mar servetini.

Caliriot me surme
Ea ha pe pse dua tive.

Buo, Bo, Bo, Bo, Bo,
Gi egem spirta esimiro.

Caliriot vu le funde
Ede vete tunde tunde.

Caliriot me surme
Ti mi put e poi mi le.

Se ti puta citi mora
Si mi ri ni veti udo gia.

Va le ni il che cadale
Celo more, more celo.

Plu hari ti tireti
Plu huron cia pra seti.

Lo, Lo, I come, I come; be thou silent.

I come, I run; open the door that I may enter.

Open the door by halves, that I may take my turban.

Caliriot * with the dark eyes, open the gate that I may enter.

Lo, lo, I hear thee, my soul.

An Arnaout girl, in costly garb, walks with graceful pride.

Caliriot maid of the dark eyes, give me a kiss.

If I have kissed thee, what hast thou gained? My soul is consumed with fire.

Dance lightly, more gently, and gently still.

Make not so much dust, to destroy your embroidered hose.

The last stanza would puzzle a commentator: the men have certainly buskins of the most beautiful texture, but the ladies (to whom the above is supposed to be addressed) have nothing under their little yellow boots and slippers but a well-turned and sometimes very white ancle. The Arnaout girls are much handsomer than the Greeks, and their dress is far more picturesque. They preserve their shape much longer also, from being always in the open air. It is to be observed that the Arnaout is not a *written* language; the words of this song, therefore, as well as the one which follows, are spelt according to their pronunciation. They are copied by one who speaks and understands the dialect perfectly, and who is a native of Athens.

Ndi sefda tinde ulavossa
Vettimi upri vi lofsa.

Ah vaisisso mi privi lofse
Si mi rini mi la vosse.

Uti tasa roba stua
Sitti eve tulati dua.

Roba stinori usidua
Qu mi sini veti dua.

Qurmidi dua civileni
Roba ti siarmi tildi eni.

I am wounded by thy love, and have loved but to scorch myself.

Thou hast consumed me! Ah, maid! thou hast struck me to the heart.

I have said I wish no dowry but thine eyes and eyelashes.

The accursed dowry I want not, but thee only.

Give me thy charms, and let the portion feed the flames.

* The Albanese, particularly the women, are frequently termed, “Caliriot,” for what reason I inquired in vain.

U tara pisa vaisisso me semi rin ti hapti Eti mi bire a piste si gui dendroi tiltati.	I have loved thee, maid, with a sincere soul, but thou hast left me like a with- ered tree.
Udi vura udorini udiri cicova cilti mora Udorini talti hollna u ede caimoni mora.	If I have placed my hand on thy bosom, what have I gained? my hand is with- drawn, but retains the flame.

I believe the two last stanzas, as they are in a different measure, ought to belong to another ballad. An idea something similar to the thought in the last lines was expressed by Socrates, whose arm having come in contact with one of his "ὤπο-κάλπιτοι," Critobulus or Cleobulus, the philosopher complained of a shooting pain as far as his shoulder for some days after, and therefore very properly resolved to teach his disciples in future without touching them.

Note 35. "Song." Stanza 1.

Tambourg! Tambourg! thy 'larum afar, &c.

These stanzas are partly taken from different Albanese songs, as far as I was able to make them out by the exposition of the Albanese in Romaic and Italian.

Note 36. "Song." Stanza 8.

Remember the moment when Prevesa fell.

It was taken by storm from the French.

Note 37. Stanza lxxiii.

Fair Greece! sad relic of departed worth, &c.

Some thoughts on this subject will be found in the subjoined papers, p. 80.

Note 38. Stanza lxxiv.

Spirit of freedom! when on Phyle's brow
Thou sat'st with Thrasybulus and his train.

Phyle, which commands a beautiful view of Athens, has still considerable remains: it was seized by Thrasybulus previous to the expulsion of the Thirty.

Note 39. Stanza lxxvii.

Receive the fiery Frank, her former guest.

When taken by the Latins and retained for several years.—See GIBBON.

Note 40. Stanza lxxvii.

The prophet's tomb of all its pious spoil.

Mecca and Medina were taken some time ago by the Wahabees, a sect yearly increasing.

Note 41. Stanza lxxix.

Oh Stamboul! once the empress of their reign!

Of Constantinople Lord Byron says,—“I have seen the ruins of Athens, of Ephesus, and Delphi; I have traversed great part of Turkey, and many other parts of Europe, and some of Asia; but I never beheld a work of nature or art which yielded an impression like the prospect on each side, from the Seven Towers to the end of the Golden Horn.”—E.

Note 42. Stanza lxxix.

As woo'd the eye, and thrill'd the Bosphorus along.

“The view of Constantinople,” says Mr. Rose, “which appeared intersected by groves of cypress (for such is the effect of its great burial-grounds planted with these trees), its gilded domes and minarets reflecting the first rays of the sun; the deep blue sea ‘in which it glassed itself,’ and *that* sea covered with beautiful boats and barges darting in every direction in perfect silence, amid sea-fowl, who sat at rest upon the waters, altogether conveyed such an impression as I had never received, and probably never shall again receive, from the view of any other place.” The following sonnet, by the same author, has been so often quoted, that, but for its exquisite beauty, we should not have ventured to reprint it here:—

"A glorious foam thy shining city wore,
 'Mid cypress thickets of perennial green,
 With minaret and golden dome between,
 While thy sea softly kiss'd its grassy shore:
 Darting across whose blue expanse was seen
 Of sculptured barques and galleys many a score;
 Whence noise was none save that of plashing oar;
 Nor word was spoke, to break the calm serene.
 Unheard is whisker'd boatman's hail or joke;
 Who, mute as Sinbad's man of copper, rows,
 And only intermits the sturdy stroke,
 When fearless Gull too nigh his pinnace goes.
 I, hardly conscious if I dreamed or woke,
 Mark'd that strange piece of action and repose."—E.

Note 43. Stanza lxxxv.

Thy vales of ever-green, thy hills of snow—

On many of the mountains, particularly Liakura, the snow never is entirely melted, notwithstanding the intense heat of the summer; but I never saw it lie on the plains, even in winter.

Note 44. Stanza lxxxvi.

Save where some solitary column mourns
 Above its prostrate brethren of the cave.

Of Mount Pentelicus, from whence the marble was dug that constructed the public edifices of Athens. The modern name is Mount Mendeli. An immense cave formed by the quarries still remains, and will till the end of time.

Note 45. Stanza lxxxvi.

Colonna's cliff.

Now Cape Colonna. In all Attica, if we except Athens itself and Marathon, there is no scene more interesting than Cape Colonna. To the antiquary and artist sixteen columns are an inexhaustible source of observation and design; to the philosopher, the supposed scene of some of Plato's conversations will not be unwelcome, and the traveller will be struck with the beauty of the prospect over "*Isles that crown the Ægean deep*;" but for an Englishman, Colonna has yet an additional interest, as the actual spot of Falconer's Shipwreck. Pallas and Plato are forgotten in the recollection of Falconer and Campbell:

"Here in the dead of night, by Lonna's steep,
 The seaman's cry was heard along the deep."

This temple of Minerva may be seen at sea from a great distance. In two journeys which I made, and one voyage to Cape Colonna, the view from either side, by land, was less striking than the approach from the isles. In our second land excursion, we had a narrow escape from a party of Mainotes, concealed in the caverns beneath. We were told afterwards, by one of their prisoners subsequently ransomed, that they were deterred from attacking us by the appearance of my two Albanians: conjecturing very sagaciously, but falsely, that we had a complete guard of those Arnaouts at hand, they remained stationary, and thus saved our party, which was too small to have opposed any effectual resistance.

Colonna is no less a resort of painters than of pirates; there

"The hireling artist plants his paltry desk,
 And makes degraded nature picturesque."

(See HOGSON'S *Lady Jane Grey*, &c.)

But there nature, with the aid of art, has done that for herself.—I was fortunate enough to engage a very superior German artist; and hope to renew my acquaintance with this and many other Levantine scenes, by the arrival of his performances.

Note 46. Stanza lxxxix.

When Marathon became a magic word—

"Siste, viator—heroa calcas!" was the epitaph on the famous Count Merci;—what then must be our feelings when standing on the tumulus of the two hundred (Greeks) who fell on Marathon? The principal barrow has recently been opened

by Fauvel; few or no relics, as vases, &c., were found by the excavator. The plain of Marathon was offered to me for sale at the sum of sixteen thousand piastres, about nine hundred pounds! Alas!—"Expende—quot *libras* in duce summo—invenies?"—was the dust of Miltiades worth no more? it could scarcely have fetched less if sold by *weight*.

Note 47. Stanza xxviii.

And be alone on earth, as I am now.

This stanza was written October 11, 1811; upon which day the poet, in a letter to a friend, says,—“It seems as though I were to experience in my youth the greatest misery of age. My friends fall around me, and I shall be left a lonely tree before I am withered. Other men can always take refuge in their families: I have no resource but my own reflections, and they present no prospect here or hereafter, except the selfish satisfaction of surviving my friends. I am indeed very wretched.” In reference to this stanza, “Surely,” said Professor Clarke to the author of the ‘Pursuits of Literature,’ “Lord Byron cannot have experienced such keen anguish as these exquisite allusions to what older men may have felt seem to denote.”—“I fear he has,” answered Matthias;—“*he could not otherwise have written such a poem.*”—E.

PAPERS REFERRED TO BY NOTE 37.

I.

Before I say any thing about a city of which every body, traveller or not, has thought it necessary to say something, I will request Miss Owenson, when she next borrows an Athenian heroine for her four volumes, to have the goodness to marry her to somebody more of a gentleman than a “Disdar Aga” (who by the by is not an Aga), the most impolite of petty officers, the greatest patron of larceny Athens ever saw (except Lord E.), and the unworthy occupant of the Acropolis, on a handsome annual stipend of 150 piastres (eight pounds sterling), out of which he has only to pay his garrison, the most ill-regulated corps in the ill-regulated Ottoman empire. I speak it tenderly, seeing I was once the cause of the husband of “Ida of Athens” nearly suffering the bastinado; and because the said “Disdar” is a turbulent husband, and beats his wife, so that I exhort and beseech Miss Owenson to sue for a separate maintenance in behalf of “Ida.” Having premised thus much, on a matter of such import to the readers of romances, I may now leave Ida, to mention her birth-place.

Setting aside the magic of the name, and all those associations which it would be pedantic and superfluous to recapitulate, the very situation of Athens would render it the favourite of all who have eyes for art or nature. The climate, to me at least, appeared a perpetual spring; during eight months I never passed a day without being as many hours on horseback; rain is extremely rare, snow never lies in the plains, and a cloudy day is an agreeable rarity. In Spain, Portugal, and every part of the East which I visited, except Ionia and Attica, I perceived no such superiority of climate to our own; and at Constantinople, where I passed May, June, and part of July (1810), you might “damn the climate, and complain of spleen” five days out of seven.

The air of the Morea is heavy and unwholesome, but the moment you pass the isthmus in the direction of Megara, the change is strikingly perceptible. But I fear Hesiod will still be found correct in his description of a Bœotian winter.

We found at Livadia an “esprit fort” in a Greek bishop, of all free-thinkers! This worthy hypocrite rallied his own religion with great intrepidity (but not before his flock), and talked of a mass as a “*cogliomeria*.” It was impossible to think better of him for this: but, for a Bœotian he was brisk with all his absur-

dity. This phenomenon (with the exception indeed of Thebes, the remains of Chæronea, the plain of Platea, Orchomenus, Livadia, and its nominal cave of Trophonius), was the only remarkable thing we saw before we passed Mount Cithæron.

The fountain of Dirce turns a mill: at least, my companion (who, resolving to be at once cleanly and classical, bathed in it) pronounced it to be the fountain of Dirce, and any body who thinks it worth while may contradict him. At Castri we drank of half a dozen streamlets, some not of the purest, before we decided to our satisfaction which was the true Castalian, and even that had a villanous twang, probably from the snow, though it did not throw us into an epic fever like poor Dr. Chandler.

From Fort Phyle, of which large remains still exist, the plain of Athens, Pentelicus, Hymettus, the Ægean, and the Acropolis, burst upon the eye at once; in my opinion, a more glorious prospect than even Cintra or Istambol. Not the view from the Troad, with Ida, the Hellespont, and the more distant Mount Athos, can equal it, though so superior in extent.

I heard much of the beauty of Arcadia, but, excepting the view from the monastery of Megaspelion (which is inferior to Zitza in a command of country), and the descent from the mountains on the way from Tripolitza to Argos, Arcadia has little to recommend it beyond the name.

"Sternitur, et dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos."

Virgil could have put this into the mouth of none but an Argive; and (with reverence be it spoken) it does not deserve the epithet. And if the Polynices of Statius, "In mediis audit duo littora campis," did actually hear both shores in crossing the isthmus of Corinth, he had better ears than have ever been worn in such a journey since.

"Athens," says a celebrated topographer, "is still the most polished city of Greece." Perhaps it may of *Greece*, but not of the *Greeks*; for Joannina, in Epirus, is universally allowed, amongst themselves, to be superior in the wealth, refinement, learning, and dialect of its inhabitants. The Athenians are remarkable for their cunning; and the lower orders are not improperly characterised in that proverb, which classes them with "the Jews of Salonica, and the Turks of the Negropont."

Among the various foreigners resident in Athens, French, Italians, Germans, Ragusans, &c., there was never a difference of opinion in their estimate of the Greek character, though on all other topics they disputed with great acrimony.

M. Fauvel, the French consul, who has passed thirty years principally at Athens, and to whose talents as an artist, and manners as a gentleman, none who have known him can refuse their testimony, has frequently declared in my hearing, that the Greeks do not deserve to be emancipated: reasoning on the grounds of their "national and individual depravity," while he forgot that such depravity is to be attributed to causes which can only be removed by the measure he reprobates.

M. Roque, a French merchant of respectability long settled at Athens, asserted with the most amusing gravity: "Sir, they are the same *canaille* that existed in the days of Themistocles!" an alarming remark to the "laudator temporis acti." The ancients banished Themistocles; the moderns cheat Monsieur Roque: thus great men have ever been treated!

In short, all the Franks who are fixtures, and most of the Englishmen, Germans, Danes, &c. of passage, came over by degrees to their opinion, on much the same grounds that a Turk in England would condemn the nation by wholesale, because he was wronged by his lacquey, and overcharged by his washerwoman.

Certainly it was not a little staggering when the Sieurs Fauvel and Lusieri, the two greatest demagogues of the day, who divide between them the power of Pericles and the popularity of Cleon, and puzzle the poor Waywode with perpetual differences, agreed in the utter condemnation, "nulla virtute redemptum," of the Greeks in general, and of the Athenians in particular.

For my own humble opinion, I am loth to hazard it, knowing, as I do, that there be now in MS. no less than five tours of the first magnitude and of the most threatening aspect, all in typographical array, by persons of wit, and honour, and regular common-place books: but, if I may say this without offence, it seems to me

rather hard to declare so positively and pertinaciously, as almost every body has declared, that the Greeks, because they are very bad, will never be better.

Eton and Sommi have led us astray by their panegyrics and projects; but, on the other hand, de Pauw and Thornton have debased the Greeks beyond their demerits.

The Greeks will never be independent; they will never be sovereigns as heretofore, and God forbid they ever should! but they may be subjects without being slaves. Our colonies are not independent, but they are free and industrious, and such may Greece be hereafter.

At present, like the Catholics of Ireland, and the Jews throughout the world, and such other cudgelled and heterodox people, they suffer all the moral and physical ills that can afflict humanity. Their life is a struggle against truth; they are vicious in their own defence. They are so unused to kindness, that when they occasionally meet with it they look upon it with suspicion, as a dog often beaten snaps at your fingers if you attempt to caress him. "They are ungrateful, notoriously, abominably ungrateful!"—this is the general cry. Now, in the name of Nemesis! for what are they to be grateful? Where is the human being that ever conferred a benefit on Greek or Greeks? They are to be grateful to the Turks for their fetters, and to the Franks for their broken promises and lying counsels. They are to be grateful to the artist who engraves their ruins, and to the antiquary who carries them away; to the traveller whose janissary flogs them, and to the scribbler whose journal abuses them! This is the amount of their obligations to foreigners.

II.

Franciscan Convent, Athens, January 23, 1811.

Amongst the remnants of the barbarous policy of the earlier ages, are the traces of bondage which yet exist in different countries; whose inhabitants, however divided in religion and manners, almost all agree in oppression.

The English have at last compassionated their negroes, and under a less bigoted government, may probably one day release their Catholic brethren; but the interposition of foreigners alone can emancipate the Greeks, who, otherwise, appear to have as small a chance of redemption from the Turks, as the Jews have from mankind in general.

Of the ancient Greeks we know more than enough; at least the younger men of Europe devote much of their time to the study of the Greek writers and history, which would be more usefully spent in mastering their own. Of the moderns we are perhaps more neglectful than they deserve; and while every man of any pretensions to learning is tiring out his youth, and often his age, in the study of the languages and of the harangues of the Athenian demagogues in favour of freedom; the real or supposed descendants of these sturdy republicans are left to the actual tyranny of their masters, although a very slight effort is required to strike off their chains.

To talk, as the Greeks themselves do, of their rising again to their pristine superiority, would be ridiculous; as the rest of the world must resume its barbarism, after re-asserting the sovereignty of Greece: but there seems to be no very great obstacle, except in the apathy of the Franks, to their becoming a useful dependency, or even a free state with a proper guarantee;—under correction, however, be it spoken, for many and well-informed men doubt the practicability even of this.

The Greeks have never lost their hope, though they are now more divided in opinion on the subject of their probable deliverers. Religion recommends the Russians; but they have twice been deceived and abandoned by that power, and the dreadful lesson they received after the Muscovite desertion in the Morea has never been forgotten. The French they dislike: although the subjugation of the rest of Europe will probably be attended by the deliverance of continental Greece. The islanders look to the English for succour, as they have very lately possessed themselves of the Ionian republic, Corfu excepted. But whoever appear with

arms in their hands will be welcome ; and when that day arrives, Heaven have mercy on the Ottomans ! they cannot expect it from the Giaours.

But instead of considering what they have been and speculating on what they may be, let us look at them as they are.

And here it is impossible to reconcile the contrariety of opinions ; some, particularly the merchants, decrying the Greeks in the strongest language ; others, generally travellers, turning periods in their eulogy, and publishing very curious speculations grafted on their former state, which can have no more effect on their present lot, than the existence of the Incas on the future fortunes of Peru.

One very ingenious person terms them the " natural allies " of Englishmen ; another, no less ingenious, will not allow them to be the allies of any body, and denies their very descent from the ancients ; a third, more ingenious than either, builds a Greek empire on a Russian foundation, and realizes (on paper) all the chimeras of Catherine II. As to the question of their descent, what can it import whether the Mainotes are the lineal Laconians or not ? or the present Athenians as indigenous as the bees of Hymettus, or as the grasshoppers to which they once likened themselves ? What Englishman cares if he be of Danish, Saxon, Norman, or Trojan blood ? or who, except a Welchman, is afflicted with a desire of being descended from Caractacus ?

The poor Greeks do not so much abound in the good things of this world, as to render even their claims to antiquity an object of envy ; it is very cruel then in Mr. Thornton, to disturb them in the possession of all that time has left them ; viz. their pedigree, of which they are the more tenacious as it is all they can call their own. It would be worth while to publish together, and compare, the works of Messrs. Thornton and De Pauw, Eton and Sonnini ; paradox on one side, and prejudice on the other. Mr. Thornton conceives himself to have claims to public confidence from a fourteen years' residence at Pera ; perhaps he may on the subject of the Turks, but this can give him no more insight into the real state of Greece and its inhabitants, than as many years spent in Wapping, into that of the Western Highlands.

The Greeks of Constantinople live in Fanal ; and if Mr. Thornton did not oftener cross the Golden Horn than his brother merchants are accustomed to do, I should place no great alliance on his information. I actually heard one of these gentlemen boast of their little general intercourse with the city, and assert of himself, with an air of triumph, that he had been but four times at Constantinople in as many years.

As to Mr. Thornton's voyages in the Black Sea, with Greek vessels, they gave him the same idea of Greece as a cruise to Berwick in a Scotch Smack would of Johnny Grot's-house. Upon what grounds then does he arrogate the right of condemning by wholesale a body of men, of whom he can know little ? It is rather a curious circumstance that Mr. Thornton, who so lavishly dispraises Pouqueville on every occasion of mentioning the Turks, has yet recourse to him as authority on the Greeks, and terms him an impartial observer. Now Dr. Pouqueville is as little entitled to that appellation, as Mr. Thornton to confer it on him.

The fact is, we are deplorably in want of information on the subject of the Greeks, and in particular their literature ; nor is there any probability of our being better acquainted, till our intercourse becomes more intimate or their independence confirmed : the relations of passing travellers are as little to be depended on as the invectives of angry factors ; but till something more can be attained, we must be content with the little to be acquired from similar sources.*

* A word, *en passant*, with Mr. Thornton and Dr. Pouqueville, who have been guilty between them of sadly clipping the Sultan's Turkish.

Dr. Pouqueville tells a long story of a Moslem who swallowed corrosive sublimate, in such quantities that he acquired the name of "*Suleyman Yeyen*," i. e., quoth the doctor, "*Suleyman, the eater of corrosive sublimate.*" "Aha," thinks Mr. Thornton (angry with the doctor for the fiftieth time), "have I caught you ?"—Then, in a note twice the thickness of the doctor's anecdote, he questions the doctor's proficiency in the Turkish tongue, and his veracity in his own. "For," observes Mr. Thornton (after inflicting on us the tough participle of a Turkish verb), "it means nothing more than *Suleyman the eater*," and quite cashiers the supplementary "*sublimate.*" Now both are right and both are wrong. If Mr. Thornton, when he next resides "fourteen years in the factory," will consult his Turkish dictionary, or ask any of his Stamboline acquaintance, he will discover that "*Suleyma'n yeyen*," put to-

However defective these may be, they are preferable to the paradoxes of men who have read superficially of the ancients, and seen nothing of the moderns, such as De Pauw; who, when he asserts that the British breed of horses is ruined by Newmarket, and that the Spartans were cowards in the field, betrays an equal knowledge of English horses and Spartan men. His "philosophical observations" have a much better claim to the title of "poetical." It could not be expected that he who so liberally condemns some of the most celebrated institutions of the ancient, should have mercy on the modern Greeks: and it fortunately happens, that the absurdity of his hypothesis on their forefathers refutes his sentence on themselves.

Let us trust, then, that in spite of the prophecies of De Pauw, and the doubts of Mr. Thornton, there is a reasonable hope of the redemption of a race of men, who, whatever may be the errors of their religion and policy, have been amply punished by three centuries and a half of captivity.

III.

Athens, Franciscan Convent, March 17, 1811.

"I must have some talk with this learned Theban."

Some time after my return from Constantinople to this city, I received the thirty-first number of the Edinburgh Review as a great favour, and certainly at this distance an acceptable one, from the captain of an English frigate off Salamis. In that number, Art. 3, containing the review of a French translation of Strabo, there are introduced some remarks on the modern Greeks and their literature, with a short account of Coray, a co-translator in the French Version. On those remarks I mean to ground a few observations, and the spot where I now write will, I hope, be sufficient excuse for introducing them in a work in some degree connected with the subject. Coray, the most celebrated of living Greeks, at least among the Franks, was born at Scio (in the Review Smyrna is stated, I have reason to think, incorrectly), and, besides the translation of Beccaria and other works mentioned by the reviewer, has published a lexicon in Romaic and French, if I may trust the assurance of some Danish travellers lately arrived from Paris; but the latest we have seen here in French and Greek, is that of Gregory Zalikoglou.* Coray has recently been involved in an unpleasant controversy with Mr. Gail,† a Parisian commentator and editor of some translations from the Greek poets, in consequence of the Institute having awarded him the prize for his version of Hippocrates "*Περὶ ὕδατων*," etc., to the disparagement, and consequently displeasure of the said Gail. To his exertions, literary and patriotic, great praise is undoubtedly due, but a part of that praise ought not to be withheld from the two brothers Zozimas (merchants settled in Leghorn), who sent him to Paris, and maintained him, for the express purpose of elucidating the ancient, and adding to the modern, researches of his countrymen. Coray, however, is not considered by his countrymen equal to some who lived in the two last centuries: more particularly Dorotheus of Mitylene, whose Hellenic writings are so much esteemed by the Greeks, that Meletius terms him, "*Μετὰ τὸν Θουκυδίδην καὶ Ξενοφῶντα ἄριστος Ἕλληνας*." (P. 224. Ecclesiastical History, vol. iv.)

gether discreetly, mean the "*Swallower of sublimate*," without any "*Suleyman*" in the case; "*Suleyma*" signifying "*corrosive sublimate*," and not being a proper name on this occasion, although it be an orthodox name enough with the addition of *n*. After Mr. Thornton's frequent hints of profound orientalism, he might have found this out before he sang such pæans over Dr. Pouqueville.

After this, I think "*Travellers versus Factors*" shall be our motto, though the above Mr. Thornton has condemned "*hoc genus omne*," for mistake and misrepresentation. "*Ne Sutor ultra crepidam*"—"No merchant beyond his bales." N.B. For the benefit of Mr. Thornton, "*Sutor*" is not a proper name.

* I have in my possession an excellent Lexicon "*επιγλωσσον*" which I received in exchange from S. G., Esq., for a small gem; my antiquarian friends have never forgotten it, or forgiven me.

† In Gail's pamphlet against Coray, he talks of "throwing the insolent Hellenist out of the windows." On this a French critic exclaims, "Ah, my God! throw a Hellenist out of the window! what sacrilege!" It certainly would be a serious business for those authors who dwell in the attics: but I have quoted the passage merely to prove the similarity of style among the controversialists of all polished countries; London or Edinburgh could hardly parallel this Parisian ebullition.

Panagiotes Kodrikas, the translator of Fontenelle, and Kamarases, who translated Ocellus Lucanus on the Universe into French, Christodoulus, and more particularly Psalida, whom I have conversed with in Joannina, are also in high repute among their literati. The last-mentioned has published in Romaic and Latin a work on "True Happiness," dedicated to Catherine II. But Polyzois, who is stated by the reviewer to be the only modern except Coray who has distinguished himself by a knowledge of Hellenic, if he be the Polyzois Lampanitziotes of Yagina, who has published a number of editions in Romaic, was neither more nor less than an itinerant vender of books; with the contents of which he had no concern beyond his name on the title-page, placed there to secure his property in the publication, and he was, moreover, a man utterly destitute of scholastic acquirements. As the name, however, is not uncommon, some other Polyzois may have edited the Epistles of Aristænetus.

It is to be regretted that the system of continental blockade has closed the few channels through which the Greeks received their publications, particularly Venice and Trieste. Even the common grammars for children are become too dear for the lower orders. Amongst their original works, the Geography of Meletius, Archbishop of Athens, and a multitude of theological quartos and poetical pamphlets, are to be met with; their grammars and lexicons of two, three, and four languages, are numerous and excellent. Their poetry is in rhyme. The most singular piece I have lately seen is a satire in dialogue between a Russian, English, and French traveller, and the Waywode of Wallachia, (or Blackbey, as they term him), an archbishop, a merchant, and Cogia Bachi (or primate), in succession; to all of whom under the Turks the writer attributes their present degeneracy. Their songs are sometimes pretty and pathetic, but their tunes generally displeasing to the ear of a Frank: the best is the famous "*Δεῦτε παῖδες τῶν Ἑλλήνων*," by the unfortunate Riga. But from a catalogue of more than sixty authors now before me, only fifteen can be found who have touched on any theme except theology.

I am entrusted with a commission by a Greek of Athens, named Marmarotouri, to make arrangements, if possible, for printing in London a translation of Barthlemi's Anacharsis in Romaic, as he has no other opportunity, unless he dispatches the MS. to Vienna by the Black Sea and Danube.

The reviewer mentions a school established at Hecatonesi, and suppressed at the instigation of Sebastiani; he means Cidonies, or, in Turkish, Haivali: a town on the continent where that institution, for a hundred students and three professors, still exists. It is true that this establishment was disturbed by the Porte, under the ridiculous pretext that the Greeks were constructing a fortress instead of a college; but on investigation, and the payment of some purses to the Divan, it has been permitted to continue. The principal professor, named Veniamin (i. e. Benjamin), is stated to be a man of talent, but a free-thinker. He was born in Lesbos, studied in Italy, and is master of Hellenic, Latin, and some Frank languages, besides a smattering of the sciences.

Though it is not my intention to enter farther on this topic than may allude to the article in question, I cannot but observe that the reviewer's lamentation over the fall of the Greeks appears singular, when he closes it with these words: "*the change is to be attributed to their misfortunes rather than to any physical degradation.*" It may be true that the Greeks are not physically degenerated, and that Constantinople contained, on the day when it changed masters, as many men of six feet and upwards as in the hour of prosperity; but ancient history and modern politics instruct us that something more than physical perfection is necessary to preserve a state in vigour and independence; and the Greeks, in particular, are a melancholy example of the near connexion between moral degradation and national decay.

The reviewer mentions a plan, "*we believe*," by Potemkin, for the purification of the Romaic, and I have endeavoured in vain to procure any tidings or traces of its existence. There was an academy in St. Petersburg for the Greeks; but it was suppressed by Paul, and has not been revived by his successor.

There is a slip of the pen, and it can only be a slip of the pen, in p. 58, No. xxxi. of the Edinburgh Review, where these words occur:—"We are told that when the capital of the East yielded to *Solyman*"—It may be presumed that this

word will, in a future edition, be altered to Mahomet II.* The "ladies of Constantinople," it seems, at that period spoke a dialect "which would not have disgraced the lips of an Athenian." I do not know how that might be, but am sorry to say the ladies in general, and the Athenians in particular, are much altered; being far from choice either in their dialect or expressions, as the whole Attic race are barbarous to a proverb:

"Ὁ Δῶγμα, πρώτη χώρα,
τί γαιδάρους τρέφεις τώρα;"

In Gibbon, vol. x. p. 161, is the following sentence:—"The vulgar dialect of the city was gross and barbarous, though the compositions of the Church and palace sometimes affected to copy the purity of the Attic models." Whatever may be asserted on the subject, it is difficult to conceive that the "ladies of Constantinople," in the reign of the last Cæsar, spoke a purer dialect than Anna Comnena wrote three centuries before: and those royal pages are not esteemed the best models of composition, although the princess *γλωτταν εἶχεν ἈΚΡΙΒΩΣ Ἀττικίζουσαν*. In the Fanal, and Yanina, the best Greek is spoken: in the latter there is a flourishing school under the direction of Psalida.

There is now in Athens a pupil of Psalida's, who is making a tour of observation through Greece: he is intelligent, and better educated than a fellow-commoner of most colleges. I mention this as a proof that the spirit of inquiry is not dormant amongst the Greeks.

The reviewer mentions Mr. Wright, the author of the beautiful poem "Horæ Ionicæ," as qualified to give details of these nominal Romans and degenerate Greeks, and also of their language: but Mr. Wright, though a good poet and an able man, has made a mistake where he states the Albanian dialect of the Romaic to approximate nearest to the Hellenic: for the Albanians speak a Romaic as notoriously corrupt as the Scotch of Aberdeenshire, or the Italian of Naples. Yanina (where, next to Fanal, the Greek is purest), although the capital of Ali Pacha's dominions, is not in Albania but Epirus: and beyond Delvinachi in Albania Proper up to Argyrocastro and Tepaleen (beyond which I did not advance), they speak worse Greek than even the Athenians. I was attended for a year and a half by two of these singular mountaineers, whose mother tongue is Illyric, and I never heard them or their countrymen (whom I have seen, not only at home, but to the amount of twenty thousand in the army of Veli Pacha) praised for their Greek, but often laughed at for their provincial barbarisms.

I have in my possession about twenty-five letters, amongst which some from the Bey of Corinth, written to me by Notaras, the Cogia Bachi, and others by the dragoman of the Caimacam of the Morea (which last governs in Veli Pacha's absence) are said to be favourable specimens of their epistolary style. I also received some at Constantinople from private persons, written in a most hyperbolic style, but in the true antique character.

The reviewer proceeds, after some remarks on the tongue in its past and present state, to a paradox (page 59) on the great mischief the knowledge of his own language has done to Coray, who, it seems, is less likely to understand the ancient Greek, because he is perfect master of the modern! This observation follows a paragraph, recommending, in explicit terms, the study of the Romaic, as "a powerful auxiliary," not only to the traveller and foreign merchant, but also to the

* In a former number of the Edinburgh Review, 1808, it is observed, "Lord Byron passed some of his early years in Scotland, where he might have learned that *pibroch* does not mean a *bagpipe*, any more than *duet* means a *fiddle*." Query,—Was it in Scotland that the young gentlemen of the Edinburgh Review learned that *Solyman* means *Mahomet II*, any more than *criticism* means *infallibility*?—but thus it is,

"Cedimus inque vicem præbemus crura sagittis."

The mistake seemed so completely a lapse of the pen (from the great *similarity* of the two words, and the *total absence of error* from the former pages of the literary leviathan), that I should have passed it over as in the text, had I not perceived in the Edinburgh Review much facetious exultation on all such detections, particularly a recent one, where words and syllables are subjects of disquisition and transposition; and the above-mentioned parallel passage in my own case irresistibly propelled me to hint how much easier it is to be critical than correct. The *gentlemen*, having enjoyed many a *triumph* on such victories, will hardly begrudge me a slight *ovation* for the present.

classical scholar; in short, to every body except the only person who can be thoroughly acquainted with its uses: and by a parity of reasoning, our old language is conjectured to be probably more attainable by "foreigners" than by ourselves! Now I am inclined to think, that a Dutch tyro in our tongue (albeit himself of Saxon blood) would be sadly perplexed with "Sir Tristrem," or any other given "Auchinleck MS." with or without a grammar or glossary; and to most apprehensions it seems evident, that none but a native can acquire a competent, far less complete, knowledge of our obsolete idioms. We may give the critic credit for his ingenuity, but no more believe him than we do Smollett's Lis-mahago, who maintains that the purest English is spoken in Edinburgh. That Coray may err is very possible; but if he does, the fault is in the man rather than in his mother tongue, which is, as it ought to be, of the greatest aid to the native student.—Here the reviewer proceeds to business on Strabo's translators, and here I close my remarks.

Sir W. Drummond, Mr. Hamilton, Lord Aberdeen, Dr. Clarke, Captain Leake, Mr. Gell, Mr. Walpole, and many others now in England, have all the requisites to furnish details of this fallen people. The few observations I have offered I should have left where I made them, had not the article in question, and, above all, the spot where I read it, induced me to advert to those pages, which the advantage of my present situation enabled me to clear, or at least to make the attempt.

I have endeavoured to waive the personal feelings which rise in despite of me in touching upon any part of the Edinburgh Review; not from a wish to conciliate the favour of its writers, or to cancel the remembrance of a syllable I have formerly published, but simply from a sense of the impropriety of mixing up private resentments with a disquisition of the present kind, and more particularly at this distance of time and place.

ADDITIONAL NOTE ON THE TURKS.

The difficulties of travelling in Turkey have been much exaggerated, or rather have considerably diminished of late years. The Mussulmans have been beaten into a kind of sullen civility, very comfortable to voyagers.

It is hazardous to say much on the subject of Turks and Turkey; since it is possible to live amongst them twenty years without acquiring information, at least from themselves. As far as my own slight experience carried me I have no complaint to make; but am indebted for many civilities (I might almost say for friendship), and much hospitality, to Ali Pacha, his son Veli Pacha of the Morea, and several others of high rank in the provinces. Suleyman Aga, late Governor of Athens, and now of Thebes, was a *bon vivant*, and as social a being as ever sat cross-legged at a tray or a table. During the carnival, when our English party were masquerading, both himself and his successor were more happy to "receive masks" than any dowager in Grosvenor-square.

On one occasion of his supping at the convent, his friend and visitor, the Cadet of Thebes, was carried from table perfectly qualified for any club in Christendom, while the worthy Waywode himself triumphed in his fall.

In all money transactions with the Moslems, I ever found the strictest honour, the highest disinterestedness. In transacting business with them, there are none of those dirty peculations, under the name of interest, difference of exchange, commission, &c. &c., uniformly found in applying to a Greek consul to cash bills, even on the first houses in Pera.

With regard to presents, an established custom in the East, you will rarely find yourself a loser; as one worth acceptance is generally returned by another of similar value—a horse or a shawl.

In the capital and at court, the citizens and courtiers are formed in the same school with those of Christianity; but there does not exist a more honourable, friendly, and high-spirited character than the true Turkish provincial aga, or Moslem country gentleman. It is not meant here to designate the governors of

towns, but those agas who, by a kind of feudal tenure, possess lands and houses, of more or less extent, in Greece and Asia Minor.

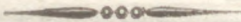
The lower orders are in as tolerable discipline as the rabble in countries with greater pretensions to civilization. A Moslem, in walking the streets of our country towns, would be more incommoded in England than a Frank in a similar situation in Turkey. Regimentals are the best travelling dress.

The best accounts of the religion, and different sects of Islamism, may be found in D'O'hsson's French; of their manners, &c., perhaps in Thornton's English. The Ottomans, with all their defects, are not a people to be despised. Equal, at least, to the Spaniards, they are superior to the Portuguese. If it be difficult to pronounce what they are, we can at least say what they are *not*: they are *not* treacherous, they are *not* cowardly, they do *not* burn heretics, they are *not* assassins, nor has an enemy advanced to *their* capital. They are faithful to their sultan till he becomes unfit to govern, and devout to their God without an inquisition. Were they driven from St. Sophia to-morrow, and the French or Russians enthroned in their stead, it would become a question, whether Europe would gain by the exchange. England would certainly be the loser.

With regard to that ignorance of which they are so generally, and sometimes justly, accused, it may be doubted, always excepting France and England, in what useful points of knowledge they are excelled by other nations. Is it in the common arts of life? In their manufactures? Is a Turkish sabre inferior to a Toledo? or is a Turk worse clothed or lodged, or fed and taught, than a Spaniard? Are their pachas worse educated than a grandee? or an effendi than a knight of St. Jago? I think not.

I remember Mahmout, the grandson of Ali Pacha, asking whether my fellow-traveller and myself were in the upper or lower House of Parliament. Now this question from a boy of ten years old proved that his education had not been neglected. It may be doubted if an English boy at that age knows the difference of the Divan from a College of Dervishes; but I am very sure a Spaniard does not. How little Mahmout, surrounded as he had been, entirely by his Turkish tutors, had learned that there was such a thing as a parliament, it were useless to conjecture, unless we suppose that his instructors did not confine his studies to the Koran.

In all the mosques there are schools established, which are very regularly attended; and the poor are taught without the Church of Turkey being put into peril. I believe the system is not yet printed (though there is such a thing as a Turkish press, and books printed, in the late military institution of the Nizam Gedidd); nor have I heard whether the Mufti and the Mollas have subscribed, or the Caimacam and the Tefterdar taken the alarm, for fear the ingenuous youth of the turban should be taught not to "pray to God their way." The Greeks, also—a kind of eastern Irish papists—have a college of their own at Maynooth—no, at Haivali; where the heterodox receive much the same kind of countenance from the Ottoman as the Catholic college from the English legislature. Who shall then affirm, that the Turks are ignorant bigots, when they thus evince the exact proportion of Christian charity which is tolerated in the most prosperous and orthodox of all possible kingdoms? But, though they allow all this, they will not suffer the Greeks to participate in their privileges: no, let them fight their battles, and pay their haratch (taxes), be drubbed in this world, and damned in the next. And shall we then emancipate our Irish helots? Mahomet forbid! We should then be bad Mussulmans, and worse Christians; at present we unite the best of both—jesuitical faith, and something not much inferior to Turkish toleration.



Appendix.

Amongst an enslaved people, obliged to have recourse to foreign presses even for their books of religion, it is less to be wondered at that we find so few publications on general subjects than that we find any at all. The whole number of the Greeks, scattered up and down the Turkish empire and elsewhere, may amount, at most, to three millions; and yet, for so scanty a number, it is impossible to discover any nation with so great a proportion of books and their authors, as the Greeks of the present century. "Ay," but say the generous advocates of oppression, who, while they assert the ignorance of the Greeks, wish to prevent them from dispelling it, "ay, but these are mostly, if not all, ecclesiastical tracts, and consequently good for nothing." Well! and pray what else can they write about? It is pleasant enough to hear a Frank, particularly an Englishman, who may abuse the government of his own country; or a Frenchman, who may abuse every government except his own, and who may range at will over every philosophical, religious, scientific, sceptical, or moral subject, sneering at the Greek legends. A Greek must not write on politics, and cannot touch on science for want of instruction; if he doubts, he is excommunicated and damned; therefore his countrymen are not poisoned with modern philosophy; and as to morals, thanks to the Turks! there are no such things. What then is left him, if he has a turn for scribbling? Religion and holy biography: and it is natural enough that those who have so little in this life should look to the next. It is no great wonder then that in a catalogue now before me of fifty-five Greek writers, many of whom were lately living, not above fifteen should have touched on any thing but religion. The catalogue alluded to is contained in the twenty-sixth chapter of the fourth volume of Meletius's Ecclesiastical History. From this I subjoin an extract of those who have written on general subjects; which will be followed by some specimens of the Romaic.

LIST OF ROMAIC AUTHORS. *

Neophitus, Diakonos (the deacon) of the Morea, has published an extensive grammar, and also some political regulations, which last were left unfinished at his death.

Prokopius, of Moscopolis (a town in Epirus), has written and published a catalogue of the learned Greeks.

Seraphin, of Periclea, is the author of many works in the Turkish language, but Greek character; for the Christians of Caramania who do not speak Romaic, but read the character.

Eustathius Psalidas, of Bucharest, a physician, made the tour of England for the purpose of study (*χαριν μαθησεως*): but though his name is enumerated, it is not stated that he has written any thing.

Kallinikus Torgerans, Patriarch of Constantinople; many poems of his are extant, and also prose tracts, and a catalogue of patriarchs since the last taking of Constantinople.

Anastasius Macedon, of Naxos, member of the royal academy of Warsaw. A church biographer.

* It is to be observed that the names given are not in chronological order, but consist of some selected at a venture from amongst those who flourished from the taking of Constantinople to the time of Meletius.

Demetrius Pamperes, a Moscopolite, has written many works, particularly "A Commentary on Hesiod's Shield of Hercules," and two hundred tales (of what, is not specified), and has published his correspondence with the celebrated George of Trebisond, his contemporary.

Meletius, a celebrated geographer; and author of the book from whence these notices are taken.

Dorotheus, of Mitylene, an Aristotelian philosopher: his Hellenic works are in great repute, and he is esteemed by the moderns (I quote the words of Meletius) *μετὰ τὸν Θουκυδίδην καὶ Ξενοφῶντα ἀρίστως Ἑλλήνων*. I add further, on the authority of a well-informed Greek, that he was so famous amongst his countrymen, that they were accustomed to say, if Thucydides and Xenophon were wanting, he was capable of repairing the loss.

Marinus Count Tharboures, of Cephalonia, professor of chemistry in the academy of Padua, and member of that academy, and those of Stockholm and Upsal. He has published, at Venice, an account of some marine animal, and a treatise on the properties of iron.

Marcus, brother to the former, famous in mechanics. He removed to St. Petersburg the immense rock on which the statue of Peter the Great was fixed in 1769. See the dissertation which he published at Paris, in 1777.

George Constantine has published a four-tongued lexicon.

George Ventote, a lexicon in French, Italian, and Romaic.

There exist several other dictionaries in Latin and Romaic, French, &c., besides grammars in every modern language, except English.

Amongst the living authors the following are most celebrated: *—

Athanasius Parios has written a treatise on rhetoric in Hellenic.

Christodoulos, an Acarnanian, has published, in Vienna, some physical treatises in Hellenic.

Panagiotes Kodrikas, an Athenian, the Romaic translator of Fontevelle's "Plurality of Worlds" (a favourite work amongst the Greeks), is stated to be a teacher of the Hellenic and Arabic languages in Paris, in both of which he is an adept.

Athanasius, the Parian, author of a treatise on rhetoric.

Vicenzo Damodos of Cephalonia, has written, "*εἰς τὸ μεσοβαρβαρον*," on logic and physics.

John Kamarases, a Byzantine, has translated into French Ocellus on the Universe. He is said to be an excellent Hellenist, and Latin scholar.

Gregorio Demetrius published, in Vienna, a geographical work: he has also translated several Italian authors, and printed his versions at Venice.

Of Coray and Psalida some account has been already given.

* These names are not taken from any publication.

GREEK WAR SONG.*

1.
 ΔΕΥΡΤΕ, παῖδες τῶν Ἑλλήνων,
 ὁ καιρὸς τῆς δόξης ἦλθεν.
 Ἄς φανῶμεν ἄξιοι ἐκείνων
 ποῦ μᾶς δῶσαν τὴν ἀρχήν·
 Ἄς πατήσωμεν ἀνδρείως
 τὸν ζυγὸν τῆς τυραννίδος·
 Ἐκδικήσωμεν πατρίδος
 καθὲς ὄνειδος αἰσχρὸν.
 Τὰ ὄπλα ἄς λάβωμεν
 παῖδες Ἑλλήνων, ἀΐωμεν.
 Ποταμὸν δὲ χθρῶν το αἶμα
 ἄς τρέξῃ ὑπὸ ποδῶν.

2.
 Ὅθεν εἶθε τῶν Ἑλλήνων
 κόκκαλα ἀνδρειαμένα;
 Πνεύματα ἐσκορπισμένα,
 τᾶρα λάβετε πνοήν.
 Ὅ τὴν φωνὴν τῆς σάλπιγγός μου
 συναχθῆτε ὅλα ὄμου.
 Τὴν ἐπτάλοφον ζητεῖτε,
 καὶ νικάτε πρὸ παντοῦ.
 Τὰ ὄπλα ἄς λάβωμεν, &c.

3.
 Σπάρτα, Σπάρτα, τί κοιμᾶσαι
 ὕπνον λίθαργον, βαθύν;
 ξύπνησον, κρᾶξε Ἀθήνας,
 σύμμαχον παντοτεινὴν.
 Ἐνθυμήσου Λεωνίδου
 ἥρωος τοῦ Ἰακχουσοῦ,
 τοῦ ἀνδρὸς ἐπαινεμένου,
 φοβεροῦ καὶ τρομεροῦ.
 Τὰ ὄπλα ἄς λάβωμεν, &c.

4.
 Ὅ που εἰς τὰς Θερμοπύλας
 πόλεμον αὐτὸς κροτεῖ,
 καὶ τοὺς Πέρσας ἀφανίζει
 καὶ αὐτῶν κατακρατεῖ.
 Μὲ τριακοσίου ἀνδρας
 εἰς τὸ κέντρον προχωρεῖ,
 καὶ, ὡς λέων θυμᾶμενος,
 εἰς τὸ αἶμα των βουτεῖ.
 Τὰ ὄπλα ἄς λάβωμεν, &c.

ROMAIC EXTRACTS.

Ρώσσοι, Ἀγγλοὶ, καὶ Γαλλοὶ κάμνοντες τὴν περιήγησιν τῆς Ἑλλάδος, καὶ βλέποντες τὴν ἀθλίαν τὴν κατάστασιν, εἰρώτησαν καταρχὰς ἕνα Γραικὸν φιλέλληνα διὰ νὰ μάθουν τὴν αἰτίαν, μετ' αὐτὸν ἕνα μικροπολίτην, εἶτα ἕνα βλαχμπεὺν, ἔπειτα ἕνα πραγματευτὴν καὶ ἕνα προεστῶτα.

Εἶπέ μας, ὦ φιλέλληνα, πῶς φέρεις τὴν σκλαβίαν
 καὶ τὴν ἀπαρηγόρητον τῶν Τούρκων τυραννίαν;
 πῶς ταῖς ξυλιαῖς καὶ ὑβρισμοῦς καὶ σιδηροδεσμίαν
 παίδων, παρθένων, γυναικῶν ἀνήκουστον φθορεῖαν;
 Δὲν εἶσθ' ἐσεῖς ἀπόγονοι ἐκείνων τῶν Ἑλλήνων
 τῶν ἐλευθέρων καὶ σοφῶν καὶ τῶν φιλοπατρίδων;
 καὶ πῶς ἐκείνοι ἀπέθνησκον διὰ τὴν ἐλευθερίαν,

* A translation of this song will be found in the second volume.

καὶ τὰρα εἰσεῖς ὑπόκεισθε εἰς τέτοιαν τυραννίαν,
καὶ ποῖον γένος ὡς εἰσεῖς ἐστάθη φατισμένον
εἰς τὴν σοφίαν, δύναμιν, εἰς κ' ὅλα ζακουσμένον;
πῶς νῦν ἐκατατήσατε τὴν φωτεινὴν Ἑλλάδα;
βαβαί! ὡς ἕνα σκέλεθρον, ὡς σκοτεινὴν λαμπάδα.
Ὁμίλει, φίλτατε Γραικέ, εἰπέ μας τὴν αἰτίαν,
μὴ κρύπτῃς τίποτες, ἡμῶν λύε τὴν ἀπορίαν.

Οἱ ΦΙΛΕ'ΑΛΛΗΝΑΣ.

Ῥ'ασσ-αγγλο-γάλλοι, Ἑλλάς, καὶ ὄχι ἄλλοι,
ἦτον, ὡς λέτε, τόσον μεγάλη,
νῦν δὲ ἀθλία, καὶ ἀναξία
ἀφ' οὗ ἄρχισεν ἡ ἀμαθία.
ὅσ' ἠμποροῦσαν νὰ τὴν ζυπνήσῃ
τοῦτ' εἰς τὸ χεῖρον τὴν ὀδηγοῦσι.
αὐτὴ στενάζει, τὰ τέκνα κράζει,
στὸ νὰ προκόπτουν ὅλα προστάζει,
καὶ τὸτ' ἐλπίζει ὅτι κερδίζει.
εὐρεῖν, ὁποῦ 'χει νῦν τὴν φλογίζει.
Μὰ ὅστις τολμήσῃ νὰ τὴν ζυπνήσῃ
πάγει στὸν ἄδην χωρὶς τινα κρίσιν.

The above is the commencement of a long dramatic satire on the Greek priesthood, princes, and gentry; it is contemptible as a composition, but perhaps curious as a specimen of their rhyme; I have the whole in MS. but this extract will be found sufficient. The Romaic in this composition is so easy as to render a version an insult to a scholar; but those who do not understand the original will excuse the following bad translation of what is in itself indifferent.

TRANSLATION.

A Russian, Englishman, and Frenchman, making the tour of Greece, and observing the miserable state of the country, interrogate, in turn, a Greek Patriot, to learn the cause; afterwards an Archbishop, then a Vlackbey,* a Merchant, and Cogia Bachi or Primate.

Thou friend of thy country! to strangers record,
Why bear ye the yoke of the Ottoman lord?
Why bear ye these fetters thus tamely display'd,
The wrongs of the matron, the stripling, and maid?
The descendants of Hellas's race are not ye?
The patriot sons of the sage and the free,
Thus sprung from the blood of the noble and brave,
To vilely exist as the Mussulman's slave!
Not such were the fathers your annals can boast,
Who conquered and died for the freedom you lost:
Not such was your land in her earlier hour,
The day-star of nations in wisdom and power!
And still will you thus unresisting increase,
Oh shameful dishonour! the darkness of Greece!
Then tell us, beloved Achæan! reveal
The cause of the woes which you cannot conceal.

The reply of the Philhellenist I have not translated, as it is no better than the question of the travelling triumvirate; and the above will sufficiently show with what kind of composition the Greeks are now satisfied. I trust I have not much injured the original in the few lines given as faithfully, and as near the "Oh, Miss Bailey! unfortunate Miss Bailey!" measure of the Romaic, as I could make them. Almost all their pieces, above a song, which aspire to the name of poetry, contain exactly the quantity of feet of

"A captain bold of Halifax who lived in country quarters,"
which is in fact the present heroic couplet of the Romaic.

* Vlackbey, Prince of Wallachia.

SCENE FROM Ο' ΚΑΦΕΝΕ'Σ.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF GOLDONI BY SPIRIDION VLANTI.

ΣΚΗΝΗ ΚΓ'.

ΠΛΑΤΖΙΔΑ εἰς τὴν πόρταν τοῦ χανιοῦ, καὶ οἱ ἄνωθεν.

ΠΛΑ. Ωῦ Θεέ! ἀπὸ τὸ παραθύρι μοῦ ἐφάνη νὰ ἀκούσω τὴν φωνὴν τοῦ ἀνδρός μου· ἂν αὐτὸς εἶναι ἐδῶ, ἐφθασα σὲ καιρὸν νὰ τὸν ξετροπιάσω. [Εὐγαίνει ἕνας δοῦλος ἀπὸ τὸ ἐργαστήρι.] Παλικάρι, πές μου, σὲ παρακαλῶ, ποῖος εἶναι ἐκεῖ εἰς ἐκείνους τοὺς ὀντάδες;

ΔΟΥΛ. Τρεῖς χρήσιμοι ἄνδρες. Ἐνας ὁ κύρ Εὐγένιος, ὁ ἄλλος ὁ κύρ Μάρτιος Νεαπολίτανος, καὶ ὁ τρίτος ὁ Κύρ Κόντε Λέανδρος Ἀρδέντης.

ΠΛΑ. Ἀνάμεσα εἰς αὐτοὺς δὲν εἶναι ὁ Φλαμίνιος, ἂν ὅμως δὲν ἄλλαξεν ὄνομα.

ΛΕΑ. Νὰ ζῆ ἢ καλὴ τύχη τοῦ κύρ Εὐγενίου. [Πιῶντας.]

ΟἶΔΟΙ. Νὰ ζῆ, νὰ ζῆ.

ΠΛΑ. Αὐτὸς εἶναι ὁ ἄνδρας μου χωρὶς ἄλλο. Καλὲ ἄνθρωπε, κάμε μου τὴν χάριν νὰ μὲ συντροφεύσης ἀπάνω εἰς αὐτοὺς τοὺς ἀφεντάδες, ὅπου θέλω νὰ τοὺς παίξω μίαν. [Πρὸς τὸν δοῦλον.]

ΔΟΥ. Οἰσμός σας· (συνηθισμένον ὀφφίκιον τῶν δουλευτῶν.) [Τὴν ἐμπάζει ἀπὸ τὸ ἐργαστήρι τοῦ παιγνιδιοῦ.]

ΡΙΔ. Καρδιά, καρδιά, κάμετε καλὴν καρδιάν, δὲν εἶναι τίποτες. [Πρὸς τὴν Βιττόριαν.]

ΒΙΤ. Ἐγὼ αἰσθάνομαι πῶς ἀπεθαίνω. [Συνέρχεται εἰς τὸν ἑαυτὸν της.]

[Ἀπὸ τὰ παραθύρα τῶν ὀντάδων φαίνονται ὅλοι, ὅπου σικάνονται ἀπὸ τὸ τραπέζι συγχισμένοι, διὰ τὸν ξαφνισμὸν τοῦ Λεάνδρου βλέποντας τὴν Πλάτζιδα, καὶ διατὶ αὐτὸς δείχνει πῶς θέλει νὰ τὴν φονεύσῃ.]

ΕΥΓ. Οἴχι, σταθῆτε.

ΜΑΡ. Μὴν κάμνετε...

ΛΕΑ. Σήκω, φύγε ἀπ' ἐδῶ.

ΠΛΑ. Βοήθεια, βοήθεια. [Φεύγει ἀπὸ τὴν σκάλαν· ὁ Λέανδρος θέλει νὰ τὴν ἀκολουθήσῃ μὲ τὸ σπαθί, καὶ ὁ Εὐγ. τὸν βαστά.]

[ΓΡΑ. Μὲ ἕνα πιάτο μὲ φαγὶ εἰς μίαν πετζέτα πηδᾶ ἀπὸ τὸ παραθύρι, καὶ φεύγει εἰς τὸν καφενέ.]

[ΗΛΑ. Εὐγαίνει ἀπὸ τὸ ἐργαστήρι τοῦ παιγνιδιοῦ τρέχοντας, καὶ φεύγει εἰς τὸ χάνι.]

[ΕΥΓ. Μὲ ἄρματα εἰς τὸ χέρι πρὸς διαφέντευσιν τῆς Πλάτζιδας, ἐναντίον τοῦ Λεάνδρου, ὅπου τὴν κατατρέχει.]

[ΜΑΡ. Εὐγαίνει καὶ αὐτὸς σιγὰ σιγὰ ἀπὸ τὸ ἐργαστήρι, καὶ φεύγει λέγωντας· Rumores fuge.] [Ρ'ουμόρες φεύγε.]*

[Οἱ Δοῦλοι ἀπὸ τὸ ἐργαστήρι ἀπεροῦν εἰς τὸ χάνι, καὶ κλειοῦν τὴν πόρταν.]

[ΒΙΤ. Μένει εἰς τὸν καφενέ βοηθημένη ἀπὸ τὸν Ρισόλφον.]

ΛΕΑ. Δότετε τόπον· θέλω νὰ ἔμβω νὰ ἔμβω εἰς ἐκεῖνο το χάνι. [Μὲ τὸ σπαθί εἰς τὸ χέρι ἐναντίον τοῦ Εὐγενίου.]

ΕΥΓ. Οἴχι, μὴ γένοιτο ποτέ. εἶσαι ἕνας σκληροκάρδος ἐναντίον τῆς γυναίκος σου, καὶ ἐγὼ θέλει τὴν διαφεντεύσω ὡς εἰς τὸ ὕστερον αἷμα.

ΛΕΑ. Σοῦ κάμνω ὄρκον πῶς θέλει τὸ μετανοήσῃς. [Κυνηγᾷ τὸν Εὐγένιον μὲ τὸ σπαθί.]

ΕΥΓ. Δὲν σὲ φοβοῦμαι. [Κατατρέχει τὸν Λέανδρον, καὶ τὸν βιάζει νὰ συρβῆ ὅπισσα τόσον, ὅπου εὕρισκαντας ἀνοικτὸν τὸ σπήτι τῆς χορευτρίας, ἐμβαίνει εἰς αὐτὸ, καὶ σάνεται.]

* Λογὸς λατινικὸς, ὅπου θέλει νὰ εἰπῇ· φεύγε ταῖς σβήσεις.

TRANSLATION.

Placida at the door of the Hotel, and the Others.

Pla. Oh God! from the window it seemed that I heard my husband's voice. If he is here, I have arrived in time to make him ashamed. (*A Servant enters from the Shop.*) Boy, tell me, pray, who are in those chambers.

Serv. Three gentlemen: one Signor Eugenio; the other Signor Martio, the Neapolitan; and the third, my Lord, the Count Leander Ardent.

Pla. Flaminio is not amongst these, unless he has changed his name.

Leander (Within, drinking). Long live the good fortune of Signor Eugenio.

(*The whole Company.*) Long live, &c. (Literally, *Nà ζῆ, νὰ ζῆ, May he live.*)

Pla. Without doubt that is my husband. (*To the Serv.*) My good man, do me the favour to accompany me above to those gentlemen: I have some business.

Serv. At your commands. (*Aside.*) The old office of us waiters. (*He goes out of the Gaming-House.*)

Ridolpho. (*To Victoria on another part of the Stage.*) Courage, courage, be of good cheer, it is nothing.

Victoria. I feel as if about to die. (*Leaning on him as if fainting.*)

(*From the windows above, all within are seen rising from the table in confusion: Leander starts at the sight of Placida, and appears by his gestures to threaten her life*)

Eugenio. No, stop—

Martio. Don't attempt—

Leander. Away, fly from hence

Pla. Help! help! (*Flies down the stairs Leander attempting to follow with his sword, Eugenio hinders him.*)

(*Trapolo with a plate of meat leaps over the balcony from the window, and runs into the Coffee-house.*)

(*Placida runs out of the Gaming-house, and takes shelter in the Hotel.*)

(*Martio steals softly out of the Gaming-house, and goes off exclaiming, "Rumores fuge." The Servants from the Gaming-house enter the Hotel, and shut the door.*)

(*Victoria remains in the Coffee-house, assisted by Ridolpho.*)

(*Leander, sword in hand, opposite Eugenio, exclaims, Give way—I will enter that hotel.*)

Eugenio. No, that shall never be. You are a scoundrel to your wife, and I will defend her to the last drop of my blood.

Leander. I will give you cause to repent this. (*Menacing with his sword.*)

Eugenio. I fear you not. (*He attacks Leander and makes him give back so much, that, finding the door of the Dancing-girl's house open, Leander escapes through, and so finishes.*)*

ΔΙΑΛΟΓΟΙ ΟΡΚΙΑΚΟΙ.

FAMILIAR DIALOGUES.

Διὰ τὴν ζήτησιν ἑνα πράγμα.

To ask for any thing.

Σὰς παρακαλῶ, δόσετέ με ἂν ὀρίζετε.

I pray you, give me if you please.

Φέρετέ με.

Bring me.

Δανείσετέ με.

Lend me.

* Σοφτεῖται—"finishes"—awkwardly enough, but it is the literal translation of the Romaic. The original of the comedy of Goldoni's I never read, but it does not appear one of his best. "Il Bugiardo" is one of the most lively; but I do not think it has been translated into Romaic: it is much more amusing than our own "Liar" by Foote. The character of Lelio is better drawn than Young Wilding. Goldoni's comedies amount to fifty; some perhaps the best in Europe, and others the worst. His life is also one of the best specimens of autobiography, and, as Gibbon has observed, "more dramatic than any of his plays." The above scene was selected as containing some of the most familiar Romaic idioms, not for any wit which it displays, since there is more done than said, the greater part consisting of stage directions. The original is one of the few comedies by Goldoni which is without the buffoonery of the speaking Harlequin.

Πηγαίνετε νὰ ζητήσετε.	Go to seek.
Τώρα εὐθύς.	Now directly.
Ὡς ἀκριβέ μου Κύριε, κάμετέ με αὐ- τὴν τὴν χάριν.	My dear Sir, do me this favour.
Ἐγὼ σᾶς παρακαλῶ.	I entreat you.
Ἐγὼ σᾶς ἐξορκίζω.	I conjure you.
Ἐγὼ σᾶς τὸ ζητῶ διὰ χάριν.	I ask it of you as a favour.
Υποχρεώσετέ με εἰς τόσον.	Oblige me so much.

Λόγια ἐρωτικὰ, ἢ ἀγάπης.

Affectionate Expressions.

Ζωὴ μου.	My life.
Ἀκριβὴ μου ψυχῆ.	My dear soul.
Ἀγαπητέ μου, ἀκριβέ μου.	My dear.
Καρδίτζα μου.	My heart.
Ἀγάπη μου.	My love.

Διὰ νὰ εὐχαριστήσης, νὰ κάμης περι- ποιήσεις, καὶ φιλικαῖς δεξιώσεις.	<i>To thank, pay compliments, and testify regard.</i>
Ἐγὼ σᾶς εὐχαριστῶ.	I thank you.
Σᾶς γνωρίζω χάριν.	I return you thanks.
Σᾶς εἶμαι ὑπόχρεος κατὰ πολλὰ.	I am much obliged to you.
Ἐγὼ θέλω τὸ κάμει μετὰ χαρᾶς.	I will do it with pleasure.
Μὲ ὅλην μου τὴν καρδίαν.	With all my heart.
Μὲ καλὴν μου καρδίαν.	Most cordially.
Σᾶς εἶμαι ὑπόχρεος.	I am obliged to you.
Εἶμαι ὅλος ἐδικός σας.	I am wholly yours.
Εἶμαι δοῦλος σας.	I am your servant.
Ταπεινότατος δοῦλος.	Your most humble servant.
Εἶστε κατὰ πολλὰ εὐγενικός.	You are too obliging.
Πολλὰ πειράζεσθε.	You take too much trouble.
Τὸ ἔχω διὰ χαρὰν μου νὰ σᾶς δου- λεύσω.	I have a pleasure in serving you.
Εἶστε εὐγενικός καὶ εὐπροσῆγορος.	You are obliging and kind.
Αὐτὸ εἶναι πρέπον.	That is right.
Τί θέλετε;	What is your pleasure?
Τί ὀρίζετε;	What are your commands?
Σᾶς παρακαλῶ νὰ μὲ μεταχειρίζεσθε ἐλεύθερα.	I beg you will treat me freely.
Χωρὶς περιποιήσεις.	Without ceremony.
Σᾶς ἀγαπῶ ἐξ ὅλης μου καρδίας.	I love you with all my heart.
Καὶ ἐγὼ ὁμοίως.	And I the same.
Τιμῆστε με μὲ ταῖς προσταγαῖς σας.	Honour me with your commands.
Ἐχετε τίποτες νὰ μὲ προστάξετε;	Have you any commands for me?
Προσάξετε τὸν δοῦλόν σας.	Command your servant.
Προσμένα τὰς προσταγὰς σας.	I wait your commands.
Μὲ κάμνετε μεγάλην τιμὴν.	You do me great honour.
Φθάνουν ἢ περιποιήσεις, σας παρακαλῶ.	Not so much ceremony, I beg.
Προσκυνήσετε ἐκ μέρους μου τὸν ἄρ- χοντα, ἢ τὸν κύριον.	Present my respects to the gentleman, or his lordship.
Βεβαιώσετέ τον πᾶς τὸν ἐνθυμούμαι.	Assure him of my remembrance.

Βεβαιώσατέ τον πῶς τὸν ἀγαπῶ.	Assure him of my friendship.
Δὲν θέλω λείπει νὰ τοῦ τὸ εἶπῶ.	I will not fail to tell him of it.
Προσκυνήματα μου εἰς τὴν ἀρχόντισσαν.	My compliments to her ladyship.
Πηγαίνετε ἐμπροσθὰ καὶ σᾶς ἀκολουθῶ.	Go before and I will follow you.
Ἡξεύρω καλὰ τὸ χρέος μου.	I well know my duty.
Ἡξεύρω τὸ εἶναι μου.	I know my situation.
Μὲ κάμνετε νὰ ἐντρέπωμαι μὲ ταῖς τόσαις φιλοφροσύναις σας.	You confound me with so much civility.
Θέλετε λοιπὸν νὰ κάμω μίαν ἀρχεϊότητα;	Would you have me then be guilty of an incivility?
Υἱπάγω ἐμπροσθὰ διὰ νὰ σᾶς ὑπακούσω.	I go before to obey you.
Διὰ νὰ κάμω τὴν προσταγὴν σας.	To comply with your command.
Δὲν ἀγαπῶ τόσαις περιποιήσεις.	I do not like so much ceremony.
Δὲν εἶμαι τελείως περιποικηκός.	I am not at all ceremonious.
Αὐτὸ εἶναι τὸ καλῆτερον.	This is better.
Τόσον τὸ καλῆτερον.	So much the better.
Ἔχετε λόγον, ἔχετε δίκαιον.	You are in the right.

Διὰ νὰ βεβαιώσης, νὰ ἀρνηθῆς, νὰ συγκατανεύσης, κ.τ.λ.

To affirm, deny, consent, &c.

Εἶναι ἀληθινόν, εἶναι ἀληθέστατον.	It is true, it is very true.
Διὰ νὰ σᾶς εἶπω τὴν ἀλήθειαν.	To tell you the truth.
Ὅντως ἔτζη εἶναι.	Really it is so.
Ποῖος ἀμφιβάλει;	Who doubts it?
Δὲν εἶναι ποσῶς ἀμφιβολία.	There is no doubt.
Τὸ πιστεύω, δὲν τὸ πιστεύω.	I believe it, I do not believe it.
Λέγω τὸ ναί.	I say yes.
Λέγω τὸ ὄχι.	I say no.
Βάλλω στίχημα ὅτι εἶναι.	I wager it is so.
Βάλλω στίχημα ὅτι δὲν εἶναι ἔτζη.	I wager it is not so.
Ναί, μὰ τὴν πίστιν μου.	Yes, by my faith.
Εἰς τὴν συνείδησίν μου.	In conscience.
Μὰ τὴν ζωὴν μου.	By my life.
Ναί, σᾶς ὀμνύω.	Yes, I swear it to you.
Σᾶς ὀμνύω ὡσάν τιμημένος ἄνθρωπος.	I swear to you as an honest man.
Σᾶς ὀμνύω ἐπάνω εἰς τὴν τιμὴν μου.	I swear to you on my honour.
Πιστεῦσατέ με.	Believe me.
Ἡμπορῶ νὰ σᾶς τὸ βεβαιώσω.	I can assure you of it.
Ἡθέλα βάλῃ στίχημα ὅτι θέλετε διὰ τοῦτο.	I would lay what bet you please on this.
Μὴ τύχη καὶ ἀστείχεσθε (χωρατεύετε);	You jest, by chance?
Ὁμιλεῖτε μὲ τὰ ὅλα σας;	Do you speak seriously?
Ἐγὼ σᾶς ὀμιλῶ μὲ τὰ ὅλα μου, καὶ σᾶς λέγω τὴν ἀλήθειαν.	I speak seriously to you, and tell you the truth.
Ἐγὼ σᾶς τὸ βεβαιώσω.	I assure you of it.
Τὸ ἐσπροφητεύσατε.	You have guessed it.
Τὸ ἐπιτεύχετε.	You have hit upon it.
Σᾶς πιστεύω.	I believe you.
Πρέπει νὰ σᾶς πιστεύσω.	I must believe you.
Αὐτὸ δὲν εἶναι ἀδύνατον.	This is not impossible.

Τὸ λοιπὸν ἄς εἶναι μὲ καλὴν ἄραν.	Then it is very well.
Καλὰ, καλὰ.	Well, well.
Δὲν εἶναι ἀληθινόν.	It is not true.
Εἶναι ψευδές.	It is false.
Δὲν εἶναι τίποτε ἀπὸ αὐτὸ.	There is nothing of this.
Εἶναι ἕνα ψεῦδος, μία ἀπάτη.	It is a falsehood, an imposture.
Ἐγὼ ἀστείζομαι (ἐχαράττω).	I was in joke.
Ἐγὼ τὸ εἶπα διὰ νὰ γελάσω.	I said it to laugh.
Τῆ ἀληθείᾳ.	Indeed.
Μὲ ἀρέσει κατὰ πολλὰ.	It pleases me much.
Συγκατανεύω εἰς τοῦτο.	I agree with you.
Δίδω τὴν ψῆφον μου.	I give my assent.
Δὲν ἀντιστέκομαι εἰς τοῦτο.	I do not oppose this.
Εἶμαι σύμφωνος, ἐκ συμφώνου.	I agree.
Ἐγὼ δὲν θέλω.	I will not.
Ἐγὼ ἐναντιώνομαι εἰς τοῦτο.	I object to this.

Διὰ νὰ συμβουλευθῆς, νὰ στοχασθῆς, *To consult, consider, or resolve.*
ἢ νὰ ἀποφασίσῃς.

Τί πρέπει νὰ κάμωμεν;	What ought we to do?
Τί θὰ κάμωμεν;	What shall we do?
Τί μὲ συμβουλεύετε νὰ κάμω;	What do you advise me to do?
Ὅποιον τρόπον θέλομεν μεταχειρισθῆ ἡμεῖς;	What part shall we take?
Ἄς κάμωμεν ἄττι.	Let us do this.
Εἶναι καλῆτερον ἐγὼ νὰ——	It is better that I——
Σταθῆτε ὀλίγον.	Wait a little.
Δὲν ἠθέλην εἶναι καλῆτερον νὰ——	Would it not be better that——
Ἐγὼ ἀγαποῦσα καλῆτερα.	I wish it were better.
Θέλετε κάμει καλῆτερα ἂν——	You will do better if——
Ἄφήσετέ με.	Let me go.
Ἄν ἦμουν εἰς τὸν τόπον σας, ἐγὼ——	If I were in your place, I——
Εἶναι τὸ ἴδιον.	It is the same.

The reader by the Specimens below will be enabled to compare the modern with the ancient tongue.

PARALLEL PASSAGES FROM ST. JOHN'S GOSPEL.

ΝΕ'ΟΝ.

Κεφαλ. d.

1. Εἶς τὴν ἀρχὴν ἦτον ὁ λόγος· καὶ ὁ λόγος ἦτον μετὰ Θεοῦ· καὶ Θεὸς ἦτον ὁ λόγος.

2. Ἐτούτος ἦτον εἰς τὴν ἀρχὴν μετὰ Θεοῦ.

I.

ΑΥ'ΘΕΝΤΙΚΟ'Ν.

Κεφαλ. d.

1. Ἐν ἀρχῇ ἦν ὁ λόγος, καὶ ὁ λόγος ἦν πρὸς τὸν Θεόν, καὶ Θεὸς ἦν ὁ λόγος.

2. Οὗτος ἦν ἐν ἀρχῇ πρὸς τὸν Θεόν.

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3. Όλα [τὰ πραγματά] διὰ μέσου τοῦ [λόγου] ἐγένισαν, καὶ χωρὶς αὐτὸν δὲν ἐγένετο κανένα εἶτι ἐγένε.

4. Εἰς αὐτὸν ἦτον ζωὴ καὶ ἡ ζωὴ ἦτον τὸ φῶς τῶν ἀνθρώπων.

5. Καὶ τὸ φῶς εἰς τὴν σκοτίαν φέγει, καὶ ἡ σκοτία δὲν τὸ κατάλαβε.

6. Ἐγένετο ἓνας ἄνθρωπος ἀπεσαλμένος ἀπὸ τὸν Θεὸν, τὸ ὄνομα του Ἰωάννης.

3. Πάντα δι' αὐτοῦ ἐγένετο· καὶ χωρὶς αὐτοῦ ἐγένετο οὐδὲ ἓν, ὃ γέγονεν.

4. Ἐν αὐτῷ ζωὴ ἦν, καὶ ἡ ζωὴ ἦν τὸ φῶς τῶν ἀνθρώπων.

5. Καὶ τὸ φῶς ἐν τῇ σκοτίᾳ φαίνει, καὶ ἡ σκοτία αὐτὸ οὐ κατέλαβεν.

6. Ἐγένετο ἄνθρωπος ἀπεσαλμένος παρὰ Θεοῦ, ὄνομα αὐτῷ Ἰωάννης.

THE INSCRIPTIONS AT ORCHOMENUS FROM MELETIUS.

ΟΡΧΟΜΕΝΟΣ, κοινῶς Σκριποῦ, πόλις ποτὲ πλουσιωτάτη καὶ ἰσχυρατάτη, πρότερον καλουμένη Βοιωτικαὶ Ἀθήναι, εἰς τὴν ὁποίαν ἦτον ὁ Νᾶος τῶν Χαριτῶν, εἰς τὸν ὁποῖον ἐπλήρουν τέλη οἱ Θεβαῖοι, οὗτινος τὸ ἔδαφος ἀνεσκάφη ποτὲ ὑπὸ τῶν Ἀσπαλάγκων. Ἐπανηγύριζον εἰς αὐτὴν τὴν πόλιν τὰ Χαριτήσια, τοῦ ὁποῖου ἀγῶνος εὔρον ἐπιγραφὰς ἐν σήλαις ἔνδον τοῦ κτισθέντος ναοῦ ἐπ' ὀνόματι τῆς Θεοτόκου, ὑπὸ τοῦ πρώτοσπαθαρίου Λέοντος, ἐπὶ τῶν βασιλείων Βασιλείου, Λέοντος, καὶ Κωνσταντίνου, ἐχούσας οὕτως ἐν μὲν τῇ μιᾷ κοινῶς.

“ Οἶδε ἐνίκων τὸν ἀγῶνα τῶν Χαριτησίων.

Σαλπιστής.

Μῆνις Ἀπολλωνίου Ἀντιοχεὺς ἀπὸ Μαιάνδρου.

Κήρυξ.

Ζωῖλος Ζωῖλου Πάφιος.

Ρ'αφιδός.

Νουμῆνιος Νουμνίου Ἀθηναῖος.

Ποιητὴς ἐπῶν.

Ἀμνίας Δημοκλέους Θεβαῖος.

Ἀυλιτής.

Ἀπολλόδοτος Ἀπολλοδότου Κρής.

Ἀυλωδός.

Ρ'οδίππος Ρ'οδίπου Ἀργεῖος.

Κιθαριστής.

Φανίας Ἀπολλοδότου τοῦ Φανίου Αἰολεὺς ἀπὸ Κύμης.

Κιθαρωδός.

Δημήτριος Παρμενίσκου Καλχηδόνιος.

Τραγωδός.

Ἰπποκράτης Ἀριστομένου Ρόδιος.

Καμωδός.

Καλλίστρατος Ἐξακίστου Θεβαῖος.

Ποιητὴς Σατύρων.

Ἀμνίας Δημοκλέους Θεβαῖος.

Υποκριτής.

Δαυρήθεος Δαυροθέου Ταραντινός.

Ποιητὴς Τραγαδιῶν.
 Σοφοκλῆς Σοφοκλέους Ἀθηναῖος.
 Ὑποκριτής.
 Καβίριχος Θεοδώρου Θηβαῖος.
 Ποιητὴς Κωμωδιῶν.
 Ἀλέξανδρος Ἀρίστωνος Ἀθηναῖος.
 Ὑποκριτής.
 Ἀττάλος Ἀττάλου Ἀθηναῖος.
 Οἶδε ἐνίκων τὸν νῆμητον ἀγῶνα τῶν ὁμοδαίων.
 Παῖδας αὐλησᾶς.
 Διοκλῆς Καλλιμῆδου Θηβαῖος.
 Παῖδας ἡγεμόνας.
 Στρατῆνος Εὐνίκου Θηβαῖος.
 Ἄνδρας αὐλησᾶς.
 Διοκλῆς Καλλιμῆδου Θηβαῖος.
 Ἄνδρας ἡγεμόνας.
 Ρόδιππος Ρόδιππου Ἀργεῖος.
 Τραγωδός.
 Ἴπποκράτης Ἀριστομένους Ρόδιος.
 Κωμωδός.
 Καλίσρατος Ἐξακῆσου Θηβαῖος.
 Τὰ ἐπινίκια.
 Κωμωδιῶν Ποιητής.
 Ἀλέξανδρος Ἀρίστωνος Ἀθηναῖος.
 Ἐν δὲ τῇ ἑτέρᾳ δωρικῶς.
 Μνασίω ἄρχοντος ἀγωναθετίοντος, τὸ
 Χαριτείτιον, εὐαρίσω πάντων οἳ τυῖδε ἐνίκασαν τὰ Χαριτείτια.
 Σαλπικητᾶς.
 Φίλιος Φιλίνω Ἀθανεῖος.
 Κάρουξ.
 Εἰρώδας Σωκράτιος Θείβειος.
 Ποιητᾶς.
 Μήτωρ Μήτορος Φωκαεὺς.
 Ρᾶψευδός.
 Κράτων Κλίανος Θείβειος.
 Αὐλειτᾶς.
 Περιγενεὶς Ἡρακλείδαο Κουζικηνός.
 Αὐλαευδός.
 Δαμήνετος Γλαύκω Ἀργίος.
 Κιθαριστᾶς.
 Ἰάματρος Ἀμαλάω Αἰόλεὺς ἀπὸ Μουρίνας.
 Τραγαευδός.
 Ἀσκληπιόδωρος Πουθεῶο Ταραντινός.
 Κωμωδός.
 Νικόστρατος Φιλοστράτω Θείβειος.
 Τὰ ἐπινίκια Κωμωδός.
 Εὐάρχος Ἡροδότω Κορωνεὺς."

Ἐν αλλῷ λίθῳ.

“Μύριχος Πολυκράτους Γαράνυμος διογίτανος ἀνδρῶσι χορηγίσαντες τιμᾶσαντες διονύσου ἀνέθηκαν τίμωνος ἄρχοντος αὐλιόντος κλέος ἄδοντος ἀλκισθένης.”

Ἐν ἐτέρῳ λίθῳ.

“Συνάρχῳ ἄρχοντος, μεινὸς Σειλουθία, ἀρχι..... ὡς Εὐβωλι ἀρχεδάμω φακεία..... ὅς ἀπέδωκα ἀπὸ τὰς σουγγραφῶν πέδα τῶν πολεμάρχων, κὴ τῶν κατοπτῶν, ἀνελέμενος τὰς σουγγραφῶς τὰς κίμενας πᾶρ εὐφρόνα, κὴ φιδίαν κὴ πασικλεῖν..... κὴ τιμόμειδον φακείας, κὴ δαμοτελεῖν λυσιδάμω, κὴ δίουσον καφισοδώω χιρωνεῖα κατ τὸ ψάφισμα τῷ δάμω.

ΜΗΨΕΤΩ

Συνάρχῳ ἄρχοντος, μεινὸς ἀλαλκομενίω F ἀρνῶν, πολύκλειος ταμίας ἀπέδωκε εὐβωλυ ἀρχεδάμω φακείῃ ἀπὸ τὰς σουγγραφῶν τὸ καταλύπον κατ τὸ ψάφισμα τῷ δάμω, ἀνελέμενος τὰς σουγγραφῶς τὰς κίμενας πᾶρ σάφιλον, κὴ εὐφρόνα φακείας. Κὴ πᾶρ διωνύσιον καφισοδώω χιρωνεῖα, κὴ λυσιδάμον δαμοτέλιος πέδα τῶν πολεμάρχων, κὴ τῶν κατοπτῶν.

ΔΙΠΕΚΕΤΕΔΙΠΙΟΗ

“Ἀρχοντος ἐν ἐρχομενὸ Συνάρχῳ, μεινὸς Ἀλαλκομενίω, ἐν δὲ F ἐλατίν Μενοίταο Ἀρχελάω μεινὸς πράτω. Ὁμολογᾷ Εὐβωλυ F ἐλατίν, ὃ κὴ τῇ πόλι ἐρχομενίαν. Ἐπειδὴ κεκομίστη Εὐβωλος πᾶρ τῆς πόλιος τὸ δάνειον ἅπαν κατ τὰς ὁμολογίας τας τεθίτας Συνάρχῳ ἄρχοντος, μεινὸς Σειλουθία, κὴ οὐτ ὀφειλέτη αὐτῷ ἔτι οὐθὲν πᾶρ τὴν πόλιν, ἀλλ’ ἀπέχει πάντα περὶ παντός, κὴ ἀποδεδόανθι τῇ πόλι τὸ ἔχοντες τὰς ὁμολογίας, εἰ μὲν ποτὶ δεδομένον χρόνον Εὐβωλυ ἐπὶ νομίας F ἔτι ἀπέτταρα βούεσσι τὸν ἵππος διὰ κατίης Fι κατε προβάτους σὺν ἡγυς χειλίνης ἀρχὴ τῷ χρόνῳ ὃ ἐνιαυτὸς ὃ μετὰ θύναρχον ἄρχοντα ἐρχομενίος ἀπογραφέσθι δὲ Εὐβωλον κατ’ ἐνιαυτὸν ἕκαστον πᾶρ τὸν ταμίαν κὴ τὸν νόμον ἀν τάτε καυματα τῶν προβάτων, κὴ τῶν ἡγῶν, κὴ τῶν βουῶν, κὴ τῶν ἵππων, κὴ κάτινα ἀσαμαίαν δίκη τὸ πλείθος μὲι ἀπογράφεσο ὡδε πλίονα τῶν γεγραμμένων ἐν τῇ σουγχαρεῖσι ἢ δέκατι..... ἢ τὸ ἐνομιον Εὐβωλον ὀφείλει..... λις τῶν ἐρχομενίαν ἀργουρία..... τετταράκοντα Εὐβωλυ κατ’ ἕκαστον ἐνιαυτὸν, κὴ τόκον φερέτω δραχμάς..... τας μνᾶς ἕκαστας κατὰ μείνα..... τὸν κὴ ἔμπρακτος ἔσω τὸν ἐρχομένιον..... καὶ τὰ ἐξῆς.”

Ἐν ἄλλοις λίθοις.

“Ἀνοδώρα σύμφωρον χαῖρε” ΝΟΚΥΕΣ. “Καλλιπίτον ἀμφάριχος, καὶ ἄλλαι.” Ἐν οὐδεμίᾳ ἐπιγραφῇ ἴδον τόνον, ἢ πνεῦμα· ἃ δὲ ἡμεῖς ὑπογράφωμεν, οἱ παλαιοὶ προσέγραφον. Καὶ τὰ ἐξῆς.

The following is the prospectus of a translation of Anacharsis into Romaic, by my Romaic master, Marmarotouri, who wished to publish it in England.

ΕΙΣ ΔΗΣΙΣ ΤΥΠΟΓΡΑΦΙΚΗ.

Πρὸς τοὺς ἐν — φιλογενεῖς καὶ φιλέλληνας.

ὍΣΟΙ εἰς βιβλία παντοδαπὰ ἐντρυφῶσιν, ἢ ξεύρου πόνον εἶναι τὸ χρήσιμον τῆς Γ’ ἑσρίας· δι’ αὐτῆς γὰρ ἐξευρίσκειται ἢ πλέον μεμαχρυσμένη παλαιότης,

καὶ θεωροῦνται ὡς ἐν κατόπτρῳ ἦθη, πράξεις καὶ διοικήσεις πολλῶν καὶ διαφόρων ἔθνῶν καὶ γενῶν, ἃν τὴν μνήμην διεσώσατο καὶ διασάσει ἡ Ἱστορικὴ Διήγησις εἰς εἴωνα τὸν ἅπαντα.

Μία τέτοια ἐπισήμη εἶναι εὐαπόκτητος, καὶ ἐν ταύτῳ ἀφελίμη, ἢ κρεῖττον εἰπεῖν ἀναγκαῖα· διατὲ λοιπὸν ἡμεῖς μόνον νὰ τὴν ὑπερούμεθα, μὴ ἤξεύροντες οὔτε τὰς ἀρχὰς τῶν προγόνων μας, πόθεν πότε καὶ πῶς εὐρέθησαν εἰς τὰς πατρίδας μας, οὔτε τὰ ἦθη, τὰ κατορθώματα καὶ τὴν διοίκησίν των; Ἄν ἐρωτήσωμεν τοὺς ἀλλογενεῖς, ἤξεύρουσι νὰ μᾶς δώσουν ὄχι μόνον ἱστορικῶς τὴν ἀρχὴν καὶ τὴν πρόδον τῶν προγόνων μας, ἀλλὰ καὶ τοπογραφικῶς μᾶς δείχνουν τὰς θέσεις τῶν πατρίδων μας, καὶ οἷονεὶ χειραγωγοὶ γινόμενοι μὲ τοὺς γεωγραφικοὺς τῶν πίνακας, μᾶς λέγουσι, ἐδῶ εἶναι αἱ Ἀθήναι, ἐδῶ ἡ Σπάρτη, ἐκεῖ αἱ Θῆβαι, τόσα στάδια ἢ μίλια ἀπέχει ἡ μία ἐπαρχία ἀπὸ τὴν ἄλλην. Τοῦτος ἐκδόδομισε τὴν μίαν πόλιν, ἐκείνος τὴν ἄλλην, καὶ τλ. Προσέτι ἂν ἐρωτήσωμεν αὐτοὺς τοὺς μὴ Ἑλληνας χειραγωγούς μας, πόθεν ἐπαραινῆθησαν νὰ ἐξερευνησούν ἀρχὰς τῶσων παλαιῶν, ἀνυποσώλως μᾶς ἀποκρίνονται μὲ αὐτοὺς τοὺς λόγους. “Καθὼς ὁ ἐκ Σκυθίας Ἀνάχαρσις, ἂν δὲν ἐπεριέρχεται τὰ πανευφρόσυνα ἐκείνα κλίματα τῆς Ἑλλάδος, ἂν δὲν ἐμφορεῖτο τὰ ἀξιώματα, τὰ ἦθη καὶ τοὺς νόμους τῶν Ἑλλήνων, ἤθελε μείνῃ Σκυθῆς καὶ τὸ ὄνομα καὶ τὸ πρᾶγμα· οὕτω καὶ ὁ ἡμέτερος ἰατρός, ἂν δὲν ἐμάνθανε τὰ τοῦ Ἰπποκράτους, δὲν ἐδύνατο νὰ προχωρήσῃ εἰς τὴν τέχνην τοῦ. Ἄν ὁ ἐν ἡμῖν νομοθέτης δὲν ἐξέταζε τὰ τοῦ Σόλωνος, Λυκούργου, καὶ Πιπτακοῦ, δὲν ἐδύνατο νὰ ρυθμίσῃ καὶ νὰ καλλιεργήσῃ τὰ ἦθη τῶν ὁμογενῶν του. Ἄν ὁ ῥήτωρ δὲν ἀπνηθίζετο τὰς εὐφραδείας καὶ τοὺς χαριεντισμοὺς τοῦ Δημοσθένους, δὲν ἐνεργοῦσεν εἰς τὰς ψυχὰς τῶν ἀκρατῶν του. Ἄν ὁ Νέος Ἀνάχαρσις, ὁ Κύριος Ἀββᾶς Βαρθολομαῖος δὲν ἀνεγνώσκει μὲ μεγάλην ἐπιμονὴν καὶ σκέψιν τοὺς πλέον ἐγκρίτους συγγραφεῖς τῶν Ἑλλήνων, ἐξερευνῶν αὐτοὺς κατὰ βᾶθος ἐπὶ τρίακοντα δύο ἔτη, δὲν ἤθελεν ἐξυφάνῃ τούτην τὴν περὶ Ἑλλήνων ἱστορίαν τοῦ, ἣτις Περιήγησις τοῦ Νέου Ἀναχάρσεως παρ’ αὐτοῦ προσωνομάσθη, καὶ εἰς ὅλας τὰς εὐρωπαϊκὰς διαλέκτους μετεγλωττίσθη.” Καὶ ἐν ἐνὶ λόγῳ, οἱ νεώτεροι, ἂν δὲν ἔπεναν διὰ ὀδύνης τοὺς προγόνους μας, ἤθελεν ἴσας περιφέρωνται ματαίως μέχρι τοῦ νῦν. Αὐτὰ δὲν εἶναι λόγια ἐνθουσιασμένου διὰ τὸ φιλογενὲς Γραικοῦ, εἶναι δὲ φιλαλήθους Γερμανοῦ, ὅστις ἐμετάφρασε τὸν Νέον Ἀνάχαρσιν ἀπὸ τοῦ Γαλλικοῦ εἰς τὸ Γερμανικόν.

Ἄν λοιπὸν καὶ ἡμεῖς θέλωμεν νὰ μεθέξωμεν τῆς γνώσεως τῶν λαμπρῶν κατορθωμάτων ὅπου ἔκαμαν οἱ θαυμαστοὶ ἐκείνοι προπάτορες ἡμῶν, ἂν ἐπιθυμῶμεν νὰ μάθωμεν τὴν πρόδον καὶ ἀξισίαν των εἰς τὰς τέχνας καὶ ἐπιστήμας καὶ εἰς κάθε ἄλλο εἶδος μαθήσεως, ἂν ἔχωμεν περιέργειαν νὰ γνωρίσωμεν πόθεν καταγόμεθα, καὶ ὁποίους θαυμαστοὺς καὶ μεγάλους ἄνδρας, εἰ καὶ προγόνους ἡμῶν, φεῦ, ἡμεῖς δὲν γνωρίζομεν, εἰς καιρὸν ὅπου οἱ ἀλλογενεῖς θαυμάζουσιν αὐτοὺς, καὶ ὡς πατέρας παντοιασοῦν μαθήσεως σέβονται, ἃς συνδράμωμεν ἅπαντες προθύμως εἰς τὴν ἐκδοσὴν τοῦ θαυμασίου τούτου συγγράμματος τοῦ Νέου Ἀναχάρσεως.

Ἡμεῖς οὖν οἱ ὑπογεγραμμένοι θέλομεν ἐκτελέσει προθύμως τὴν μεταφράσιν τοῦ Βιβλίου μὲ τὴν κατὰ τὸ δυνατόν ἡμῖν καλὴν φράσιν τῆς νῦν καθ’ ἡμᾶς ὁμιλίας, καὶ ἐκδόντες τούτο εἰς τύπον, θέλομεν τὸ καλλωπίσει μὲ τοὺς γεωγραφικοὺς πίνακας μὲ ἀπλᾶς ῥωμαϊκὰς λέξεις ἐγκεχαραγμένους εἰς ἐδίκα μας γράμματα, προσιθέντες ὅ τι ἄλλο χρήσιμον καὶ ἀρμόδιον εἰς τὴν ἱστορίαν.

Ὁλον τὸ σύγγραμμα θέλει γένει εἰς τόμους δάδεκα κατὰ μίμησιν τῆς Ἱταλικῆς ἐκδόσεως. Ἡ τιμὴ ὅλου τοῦ συγγράμματος εἶναι φιορίνια δεκαῆξι τῆς Βιέννης διὰ τὴν προσθήκην τῶν γεωγραφικῶν πινάκων. Ὁ φιλογενὲς οὖν συνδρομητὴς πρέπει νὰ πληρώσῃ εἰς κάθε τόμον φιορίνι ἕνα καὶ Κυραντανία εἰ-

κοσι τῆς Βιέννης, καὶ τοῦτο χωρὶς καμμίαν πρόδοσιν, ἀλλ' εὐθὺς ὅπου θέλει τῷ
 παραδοθῆ ὁ τόμος τυπωμένος καὶ δεμένος.

Ἐβραῖοί καὶ εὐδαίμονες διαβιώοιτε, Ἑλλήνων παῖδες,
 Τῆς ὑμετέρας ἀγάπης ἐξηρητημένοι,

Γωάννης Μαρμαροτούρης.

Δημήτριος Βενιέρης.

Σπυρίδαν Πρεβέτος.

Ἐν Τριεσίῳ, τῇ πρώτῃ Ὀκτωβρίου, 1799.

THE LORD'S PRAYER IN ROMAIC.

Ὁ ΠΑΤΕΡΑ μας ὅπου εἶσαι εἰς τοὺς οὐρανοὺς, ἅς ἀγιασθῆ τὸ ὄνομά σου.
 Ἄς ἔλθῃ ἡ βασιλεία σου. Ἄς γένη τὸ θέλημά σου, καθὼς εἰς τὸν οὐρανὸν, ἔτσι
 καὶ εἰς τὴν γῆν. Τὸ ψωμί μας τὸ καθημερινόν, δός μας τὸ σήμερον. Καὶ συγ-
 χώρησέ μας τὰ χρέη μας, καθὼς καὶ ἡμεῖς συγχωροῦμεν τοὺς κρεοφειλέτας
 μας. Καὶ μὴ μᾶς φέρε εἰς πειρασμόν, ἀλλὰ ἐλευθέρωσέ μας ἀπὸ τὸν πονηρὸν.
 Ὅτι ἐδική σου εἶναι ἡ βασιλεία δὲ, ἡ δύναμις, καὶ ἡ δόξα, εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας.
 Ἀμήν.

IN GREEK.

ΠΑΤΕΡ ἡμῶν, ὃ ἐν τοῖς οὐρανοῖς, ἀγιασθήτω τὸ ὄνομά σου. Ἐλθέτω ἡ βα-
 σιλεία σου· γενηθήτω τὸ θέλημά σου, ὡς ἐν οὐρανῷ, καὶ ἐπὶ τῆς γῆς. Τὸν ἄρτον
 ἡμῶν τὸν ἐπιούσιον δός ἡμῖν σήμερον. Καὶ ἄφεσ ἡμῖν τὰ ὀφειλήματα ἡμῶν, ὡς
 καὶ ἡμεῖς ἀφίεμεν τοῖς ὀφειλέταις ἡμῶν. Καὶ μὴ εἰσενέγκῃς ἡμᾶς εἰς πειρασμόν,
 ἀλλὰ ῥῦσαι ἡμᾶς ἀπὸ τοῦ πονηροῦ. Ὅτι σοῦ ἐστὶν ἡ βασιλεία, καὶ ἡ δύναμις,
 καὶ ἡ δόξα, εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας. Ἀμήν.



Drawn by Rich^d Westall R.A.

Engraved by Cha^s Heath.

CHILDE HAROLD.

BUT WHEN I STOOD BENEATH THE FRESH GREEN TREE,
WHICH LIVING WAVES WHERE THOU DIDST CEASE TO LIVE,

Canto 3. Stanza 30.

PUBLISHED BY JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, DEC. 1819.

CANTO III.

Afin que cette application vous forçât de penser à autre chose, il n'y a eu vérité de remède que celui-là et le temps.

Letter des Eux de France à St. Lambert, 7 Sept. 1776.

I.

Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child!
 And sole daughter of my house and heart?
 When last I saw thy young blue eyes they smiled,
 And then we parted,—not as now we part,
 But with a hope.—

Awaking with a start,
 The waters heave around me; and on high
 The winds lift up their voices: I depart,
 Whither I know not; but the hour's gone by,
 When Albion's lessening shores could grieve or gladd mine eye.

II.

Once more upon the waters! yet once more!
 And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
 That knows his rider. Welcome to their roar!
 Swift be their guidance, wheresoe'er it lead!
 Though the strain'd mast should quiver as a reed,
 And the rent canvas fluttering strew the gale,
 Still must I on; for I am as a weed,
 Flung from the rock, on ocean's foam, to sail
 Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath prevail.

III.

In my youth's summer I did sing of one,
 The wandering outlaw of his own dark mind;
 Again I seize the theme then but begun,
 And bear it with me, as the rushing wind
 Bears the cloud onwards: in that tale I find
 The furrows of long thought, and dried up tears,
 Which, ebbing, leave a sterile track behind,
 O'er which all heedily the journeying years
 Plod the last sands of life,—where not a flower appears.



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CANTO III.

Afin que cette application vous forçât de penser à autre chose, il n'y a en vérité de remède que celui-là et le temps.

Lettre du Roi de Prusse à d'Alembert, 7 Sept. 1776.

I.

Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child!
Ada! sole daughter of my house and heart?
When last I saw thy young blue eyes they smiled,
And then we parted,—not as now we part,
But with a hope.—

Awaking with a start,
The waters heave around me; and on high
The winds lift up their voices: I depart,
Whither I know not; but the hour's gone by,
When Albion's lessening shores could grieve or glad mine eye.

II.

Once more upon the waters! yet once more!
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider. Welcome to their roar!
Swift be their guidance, wheresoe'er it lead!
Though the strain'd mast should quiver as a reed,
And the rent canvass fluttering strew the gale,
Still must I on; for I am as a weed,
Flung from the rock, on ocean's foam, to sail
Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath prevail.

III.

In my youth's summer I did sing of one,
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The furrows of long thought, and dried up tears,
Which, ebbing, leave a sterile track behind,
O'er which all heavily the journeying years
Plod the last sands of life,—where not a flower appears.

IV.

Since my young days of passion—joy, or pain,
 Perchance my heart and harp have lost a string,
 And both may jar : it may be that in vain
 I would essay as I have sung to sing.
 Yet, though a dreary strain, to this I cling ;
 So that it wean me from the weary dream
 Of selfish grief or gladness—so it fling
 Forgetfulness around me—it shall seem
 To me, though to none else, a not ungrateful theme.

V.

He, who grown aged in this world of woe,
 In deeds, not years, piercing the depths of life,
 So that no wonder waits him ; nor below
 Can love, or sorrow, fame, ambition, strife,
 Cut to his heart again with the keen knife
 Of silent, sharp endurance :—he can tell
 Why thought seeks refuge in lone caves, yet rife
 With airy images, and shapes which dwell
 Still unimpair'd, though old, in the soul's haunted cell.

VI.

'T is to create, and in creating live
 A being more intense, that we endow
 With form our fancy, gaining as we give
 The life we image, even as I do now.
 What am I? Nothing ; but not so art thou,
 Soul of my thought ! with whom I traverse earth,
 Invisible but gazing, as I glow
 Mix'd with thy spirit, blended with thy birth,
 And feeling still with thee in my crush'd feelings' dearth.

VII.

Yet must I think less wildly :—I *have* thought
 Too long and darkly, till my brain became,
 In its own eddy boiling and o'erwrought,
 A whirling gulf of phantasy and flame :
 And thus, untaught in youth my heart to tame,
 My springs of life were poison'd. 'T is too late !
 Yet am I changed ; though still enough the same
 In strength to bear what time can not abate,
 And feed on bitter fruits without accusing fate.

VIII.

Something too much of this :—but now 't is past,
 And the spell closes with its silent seal.
 Long absent Harold re-appears at last ;
 He of the breast which fain no more would feel,
 Wrung with the wounds which kill not, but ne'er heal.
 Yet Time, who changes all, had alter'd him
 In soul and aspect as in age : years steal
 Fire from the mind as vigour from the limb,
 And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim.

IX.

His had been quaff'd too quickly, and he found
 The dregs were wormwood ; but he fill'd again,
 And from a purer fount, on holier ground,
 And deem'd its spring perpetual ; but in vain !
 Still round him clung invisibly a chain
 Which gall'd for ever, fettering though unseen,
 And heavy though it clank'd not ; worn with pain,
 Which pined although it spoke not, and grew keen,
 Entering with every step he took, through many a scene.

X.

Secure in guarded coldness, he had mix'd
 Again in fancied safety with his kind,
 And deem'd his spirit now so firmly fix'd
 And sheathed with an invulnerable mind,
 That, if no joy, no sorrow lurk'd behind ;
 And he, as one might 'midst the many stand
 Unheeded, searching through the crowd to find
 Fit speculation ; such as in strange land
 He found in wonder-works of God and Nature's hand.

XI.

But who can view the ripen'd rose, nor seek
 To wear it? who can curiously behold
 The smoothness and the sheen of beauty's cheek,
 Nor feel the heart can never all grow old?
 Who can contemplate fame through clouds unfold
 The star which rises o'er her steep, nor climb?
 Harold, once more within the vortex, roll'd
 On with the giddy circle, chasing time,
 Yet with a nobler aim than in his youth's fond prime.

XII.

But soon he knew himself the most unfit
 Of men to herd with man, with whom he held
 Little in common; untaught to submit
 His thoughts to others, though his soul was quell'd
 In youth by his own thoughts; still uncompell'd
 He would not yield dominion of his mind
 To spirits against whom his own rebell'd;
 Proud though in desolation, which could find
 A life within itself, to breathe without mankind.

XIII.

Where rose the mountains, there to him were friends;
 Where roll'd the ocean, thereon was his home;
 Where a blue sky and glowing clime extends,
 He had the passion and the power to roam;
 The desert, forest, cavern, breaker's foam,
 Were unto him companionship; they spake
 A mutual language, clearer than the tome
 Of his land's tongue, which he would oft forsake
 For nature's pages, glass'd by sunbeams on the lake.

XIV.

Like the Chaldean, he could watch the stars,
 Till he had peopled them with beings bright
 As their own beams; and earth, and earth-born jars,
 And human frailties, were forgotten quite:
 Could he have kept his spirit to that flight,
 He had been happy; but this clay will sink
 Its spark immortal, envying it the light
 To which it mounts, as if to break the link
 That keeps us from yon heaven which woos us to its brink.

XV.

But in man's dwellings he became a thing
 Restless and worn, and stern and wearisome,
 Droop'd as a wild-born falcon with clipt wing,
 To whom the boundless air alone were home:
 Then came his fit again, which to o'ercome,
 As eagerly the barr'd-up bird will beat
 His breast and beak against his wiry dome
 Till the blood tinge his plumage, so the heat
 Of his impeded soul would through his bosom eat.

XVI.

Self-exiled Harold wanders forth again,
 With nought of hope left, but with less of gloom ;
 The very knowledge that he lived in vain,
 That all was over on this side the tomb,
 Had made despair a smilingness assume,
 Which, though 't were wild,—as on the plunder'd wreck
 When mariners would madly meet their doom
 With draughts intemperate on the sinking deck—
 Did yet inspire a cheer, which he forbore to check.

XVII.

Stop!—for thy tread is on an empire's dust!
 An earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below!
 Is the spot mark'd with no colossal bust?
 Nor column trophied for triumphal show?
 None; but the moral's truth tells simpler so,
 As the ground was before, thus let it be;—
 How that red rain hath made the harvest grow!
 And is this all the world has gain'd by thee,
 Thou first and last of fields! king-making victory!

XVIII.

And Harold stands upon this place of skulls,
 The grave of France, the deadly Waterloo!
 How in an hour the power which gave annuls
 Its gifts, transferring fame as fleeting too!
 In "pride of place" 'ere last the eagle flew,
 Then tore with bloody talon the rent plain,
 Pierced by the shaft of banded nations through;
 Ambition's life and labours all were vain;
 He wears the shatter'd links of the world's broken chain.

XIX.

Fit retribution! Gaul may champ the bit
 And foam in fetters;—but is earth more free?
 Did nations combat to make *One* submit;
 Or league to teach all kings true sovereignty?
 What! shall reviving thralldom again be
 The patch'd-up idol of enlighten'd days?
 Shall we, who struck the lion down, shall we
 Pay the wolf homage? proffering lowly gaze
 And servile knees to thrones? No; *prove* before ye praise!

XX.

If not, o'er one fallen despot boast no more!
 In vain fair cheeks were furrow'd with hot tears
 For Europe's flowers, long rooted up before
 The trampler of her vineyards; in vain years
 Of death, depopulation, bondage, fears,
 Have all been borne, and broken by the accord
 Of roused-up millions: all that most endears
 Glory, is when the myrtle wreathes a sword
 Such as Harmodius² drew on Athens' tyrant lord.

XXI.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
 And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
 Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
 A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
 And all went merry as a marriage-bell;⁵
 But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

XXII.

Did ye not hear it?—No; 't was but the wind,
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
 On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
 No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
 To chase the glowing hours with flying feet:—
 But, hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
 Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

XXIII.

Within a window'd niche of that high hall
 Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
 That sound the first amidst the festival,
 And caught its tone with death's prophetic ear;
 And when they smiled because he deem'd it near,
 His heart more truly knew that peal too well
 Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,
 And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:
 He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

XXIV.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
 And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
 And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
 Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness ;
 And there were sudden partings, such as press
 The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
 Which ne'er might be repeated : who could guess
 If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
 Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

XXV.

And there was mounting in hot haste : the steed,
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
 Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war ;
 And the deep thunder peal on peal afar ;
 And near, the beat of the alarming drum
 Roused up the soldier ere the morning star ;
 While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
 Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe ! They come ! they come !"

XXVI.

And wild and high the "Camerons' gathering" rose!
 The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
 Have heard, and heard too have her Saxon foes
 How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
 Savage and shrill ! But with the breath which fills
 Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
 With the fierce native daring which instils
 The stirring memory of a thousand years,
 And Evan's,⁴ Donald's⁵ fame rings in each clansman's ears !

XXVII.

And Ardennes⁶ waves above them her green leaves
 Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
 Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
 Over the unreturning brave,—alas !
 Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
 Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
 In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
 Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
 And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

XXVIII.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
 Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay,
 The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
 The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
 Battle's magnificently stern array!
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent,
 The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,
 Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,
 Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!

XXIX.

Their praise is hymn'd by loftier harps than mine:
 Yet one I would select from that proud throng,
 Partly because they blend me with his line,
 And partly that I did his sire some wrong,
 And partly that bright names will hallow song;
 And his was of the bravest, and when shower'd
 The death-bolts deadliest the thinn'd files along,
 Even where the thickest of war's tempest lower'd,
 They reach'd no nobler breast than thine, young, gallant Howard!

XXX.

There have been tears and breaking hearts for thee,
 And mine were nothing, had I such to give;
 But when I stood beneath the fresh green tree,
 Which living waves where thou didst cease to live,
 And saw around me the wide field revive
 With fruits and fertile promise, and the spring
 Come forth her work of gladness to contrive,
 With all her reckless birds upon the wing,
 I turn'd from all she brought to those she could not bring.⁷

XXXI.

I turn'd to thee, to thousands, of whom each
 And one as all a ghastly gap did make
 In his own kind and kindred, whom to teach
 Forgetfulness were mercy for their sake;
 The archangel's trump, not glory's, must awake
 Those whom they thirst for; though the sound of fame
 May for a moment soothe, it cannot slake
 The fever of vain longing, and the name
 So honour'd but assumes a stronger, bitterer claim.

XXXII.

They mourn, but smile at length ; and, smiling, mourn.
 The tree will wither long before it fall ;
 The hull drives on, though mast and sail be torn ;
 The roof-tree sinks, but moulders on the hall
 In massy hoariness ; the ruin'd wall
 Stands when its wind-worn battlements are gone ;
 The bars survive the captive they enthrall ;
 The day drags through, though storms keep out the sun ;
 And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly live on :

XXXIII.

Even as a broken mirror, which the glass
 In every fragment multiplies ; and makes
 A thousand images of one that was,
 The same, and still the more, the more it breaks ;
 And thus the heart will do which not forsakes,
 Living in shatter'd guise, and still, and cold,
 And bloodless, with its sleepless sorrow aches,
 Yet withers on till all without is old,
 Showing no visible sign, for such things are untold.

XXXIV.

There is a very life in our despair,
 Vitality of poison,—a quick root
 Which feeds these deadly branches ; for it were
 As nothing did we die ; but life will suit
 Itself to sorrow's most detested fruit,
 Like to the apples on the Dead Sea's³ shore,
 All ashes to the taste : did man compute
 Existence by enjoyment, and count o'er
 Such hours 'gainst years of life,—say, would he name threescore ?

XXXV.

The Psalmist number'd out the years of man :
 They are enough ; and if the tale be *true*,
 Thou, who didst grudge him even that fleeting span,
 More than enough, thou fatal Waterloo !
 Millions of tongues record thee, and anew
 Their children's lips shall echo them, and say—
 “ Here, where the sword united nations drew,
 Our countrymen were warring on that day ! ”
 And this is much, and all which will not pass away.

XXXVI.

There sunk the greatest, nor the worst of men,
 Whose spirit antithetically mixt
 One moment of the mightiest, and again
 On little objects with like firmness fixt,
 Extreme in all things! hadst thou been betwixt,
 Thy throne had still been thine, or never been;
 For daring made thy rise as fall: thou seek'st
 Even now to re-assume the imperial mien,
 And shake again the world, the thunderer of the scene!

XXXVII.

Conqueror and captive of the earth art thou!
 She trembles at thee still, and thy wild name
 Was ne'er more bruited in men's minds than now
 That thou art nothing, save the jest of fame,
 Who woo'd thee once, thy vassal, and became
 The flatterer of thy fierceness, till thou wert
 A god unto thyself; nor less the same
 To the astounded kingdoms all inert,
 Who deem'd thee for a time whate'er thou didst assert.

XXXVIII.

Oh more or less than man!—in high or low,
 Battling with nations, flying from the field;
 Now making monarchs' necks thy footstool, now
 More than thy meanest soldier taught to yield;
 An empire thou couldst crush, command, rebuild,
 But govern not thy pettiest passion, nor,
 However deeply in men's spirits skill'd,
 Look through thine own, nor curb the lust of war,
 Nor learn that tempted fate will leave the loftiest star.

XXXIX.

Yet well thy soul hath brook'd the turning tide
 With that untaught innate philosophy,
 Which, be it wisdom, coldness, or deep pride,
 Is gall and wormwood to an enemy.
 When the whole host of hatred stood hard by,
 To watch and mock thee shrinking, thou hast smiled
 With a sedate and all-enduring eye;—
 When fortune fled her spoil'd and favourite child,
 He stood unbow'd beneath the ills upon him piled.

XL.

Sager than in thy fortunes ; for in them
 Ambition steel'd thee on too far to show
 That just habitual scorn which could contemn
 Men and their thoughts ; 't was wise to feel, not so
 To wear it ever on thy lip and brow,
 And spurn the instruments thou wert to use,
 Till they were turn'd unto thine overthrow :
 'T is but a worthless world to win or lose ;
 So hath it proved to thee, and all such lot who chuse.

XLI.

If, like a tower upon a headlong rock,
 Thou hadst been made to stand or fall alone,
 Such scorn of man had help'd to brave the shock ;
 But men's thoughts were the steps which paved thy throne,
 Their admiration thy best weapon shone :
 The part of Philip's son was thine, not then
 (Unless aside thy purple had been thrown)
 Like stern Diogenes to mock at men ;
 For sceptred cynics earth were far too wide a den. ⁹

XLII.

But quiet to quick bosoms is a hell,
 And *there* hath been thy bane ; there is a fire
 And motion of the soul which will not dwell
 In its own narrow being, but aspire
 Beyond the fitting medium of desire ;
 And, but once kindled, quenchless evermore,
 Preys upon high adventure, nor can tire
 Of aught but rest ; a fever at the core,
 Fatal to him who bears, to all who ever bore.

XLIII.

This makes the madmen who have made men mad
 By their contagion ; conquerors and kings,
 Founders of sects and systems, to whom add
 Sophists, bards, statesmen, all unquiet things,
 Which stir too strongly the soul's secret springs,
 And are themselves the fools to those they fool ;
 Envied, yet how unenviable ! what stings
 Are theirs ! One breast laid open were a school
 Which would unteach mankind the lust to shine or rule.

XLIV.

Their breath is agitation, and their life
 A storm whereon they ride, to sink at last;
 And yet so nursed and bigoted to strife,
 That should their days, surviving perils past,
 Melt to calm twilight, they feel overcast
 With sorrow and supineness, and so die:
 Even as a flame unfed, which runs to waste
 With its own flickering, or a sword laid by
 Which eats into itself, and rusts ingloriously.

XLV.

He who ascends to mountain-tops shall find
 The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow;
 He who surpasses or subdues mankind
 Must look down on the hate of those below.
 Though high *above* the sun of glory glow,
 And far *beneath* the earth and ocean spread,
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
 Contending tempests on his naked head,
 And thus reward the toils which to those summits led.

XLVI.

Away with these! true wisdom's world will be
 Within its own creation, or in thine,
 Maternal nature! for who teems like thee,
 Thus on the banks of thy majestic Rhine?
 There Harold gazes on a work divine,
 A blending of all beauties; streams and dells,
 Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, corn-field, mountain, vine,
 And chiefless castles, breathing stern farewells
 From grey but leafy walls, where Ruin greenly dwells.

XLVII.

And there they stand, as stands a lofty mind,
 Worn, but unstooping to the baser crowd,
 All tenantless, save to the crannying wind,
 Or holding dark communion with the cloud.
 There was a day when they were young and proud,
 Banners, on high, and battles pass'd below;
 But they who fought are in a bloody shroud,
 And those which waved are shredless dust ere now,
 And the bleak battlements shall bear no future blow.

XLVIII.

Beneath these battlements, within those walls,
 Power dwelt amidst her passions ; in proud state
 Each robber chief upheld his armed halls,
 Doing his evil will, nor less elate
 Than mightier heroes of a longer date.
 What want these outlaws ^{to} conquerors should have,
 But history's purchased page to call them great ?
 A wider space—an ornamented grave ?
 Their hopes were not less warm, their souls were full as brave.

XLIX.

In their baronial feuds and single fields,
 What deeds of prowess unrecorded died !
 And love, which lent a blazon to their shields,
 With emblems well devised by amorous pride,
 Through all the mail of iron hearts would glide ;
 But still their flame was fierceness, and drew on
 Keen contest and destruction near allied,
 And many a tower for some fair mischief won,
 Saw the discolour'd Rhine beneath its ruin run.

L.

But thou, exulting and abounding river !
 Making thy waves a blessing as they flow
 Through banks whose beauty would endure for ever,
 Could man but leave thy bright creation so,
 Nor its fair promise from the surface mow
 With the sharp scythe of conflict,—then to see
 Thy valley of sweet waters, were to know
 Earth paved like heaven ;—and to seem such to me
 Even now what wants thy stream ?—that it should Lethe be.

LI.

A thousand battles have assail'd thy banks,
 But these and half their fame have pass'd away,
 And slaughter heap'd on high his weltering ranks—
 Their very graves are gone, and what are they ?
 Thy tide wash'd down the blood of yesterday,
 And all was stainless, and on thy clear stream
 Glass'd with its dancing light the sunny ray ;
 But o'er the blacken'd memory's blighting dream
 Thy waves would vainly roll, all sweeping as they seem.

LII.

Thus Harold inly said, and pass'd along,
 Yet not insensibly to all which here
 Awoke the jocund birds to early song,
 In glens which might have made even exile dear;
 Though on his brow were graven lines austere,
 And tranquil sternness, which had ta'en the place
 Of feelings fierier far but less severe,
 Joy was not always absent from his face,
 But o'er it in such scenes would steal with transient trace.

LIII.

Nor was all love shut from him, though his days
 Of passion had consumed themselves to dust.
 It is in vain that we would coldly gaze
 On such as smile upon us; the heart must
 Leap kindly back to kindness, though disgust
 Hath wean'd it from all worldlings: thus he felt,
 For there was soft remembrance, and sweet trust
 In one fond breast, to which his own would melt,
 And in its tenderer hour on that his bosom dwelt.

LIV.

And he had learn'd to love,—I know not why,
 For this in such as him seems strange of mood,—
 The helpless looks of blooming infancy,
 Even in its earliest nurture: what subdued,
 To change like this, a mind so far imbued
 With scorn of man, it little boots to know;
 But thus it was; and though in solitude
 Small power the nipp'd affections have to grow,
 In him this glow'd when all beside had ceased to glow.

LV.

And there was one soft breast, as hath been said,
 Which unto his was bound by stronger ties
 Than the church links withal; and, though unwed,
That love was pure, and, far above disguise,
 Had stood the test of mortal enmities
 Still undivided, and cemented more
 By peril, dreaded most in female eyes;
 But this was firm, and from a foreign shore
 Well to that heart might his these absent greetings pour!

1.

The castled crag of Drachenfels ¹¹
 Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
 Whose breast of waters broadly swells
 Between the banks which bear the vine;
 And hills all rich with blossom'd trees,
 And fields which promise corn and wine,
 And scatter'd cities crowning these,
 Whose far white walls along them shine,
 Have strew'd a scene, which I should see
 With double joy wert *thou* with me!

2.

And peasant girls, with deep blue eyes,
 And hands which offer early flowers,
 Walk smiling o'er this paradise;
 Above, the frequent feudal towers
 Through green leaves lift their walls of grey,
 And many a rock which steeply lowers,
 And noble arch, in proud decay,
 Look o'er this vale of vintage bowers:
 But one thing want these banks of Rhine,—
 Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine!

3.

I send the lilies given to me,
 Though, long before thy hand they touch,
 I know that they must wither'd be;
 But yet reject them not as such:
 For I have cherish'd them as dear,
 Because they yet may meet thine eye,
 And guide thy soul to mine even here,
 When thou behold'st them drooping nigh,
 And know'st them gather'd by the Rhine!
 And offer'd from my heart to thine!

4.

The river nobly foams and flows,
 The charm of this enchanted ground,
 And all its thousand turns disclose
 Some fresher beauty varying round;
 The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
 Through life to dwell delighted here;
 Nor could on earth a spot be found
 To nature and to me so dear,
 Could thy dear eyes in following mine
 Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine!

LVI.

By Coblentz, on a rise of gentle ground,
 There is a small and simple pyramid,
 Crowning the summit of the verdant mound ;
 Beneath its base are hero's ashes hid,
 Our enemy's,—but let not that forbid
 Honour to Marceau! o'er whose early tomb
 Tears, big tears, gush'd from the rough soldier's lid,
 Lamenting and yet envying such a doom,
 Falling for France, whose rights he battled to resume.

LVII.

Brief, brave, and glorious was his young career,—
 His mourners were two hosts, his friends and foes ;
 And fitly may the stranger lingering here
 Pray for his gallant spirit's bright repose ;
 For he was Freedom's champion,—one of those,
 The few in number, who had not o'erstept
 The charter to chastise which she bestows
 On such as wield her weapons : he had kept
 The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept.^{1 2}

LVIII.

Here Ehrenbreitstein,^{1 3} with her shatter'd wall,
 Black with the miner's blast, upon her height
 Yet shows of what she was, when shell and ball
 Rebounding idly on her strength did light ;
 A tower of victory ! from whence the flight
 Of baffled foes was watch'd along the plain :
 But peace destroy'd what war could never blight,
 And laid those proud roofs bare to summer's rain—
 On which the iron shower for years had pour'd in vain.

LIX.

Adieu to thee, fair Rhine! How long delighted
 The stranger fain would linger on his way !
 Thine is a scene alike where souls united
 Or lonely contemplation thus might stray :
 And could the ceaseless vultures cease to prey
 On self-condemning bosoms, it were here,
 Where nature, nor too sombre nor too gay,
 Wild but not rude, awful yet not austere,
 Is to the mellow earth as autumn to the year.

LX.

Adieu to thee again! a vain adieu!
 There can be no farewell to scene like thine;
 The mind is colour'd by thy every hue;
 And if reluctantly the eyes resign
 Their cherish'd gaze upon thee, lovely Rhine!
 'T is with the thankful glance of parting praise;
 More mighty spots may rise—more glaring shine,
 But none unite in one attaching maze
 The brilliant, fair, and soft—the glories of old days,

LXI.

The negligently grand, the fruitful bloom
 Of coming ripeness, the white city's sheen,
 The rolling stream, the precipice's gloom,
 The forest's growth, and Gothic walls between,
 The wild rocks shaped as they had turrets been,
 In mockery of man's art; and these withal
 A race of faces happy as the scene,
 Whose fertile bounties here extend to all,
 Still springing o'er thy banks, though empires near them fall.

LXII.

But these recede. Above me are the Alps,
 The palaces of nature, whose vast walls
 Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
 And throned eternity in icy halls
 Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
 The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow!
 All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
 Gather around these summits, as to show
 How earth may pierce to heaven, yet leave vain man below.

LXIII.

But ere these matchless heights I dare to scan,
 There is a spot should not be pass'd in vain,—
 Morat! the proud, the patriot field! where man
 May gaze on ghastly trophies of the slain,
 Nor blush for those who conquer'd on that plain;
 Here Burgundy bequeath'd his tombless host,
 A bony heap, through ages to remain,
 Themselves their monument;—the Stygian coast
 Unsepulchred they roam'd, and shriek'd each wandering ghost.¹⁴

LXIV.

While Waterloo with Cannæ's carnage vies,
 Morat and Marathon twin names shall stand;
 They were true glory's stainless victories,
 Won by the unambitious heart and hand
 Of a proud, brotherly, and civic band,
 All unbought champions in no princely cause
 Of vice-entail'd corruption; they no land
 Doom'd to bewail the blasphemy of laws
 Making kings' rights divine, by some Draconic clause.

LXV.

By a lone wall a lonelier column rears
 A grey and grief-worn aspect of old days;
 'T is the last remnant of the wreck of years,
 And looks as with the wild bewilder'd gaze
 Of one to stone converted by amaze,
 Yet still with consciousness; and there it stands,
 Making a marvel that it not decays,
 When the coeval pride of human hands,
 Levell'd Aventicum, ¹⁵ hath strew'd her subject lands.

LXVI.

And there—oh! sweet and sacred be the name!—
 Julia—the daughter, the devoted—gave
 Her youth to Heaven; her heart, beneath a claim
 Nearest to Heaven's, broke o'er a father's grave.
 Justice is sworn 'gainst tears, and hers would crave
 The life she lived in; but the judge was just,
 And then she died on him she could not save.
 Their tomb was simple, and without a bust,
 And held within their urn one mind, one heart, one dust.¹⁶

LXVII.

But these are deeds which should not pass away,
 And names that must not wither, though the earth
 Forgets her empires with a just decay,
 The enslavers and the enslaved, their death and birth;
 The high, the mountain-majesty of worth
 Should be, and shall, survivor of its woe,
 And from its immortality look forth
 In the sun's face, like yonder Alpine snow,¹⁷
 Imperishably pure beyond all things below.

LXVIII.

Lake Leman woos me with its crystal face,
 The mirror where the stars and mountains view
 The stillness of their aspect, in each trace
 Its clear depth yields of their far height and hue :
 There is too much of man here, to look through
 With a fit mind the might which I behold ;
 But soon in me shall loneliness renew
 Thoughts hid, but not less cherish'd than of old,
 Ere mingling with the herd had penn'd me in their fold.

LXIX.

To fly from, need not be to hate, mankind ;
 All are not fit with them to stir and toil,
 Nor is it discontent to keep the mind
 Deep in its fountain, lest it overboil
 In the hot throng, where we become the spoil
 Of our infection, till too late and long
 We may deplore and struggle with the coil,
 In wretched interchange of wrong for wrong,
 'Midst a contentious world, striving where none are strong.

LXX.

There, in a moment, we may plunge our years
 In fatal penitence, and in the blight
 Of our own soul, turn all our blood to tears,
 And colour things to come with hues of night ;
 The race of life becomes a hopeless flight
 To those that walk in darkness : on the sea,
 The boldest steer but where their ports invite,
 But there are wanderers o'er eternity,
 Whose bark drives on and on, and anchor'd ne'er shall be.

LXXI.

Is it not better, then, to be alone,
 And love earth only for its earthly sake ?
 By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone,¹⁸
 Or the pure bosom of its nursing lake,
 Which feeds it as a mother who doth make
 A fair but froward infant her own care,
 Kissing its cries away as these awake ;—
 Is it not better thus our lives to wear,
 Than join the crushing crowd, doom'd to inflict or bear ?

LXXII.

I live not in myself, but I become
 Portion of that around me ; and to me
 High mountains are a feeling, but the hum
 Of human cities torture : I can see
 Nothing to loathe in nature, save to be
 A link reluctant in a fleshly chain,
 Class'd among creatures, when the soul can flee,
 And with the sky, the peak, the heaving plain
 Of ocean, or the stars, mingle, and not in vain.

LXXIII.

And thus I am absorb'd, and this is life :
 I look upon the peopled desert past
 As on a place of agony and strife,
 Where, for some sin, to sorrow I was cast,
 To act and suffer, but remount at last
 With a fresh pinion ; which I feel to spring,
 Though young, yet waxing vigorous as the blast
 Which it would cope with, on delighted wing,
 Spurning the clay-cold bonds which round our being cling.

LXXIV.

And when, at length, the mind shall be all free
 From what it hates in this degraded form,
 Reft of its carnal life, save what shall be
 Existent happier in the fly and worm,—
 When elements to elements conform,
 And dust is as it should be, shall I not
 Feel all I see, less dazzling, but more warm ?
 The bodiless thought? the spirit of each spot,
 Of which, even now, I share at times the immortal lot ?

LXXV.

Are not the mountains, waves, and skies, a part
 Of me and of my soul, as I of them ?
 Is not the love of these deep in my heart
 With a pure passion ? should I not contemn
 All objects, if compared with these ? and stem
 A tide of suffering, rather than forego
 Such feelings for the hard and worldly phlegm
 Of those whose eyes are only turn'd below,
 Gazing upon the ground, with thoughts which dare not glow ?

LXXVI.

But this is not my theme ; and I return
 To that which is immediate, and require
 Those who find contemplation in the urn,
 To look on One, whose dust was once all fire,
 A native of the land where I respire
 The clear air for a while—a passing guest,
 Where he became a being,—whose desire
 Was to be glorious ; 't was a foolish quest,
 The which to gain and keep, he sacrificed all rest.

LXXVII.

Here the self-torturing sophist, wild Rousseau,
 The apostle of affliction, he who threw
 Enchantment over passion, and from woe
 Wrung overwhelming eloquence, first drew
 The breath which made him wretched ; yet he knew
 How to make madness beautiful, and cast
 O'er erring deeds and thoughts a heavenly hue
 Of words, like sunbeams, dazzling as they past
 The eyes, which o'er them shed tears feelingly and fast.

LXXVIII.

His love was passion's essence—as a tree
 On fire by lightning ; with ethereal flame
 Kindled he was, and blasted ; for to be
 Thus, and enamour'd, were in him the same.
 But his was not the love of living dame,
 Nor of the dead who rise upon our dreams,
 But of ideal beauty, which became
 In him existence, and o'erflowing teems
 Along his burning page, distemper'd though it seems.

LXXIX.

This breathed itself to life in Julie, *this*
 Invested her with all that 's wild and sweet ;
 This hallow'd, too, the memorable kiss
 Which every morn his fever'd lip would greet,
 From hers, who but with friendship his would meet ;
 But to that gentle touch, through brain and breast
 Flash'd the thrill'd spirit's love-devouring heat ;
 In that absorbing sigh perchance more blest,
 Than vulgar minds may be with all they seek possest. ¹⁹

LXXX.

His life was one long war with self-sought foes
 Or friends by him self-banish'd ; for his mind
 Had grown suspicion's sanctuary, and chose
 For its own cruel sacrifice, the kind,
 'Gainst whom he raged with fury strange and blind,
 But he was phrenzied,—wherefore, who may know ?
 Since cause might be which skill could never find ;
 But he was phrenzied by disease or woe,
 To that worst pitch of all which wears a reasoning show.

LXXXI.

For then he was inspired, and from him came,
 As from the Pythian's mystic cave of yore,
 Those oracles which set the world in flame,
 Nor ceased to burn till kingdoms were no more :
 Did he not this for France, which lay before
 Bew'd to the inborn tyranny of years ?
 Broken and trembling to the yoke she bore,
 Till by the voice of him and his compeers,
 Roused up to too much wrath which follows o'ergrown fears.

LXXXII.

They made themselves a fearful monument !
 The wreck of old opinions—things which grew
 Breathed from the birth of time : the veil they rent,
 And what behind it lay, all earth shall view.
 But good with ill they also overthrew,
 Leaving but ruins, wherewith to rebuild
 Upon the same foundation, and renew
 Dungeons and thrones, which the same hour re-fill'd,
 As heretofore, because ambition was self-will'd.

LXXXIII.

But this will not endure, nor be endured !
 Mankind have felt their strength, and made it felt.
 They might have used it better, but, allured
 By their new vigour, sternly have they dealt
 On one another ; pity ceased to melt
 With her once natural charities. But they,
 Who in oppression's darkness caved had dwelt,
 They were not eagles, nourish'd with the day ;
 What marvel then, at times, if they mistook their prey ?

LXXXIV.

What deep wounds ever closed without a scar ?
 The heart's bleed longest, and but heal to wear
 That which disfigures it ; and they who war
 With their own hopes, and have been vanquish'd, bear
 Silence, but not submission : in his lair
 Fix'd passion holds his breath, until the hour
 Which shall atone for years ; none need despair :
 It came, it cometh, and will come,—the power
 To punish or forgive—in *one* we shall be slower.

LXXXV.

Clear, placid Leman ! thy contrasted lake,
 With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
 Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
 Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
 This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
 To waft me from distraction : once I loved
 Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
 Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice reprov'd,
 That I with stern delights should e'er have been so mov'd.

LXXXVI.

It is the hush of night, and all between
 Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
 Mellow'd and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
 Save darken'd Jura, whose cap't heights appear
 Precipitously steep ; and, drawing near,
 There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
 Of flowers yet fresh with childhood ; on the ear
 Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
 Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more :

LXXXVII.

He is an evening reveller, who makes
 His life an infancy, and sings his fill ;—
 At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
 Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
 There seems a floating whisper on the hill ;
 But that is fancy, for the starlight dews
 All silently their tears of love instil,
 Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
 Deep into nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

LXXXVIII.

Ye stars! which are the poetry of Heaven!
 If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
 Of men and empires,—'t is to be forgiven,
 That in our aspirations to be great,
 Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
 And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
 A beauty and a mystery, and create
 In us such love and reverence from afar,
 That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a star.

LXXXIX.

All heaven and earth are still—though not in sleep,
 But breathless, as we grow when feeling most;
 And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep:—
 All heaven and earth are still: from the high host
 Of stars, to the lull'd lake and mountain-coast,
 All is concentred in a life intense,
 Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
 But hath a part of being, and a sense
 Of that which is of all Creator and defence.

XC.

Then stirs the feeling infinite, so felt
 In solitude, where we are *least* alone;
 A truth, which through our being then doth melt
 And purifies from self: it is a tone,
 The soul and source of music, which makes known
 Eternal harmony, and sheds a charm,
 Like to the fabled Cytherea's zone,
 Binding all things with beauty;—'t would disarm
 The spectre Death, had he substantial power to harm.

XCI.

Not vainly did the early Persian make
 His altar the high places and the peak
 Of earth-o'ergazing mountains,²⁰ and thus take
 A fit and unwall'd temple, there to seek
 The spirit, in whose honour shrines are weak,
 Uprear'd of human hands. Come, and compare
 Columns and idol-dwellings, Goth or Greek,
 With nature's realms of worship, earth and air,
 Nor fix on fond abodes to circumscribe thy pray'r!

XCII.

The sky is changed!—and such a change! Oh night,²¹
 And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong!
 Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
 Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
 From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
 Leaps the live thunder! Nor from one lone cloud,
 But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
 And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
 Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

XCIII.

And this is in the night:—most glorious night!
 Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
 A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,—
 A portion of the tempest and of thee!
 How the lit lake shines a phosphoric sea,
 And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
 And now again 't is black,—and now, the glee
 Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,
 As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

XCIV.

Now, where the swift Rhone cleaves his way between
 Heights which appear, as lovers who have parted
 In hate, whose mining depths so intervene,
 That they can meet no more, though broken-hearted;
 Though in their souls, which thus each other thwarted,
 Love was the very root of the fond rage
 Which blighted their life's bloom, and then departed;
 Itself expired, but leaving them an age
 Of years all winters,—war within themselves to wage.

XCV.

Now, where the quick Rhone thus has cleft his way,
 The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en his stand:
 For here, not one, but many, make their play,
 And fling their thunderbolts from hand to hand,
 Flashing and cast around: of all the band,
 The brightest through these parted hills hath fork'd
 His lightnings,—as if he did understand,
 That in such gaps as desolation work'd,
 There the hot shaft should blast whatever therein lurk'd.

XCVI.

Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, lightnings! ye,
 With night, and clouds, and thunder, and a soul
 To make these felt and feeling, well may be
 Things that have made me watchful; the far roll
 Of your departing voices is the knoll
 Of what in me is sleepless,—if I rest.
 But where of ye, oh tempests! is the goal?
 Are ye like those within the human breast?
 Or do ye find, at length, like eagles, some high nest?

XCVII.

Could I embody and unbosom now
 That which is most within me,—could I wreak
 My thoughts upon expression, and thus throw
 Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings, strong or weak,
 All that I would have sought, and all I seek,
 Bear, know, feel, and yet breathe—into *one* word,
 And that one word were Lightning, I would speak;
 But as it is, I live and die unheard,
 With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it as a sword.

XCVIII.

The morn is up again, the dewy morn,
 With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,
 Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
 And living as if earth contain'd no tomb,—
 And glowing into day: we may resume
 The march of our existence: and thus I,
 Still on thy shores, fair Lemn! may find room
 And food for meditation, nor pass by
 Much that may give us pause, if ponder'd fittingly.

XCIX.

Clarens! sweet Clarens, birth-place of deep love!
 Thine air is the young breath of passionate thought;
 Thy trees take root in love; the snows above
 The very glaciers have his colours caught,
 And sun-set into rose-hues sees them wrought²²
 By rays which sleep there lovingly: the rocks,
 The permanent crags, tell here of love, who sought
 In them a refuge from the worldly shocks,
 Which stir and sting the soul with hope that woos, then mocks.

C.

Clarens! by heavenly feet thy paths are trod,—
 Undying love's, who here ascends a throne
 To which the steps are mountains; where the god
 Is a pervading life and light,—so shown
 Not on those summits solely, nor alone
 In the still cave and forest; o'er the flower
 His eye is sparkling, and his breath hath blown,
 His soft and summer breath, whose tender power
 Passes the strength of storms in their most desolate hour.

CI.

All things are here of *him*; from the black pines,
 Which are his shade on high, and the loud roar
 Of torrents, where he listeneth to the vines
 Which slope his green path downward to the shore,
 Where the bow'd waters meet him and adore,
 Kissing his feet with murmurs; and the wood,
 The covert of old trees, with trunks all hoar,
 But light leaves, young as joy, stands where it stood,
 Offering to him, and his, a populous solitude.

CII.

A populous solitude of bees and birds,
 And fairy-form'd and many-colour'd things,
 Who worship him with notes more sweet than words,
 And innocently open their glad wings,
 Fearless and full of life: the gush of springs,
 And fall of lofty fountains, and the bend
 Of stirring branches, and the bud which brings
 The swiftest thought of beauty, here extend,
 Mingling, and made by love, unto one mighty end.

CIII.

He who hath loved not, here would learn that lore,
 And make his heart a spirit; he who knows
 That tender mystery, will love the more;
 For this is love's recess, where vain men's woes,
 And the world's waste, have driven him far from those,
 For 't is his nature to advance or die:
 He stands not still, but or decays, or grows
 Into a boundless blessing, which may vie
 With the immortal lights, in its eternity!

CIV

'T was not for fiction chose Rousseau this spot,
 Peopling it with affections; but he found
 It was the scene which passion must allot
 To the mind's purified beings; 't was the ground
 Where early love his Psyche's zone unbound,
 And hallow'd it with loveliness; 't is lone,
 And wonderful, and deep, and hath a sound,
 And sense, and sight of sweetness; here the Rhone
 Hath spread himself a couch, the Alps have rear'd a throne.

CV.

Lausanne! and Ferney! ye have been the abodes²³
 Of names which unto you bequeath'd a name;
 Mortals, who sought and found, by dangerous roads,
 A path to perpetuity of fame:
 They were gigantic minds, and their steep aim
 Was, Titan-like, on daring doubts to pile
 Thoughts which should call down thunder and the flame
 Of Heaven, again assail'd, if Heaven the while
 On man and man's research could deign do more than smile.

CVI.

The one was fire and fickleness, a child,
 Most mutable in wishes, but in mind
 A wit as various,—gay, grave, sage, or wild,—
 Historian, bard, philosopher combined;
 He multiplied himself among mankind,
 The Proteus of their talents: but his own
 Breathed most in ridicule,—which, as the wind,
 Blew where it listed, laying all things prone,—
 Now to o'erthrow a fool, and now to shake a throne.

CVII.

The other, deep and slow, exhausting thought,
 And hiving wisdom with each studious year,
 In meditation dwelt, with learning wrought,
 And shaped his weapon with an edge severe,
 Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer:
 The lord of irony,—that master-spell,
 Which stung his foes to wrath, which grew from fear,
 And doom'd him to the zealot's ready hell,
 Which answers to all doubts so eloquently well.

CVIII.

Yet, peace be with their ashes,—for by them,
 If merited, the penalty is paid ;
 It is not ours to judge,—far less condemn ;
 The hour must come when such things shall be made
 Known unto all,—or hope and dread allay'd
 By slumber, on one pillow,—in the dust,
 Which, thus much we are sure, must lie decay'd ;
 And when it shall revive, as is our trust,
 'T will be to be forgiven, or suffer what is just.

CIX.

But let me quit man's works, again to read
 His Maker's spread around me, and suspend
 This page, which from my reveries I feed,
 Until it seems prolonging without end.
 The clouds above me to the white Alps tend,
 And I must pierce them, and survey whate'er
 May be permitted, as my steps I bend
 To their most great and growing region, where
 The earth to her embrace compels the powers of air.

CX.

Italia ! too,—Italia ! looking on thee,
 Full flashes on the soul the light of ages,
 Since the fierce Carthaginian almost won thee,
 To the last halo of the chiefs and sages
 Who glorify thy consecrated pages ;
 Thou wert the throne and grave of empires ; still,
 The fount at which the panting mind assuages
 Her thirst of knowledge, quaffing there her fill,
 Flows from the eternal source of Rome's imperial hill.

CXI.

Thus far I have proceeded in a theme
 Renew'd with no kind auspices : to feel
 We are not what we have been, and to deem
 We are not what we should be,—and to steel
 The heart against itself ; and to conceal,
 With a proud caution, love, or hate, or aught,—
 Passion or feeling, purpose, grief, or zeal,—
 Which is the tyrant spirit of our thought ;
 Is a stern task of soul :—No matter,—it is taught.

CXII.

And for these words, thus woven into song,
 It may be that they are a harmless wile,—
 The colouring of the scenes which fleet along,
 Which I would seize, in passing, to beguile
 My breast, or that of others, for a while.
 Fame is the thirst of youth,—but I am not
 So young as to regard men's frown or smile,
 As loss or guerdon of a glorious lot;
 I stood and stand alone,—remember'd or forgot.

CXIII.

I have not loved the world, nor the world me;
 I have not flatter'd its rank breath, nor bow'd
 To its idolatries a patient knee,—
 Nor coin'd my cheek to smiles,—nor cried aloud
 In worship of an echo; in the crowd
 They could not deem me one of such; I stood
 Among them, but not of them; in a shroud
 Of thoughts which were not their thoughts, and still could,
 Had I not filed ²⁴ my mind, which thus itself subdued.

CXIV.

I have not loved the world, nor the world me,—
 But let us part fair foes; I do believe,
 Though I have found them not, that there may be
 Words which are things,—hopes which will not deceive,
 And virtues which are merciful, nor weave
 Snares for the failing: I would also deem
 O'er others' griefs that some sincerely grieve;²⁵
 That two, or one, are almost what they seem,—
 That goodness is no name, and happiness no dream.

CXV.

My daughter! with thy name this song begun—²⁶
 My daughter! with thy name thus much shall end—
 I see thee not,—I hear thee not,—but none
 Can be so wrapt in thee; thou art the friend
 To whom the shadows of far years extend:
 Albeit my brow thou never shouldst behold,
 My voice shall with thy future visions blend,
 And reach into thy heart,—when mine is cold,—
 A token and a tone, even from thy father's mould.

CXVI.

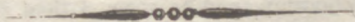
To aid thy mind's development,—to watch
 Thy dawn of little joys—to sit and see
 Almost thy very growth,—to view thee catch
 Knowledge of objects,—wonders yet to thee!
 To hold thee lightly on a gentle knee,
 And print on thy soft cheek a parent's kiss,—
 This, it should seem, was not reserved for me;
 Yet this was in my nature :—as it is,
 I know not what is there, yet something like to this.

CXVII.

Yet, though dull hate as duty should be taught,
 I know that thou wilt love me ; though my name
 Should be shut from thee, as a spell still fraught
 With desolation, and a broken claim :
 Though the grave closed between us, 't were the same—
 I know that thou wilt love me ; though to drain
 My blood from out thy being, were an aim,
 And an attainment,—all would be in vain,—
 Still thou wouldst love me, still that more than life retain.

CXVIII.

The child of love,—though born in bitterness,
 And nurtured in convulsion. Of thy sire
 These were the elements,—and thine no less.
 As yet such are around thee,—but thy fire
 Shall be more temper'd, and thy hope far higher.
 Sweet be thy cradled slumbers ! O'er the sea,
 And from the mountains where I now respire,
 Fain would I waft such blessing upon thee,
 As, with a sigh, I deem thou might'st have been to me!



NOTES TO CANTO III.

Note 1. Stanza xviii.

In "pride of place" here last the eagle flew.

"Pride of place" is a term of falconry, and means the highest pitch of flight.—See Macbeth, &c.

An eagle towering in his pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.

Note 2. Stanza xx.

Such as Harmodius drew on Athens' tyrant lord.

See the famous song on Harmodius and Aristogiton.—The best English translation is in Bland's Anthology, by Mr. Denman :

"With myrtle my sword will I wreath," &c.

Note 3. Stanza xxi.

And all went merry as a marriage-bell.

On the night previous to the action, it is said that a ball was given at Brussels.

Notes 4 and 5. Stanza xxvi.

And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears.

Sir Evan Cameron, and his descendant Donald, the "gentle Lochiel" of the "forty-five."

Note 6. Stanza xxvii.

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves.

The wood of Soignies is supposed to be a remnant of the "forest of Ardennes," famous in Boiardo's Orlando, and immortal in Shakespeare's "As you like it." It is also celebrated in Tacitus as being the spot of successful defence by the Germans against the Roman encroachments.—I have ventured to adopt the name connected with nobler associations than those of mere slaughter.

Note 7. Stanza xxx.

I turn'd from all she brought to those she could not bring.

My guide from Mont St. Jean over the field seemed intelligent and accurate. The place where Major Howard fell was not far from two tall and solitary trees (there was a third cut down, or shivered in the battle) which stand a few yards from each other at a pathway's side.—Beneath these he died and was buried. The body has since been removed to England. A small hollow for the present marks where it lay, but will probably soon be effaced; the plough has been upon it, and the grain is.

After pointing out the different spots where Picton and other gallant men had perished, the guide said, "Here Major Howard lay; I was near him when wounded." I told him my relationship, and he seemed then still more anxious to point out the particular spot and circumstances. The place is one of the most marked in the field, from the peculiarity of the two trees above-mentioned.

I went on horseback twice over the field, comparing it with my recollection of similar scenes. As a plain, Waterloo seems marked out for the scene of some great action, though this may be mere imagination: I have viewed with attention those of Plataea, Troy, Mantinea, Leuctra, Chæronea, and Marathon; and the field around Mont St. Jean and Hougoumont appears to want little but a better cause, and that indefinable but impressive halo which the lapse of ages throws

around a celebrated spot, to vie in interest with any or all of these, except perhaps the last mentioned.

Note 8. Stanza xxxiv.

Like to the apples on the Dead Sea's shore.

The (fabled) apples on the brink of the lake Asphaltés were said to be fair without, and within ashes.—Vide Tacitus, *Histor.* l. v. 7.

Note 9. Stanza xli.

For sceptred cynics earth were far too wide a den.

The great error of Napoleon, "if we have writ our annals true," was a continued obtrusion on mankind of his want of all community of feeling for or with them; perhaps more offensive to human vanity than the active cruelty of more trembling and suspicious tyranny.

Such were his speeches to public assemblies as well as individuals: and the single expression which he is said to have used on returning to Paris after the Russian winter had destroyed his army, rubbing his hands over a fire, "This is pleasanter than Moscow," would probably alienate more favour from his cause than the destruction and reverses which led to the remark.

Note 10. Stanza xlviii.

What want these outlaws conquerors should have?

"What wants that knave
That a king should have?"

was King James's question on meeting Johnny Armstrong and his followers in full accoutrements.—See the Ballad.

Note 11. Song, Stanza li.

The castled crag of Drachenfels.

The castle of Drachenfels stands on the highest summit of "the Seven Mountains," over the Rhine banks; it is in ruins, and connected with some singular traditions; it is the first in view on the road from Bonn, but on the opposite side of the river; on this bank, nearly facing it, are the remains of another called the Jew's Castle, and a large cross commemorative of the murder of a chief by his brother. The number of castles and cities along the course of the Rhine on both sides is very great, and their situations remarkably beautiful.

Note 12. Stanza lvii.

The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept.

The monument of the young and lamented General Marceau (killed by a rifle-ball at Alterkirchen, on the last day of the fourth year of the French republic) still remains as described.

The inscriptions on his monument are rather too long, and not required: his name was enough; France adored, and her enemies admired: both wept over him. His funeral was attended by the generals and detachments from both armies. In the same grave General Hoche is interred, a gallant man also in every sense of the word; but though he distinguished himself greatly in battle, he had not the good fortune to die there; his death was attended by suspicions of poison.

A separate monument (not over his body, which is buried by Marceau's) is raised for him near Andernach, opposite to which one of his most memorable exploits was performed, in throwing a bridge to an island on the Rhine. The shape and style are different from that of Marceau's, and the inscription more simple and pleasing:

"The Army of the Sambre and Meuse
to its commander-in-chief,
HOCHÉ."

This is all, and as it should be. Hoche was esteemed among the first of France's earlier generals before Buonaparte monopolized her triumphs. He was the destined commander of the invading army of Ireland.

Note 13. Stanza lviii.

Here Ehrenbreitstein, with her shatter'd wall.

Ehrenbreitstein, *i. e.* "the broad Stone of Honour," one of the strongest

fortresses in Europe, was dismantled and blown up by the French at the truce of Leoben. It had been and could only be reduced by famine or treachery. It yielded to the former, aided by surprise. After having seen the fortifications of Gibraltar and Malta, it did not much strike by comparison, but the situation is commanding. General Marceau besieged it in vain for some time; and I slept in a room where I was shown a window at which he is said to have been standing, observing the progress of the siege by moonlight, when a ball struck immediately below it.

Note 14. Stanza lxiii.

Unsepulchred they roam'd, and shriek'd each wandering ghost.

The chapel is destroyed, and the pyramid of bones diminished to a small number by the Burgundian legion in the service of France, who anxiously effaced this record of their ancestors' less successful invasions. A few still remain, notwithstanding the pains taken by the Burgundians for ages (all who passed that way removing a bone to their own country), and the less justifiable larcenies of the Swiss postillions, who carried them off to sell for knife-handles, a purpose for which the whiteness imbibed by the bleaching of years had rendered them in great request. Of these relics I ventured to bring away as much as may have made the quarter of a hero, for which the sole excuse is, that if I had not, the next passer-by might have perverted them to worse uses than the careful preservation which I intend for them.

Note 15. Stanza lxv.

Levell'd Aventicum, hath strew'd her subject lands.

Aventicum (near Morat) was the Roman capital of Helvetia, where Avenches now stands.

Note 16. Stanza lxvi.

And held within their urn one mind, one heart, one dust.

Julia Alpinula, a young Aventian priestess, died soon after a vain endeavour to save her father, condemned to death as a traitor by Aulus Cæcina. Her epitaph was discovered many years ago;—it is thus—

Julia Alpinula
Hic jaceo,
Infelicis patris infelix proles,
Deæ Aventiæ sacerdos.
Exorare patris necem non potui:
Male mori in fati ille erat.
Vixi Annos XXIII.

I know of no human composition so affecting as this, nor a history of deeper interest. These are the names and actions which ought not to perish, and to which we turn with a true and healthy tenderness, from the wretched and glittering detail of a confused mass of conquests and battles, with which the mind is roused for a time to a false and feverish sympathy, from whence it recurs at length with all the nausea consequent on such intoxication.

Note 17. Stanza lxvii.

In the sun's face, like yonder Alpine snow.

This is written in the eye of Mont Blanc (June 3d, 1816), which even at this distance dazzles mine.

(July 20th.) I this day observed for some time the distinct reflection of Mont Blanc and Mont Argentière in the calm of the lake, which I was crossing in my boat; the distance of these mountains from their mirror is sixty miles.

Note 18. Stanza lxxi.

By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone.

The colour of the Rhone at Geneva is *blue*, to a depth of tint which I have never seen equalled in water, salt or fresh, except in the Mediterranean and Archipelago.

Note 19. Stanza lxxix.

Than vulgar minds may be with all they seek possess.

This refers to the account in his "Confessions," of his passion for the Comtesse d'Houdetot (the mistress of St. Lambert), and his long walk every morning for the

sake of the single kiss which was the common salutation of French acquaintance.—Rousseau's description of his feelings on this occasion may be considered as the most passionate, yet not impure description and expression of love, that ever kindled into words; which after all must be felt, from their very force, to be inadequate to the delineation: a painting can give no sufficient idea of the ocean.

Note 20. Stanza xci.

Of earth o'ergazing mountains.

It is to be recollected that the most beautiful and impressive doctrines of the divine founder of Christianity were delivered, not in the *Temple*, but on the *Mount*.

To waive the question of devotion, and turn to human eloquence, the most effectual and splendid specimens were not pronounced within walls. Demosthenes addressed the public and popular assemblies. Cicero spoke in the forum. That this added to their effect on the mind of both orator and hearers, may be conceived from the difference between what we read of the emotions then and there produced, and those we ourselves experience in the perusal in the closet. It is one thing to read the *Iliad* at Sigæum and on the tumuli, or by the springs with Mount Ida above, and the plains and rivers and Archipelago around you; and another to trim your taper over it in a snug library—*this I know*.

Were the early and rapid progress of what is called Methodism to be attributed to any cause beyond the enthusiasm excited by its vehement faith and doctrines (the truth or error of which I presume neither to canvass nor to question), I should venture to ascribe it to the practice of preaching in the *fields*, and the unstudied and extemporaneous effusions of its teachers.

The Mussulmans, whose erroneous devotion (at least in the lower orders) is most sincere, and therefore impressive, are accustomed to repeat their prescribed orisons and prayers wherever they may be at the stated hours—of course frequently in the open air, kneeling upon a light mat (which they carry for the purpose of a bed or cushion, as required); the ceremony lasts some minutes, during which they are totally absorbed, and only living in their supplication; nothing can disturb them. On me the simple and entire sincerity of these men, and the spirit which appeared to be within and upon them, made a far greater impression than any general rite which was ever performed in places of worship, of which I have seen those of almost every persuasion under the sun: including most of our own sectaries, and the Greek, the Catholic, the Armenian, the Lutheran, the Jewish, and the Mahomedan. Many of the negroes, of whom there are numbers in the Turkish empire, are idolaters, and have free exercise of their belief and its rites; some of these I had a distant view of at Patras, and from what I could make out of them, they appeared to be of a truly Pagan description, and not very agreeable to a spectator.

Note 21. Stanza xcii.

The sky is changed!—and such a change! Oh night.

The thunder-storms to which these lines refer occurred on the 13th of June, 1816, at midnight. I have seen among the Acroceraunian mountains of Chimari several more terrible, but none more beautiful.

Note 22. Stanza xcix.

And sun-set into rose-hues sees them wrought.

Rousseau's *Héloïse*, Letter 17, part 4, note.—“Ces montagnes sont si hautes, qu'une demi-heure après le soleil couché, leurs sommets sont encore éclairés de ses rayons; dont le rouge forme sur ces cimes blanches *une belle couleur de rose* qu'on aperçoit de fort loin.” This applies more particularly to the heights over Meillerie.

“J'allai à Vevay loger à la Clef, et pendant deux jours que j'y restai sans voir personne, je pris pour cette ville un amour qui m'a suivi dans tous mes voyages, et qui m'y a fait établir enfin les héros de mon roman. Je dirois volontiers à ceux qui ont du goût et qui sont sensibles: Allez à Vevay—visitez le pays, examinez les sites, promenez-vous sur le lac, et dites si la nature n'a pas fait ce beau pays pour une Julie, pour une Claire, et pour un Saint Preux; mais ne les y cherchez pas.” *Les Confessions*, livre iv. page 306. Lyon, 1796.

In July, 1816, I made a voyage round the lake of Geneva; and as far as my own observations have led me in a not uninterested nor inattentive survey of all the scenes most celebrated by Rousseau in his "Héloïse," I can safely say, that in this there is no exaggeration. It would be difficult to see Clarens (with the scenes around it, Vevay, Chillon, Bôveret, St. Gingo, Meillerie, Eivan, and the entrances of the Rhone), without being forcibly struck with its peculiar adaptation to the persons and events with which it has been peopled. But this is not all; the feeling with which all around Clarens, and the opposite rocks of Meillerie, is invested, is of a still higher and more comprehensive order than the mere sympathy with individual passion; it is a sense of the existence of love in its most extended and sublime capacity, and of our own participation of its good and of its glory: it is the great principle of the universe, which is there more condensed, but not less manifested; and of which, though knowing ourselves a part, we lose our individuality, and mingle in the beauty of the whole.

If Rousseau had never written, nor lived, the same associations would not less have belonged to such scenes. He has added to the interest of his works by their adoption; he has shown his sense of their beauty by the selection; but they have done that for him which no human being could do for them.

I had the fortune (good or evil as it might be) to sail from Meillerie (where we landed for some time) to St. Gingo during a lake-storm, which added to the magnificence of all around, although occasionally accompanied by danger to the boat, which was small and overloaded. It was over this very part of the lake that Rousseau has driven the boat of St. Preux and Madame Wolmar to Meillerie for shelter during a tempest.

On gaining the shore at St. Gingo, I found that the wind had been sufficiently strong to blow down some fine old chesnut-trees on the lower part of the mountains. On the opposite height is a seat called the Château de Clarens. The hills are covered with vineyards, and interspersed with some small but beautiful woods; one of these was named the "Bosquet de Julie," and it is remarkable that, though long ago cut down by the brutal selfishness of the monks of St. Bernard (to whom the land appertained), that the ground might be enclosed into a vineyard for the miserable drones of an execrable superstition, the inhabitants of Clarens still point out the spot where its trees stood, calling it by the name which consecrated and survived them.

Rousseau has not been particularly fortunate in the preservation of the "local habitations" he has given to "airy nothings." The prior of Great St. Bernard has cut down some of his woods for the sake of a few casks of wine, and Buonaparte has levelled part of the rocks of Meillerie in improving the road to the Simplon. The road is an excellent one, but I cannot quite agree with a remark which I heard made, that "La route vaut mieux que les souvenirs."

Note 23. Stanza cv.

Lausanne and Ferney! ye have been the abodes.

Voltaire and Gibbon.

Note 24. Stanza cxiii.

Had I not filed my mind, which thus itself subdued.

—————"if it be thus,
For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind."

Macbeth.

Note 25. Stanza cxiv.

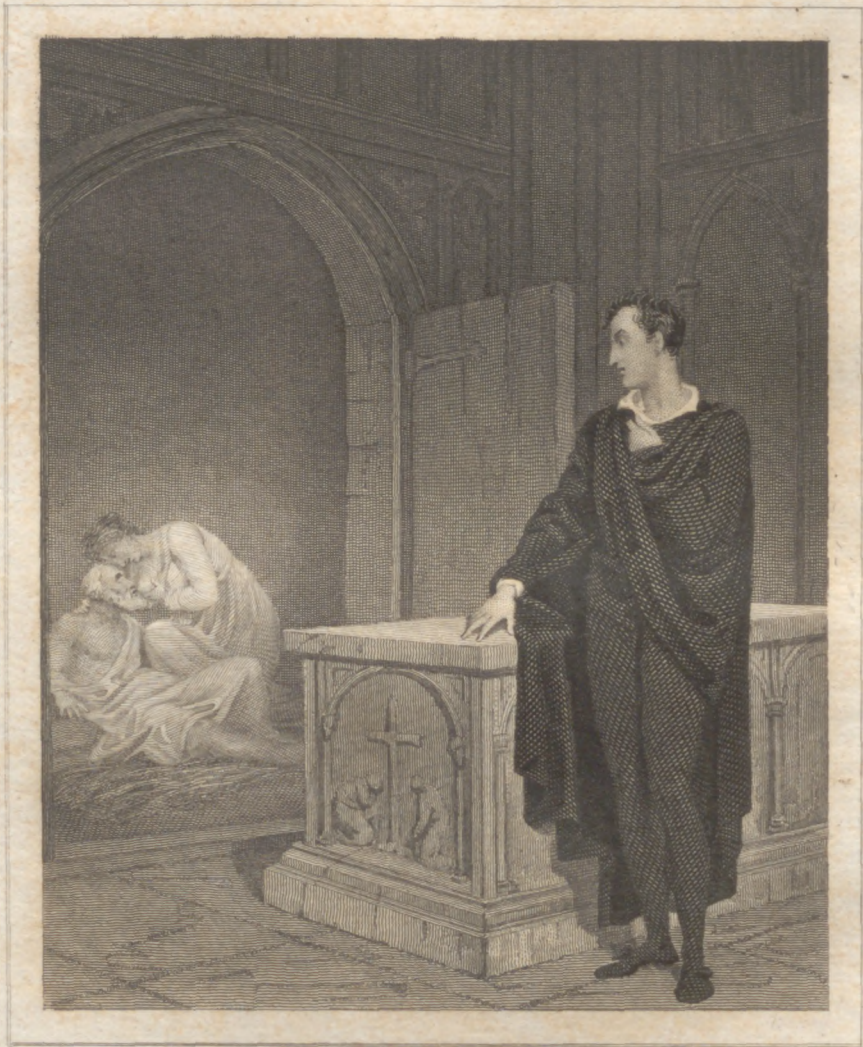
O'er others' griefs that some sincerely grieve.

It is said by Rochefoucault that "there is *always* something in the misfortunes of men's best friends not displeasing to them."

Note 26. Stanza cxv.

My daughter!

Ada.—"By the way, *Ada's* name (which I found in our pedigree, under king John's reign) is the same with that of the sister of Charlemagne, as I redde, the other day, in a book treating of the Rhine."—*B. Letter, Verona, 1816.*



Drawn by Rich^d Westall R.A.

Engraved by Cha^s Heath.

CHILDE HAROLD.

NO DROP OF THAT CLEAR STREAM, ITS WAY SHALL MISS
TO THY SIRE'S HEART.

Canto 9. Stanza 101.

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CANTO IV.

TO

JOHN CAM HOBHOUSE, ESQ. A.M., F.R.S.

§c. §c. §c.

MY DEAR HOBHOUSE,

AFTER an interval of eight years between the composition of the first and last cantos of Childe Harold, the conclusion of the poem is about to be submitted to the public. In parting with so old a friend, it is not extraordinary that I should recur to one still older and better,—to one who has beheld the birth and death of the other, and to whom I am far more indebted for the social advantages of an enlightened friendship, than—though not ungrateful—I can, or could be, to Childe Harold, for any public favour reflected through the poem on the poet,—to one, whom I have known long, and accompanied far, whom I have found wakeful over my sickness and kind in my sorrow, glad in my prosperity and firm in my adversity, true in counsel and trusty in peril—to a friend often tried and never found wanting;—to yourself.

In so doing, I recur from fiction to truth, and in dedicating to you in its complete, or at least concluded state, a poetical work which is the longest, the most thoughtful and comprehensive of my compositions, I wish to do honour to myself by the record of many years' intimacy with a man of learning, of talent, of steadiness, and of honour. It is not for minds like ours to give or to receive flattery; yet the praises of sincerity have ever been permitted to the voice of friendship, and it is not for you, nor even for others, but to relieve a heart which has not elsewhere, or lately, been so much accustomed to the encounter of goodwill as to withstand the shock firmly, that I thus attempt to commemorate your good qualities, or rather the advantages which I have derived from their exertion. Even the recurrence of the date of this letter, the anniversary of the most unfortunate day of my past existence, but which cannot poison my future, while I retain the resource of your friendship, and of my own faculties, will henceforth have a more agreeable recollection for both, inasmuch as it will remind us of this my attempt to thank you for an indefatigable regard, such as few men have experienced, and no one could experience without thinking better of his species and of himself.

It has been our fortune to traverse together, at various periods, the countries of chivalry, history, and fable—Spain, Greece, Asia Minor,

and Italy; and what Athens and Constantinople were to us a few years ago, Venice and Rome have been more recently. The poem also, or the pilgrim, or both, have accompanied me from first to last; and perhaps it may be a pardonable vanity which induces me to reflect with complacency on a composition which in some degree connects me with the spot where it was produced, and the objects it would fain describe; and however unworthy it may be deemed of those magical and memorable abodes, however short it may fall of our distant conceptions and immediate impressions, yet as a mark of respect for what is venerable, and a feeling for what is glorious, it has been to me a source of pleasure in the production, and I part with it with a kind of regret, which I hardly suspected that events could have left me for imaginary objects.

With regard to the conduct of the last canto, there will be found less of the pilgrim than in any of the preceding, and that little slightly, if at all, separated from the author speaking in his own person. The fact is that I had become weary of drawing a line which every one seemed determined not to perceive: like the Chinese in Goldsmith's "Citizen of the World," whom nobody would believe to be a Chinese, it was in vain that I asserted, and imagined, that I had drawn a distinction between the author and the pilgrim; and the very anxiety to preserve this difference, and disappointment at finding it unavailing, so far crushed my efforts in the composition, that I determined to abandon it altogether—and have done so. The opinions which have been, or may be, formed on that subject, are *now* a matter of indifference; the work is to depend on itself, and not on the writer; and the author who has no resources in his own mind beyond the reputation, transient or permanent, which is to arise from his literary efforts, deserves the fate of authors.

In the course of the following canto it was my intention, either in the text or in the notes, to have touched upon the present state of Italian literature, and perhaps of manners. But the text, within the limits I proposed, I soon found hardly sufficient for the labyrinth of external objects and the consequent reflections; and for the whole of the notes, excepting a few of the shortest, I am indebted to yourself, and these were necessarily limited to the elucidation of the text.

It is also a delicate, and no very grateful task, to dissert upon the literature and manners of a nation so dissimilar; and requires an attention and impartiality which would induce us,—though perhaps no inattentive observers, nor ignorant of the language or customs of the people amongst whom we have recently abode,—to distrust, or at least defer our judgment, and more narrowly examine our information. The state of literary, as well as political party, appears to run, or to *have* run, so high, that for a stranger to steer impartially between them is next to impossible. It may be enough then, at least for my purpose, to quote from their own beautiful language—"Mi pare che in un paese tutto poetico, che vante la lingua la più nobile ed insieme la più dolce, tutte tutte le vie diverse si possono tentare, e che sinchè la patria di Alfieri e di Monti non ha perduto l'antico valore, in tutte essa dovrebbe essere

la prima." Italy has great names still—Canova, Monti, Ugo Foscolo, Pindemonte, Visconti, Morelli, Cicognara, Albrizzi, Mezzofanti, Mai, Mustoxidi, Aglietti, and Vacca, will secure to the present generation an honourable place in most of the departments of art, science, and belles-lettres; and in some the very highest;—Europe—the world—has but one Canova.

It has been somewhere said by Alfieri, that "La pianta uomo nasce più robusta in Italia che in qualunque altra terra—e que gli stessi atroci delitti che vi si commettono ne sono una prova." Without subscribing to the latter part of his proposition, a dangerous doctrine, the truth of which may be disputed on better grounds, namely, that the Italians are in no respect more ferocious than their neighbours, that man must be wilfully blind, or ignorantly heedless, who is not struck with the extraordinary capacity of this people, or, if such a word be admissible, their *capabilities*, the facility of their acquisitions, the rapidity of their conceptions, the fire of their genius, their sense of beauty, and, amidst all the disadvantages of repeated revolutions, the desolation of battles, and the despair of ages, their still unquenched "longing after immortality,"—the immortality of independence. And when we, ourselves, in riding round the walls of Rome, heard the simple lament of the labourer's chorus, "Roma! Roma! Roma! Roma non è più come era prima," it was difficult not to contrast this melancholy dirge with the bacchanal roar of the songs of exultation still yelled from the London taverns, over the carnage of Mont St. Jean, and the betrayal of Genoa, of Italy, of France, and of the world, by men whose conduct you yourself have exposed in a work worthy of the better days of our history. For me,

"Non movero mai corda
Ove la turba di sue ciance assorda."

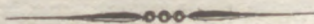
What Italy has gained by the late transfer of nations, it were useless for Englishmen to inquire; till it becomes ascertained that England has acquired something more than a permanent army and a suspended Habeas Corpus, it is enough for them to look at home. For what they have done abroad, and especially in the South, "verily they *will have* their reward," and at no very distant period.

Wishing you, my dear Hobhouse, a safe and agreeable return to that country whose real welfare can be dearer to none than to yourself, I dedicate to you this poem in its completed state; and repeat once more how truly I am ever

Your obliged
And affectionate friend,

BYRON.

Venice, January 2, 1813.



CANTO IV.

Visto ho Toscana, Lombardia, Romagna,
 Quel monte che divide, e quel che serra
 Italia, e un mare e l' altro che la bagna.

ARIOSTO, *Satira* iii.

I.

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs ;¹
 A palace and a prison on each hand :
 I saw from out the wave her structures rise
 As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand :
 A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
 Around me, and a dying glory smiles
 O'er the far times, when many a subject land
 Look'd to the winged Lion's marble piles,
 Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles !

II.

She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean,²
 Rising with her tiara of proud towers
 At airy distance with majestic motion,
 A ruler of the waters and their powers :
 And such she was ;—her daughters had their dowers
 From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East
 Pour'd in her lap all gems in sparkling showers :
 In purple was she robed, and of her feast
 Monarchs partook, and deem'd their dignity increased.

III.

In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,⁵
 And silent rows the songless gondolier ;
 Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
 And music meets not always now the ear :
 Those days are gone—but beauty still is here.
 States fall, arts fade—but nature doth not die :
 Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
 The pleasant place of all festivity,
 The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy !

IV.

But unto us she hath a spell beyond
 Her name in story, and her long array
 Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms despond
 Above the dogeless city's vanish'd sway ;
 Ours is a trophy which will not decay
 With the Rialto ; Shylock and the Moor,
 And Pierre, can not be swept or sworn away—
 The keystones of the arch ! though all were o'er,
 For us repeopled were the solitary shore.

V.

The beings of the mind are not of clay ;
 Essentially immortal, they create
 And multiply in us a brighter ray
 And more beloved existence : that which fate
 Prohibits to dull life, in this our state
 Of mortal bondage, by these spirits supplied,
 First exiles, then replaces what we hate ;
 Watering the heart whose early flowers have died,
 And with a fresher growth replenishing the void.

VI.

Such is the refuge of our youth and age,
 The first from hope, the last from vacancy ;
 And this worn feeling peoples many a page,
 And, may be, that which grows beneath mine eye :
 Yet there are things whose strong reality
 Outshines our fairy land ; in shape and hues
 More beautiful than our fantastic sky,
 And the strange constellations which the muse
 O'er her wild universe is skilful to diffuse :

VII.

I saw or dream'd of such, but let them go—
 They came like truth, and disappear'd like dreams ;
 And whatso'er they were—are now but so :
 I could replace them if I would, still teems
 My mind with many a form which aptly seems
 Such as I sought for and at moments found ;—
 Let these too go—for waking reason deems
 Such overweening fantasies unsound,
 And other voices speak, and other sights surround.

VIII.

I've taught me other tongues—and in strange eyes
 Have made me not a stranger; to the mind
 Which is itself, no changes bring surprise;
 Nor is it harsh to make, nor hard to find
 A country with—ay, or without mankind;
 Yet was I born where men are proud to be,
 Not without cause; and should I leave behind
 The inviolate island of the sage and free,
 And seek me out a home by a remoter sea,

IX.

Perhaps I loved it well; and should I lay
 My ashes in a soil which is not mine,
 My spirit shall resume it—if we may
 Unbodied chuse a sanctuary. I twine
 My hopes of being remember'd in my line
 With my land's language: if too fond and far
 These aspirations in their scope incline,—
 If my fame should be as my fortunes are,
 Of hasty growth and blight, and dull oblivion bar

X.

My name from out the temple where the dead
 Are honour'd by the nations—let it be—
 And light the laurels on a loftier head!
 And be the Spartan's epitaph on me—
 "Sparta hath many a worthier son than he."⁴
 Meantime I seek no sympathies, nor need;
 The thorns which I have reap'd are of the tree
 I planted—they have torn me,—and I bleed:
 I should have known what fruit would spring from such a seed.

XI.

The spouseless Adriatic mourns her lord;
 And, annual marriage now no more renew'd,
 The Bucentaur lies rotting unrestored,
 Neglected garment of her widowhood!
 St. Mark yet sees his lion where he stood^b
 Stand, but in mockery of his wither'd power,
 Over the proud Place where an emperor sued,
 And monarchs gazed and envied, in the hour
 When Venice was a queen with an unequall'd dower.

XII.

The Suabian sued, and now the Austrian reigns—⁶
 An emperor tramples where an emperor knelt;
 Kingdoms are shrunk to provinces, and chains
 Clank over sceptred cities; nations melt
 From power's high pinnacle, when they have felt
 The sunshine for a while, and downward go
 Like lauwine loosen'd from the mountain's belt.
 O for one hour of blind old Dandolo!⁷
 Th' octogenarian chief, Byzantium's conquering foe.

XIII.

Before St. Mark still glow his steeds of brass,
 Their gilded collars glittering in the sun;
 But is not Doria's menace come to pass?⁸
 Are they *not bridled*?—Venice, lost and won,
 Her thirteen hundred years of freedom done,
 Sinks, like a sea-weed, into whence she rose!
 Better be whelm'd beneath the waves, and shun,
 Even in destruction's depth, her foreign foes,
 From whom submission wrings an infamous repose.

XIV.

In youth she was all glory,—a new Tyre,—
 Her very by-word sprung from victory,
 The "Planter of the Lion,"⁹ which through fire
 And blood she bore o'er subject earth and sea;
 Though making many slaves, herself still free,
 And Europe's bulwark 'gainst the Ottomite;
 Witness Troy's rival, Candia! Vouch it, ye
 Immortal waves that saw Lepanto's fight!
 For ye are names no time nor tyranny can blight.

XV.

Statues of glass—all shiver'd—the long file
 Of her dead doges are declined to dust;
 But where they dwelt, the vast and sumptuous pile
 Bespeaks the pageant of their splendid trust;
 Their sceptre broken, and their sword in rust,
 Have yielded to the stranger: empty halls,
 Thin streets, and foreign aspects, such as must
 Too oft remind her who and what enthral,¹⁰
 Have flung a desolate cloud o'er Venice' lovely walls.

XVI.

When Athens' armies fell at Syracuse,
 And fetter'd thousands bore the yoke of war,
 Redemption rose up in the Attic Muse,¹¹
 Her voice their only ransom from afar :
 See! as they chant the tragic hymn, the car
 Of the o'ermaster'd victor stops, the reins
 Fall from his hands—his idle scimitar
 Starts from its belt—he rends his captive's chains,
 And bids him thank the bard for freedom and his strains.

XVII.

Thus, Venice, if no stronger claim were thine
 Were all thy proud historic deeds forgot,
 Thy choral memory of the bard divine,
 Thy love of Tasso, should have cut the knot
 Which ties thee to thy tyrants ; and thy lot
 Is shameful to the nations,—most of all,
 Albion! to thee : the ocean queen should not
 Abandon ocean's children ; in the fall
 Of Venice think of thine, despite thy watery wall.

XVIII.

I loved her from my boyhood—she to me
 Was as a fairy city of the heart,
 Rising like water-columns from the sea,
 Of joy the sojourn, and of wealth the mart ;
 And Otway, Radcliffe, Schiller, Shakspeare's art,¹²
 Had stamp'd her image in me, and even so,
 Although I found her thus, we did not part :
 Perchance even dearer in her day of woe,
 Than when she was a boast, a marvel, and a show.

XIX.

I can repeople with the past—and of
 The present there is still for eye and thought,
 And meditation chasten'd down, enough ;
 And more, it may be, than I hoped or sought :
 And of the happiest moments which were wrought
 Within the web of my existence, some
 From thee, fair Venice! have their colours caught :
 There are some feelings time can not benumb,
 Nor torture shake, or mine would now be cold and dumb.

XX.

But from their nature will the tannen grow¹⁵
 Loftiest on loftiest and least shelter'd rocks,
 Rooted in barrenness, where nought below
 Of soil supports them 'gainst the Alpine shocks
 Of eddying storms; yet springs the trunk, and mocks
 The howling tempest, till its height and frame
 Are worthy of the mountains from whose blocks
 Of bleak, grey granite, into life it came,
 And grew a giant tree;—the mind may grow the same.

XXI.

Existence may be borne, and the deep root
 Of life and sufferance make its firm abode
 In bare and desolated bosoms: mute
 The camel labours with the heaviest load,
 And the wolf dies in silence,—not bestow'd
 In vain should such example be; if they,
 Things of ignoble or of savage mood,
 Endure and shrink not, we of nobler clay
 May temper it to bear,—it is but for a day.

XXII.

All suffering doth destroy, or is destroy'd,
 Even by the sufferer; and, in each event,
 Ends:—some, with hope replenish'd and rebuoy'd,
 Return to whence they came—with like intent,
 And weave their web again; some, bow'd and bent,
 Wax grey and ghastly, withering ere their time,
 And perish with the reed on which they leant;
 Some seek devotion, toil, war, good or crime,
 According as their souls were form'd to sink or climb:

XXIII.

But ever and anon of griefs subdued
 There comes a token like a scorpion's sting,
 Scarce seen, but with fresh bitterness imbued;
 And slight withal may be the things which bring
 Back on the heart the weight which it would fling
 Aside for ever: it may be a sound—
 A tone of music,—summer's eve—or spring,
 A flower—the wind—the ocean—which shall wound,
 Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound;

XXIV.

And how and why we know not, nor can trace
 Home to its cloud this lightning of the mind,
 But feel the shock renew'd, nor can efface
 The blight and blackening which it leaves behind,
 Which out of things familiar, undesign'd,
 When least we deem of such, calls up to view
 The spectres whom no exorcism can bind,
 The cold—the changed—perchance the dead—aneu,
 The mourn'd, the loved, the lost—too many! yet how few!

XXV.

But my soul wanders; I demand it back
 To meditate amongst decay, and stand
 A ruin amidst ruins; there to track
 Fallen states and buried greatness o'er a land
 Which *was* the mightiest in its old command,
 And *is* the loveliest, and must ever be
 The master-mould of nature's heavenly hand,
 Wherein were cast the heroic and the free,
 The beautiful, the brave—the lords of earth and sea,

XXVI.

The commonwealth of kings, the men of Rome!
 And even since, and now, fair Italy!
 Thou art the garden of the world, the home
 Of all art yields, and nature can decree;
 Even in thy desert, what is like to thee?
 Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste
 More rich than other climes' fertility;
 Thy wreck a glory, and thy ruin graced
 With an immaculate charm which can not be defaced.

XXVII.

The moon is up, and yet it is not night—
 Sunset divides the sky with her—a sea
 Of glory streams along the Alpine height
 Of blue Friuli's mountains; heaven is free
 From clouds, but of all colours seems to be
 Melted to one vast Iris of the west,
 Where the day joins the past eternity;
 While, on the other hand, meek Dian's crest
 Floats through the azure air—an island of the blest!

XXVIII.

A single star is at her side, and reigns
 With her o'er half the lovely heaven; but still¹⁴
 Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains
 Roll'd o'er the peak of the far Rætian hill,
 As day and night contending were, until
 Nature reclaim'd her order:—gently flows
 The deep-dyed Brenta, where their hues instil
 The odorous purple of a new-born rose,
 Which streams upon her stream, and glass'd within it glows,

XXIX.

Fill'd with the face of heaven, which, from afar,
 Comes down upon the waters; all its hues,
 From the rich sunset to the rising star,
 Their magical variety diffuse:
 And now they change; a paler shadow strews
 Its mantle o'er the mountains; parting day
 Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
 With a new colour as it gasps away,
 The last still loveliest, till—'t is gone—and all is grey.

XXX.

There is a tomb in Arqua;—rear'd in air,
 Pillar'd in their sarcophagus, repose
 The bones of Laura's lover: here repair
 Many familiar with his well-sung woes,
 The pilgrims of his genius. He arose
 To raise a language, and his land reclaim
 From the dull yoke of her barbaric foes:
 Watering the tree which bears his lady's name¹⁵
 With his melodious tears, he gave himself to fame.

XXXI.

They keep his dust in Arqua, where he died;¹⁶
 The mountain-village where his latter days
 Went down the vale of years; and 't is their pride—
 An honest pride—and let it be their praise,
 To offer to the passing stranger's gaze
 His mansion and his sepulchre; both plain
 And venerably simple, such as raise
 A feeling more accordant with his strain
 Than if a pyramid form'd his monumental fane.

XXXII.

And the soft quiet hamlet where he dwelt
 Is one of that complexion which seems made
 For those who their mortality have felt,
 And sought a refuge from their hopes decay'd
 In the deep umbrage of a green hill's shade,
 Which shows a distant prospect far away
 Of busy cities, now in vain display'd,
 For they can lure no further; and the ray
 Of a bright sun can make sufficient holiday,

XXXIII.

Developing the mountains, leaves, and flowers,
 And shining in the brawling brook, where-by,
 Clear as its current, glide the sauntering hours
 With a calm languor, which, though to the eye
 Idlesse it seem, hath its morality.
 If from society we learn to live,
 'Tis solitude should teach us how to die;
 It hath no flatterers; vanity can give
 No hollow aid; alone—man with his God must strive:

XXXIV.

Or, it may be, with demons,¹⁷ who impair
 The strength of better thoughts, and seek their prey
 In melancholy bosoms, such as were
 Of moody texture from their earliest day,
 And loved to dwell in darkness and dismay,
 Deeming themselves predestined to a doom
 Which is not of the pangs that pass away;
 Making the sun like blood, the earth a tomb,
 The tomb a hell, and hell itself a murkier gloom.

XXXV.

Ferrara! in thy wide and grass-grown streets,
 Whose symmetry was not for solitude,
 There seems as 't were a curse upon the seats
 Of former sovereigns, and the antique brood
 Of Este, which for many an age made good
 Its strength within thy walls, and was of yore
 Patron or tyrant, as the changing mood
 Of petty power impell'd, of those who wore
 The wreath which Dante's brow alone had worn before.

XXXVI.

And Tasso is their glory and their shame.
 Hark to his strain! and then survey his cell!
 And see how dearly earn'd Torquato's fame,
 And where Alfonso bade his poet dwell:
 The miserable despot could not quell
 The insulted mind he sought to quench, and blend
 With the surrounding maniacs, in the hell
 Where he had plunged it. Glory without end
 Scatter'd the clouds away—and on that name attend

XXXVII.

The tears and praises of all time; while thine
 Would rot in its oblivion—in the sink
 Of worthless dust, which from thy boasted line
 Is shaken into nothing; but the link
 Thou formest in his fortunes bids us think
 Of thy poor malice, naming thee with scorn—
 Alfonso! how thy ducal pageants shrink
 From thee! if in another station born,
 Scarce fit to be the slave of him thou madest to mourn:

XXXVIII.

Thou! form'd to eat, and be despised, and die,
 Even as the beasts that perish, save that thou
 Hadst a more splendid trough and wider styè:
He! with a glory round his furrow'd brow,
 Which emanated then, and dazzles now,
 In face of all his foes, the Cruscan quire,
 And Boileau, whose rash envy could allow¹³
 No strain which shamed his country's creaking lyre,
 That whetstone of the teeth—monotony in wire!

XXXIX.

Peace to Torquato's injured shade! 't was his
 In life and death to be the mark where Wrong
 Aim'd with her poison'd arrows; but to miss.
 Oh! victor unsurpass'd in modern song!
 Each year brings forth its millions; but how long
 The tide of generations shall roll on,
 And not the whole combined and countless throng
 Compose a mind like thine! though all in one
 Condensed their scatter'd rays, they would not form a sun.

XL.

Great as thou art, yet parallel'd by those,
 Thy countrymen, before thee born to shine,
 The bards of hell and chivalry : first rose
 The Tuscan father's Comedy Divine ;
 Then, not unequal to the Florentine,
 The southern Scott, the minstrel who call'd forth
 A new creation with his magic line,
 And like the Ariosto of the north,
 Sang ladye-love and war, romance and knightly worth.

XLI.

The lightning rent from Ariosto's bust ¹⁹
 The iron crown of laurel's mimick'd leaves,
 Nor was the ominous element unjust,
 For the true laurel-wreath which glory weaves ²⁰
 Is of the tree no bolt of thunder cleaves,
 And the false semblance but disgraced his brow ;
 Yet still, if fondly superstition grieves,
 Know that the lightning sanctifies below ²¹
 Whate'er it strikes ;—yon head is doubly sacred now.

XLII.

Italia! oh Italia! thou who hast ²²
 The fatal gift of beauty, which became
 A funeral dower of present woes and past,
 On thy sweet brow is sorrow plough'd by shame,
 And annals graved in characters of flame.
 Oh God! that thou wert in thy nakedness
 Less lovely or more powerful, and couldst claim
 Thy right, and awe the robbers back who press
 To shed thy blood, and drink the tears of thy distress ;

XLIII.

Then might'st thou more appal ; or, less desired,
 Be homely and be peaceful, undeplord
 For thy destructive charms ; then, still untired,
 Would not be seen the armed torrents pour'd
 Down the steep Alps ; nor would the hostile horde
 Of many-nation'd spoilers from the Po
 Quaff blood and water ; nor the stranger's sword
 Be thy sad weapon of defence, and so,
 Victor or vanquish'd, thou the slave of friend or foe.

XLIV.

Wandering in youth, I traced the path of him,²⁵
 The Roman friend of Rome's least mortal mind,
 The friend of Tully: as my bark did skim
 The bright blue waters with a fanning wind,
 Came Megara before me, and behind
 Ægina lay, Piræus on the right,
 And Corinth on the left; I lay reclined
 Along the prow, and saw all these unite
 In ruin, even as he had seen the desolate sight:

XLV.

For time hath not rebuilt them, but uprear'd
 Barbaric dwellings on their shatter'd site,
 Which only make more mourn'd and more endear'd
 The few last rays of their far-scatter'd light,
 And the crush'd relics of their vanish'd might.
 The Roman saw these tombs in his own age,
 These sepulchres of cities, which excite
 Sad wonder, and his yet surviving page
 The moral lesson bears, drawn from such pilgrimage.

XLVI.

That page is now before me, and on mine
 His country's ruin added to the mass
 Of perish'd states he mourn'd in their decline,
 And I in desolation: all that *was*
 Of then destruction *is*; and now, alas!
 Rome—Rome imperial, bows her to the storm
 In the same dust and blackness, and we pass
 The skeleton of her Titanic form,²⁴
 Wrecks of another world, whose ashes still are warm.

XLVII.

Yet, Italy! through every other land
 Thy wrongs should ring, and shall, from side to side:
 Mother of arts! as once of arms, thy hand
 Was then our guardian, and is still our guide;
 Parent of our religion! whom the wide
 Nations have knelt to for the keys of heaven!
 Europe, repentant of her parricide,
 Shall yet redeem thee, and, all backward driven,
 Roll the barbarian tide, and sue to be forgiven.

XLVIII.

But Arno wins us to the fair white walls,
 Where the Etrurian Athens claims and keeps
 A softer feeling for her fairy halls.
 Girt by her theatre of hills, she reaps
 Her corn, and wine, and oil, and plenty leaps
 To laughing life, with her redundant horn.
 Along the banks where smiling Arno sweeps
 Was modern luxury of commerce born,
 And buried learning rose, redeem'd to a new morn.

XLIX.

There, too, the goddess loves in stone, and fills²⁵
 The air around with beauty ; we inhale
 The ambrosial aspect, which, beheld, instils
 Part of its immortality ; the veil
 Of heaven is half undrawn ; within the pale
 We stand, and in that form and face behold
 What mind can make, when nature's self would fail ;
 And to the fond idolaters of old
 Envy the innate flash which such a soul could mould :

L.

We gaze and turn away, and know not where,
 Dazzled and drunk with beauty, till the heart
 Reels with its fulness ; there—for ever there—
 Chain'd to the chariot of triumphal art,
 We stand as captives, and would not depart.
 Away!—there need no words, nor terms precise,
 The paltry jargon of the marble mart,
 Where pedantry gulls folly—we have eyes ;
 Blood—pulse—and breast, confirm the Dardan shepherd's prize.

LI.

Appear'dst thou not to Paris in this guise?
 Or to more deeply blest Anchises? or,
 In all thy perfect goddess-ship, when lies
 Before thee thy own vanquish'd lord of war?
 And gazing in thy face as toward a star,
 Laid on thy lap, his eyes to thee upturn,
 Feeding on thy sweet cheek! ²⁶ while thy lips are
 With lava kisses melting while they burn,
 Shower'd on his eyelids, brow, and mouth, as from an urn?

LII.

Glowing, and circumfused in speechless love,
 Their full divinity inadequate
 That feeling to express, or to improve,
 The gods become as mortals, and man's fate
 Has moments like their brightest; but the weight
 Of earth recoils upon us;—let it go!
 We can recal such visions, and create,
 From what has been or might be, things which grow
 Into thy statue's form, and look like gods below.

LIII.

I leave to learned fingers, and wise hands,
 The artist and his ape, to teach and tell
 How well his connoisseurship understands
 The graceful bend, and the voluptuous swell:
 Let these describe the undescribable:
 I would not their vile breath should crisp the stream
 Wherein that image shall for ever dwell;
 The unruffled mirror of the loveliest dream
 That ever left the sky on the deep soul to beam.

LIV.

In Santa Croce's holy precincts lie ²⁷
 Ashes which make it holier, dust which is
 Even in itself an immortality,
 Though there were nothing save the past, and this,
 The particle of those sublimities
 Which have relapsed to chaos:—here repose
 Angelo's, Alfieri's bones, ²⁸ and his,
 The starry Galileo, with his woes;
 Here Machiavelli's earth return'd to whence it rose. ²⁹

LV.

These are four minds, which, like the elements,
 Might furnish forth creation:—Italy!
 Time, which hath wrong'd thee with ten thousand rents
 Of thine imperial garment, shall deny,
 And hath denied, to every other sky,
 Spirits which soar from ruin:—thy decay
 Is still impregnate with divinity,
 Which gilds it with revivifying ray:
 Such as the great of yore, Canova is to-day.

LVI.

But where repose the all Etruscan three—
 Dante, and Petrarch, and, scarce less than they,
 The Bard of Prose, creative spirit! he
 Of the Hundred Tales of love—where did they lay
 Their bones, distinguish'd from our common clay
 In death as life? Are they resolved to dust,
 And have their country's marbles nought to say?
 Could not her quarries furnish forth one bust?
 Did they not to her breast their filial earth entrust?

LVII.

Ungrateful Florence! Dante sleeps afar,³⁰
 Like Scipio, buried by the upbraiding shore;³¹
 Thy factions, in their worse than civil war,
 Proscribed the bard whose name for evermore
 Their children's children would in vain adore
 With the remorse of ages: and the crown³²
 Which Petrarch's laureate brow supremely wore,
 Upon a far and foreign soil had grown,
 His life, his fame, his grave, though rifled—not thine own.

LVIII.

Boccaccio to his parent earth bequeath'd³³
 His dust,—and lies it not her great among,
 With many a sweet and solemn requiem breathed
 O'er him who form'd the Tuscan's siren tongue?
 That music in itself, whose sounds are song,
 The poetry of speech? No;—even his tomb
 Uptorn, must bear the hyæna bigot's wrong,
 Nor more amidst the meaner dead find room,
 Nor claim a passing sigh, because it told for *whom!*

LIX.

And Santa Croce wants their mighty dust;
 Yet for this want more noted, as of yore
 The Cæsar's pageant, shorn of Brutus' bust,
 Did but of Rome's best son remind her more:
 Happier Ravenna! on thy hoary shore,
 Fortress of falling empire! honour'd sleeps
 The immortal exile;—Arqua, too, her store
 Of tuneful relics proudly claims and keeps,
 While Florence vainly begs her banish'd dead and weeps.

LX.

What! is her pyramid of precious stones,³⁴
 Of porphyry, jasper, agate, and all hues
 Of gem and marble, to encrust the bones
 Of merchant-dukes! The momentary dews
 Which, sparkling to the twilight stars, infuse
 Freshness in the green turf that wraps the dead,
 Whose names are mausoleums of the muse,
 Are gently prest with far more reverent tread
 Than ever paced the slab which paves the princely head.

LXI.

There be more things to greet the heart and eyes
 In Arno's dome of art's most princely shrine,
 Where sculpture with her rainbow sister vies;
 There be more marvels yet—but not for mine;
 For I have been accustom'd to entwine
 My thoughts with nature rather in the fields,
 Than art in galleries: though a work divine
 Calls for my spirit's homage, yet it yields
 Less than it feels, because the weapon which it wields

LXII.

Is of another temper, and I roam
 By Thrasimene's lake, in the defiles
 Fatal to Roman rashness, more at home;
 For there the Carthaginian's warlike wiles
 Come back before me, as his skill beguiles
 The host between the mountains and the shore,
 Where courage falls in her despairing files,
 And torrents, swoln to rivers with their gore,
 Reek through the sultry plain, with legions scatter'd o'er,

LXIII.

Like to a forest fell'd by mountain winds;
 And such the storm of battle on this day,
 And such the frenzy, whose convulsion blinds
 To all save carnage, that, beneath the fray,
 An earthquake reel'd unheededly away!⁵⁵
 None felt stern nature rocking at his feet,
 And yawning forth a grave for those who lay
 Upon their bucklers for a winding sheet:
 Such is the absorbing hate when warring nations meet!

LXIV.

The earth to them was as a rolling bark
 Which bore them to eternity; they saw
 The ocean round, but had no time to mark
 The motions of their vessel; nature's law,
 In them suspended, reck'd not of the awe
 Which reigns when mountains tremble, and the birds
 Plunge in the clouds for refuge, and withdraw
 From their down-toppling nests; and bellowing herds
 Stumble o'er heaving plains, and man's dread hath no words.

LXV.

Far other scene is Thrasimene now
 Her lake a sheet of silver, and her plain
 Rent by no ravage save the gentle plough;
 Her aged trees rise thick as once the slain
 Lay where their roots are; but a brook hath ta'en—
 A little rill of scanty stream and bed—
 A name of blood from that day's sanguine rain;
 And Sanguinetto tells ye where the dead
 Made the earth wet, and turn'd the unwilling waters red.

LXVI.

But thou, Clitumnus! in thy sweetest wave⁵⁶
 Of the most living crystal that was e'er
 The haunt of river nymph, to gaze and lave
 Her limbs where nothing hid them, thou dost rear
 Thy grassy banks whereon the milk-white steer
 Grazes; the purest god of gentle waters!
 And most serene of aspect, and most clear;
 Surely that stream was unprofaned by slaughters—
 A mirror and a bath for beauty's youngest daughters!

LXVII.

And on thy happy shore a temple still,
 Of small and delicate proportion, keeps,
 Upon a mild declivity of hill,
 Its memory of thee: beneath it sweeps
 Thy current's calmness; oft from out it leaps
 The finny darter with the glittering scales,
 Who dwells and revels in thy glassy deeps;
 While, chance, some scatter'd water-lily sails
 Down where the shallower wave still tells its bubbling tales.

LXVIII.

Pass not unblest the genius of the place !
 If through the air a zephyr more serene
 Win to the brow, 't is his ; and if ye trace
 Along his margin a more eloquent green,
 If on the heart the freshness of the scene
 Sprinkle its coolness, and from the dry dust
 Of weary life a moment lave it clean
 With nature's baptism,—'t is to him ye must
 Pay orisons for this suspension of disgust.

LXIX.

The roar of waters!—from the headlong height
 Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice ;
 The fall of waters ! rapid as the light
 The flashing mass foams, shaking the abyss ;
 The hell of waters ! where they howl and hiss,
 And boil in endless torture ; while the sweat
 Of their great agony, wrung out from this
 Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet
 That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror set,

LXX.

And mounts in spray the skies, and thence again
 Returns in an unceasing shower, which round,
 With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain,
 Is an eternal April to the ground,
 Making it all one emerald ;—how profound
 The gulf ! and how the giant element
 From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,
 Crushing the cliffs, which, downward worn and rent
 With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a fearful vent

LXXI.

To the broad column which rolls on, and shows
 More like the fountain of an infant sea
 Torn from the womb of mountains by the throes
 Of a new world, than only thus to be
 Parent of rivers, which flow gushingly,
 With many windings, through the vale :—look back !
 Lo ! where it comes like an eternity,
 As if to sweep down all things in its track,
 Charming the eye with dread,—a matchless cataract, ³⁷

LXXII.

Horribly beautiful! but on the verge,
 From side to side, beneath the glittering morn,
 An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,⁵⁸
 Like hope upon a death-bed, and, unworn
 Its steady dyes, while all around is torn
 By the distracted waters, bears serene
 Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorn:
 Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene,
 Love watching Madness with unalterable mien.

LXXIII.

Once more upon the woody Apennine,
 The infant Alps, which—had I not before
 Gazed on their mightier parents, where the pine
 Sits on more shaggy summits, and where roar
 The thundering lawine⁵⁹—might be worshipp'd more;
 But I have seen the soaring Jungfrau rear
 Her never-trodden snow, and seen the hoar
 Glaciers of bleak Mont Blanc both far and near,
 And in Chimari heard the thunder-hills of fear,

LXXIV.

Th' Acroceraunian mountains of old name;
 And on Parnassus seen the eagles fly
 Like spirits of the spot, as 't were for fame,
 For still they soar'd unutterably high:
 I've look'd on Ida with a Trojan's eye;
 Athos, Olympus, Ætna, Atlas, made
 These hills seem things of lesser dignity,
 All, save the lone Soracte's height, display'd
 Not *now* in snow, which asks the lyric Roman's aid

LXXV.

For our remembrance, and from out the plain
 Heaves like a long-swept wave about to break,
 And on the curl hangs pausing: not in vain
 May he, who will, his recollections rake
 And quote in classic raptures, and awake
 The hills with Latian echoes; I abhorr'd
 Too much, to conquer for the poet's sake,
 The drill'd dull lesson, forced down word by word⁴⁰
 In my repugnant youth, with pleasure to record

LXXVI.

Aught that recalls the daily drug which turn'd
 My sickening memory ; and, though time hath taught
 My mind to meditate what then it learn'd,
 Yet such the fix'd inveteracy wrought
 By the impatience of my early thought,
 That, with the freshness wearing out before
 My mind could relish what it might have sought,
 If free to chuse, I cannot now restore
 Its health ; but what it then detested, still abhor.

LXXVII.

Then farewell, Horace ; whom I hated so,
 Not for thy faults, but mine ; it is a curse
 To understand, not feel thy lyric flow,
 To comprehend, but never love thy verse.
 Although no deeper moralist rehearse
 Our little life, nor bard prescribe his art,
 Nor livelier satirist the conscience pierce,
 Awakening without wounding the touch'd heart,
 Yet fare thee well—upon Soracte's ridge we part.

LXXVIII.

O Rome ! my country ! city of the soul !
 The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
 Lone mother of dead empires ! and control
 In their shut breasts their petty misery.
 What are our woes and sufferance ? Come and see
 The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
 O'er steps of broken thrones and temples, ye
 Whose agonies are evils of a day !—
 A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

LXXIX.

The Niobe of nations ! there she stands,
 Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe ;
 An empty urn within her wither'd hands,
 Whose holy dust was scatter'd long ago ;
 The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now ;⁴¹
 The very sepulchres lie tenantless
 Of their heroic dwellers : dost thou flow,
 Old Tiber ! through a marble wilderness ?
 Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress.

LXXX.

The goth, the christian, time, war, flood, and fire,
 Have dealt upon the seven-hill'd city's pride;
 She saw her glories star by star expire,
 And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride,
 Where the car climb'd the capitol; far and wide
 Temple and tower went down, nor left a site:—
 Chaos of ruins! who shall trace the void,
 O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,
 And say, "here was, or is," where all is doubly night?

LXXXI.

The double night of ages, and of her,
 Night's daughter, Ignorance, hath wrapt and wrap
 All round us; we but feel our way to err:
 The ocean hath his chart, the stars their map,
 And knowledge spreads them on her ample lap;
 But Rome is as the desert, where we steer
 Stumbling o'er recollections; now we clap
 Our hands and cry "Eureka!" it is clear—
 When but some false mirage of ruin rises near.

LXXXII.

Alas! the lofty city! and alas!
 The trebly hundred triumphs! ⁴² and the day
 When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass
 The conqueror's sword in bearing fame away!
 Alas, for Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay,
 And Livy's pictured page!—but these shall be
 Her resurrection; all beside—decay.
 Alas, for earth, for never shall we see
 That brightness in her eye she bore when Rome was free!

LXXXIII.

Oh thou, whose chariot roll'd on Fortune's wheel,⁴⁵
 Triumphant Sylla! thou who didst subdue
 Thy country's foes ere thou wouldst pause to feel
 The wrath of thy own wrongs, or reap the due
 Of hoarded vengeance till thine eagles flew
 O'er prostrate Asia;—thou, who with thy frown
 Annihilated senates—Roman, too,
 With all thy vices, for thou didst lay down
 With an atoning smile a more than earthly crown—

LXXXIV.

The dictatorial wreath,—couldst thou divine
 To what would one day dwindle that which made
 Thee more than mortal? and that so supine
 By aught than Romans Rome should thus be laid?
 She who was named eternal, and array'd
 Her warriors but to conquer—she who veil'd
 Earth with her haughty shadow, and display'd
 Until the o'er-canopied horizon fail'd,
 Her rushing wings—Oh! she who was almighty hail'd!

LXXXV.

Sylla was first of victors; but our own
 The sagest of usurpers, Cromwell; he
 Too swept off senates while he hew'd the throne
 Down to a block—immortal rebel! See
 What crimes it costs to be a moment free
 And famous through all ages! but beneath
 His fate the moral lurks of destiny;
 His day of double victory and death
 Beheld him win two realms, and, happier, yield his breath.

LXXXVI.

The third of the same moon whose former course
 Had all but crown'd him, on the self-same day
 Deposed him gently from his throne of force,
 And laid him with the earth's preceding clay.⁴⁴
 And show'd not Fortune thus how fame and sway,
 And all we deem delightful, and consume
 Our souls to compass through each arduous way,
 Are in her eyes less happy than the tomb?
 Were they but so in man's, how different were his doom!

LXXXVII.

And thou, dread statue! yet existent in
 The austerest form of naked majesty,⁴⁵
 Thou who beheldest, 'mid the assassins' din,
 At thy bathed base the bloody Cæsar lie,
 Folding his robe in dying dignity,
 An offering to thine altar from the queen
 Of gods and men, great Nemesis! did he die,
 And thou, too, perish, Pompey? have ye been
 Victors of countless kings, or puppets of a scene?

LXXXVIII.

And thou, the thunder-stricken nurse of Rome!⁴⁶
 She-wolf! whose brazen-imag'd dugs impart
 The milk of conquest yet within the dome
 Where, as a monument of antique art,
 Thou standest:—mother of the mighty heart,
 Which the great founder suck'd from thy wild teat,
 Scorch'd by the Roman Jove's ethereal dart,
 And thy limbs black with lightning—dost thou yet
 Guard thine immortal cubs, nor thy fond charge forget?

LXXXIX.

Thou dost;—but all thy foster-babes are dead—
 The men of iron; and the world hath rear'd
 Cities from out their sepulchres: men bled
 In imitation of the things they fear'd,
 And fought and conquer'd, and the same course steer'd,
 At apish distance; but as yet none have,
 Nor could, the same supremacy have near'd,
 Save one vain man, who is not in the grave,
 But, vanquish'd by himself, to his own slaves a slave—

XC.

The fool of false dominion—and a kind
 Of bastard Cæsar, following him of old
 With steps unequal; for the Roman's mind
 Was modell'd in a less terrestrial mould,⁴⁷
 With passions fiercer, yet a judgment cold,
 And an immortal instinct which redeem'd
 The frailties of a heart so soft, yet bold;
 Alcides with the distaff now he seem'd
 At Cleopatra's feet,—and now himself he beam'd,

XCI.

And came—and saw—and conquer'd! But the man
 Who would have tamed his eagles down to flee,
 Like a train'd falcon, in the Gallic van,
 Which he, in sooth, long led to victory,
 With a deaf heart which never seem'd to be
 A listener to itself, was strangely framed;
 With but one weakest weakness—vanity,
 Coquettish in ambition—still he aim'd—
 At what? can he avouch—or answer what he claim'd?

XCII.

And would be all or nothing—nor could wait
 For the sure grave to level him ; few years
 Had fix'd him with the Cæsars in his fate,
 On whom we tread ; for *this* the conqueror rears
 The arch of triumph ! and for this the tears
 And blood of earth flow on as they have flow'd ;
 An universal deluge, which appears
 Without an ark for wretched man's abode,
 And ebbs but to reflow !—Renew thy rainbow, God !

XCIII.

What from this barren being do we reap ?
 Our senses narrow, and our reason frail,⁴⁸
 Life short, and truth a gem which loves the deep,
 And all things weigh'd in custom's falsest scale ;
 Opinion an omnipotence,—whose veil
 Mantles the earth with darkness, until right
 And wrong are accidents, and men grow pale
 Lest their own judgments should become too bright,
 And their free thoughts be crimes, and earth have too much light.

XCIV.

And thus they plod in sluggish misery,
 Rotting from sire to son, and age to age,
 Proud of their trampled nature, and so die,
 Bequeathing their hereditary rage
 To the new race of inborn slaves, who wage
 War for their chains, and, rather than be free,
 Bleed gladiator-like, and still engage
 Within the same arena where they see
 Their fellows fall before, like leaves of the same tree.

XCV.

I speak not of men's creeds—they rest between
 Man and his Maker—but of things allow'd,
 Avert'd, and known—and daily, hourly seen,—
 The yoke that is upon us doubly bow'd,
 And the intent of tyranny avow'd,
 The edict of earth's rulers, who are grown
 The apes of him who humbled once the proud,
 And shook them from their slumbers on the throne ;
 Too glorious, were this all his mighty arm had done.

XCVI.

Can tyrants but by tyrants conquer'd be,
 And freedom find no champion and no child,
 Such as Columbia saw arise when she
 Sprung forth a Pallas, arm'd and undefiled?
 Or must such minds be nourish'd in the wild,
 Deep in the unpruned forest, 'midst the roar
 Of cataracts, where nursing nature smiled
 On infant Washington? Has earth no more
 Such seeds within her breast, or Europe no such shore?

XCVII.

But France got drunk with blood to vomit crime,
 And dreadful have her Saturnalia been
 To freedom's cause, in every age and clime;
 Because the deadly days which we have seen,
 And vile ambition, that built up between
 Man and his hopes an adamantine wall,
 And the base pageant last upon the scene,
 Are grown the pretext for the eternal thrall
 Which nips life's tree, and dooms man's worst—his second fall.

XCVIII.

Yet, freedom! yet thy banner torn, but flying,
 Streams like the thunder-storm *against* the wind:
 Thy trumpet voice, though broken now and dying,
 The loudest still the tempest leaves behind;
 Thy tree hath lost its blossoms, and the rind,
 Chopp'd by the axe, looks rough and little worth;
 But the sap lasts,—and still the seed we find
 Sown deep, even in the bosom of the north:
 So shall a better spring less bitter fruit bring forth.

XCIX.

There is a stern round tower of other days,⁴⁹
 Firm as a fortress, with its fence of stone,
 Such as an army's baffled strength delays,
 Standing with half its battlements alone,
 And with two thousand years of ivy grown,
 The garland of eternity, where wave
 The green leaves over all by time o'erthrown:—
 What was this tower of strength? within its cave
 What treasure lay so lock'd, so hid?—A woman's grave.

C.

But who was she, the lady of the dead,
 Tomb'd in a palace? Was she chaste and fair?
 Worthy a king's—or more—a Roman's bed?
 What race of chiefs and heroes did she bear?
 What daughter of her beauties was the heir?
 How lived—how loved—how died she? Was she not
 So honour'd—and conspicuously there,
 Where meaner relics must not dare to rot,
 Placed to commemorate a more than mortal lot?

CI.

Was she as those who love their lords, or they
 Who love the lords of others? Such have been
 Even in the olden time, Rome's annals say.
 Was she a matron of Cornelia's mien,
 Or the light air of Egypt's graceful queen,
 Profuse of joy—or 'gainst it did she war,
 Inveterate in virtue? Did she lean
 To the soft side of the heart, or wisely bar
 Love from amongst her griefs? for such the affections are.

CII.

Perchance she died in youth: it may be, bow'd
 With woes far heavier than the ponderous tomb
 That weigh'd upon her gentle dust, a cloud
 Might gather o'er her beauty, and a gloom
 In her dark eye, prophetic of the doom
 Heaven gives its favourites—early death;⁵⁰ yet shed
 A sunset charm around her, and illumine,
 With hectic light, the Hesperus of the dead,
 Of her consuming cheek the autumnal leaf-like red.

CIII.

Perchance she died in age—surviving all,
 Charms, kindred, children—with the silver grey
 On her long tresses, which might yet recal,
 It may be, still a something of the day
 When they were braided, and her proud array
 And lovely form were envied, praised, and eyed
 By Rome—But whither would conjecture stray?
 This much alone we know—Metella died,
 The wealthiest Roman's wife; behold his love or pride!

CIV.

I know not why—but standing thus by thee,
 It seems as if I had thine inmate known,
 Thou tomb! and other days come back on me
 With recollected music, though the tone
 Is changed and solemn, like the cloudy groan
 Of dying thunder on the distant wind;
 Yet could I seat me by this ivied stone
 Till I had bodied forth the heated mind
 Forms from the floating wreck which ruin leaves behind;

CV.

And from the planks far shatter'd o'er the rocks,
 Built me a little bark of hope, once more
 To battle with the ocean and the shocks
 Of the loud breakers, and the ceaseless roar
 Which rushes on the solitary shore
 Where all lies founder'd that was ever dear:
 But could I gather from the wave-worn store
 Enough for my rude boat, where should I steer?
 There woos no home, nor hope, nor life, save what is here.

CVI.

Then let the winds howl on! their harmony
 Shall henceforth be my music, and the night
 The sound shall temper with the owlets' cry,
 As I now hear them, in the fading light
 Dim o'er the bird of darkness' native site,
 Answering each other on the Palatine,
 With their large eyes, all glistening grey and bright,
 And sailing pinions.—Upon such a shrine
 What are our petty griefs?—let me not number mine.

CVII.

Cypress and ivy, weed and wall-flower grown
 Matted and mass'd together, hillocks heap'd
 On what were chambers, arch crush'd, column strown
 In fragments, choked-up vaults, and frescos steep'd
 In subterranean damps, where the owl peep'd,
 Deeming it midnight;—temples, baths, or halls?
 Pronounce who can; for all that learning reap'd
 From her research hath been, that these are walls—
 Behold the Imperial Mount! 't is thus the mighty falls.⁵¹

CVIII.

There is the moral of all human tales ;⁵²
 'T is but the same rehearsal of the past ;
 First freedom, and then glory—when that fails,
 Wealth, vice, corruption,—barbarism at last.
 And history, with all her volumes vast,
 Hath but *one* page,—'t is better written here,
 Where gorgeous tyranny had thus amass'd
 All treasures, all delights, that eye or ear,
 Heart, soul, could seek, tongue ask—Away with words ! draw near,

CIX.

Admire, exult—despise—laugh, weep,—for here
 There is such matter for all feeling :—Man !
 Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear,
 Ages and realms are crowded in this span ;
 This mountain, whose obliterated plan
 The pyramid of empires pinnacled,
 Of glory's gew-gaws shining in the van,
 Till the sun's rays with added flame were fill'd !
 Where are its golden roofs ? where those who dared to build ?

CX.

Tully was not so eloquent as thou,
 Thou nameless column with the buried base !
 What are the laurels of the Cæsar's brow ?
 Crown me with ivy from his dwelling-place.
 Whose arch or pillar meets me in the face,
 Titus', or Trajan's ? Ne—'t is that of Time :
 Triumph, arch, pillar, all he doth displace
 Scoffing ; and apostolic statues climb
 To crush the imperial urn, whose ashes slept sublime,⁵³

CXI.

Buried in air, the deep blue sky of Rome,
 And looking to the stars : they had contain'd
 A spirit which with these would find a home,
 The last of those who o'er the whole earth reign'd,
 The Roman globe, for after none sustain'd
 But yielded back his conquests :—he was more
 Than a mere Alexander, and, unstain'd
 With household blood and wine, serenely wore
 His sovereign virtues—still we Trajan's name adore.⁵⁴

CXII.

Where is the rock of triumph, the high piace
 Where Rome embraced her heroes? where the steep
 Tarpeian? fittest goal of treason's race,
 The promontory whence the Traitor's Leap
 Cured all ambition. Did the conquerors heap
 Their spoils here? Yes: and in yon field below,
 A thousand years of silenced factions sleep—
 The forum, where the immortal accents glow,
 And still the eloquent air breathes—burns with Cicero!

CXIII.

The field of freedom, faction, fame, and blood:
 Here a proud people's passions were exhaled,
 From the first hour of empire in the bud
 To that when further worlds to conquer fail'd;
 But long before had freedom's face been veil'd,
 And anarchy assumed her attributes;
 Till every lawless soldier who assail'd
 Trod on the trembling senate's slavish mutes,
 Or raised the venal voice of baser prostitutes.

CXIV.

Then turn we to her latest tribune's name,
 From her ten thousand tyrants turn to thee,
 Redeemer of dark centuries of shame—
 The friend of Petrarch—hope of Italy—
 Rienzi! last of Romans!⁵⁵ While the tree
 Of freedom's wither'd trunk puts forth a leaf,
 E'er for thy tomb a garland let it be—
 The forum's champion, and the people's chief—
 Her new-born Numa thou—with reign, alas! too brief.

CXV.

Egeria, sweet creation of some heart⁵⁶
 Which found no mortal resting-place so fair
 As thine ideal breast! whate'er thou art
 Or wert,—a young Aurora of the air,
 The nympholepsy of some fond despair;
 Or, it might be, a beauty of the earth,
 Who found a more than common votary there
 Too much adoring; whatsoe'er thy birth,
 Thou wert a beautiful thought, and softly bodied forth.

CXVI.

The mosses of thy fountain still are sprinkled
 With thine Elysian water-drops ; the face
 Of thy cave-guarded spring, with years unwrinkled,
 Reflects the meek-eyed genius of the place,
 Whose green, wild margins now no more erase
 Art's works ; nor must the delicate waters sleep,
 Prison'd in marble ; bubbling from the base
 Of the cleft statue, with a gentle leap
 The rill runs o'er, and round, fern, flowers, and ivy creep

CXVII.

Fantastically tangled ; the green hills
 Are clothed with early blossoms, through the grass
 The quick-eyed lizard rustles, and the bills
 Of summer-birds sing welcome as ye pass ;
 Flowers, fresh in hue, and many in their class,
 Implore the pausing step, and with their dyes
 Dance in the soft breeze in a fairy mass ;
 The sweetness of the violet's deep blue eyes,
 Kiss'd by the breath of heaven, seems colour'd by its skies.

CXVIII.

Here didst thou dwell, in this enchanted cover,
 Egeria ! thy all heavenly bosom beating
 For the far footsteps of thy mortal lover ;
 The purple midnight veil'd that mystic meeting
 With her most starry canopy, and seating
 Thyself by thine adorer, what befel ?
 This cave was surely shaped out for the greeting
 Of an enamour'd goddess, and the cell
 Haunted by holy love—the earliest oracle !

CXIX.

And didst thou not, thy breast to his replying,
 Blend a celestial with a human heart ;
 And love, which dies, as it was born, in sighing,
 Share with immortal transports ? could thine art
 Make them indeed immortal, and impart
 The purity of heaven to earthly joys,
 Expel the venom and not blunt the dart—
 The dull satiety which all destroys—
 And root from out the soul the deadly weed which cloy's ?

CXX.

Alas! our young affections run to waste,
 Or water but the desert; whence arise
 But weeds of dark luxuriance, tares of haste,
 Rank at the core, though tempting to the eyes,
 Flowers whose wild odours breathe but agonies,
 And trees whose gums are poison; such the plants
 Which spring beneath her steps as passion flies
 O'er the world's wilderness, and vainly pants
 For some celestial fruit forbidden to our wants.

CXXI.

O love! no habitant of earth thou art—
 An unseen seraph, we believe in thee,
 A faith whose martyrs are the broken heart;
 But never yet hath seen, nor e'er shall see
 The naked eye, thy form, as it should be;
 The mind hath made thee, as it peopled heaven,
 Even with its own desiring phantasy,
 And to a thought such shape and image given,
 As haunts the unquench'd soul, parch'd—wearied—wrung—and riven.

CXXII.

Of its own beauty is the mind diseased,
 And fevers into false creation:—where,
 Where are the forms the sculptor's soul hath seized?
 In him alone. Can nature show so fair?
 Where are the charms and virtues which we dare
 Conceive in boyhood and pursue as men—
 The unreach'd paradise of our despair
 Which o'erinform the pencil and the pen,
 And overpowers the page where it would bloom again?

CXXIII.

Who loves, raves—'t is youth's frenzy—but the cure
 Is bitterer still; as charm by charm unwinds
 Which robbed our idols, and we see too sure
 Nor worth nor beauty dwells from out the mind's
 Ideal shape of such, yet still it binds,
 The fatal spell, and still it draws us on,
 Reaping the whirlwind from the oft-sown winds;
 The stubborn heart, its alchemy begun,
 Seems ever near the prize,—wealthiest when most undone.

CXXIV.

We wither from our youth, we gasp away—
 Sick—sick ; unfound the boon—unslaked the thirst,
 Though to the last, in-vege of our decay,
 Some phantom lures, such as we sought at first—
 But all too late,—so are we doubly cursed.
 Love, fame, ambition, avarice—'t is the same,
 Each idle—and all ill—and none the worst—
 For all are meteors with a different name,
 And death the sable smoke where vanishes the flame.

CXXV.

Few—none—find what they love or could have loved,
 Though accident, blind contact, and the strong
 Necessity of loving, have removed
 Antipathies,—but to recur, ere long,
 Envenom'd with irrevocable wrong ;
 And circumstance, that unspiritual god
 And miscreator, makes and helps along
 Our coming evils with a crutch-like rod,
 Whose touch turns hope to dust,—the dust we all have trod.

CXXVI.

Our life is a false nature—'t is not in
 The harmony of things,—this hard decree,
 This uneradicable taint of sin,
 This boundless upas, this all-blasting tree,
 Whose root is earth, whose leaves and branches be
 The skies which rain their plagues on men like dew—
 Disease, death, bondage—all the woes we see—
 And worse, the woes we see not—which throb through
 The immedicable soul, with heart-aches ever new.

CXXVII.

Yet let us ponder boldly ⁵⁷—'t is a base
 Abandonment of reason to resign
 Our right of thought—our last and only place
 Of refuge ; this, at least, shall still be mine :
 Though from our birth the faculty divine
 Is chain'd and tortured—cabin'd, cribb'd, confined,
 And bred in darkness, lest the truth should shine
 Too brightly on the unprepared mind,
 The beam pours in, for time and skill will couch the blind.

CXXVIII.

Arches on arches! as it were that Rome,
 Collecting the chief trophies of her line,
 Would build up all her triumphs in one dome,
 Her Coliseum stands; the moon-beams shine
 As 't were its natural torches, for divine
 Should be the light which streams here, to illumine
 This long-explored but still exhaustless mine
 Of contemplation; and the azure gloom
 Of an Italian night, where the deep skies assume

CXXIX.

Hues which have words, and speak to ye of heaven,
 Floats o'er this vast and wondrous monument,
 And shadows forth its glory. There is given
 Unto the things of earth, which time hath bent,
 A spirit's feeling, and where he hath leant
 His hand, but broke his scythe, there is a power
 And magic in the ruin'd battlement,
 For which the palace of the present hour
 Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its dower.

CXXX.

O time! the beautifier of the dead,
 Adorner of the ruin, comforter
 And only healer when the heart hath bled—
 Time! the corrector where our judgments err,
 The test of truth, love,—sole philosopher,
 For all beside are sophists, from thy thrift,
 Which never loses though it doth defer—
 Time, the avenger! unto thee I lift
 My hands, and eyes, and heart, and crave of thee a gift:

CXXXI.

Amidst this wreck, where thou hast made a shrine
 And temple more divinely desolate,
 Among thy mightier offerings here are mine,
 Ruins of years—though few, yet full of fate:—
 If thou hast ever seen me too elate,
 Hear me not: but if calmly I have borne
 Good, and reserved my pride against the hate
 Which shall not whelm me, let me not have worn
 This iron in my soul in vain—shall *they* not mourn?

CXXXII.

And thou, who never yet of human wrong
 Left the unbalanced scale, great Nemesis!⁵⁸
 Here, where the ancient paid thee homage long—
 Thou, who didst call the furies from the abyss,
 And round Orestes bade them howl and hiss
 For that unnatural retribution—just,
 Had it but been from hands less near—in this
 Thy former realm, I call thee from the dust!
 Dost thou not hear my heart?—Awake! thou shalt, and must.

CXXXIII.

It is not that I may not have incurr'd,
 For my ancestral faults or mine, the wound
 I bleed withal, and, had it been conferr'd
 With a just weapon, it had flow'd unbound;
 But now my blood shall not sink in the ground;
 To thee I do devote it—*thou* shalt take
 The vengeance, which shall yet be sought and found,
 Which if *I* have not taken for the sake——
 But let that pass—I sleep, but thou shalt yet awake.

CXXXIV.

And if my voice break forth, 't is not that now
 I shrink from what is suffer'd: let him speak
 Who hath beheld decline upon my brow,
 Or seen my mind's convulsion leave it weak:
 But in this page a record will I seek.
 Not in the air shall these my words disperse,
 Though I be ashes; a far hour shall wreak
 The deep prophetic fulness of this verse,
 And pile on human heads the mountain of my curse!

CXXXV.

That curse shall be forgiveness—Have I not—
 Hear me, my mother Earth! behold it, Heaven!—
 Have I not had to wrestle with my lot?
 Have I not suffer'd things to be forgiven?
 Have I not had my brain sear'd, my heart riven,
 Hope sapp'd, name blighted, life's life lied away?
 And only not to desperation driven,
 Because not altogether of such clay
 As rots into the souls of those whom I survey.

CXXXVI.*

From mighty wrongs to petty perfidy,
 Have I not seen what human things could do?
 From the loud roar of foaming calumny
 To the small whisper of the as paltry few,
 And subtler venom of the reptile crew,
 The Janus glance of whose significant eye,
 Learning to lie with silence, would *seem* true,
 And without utterance, save the shrug or sigh,
 Deal round to happy fools its speechless obloquy.

CXXXVII.

But I have lived, and have not lived in vain :
 My mind may lose its force, my blood its fire,
 And my frame perish even in conquering pain,
 But there is that within me which shall tire
 Torture and time, and breathe when I expire ;
 Something unearthly, which they deem not of,
 Like the remember'd tone of a mute lyre,
 Shall on their soften'd spirits sink, and move
 In hearts all rocky now the late remorse of love.

CXXXVIII.

The seal is set.—Now welcome, thou dread power!
 Nameless, yet thus omnipotent, which here
 Walk'st in the shadow of the midnight hour
 With a deep awe, yet all distinct from fear ;
 Thy haunts are ever where the dead walls rear
 Their ivy mantles, and the solemn scene
 Derives from thee a sense so deep and clear,
 That we become a part of what has been,
 And grow unto the spot, all-seeing but unseen.

* The following Stanza was written as the 136th, but afterwards suppressed,

If to forgive be heaping coals of fire,
 As God hath spoken, on the heads of foes,
 Mine should be a volcano, and rise higher
 Than o'er the Titans crush'd Olympus rose,
 Or Athos soars, or blazing Etna glows.
 True, they who stung were creeping things—but what
 Than serpents' teeth inflicts with deadlier throes?
 The lion may be goaded by the gnat.
 Who sucks the slumb'rer's blood? the eagle? no, the bat.

CXXXIX.

And here the buzz of eager nations ran,
 In murmur'd pity, or loud-roar'd applause,
 As man was slaughter'd by his fellow man.
 And wherefore slaughter'd? wherefore! but because
 Such were the bloody Circus' genial laws,
 And the imperial pleasure.—Wherefore not?
 What matters where we fall to fill the maws
 Of worms—on battle-plains or listed spot?
 Both are but theatres where the chief actors rot.

CXL.

I see before me the gladiator lie : ⁵⁹
 He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
 Consents to death, but conquers agony,
 And his droop'd head sinks gradually low—
 And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
 From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
 Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
 The arena swims around him—he is gone,
 Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hail'd the wretch who won.

CXLI.

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
 Were with his heart, and that was far away;
 He reck'd not of the life he lost, nor prize—
 But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
 There were his young barbarians all at play,
 There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
 Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday—⁶⁰
 All this rush'd with his blood.—Shall he expire,
 And unavenged?—Arise! ye Goths, and glut your ire!

CXLII.

But here, where murder breathed her bloody steam;
 And here, where buzzing nations choked the ways,
 And roar'd or murmur'd like a mountain stream
 Dashing or winding as its torrent strays;
 Here, where the Roman millions' blame or praise
 Was death or life, the playthings of a crowd,⁶¹
 My voice sounds much—and fall the stars' faint rays
 On the arena void—seats crush'd—walls bow'd—
 And galleries, where my steps seem echoes strangely loud.

CXLIII.

A ruin—yet what ruin! from its mass
 Walls, palaces, half-cities, have been rear'd;
 Yet oft the enormous skeleton ye pass,
 And marvel where the spoil could have appear'd:
 Hath it indeed been plunder'd, or but clear'd?
 Alas! developed, opens the decay,
 When the colossal fabric's form is near'd;
 It will not bear the brightness of the day,
 Which streams too much on all years, man, have reft away.

CXLIV.

But when the rising moon begins to climb
 Its topmost arch, and gently pauses there;
 When the stars twinkle through the loops of time,
 And the low night-breeze waves along the air
 The garland forest, which the grey walls wear,
 Like laurels on the bald first Cæsar's head;⁶²
 When the light shines serene but doth not glare,
 Then in this magic circle raise the dead:
 Heroes have trod this spot—'t is on their dust ye tread.

CXLV.

“While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;⁶³
 When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
 And when Rome falls—the world.” From our own land
 Thus spake the pilgrims o'er this mighty wall
 In Saxon times, which we are wont to call
 Ancient; and these three mortal things are still
 On their foundations, and unalter'd all;
 Rome and her ruin past redemption's skill,
 The world, the same wide den—of thieves; or what ye will.

CXLVI.

Simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime—
 Shrine of all saints, and temple of all gods,
 From Jove to Jesus—spared and blest by time;⁶⁴
 Looking tranquillity, while falls or nods
 Arch, empire, each thing round thee, and man plods
 His way through thorns to ashes—glorious dome!
 Shalt thou not last? Time's scythe and tyrants' rods
 Shiver upon thee—sanctuary and home
 Of art and piety—Pantheon!—pride of Rome!

CXLVII.

Relic of nobler days, and noblest arts ;
 Despoil'd yet perfect, with thy circle spreads
 A holiness appealing to all hearts—
 To art a model ; and to him who treads
 Rome for the sake of ages, glory sheds
 Her light through thy sole aperture ; to those
 Who worship, here are altars for their heads ;
 And they who feel for genius may repose
 Their eyes on honour'd forms, whose busts around them close.⁶⁵

CXLVIII.

There is a dungeon, in whose dim drear light⁶⁶
 What do I gaze on? Nothing : Look again !
 Two forms are slowly shadow'd on my sight—
 Two insulated phantoms of the brain :
 It is not so ; I see them full and plain—
 An old man, and a female young and fair,
 Fresh as a nursing mother, in whose vein
 The blood is nectar :—but what doth she there,
 With her unmantled neck, and bosom white and bare ?

CXLIX.

Full swells the deep pure fountain of young life,
 Where *on* the heart and *from* the heart we took
 Our first and sweetest nurture, when the wife,
 Blest into mother, in the innocent look,
 Or even the piping cry of lips that brook
 No pain and small suspense, a joy perceives
 Man knows not, when from out its cradled nook
 She sees her little bud put forth its leaves—
 What may the fruit be yet? I know not—Cain was Eve's.

CL.

But here youth offers to old age the food,
 The milk of his own gift :—it is her sire,
 To whom she renders back the debt of blood
 Born with her birth. No ; he shall not expire
 While in those warm and lovely veins the fire
 Of health and holy feeling can provide
 Great nature's Nile, whose deep stream rises higher
 Than Egypt's river :—from that gentle side
 Drink, drink and live, old man ! Heaven's realm holds no such tide.

CLI.

The starry fable of the milky way
 Has not thy story's purity : it is
 A constellation of a sweeter ray,
 And sacred Nature triumphs more in this
 Reverse of her decree, than in the abyss
 Where sparkle distant worlds :—Oh, holiest nurse !
 No drop of that clear stream its way shall miss
 To thy sire's heart, replenishing its source
 With life, as our freed souls rejoin the universe.

CLII.

Turn to the mole which Adrian rear'd on high,⁶⁷
 Imperial mimic of old Egypt's piles,
 Colossal copyist of deformity,
 Whose travell'd phantasy from the far Nile's
 Enormous model, doom'd the artist's toils
 To build for giants, and for his vain earth,
 His shrunken ashes, raise this dome : How smiles
 The gazer's eye with philosophic mirth,
 To view the huge design which sprung from such a birth!

CLIII.

But lo! the dome—the vast and wondrous dome,⁶⁸
 To which Diana's marvel was a cell—
 Christ's mighty shrine above his martyr's tomb!
 I have beheld the Ephesian's miracle—
 Its columns strew the wilderness, and dwell
 The hyena and the jackall in their shade ;
 I have beheld Sophia's bright roofs swell
 Their glittering mass i' the sun, and have survey'd
 Its sanctuary the while the usurping Moslem pray'd :

CLIV.

But thou, of temples old, or altars new,
 Standest alone—with nothing like to thee—
 Worthiest of God the holy and the true.
 Since Zion's desolation, when that He
 Forsook his former city, what could be,
 Of earthly structures in his honour piled,
 Of a sublimer aspect ? Majesty,
 Power, glory, strength, and beauty, all are aisled
 In this eternal ark of worship undefiled.

CLV.

Enter : its grandeur overwhelms thee not ;
 And why ? it is not lessen'd ; but thy mind,
 Expanded by the genius of the spot,
 Has grown colossal, and can only find
 A fit abode, wherein appear enshrined
 Thy hopes of immortality ; and thou
 Shalt one day, if found worthy, so defined,
 See thy God face to face, as thou dost now
 His Holy of Holies, nor be blasted by his brow.

CLVI.

Thou movest—but increasing with the advance,
 Like climbing some great Alp, which still doth rise,
 Deceived by its gigantic elegance ;
 Vastness which grows—but grows to harmonize—
 All musical in its immensities :
 Rich marbles—richer painting—shrines where flame
 The lamps of gold—and haughty dome which vies
 In air with earth's chief structures, though their frame
 Sits on the firm-set ground—and this the clouds must claim.

CLVII.

Thou seest not all ; but piecemeal thou must break,
 To separate contemplation, the great whole ;
 And as the ocean many bays will make,
 That ask the eye—so here condense thy soul
 To more immediate objects, and control
 Thy thoughts until thy mind hath got by heart
 Its eloquent proportions, and unroll
 In mighty graduations, part by part,
 The glory which at once upon thee did not dart.

CLVIII.

Not by its fault—but thine : our outward sense
 Is but of gradual grasp—and as it is
 That what we have of feeling most intense
 Outstrips our faint expression ; even so this
 Outshining and o'erwhelming edifice
 Fools our fond gaze, and, greatest of the great,
 Defies at first our nature's littleness,
 Till, growing with its growth, we thus dilate
 Our spirits to the size of that they contemplate.

CLIX.

Then, pause, and be enlighten'd ; there is more
 In such a survey than the sating gaze
 Of wonder pleased, or awe which would adore
 The worship of the place, or the mere praise
 Of art and its great masters, who could raise
 What former time, nor skill, nor thought could plan ;
 The fountain of sublimity displays
 Its depth, and thence may draw the mind of man
 Its golden sands, and learn what great conceptions can.

CLX.

Or, turning to the Vatican, go see
 Laocoon's torture dignifying pain—
 A father's love and mortal's agony
 With an immortal's patience blending :—vain
 The struggle ; vain, against the coiling strain
 And gripe, and deepening of the dragon's grasp,
 The old man's clench ; the long envenom'd chain
 Rivets the living links,—the enormous asp
 Enforces pang on pang, and stifles gasp on gasp.

CLXI.

Or view the Lord of the unerring bow,
 The god of life, and poesy, and light—
 The sun in human limbs array'd, and brow
 All radiant from his triumph in the fight ;
 The shaft hath just been shot—the arrow bright
 With an immortal's vengeance ; in his eye
 And nostril beautiful disdain, and might,
 And majesty, flash their full lightnings by,
 Developing in that one glance the deity.

CLXII.

But in his delicate form—a dream of love,
 Shaped by some solitary nymph, whose breast
 Long'd for a deathless lover from above,
 And madden'd in that vision—are exprest
 All that ideal beauty ever bless'd
 The mind with in its most unearthly mood,
 When each conception was a heavenly guest—
 A ray of immortality—and stood,
 Star-like, around, until they gather'd to a god !

CLXIII.

And if it be Prometheus stole from heaven
 The fire which we endure, it was repaid
 By him to whom the energy was given
 Which this poetic marble hath array'd
 With an eternal glory—which, if made
 By human hands, is not of human thought;
 And Time himself hath hallow'd it, nor laid
 One ringlet in the dust—nor hath it caught
 A tinge of years, but breathes the flame with which 't was wrought.

CLXIV.

But where is he, the Pilgrim of my song,
 The being who upheld it through the past?
 Methinks he cometh late and tarries long.
 He is no more—these breathings are his last;
 His wanderings done, his visions ebbing fast,
 And he himself as nothing: if he was
 Aught but a phantasy, and could be class'd
 With forms which live and suffer—let that pass—
 His shadow fades away into destruction's mass;

CLXV.

Which gathers shadow, substance, life, and all
 That we inherit, in its mortal shroud,
 And spreads the dim and universal pall
 Through which all things grow phantoms; and the cloud
 Between us sinks, and all which ever glow'd,
 Till glory's self is twilight, and displays
 A melancholy halo scarce allow'd
 To hover on the verge of darkness; rays
 Sadder than saddest night, for they distract the gaze,

CLXVI.

And send us prying into the abyss,
 To gather what we shall be when the frame
 Shall be resolved to something less than this
 Its wretched essence; and to dream of fame,
 And wipe the dust from off the idle name
 We never more shall hear,—but never more,
 Oh, happier thought! can we be made the same:
 It is enough in sooth that *once* we bore
 These fardels of the heart—the heart whose sweat was gore.

CLXVII.

Hark! forth from the abyss a voice proceeds,
 A long low distant murmur of dread sound,
 Such as arises when a nation bleeds
 With some deep and immedicable wound;
 Through storm and darkness yawns the rending ground,
 The gulf is thick with phantoms, but the chief
 Seems royal still, though with her head discrown'd,
 And pale, but lovely, with maternal grief
 She clasps a babe, to whom her breast yields no relief.

CLXVIII.

Scion of chiefs and monarchs, where art thou?
 Fond hope of many nations, art thou dead?
 Could not the grave forget thee, and lay low
 Some less majestic, less beloved head?
 In the sad midnight, while thy heart still bled,
 The mother of a moment, o'er thy boy,
 Death hush'd that pang for ever: with thee fled
 The present happiness and promised joy
 Which fill'd the imperial isles so full it seem'd to cloy.

CLXIX.

Peasants bring forth in safety.—Can it be,
 O thou that wert so happy, so adored!
 Those who weep not for kings shall weep for thee,
 And Freedom's heart, grown heavy, cease to hoard
 Her many griefs for *one*; for she had pour'd
 Her orisons for thee, and o'er thy head
 Beheld her Iris.—Thou, too, lonely lord,
 And desolate consort—vainly wert thou wed!
 The husband of a year! the father of the dead!

CLXX.

Of sackcloth was thy wedding garment made;
 Thy bridal's fruit is ashes: in the dust
 The fair-hair'd daughter of the isles is laid,
 The love of millions! How we did entrust
 Futurity to her! and, though it must
 Darken above our bones, yet fondly deem'd
 Our children should obey her child, and bless'd
 Her and her hoped-for seed, whose promise seem'd
 Like stars to shepherds' eyes:—'t was but a meteor beam'd.

CLXXI.

Woe unto us, not her, for she sleeps well :
 The fickle reek of popular breath, the tongue
 Of hollow counsel, the false oracle,
 Which from the birth of monarchy hath rung
 Its knell in princely ears, till the o'erstung
 Nations have arm'd in madness, the strange fate
 Which tumbles mightiest sovereigns, ⁶⁹ and hath flung
 Against their blind omnipotence a weight
 Within the opposing scale, which crushes soon or late—

CLXXII.

These might have been her destiny. But no,
 Our hearts deny it: and so young, so fair,
 Good without effort, great without a foe ;
 But now a bride and mother—and now *there!*
 How many ties did that stern moment tear !
 From thy sire's to his humblest subject's breast
 Is link'd the electric chain of that despair,
 Whose shock was as an earthquake's, and opprest
 The land which loved thee so that none could love thee best.

CLXXIII.

Lo, Nemi! ⁷⁰ navell'd in the woody hills
 So far, that the uprooting wind, which tears
 The oak from his foundation, and which spills
 The ocean o'er its boundary, and bears
 Its foam against the skies, reluctant spares
 The oval mirror of thy glassy lake ;
 And, calm as cherish'd hate, its surface wears
 A deep cold settled aspect nought can shake,
 All coil'd into itself and round, as sleeps the snake.

CLXXIV.

And, near, Albano's scarce divided waves
 Shine from a sister valley ;—and afar
 The Tiber winds, and the broad ocean laves
 The Latian coast where sprung the Epic war,
 "Arms and the man," whose re-ascending star
 Rose o'er an empire ;—but beneath thy right
 Tully reposed from Rome ;—and where yon bar
 Of girdling mountains intercepts the sight,
 The Sabine farm was till'd, the weary bard's delight. ⁷¹

CLXXV.

But I forget.—My Pilgrim's shrine is won,
 And he and I must part,—so let it be,—
 His task and mine alike are nearly done :
 Yet once more let us look upon the sea ;
 The midland ocean breaks on him and me,
 And from the Alban Mount we now behold
 Our friend of youth, that ocean, which when we
 Beheld it last by Calpe's rock unfold
 Those waves, we follow'd on till the dark Euxine roll'd

CLXXVI.

Upon the blue Symplegades : long years—
 Long, though not very many, since have done
 Their work on both ; some suffering and some tears
 Have left us nearly where we had begun ;
 Yet not in vain our mortal race hath run ;
 We have had our reward—and it is here ;
 That we can yet feel gladden'd by the sun,
 And reap from earth, sea, joy almost as dear
 As if there were no man to trouble what is clear.

CLXXVII.

Oh ! that the desert were my dwelling-place,
 With one fair spirit for my minister,
 That I might all forget the human race,
 And, hating no one, love but only her !
 Ye elements !—in whose ennobling stir
 I feel myself exalted—can ye not
 Accord me such a being ? Do I err
 In deeming such inhabit many a spot ?
 Though with them to converse can rarely be our lot.

CLXXVIII.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
 There is society, where none intrudes,
 By the deep sea, and music in its roar :
 I love not man the less, but nature more,
 From these our interviews, in which I steal
 From all I may be, or have been before,
 To mingle with the universe, and feel
 What I can ne'er express, yet can not all conceal.

CLXXIX.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll !
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
 Stops with the shore ;—upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
 When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

CLXXX.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
 Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
 And shake him from thee ; the vile strength he wields
 For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
 Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
 And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
 And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
 His petty hope in some near port or bay,
 And dashest him again to earth ;—there let him lay.

CLXXXI.

The armaments which thunder-strike the walls
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
 Their clay creator the vain title take
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war ;
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
 Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

CLXXXII.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they ?
 Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
 And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey
 The stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay
 Has dried up realms to deserts :—not so thou.
 Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

CLXXXIII.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,
 Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark-heaving ;—boundless, endless, and sublime—
 The image of eternity—the throne
 Of the Invisible ; even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made ; each zone
 Obeys thee ; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

CLXXXIV.

And I have loved thee, ocean ! and my joy
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
 Borne, like thy bubbles, onward : from a boy
 I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me
 Were a delight ; and if the freshening sea
 Made them a terror—'t was a pleasing fear,
 For I was as it were a child of thee,
 And trusted to thy billows far and near,
 And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.⁷²

CLXXXV.

My task is done—my song hath ceased—my theme
 Has died into an echo ; it is fit
 The spell should break of this protracted dream.
 The torch shall be extinguish'd which hath lit
 My midnight lamp—and what is writ, is writ,—
 Would it were worthier ! but I am not now
 That which I have been—and my visions flit
 Less palpably before me—and the glow
 Which in my spirit dwelt is fluttering, faint, and low.

CLXXXVI.

Farewell ! a word that must be, and hath been—
 A sound which makes us linger,—yet—farewell !
 Ye ! who have traced the Pilgrim to the scene
 Which is his last, if in your memories dwell
 A thought which once was his, if on ye swell
 A single recollection, not in vain
 He wore his sandal-shoon and scallop-shell :
 Farewell ! with *him* alone may rest the pain,
 If such there were—with *you*, the moral of his strain !

NOTES TO CANTO IV.

Note I. Stanza i.

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand.

The communication between the ducal palace and the prisons of Venice is by a gloomy bridge, or covered gallery, high above the water, and divided by a stone wall into a passage and a cell. The state dungeons, called "pozzi," or wells, were sunk in the thick walls of the palace; and the prisoner, when taken out to die, was conducted across the gallery to the other side, and being then led back into the other compartment or cell, upon the bridge, was there strangled. The low portal through which the criminal was taken into this cell is now walled up; but the passage is still open, and is still known by the name of the Bridge of Sighs. The pozzi are under the flooring of the chamber at the foot of the bridge. They were formerly twelve, but on the first arrival of the French, the Venetians hastily blocked or broke up the deeper of these dungeons. You may still, however, descend by a trap-door, and crawl down through holes, half-choked by rubbish, to the depth of two stories below the first range. If you are in want of consolation for the extinction of patrician power, perhaps you may find it there; scarcely a ray of light glimmers into the narrow gallery which leads to the cells, and the places of confinement themselves are totally dark. A small hole in the wall admitted the damp air of the passages, and served for the introduction of the prisoner's food. A wooden pallet, raised a foot from the ground, was the only furniture. The conductors tell you that a light was not allowed. The cells are about five paces in length, two and a half in width, and seven feet in height. They are directly beneath one another, and respiration is somewhat difficult in the lower holes. Only one prisoner was found when the republicans descended into these hideous recesses, and he is said to have been confined sixteen years. But the inmates of the dungeons beneath had left traces of their repentance, or of their despair, which are still visible, and may perhaps owe something to recent ingenuity. Some of the detained appear to have offended against, and others to have belonged to, the sacred body, not only from their signatures, but from the churches and belfries which they have scratched upon the walls. The reader may not object to see a specimen of the records prompted by so terrific a solitude. As nearly as they could be copied by more than one pencil, three of them are as follows:

1.

NON TI FIDAR AD ALCUNO PENZA e TACI
SE FUGIR VUOI DI SPIONI INSIDIE e LACCI
IL PENTIRTI PENTIRTI NULLA GIOVA
MA E BEN DI VALOR TUO LA VERA PROVA

1607. ADI 2. GENARO. FUI RETENTO

P' LA BESTIEMMA P' AVER DATO

DA MANZAR A UN MORTO

IACOMO. GRITTI. SCRISSE.

2.

UN PARLAR POCHO et
NEGARE PRONTO et
UN PENS - R AL FINE PUO DARE LA VITA
A NOI ALTRI MESCHINI

1605.

EGO IOHN BAPTISTA AD
ECCLESIAM CORTELLARIUS.

3.

DE CHI MI FIDO GUARDAMI DIO
 DE CHI NON MI FIDO MI GUARDERO IO
 A TA H A NA
 V . LA S . C . K . R .

The copyist has followed, not corrected the solecisms; some of which are, however, not quite so decided, since the letters were evidently scratched in the dark. It only need be observed, that *Bestemmia* and *Mangiar* may be read in the first inscription, which was probably written by a prisoner confined for some act of impiety committed at a funeral; that *Cortellarius* is the name of a parish on terra firma, near the sea; and that the last initials evidently are put for *Viva la Santa Chiesa Kattolica Romana*.

Note 2. Stanza ii.

She looks a sea Cybele fresh from ocean,
 Rising with her tiara of proud towers.

An old writer, describing the appearance of Venice, has made use of the above image, which would not be poetical were it not true:

“*Quo fit ut qui superne urbem contempletur, turritam telluris imaginem medio oceano figuratam se putet inspicere.*” *

Note 3. Stanza iii.

In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more.

The well-known song of the gondoliers, of alternate stanzas, from Tasso's Jerusalem, has died with the independence of Venice. Editions of the poem, with the original on one column, and the Venetian variations on the other, as sung by the boatmen, were once common, and are still to be found. The following extract will serve to show the difference between the Tuscan epic and the “*Canta alla Barcariola*,”

ORIGINAL.

Canto l' arme pietose, e 'l capitano
 Che 'l gran sepolcro libero di Cristo.
 Molto egli oprò col senno, e con la mano,
 Molto soffrì nel glorioso acquisto;
 E in van l' Inferno a lui s'oppose, e in vano
 S'armò d' Asia, e di Libia il popol misto,
 Chè il ciel gli diè favore, e sotto a i santi
 Segni ridusse i suoi compagni erranti.

VENETIAN.

L' arme pietose de cantar gho voglia,
 E de Goffredo la immortal braura,
 Che al fin l' ha libera co strassia, e dogia
 Del nostro buon Gesù la sepoltura;
 De mezo mondo unito, e de quel Bogia
 Missier Pluton no l' ha bu mai paura:
 Dio l' ha agiutà, e i compagni sparpagnai
 Tutti 'l gh' i ha messi insieme i di del Dai.

Some of the elder gondoliers will, however, take up, and continue a stanza of their once familiar bard.

On the 7th of last January, the author of *Childe Harold*, and another Englishman, the writer of this notice, rowed to the Lido with two singers, one of whom was a carpenter, and the other a gondolier. The former placed himself at the prow, the latter at the stern of the boat. A little after leaving the quay of the Piazzetta, they began to sing, and continued their exercise until we arrived at the island. They gave us, amongst other essays, the death of Clorinda, and the palace of Armida; and did not sing the Venetian, but the Tuscan verses. The carpenter, however, who was the cleverer of the two, and was frequently obliged to prompt his companion, told us that he could *translate* the original. He added, that he could sing almost three hundred stanzas, but had not spirits (*morbin* was the word he used) to learn any more, or to sing what he already knew: a man must have idle time on his hands to acquire or to repeat, and, said the poor fellow, “look at my clothes and at me; I am starving.” This speech was more affecting than his performance,

* Marci Antonii Sabellici de Venetæ Urbis situ narratio, edit. Taur. 1527, lib. 1. fol. 202.

which habit alone can make attractive. - The recitative was shrill, screaming, and monotonous; and the gondolier behind assisted his voice by holding his hand to one side of his mouth. The carpenter used a quiet action, which he evidently endeavoured to restrain, but was too much interested in his subject altogether to repress. From these men we learnt that singing is not confined to the gondoliers, and that, although the chaunt is seldom, if ever, voluntary, there are still several amongst the lower classes who are acquainted with a few stanzas.

It does not appear that it is usual for the performers to row and sing at the same time. Although the verses of the Jerusalem are no longer casually heard, there is yet much music upon the Venetian canals; and upon holidays, those strangers who are not near or informed enough to distinguish the words, may fancy that many of the gondolas still resound with the strains of Tasso. The writer of some remarks which appeared in the *Curiosities of Literature* must excuse his being twice quoted; for, with the exception of some phrases a little too ambitious and extravagant, he has furnished a very exact, as well as agreeable, description:—

“In Venice the gondoliers know by heart long passages from Ariosto and Tasso, and often chaunt them with a peculiar melody. But this talent seems at present on the decline: at least, after taking some pains, I could find no more than two persons who delivered to me in this way a passage from Tasso. I must add, that the late Mr. Berry once chaunted to me a passage in Tasso in the manner, as he assured me, of the gondoliers.

“There are always two concerned, who alternately sing the strophes. We know the melody eventually by Rousseau, to whose songs it is printed; it has properly no melodious movement, and is a sort of medium between the *canto fermo* and the *canto figurato*; it approaches to the former by recitativical declamation, and to the latter by passages and course, by which one syllable is detained and embellished.

“I entered a gondola by moonlight; one singer placed himself forwards, and the other aft, and thus proceeded to St. Georgio. One began the song; when he had ended his strophe, the other took up the lay, and so continued the song alternately. Throughout the whole of it, the same notes invariably returned, but, according to the subject matter of the strophe, they laid a greater or a smaller stress, sometimes on one, and sometimes on another note, and indeed changed the enunciation of the whole strophe as the object of the poem altered.

“On the whole, however, the sounds were hoarse and screaming: they seemed, in the manner of all rude uncivilized men, to make the excellence of their singing in the force of their voice: one seemed desirous of conquering the other by the strength of his lungs; and so far from receiving delight from this scene (shut up as I was in the box of the gondola), I found myself in a very unpleasant situation.

“My companion, to whom I communicated this circumstance, being very desirous to keep up the credit of his countrymen, assured me that this singing was very delightful when heard at a distance. Accordingly we got out upon the shore, leaving one of the singers in the gondola, while the other went to the distance of some hundred paces. They now began to sing against one another, and I kept walking up and down between them both, so as always to leave him who was to begin his part. I frequently stood still and hearkened to the one and to the other.

“Here the scene was properly introduced. The strong, declamatory, and, as it were, shrieking sound, met the ear from far, and called forth the attention; the quickly succeeding transitions, which necessarily required to be sung in a lower tone, seemed like plaintive strains succeeding the vociferation of emotion or of pain. The other, who listened attentively, immediately began where the former left off, answering him in milder or more vehement notes, according as the purport of the strophe required. The sleepy canals, the lofty buildings, the splendour of the moon, the deep shadows of the few gondolas that moved like spirits hither and thither, increased the striking peculiarity of the scene; and, amidst all these circumstances, it was easy to confess the character of this wonderful harmony.

“It suits perfectly well with an idle solitary mariner, lying at length in his vessel at rest on one of these canals, waiting for his company or for a fare, the tiresomeness of which situation is somewhat alleviated by the songs and poetical stories he has in memory. He often raises his voice as loud as he can, which extends itself to a vast distance over the tranquil mirror; and as all is still around, he is, as it were, in a so-

litide in the midst of a large and populous town. Here is no rattling of carriages, no noise of foot-passengers : a silent gondola glides now and then by him, of which the splashing of the oars is scarcely to be heard.

“At a distance he hears another, perhaps utterly unknown to him. Melody and verse immediately attach the two strangers ; he becomes the responsive echo to the former, and exerts himself to be heard as he had heard the other. By a tacit convention they alternate verse for verse ; though the song should last the whole night through, they entertain themselves without fatigue ; the hearers, who are passing between the two, take part in the amusement.

“This vocal performance sounds best at a great distance, and is then inexpressibly charming, as it only fulfils its design in the sentiment of remoteness. It is plaintive, but not dismal in its sound, and at times it is scarcely possible to refrain from tears. My companion, who otherwise was not a very delicately organised person, said quite unexpectedly : ‘è singolare come quel canto intenerisce, e molto più quando lo cantano meglio.’

“I was told that the women of Libo, the long row of islands that divides the Adriatic from the Lagoons,* particularly the women of the extreme districts of Malamocco and Palestrina, sing in like manner the works of Tasso, to these and similar tunes.

“They have the custom, when their husbands are fishing out at sea, to sit along the shore in the evenings and vociferate these songs, and continue to do so with great violence, till each of them can distinguish the responses of her own husband at a distance.”†

The love of music and of poetry distinguishes all classes of Venetians, even amongst the tuneful sons of Italy. The city itself can occasionally furnish respectable audiences for two and even three opera-houses at a time ; and there are few events in private life that do not call forth a printed and circulated sonnet. Does a physician or a lawyer take his degree, or a clergyman preach his maiden sermon, has a surgeon performed an operation, would a harlequin announce his departure or his benefit, are you to be congratulated on a marriage or a birth, or a law-suit, the Muses are invoked to furnish the same number of syllables, and the individual triumphs blaze abroad in virgin white or party-coloured placards on half the corners of the capital. The last curtesy of a favourite “prima donna” brings down a shower of these poetical tributes from those upper regions, from which, in our theatres, nothing but cupids and snow-storms are accustomed to descend. There is a poetry in the very life of a Venetian, which, in its common course, is varied with those surprises and changes so recommendable in fiction, but so different from the sober monotony of northern existence ; amusements are raised into duties, duties are softened into amusements, and every object being considered as equally making a part of the business of life, is announced and performed with the same earnest indifference and gay assiduity. The Venetian gazette constantly closes its columns with the following triple advertisement :

Charade.

Exposition of the most Holy Sacrament in the Church of St——

Theatres.

St. Moses, opera.
St. Benedict, a comedy of characters.
St. Luke, repose.

When it is recollected what the Catholics believe their consecrated wafer to be, we may perhaps think it worthy of a more respectable niche than between poetry and the playhouse.

Note 4. Stanza x.

Sparta hath many a worthier son than he.

The answer of the mother of Brasidas to the strangers who praised the memory of her son.

* The writer meant *Lido*, which is not a long row of islands, but a long island—*littus*, the shore.

† *Curiosities of Literature*, vol. ii. p. 156, edit. 1807 ; and Appendix xxix, to Black's *Life of Tasso*.

Note 5. Stanza xi.

St. Mark yet sees his lion where he stood
Stand.—

The lion has lost nothing by his journey to the *Invalides*, but the gospel which supported the paw, that is now on a level with the other foot. The horses, also, are returned to the ill-chosen spot whence they set out, and are, as before, half hidden under the porch window of St. Mark's Church.

Their history, after a desperate struggle, has been satisfactorily explored. The decisions and doubts of Erizzo and Zanetti, and lastly, of the Count Leopold Cico gnara, would have given them a Roman extraction, and a pedigree not more ancient than the reign of Nero. But M. de Schlegel stepped in to teach the Venetians the value of their own treasures, and a Greek vindicated, at last and for ever, the pretension of his countrymen to this noble production.* Mr. Mustoxidi has not been left without a reply; but as yet, he has received no answer. It should seem that the horses are irrevocably Chian, and were transferred to Constantinople by Theodosius. Lapidary writing is a favourite play of the Italians, and has conferred reputation on more than one of their literary characters. One of the best specimen of Bodoni's typography is a respectable volume of inscriptions, all written by his friend Paciaudi. Several were prepared for the recovered horses. It is to be hoped the best was not selected, when the following words were ranged in gold letters above the cathedral porch:

QUATUOR. EQUORUM. SIGNA. A. VENETIS. BYZANTIO. CAPTA. AD. TEMP. D. MAR.
A. R. S. MCCIV. POSITA. QUÆ. HOSTILIS. CUPIDITAS. A. MDCCIII. ABSTULERAT.
FRANC. I. IMP. PACIS. ORBI. DATE. TROPHÆUM, A. MDCCXV. VICTOR. REDUXIT.

Nothing shall be said of the Latin; but it may be permitted to observe, that the injustice of the Venetians in transporting the horses from Constantinople was at least equal to that of the French in carrying them to Paris, and that it would have been more prudent to have avoided all allusions to either robbery. An apostolic prince should, perhaps, have objected to affixing, over the principal entrance of a metropolitan church, an inscription having a reference to any other triumphs than those of religion. Nothing less than the pacification of the world can excuse such a solecism.

Note 6. Stanza xii.

The Suabian sued, and now the Austrian reigns—
An emperor tramples where an emperor knelt.

After many vain efforts on the part of the Italians entirely to throw off the yoke of Frederic Barbarossa, and as fruitless attempts of the emperor to make himself absolute master throughout the whole of his Cisalpine dominions, the bloody struggles of four-and-twenty years were happily brought to a close in the city of Venice. The articles of a treaty had been previously agreed upon between Pope Alexander III and Barbarossa, and the former, having received a safe-conduct, had already arrived at Venice from Ferrara, in company with the ambassadors of the king of Sicily and the consuls of the Lombard league. There still remained, however, many points to adjust, and for several days the peace was believed to be impracticable. At this juncture it was suddenly reported that the emperor had arrived at Chioza, a town fifteen miles from the capital. The Venetians rose tumultuously, and insisted upon immediately conducting him to the city. The Lombards took the alarm, and departed towards Treviso. The Pope himself was apprehensive of some disaster if Frederic should suddenly advance upon him, but was reassured by the prudence and address of Sebastian Ziani, the Doge. Several embassies passed between Chioza and the capital, until, at last, the emperor relaxing somewhat of his pretensions, "laid aside his leonine ferocity, and put on the mildness of the lamb." †

On Saturday the 23d of July, in the year 1177, six Venetian galleys transferred Frederic, in great pomp, from Chioza to the island of Lido, a mile from Venice. Early the next morning the Pope, accompanied by the Sicilian ambassadors, and by

* Sui quattro cavalli della Basilica di S. Marco in Venezia. Lettera di Andrea Mustoxidi Corcirese. Padova, per Bettoni e compagni, 1815.

† "Quibus auditis, imperator, operante eo, qui corda principum sicut vult et quando vult humiliter inclinat, leonina feritate deposita, ovinam mansuetudinem induit." Romualdi Salernitani Chronicon. apud Script. Rer. Ital. tom. VII. p. 220.

the envoys of Lombardy, whom he had recalled from the main land, together with a great concourse of people, repaired from the patriarchal palace to St. Mark's Church, and solemnly absolved the emperor and his partisans from the excommunication pronounced against him. The chancellor of the empire, on the part of his master, renounced the anti-popes and their schismatic adherents. Immediately the doge, with a great suite both of the clergy and laity, got on board the galleys, and waiting on Frederic, rowed him in mighty state from the Lido to the capital. The emperor descended from the galley at the quay of the Piazzetta. The doge, the patriarch, his bishops and clergy, and the people of Venice, with their crosses and their standards, marched in solemn procession before him to the church of St. Mark. Alexander was seated before the vestibule of the basilica, attended by his bishops and cardinals, by the patriarch of Aquileja, by the archbishops and bishops of Lombardy, all of them in state, and clothed in their church robes. Frederic approached—“moved by the Holy Spirit, venerating the Almighty in the person of Alexander, laying aside his imperial dignity, and throwing off his mantle, he prostrated himself at full length at the feet of the Pope. Alexander, with tears in his eyes, raised him benignantly from the ground, kissed him, blessed him; and immediately the Germans of the train sang, with a loud voice, ‘We praise thee, O Lord.’ The emperor then taking the pope by the right hand, led him to the church, and, having received his benediction, returned to the ducal palace.”* The ceremony of humiliation was repeated the next day. The Pope himself, at the request of Frederic, said mass at Saint Mark's. The emperor again laid aside his imperial mantle, and, taking a wand in his hand, officiated as *verger*, driving the laity from the choir, and preceding the pontiff to the altar. Alexander, after reciting the gospel, preached to the people. The emperor put himself close to the pulpit in the attitude of listening; and the pontiff, touched by this mark of his attention, for he knew that Frederic did not understand a word he said, commanded the patriarch of Aquileja to translate the Latin discourse into the German tongue. The creed was then chaunted. Frederic made his oblation, and kissed the Pope's feet, and, mass being over, led him by the hand to his white horse. He held the stirrup, and would have led the horse's rein to the water side, had not the pope accepted of the inclination for the performance, and affectionately dismissed him with his benediction. Such is the substance of the account left by the archbishop of Salerno, who was present at the ceremony, and whose story is confirmed by every subsequent narration. It would be not worth so minute a record, were it not the triumph of liberty as well as of superstition. The states of Lombardy owed to it the confirmation of their privileges; and Alexander had reason to thank the Almighty, who had enabled an infirm, unarmed old man to subdue a terrible and potent sovereign. †

Note 7. Stanza xii.

Oh, for one hour of blind old Dandolo !
The octogenarian chief, Byzantium's conquering foe.

The reader will recollect the exclamation of the highlander, *Oh, for one hour of Dundee!* Henry Dandolo, when elected doge, in 1192, was eighty-five years of age. When he commanded the Venetians at the taking of Constantinople, he was consequently ninety-seven years old. At this age he annexed the fourth and a half of the whole empire of Romania, ‡ for so the Roman empire was then called, to the title and to the territories of the Venetian Doge. The three-eighths of this empire were preserved in the diplomas until the dukedom of Giovanni Dolfino, who made use of the above designation in the year 1357. §

* Romualdi Salernitani Chronicon. apud Script. Rer. Ital. tom. VII. p. 229.

† See the above-cited Romuald of Salerno. In a second sermon which Alexander preached, on the first day of August, before the emperor, he compared Frederic to the prodigal son, and himself to the forgiving father.

‡ Mr. Gibbon has omitted the important *et*, and has written Romani instead of Romanie:—Decline and Fall, chap. lxi. note 9. But the title acquired by Dandolo runs thus in the chronicle of his namesake, the Doge Andrew Dandolo:—*Ducali titulo addidit, “Quartæ partis et dimidiæ totius imperii Romanie.”* And. Dand. Chronicon. cap. iii. pars xxxvii. ap. Script. Rer. Ital. tom. xii. page 331. And the Romanie is observed in the subsequent acts of the doges. Indeed the continental possessions of the Greek empire in Europe were then generally known by the name of Romania, and that appellation is still seen in the maps of Turkey as applied to Thrace.

§ See the continuation of Dandolo's Chronicle, *ibid.* p. 498. Mr. Gibbon appears not to include Dolfino, following Sanudo, who says, “*il qual titolo si uso fin al Doge Giovanni Dolfino.*” See Vite de' Duchi di Venezia, ap. Script. Rer. Ital. tom. xxii. 530. 641.

Dandolo led the attack on Constantinople in person: two ships, the *Paradise* and the *Pilgrim*, were tied together, and a drawbridge or ladder let down from their higher yards to the walls. The doge was one of the first to rush into the city. Then was completed, said the Venetians, the prophecy of the Erythrean sybil: "A gathering together of the powerful shall be made amidst the waves of the Adriatic, under a blind leader: they shall beset the goat—they shall profane Byzantium—they shall blacken her buildings—her spoils shall be dispersed; a new goat shall bleat until they have measured out and run over fifty-four feet, nine inches, and a half.*"

Dandolo died on the first day of June, 1205, having reigned thirteen years, six months, and five days, and was buried in the church of St. Sophia, at Constantinople. Strangely enough it must sound, that the name of the rebel apothecary who received the doge's sword and annihilated the ancient government, in 1796-7, was Dandolo.

Note 8. Stanza xiii.

But is not Doria's menace come to pass?
Are they not bridled?

After the loss of the battle of Pola, and the taking of Chioza on the 16th of August, 1379, by the united armament of the Genoese and Francesco da Carrara, Signor of Padua, the Venetians were reduced to the utmost despair. An embassy was sent to the conquerors with a blank sheet of paper, praying them to prescribe what terms they pleased, and leave to Venice only her independence. The Prince of Padua was inclined to listen to these proposals, but the Genoese, who, after the victory at Pola, had shouted, "To Venice, to Venice, and long live St. George!" determined to annihilate their rival; and Peter Doria, their commander in chief, returned this answer to the suppliants: "On God's faith, gentlemen of Venice, ye shall have no peace from the Signor of Padua, nor from our commune of Genoa, until we have first put a rein upon those unbridled horses of yours, that are upon the porch of your evangelist St. Mark. When we have bridled them, we shall keep you quiet. And this is the pleasure of us and of our commune. As for these my brothers of Genoa, that you have brought with you to give up to us, I will not have them: take them back; for in a few days hence, I shall come and let them out of prison myself, both these and all the others."† In fact, the Genoese did advance as far as Malamocco, within five miles of the capital; but their own danger and the pride of their enemies gave courage to the Venetians, who made prodigious efforts, and many individual sacrifices, all of them carefully recorded by their historians. Vettor Pisani was put at the head of thirty-four galleys. The Genoese broke up from Malamocco, and retired to Chioza in October; but they again threatened Venice, which was reduced to extremities. At this time, the 1st of January, 1380, arrived Carlo Zeno, who had been cruising on the Genoese coast with fourteen galleys. The Venetians were now strong enough to besiege the Genoese. Doria was killed on the 22nd of January by a stone bullet a hundred and ninety-five pounds weight, discharged from a bombard called the *Trevisan*. Chioza was then closely invested; five thousand auxiliaries, amongst whom were some English Condottieri, commanded by one Captain Ceccho, joined the Venetians. The Genoese, in their turn, prayed for conditions, but none were granted until, at last, they surrendered at discretion; and, on the 24th of June, 1380, the Doge Contarini made his triumphal entry into Chioza. Four thousand prisoners, nineteen galleys, many smaller vessels and barks, with all the ammunition and arms, and outfit of the expedition, fell into the hands of the conquerors, who, had it not been for the inexorable answer of Doria, would have gladly reduced their dominion to the city of Venice. An account of these trans-

* "Fiet potentium in aquis Adriaticis congregatio, cæco præduce, Hircum ambigent, Byzantium prophanabunt, ædificia denigrabunt; spolia dispergentur; Hircus novus balabit usquedum LIV pedes et IX pollices et semis præmensurati discurrant." *Chronicon*, *ibid.* pars. xxxiv.

† "Alla fè di Dio, Signori Veneziani, non haverete mai pace dal Signore di Padoua, ne dal nostro comune di Genova, se primieramente non mettemo le briglie a quelli vostri cavalli sfrenati, che sono su la Reza del Vostro Evangelista S. Marco. Infrenati che gli havremo, vi faremo stare in buona pace. E questa e la intenzione nostra, e del nostro comune. Questi miei fratelli Genovesi, che havete menate con voi per donarci, non li voglio; rimanetegli in dietro, perche io intendo da qui a pochi giorni venirgli a riscuoter dalle vostre prigioni, e loro e gli altri."

actions is found in a work called the War of Chioza, written by Daniel Chinazzo, who was in Venice at the time.*

Note 9. Stanza xiv.

The "Planter of the Lion."

Plant the Lion—that is, the Lion of St. Mark, the standard of the republic, which is the origin of the word Pantaloon—Pianta-leone, Pantaleon, Pantaloon.

Note 10. Stanza xv.

Thin streets and foreign aspects, such as must
Too oft remind her who and what enthral.

The population of Venice at the end of the seventeenth century amounted to nearly two hundred thousand souls. At the last census, taken two years ago, it was no more than about one hundred and three thousand, and it diminishes daily. The commerce and the official employments, which used to be the unexhausted source of Venetian grandeur, have both expired.† Most of the patrician mansions are deserted, and would gradually disappear, had not the government, alarmed by the demolition of seventy-two during the last two years, expressly forbidden this sad resource of poverty. Many remnants of the Venetian nobility are now scattered and confounded with the wealthier Jews upon the banks of the Brenta, whose paladian palaces have sunk, or are sinking, in the general decay. Of the "gentil uomo Veneto," the name is still known, and that is all. He is but the shadow of his former self, but he is polite and kind. It surely may be pardoned to him if he is querulous. Whatever may have been the vices of the republic, and although the natural term of its existence may be thought by foreigners to have arrived in the due course of mortality, only one sentiment can be expected from the Venetians themselves. At no time were the subjects of the republic so unanimous in their resolution to rally round the standard of St. Mark, as when it was for the last time unfurled; and the cowardice and the treachery of the few patricians who recommended the fatal neutrality, were confined to the persons of the traitors themselves.

The present race cannot be thought to regret the loss of their aristocratical forms, and too despotic government; they think only of their vanished independence. They pine away at the remembrance, and on this subject suspend for a moment their gay good humour. Venice may be said, in the words of the Scripture, "to die daily;" and so general and so apparent is the decline, as to become painful to a stranger, not reconciled to the sight of a whole nation expiring, as it were, before his eyes. So artificial a creation, having lost that principle which called it into life and supported its existence, must fall to pieces at once, and sink more rapidly than it rose. The abhorrence of slavery, which drove the Venetians to the sea, has, since their disaster, forced them to the land, where they may be at least overlooked among the crowd of dependants, and not present the humiliating spectacle of a whole nation loaded with recent chains. Their liveliness, their affability, and that happy indifference which constitution alone can give (for philosophy aspires to it in vain) have not sunk under circumstances; but many peculiarities of costume and manner have by degrees been lost, and the nobles, with a pride common to all Italians who have been masters, have not been persuaded to parade their insignificance. That splendour which was a proof and a portion of their power, they would not degrade into the trappings of their subjection. They retired from the space which they had occupied in the eyes of their fellow-citizens; their continuance in which would have been a symptom of acquiescence, and an insult to those who suffered by the common misfortune. Those who remained in the degraded capital might be said rather to haunt the scenes of their departed power, than to live in them. The reflection, "who and what enthral," will hardly bear a comment from one who is, nationally, the friend and the ally of the conqueror. It may, however, be allowed to say thus much, that, to those who wish to recover their independence, any masters must be an object of detestation; and it may be safely foretold that this unprofitable aversion

* "Chronica della guerra di Chioza," &c., Script. Rer. Ital. tom. xv. pp. 699 to 804.

† "Nonnullorum e nobilitate immensæ sunt opes, adeo ut vix æstimari possint: id quod tribus e rebus oritur, parsimonia, commercio, atque iis emolumentis, quæ e Repub. percipiunt, quæ hanc ob causam diuturna fore creditur."—See De Principatibus Italiæ Tractatus, edit. 1631.

will not have been corrected before Venice shall have suak into the slime of her choked canals.

Note 11. Stanza xvi.

Redemption rose up in the Attic Muse.

The story is told in Plutarch's Life of Nicias.

Note 12. Stanza xviii.

And Otway, Radcliffe, Schiller, Shakspeare's art.

Venice Preserved; Mysteries of Udolpho: the Ghost-seer, or Armenian; the Merchant of Venice; Othello.

Note 13. Stanza xx.

But from their nature will the tannen grow
Loftiest on loftiest and least shelter'd rocks.

Tannen is the plural of *tanne*, a species of fir peculiar to the Alps, which only thrives in very rocky parts, where scarcely soil sufficient for its nourishment can be found. On these spots it grows to a greater height than any other mountain tree.

Note 14. Stanza xxviii.

A single star is at her side, and reigns
With her o'er half the lovely heaven.

The above description may seem fantastical or exaggerated to those who have never seen an oriental or an Italian sky; yet it is but a literal and hardly sufficient delineation of an August evening (the eighteenth), as contemplated in one of many rides along the banks of the Brenta, near La Mira.

Note 15. Stanza xxx.

Watering the tree which bears his lady's name
With his melodious tears, he gave himself to fame.

Thanks to the critical acumen of a Scotchman, we now know as little of Laura as ever.* The discoveries of the Abbé de Sade, his triumphs, and his sneers, can no longer instruct or amuse.† We must not, however, think that these memoirs are as much a romance as Belisarius or the Incas, although we are told so by Dr. Beattie, a great name, but a little authority.‡ His "labour" has not been in vain, notwithstanding his "love" has, like most other passions, made him ridiculous.§ The hypothesis which overpowered the struggling Italians, and carried along less interested critics in its current, is run out. We have another proof that we can never be sure that the paradox the most singular, and therefore having the most agreeable and authentic air, will not give place to the re-established ancient prejudice.

It seems then, first, that Laura was born, lived, died, and was buried, not in Avignon, but in the country. The fountains of the Sorga, the thickets of Cabrières, may resume their pretensions, and the exploded *de la Bastie* again be heard with complacency. The hypothesis of the Abbé had no stronger props than the parchment sonnet and medal found on the skeleton of the wife of Hugo de Sade, and the manuscript note to the Virgil of Petrarch, now in the Ambrosian library. If these proofs were both incontestable, the poetry was written, the medal composed, cast, and deposited, within the space of twelve hours; and these deliberate duties were performed round the carcass of one who died of the plague, and was hurried to the grave on the day of her death. These documents, therefore, are too decisive: they prove, not the fact, but the forgery. Either the sonnet or the Virgilian note must

* See An historical and critical Essay on the Life and Character of Petrarch; and a Dissertation on an Historical Hypothesis of the Abbé de Sade: the first appeared about the year 1784; the other is inserted in the fourth volume of the Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and both have been incorporated into a work published, under the first title, by Ballantyne, in 1810.

† Mémoires pour la Vie de Pétrarque.

‡ Life of Beattie, by Sir W. Forbes, vol. ii. p. 106.

§ Mr. Gibbon called his Memoirs "*a labour of love*," (see Decline and Fall, cap. lxx. note 1.) and followed him with confidence and delight. The compiler of a very voluminous work must take much criticism upon trust; Mr. Gibbon has done so, though not as readily as some other authors.

be a falsification. The Abbé cites both as incontestably true; the consequent deduction is inevitable—they are both evidently false.*

Secondly, Laura was never married, and was a haughty virgin rather than that *tender and prudent* wife who honoured Avignon by making that town the theatre of an honest French passion, and played off for one-and-twenty years her *little machinery* of alternate favours and refusals† upon the first poet of the age. It was, indeed, rather too unfair that a female should be made responsible for eleven children upon the faith of a misrepresented abbreviation, and the decision of a librarian.‡ It is, however, satisfactory to think that the love of Petrarch was not platonic. The happiness which he prayed to possess but once and for a moment was surely not of the mind,§ and something so very real as a marriage project, with one who has been idly called a shadowy nymph, may be, perhaps, detected in at least six places of his own sonnets.** The love of Petrarch was neither platonic nor poetical; and, if in one passage of his works he calls it “amore veementeissimo ma unico ed onesto,” he confesses, in a letter to a friend, that it was guilty and perverse, that it absorbed him quite, and mastered his heart.††

In this case, however, he was perhaps alarmed for the culpability of his wishes; for the Abbé de Sade himself, who certainly would not have been scrupulously delicate, if he could have proved his descent from Petrarch as well as Laura, is forced into a stout defence of his virtuous grandmother. As far as relates to the poet, we have no security for the innocence, except perhaps in the constancy of his pursuit. He assures us, in his epistle to posterity, that when arrived at his fortieth year, he not only had in horror, but had lost all recollection and image of any “irregularity.”‡‡ But the birth of his natural daughter cannot be assigned earlier than his thirty-ninth year; and either the memory or the morality of the poet must have failed him, when he forgot or was guilty of this *slip*.§§ The weakest argument for the purity of this love has been drawn from the permanence of its effects which survived the object of his passion. The reflection of M. de la Bastie, that virtue alone is capable of making impressions which death cannot efface, is one of those which every body applauds, and every body finds not to be true, the moment he examines his own breast or the records of human feeling.*** Such apophthegms can do nothing for Petrarch or for the cause of morality, except with the very weak and the very young. He that has made even a little progress beyond ignorance and pupilage, cannot be edified with any thing but truth. What is called vindicating the honour of an individual or a nation, is the most futile, tedious, and uninteresting of all writing; although it will always meet with more applause than that sober criticism, which is attributed to the malicious desire of reducing a great man to the common standard

* The sonnet had before awakened the suspicions of Mr. Horace Walpole. See his letter to Wharton in 1763.

† “Par ce petit manège, cette alternative de faveurs et de rigneurs bien ménagées, une femme tendre et sage amuse, pendant vingt-un ans, le plus grand poète de son siècle, sans faire la moindre brèche à son honneur.” *Mém. pour la Vie de Pétrarque*, Préface aux Français. The Italian editor of the London edition of Petrarch, who has translated Lord Woodhouselee, renders the “femme tendre et sage,” “*raffinata civetta*.” *Riflessioni intorno a Madonna Laura*, p. 234, vol. iii. ed. 1811.

‡ In a dialogue with St. Augustin, Petrarch has described Laura as having a body exhausted with repeated *ptubs*. The old editors read and printed *perturbationibus*; but Mr. Capperonier, librarian to the French King, 1762, who saw the MS. in the Paris library, made an attestation that “*on lit et qu'on doit lire, partibus exhaustum*.” De Sade joined the names of Messrs. Boudot and Bejot with Mr. Capperonier, and in the whole discussion on this *ptubs*, showed himself a downright literary rogue. See *Riflessioni*, &c., p. 267. Thomas Aquinas is called in to settle whether Petrarch's mistress was a *chaste* maid, or a *continent* wife.

§ “Pigmalion, quanto lodar ti dei
Dell' imagine tua, se mille volte
N' avesti quel ch' i' sol una vorrei.”

Sonetto 58, *Quando giunse a Simon Valto concetto*. *Le Rime*, &c. par. i. pag. 189, edit. Ven. 1756.

** See *Riflessioni*, &c. p. 291.

†† “Quella rea e perversa passione che solo tutto mi occupava e mi regnava nel cuore.”

‡‡ *Azion disonesta*, are his words.

§§ “A questa confessione così sincera diede forse occasione una nuova caduta ch' ei fece.” Tiraboschi, *Storia*, &c., tom. v. lib. iv. par. ii. pag. 492.

*** “*Il n'y a que la vertu seule qui soit capable de faire des impressions que la mort n'efface pas*.” M. de Bimard, Bayon de la Bastie, in the *Mémoires de l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres* for 1740 and 1751. See also *Riflessioni*, &c. p. 295.

of humanity. It is, after all, not unlikely, that our historian was right in retaining his favourite hypothetic salvo, which secures the author, although it scarcely saves the honour of the still unknown mistress of Petrarch.*

Note 16. Stanza xxxi.

They keep his dust in Arquà, where he died.

Petrarch retired to Arquà immediately on his return from the unsuccessful attempt to visit Urban V. at Rome, in the year 1370, and with the exception of his celebrated visit to Venice in company with Francesco Novello da Carrara, he appears to have passed the four last years of his life between that charming solitude and Padua. For four months previous to his death he was in a state of continual languor, and in the morning of July the 19th, in the year 1374, was found dead in his library chair, with his head resting upon a book. The chair is still shown amongst the precious relics of Arquà, which, from the uninterrupted veneration that has been attached to every thing relative to this great man, from the moment of his death to the present hour, have, it may be hoped, a better chance of authenticity than the Shaksperian memorials of Stratford-upon-Avon.

Arquà (for the last syllable is accented in pronunciation, although the analogy of the English language has been observed in the verse), is twelve miles from Padua, and about three miles on the right of the high road to Rovigo, in the bosom of the Euganean hills. After a walk of twenty minutes across a flat well-wooded meadow, you come to a little blue lake, clear but fathomless, and to the foot of a succession of acclivities and hills, clothed with vineyards and orchards, rich with fir and pomegranate trees, and every sunny fruit-shrub. From the banks of the lake the road winds into the hills, and the church of Arquà is soon seen between a cleft, where two ridges slope towards each other, and nearly inclose the village. The houses are scattered at intervals on the steep sides of these summits; and that of the poet is on the edge of a little knoll overlooking two descents, and commanding a view not only of the glowing gardens in the dales immediately beneath, but of the wide plains, above whose low woods of mulberry and willow, thickened into a dark mass by festoons of vines, tall single cypresses, and the spires of towns are seen in the distance, which stretches to the mouths of the Po and the shores of the Adriatic. The climate of these volcanic hills is warmer, and the vintage begins a week sooner than in the plains of Padua. Petrarch is laid, for he cannot be said to be buried, in a sarcophagus of red marble, raised on four pilasters on an elevated base, and preserved from an association with meaner tombs. It stands conspicuously alone, but will be soon overshadowed by four lately-planted laurels. Petrarch's fountain, for here every thing is Petrarch's, springs and expands itself beneath an artificial arch, a little below the church, and abounds plentifully, in the driest season, with that soft water which was the ancient wealth of the Euganean hills. It would be more attractive, were it not, in some seasons, beset with hornets and wasps. No other coincidence could assimilate the tombs of Petrarch and Archilochus. The revolutions of centuries have spared these sequestered valleys, and the only violence which has been offered to the ashes of Petrarch was prompted, not by hate, but veneration. An attempt was made to rob the sarcophagus of its treasure, and one of the arms was stolen by a Florentine through a rent which is still visible. The injury is not forgotten, but has served to identify the poet with the country where he was born, but where he would not live. A peasant boy of Arquà being asked who Petrarch was, replied, "that the people of the parsonage knew all about him, but that he only knew that he was a Florentine."

Mr. Forsyth † was not quite correct in saying, that Petrarch never returned to Tuscany after he had once quitted it when a boy. It appears he did pass through Florence on his way from Parma to Rome, and on his return, in the year 1350, and remained there long enough to form some acquaintance with its most distinguished inhabitants. A Florentine gentleman, ashamed of the aversion of the

* "And if the virtue or prudence of Laura was inexorable, he enjoyed, and might boast of enjoying, the nymph of poetry." Decline and Fall, cap. lxx. p. 327, vol. xii. 8vo. Perhaps the *if* is here meant for *although*.

† Remarks, &c. on Italy, p. 95, note, 2nd edit.

poet for his native country, was eager to point out this trivial error in our accomplished traveller, whom he knew and respected for an extraordinary capacity, extensive erudition, and refined taste, joined to that engaging simplicity of manners which has been so frequently recognized as the surest, though it is certainly not an indispensable, trait of superior genius.

Every footstep of Laura's lover has been anxiously traced and recorded. The house in which he lodged is shown in Venice. The inhabitants of Arezzo, in order to decide the ancient controversy between their city and the neighbouring Ancisa, where Petrarch was carried when seven months old, and remained until his seventh year, have designated by a long inscription the spot where their great fellow-citizen was born. A tablet has been raised to him at Parma, in the chapel of St. Agatha, at the Cathedral,* because he was archdeacon of that society, and was only snatched from his intended sepulture in their church by a *foreign* death. Another tablet with a bust has been erected to him at Pavia, on account of his having passed the autumn of 1368 in that city, with his son-in-law Brossano. The political condition which has for ages precluded the Italians from the criticism of the living, has concentrated their attention to the illustration of the dead.

Note 17. Stanza xxxiv.

Or, it may be, with demons.

The struggle is to the full as likely to be with demons as with our better thoughts. Satan chose the wilderness for the temptation of our Saviour. And our unsullied John Locke preferred the presence of a child to complete solitude.

Note 18. Stanza xxxviii.

In face of all his foes, the Cruscan quire;
And Boileau, whose rash envy, &c.

Perhaps the couplet in which Boileau depreciates Tasso may serve, as well as any other specimen, to justify the opinion given of the harmony of French verse:

A Malherbe, à Racan, préférer Théophile,
Et le clinquant du Tasse à tout Por de Virgile.

Sat. ix. v. 176.

The biographer Serassi,† out of tenderness to the reputation either of the Italian or the French poet, is eager to observe that the satirist recanted or explained away this censure, and subsequently allowed the author of the Jerusalem to be a "genius sublime, vast, and happily born for the higher flights of poetry." To this we will add, that the recantation is far from satisfactory, when we examine ‡ the whole anec-

* D. O. M.

Francisco Petrarchæ
Parmensi Archidiacono.
Parentibus præclaris genere perantiquo
Ethices Christianæ scriptori eximio
Romanæ linguæ restitutori
Etruscæ principi
Africae ob carmen hac in urbe peractum regibus accito
S. P. Q. R. laurea donato.
Tanti Viri
Juvenillum juvenis senillum senex
Studiosissimus
Comes Nicolaus Canonicus Cicognarus
Marmorea proxima ara excitata.
Ibique condito
Divæ Januariæ cruento corpore
H. M. P.
Suffectum
Sed infra meritum Francisci sepulchro
Suprema hac in æde efferrî mandantis
Si Parmæ occumberet
Extera morte heu nobis erepti.

† La Vita del Tasso, lib. iii. p. 284. tom ñ. edit. Bergamo, 1790.

‡ Histoire de l'Académie Française, depuis 1652 jusqu'à 1700, par l'abbé d'Olivet, p. 181, édit. d'Amsterdam, 1730. "Mais, ensuite, venant à l'usage qu'il a fait de ses talens, j'aurais montré que le bon sens n'est pas toujours ce qui domine chez lui," p. 182. Boileau said he had not changed his opinion: "J'en ai si peu changé, dit-il," &c., p. 181.

dote as reported by Olivet. The sentence pronounced against him by Bohours* is recorded only to the confusion of the critic, whose *palinodia* the Italian makes no effort to discover, and would not perhaps accept. As to the opposition which the Jerusalem encountered from the Cruscan academy, who degraded Tasso from all competition with Ariosto, below Bojardo and Pulci, the disgrace of such opposition must also in some measure be laid to the charge of Alphonso, and the court of Ferrara. For Leonard Salviati, the principal and nearly the sole origin of this attack, was, there can be no doubt, † influenced by a hope to acquire the favour of the House of Este: an object which he thought attainable by exalting the reputation of a native poet at the expense of a rival, then a *prisoner of state*. The hopes and efforts of Salviati must serve to show the contemporary opinion as to the nature of the poet's imprisonment; and will fill up the measure of our indignation at the tyrant jailor. ‡ In fact, the antagonist of Tasso was not disappointed in the reception given to his criticism; he was called to the court of Ferrara, where, having endeavoured to heighten his claims to favour, by panegyrics on the family of his sovereign, § he was in his turn abandoned, and expired in neglected poverty. The opposition of the Crusicans was brought to a close in six years after the commencement of the controversy; and if the academy owed its first renown to having almost opened with such a paradox,** it is probable that, on the other hand, the care of his reputation alleviated rather than aggravated the imprisonment of the injured poet. The defence of his father and of himself, for both were involved in the censure of Salviati, found employment for many of his solitary hours, and the captive could have been but little embarrassed to reply to accusations, where, amongst other delinquencies, he was charged with invidiously omitting, in his comparison between France and Italy, to make any mention of the cupola of St. Maria del Fiore at Florence. †† The late biographer of Ariosto seems as if willing to renew the controversy, by doubting the interpretation of Tasso's self-estimation, ††† related in Serassi's life of the poet. But Tiraboschi had before laid that rivalry at rest, §§ by showing, that between Ariosto and Tasso it is not a question of comparison, but of preference.

Note 19. Stanza xli.

The lightning rent from Ariosto's bust
The iron crown of laurel's mimic'd leaves.

Before the remains of Ariosto were removed from the Benedictine church to the library of Ferrara, his bust, which surmounted the tomb, was struck by lightning, and a crown of iron laurels melted away. The event has been recorded by a writer of the last century.*** The transfer of these sacred ashes, on the 6th of June, 1801, was one of the most brilliant spectacles of the short-lived Italian Republic; and to consecrate the memory of the ceremony, the once famous fallen *Intrepidi* were revived and re-formed into the Ariostean academy. The large public place through which the procession paraded was then for the first time called Ariosto Square.

* La manière de bien penser dans les ouvrages de l'esprit, sec. dial., p. 89, édit. 1692. Philanthes is for Tasso, and says, in the outset, "de tous les beaux esprits que l'Italie a portés, le Tasse est peut-être celui qui pense le plus noblement." But Bohours seems to speak in Eudoxus, who closes with the absurd comparison: "Faites valoir le Tasse tant qu'il vous plaira, je m'en tiens, pour moi, à Virgile," &c., ib. p. 102.

† La Vita, &c., lib. iii. p. 90. tom. ii. The English reader may see an account of the opposition of the Crusca to Tasso, in Dr. Black, Life, &c., cap. xvii. vol. ii.

‡ For further, and, it is hoped, decisive proof, that Tasso was neither more nor less than a *prisoner of state*, the reader is referred to "Historical Illustrations of the IVth Canto of Childe Harold," p. 5, and following.

§ Orazione funebre . . . Delle lodi di Don Luigi Cardinal d'Este. . . Delle lodi di Donno Alfonso d'Este. See La Vita, lib. iii., pag. 117.

** It was founded in 1582, and the Cruscan answer to Pellegrinol's *Caraffa*, or *epica poesia*, was published in 1584.

†† "Cotanto potè sempre in lui il veleno della sua pessima volontà contro alla nazione Fiorentina." La Vita, lib. iii. p. 96, 98, tom. ii.

††† La Vita de M. L. Ariosto, scritta dall' Abate Girolamo Baruffaldi giuniore, &c., Ferrara, 1807. lib. iii. page 262. See Historical Illustrations, &c. p. 26.

§§ Storia della Lett., &c., lib. iii. tom. vii. par. iii. p. 1220, sect. iv.

*** "Mi raccontarono que' monaci, ch' essendo caduto un fulmine nella loro chiesa schiantò esso dalle tempie la corona di lauro a quell' immortale poeta." Op. di Bianconi, vol. iii. p. 176, ed. Milano, 1802; lettera al Signor Guido Savini Arcivescoviatico, sull' indole di un fulmine caduto in Dresda l'anno 1759.

The author of the Orlando is jealously claimed as the Homer, not of Italy, but Ferrara. * The mother of Ariosto was of Reggio, and the house in which he was born is carefully distinguished by a tablet with these words: "*Qui nacque Ludovico Ariosto il giorno 8 di Settembre dell' anno 1474.*" But the Ferrarese make light of the accident by which their poet was born abroad, and claim him exclusively for their own. They possess his bones, they show his arm-chair, and his inkstand, and his autographs:

. Hic illius arma,
Hic currus fuit

The house where he lived, the room where he died, are designated by his own replaced memorial, † and by a recent inscription. The Ferrarese are more jealous of their claims since the animosity of Denina,—arising from a cause which their apologists mysteriously hint, is not unknown to them,—ventured to degrade their soil and climate to a Bœotian incapacity for all spiritual productions. A quarto volume has been called forth by the detraction, and this supplement to Baretti's Memoirs of the illustrious Ferrarese has been considered a triumphant reply to the "*Quadro Storico Statistico dell' Alta Italia.*"

Note 20. Stanza xli.

For the æue laurel-wreath which glory weaves
Is of the tree no bolt of thunder cleaves.

The eagle, the sea-calf, the laurel, ‡ and the white vine, § were amongst the most approved preservatives against lightning: Jupiter chose the first, Augustus Cæsar the second, ** and Tiberius never failed to wear a wreath of the third when the sky threatened a thunder-storm. †† These superstitions may be received without a sneer in a country where the magical properties of the hazel twig have not lost all their credit; and perhaps the reader may not be much surprised to find that a commentator on Suetonius has taken upon himself gravely to dispute the imputed virtues of the crown of Tiberius, by mentioning that, a few years before he wrote, a laurel was actually struck by lightning at Rome. ††

Note 21. Stanza xli.

Know that the lightning sanctifies below.

The Curtian lake and the Ruminal fig-tree in the Forum, having been touched by lightning, were held sacred, and the memory of the accident was preserved by a *puteal*, or altar, resembling the mouth of a well, with a little chapel covering the cavity supposed to be made by the thunderbolt. Bodies scathed and persons struck dead were thought to be incorruptible; §§ and a stroke not fatal conferred perpetual dignity upon the man so distinguished by Heaven. ***

Those killed by lightning were wrapped in a white garment, and buried where they fell. The superstition was not confined to the worshippers of Jupiter: the Lombards believed in the omens furnished by lightning; and a Christian priest confesses that, by a diabolical skill in interpreting thunder, a seer foretold to Agilulf, duke of Turin, an event which came to pass, and gave him a queen and a crown. ††† There was, however, something equivocal in this sign, which the ancient inhabitants of Rome did not always consider propitious; and as the fears are likely to last longer than the consolations of superstition, it is not strange that the Romans of the age of Leo X. should have been so much terrified at some misinterpreted storms as to require the exhortations of a scholar, who arrayed all the learning on thunder and

* "*Appassionato ammiratore ed invitto apologista dell' Omero Ferrarese.*" The title was first given by Tasso, and is quoted to the confusion of the *Tassisti*, lib. iii. pp. 262. 263. La Vita di M. L. Ariosto, &c.

† "*Parva, sed apta mihi, sed nulli obnoxia, sed non Sordida, parva meo sed tamen ære domus.*"

‡ *Aquila, vitulus marinus, et laurus, fulmine non feriuntur.* Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. ii. cap. lv.

§ *Columella*, lib. x.

** *Sueton.* in Vit. August. cap. xc.

†† *Id.* in Vit. Tiberii, cap. lxxix.

‡‡ *Note 2.* p. 409, edit. Lugd.-Bat. 1667.

§§ *Vid.* J. C. Bullenger, de Terræ motu et Fulminibus, lib. v. cap. xi.

*** *Ὅσους κεραυνοθελεῖς ἄριστος ἔσθι, ἴθων καὶ ἀγρὸς ἐνδὲς τιμῶνται.* Plut. Sympos., vid. J. C. Bulleng. ut sup.

††† *Pauli Diaconi, de gestis Langobard.* lib. iii. cap. xiv. fo. xv. edit. Taurin. 1527.

lightning to prove the omen favourable : beginning with the flash which struck the walls of Velitræ, and including that which played upon a gate at Florence, and foretold the pontificate of one of its citizens.*

Note 22. Stanza xlii.

Italia, oh Italia, &c.

The two stanzas, XLII and XLIII, are, with the exception of a line or two, a translation of the famous sonnet of Filicaja :

“ Italia, Italia, O tu cui feo la sorte.”

Note 23. Stanza xliv.

Wandering in youth, I traced the path of him,
The Roman friend of Rome's least mortal mind.

The celebrated letter of Servius Sulpicius to Cicero, on the death of his daughter, describes as it then was, and now is, a path which I have often traced in Greece, both by sea and land, in different journeys and voyages.

“ On my return from Asia, as I was sailing from Ægina towards Megara, I began to contemplate the prospect of the countries around me : Ægina was behind, Megara before me ; Piræus on the right, Corinth on the left ; all which towns, once famous and flourishing, now lie overturned and buried in their ruins. Upon this sight, I could not but think presently within myself, Alas ! how do we poor mortals fret and vex ourselves if any of our friends happen to die or be killed, whose life is yet so short, when the carcasses of so many noble cities lie here exposed before me in one view.”†

Note 24. Stanza xlvi.

—————and we pass
The skeleton of her Titanic form.

It is Poggio, who, looking from the Capitoline hill upon ruined Rome, breaks forth into the exclamation, “ Ut nunc omni decore nudata, prostrata jacet, instar gigantei cadaveris corrupti atque undique exesi.”‡

Note 25. Stanza xlix.

There, too, the goddess loves in stone.

The view of the Venus of Medicis instantly suggests the lines in the *Seasons* ; and the comparison of the object with the description proves, not only the correctness of the portrait, but the peculiar turn of thought, and if the term may be used, the sexual imagination of the descriptive poet. The same conclusion may be deduced from another hint in the same episode of Musidora ; for Thomson's notion of the privileges of favoured love must have been either very primitive, or rather deficient in delicacy, when he made his grateful nymph inform her discreet Damon that in some happier moment he might perhaps be the companion of her bath :

“ The time may come you need not fly.”

The reader will recollect the anecdote told in the life of Dr. Johnson. We will not leave the Florentine gallery without a word on the *Whetter*. It seems strange that the character of that disputed statue should not be entirely decided, at least in the mind of any one who has seen a sarcophagus in the vestibule of the Basilica of St. Paul without the walls, at Rome, where the whole group of the fable of Marsyas is seen in tolerable preservation ; and the Scythian slave whetting the knife is represented exactly in the same position as this celebrated masterpiece. The slave is not naked : but it is easier to get rid of this difficulty than to suppose the knife in the hand of the Florentine statue an instrument for shaving, which it must be, if, as Lanzì supposes, the man is no other than the barber of Julius Cæsar. Winkelmann, illustrating a bas-relief of the same subject, follows the opinion of Leonard Agostini,

* I. P. Valeriani, de fulminum significationibus declamatio, ap. Græv. Antiq. Rom. tom. v. p. 593. The declamation is addressed to Julian of Medicis.

† Dr. Middleton—History of the Life of M. Tullius Cicero, sect. vii. pag. 371, vol. ii.

‡ De fortunæ varietate urbis Romæ et de ruinis ejusdem descriptio, ap. Sallengre, Thesaur. tom. i. pag. 501.

and his authority might have been thought conclusive, even if the resemblance did not strike the most careless observer. *

Amongst the bronzes of the same princely collection, is still to be seen the inscribed tablet copied and commented upon by Mr. Gibbon. † Our historian found some difficulties, but did not desist from his illustration; he might be vexed to hear that his criticism has been thrown away on an inscription now generally recognized to be a forgery.

Note 26. Stanza li.

—his eyes to thee upturn,
Feeding on thy sweet cheek.

Ἰοφθαλμοῖς ἐτερέων.

.. Atque oculos pascat uterque suos."—*Ovid. Amor. lib. ii.*

Note 27. Stanza liv.

In Santa Croce's holy precincts lie.

This name will recal the memory, not only of those whose tombs have raised the Santa Croce into the centre of pilgrimage, the Mecca of Italy, but of her whose eloquence was poured over the illustrious ashes, and whose voice is now as mute as those she sung. *Corinna* is no more; and with her should expire the fear, the flattery, and the envy, which threw too dazzling or too dark a cloud round the march of genius, and forbade the steady gaze of disinterested criticism. We have her picture embellished or distorted, as friendship or detraction has held the pencil: the impartial portrait was hardly to be expected from a contemporary. The immediate voice of her survivors will, it is probable, be far from affording a just estimate of her singular capacity. The gallantry, the love of wonder, and the hope of associated fame, which blunted the edge of censure, must cease to exist.—The dead have no sex; they can surprise by no new miracles; they can confer no privilege: *Corinna* has ceased to be a woman—she is only an author: and it may be foreseen that many will repay themselves for former complaisance, by a severity to which the extravagance of previous praises may perhaps give the colour of truth. The latest posterity, for to the latest posterity they will assuredly descend, will have to pronounce upon her various productions; and the longer the vista through which they are seen, the more accurately minute will be the object, the more certain the justice of the decision. She will enter into that existence in which the great writers of all ages and nations are, as it were, associated in a world of their own, and from that superior sphere shed their eternal influence for the control and consolation of mankind. But the individual will gradually disappear as the author is more distinctly seen: some one, therefore, of all those whom the charms of involuntary wit, and of easy hospitality, attracted within the friendly circles of Coppet, should rescue from oblivion those virtues which, although they are said to love the shade, are, in fact, more frequently chilled than excited by the domestic cares of private life. Some one should be found to portray the unaffected graces with which she adorned those dearer relationships, the performance of whose duties is rather discovered amongst the interior secrets, than seen in the outward management, of family intercourse; and which, indeed, it requires the delicacy of genuine affection to qualify for the eye of an indifferent spectator. Some one should be found, not to celebrate, but to describe, the amiable mistress of an open mansion, the centre of a society, ever varied, and always pleased, the creator of which, divested of the ambition and the arts of public rivalry, shone forth only to give fresh animation to those around her. The mother tenderly affectionate and tenderly beloved, the friend unboundedly generous, but still esteemed, the charitable patroness of all distress, cannot be forgotten by those whom she cherished, protected, and fed. Her loss will be mourned the most where she was known the best; and, to the sorrows of very many friends and more dependants, may be offered the disinterested regret of a stranger, who, amidst the sublimer scenes of the Lemman lake, received his chief satisfaction from contemplating the engaging qualities of the incomparable *Corinna*.

* See Monim. Ant. ined. par. i. cap. xvii. n. xlii. pag. 50; and Storia delle arti, &c. lib. xi. cap. I. tom. ii, p. 314, not. B.

† Nomina gentesque Antiquæ Italiæ, p. 204. edit. oct.

Note 28. Stanza liv.

—here repose
Angelo's, Alfieri's bones.

Alfieri is the great name of this age. The Italians, without waiting for the hundred years, consider him as "a poet good in law."—His memory is the more dear to them because he is the bard of freedom; and because, as such, his tragedies can receive no countenance from any of their sovereigns. They are but very seldom, and but very few of them, allowed to be acted. It was observed by Cicero, that no where were the true opinions and feelings of the Romans so clearly shown as at the theatre.* In the autumn of 1816, a celebrated improvvisatore exhibited his talents at the Opera-house of Milan. The reading of the theses handed in for the subjects of his poetry was received by a very numerous audience, for the most part in silence, or with laughter; but when the assistant, unfolding one of the papers, exclaimed, "*The apotheosis of Victor Alfieri*," the whole theatre burst into a shout, and the applause was continued for some moments. The lot did not fall on Alfieri; and the Signor Sgricci had to pour forth his extemporary common-places on the bombardment of Algiers. The choice, indeed, is not left to accident quite so much as might be thought from a first view of the ceremony; and the police not only takes care to look at the papers beforehand, but in case of any prudential afterthought, steps in to correct the blindness of chance. The proposal for deifying Alfieri was received with immediate enthusiasm, the rather because it was conjectured there would be no opportunity of carrying it into effect.

Note 29. Stanza liv.

Here Machiavelli's earth return'd to whence it rose.

The affectation of simplicity in sepulchral inscriptions, which so often leaves us uncertain whether the structure before us is an actual depository, or a cenotaph, or a simple memorial not of death but life, has given to the tomb of Machiavelli no information as to the place or time of the birth or death, the age or parentage, of the historian.

TANTO NOMINI NVLLVM PAR ELOGIVM
NICCOLAVS MACHIAVELLI.

There seems at least no reason why the name should not have been put above the sentence which alludes to it.

It will readily be imagined that the prejudices which have passed the name of Machiavelli into an epithet proverbial of iniquity, exist no longer at Florence. His memory was persecuted as his life had been, for an attachment to liberty, incompatible with the new system of despotism, which succeeded the fall of the free governments of Italy. He was put to the torture for being a "*libertine*," that is, for wishing to restore the republic of Florence; and such are the undying efforts of those who are interested in the perversion, not only of the nature of actions, but the meaning of words, that what was once *patriotism*, has by degrees come to signify *debauch*. We have ourselves outlived the old meaning of "*liberality*," which is now another word for treason in one country and for infatuation in all. It seems to have been a strange mistake to accuse the author of *The Prince*, as being a pander to tyranny; and to think that the Inquisition would condemn his work for such a delinquency. The fact is, that Machiavelli, as is usual with those against whom no crime can be proved, was suspected of and charged with atheism; and the first and last most violent opposers of *The Prince* were both Jesuits, one of whom persuaded the Inquisition, "*benchè fosse tardo*," to prohibit the treatise, and the other qualified the secretary of the Florentine republic as no better than a fool. The father Possevin was proved never to have read the book, and the father Lucchesini not to

* The free expression of their honest sentiments survived their liberties. Titus, the friend of Antony, presented them with games in the theatre of Pompey. They did not suffer the brilliancy of the spectacle to efface from their memory that the man who furnished them with the entertainment had murdered the son of Pompey. They drove him from the theatre with curses. The moral sense of a populace, spontaneously expressed, is never wrong. Even the soldiers of the triumvirs joined in the execration of the citizens, by shouting round the chariots of Lepidus and Plancus, who had proscribed their brothers, *De Germanis non de Gallis duo triumphant Consules*; a saying worth a record, were it nothing but a good pun. C. Vell. Paterculi Hist. lib. ii. cap. lxxix. p. 78. edit. Elzevir. 1639. Ibid. lib. ii. cap. lxxvii.

have understood it. It is clear, however, that such critics must have objected, not to the slavery of the doctrines, but to the supposed tendency of a lesson which shows how distinct are the interests of a monarch from the happiness of mankind. The Jesuits are re-established in Italy, and the last chapter of *The Prince* may again call forth a particular refutation, from those who are employed once more in moulding the minds of the rising generation, so as to receive the impressions of despotism. The chapter bears for title, "Esortazione a liberare l'Italia dai Barbari," and concludes with a *libertine* excitement to the future redemption of Italy. "*Non si deve adunque lasciar passare questa occasione, acciocchè la Italia vegga dopo tanto tempo apparire un suo redentore. Nè posso esprimere con qual amore ei fusse ricevuto in tutte quelle provincie, che hanno patito per queste illuvioni esterne, con qual sete di vendetta, con che ostinata fede, con che lacrime. Quali porte se li serrerebbero? Quali popoli li negherebbero la obbedienza? Quale Italiano li negherebbe l'ossequio?* Ad ognuno puzza questo barbaro dominio."*

Note 30. Stanza lviii.

Ungrateful Florence! Dante sleeps afar.

Dante was born in Florence in the year 1261. He fought in two battles, was fourteen times ambassador, and once prior of the republic. When the party of Charles of Anjou triumphed over the Bianchi, he was absent on an embassy to Pope Boniface VIII, and was condemned to two years' banishment, and to a fine of eight thousand lire; on the non-payment of which he was further punished by the sequestration of all his property. The republic, however, was not content with this satisfaction, for in 1272 was discovered in the archives at Florence a sentence in which Dante is the eleventh of a list of fifteen condemned in 1302 to be burnt alive: *Talis perveniens igne comburatur sic quod moriatur*. The pretext for this judgment was a proof of unfair barter, extortions, and illicit gains: *Baracteriarum iniquarum, extorsionum, et illicitorum lucrorum*,† and with such an accusation it is not strange that Dante should have always protested his innocence, and the injustice of his fellow-citizens. His appeal to Florence was accompanied by another to the Emperor Henry; and the death of that sovereign in 1313, was the signal for a sentence of irrevocable banishment. He had before lingered near Tuscany, with hopes of recall, then travelled into the north of Italy, where Verona had to boast of his longest residence, and he finally settled at Ravenna, which was his ordinary but not constant abode, until his death. The refusal of the Venetians to grant him a public audience on the part of Guido Novella da Polenta, his protector, is said to have been the principal cause of this event, which happened in 1321. He was buried ("in sacra minorum aede," at Ravenna, in a handsome tomb, which was erected by Guido, restored by Bernardo Bembo in 1483, pretor for that republic which had refused to hear him, again restored by Cardinal Corsi in 1692, and replaced by a more magnificent sepulchre, constructed in 1780 at the expense of the Cardinal Luigi Valenti Gonzaga. The offence or misfortune of Dante was an attachment to a defeated party, and, as his least favourable biographers allege against him, too great a freedom of speech and haughtiness of manner. But the next age paid honours almost divine to the exile. The Florentines, having in vain and frequently attempted to recover his body, crowned his image in a church,‡ and his picture is still one of the idols of their cathedral. They struck medals, they raised statues to him. The cities of Italy, not being able to dispute about his own birth, contended for that of his great poem; and the Florentines thought it for their honour to prove that he had finished the seventh Canto, before they drove him from his native city. Fifty-one years after his death, they endowed a professorial chair for the expounding of his verses, and Boccaccio was appointed to this patriotic employment. The example was imitated by Bologna and Pisa; and the commentators, if they performed but little service to literature, augmented the

* Il Principe di Niccolò Machiavelli, &c., con la prefazione e le note istoriche e politiche di M. Amelot de la Houssaye, e l'esame e confutazione dell'opera... Cosmopoli, 1769.

† Storia della Lett. Ital. tom. v, lib. iii, par. 2, pag. 448. Tiraboschi is incorrect: the dates of the three decrees against Dante are A. D. 1302, 1314, and 1316.

‡ So relates Ficino, but some think his coronation only an allegory. See Storia, &c., ut sup. p. 453.

eneration which beheld a sacred or moral allegory in all the images of his mystic muse. His birth and his infancy were discovered to have been distinguished above those of ordinary men; the author of the Decameron, his earliest biographer, relates that his mother was warned in a dream of the importance of her pregnancy; and it was found, by others, that at ten years of age he had manifested his precocious passion for that wisdom or theology which, under the name of Beatrice, had been mistaken for a substantial mistress. When the Divine Comedy had been recognized as a mere mortal production, and at the distance of two centuries, when criticism and competition had sobered the judgment of the Italians, Dante was seriously declared superior to Homer,* and though the preference appeared to some casuists "an heretical blasphemy worthy of the flames," the contest was vigorously maintained for nearly fifty years. In later times it was made a question which of the Lords of Verona could boast of having patronized him,† and the jealous scepticism of one writer would not allow Ravenna the undoubted possession of his bones. Even the critical Tiraboschi was inclined to believe that the poet had foreseen and foretold one of the discoveries of Galileo. Like the great originals of other nations, his popularity has not always maintained the same level. The last age seemed inclined to undervalue him as a model and a study; and Bettinelli one day rebuked his pupil Monti, for poring over the harsh and obsolete extravagances of the *Commedia*. The present generation, having recovered from the Gallic idolatries of Cesarotti, has returned to the ancient worship, and the *Danteggiare* of the northern Italians is thought even indiscreet by the more moderate Tuscans.

There is still much curious information relative to the life and writings of this great poet, which has not as yet been collected even by the Italians; but the celebrated Ugo Foscolo meditates to supply this defect; and it is not to be regretted that this national work has been reserved for one so devoted to his country and the cause of truth.

Note 31. Stanza lvii.

Like Scipio, buried by the upbraiding shore,
Thy factions, in their worse than civil war,
Proscribed, &c.

The elder Scipio Africanus had a tomb, if he was not buried, at Liternum, whither he had retired to voluntary banishment. This tomb was near the seashore, and the story of an inscription upon it, *Ingrata Patria*, having given a name to a modern tower, is, if not true, an agreeable fiction. If he was not buried, he certainly lived there. ‡

In così angusta e solitaria villa
Era 'l grand' uomo che d'Africa s'appella
Perchè prima col ferro al vivo appria. §

Ingratitude is generally supposed the vice peculiar to republics; and it seems to be forgotten, that, for one instance of popular inconstancy, we have a hundred examples of the fall of courtly favourites. Besides, a people have often repented—a monarch seldom or never. Leaving apart many familiar proofs of this fact, a short story may show the difference between even an aristocracy and the multitude.

Vettor Pisani, having been defeated in 1354 at Portolongo, and many years afterwards in the more decisive action of Pola, by the Genoese, was recalled by the Venetian government, and thrown into chains. The *Avvogadori* proposed to behead him, but the supreme tribunal was content with the sentence of imprisonment. Whilst Pisani was suffering this unmerited disgrace, Chioza, in the vicinity of the capital,** was, by the assistance of the *Signor of Padua*, delivered into the hands of Pietro Doria. At the intelligence of that disaster, the great bell of St. Mark's tower tolled to arms, and the people and the soldiery of the galleys were summoned

* By Varchi in his Ercolano. The controversy continued from 1570 to 1616. See *Storia*, &c., tom. vii. lib. iii. par. iii. p. 1280.

† Gio. Jacopo Dionisi, canonico di Verona. Serie di Aneddoti, n. 2. See *Storia*, &c., tom. v. lib. I. par. i. p. 24.

‡ Vitam Literni egit sine desiderio urbis. See T. Liv. Hist. lib. xxxviii. Livy reports that some said he was buried at Liternum, others at Rome. Ib. cap. LV.

§ Trionfo della Castità.

** See note to Stanza XIII.

to the repulse of the approaching enemy; but they protested they would not move a step, unless Pisani were liberated, and placed at their head. The great council was instantly assembled: the prisoner was called before them, and the Doge, Andrea Contarini, informed him of the demands of the people and the necessities of the state, whose only hope of safety was reposed on his efforts, and who implored him to forget the indignities he had endured in her service. "I have submitted," replied the magnanimous republican, "I have submitted to your deliberations without complaint; I have supported patiently the pains of imprisonment, for they were inflicted at your command: this is no time to inquire whether I deserved them—the good of the republic may have seemed to require it, and that which the republic resolves is always resolved wisely. Behold me ready to lay down my life for the preservation of my country." Pisani was appointed generalissimo, and, by his exertions, in conjunction with those of Carlo Zeno, the Venetians soon recovered the ascendancy over their maritime rivals.

The Italian communities were no less unjust to their citizens than the Greek republics. Liberty, both with the one and the other, seems to have been a national, not an individual object: and, notwithstanding the boasted *equality before the laws*, which an ancient Greek writer* considered the great distinctive mark between his countrymen and the barbarians, the mutual rights of fellow-citizens seem never to have been the principal scope of the old democracies. The world may have not yet seen an essay by the author of the Italian Republics, in which the distinction between the liberty of former states, and the signification attached to that word by the happier constitution of England, is ingeniously developed. The Italians, however, when they had ceased to be free, still looked back with a sigh upon those times of turbulence, when every citizen might rise to a share of sovereign power, and have never been taught fully to appreciate the repose of a monarchy. Sperone Speroni, when Francis Maria II. Duke of Rovero, proposed the question, "which was preferable, the republic or the principality—the perfect and not durable, or the less perfect and not so liable to change," replied, "that our happiness is to be measured by its quality, not by its duration; and that he preferred to live for one day like a man, than for a hundred years like a brute, a stock, or a stone." This was thought, and called a *magnificent* answer, down to the last days of Italian servitude. †

Note 52. Stanza LVII.

— and the crown
Which Petrarch's laureate brow supremely wore,
Upon a far and foreign soil had grown.

The Florentines did not take the opportunity of Petrarch's short visit to their city, in 1350, to revoke the decree which confiscated the property of his father, who had been banished shortly after the exile of Dante. His crown did not dazzle them; but when, in the next year, they were in want of his assistance in the formation of their university, they repented of their injustice, and Boccaccio was sent to Padua to intreat the laureate to conclude his wanderings in the bosom of his native country, where he might finish his *immortal Africa*, and enjoy, with his recovered possessions, the esteem of all classes of his fellow-citizens. They gave him the option of the book and the science he might condescend to expound: they called him the glory of his country, who was dear, and would be dearer to them; and they added, that if there was any thing displeasing in their letter, he ought to return amongst them, were it only to correct their style. ‡ Petrarch seemed at first to listen to the flattery and to the entreaties of his friend, but he did not return to Florence, and preferred a pilgrimage to the tomb of Laura and the shades of Vauclose.

* The Greek boasted that he was ἰσονομος.—See the last chapter of the first book of Dionysius of Halicarnassus.

† "E intorno alla *magnifica risposta*," &c. Serassi, Vita del Tasso, lib. iii. pag. 149, tom. ii. edit. 2. Bergamo.

‡ "Accingiti innoltre, se ci e lecito ancor l' esortarti, a compire l' immortal tua Africa. . . Se ti avviene d'incontrare nel nostro stile cosa che ti dispiaccia, cio debb' essere un altro motivo ad esaudire i desiderj della tua patria." Storia della Lett. Ital. tom. v. par. i. lib. i. p. 76.

Note 33. Stanza lviii.

Boccaccio to his parent earth bequeath'd
His dust.

Boccaccio was buried in the church of St. Michael and St. James, at Certaldo, a small town in the Valdelsa, which was by some supposed the place of his birth. There he passed the latter part of his life in a course of laborious study, which shortened his existence; and there might his ashes have been secure, if not of honour, at last of repose. But the "hyæna bigots" of Certaldo tore up the tomb-stone of Boccaccio, and ejected it from the holy precincts of St. Michael and St. James. The occasion, and, it may be hoped, the excuse of this ejection, was the making of a new floor for the church: but the fact is, that the tomb-stone was taken up and thrown aside at the bottom of the building. Ignorance may share the sin with bigotry. It would be painful to relate such an exception to the devotion of the Italians for their great names, could it not be accompanied by a trait more honourably conformable to the general character of the nation. The principal person of the district, the last branch of the house of Medicis, afforded that protection to the memory of the insulted dead which her best ancestors had dispensed upon all contemporary merit. The Marchioness Lenzoni rescued the tomb-stone of Boccaccio from the neglect in which it had some time lain, and found for it an honourable elevation in her own mansion. She has done more: the house in which the poet lived has been as little respected as his tomb, and is falling to ruin over the head of one indifferent to the name of its former tenant. It consists of two or three little chambers, and a low tower, on which Cosmo II. affixed an inscription. This house she has taken measures to purchase, and proposes to devote to it that care and consideration which are attached to the cradle and to the roof of genius.

This is not the place to undertake the defence of Boccaccio; but the man who exhausted his little patrimony in the acquirement of learning, who was amongst the first, if not the first, to allure the science and the poetry of Greece to the bosom of Italy;—who not only invented a new style, but founded, or certainly fixed, a new language; who, besides the esteem of every polite court of Europe, was thought worthy of employment by the predominant republic of his own country, and, what is more, of the friendship of Petrarch, who lived the life of a philosopher and a freeman, and who died in the pursuit of knowledge,—such a man might have found more consideration than he has met with from the priest of Certaldo, and from a late English traveller, who strikes off his portrait as an odious, contemptible, licentious writer, whose impure remains should be suffered to rot without a record.* That English traveller, unfortunately for those who have to deplore the loss of a very amiable person, is beyond all criticism; but the mortality which did not protect Boccaccio from Mr. Eustace, must not defend Mr. Eustace from the impartial judgment of his successors. Death may canonize his virtues, not his errors; and it may be modestly pronounced that he transgressed, not only as an author, but as a man, when he evoked the shade of Boccaccio in company with that of Aretino, amidst the sepulchres of Santa Croce, merely to dismiss it with indignity. As far as respects

Il flagello de' Principi,
Il divin Pietro Aretino,

it is of little import what censure is passed upon a coxcomb, who owes his present existence to the above burlesque character given to him by the poet, whose amber has preserved many other grubs and worms: but to classify Boccaccio with such a person, and to excommunicate his very ashes, must of itself make us doubt of the

* Classical Tour, chap. ix. vol. ii. p. 355. edit. 3d. "Of Boccaccio, the modern Petronius, we say nothing; the abuse of genius is more odious and more contemptible than its absence, and it imports little where the impure remains of a licentious author are consigned to their kindred dust. For the same reason the traveller may pass unnoticed the tomb of the malignant Aretino."

This dubious phrase is hardly enough to save the tourist from the suspicion of another blunder respecting the burial-place of Aretino, whose tomb was in the church of St. Luke at Venice, and gave rise to the famous controversy of which some notice is taken in Bayle. Now the words of Mr. Eustace would lead us to think the tomb was at Florence, or at least was to be somewhere recognized. Whether the inscription so much disputed was ever written on the tomb cannot now be decided, for all memorial of this author has disappeared from the church of St. Luke, which is now changed into a lamp-warehouse.

qualification of the classical tourist for writing upon Italian, or, indeed, upon any other literature; for ignorance upon one point may incapacitate an author merely for that particular topic, but subjection to a professional prejudice must render him an unsafe director on all occasions. Any perversion and injustice may be made what is vulgarly called "a case of conscience," and this poor excuse is all that can be afforded for the priest of Certaldo, or the author of the Classical Tour. It would have answered the purpose to confine the censure to the novels of Boccaccio; and gratitude to that source which supplied the muse of Dryden with her last and most harmonious numbers, might perhaps have restricted that censure to the objectionable qualities of the hundred tales. At any rate, the repentance of Boccaccio might have arrested his exhumation; and it should have been recollected and told, that in his old age he wrote a letter intreating his friend to discourage the reading of the Decameron, for the sake of modesty, and for the sake of the author; who would not have an apologist always at hand to state in his excuse that he wrote it when young and at the command of his superiors.* It is neither the licentiousness of the writer, nor the evil propensities of the reader, which has given to the Decameron alone, of all the works of Boccaccio, a perpetual popularity. The establishment of a new and delightful dialect conferred an immortality on the works in which it was first fixed. The sonnets of Petrarch were, for the same reason, fated to survive his self-admired Africa, the "*favourite of kings*." The invariable traits of nature and feeling with which the novels, as well as the verses, abound, have, doubtless, been the chief source of the foreign celebrity of both authors; but Boccaccio, as a man, is no more to be estimated by that work, than Petrarch is to be regarded in no other light than as the lover of Laura. Even, however, had the father of the Tuscan prose been known only as the author of the Decameron, a considerate writer would have been cautious to pronounce a sentence irreconcilable with the unerring voice of many ages and nations. An irrevocable value has never been stamped upon any work solely recommended by impurity.

The true source of the outcry against Boccaccio, which began at a very early period, was the choice of his scandalous personages in the cloisters as well as the courts; but the princes only laughed at the gallant adventures so unjustly charged upon Queen Theodelinda, whilst the priesthood cried shame upon the debauches drawn from the convent and the hermitage; and, most probably, for the opposite reason, namely, that the picture was faithful to the life. Two of the novels are allowed to be facts, usefully turned into tales, to deride the canonization of rogues and laymen. Ser Ciappelletto and Marcellinus are cited with applause even by the decent Muratori. † The great Arnaud, as he is quoted in Bayle, states, that a new edition of the novels was proposed, of which the expurgation consisted in omitting the words "monk" and "nun," and tacking the immoralities to other names. The literary history of Italy particularizes no such edition; but it was not long before the whole of Europe had but one opinion of the Decameron; and the absolution of the author seems to have been a point settled at least a hundred years ago: "On se ferait siffler si l'on prétendait convaincre Boccace de n'avoir pas été honnête homme, puisqu'il a fait le *Décameron*." So said one of the best men, and perhaps the best critic, that ever lived—the very martyr to impartiality. ‡ But as this information, that in the beginning of the last century one would have been hooted at for pretending that Boccaccio was not a good man, may seem to come from one of those enemies who are to be suspected, even when they make us a present of truth, a more acceptable contrast with the proscription of the body, soul, and muse of Boccaccio may be found in a few words from the virtuous, the patriotic contemporary, who thought one of the tales of this impure writer worthy a Latin version from his own pen. "*I have remarked elsewhere*," says Petrarch, writing to Boccaccio, "*that the book itself has been worried by certain dogs, but stoutly defended by your staff and voice. Nor was I astonished, for I have had proof*

* "Non enim ubique est, qui in excusationem meam consurgens dicat, juvenis scripsit, et majoris coactus imperio." The letter was addressed to Maghinard of Cavalcanti, marshal of the kingdom of Sicily. See Tiraboschi, Storia, &c. tom. v. par. ii. lib. iii. p. 525. ed. Ven. 1795.

† Dissertazioni sopra le antichità Italiane. Diss. lviii. p. 253. tom. iii. edit. Milan, 1751.

‡ *Eclaircissement*, &c. &c., p. 638, edit. Basle, 1741, in the Supplement to Bayle's Dictionary.

of the vigour of your mind, and I know you have fallen on that unaccommodating incapable race of mortals who, whatever they either like not, or know not, or cannot do, are sure to reprehend in others, and on those occasions only put on a show of learning and eloquence, but otherwise are entirely dumb."

It is satisfactory to find that all the priesthood do not resemble those of Certaldo, and that one of them, who did not possess the bones of Boccaccio, would not lose the opportunity of raising a cenotaph to his memory. Bevius, canon of Padua, at the beginning of the 16th century, erected at Arquà, opposite to the tomb of the laureate, a tablet, in which he associated Boccaccio to the equal honours of Dante and of Petrarch.

Note 34. Stanza lx.

What is her pyramid of precious stones?

Our veneration for the Medici begins with Cosmo, and expires with his grandson; that stream is pure only at the source; and it is in search of some memorial of the virtuous republicans of the family that we visit the church of St. Lorenzo at Florence. The tawdry, glaring, unfinished chapel in that church, designed for the mausoleum of the Dukes of Tuscany, set round with crowns and coffins, gives birth to no emotions but those of contempt for the lavish vanity of a race of despots, whilst the pavement slab, simply inscribed to the Father of his Country, reconciles us to the name of Medici. † It was very natural for Corinna ‡ to suppose that the statue raised to the Duke of Urbino in the *capella de' depositi* was intended for his great namesake; but the magnificent Lorenzo is only the sharer of a coffin half hidden in a niche of the sacristy. The decay of Tuscany dates from the sovereignty of the Medici. Of the sepulchral peace which succeeded to the establishment of the reigning families in Italy, our own Sidney has given us a glowing, but a faithful picture. "Notwithstanding all the seditions of Florence, and other cities of Tuscany, the horrid factions of Guelphs and Ghibelins, Neri and Bianchi, nobles and commons, they continued populous, strong, and exceeding rich; but in the space of less than a hundred and fifty years, the peaceable reign of the Medices is thought to have destroyed nine parts in ten of the people of that province. Amongst other things it is remarkable, that when Philip the Second of Spain gave Sienna to the Duke of Florence, his ambassador then at Rome sent him word, that he had given away more than 650,000 subjects; and it is not believed there are now 20,000 souls inhabiting that city and territory. Pisa, Pistoia, Arezzo, Cortona, and other towns, that were then good and populous, are in the like proportion diminished, and Florence more than any. When that city had been long troubled with seditions, tumults, and wars, for the most part unprosperous, they still retained such strength, that when Charles VIII. of France, being admitted as a friend with his whole army, which soon after conquered the kingdom of Naples, thought to master them, the people taking arms struck such a terror into him, that he was glad to depart upon such conditions as they thought fit to impose. Machiavel reports, that, in that time Florence alone, with the Val d'Arno, a small territory belonging to that city, could, in a few hours, by the sound of a bell, bring together 135,000 well-armed men; whereas now that city, with all the others in that province, are brought to such despicable weakness, emptiness, poverty, and baseness, that they can neither resist the oppressions of their own prince, nor defend him or themselves if they were assaulted by a foreign enemy. The people are dispersed or destroyed, and the best families sent to seek habitations in Venice, Genoa, Rome, Naples, and Lucca. This is not the effect of war or pestilence; they enjoy a perfect peace, and suffer no other plague than the government they are under." § From the usurper Cosmo down to the imbecile

* "Animadverti alicubi librum ipsum canum dentibus lacessitum, tuo tamen baculo egregie tuaque voce defensum. Nec miratus sum: nam et vires ingenii tui novi, et scio expertus esses hominum genus insolens et ignavum, qui, quicquid ipsi vel nolunt, vel nesciunt, vel non possunt, in aliis reprehendunt; ad hoc unum docti et arguti, sed elingues ad reliqua." Epist. Joan. Boccaccio, Opp. tom. i. p. 540, edit. Basil.

† Cosmus Medices, Decreto Publico, Pater Patriæ.

‡ Corinne, liv. xviii. chap. iii. vol. iii, page 248.

§ On Government, chap. ii. sect. xxvi. page 208, edit. 1751. Sidney is, together with Locke and Headley, one of Mr. Hume's "despicable" writers.

Gaston, we look in vain for any of those unmixed qualities which should raise a patriot to the command of his fellow-citizens. The Grand Dukes, and particularly the third Cosmo, had operated so entire a change in the Tuscan character, that the candid Florentines, in excuse for some imperfections in the philanthropic system of Leopold, are obliged to confess that the sovereign was the only liberal man in his dominions. Yet that excellent prince himself had no other notion of a national assembly, than of a body to represent the wants and wishes, not the will of the people.

Note 35. Stanza lxiii.

An earthquake reel'd unheededly away.

"And such was their mutual animosity, so intent were they upon the battle, that the earthquake, which overthrew in great part many of the cities of Italy, which turned the course of rapid streams, poured back the sea upon the rivers, and tore down the very mountains, was not felt by one of the combatants." * Such is the description of Livy. It may be doubted whether modern tactics would admit of such an abstraction.

The site of the battle of Thrasimene is not to be mistaken. The traveller from the village under Cortona to Casa di Piano, the next stage on the way to Rome, has, for the first two or three miles, around him, but more particularly to the right, that flat land which Hannibal laid waste in order to induce the Consul Flaminius to move from Arezzo. On his left, and in front of him, is a ridge of hills, bending down towards the lake of Thrasimene, called by Livy "montes Cortonenses," and now named the Gualandra. These hills he approaches at Ossaja, a village which the itineraries pretend to have been so denominated from the bones found there: but there have been no bones found there, and the battle was fought on the other side of the hill. From Ossaja the road begins to rise a little, but does not pass into the roots of the mountains until the sixty-seventh mile-stone from Florence. The ascent thence is not steep but perpetual, and continues for twenty minutes. The lake is soon seen below on the right, with Borghetto, a round tower close upon the water; and the undulating hills partially covered with wood amongst which the road winds, sink by degrees into the marshes near to this tower. Lower than the road, down to the right amidst these woody hillocks, Hannibal placed his horse, † in the jaws of or rather above the pass, which was between the lake and the present road, and most probably close to Borghetto, just under the lowest of the "tumuli." ‡ On a summit to the left, above the road, is an old circular ruin, which the peasants call "the Tower of Hannibal the Carthaginian." Arrived at the highest point of the road, the traveller has a partial view of the fatal plain, which opens fully upon him as he descends the Gualandra. He soon finds himself in a vale inclosed to the left and in front and behind him by the Gualandra hills, bending round in a segment larger than a semi-circle, and running down at each end to the lake, which obliques to the right, and forms the chord of this mountain arc. The position cannot be guessed at from the plains of Cortona, nor appears to be so completely enclosed unless to one who is fairly within the hills. It then, indeed, appears "a place made as it were on purpose for a snare," "locus insidiis natus." Borghetto is then found to stand in a narrow marshy pass close to the hill and to the lake, whilst there is no other outlet at the opposite turn of the mountains than through the little town of Passignano, which is pushed into the water by the foot of a high rocky acclivity. § There is a woody eminence branching down from the mountains into the upper end of the plain nearer to the side of Passignano, and on this stands a white village called Torre. Polybius seems to allude to this eminence as the one on which Hannibal encamped, and

* "Tantusque fuit ardor animorum, adeo intentus pugnae animus, ut eum terrae motum qui multarum urbium Italiae magnas partes prostravit, avertitque cursu rapido amnes, mare fluminibus invexit, montes lapsu ingenti proruit, nemo pugnantium senserit. . . ." Tit. Liv. lib. xxii. cap. xlii.

† "Equites ad ipsas fauces saltus, tumulis apte tegentibus locat." Tit. Liv. lib. xxii. cap. iv.

‡ "Ubi maxime montes Cortonenses Thrasimenus subit." ¹⁸²²

§ "Inde colles assurgunt." Ibid.

drew out his heavy-armed Africans and Spaniards in a conspicuous position.* From this spot he dispatched his Balearic and light-armed troops round through the Gualandra heights to the right, so as to arrive unseen and form an ambush amongst the broken acclivities which the road now passes, and to be ready to act upon the left flank and above the enemy, whilst the horse shut up the pass behind. Flaminius came to the lake near Borghetto at sunset; and, without sending any spies before him, marched through the pass the next morning before the day had quite broken, so that he perceived nothing of the horse and light troops above and about him, and saw only the heavy-armed Carthaginians in front on the hill of Torre.† The Consul began to draw out his army in the flat, and in the mean time the horse in ambush occupied the pass behind him at Borghetto. Thus the Romans were completely enclosed, having the lake on the right, the main army on the hill of Torre in front, the Gualandra hills filled with the light-armed on their left flank, and being prevented from receding by the cavalry, who, the farther they advanced, stopped up all the outlets in the rear. A fog rising from the lake now spread itself over the army of the Consul, but the high lands were in the sunshine, and all the different corps in ambush looked towards the hill of Torre for the order of attack. Hannibal gave the signal, and moved down from his post on the height. At the same moment all his troops on the eminences behind and in the flank of Flaminius, rushed forward as it were with one accord into the plain. The Romans, who were forming their array in the mist, suddenly heard the shouts of the enemy amongst them, on every side; and, before they could fall into their ranks, or draw their swords, or see by whom they were attacked, felt at once that they were surrounded and lost.

There are two little rivulets which run from the Gualandra into the lake. The traveller crosses the first of these at about a mile after he comes into the plain, and this divides the Tuscan from the Papal territories. The second, about a quarter of a mile further on, is called "the bloody rivulet;" and the peasants point out an open spot to the left between the "Sanguinetto" and the hills, which, they say, was the principal scene of slaughter. The other part of the plain is covered with thick-set olive trees in corn-grounds, and is no where quite level except near the edge of the lake. It is, indeed, most probable that the battle was fought near this end of the valley, for the six thousand Romans who, at the beginning of the action, broke through the enemy, escaped to the summit of an eminence which must have been in this quarter, otherwise they would have had to traverse the whole plain, and to pierce through the main army of Hannibal.

The Romans fought desperately for three hours, but the death of Flaminius was the signal for a general dispersion. The Carthaginian horse then burst in upon the fugitives, and the lake, the marsh about Borghetto, but chiefly the plain of the Sanguinetto, and the passes of the Gualandra, were strewed with dead. Near some old walls on a bleak ridge to the left above the rivulet many human bones have been repeatedly found, and this has confirmed the pretensions and the name of the "stream of blood."

Every district of Italy has its hero. In the north some painter is the usual genius of the place, and the foreign Julio Romano more than divides Mantua with her native Virgil.‡ To the south we hear of Roman names. Near Thrasimene tradition is still faithful to the fame of an enemy, and Hannibal the Carthaginian is the only ancient name remembered on the banks of the Perugian lake. Flaminius is unknown; but the postilions on that road have been taught to show the very spot where *il Console Romano* was slain. Of all who fought and fell in the battle of Thrasimene, the historian himself has, besides the generals and Maharbal, preserved indeed only a single name. You overtake the Carthaginian again on the same road to Rome. The antiquary, that is, the hostler of the post-house at Spoleto,

* Τὸν μὲν κατὰ πρόσωπον τῆς πορείας λόφον αὐτὸς καταλάβειτο, καὶ τοὺς Αἰθίους καὶ τοὺς Ἰβήρας ἔχων ἐπ' αὐτοῦ καταστρατοπέδωνε. Hist. lib. iii. cap. 83. The account in Polybius is not so easily reconcilable with present appearances as that in Livy; he talks of hills to the right and left of the pass and valley; but when Flaminius entered, he had the lake at the right of both.

† "A tergo et super caput decepere insidias." Tit. Liv., &c.

‡ About the middle of the XIIth century, the coins of Mantua bore on one side the image and figure of Virgil. Zecca d'Italia, pl. xvii. l. 6... Voyage dans le Milanais, &c., par A. Z. Millin, tom. ii. p. 294, Paris, 1817.

tells you that his town repulsed the victorious enemy, and shows you the gate still called *Porto di Annibale*. It is hardly worth while to remark that a French travel-writer, well known by the name of the President Dupaty, saw Thrasimene in the lake of Bolsena, which lay conveniently on his way from Sienna to Rome.

Note 36. Stanza lxxi.

But thou, Clitumnus!

No book of travels has omitted to expatiate on the temple of the Clitumnus, between Foligno and Spoleto: and no site, or scenery, even in Italy, is more worthy a description. For an account of the dilapidation of this temple, the reader is referred to Historical Illustrations of the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold.

Note 37. Stanza lxxi.

Charming the eye with dread,—a matchless cataract.

I saw the "Cascata del marmore" of Terni twice, at different periods; once from the summit of the precipice, and again from the valley below. The lower view is far to be preferred, if the traveller has time for one only: but in any point of view, either from above or below, it is worth all the cascades and torrents of Switzerland put together;—the Staubach, Reichenbach, Pisse Vache, fall of Arpenaz, etc., are rills in comparative appearance. Of the fall of Schaffhausen I cannot speak, not yet having seen it.

Note 38. Stanza lxxii.

An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge.

Of the time, place, and qualities of this kind of Iris, the reader may have seen a short account in a note to *Manfred*. The fall looks so much like "the hell of waters," that Addison believed the descent to be the gulf by which Alecto plunged into the infernal regions. It is singular enough that two of the finest cascades in Europe should be artificial—this of the Velino, and the one at Tivoli. The traveller is strongly recommended to trace the Velino, at least as high as the little lake called *Pie' di Lup*. The Reatine territory was the Italian Tempe,* and the ancient naturalist, amongst other beautiful varieties, remarked the daily rainbows of the lake Velinus.† A scholar of great name has devoted a treatise to this district alone.‡

Note 39. Stanza lxxiii.

The thundering lauwine.

In the greater part of Switzerland the avalanches are known by the name of lauwine.

Note 40. Stanza lxxv.

I abhor'd

Too much, to conquer for the poet's sake,
The drill'd dull lesson, forced down word by word.

These stanzas may probably remind the reader of *Ensign Northerton's* remarks—"D—n Homo," etc., but the reasons for our dislike are not exactly the same. I wish to express, that we become tired of the task before we can comprehend the beauty; that we learn by rote before we can get by heart; that the freshness is worn away, and the future pleasure and advantage deadened and destroyed, by the didactic anticipation, at an age when we can neither feel nor understand the power of compositions which it requires an acquaintance with life, as well as Latin and Greek, to relish or to reason upon. For the same reason we never can be aware of the fulness of some of the finest passages of Shakspeare ("to be or not to be," for instance), from the habit of having them hammered into us at eight years old, as an exercise, not of mind but of memory: so that when we are old enough to enjoy them, the taste is gone, and the appetite palled. In some parts of the continent, young persons are taught from more common authors, and do not read the best classics till their maturity. I certainly do not speak on this point from any pique or aversion towards the place of my education. I was not a slow, though an idle boy; and I believe no one could, or can be, more attached to Harrow than I have always

* "Reatini me ad sua Tempe duxerunt." Cicer. Epist. ad Attic. xv. lib. iv.

† "In eodem lacu nullo non die apparere arcus." Plin. Hist. Nat. lib. ii, cap. lxxii.

‡ Ald. Manut. de Beatina urbe agroque, ap. Sallengre Thesaur. tom. i. p. 773.

been, and with reason ;—a part of the time passed there was the happiest of my life ; and my preceptor (the Rev. Dr. Joseph Drury) was the best and worthiest friend I ever possessed, whose warnings I have remembered but too well, though too late—when I have erred, and whose counsels I have but followed when I have done well or wisely. If ever this imperfect record of my feelings towards him should reach his eyes, let it remind him of one who never thinks of him but with gratitude and veneration—of one who would more gladly boast of having been his pupil, if, by more closely following his injunctions, he could reflect any honour upon his instructor.

Note 41. Stanza lxxix.

The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now.

For a comment on this and the two following stanzas, the reader may consult Historical Illustrations of the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold.

Note 42. Stanza lxxxii.

The trebly hundred triumphs !

Orosius gives three hundred and twenty for the number of triumphs. He is followed by Panvinius ; and Panvinius by Mr. Gibbon and the modern writers.

Note 43. Stanza lxxxiii.

Oh thou, whose chariot roll'd on fortune's wheel, &c.

Certainly, were it not for these two traits in the life of Sylla, alluded to in this stanza, we should regard him as a monster unredeemed by any admirable quality. The *atonement* of his voluntary resignation of empire may perhaps be accepted by us, as it seems to have satisfied the Romans, who if they had not respected must have destroyed him. There could be no mean, no division of opinion ; they must have all thought, like Eucrates, that what had appeared ambition was a love of glory, and that what had been mistaken for pride was a real *grandeur* of soul.*

Note 44. Stanza lxxxvi.

And laid him with the earth's preceding clay.

On the 3d of September, Cromwell gained the victory of Dunbar ; a year afterwards he obtained "his crowning mercy of Worcester ;" and a few years after, on the same day, which he had ever esteemed the most fortunate for him, died.

Note 45. Stanza lxxxvii.

And thou, dread statue ! still existent in
The austerest form of naked majesty.

The projected division of the Spada Pompey has already been recorded by the historian of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. Mr. Gibbon found it in the Memorials of Flaminius Vacca,† and it may be added to his mention of it that Pope Julius III. gave the contending owners five hundred crowns for the statue ; and presented it to Cardinal Capo di Ferro, who had prevented the judgment of Solomon from being executed upon the image. In a more civilized age this statue was exposed to an actual operation : for the French, who acted the Brutus of Voltaire in the Coliseum, resolved that their Cæsar should fall at the base of that Pompey, which was supposed to have been sprinkled with the blood of the original dictator. The nine-foot hero was therefore removed to the arena of the amphitheatre, and to facilitate its transport suffered the temporary amputation of its right arm. The republican tragedians had to plead that the arm was a restoration ; but their accusers do not believe that the integrity of the statue would have protected it. The love of finding every coincidence has discovered the true Cæsarian ichor in a stain near the right knee ; but colder criticism has rejected not only the blood but the portrait, and assigned the globe of power rather to the first of the emperors than to the last of the republican masters of Rome. Winkelmann‡ is loth to allow an heroic statue of a

* "Seigneur, vous changez toutes mes idées de la façon dont je vous vois agir. Je croyais que vous aviez de l'ambition, mais aucun amour pour la gloire ; je voyais bien que votre ame était haute ; mais je ne soupçonnais pas qu'elle fût grande."—*Dialogue de Sylla et d'Eucrate*.

† *Memorie*, num. lvii. pag. 9, ap. Montfaucon, *Diarium Italicum*.

‡ *Storia delle arti*, &c., lib. ix, cap. i. pp. 321, 322, tom. ii.

Roman citizen, but the Grimani Agrippa, a contemporary almost, is heroic; and naked Roman figures were only very rare, not absolutely forbidden. The face accords much better with the "*hominem integrum et castum et gravem*,"* than with any of the busts of Augustus, and is too stern for him who was beautiful, says Suetonius, at all periods of his life. The pretended likeness to Alexander the Great cannot be discerned, but the traits resemble the medal of Pompey.† The objectionable globe may not have been an ill-applied flattery to him who found Asia Minor the boundary, and left it the centre of the Roman empire. It seems that Winkelmann has made a mistake in thinking that no proof of the identity of this statue with that which received the bloody sacrifice can be derived from the spot where it was discovered.‡ Flaminius Vacca says *sotto una cantina*, and this cantina is known to have been in the Vicolo de Leutari near the Cancellaria, a position corresponding exactly to that of the Janus before the basilica of Pompey's theatre, to which Augustus transferred the statue after the *curia* was either burnt or taken down.§ Part of the Pompeian shade,** the portico, existed in the beginning of the XVth century, and the *atrium* was still called *Satrum*. So says Blondus.†† At all events, so imposing is the stern majesty of the statue, and so memorable is the story, that the play of the imagination leaves no room for the exercise of the judgment, and the fiction, if a fiction it is, operates on the spectator with an effect not less powerful than truth.

Note 46. Stanza lxxxviii.

And thou, the thunder-stricken nurse of Rome!

Ancient Rome, like modern Sienna, abounded most probably with images of the foster-mother of her founder; but there were two she-wolves of whom history makes particular mention. One of these, *of brass in ancient work*, was seen by Dionysius‡‡ at the temple of Romulus under the Palatine, and is universally believed to be that mentioned by the Latin historian, as having been made from the money collected by a fine on usurers, and as standing under the Ruminal fig-tree. §§ The other was that which Cicero*** has celebrated both in prose and verse, and which the historian Dion also records as having suffered the same accident as is alluded to by the orator.††† The question agitated by the antiquaries is, whether the wolf now in the conservator's palace is that of Livy and Dionysius, or that of Cicero, or whether it is neither one nor the other. The earlier writers differ as much as the

* Cicer. epist. ad Atticum, xi. 6.

† Published by Causeus in his *Museum Romanum*.

‡ *Storia delle arti*, &c., *ibid.*

§ Sueton. in vit. August. cap. 31, and in vit. C. J. Cæsar. cap. 88. Appian says it was burnt down. See a note of Pitiscus to Suetonius, pag. 224.

** "Tu modo Pompeia lenta spatia sub umbra." *Ovid. Ar. Aman.*

†† *Roma Restaurata*, lib. ii. fol. 31.

‡‡ *Χάλυβα ποιήματα παλαιῆς ἐργασίας*. *Antiq. Rom.* lib. 1.

§§ "Ad ficum Ruminalem simulacra infantium conditorum urbis sub uberibus lupæ posuerunt." *Liv. Hist.* lib. x. cap. lxxix. This was in the year U. C. 455, or 457.

*** "Tum statua Nattæ, tum simulacra Deorum, Romulusque et Remus, cum altrice bellua vi fulminis icti conderunt." *De Divinat.* ii. 20. "Tactus est ille etiam qui hanc urbem condidit Romulus, quem inauratum in Capitolio parvum atque iactantem, uberibus lupinis inhiantem fuisse meministis." *In Catilin.* iii. 8.

"Hic sylvestris erat Romani nominis altrix
Marta, quæ parvos Mavortis semine natos
Uberibus gravidis vitali rore rigabat,
Quæ tum cum pueris flammato fulminis ictu
Concidit, atque avulsa pedum vestigia liquit."

De Consulatu, lib. ii. (lib. i. de *Divinat.* cap. ii.)

††† "Ἐν γὰρ τῷ κομηταλίῳ ἀνδριάντες τε πολλοὶ ἐπὶ κερανῶν συνεχωσθέντες, καὶ ἀγάλματα ἔλλα τε, καὶ λῶς ἐπὶ κίονος ἰδρῆμένον, εἰκὼν τε τις λυκαίνης σὺν τε τῷ 'Ρόμῳ καὶ σὺν τῷ 'Ρωμύλῳ ἰδρῆμένη ἐπίση. *Dion.* *Hist.* lib. xxxvii. p. 37, edit. Rob. Steph. 1548. He goes on to mention that the letters of the columns on which the laws were written were liquified and become ἀμυδρά. All that the Romans did was to erect a large statue to Jupiter, looking towards the east; no mention is afterwards made of the wolf. This happened in A. U. C. 689. The Abate Fea, in noticing this passage of Dion (*Storia delle arti*, etc., tom. i. p. 202, note x.), says, *Non ostante, aggiunge Dione, che fosse ben fermata* (the wolf), by which it is clear the Abate translated the Xylandre-Leuclavian version, which puts *quamvis stabilita* for the original ἰδρῆμένη, a word that does not mean *ben fermata*, but only *raised*, as may be distinctly seen from another passage of the same Dion: Ἡβουλήθη μὲν σὺν δ' Ἀγρίππας καὶ τὸν Ἀργουστοῦ ἐν ταῦθα ἰδρῆσαι. *Hist.* lib. lvi. Dion says that Agrippa "wished to raise a statue of Augustus in the Pantheon."

moderns: Lucius Faunus* says that it is the one alluded to by both, which is impossible, and also by Virgil, which may be. Fulvius Ursinus† calls it the wolf of Dionysius, and Marlianus‡ talks of it as the one mentioned by Cicero. To him Rycquius *tremblingly* assents. § Nardini is inclined to suppose it may be one of the many wolves preserved in ancient Rome; but of the two rather bends to the Ciceronian statue.** Montfaucon†† mentions it as a point without doubt. Of the later writers, the decisive Winkelmann‡‡ proclaims it as having been found at the church of St. Theodore, where, or near where, was the temple of Romulus, and consequently makes it the wolf of Dionysius. His authority is Lucius Faunus, who, however, only says that it *was placed*, not *found*, at the Ficus Ruminalis by the Comitium, by which he does not seem to allude to the church of Saint Theodore. Rycquius was the first to make the mistake, and Winkelmann followed Rycquius.

Flaminius Vacca tells quite a different story, and says he had heard the wolf with the twins was found §§ near the arch of Septimius Severus. The commentator on Winkelmann is of the same opinion with that learned person, and is incensed at Nardini for not having remarked that Cicero, in speaking of the wolf struck with lightning in the Capitol, makes use of the past tense. But, with the Abate's leave, Nardini does not positively assert the statue to be that mentioned by Cicero, and, if he had, the assumption would not perhaps have been so exceedingly indiscreet. The Abate himself is obliged to own that there are marks very like the scathing of lightning on the hinder legs of the present wolf! and to get rid of this, adds, that the wolf seen by Dionysius might have been also struck by lightning, or otherwise injured.

Let us examine the subject by a reference to the words of Cicero. The orator in two places seems to particularize the Romulus and the Remus, especially the first, which his audience remembered to *have been* in the Capitol, as being struck by lightning. In his verses he records that the twins and wolf both fell, and that the latter left behind the marks of her feet. Cicero does not say that the wolf was consumed: and Dion only mentions that it fell down, without alluding, as the Abate has made him, to the force of the blow, or the firmness with which it had been fixed. The whole strength, therefore, of the Abate's argument, hangs upon the past tense; which, however, may be somewhat diminished by remarking that the phrase only shows that the statue was not then standing in its former position. Winkelmann has observed, that the present twins are modern; and it is equally clear that there are marks of gilding on the wolf, which might therefore be supposed to make part of the ancient group. It is known that the sacred images of the Capitol were not destroyed nor even injured by time or accident, but were put into certain underground depositories called *favissæ**** It may be thought possible that the wolf had been so deposited, and had been replaced in some conspicuous situation when the Capitol was rebuilt by Vespasian. Rycquius, without mentioning his authority, tells, that it was trans-

* "In eadem porticu aenea lupa, cujus uberibus Romulus ac Remus lactantes inhiant, conspicitur: de hac Cicero et Virgilius semper intellexerunt. Livius hoc signum ab Ædilibus ex pecuniis quibus mulctati essent fœneratores, positum innuit. Antea in Comitibus ad Ficum Ruminalem, quo loco pueri fuerant expositi locatum pro certo est." Luc. Fauni, de Antiq. Urb. Rom. lib. ii. cap. vii. ap. Sallengre, tom. i. pag. 217. In his XVIIth chapter he repeats that the statues were there, but not that they were *found* there.

† Ap. Nardini, Roma Vetus, lib. v. cap. iv.

‡ Marliani Urb. Rom. Topograph. lib. ii. cap. ix. He mentions another wolf and twins in the Vatican, lib. v. cap. xxi.

§ "Non desunt qui hanc ipsam esse putent, quam adpinximus, quæ e comitio in Basilicam Lateranensem, cum nonnullis aliis antiquitatum reliquiis, atque hinc in Capitolium postea relata sit, quamvis Marlianus antiquam Capitolinam esse maluit a Tullio descriptam, cui ut in re nimis dubia, trepide assentimur." Just. Rycquii de Capit. Roman. Comm. cap. xxiv. pag. 250, edit. Lugd.-Bat. 1690.

** Nardini, Roma Vetus, lib. v. cap. iv.

†† "Lupa hodieque in capitolinis prostat ædibus, cum vestigio fulminis quo ictam narrat Cicero." Diarium Italic. tom. i. p. 174.

‡‡ Storia delle arti, etc., lib. iii. cap. iii. sect. ii. note 10. Winkelmann has made a strange blunder in the note, by saying the Ciceronian wolf was *not* in the Capitol, and that Dion was wrong in saying so.

§§ "Intesi dire, che l'Ercole di bronzo, che oggi si trova nella sala del Campidoglio, fu trovato nel foro Romano appresso l'arco di Settimio; e vi fu trovata anche la lupa di bronzo che allatta Romolo e Remo, e stà nella Loggia de' conservatori." Flam. Vacca, memorie, num. iii. pag. i. ap. Montfaucon. Diar. Ital. tom. i.

*** Luc. Faun. *ibid.*

ferred from the Comitium to the Lateran, and thence brought to the Capitol. If it was found near the arch of Severus, it may have been one of the images which Orosius* says was thrown down in the Forum by lightning when Alaric took the city. That it is of very high antiquity the workmanship is a decisive proof; and that circumstance induced Winkelmann to believe it the wolf of Dionysius. The Capitoline wolf, however, may have been of the same early date as that at the temple of Romulus. Lactantius† asserts that, in his time, the Romans worshipped a wolf; and it is known that the Lupercalia held out to a very late period,‡ after every other observance of the ancient superstition had totally expired. This may account for the preservation of the ancient image longer than the other early symbols of Paganism.

It may be permitted, however, to remark that the wolf was a Roman symbol, but that the worship of that symbol is an inference drawn by the zeal of Lactantius. The early Christian writers are not to be trusted in the charges which they make against the pagans. Eusebius accused the Romans to their faces of worshipping Simon Magus, and raising a statue to him in the island of the Tyber. The Romans had probably never heard of such a person before, who came, however, to play a considerable, though scandalous part in the church history, and has left several tokens of his aerial combat with St. Peter at Rome; notwithstanding that an inscription found in this very island of the Tyber, showed the Simon Magus of Eusebius to be a certain indigenal god, called Somo Sangus, or Fidius.§

Even when the worship of the founder of Rome had been abandoned, it was thought expedient to humour the habits of the good matrons of the city by sending them with their sick infants to the church of St. Theodore, as they had before carried them to the temple of Romulus.** The practice is continued to this day; and the site of the above church seems to be thereby identified with that of the temple: so that if the wolf had been really found there, as Winkelmann says, there would be no doubt of the present statue being that seen by Dionysius.†† But Faunus, in saying that it was at the Ficus Ruminalis by the Comitium, is only talking of its ancient position as recorded by Pliny; and even if he had been remarking where it was found, would not have alluded to the church of St. Theodore, but to a very different place, near which it was then thought the Ficus Ruminalis had been, and also the Comitium; that is, the three columns by the church of Santa Maria Liberatrice, at the corner of the Palatine looking on the Forum.

It is, in fact, a mere conjecture where the image was actually dug up,‡‡ and perhaps, on the whole, the marks of the gilding, and of the lightning, are a better argument in favour of its being the Ciceronian wolf, than any that can be adduced for the contrary opinion. At any rate, it is reasonably selected in the text of the poem as

* See note to stanza LXXX. in Historical Illustrations.

† "Romuli nutrix Lupa honoribus est affecta divinis, et ferrem si animal ipsum fuisset, cujus figuram gerit." Lactant. de falsa religione, lib. 1, cap. 20, pag. 101, edit. varior. 1660; that is to say, he would rather adore a wolf than a prostitute. His commentator has observed, that the opinion of Livy concerning Laurentia being figured in this wolf was not universal. Strabo thought so. Rycquius is wrong in saying that Lactantius mentions the wolf was in the Capitol.

‡ To A. D. 496. "Quis credere possit," says Baronius (Ann. Eccles. tom. viii. pag. 602, in an. 496), "viguisse adhuc Romæ ad Gelasii tempora, quæ fuere ante exordia urbis allata in Italiam Lupercalia!" Gelasius wrote a letter which occupies four folio pages, to Andromachus, the senator, and others, to show that the rites should be given up.

§ Eusebius has these words: καὶ ἀνδριάντι παρ' ὅμων ὡς θεὸς τετιμηται, ἐν τῷ Τίβερι ποταμῷ μεταξὺ τῶν ἐκείναι γεινῶν, ἔχον ἐπιγραφὴν Ῥωμαϊκὴν ταύτην, Σίμωνι δὲφ Σάγκτω. Eccles. Hist. lib. ii. cap. xiii. p. 40. Justin Martyr had told the story before; but Baronius himself was obliged to detect this fable. See Nardini Roma Vet. lib. vii. cap. xii.

** "In essa gli antichi pontefici per toglier la memoria de' giuochi Lupercali istituiti in onore di Romolo, introdussero l' uso di portarvi bambini oppressi da infermità occulte, accio si liberino per l' intercessione di questo Santo, come di continuo si sperimenta." Rione xii. Ripa, accurata e succinta descrizione, &c., di Roma Moderna dell' Ab. Ridolf. Venuti, 1766.

†† Nardini, lib. v. cap. ii. convicts Pomponius Lætus *crassi erroris*, in putting the Ruminal fig-tree at the church of Saint Theodore; but as Livy says the wolf was at the Ficus Ruminalis, and Dionysius at the temple of Romulus, he is obliged (cap. iv) to own that the two were close together, as well as the Lupercal cave, shaded as it were, by the fig-tree.

‡‡ "Ad comitium ficus olim Ruminalis germinabat, sub qua lupæ rumam, hoc est, mammam, docente Varrone, suxerant olim Romulus et Remus; non procul a templo hodie D. Mariæ Liberatricis appellato, ubi forsitan inventa nobilis illa ænea statua lupæ geminos puerulos lactantis, quam hodie in Capitolio videmus." Olai Borrichi antiqua Urbis Romanæ facies, cap. x. See also cap. xii. Borrichius wrote after Nardini in 1687. Ap. Græv. Antiq. Rom. tom. iv. p. 1522.

one of the most interesting relics of the ancient city,* and is certainly the figure, if not the very animal, to which Virgil alludes in his beautiful verses :

“Geminos huic ubera circum
Ludere pendentis pueros et lambere matrem
Impavidos : illam tereti cervice reflexam
Mulcere alternos, et fingere corpora lingua.” †

Note 47. Stanza xc.

————— for the Roman's mind
Was modell'd in a less terrestrial mould.

It is possible to be a very great man, and to be still very inferior to Julius Cæsar, the most complete character, so Lord Bacon thought, of all antiquity. Nature seems incapable of such extraordinary combinations as composed his versatile capacity, which was the wonder even of the Romans themselves. The first general—the only triumphant politician—inferior to none in eloquence—comparable to any in the attainments of wisdom, in an age made up of the greatest commanders, statesmen, orators, and philosophers, that ever appeared in the world—an author who composed a perfect specimen of military annals in his travelling-carriage—at one time in a controversy with Cato, at another writing a treatise on punning, and collecting a set of good sayings—fighting ‡ and making love at the same moment, and willing to abandon both his empire and his mistress for a sight of the fountains of the Nile. Such did Julius Cæsar appear to his contemporaries, and to those of the subsequent ages who were the most inclined to deplore and execrate his fatal genius.

But we must not be so much dazzled with his surpassing glory, or with his magnanimous, his amiable qualities, as to forget the decision of his impartial countrymen :

HE WAS JUSTLY SLAIN. §

Note 48. Stanza xciii.

What from this barren being do we reap!
Our senses narrow, and our reason frail.

“ Omnes pene veteres ; qui nihil cognosci, nihil percipi, nihil sciri posse dixerunt ; angustos sensus ; imbecilles animos, brevia curricula vitæ ; in profundo veritatem demersam ; opinionibus et institutis omnia teneri ; nihil veritati relinqui : deinceps omnia tenebris circumfusa esse dixerunt.”** The eighteen hundred years which have elapsed since Cicero wrote this, have not removed any of the imperfections of humanity : and the complaints of the ancient philosophers may, without injustice or affectation, be transcribed in a poem written yesterday.

* Donatus, lib. xi. cap. 18, gives a medal representing on one side the wolf in the same position as that in the Capitol ; and on the reverse the wolf with the head not reverted. It is of the time of Antoninus Pius.

† Æneid. viii. 631. See Dr. Middleton, in his Letter from Rome, who inclines to the Ciceronian wolf, but without examining the subject.

‡ In his tenth book, Lucan shows him sprinkled with the blood of Pharsalia in the arms of Cleopatra :

“Sanguine Thessalicæ cladis perfusus adulter
Admisit Venerem curis, et miscuit armis.”

After feasting with his mistress, he sits up all night to converse with the Egyptian sages, and tells Achoreus :

“Spes sit mihi certa videndi
Niliacos fontes, bellum civile relinquam ?”
“Sic velut in tuta securi pace trahebant
Noctis iter medium.”

Immediately afterwards, he is fighting again and defending every position :

“Sed adest defensor ubique
Cæsar, et hos aditus gladiis, hos ignibus arceat.
..... Cæca nocte carinis
Insiluit Cæsar semper feliciter usus
Præcipiti cursu bellorum et tempore raptò.”

§ “Jure cæsus existimetur,” says Suetonius, after a fair estimation of his character, and making use of a phrase which was a formula in Livy's time—“Melium jure cæsum pronuntiavit, etiam si regni crimine insons fuerit,” (lib. iv. cap. 48) ; and which was continued in the legal judgments pronounced in justifiable homicides, such as killing house-breakers. See Sueton. in vit. C. J. Cæsaris, with the commentary of Pitiscus, p. 184.

** Académ. l. 13.

Note 49. Stanza xcix.

There is a stern round tower of other days.

Alluding to the tomb of Cecilia Metella, called Capo di Bove, in the Appian Way. See Historical Illustrations of the IVth Canto of Childe Harold.

Note 50. Stanza cii.

—————prophetic of the doom
Heaven gives its favourites—early death.

“Ὅν οἱ θεοὶ φιλοῦσιν, αποθνήσκει νέος.
Τὸ γὰρ θανεῖν οὐκ αἰσχρὸν, ἀλλ’ αἰσχρῶς θανεῖν.”

Rich. Franc. Phil. Brunck, Poetæ Gnomici, p. 231, edit. 1784.

Note 51. Stanza cvii.

Behold the Imperial Mount!

The Palatine is one mass of ruins, particularly on the side towards the Circus Maximus. The very soil is formed of crumbled brick-work. Nothing has been told, nothing can be told, to satisfy the belief of any but a Roman antiquary. See Historical Illustrations, page 206.

Note 52. Stanza cviii.

There is the moral of all human tales;
’T is but the same rehearsal of the past,
First freedom, and then glory, &c.

The author of the Life of Cicero, speaking of the opinion entertained of Britain by that orator, and his contemporary Romans, has the following eloquent passage: “From their raileries of this kind, on the barbarity and misery of our island, one cannot help reflecting on the surprising fate and revolutions of kingdoms, how Rome, once the mistress of the world, the seat of arts, empire, and glory, now lies sunk in sloth, ignorance, and poverty, enslaved to the most cruel as well as to the most contemptible of tyrants, superstition, and religious imposture: while this remote country, anciently the jest and contempt of the polite Romans, is become the happy seat of liberty, plenty, and letters; flourishing in all the arts and refinements of civil life; yet running perhaps the same course which Rome itself had run before it, from virtuous industry to wealth; from wealth to luxury; from luxury to an impatience of discipline, and corruption of morals: till, by a total degeneracy and loss of virtue, being grown ripe for destruction, it fall a prey at last to some hardy oppressor, and, with the loss of liberty, losing every thing that is valuable, sink gradually again into its original barbarism.”*

Note 53. Stanza cx.

—————and apostolic statues climb
To crush the imperial urn, whose ashes slept sublime.

The column of Trajan is surmounted by St. Peter, that of Aurelius by St. Paul. See Historical Illustrations of the IVth Canto.

Note 54. Stanza cxi.

Still we Trajan’s name adore.

Trajan was *proverbially* the best of the Roman princes: † and it would be easier to find a sovereign uniting exactly the opposite characteristics, than one possessed of all the happy qualities ascribed to the emperor. “When he mounted the throne,” says the historian Dion, ‡ “he was strong in body, he was vigorous in mind; age had impaired none of his faculties; he was altogether free from envy and from de-

* The History of the Life of M. Tullius Cicero, sect. vi. vol. ii. pag. 102. The contrast has been reversed in a late extraordinary instance. A gentleman was thrown into prison at Paris; efforts were made for his release. The French minister continued to detain him, under the pretext that he was not an Englishman, but only a Roman. See “Interesting facts relating to Joachim Murat,” p. 139.

† “Hujus tantum memoriæ delatum est, ut, usque ad nostram ætatem non aliter in Senatu principibus acclamatur, nisi *Felicio Augusto, melior Trajano.*” Entrop. Brev. Hist. Rom. lib. viii. cap. v.

‡ Τῷ τε γὰρ σώματι ἔβρωτο..... καὶ τῇ ψυχῇ ἤμαζεν, ὡς μήδ’ ἐπὶ γῆρας ἀμβλύνεσθαι..... καὶ οὐτ’ ἐφθόνηι, οὔτε καθήρει τινα, ἀλλὰ καὶ πάντο πάντας τοῦ ἀγαθοῦ ἐτίμα καὶ ἐμεγάλυνε καὶ διὰ τοῦτο οὔτε ἐφοβεῖτό τινα αὐτῶν, οὔτε ἐμίσει..... διαβωδαῖς τε ἤκιστα ἐπίστυε, καὶ ἄργῃ ἤκιστα ἰδουλοῦτο· τῶν τε χρημάτων τῶν ἀλλοτρίων ἴσα καὶ φόνων τῶν ἀδίκων ἀπέχετο..... φιλοῦμενός τε οὖν ἐπ’ αὐτοῖς μᾶλλον ἢ τιμώμενος ἔχαιρε, καὶ τῷ τε δῆμῳ μετ’ ἐπικεικείας συνεγένετο, καὶ τῇ γηρουσίᾳ σεμνοπραπέως ὀμίλει· ἀγαπητὸς μὲν πᾶσι· φοβερός δὲ ἀνδρῶν, πλὴν πολεμίου ὄν. Hist. Rom. lib. lxxviii. cap. vi. vii.; tom. ii. p. 1123. 1124, edit. Hamb. 1750.

traction ; he honoured all the good, and he advanced them ; and on this account they could not be the objects of his fear or of his hate ; he never listened to informers ; he gave not way to his anger ; he abstained equally from unfair exactions and unjust punishments ; he had rather be loved as a man, than honoured as a sovereign ; he was affable with his people, respectful to the senate, and universally beloved by both ; he inspired none with dread but the enemies of his country."

Note 55. Stanza cxiv.

Rienzi, last of Romans !

The name and exploits of Rienzi must be familiar to the readers of Gibbon. Some details and inedited manuscripts, relative to this unhappy hero, will be seen in the Illustrations of the IVth Canto.

Note 56. Stanza cxv.

Egeria ! sweet creation of some heart,
Which found no mortal resting-place so fair
As thine ideal breast.

The respectable authority of Flaminius Vacca would incline us to believe in the claims of the Egerian grotto.* He assures us that he saw an inscription in the pavement, stating that the fountain was that of Egeria dedicated to the nymphs. The inscription is not there at this day ; but Montfaucon quotes two lines † of Ovid from a stone in the Villa Giustiniani, which he seems to think had been brought from the same grotto.

This grotto and valley were formerly frequented in summer, and particularly the first Sunday in May, by the modern Romans, who attached a salubrious quality to the fountain which trickles from an orifice at the bottom of the vault, and, overflowing the little pools, creeps down the matted grass into the brook below. The brook is the Ovidian Almo, whose name and qualities are lost in the modern Aquataccio. The valley itself is called Valle di Caffarelli, from the dukes of that name who made over their fountain to the Pallavicini, with sixty *rubbia* of adjoining land.

There can be little doubt that this long dell is the Egerian valley of Juvenal, and the pausing place of Umbricius, notwithstanding the generality of his commentators have supposed the descent of the satirist and his friend to have been into the Arician grove, where the nymph met Hippolitus, and where she was more peculiarly worshipped.

The step from the Porta Capena to the Alban hill, fifteen miles distant, would be too considerable, unless we were to believe in the wild conjecture of Vossius, who makes that gate travel from its present station, where he pretends it was during the reign of the Kings, as far as the Arician grove, and then makes it recede to its old site with the shrinking city.‡ The tufa, or pumice, which the poet prefers to marble, is the substance composing the bank in which the grotto is sunk.

The modern topographers§ find in the grotto the statue of the nymph and nine niches for the Muses ; and a late traveller** has discovered that the cave is restored to that simplicity which the poet regretted had been exchanged for injudicious ornament. But the headless statue is palpably rather a male than a nymph, and has none of the attributes ascribed to it at present visible. The nine Muses could hardly

* " Poco lontano dal detto luogo si scende ad un casaleto, del quale ne sono Padroni li Cafarelli, che non questo nome e chiamato il luogo ; vi è una fontana sotto una gran volta antica, che al presente si gode, e li Romani vi vanno l' estate a ricrearsi ; nel pavimento di essa fonte si legge in un epitaffio essere quella la fonte di Egeria, dedicata alle ninfe ; e questa, dice l' epitaffio, essere la medesima fonte in cui fu convertita." Memorie, &c., ap. Nardini, pag. 13. He does not give the inscription.

† " In villa Justiniana extat ingens lapis quadratus solidus in quo sculpta hæc duo Ovidii carmina sunt :

Egeria est quæ præbet aquas dea grata Camænis.
Illa Numæ conjux consiliumque fuit.

Qui lapis videtur ex eodem Egeriæ fonte, aut ejus vicinia isthuc comportatus." Diarium Italic. p. 153.

‡ De Magnit. Vet. Rom. ap. Græv. Ant. Rom. tom. iv. p. 1507.

§ Echinard. Descrizione di Roma e dell' agro Romano corretto dall' Abate Venuti in Roma, 1750. They believe in the grotto and nymph. " Simulacro di questo fonte, essendovi scolpite le acque a pie di esso."

** Classical Tour, chap. vi. p. 217, vol. ii

have stood in six niches; and Juvenal does not allude to any individual cave.* Nothing can be collected from the satirist but that somewhere near the Porta Capena was a spot in which it was supposed Numa held nightly consultations with his nymph, and where there was a grove and a sacred fountain, and fanes once consecrated to the Muses; and that from this spot there was a descent into the valley of Egeria, where were several artificial caves. It is clear that the statues of the Muses made no part of the decoration which the satirist thought misplaced in these caves; for he expressly assigns other fanes (delubra) to these divinities above the valley, and moreover tells us, that they had been ejected to make room for the Jews. In fact, the little temple, now called that of Bacchus, was formerly thought to belong to the Muses, and Nardini† places them in a poplar grove, which was in his time above the valley.

It is probable, from the inscription and position, that the cave now shown may be one of the "artificial caverns," of which, indeed, there is another a little way higher up the valley, under a tuft of alder bushes: but a *single* grotto of Egeria is a mere modern invention, grafted upon the application of the epithet Egerian to these nymphs in general, and which might send us to look for the haunts of Numa upon the banks of the Thames.

Our English Juvenal was not seduced into mistranslation by his acquaintance with Pope: he carefully preserves the correct plural—

"Thence slowly winding down the vale, we view
The Egerian *grots*; oh how unlike the true!"

The valley abounds with springs,‡ and over these springs, which the Muses might haunt from their neighbouring groves, Egeria presided: hence she was said to supply them with water; and she was the nymph of the grottos through which the fountains were taught to flow.

The whole of the monuments in the vicinity of the Egerian valley have received names at will, which have been changed at will. Venuti § owns he can see no traces of the temples of Jove, Saturn, Juno, Venus, and Diana, which Nardini found, or hoped to find. The mutatorium of Caracalla's circus, the temple of Honour and Virtue, the temple of Bacchus, and, above all, the temple of the god Rediculus, are the antiquary's despair.

The circus of Caracalla depends on a medal of that emperor cited by Fulvius Ursinus, of which the reverse shows a circus, supposed, however, by some to represent the Circus Maximus. It gives a very good idea of that place of exercise. The soil has been but little raised, if we may judge from the small cellular structure at the end of the Spina, which was probably the chapel of the god Consus. This cell is half beneath the soil, as it must have been in the circus itself, for Dionysius** could not be persuaded to believe that this divinity was the Roman Neptune, because his altar was under ground.

Note 57. Stanza cxxvii.

Yet let us ponder boldly.

"At all events," says the author of the Academical Questions, "I trust, whatever may be the fate of my own speculations, that philosophy will regain that estimation which it ought to possess. The free and philosophic spirit of our nation has been the theme of admiration to the world. This was the proud distinction of

* "Substitit ad veteres arcus, madidamque Capenam
Hic ubi nocturnæ Numa constituebat amicæ.
Nunc sacri fontis nemus, et delubra locantur
Judæis quorum cophinum fœnumque supellex.
Omnis enim populo mercedem pendere jussa est
Arbor, et ejectis mendicat sylva Camœnis.
In vallem Egeriæ descendimus, et speluncas
Dissimiles veris: quanto præstantius esset
Numen aquæ, viridi si margine clauderet undas
Herba, nec ingenuum violarent marmora tophum.

Sat. III.

† Lib. iii. cap. iii.

‡ "Undique e solo aquæ scaturiunt." Nardini, lib. iii. cap. iii.

§ Echinard, &c. Cic. cit. p. 297—298.

** Antiq. Rom. lib. ii. cap. xxxi.

Englishmen, and the luminous source of all their glory. Shall we then forget the manly and dignified sentiments of our ancestors, to prate in the language of the mother or the nurse about our good old prejudices? This is not the way to defend the cause of truth. It was not thus that our fathers maintained it in the brilliant periods of our history. Prejudice may be trusted to guard the outworks for a short space of time while reason slumbers in the citadel: but if the latter sink into a lethargy, the former will quickly erect a standard for herself. Philosophy, wisdom, and liberty, support each other; he who will not reason, is a bigot; he who cannot, is a fool; and he who dares not, is a slave." Preface, p. xiv. xv. vol. i. 1805.

Note 58. Stanza cxxxii.

—————great Nemesis!
Here, where the ancient paid thee homage long.

We read in Suetonius that Augustus, from a warning received in a dream,* counterfeited once a year the beggar, sitting before the gate of his palace, with his hand hollowed and stretched out for charity. A statue formerly in the Villa Borghese, and which should be now at Paris, represents the emperor in that posture of supplication. The object of this self-degradation was the appeasement of Nemesis, the perpetual attendant on good fortune, of whose power the Roman conquerors were also reminded by certain symbols attached to their cars of triumph. The symbols were the whip and the *crotalo*, which were discovered in the Nemesis of the Vatican. The attitude of beggary made the above statue pass for that of Belisarius: and until the criticism of Winkelmann† had rectified the mistake, one fiction was called in to support another. It was the same fear of the sudden termination of prosperity that made Amasis, king of Egypt, warn his friend Polycrates of Samos, that the gods loved those whose lives were chequered with good and evil fortunes. Nemesis was supposed to lie in wait particularly for the prudent: that is, for those whose caution rendered them accessible only to mere accidents; and her first altar was raised on the banks of the Phrygian *Æsepus* by Adrastus, probably the prince of that name who killed the son of Cræsus by mistake. Hence the goddess was called *Adrastea*.‡

The Roman Nemesis was *sacred* and *august*; there was a temple to her in the Palatine under the name of *Rhamnusia*: § so great indeed was the propensity of the ancients to trust to the revolution of events, and to believe in the divinity of fortune, that in the same Palatine there was a temple to the fortune of the day.** This is the last superstition which retains its hold over the human heart; and from concentrating in one object the credulity so natural to man, has always appeared strongest in those unembarrassed by other articles of belief. The antiquaries have supposed this goddess to be synonymous with fortune and with fate: †† but it was not in her vindictive quality that she was worshipped under the name of Nemesis.

* Sueton. in vit. Augusti, cap. 91. Casaubon, in the note, refers to Plutarch's Lives of Camillus and Æmilius Paulus, and also to his apophthegms, for the character of this deity. The hollowed hand was reckoned the last degree of degradation: and when the dead body of the præfect Rufinus was borne about in triumph by the people, the indignity was increased by putting his hand in that position.

† Storia delle arti, &c., lib. xii. cap. iii. tom. ii. p. 422. Visconti calls the statue, however, a Cybele. It is given in the Museo Pio. Clement. tom. i. par. 40. The Abate Fea (Spiegazione dei Rami. Storia, &c., tom. iii. p. 513), calls it a Chrysippus.

‡ Dict. de Bayle, article *Adrastea*.

§ It is enumerated by the regionary Victor.

** "Fortunæ hujusce diei." Cicero mentions her, de legib., lib. ii.

†† DEAE NEMESI
SIVE FORTVNÆ
PISTORIVS
RVGIANVS
V. C. LEGAT.
LEG. XIII. G.
GORD.

See *Questiones Romanæ*, &c., ap. Græv. *Antiq. Roman.* tom. v. p. 942. See also Muratori, *Nov. Thesaur. Inscript. Vet.* tom. i. p. 88, 89; where there are three Latin and one Greek inscription to Nemesis, and others to Fate.

Note 59. Stanza cxl.

I see before me the gladiator lie.

Whether the wonderful statue which suggested this image be a laquearian gladiator, which in spite of Winkelmann's criticism has been stoutly maintained,* or whether it be a Greek herald, as that great antiquary positively asserted,† or whether it is to be thought a Spartan or barbarian shield-bearer, according to the opinion of his Italian editor,‡ it must assuredly seem *a copy* of that master-piece of Ctesilaus which represented "a wounded man dying, who perfectly expressed what there remained of life in him."§ Montfaucon** and Maffei†† thought it the identical statue; but that statue was of bronze. The gladiator was once in the villa Ludovizi, and was bought by Clement XII. The right arm is an entire restoration of Michael Angelo. ‡‡

Note 60. Stanza cxli.

————— he, their sire
Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday.

Gladiators were of two kinds, compelled and voluntary; and were supplied from several conditions; from slaves sold for that purpose; from culprits; from barbarian captives either taken in war, and, after being led in triumph, set apart for the games, or those seized and condemned as rebels; also from free citizens, some fighting for hire (*auctoritati*), others from a depraved ambition: at last even knights and senators were exhibited, a disgrace of which the first tyrant was naturally the first inventor. §§ In the end, dwarfs, and even women, fought; an enormity prohibited by Severus. Of these the most to be pitied undoubtedly were the barbarian captives; and to this species a Christian writer*** justly applies the epithet "*innocent*," to distinguish them from the professional gladiators. Aurelian and Claudius supplied great numbers of these unfortunate victims; the one after his triumph, and the other on the pretext of a rebellion. ††† No war, says Lipsius, ††† was ever so destructive to the human race as these sports. In spite of the laws of Constantine and Constans, gladiatorial shows survived the old established religion more than seventy years; but they owed their final extinction to the courage of a Christian. In the year 404, on the kalends of January, they were exhibiting the shows in the Flavian amphitheatre, before the usual immense concourse of people. Almachius or Telemachus, an eastern monk, who had travelled to Rome intent on his holy purpose, rushed into the midst of the arena, and endeavoured to separate the combatants. The Prætor Alypius, a person incredibly attached to these games, §§§ gave instant orders to the gladiators to slay him: and Telemachus gained the crown of martyrdom, and the title of saint, which surely has never, either before or since, been awarded for a more noble exploit. Honorius immediately abolished the shows, which were never afterwards revived.

* By the Abate Bracci, dissertazione sopra un clipeo votivo, &c. Preface, p. 7, who accounts for the cord round the neck, but not for the horn, which it does not appear the gladiators themselves ever used. Note (A) Storia delle arti, tom. ii. p. 205.

† Either Polifontes, herald of Laius, killed by Œdipus; or Cephæus, herald of Eurytheus, killed by the Athenians when he endeavoured to drag the Heraclidæ from the altar of mercy, and in whose honour they instituted annual games, continued to the time of Hadrian; or Anthemocritus, the Athenian herald, killed by the Megarenses, who never recovered the impiety. See Storia delle arti, &c., tom. ii. p. 203, 204, 205, 206, 207. lib. ix. cap. ii.

‡ Storia, &c., tom. ii. p. 207. Not. (A.)

§ "Vulneratum deficientem fecit in quo possit intelligi quantum restat animæ." Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. xxxiv. cap. 8.

** Antiq. tom. iii. par. 2. tab. 155.

†† Racc. stat. tab. 64.

‡‡ Mus. Capitol. tom. iii. p. 154, edit. 1755.

§§ Julius Cæsar, who rose by the fall of the aristocracy, brought Furius Leptinus and A. Calenus upon the arena.

*** Tertullian; "certe quidem et innocentes gladiatores in ludum veniunt, ut voluptatis publicæ hostiæ fiant." Just. Lips. Saturn. Sermon. lib. ii. cap. iii.

††† Vopiscus, in vit. Aurel. and in vit. Claud. ibid.

‡‡‡ "Credo, imo scio, nullum bellum tantam cladem vastitatemque generi humano intulisse, quam hos ad voluptatem ludos." Just. Lips. ibid. lib. i. cap. xii.

§§§ Augustinus (lib. vi. Confess. cap. viii.) "Alypium suum gladiatorii spectaculi inhiatu incredibiliter abreptum," scribit. Ibid. lib. i. cap. xii.

The story is told by Theodore* and Cassiodorus,† and seems worthy of credit, notwithstanding its place in the Roman martyrology. ‡ Besides the torrents of blood which flowed at the funerals, in the amphitheatres, the circus, the forums, and other public places, gladiators were introduced at feasts, and tore each other to pieces amidst the supper tables, to the great delight and applause of the guests. Yet Lipsius permits himself to suppose the loss of courage, and the evident degeneracy of mankind, to be nearly connected with the abolition of these bloody spectacles. §

Note 61. Stanza cxlii.

Here, where the Roman million's blame or praise
Was death or life, the playthings of a crowd.

When one gladiator wounded another, he shouted "*he has it,*" "*hoc habet,*" or "*habet.*" The wounded combatant dropped his weapon, and, advancing to the edge of the arena, supplicated the spectators. If he had fought well, the people saved him; if otherwise, or as they happened to be inclined, they turned down their thumbs, and he was slain. They were occasionally so savage, that they were impatient if a combat lasted longer than ordinary without wounds or death. The emperor's presence generally saved the vanquished: and it is recorded as an instance of Caracalla's ferocity, that he sent those who supplicated him for life, in a spectacle at Nicomedia, to ask the people; in other words, handed them over to be slain. A similar ceremony is observed at the Spanish bull-fights. The magistrate precedes; and, after the horsemen and piccadors have fought the bull, the matadore steps forward and bows to him for permission to kill the animal. If the bull has done his duty by killing two or three horses, or a man, which last is rare, the people interfere with shouts, the ladies wave their handkerchiefs, and the animal is saved. The wounds and death of the horses are accompanied with the loudest acclamations, and many gestures of delight, especially from the female portion of the audience, including those of the gentlest blood. Every thing depends on habit. The author of Childe Harold, the writer of this note, and one or two other Englishmen, who have certainly in other days borne the sight of a pitched battle, were, during the summer of 1809, in the governor's box at the great amphitheatre of Santa Maria, opposite to Cadiz. The death of one or two horses completely satisfied their curiosity. A gentleman present, observing them shudder and look pale, noticed that unusual reception of so delightful a sport to some young ladies, who stared and smiled, and continued their applauses as another horse fell bleeding to the ground. One bull killed three horses *off his own horns*. He was saved by acclamations, which were redoubled when it was known he belonged to a priest.

An Englishman, who can be much pleased with seeing two men beat themselves to pieces, cannot bear to look at a horse galloping round an arena with his bowels trailing on the ground, and turns from the spectacle and the spectators with horror and disgust.

Note 62. Stanza cxliv.

Like laurels on the bald first Cæsar's head.

Suetonius informs us that Julius Cæsar was particularly gratified by that decree of the senate, which enabled him to wear a wreath of laurel on all occasions. He was anxious, not to show that he was the conqueror of the world, but to hide that he was bald. A stranger at Rome would hardly have guessed the motive, nor should we without the help of the historian.

Note 63. Stanza cxlv.

While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand.

This is quoted in the "*Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,*" as a proof that

* Hist. Eccles. cap. xxvi. lib. v.

† Cassiod. Tripartita, l. x. c. xi. Saturn. ib.

‡ Baronius ad ann. et in notis ad Martyrol. Rom. 1. Jan. See Marangoni delle memorie sacre e profane dell' Anfiteatro Flavio, p. 25, edit. 1746.

§ "Quod? non tu Lipsi momentum aliquod habuisse censes ad virtutem? Magnum. Tempora nostra, nosque ipsos videamus. Oppidum ecce unum alterumve captum, direptum est; tumultus circa nos, non in nobis: et tamen concidimus et turbamur. Ubi robur, ubi tot per annos meditata sapientiæ studia! ubi ille animus qui possit dicere, *si fractus illabatur orbis?*" &c. ibid., lib. ii. cap. xxv. The prototype of Mr. Windham's panegyric on bull-baiting.

the Coliseum was entire, when seen by the Anglo-Saxon pilgrims at the end of the seventh, or the beginning of the eighth century. A notice on the Coliseum may be seen in the Historical Illustrations, p. 263.

Note 64. Stanza cxlvi.

—spared and blest by time.

“ Though plundered of all its brass, except the ring which was necessary to preserve the aperture above, though exposed to repeated fires, though sometimes flooded by the river, and always open to the rain, no monument of equal antiquity is so well preserved as this rotunda. It passed with little alteration from the Pagan into the present worship; and so convenient were its niches for the Christian altar, that Michael Angelo, ever studious of ancient beauty, introduced their design as a model in the Catholic church.”—*FORSYTH'S Remarks, &c., on Italy*, p. 137.

Note 65. Stanza cxlvii.

And they who feel for genius may repose
Their eyes on honour'd forms, whose busts around them close.

The Pantheon has been made a receptacle for the busts of modern great, or, at least, distinguished men. The flood of light which once fell through the large orb above the whole circle of divinities, now shines on a numerous assemblage of mortals, some one or two of whom have been almost deified by the veneration of their countrymen.

Note 66. Stanza cxlviii.

There is a dungeon, in whose dim drear light.

This and the three next stanzas allude to the story of the Roman Daughter, which is recalled to the traveller, by the site, or pretended site, of that adventure, now shown at the church of St. Nicholas *in carcere*. The difficulties attending the full belief of the tale are stated in Historical Illustrations.

Note 67. Stanza clii.

Turn to the mole which Hadrian rear'd on high.

The castle of Saint Angelo. See Historical Illustrations.

Note 68. Stanza cliii.

But lo! the dome—the vast and wondrous dome.

This and the six next stanzas have a reference to the church of St. Peter. For a measurement of the comparative length of this basilica, and the other great churches of Europe, see the pavement of St. Peter's, and the Classical Tour through Italy, vol. ii. page 125, et seq. chap. iv.

Note 69. Stanza clxxi.

——— the strange fate
Which tumbles mightiest sovereigns.

Mary died on the scaffold; Elizabeth of a broken heart; Charles V. a hermit; Louis XIV. a bankrupt in means and glory; Cromwell of anxiety; and,—“ the greatest is behind,”—Napoleon lives a prisoner. To these sovereigns a long but superfluous list might be added of names equally illustrious and unhappy.

Note 70. Stanza clxxiii.

Lo, Nemi! navell'd in the woody hills.

The village of Nemi was near the Arician retreat of Egeria, and, from the shades which embosomed the temple of Diana, has preserved to this day its distinctive appellation of *The Grove*. Nemi is but an evening's ride from the comfortable inn of Albano.

Note 71. Stanza clxxiv.

——— and afar
The Tiber winds, and the broad ocean laves
The Latian coast.

The whole declivity of the Alban hill is of unrivalled beauty, and from the convent on the highest point, which has succeeded to the temple of the Latian Jupiter, the prospect embraces all the objects alluded to in the cited stanza: the Mediter-

anean; the whole scene of the latter half of the *Æneid*; and the coast from beyond the mouth of the Tiber to the headland of Circaum and the Cape of Terracina.

The site of Cicero's villa may be supposed either at the Grotto Ferrata, or at the Tusculum of Prince Lucien Buonaparte.

The former was thought some years ago the actual site, as may be seen from Middleton's *Life of Cicero*. At present it has lost something of its credit, except for the Domenichinos. Nine monks, of the Greek order, live there, and the adjoining villa is a cardinal's summer-house. The other villa, called Ruffinella, is on the summit of the hill above Frascati, and many rich remains of Tusculum have been found there, besides seventy-two statues of different merit and preservation, and seven busts.

From the same eminence are seen the Sabine hills, embosomed in which lies the long valley of Rustica. There are several circumstances which tend to establish the identity of this valley with the "*Ustica*" of Horace: and it seems possible that the mosaic pavement which the peasants uncover by throwing up the earth of a vineyard, may belong to his villa. Rustica is pronounced short, not according to our stress upon—" *Ustica cubantis*."—It is more rational to think that we are wrong, than that the inhabitants of this secluded valley have changed their tone in this word. The addition of the consonant prefixed is nothing: yet it is necessary to be aware that Rustica may be a modern name which the peasants may have caught from the antiquaries.

The villa, or the mosaic, is in a vineyard, on a knoll covered with chesnut-trees. A stream runs down the valley, and although it is not true, as said in the guide-books, that this stream is called Licenza, yet there is a village on a rock at the head of the valley which is so denominated, and which may have taken its name from the Digentia. Licenza contains 700 inhabitants. On a peak a little way beyond is Civitella, containing 300. On the banks of the Anio, a little before you turn up into Valle Rustica, to the left, about an hour from the *villa*, is a town called Vico-varo, another favourable coincidence with the *Varia* of the poet. At the end of the valley, towards the Anio, there is a bare hill, crowned with a little town called Bardela. At the foot of this hill the rivulet of Licenza flows, and is almost absorbed in a wide sandy bed before it reaches the Anio. Nothing can be more fortunate for the lines of the poet, whether in a metaphorical or direct sense:

" Me quotiens reficit gelidus Digentia rivus,
Quem Mandela bibit rugosus frigore pagus."

The stream is clear high up the valley, but before it reaches the hill of Bardela looks green and yellow, like a sulphur rivulet.

Rocca Giovane, a ruined village in the hills, half an hour's walk from the vineyard where the pavement is shown, does seem to be the site of the fane of Vacuna, and an inscription found there tells that this temple of the Sabine victory was repaired by Vespasian.* With these helps, and a position corresponding exactly to every thing which the poet has told us of his retreat, we may feel tolerably secure of our site.

The hill which should be Lucretilis is called Campanile, and by following up the rivulet to the pretended Bandusia, you come to the roots of the higher mountain Gennaro. Singularly enough, the only spot of ploughed land in the whole valley is on the knoll where this Bandusia rises,

" Tu frigus amabile
Fessis vomere tauris
Præbes, et pecori vago."

The peasants show another spring near the mosaic pavement, which they call "*Ora dina*," and which flows down the hills into a tank, or mill-dam, and thence trickles over the Digentia. But we must not hope

" To trace the Muses upwards to their spring,"

by exploring the windings of the romantic valley in search of the Bandusian fountain.

* IMP. CÆSAR VESPASIANVS
PONTIFEX MAXIMVS. TRIB.
POTEST. CENSOR. ÆDEM
VICTORIÆ. VETUSTATE ILLAPSAM
SVA. IMPENSA. RESTITVIT.

It seems strange that any one should have thought *Bandusia* a fountain of the *Digentia*—Horace has not let drop a word of it; and this immortal spring has, in fact, been discovered in possession of the holders of many good things in Italy, the monks. It was attached to the church of St. Gervais and Protais near Venusia, where it was most likely to be found.* We shall not be so lucky as a late traveller in finding the *occasional pine* still pendent on the poetic villa. There is not a pine in the whole valley, but there are two cypresses, which he evidently took, or mistook, for the tree in the ode.† The truth is, that the pine is now, as it was in the days of Virgil, a garden tree, and it was not at all likely to be found in the craggy acclivities of the valley of Rustica. Horace probably had one of them in the orchard close above his farm, immediately overshadowing his villa, not on the rocky heights at some distance from his abode. The tourist may have easily supposed himself to have seen this pine figured in the above cypresses, for the orange and lemon-trees which throw such a bloom over his description of the royal gardens at Naples, unless they have been since displaced, were assuredly only acacias and other common garden shrubs. †

Note 72. Stanza clxxxiv.

And laid my hand upon thy mane.

It was a thought worthy of the great spirit of Byron, after exhibiting to us his Pilgrim amidst all the most striking scenes of earthly grandeur and earthly decay,—after teaching us, like him, to sicken over the mutability, and vanity, and emptiness of human greatness, to conduct him and us at last to the borders of “the Great Deep.” It is there that we may perceive an image of the awful and unchangeable abyss of eternity, into whose bosom so much has sunk, and all shall one day sink,—of that eternity wherein the scorn and the contempt of man, and the melancholy of great, and the fretting of little minds, shall be at rest for ever. No one, but a true poet of man and of nature, would have dared to frame such a termination for such a Pilgrimage. The image of the wanderer may well be associated, for a time, with the rock of Calpe, the shattered temples of Athens, or the gigantic fragments of Rome; but when we wish to think of this dark personification as of a thing which is, where can we so well imagine him to have his daily haunt as by the roaring of the waves?—WILSON.

Note 73.

RUSTACE'S CLASSICAL TOUR.

The extreme disappointment experienced by chusing the *Classical Tourist* as a guide in Italy must be allowed to find vent in a few observations, which, it is asserted without fear of contradiction, will be confirmed by every one who has selected the same conductor through the same country. The author is, in fact, one of the most inaccurate, unsatisfactory writers that have in our times obtained a temporary reputation, and is very seldom to be trusted even when he speaks of objects which he must be presumed to have seen. His errors, from the simple exaggeration to the downright misstatement, are so frequent as to induce a suspicion that he had either never visited the spots described, or had trusted to the fidelity of former writers. Indeed the *Classical Tour* has every characteristic of a mere compilation of former notices, strung together on a very slender thread of personal observation, and swelled out by those decorations which are so easily supplied by a systematic adoption of all the common-places of praise applied to every thing, and therefore signifying nothing.

The style which one person thinks cloggy and cumbrous, and unsuitable, may be to the taste of others, and such may experience some salutary excitement in ploughing through the periods of the *Classical Tour*. It must be said, however, that polish

* See Historical Illustrations of the fourth Canto, p. 43.

† See *Classical Tour*, &c., chap. vii. p. 250, vol. ii.

‡ “Under our windows, and bordering on the beach, is the royal garden, laid out in parterres, and walks shaded by rows of orange trees.” *Classical Tour*, &c., chap. xi. vol. ii. oct. 365.

and weight are apt to beget an expectation of value. It is amongst the pains of the damned to toil up a climax with a huge round *stone*.

The tourist had the choice of his words, but there was no such latitude allowed to that of his sentiments. The love of virtue and of liberty, which must have distinguished the character, certainly adorns the pages of Mr. Eustace, and the gentlemanly spirit, so recommendatory either in an author or his productions, is very conspicuous throughout the *Classical Tour*. But these generous qualities are the foliage of such a performance, and may be spread about it so prominently and profusely, as to embarrass those who wish to see and find the truth at hand. The unction of the divine, and the exhortations of the moralist, may have made this work something more and better than a book of travels, but they have not made it a book, of travels; and this observation applies more especially to that enticing method of instruction conveyed by the perpetual introduction of the same Gallic Helot to reel and bluster before the rising generation, and terrify it into decency by the display of all the excesses of the revolution. An animosity against atheists and regicides in general, and Frenchmen specifically, may be honourable, and may be useful, as a record; but that antidote should either be administered in any work rather than a tour, or, at least, should be served up apart, and not so mixed with the whole mass of information and reflection, as to give a bitterness to every page: for who would chuse to have the antipathies of any man, however just, for his travelling companions? A tourist, unless he aspires to the credit of prophecy, is not answerable for the changes which may take place in the country which he describes; but his reader may very fairly esteem all his political portraits and deductions as so much waste paper, the moment they cease to assist, and more particularly if they obstruct, his actual survey.

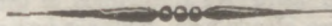
Neither encomium nor accusation of any government, or governors, is meant to be here offered; but it is stated as an incontrovertible fact, that the change operated, either by the address of the late imperial system, or by the disappointment of every expectation by those who have succeeded to the Italian thrones, has been so considerable, and is so apparent, as not only to put Mr. Eustace's antigallican philippics entirely out of date, but even to throw some suspicion upon the competency and candour of the author himself. A remarkable example may be found in the instance of Bologna, over whose papal attachments, and consequent desolation, the tourist pours forth such strains of condolence and revenge, made louder by the borrowed trumpet of Mr. Burke. Now, Bologna is at this moment, and has been for some years, notorious amongst the states of Italy for its attachment to revolutionary principles, and was almost the only city which made any demonstrations in favour of the unfortunate Murat. This change may, however, have been made since Mr. Eustace visited this country; but the traveller whom he has thrilled with horror at the projected stripping of the copper from the cupola of St. Peter's, must be much relieved to find that sacrilege out of the power of the French, or any other plunderers, the cupola being covered with *lead*.*

If the conspiring voice of otherwise rival critics had not given considerable currency to the *Classical Tour*, it would have been unnecessary to warn the reader, that, however it may adorn his library, it will be of little or no service to him in his carriage; and if the judgment of those critics had hitherto been suspended, no attempt would have been made to anticipate their decision. As it is, those who stand in relation of posterity to Mr. Eustace may be permitted to appeal from contemporary praises, and are perhaps more likely to be just in proportion as the causes of love and hatred are the farther removed. This appeal had, in some measure, been made before the above remarks were written; for one of the most respectable of the Florentine publishers, who had been persuaded by the repeated inquiries of those on their journey southwards, to reprint a cheap edition of the *Classical Tour*, was, by the concurring advice of returning travellers, induced to abandon his design, although

* "What, then, will be the astonishment, or rather the horror of my reader, when I inform him the French Committee turned its attention to Saint Peter's, and employed a company of Jews to estimate and purchase the gold, silver, and bronze that adorn the inside of the edifice, as well as the copper that covers the vaults and dome on the outside." Chap. iv. p. 130, vol. ii. The story about the Jews is positively denied at Rome.

he had already arranged his types and paper, and had struck off one or two of the first sheets.

The writer of these notes would wish to part (like Mr. Gibbon) on good terms with the Pope and the Cardinals, but he does not think it necessary to extend the same discreet silence to their humble partisans.



THE GIAOUR,

A FRAGMENT OF A TURKISH TALE.

One fatal remembrance—one sorrow that throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes—
To which life nothing darker nor brighter can bring,
For which joy hath no balm—and affliction no sting.

MOORE.

TO SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.

AS A SLIGHT BUT MOST SINCERE TOKEN OF ADMIRATION OF HIS GENIUS,
RESPECT FOR HIS CHARACTER, AND GRATITUDE FOR HIS FRIENDSHIP,

THIS PRODUCTION IS INSCRIBED

BY HIS OBLIGED AND AFFECTIONATE SERVANT,

BYRON.

London, May, 1813.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Tale which these disjointed fragments present is founded upon circumstances now less common in the East than formerly; either because the ladies are more circumspect than in the "olden time;" or because the Christians have better fortune, or less enterprise. The story, when entire, contained the adventures of a female slave, who was thrown, in the Mussulman manner, into the sea for infidelity, and avenged by a young Venetian, her lover, at the time the Seven Islands were possessed by the Republic of Venice, and soon after the Arnaouts were beaten back from the Morea, which they had ravaged for some time subsequent to the Russian invasion. The desertion of the Mainotes, on being refused the plunder of Misitra, led to the abandonment of that enterprise, and to the desolation of the Morea, during which the cruelty exercised on all sides was unparalleled even in the annals of the faithful.*

THE GIAOUR.

No breath of air to break the wave
That rolls below the Athenian's grave,
That tomb * which, gleaming o'er the cliff,
First greets the homeward-veering skiff,
High o'er the land he saved in vain :
When shall such hero live again ?

* * * * *

Fair clime ! where every season smiles
Benignant o'er those blessed isles,
Which, seen from far Colonna's height,
Make glad the heart that hails the sight,
And lend to loneliness delight.
There, mildly dimpling, Ocean's cheek
Reflects the tints of many a peak
Caught by the laughing tides that lave
These Edens of the eastern wave ;
And if, at times, a transient breeze
Break the blue crystal of the seas,
Or sweep one blossom from the trees,
How welcome is each gentle air
That wakes and wafts the odours there !
For there the rose o'er crag or vale,
Sultana of the nightingale, *

The maid for whom his melody,
His thousand songs are heard on high,
Blooms blushing to her lover's tale :
His queen, the garden queen, his rose,
Unbent by winds, unchill'd by snows,
Far from the winters of the west,
By every breeze and season blest,
Returns the sweets by nature given
In softest incense back to heaven ;
And grateful yields that smiling sky
Her fairest hue and fragrant sigh.

And many a summer flower is there,
 And many a shade that love might share,
 And many a grotto, meant for rest,
 That holds the pirate for a guest ;
 Whose bark in sheltering cove below
 Lurks for the passing peaceful prow,
 Till the gay mariner's guitar⁵
 Is heard, and seen the evening star ;
 Then stealing with the muffled oar,
 Far shaded by the rocky shore,
 Rush the night-prowlers on the prey,
 And turn to groans his roundelay.
 Strange—that where nature loved to trace,
 As if for gods, a dwelling-place,
 And every charm and grace hath mix'd
 Within the paradise she fix'd,
 There man, enamour'd of distress,
 Should mar it into wilderness,
 And trample, brute-like, o'er each flower
 That tasks not one laborious hour ;
 Nor claims the culture of his hand
 To bloom along the fairy land,
 But springs as to preclude his care,
 And sweetly woes him—but to spare !
 Strange, that where all is peace beside,
 There passion riots in her pride,
 And lust and rapine wildly reign
 To darken o'er the fair domain.
 It is as though the fiends prevail'd
 Against the seraphs they assail'd,
 And, fix'd on heavenly thrones, should dwell
 The freed inheritors of hell ;
 So soft the scene, so form'd for joy,
 So curst the tyrants that destroy !

He who hath bent him o'er the dead,
 Ere the first day of death is fled,
 The first dark day of nothingness,
 The last of danger and distress
 (Before decay's effacing fingers
 Have swept the lines where beauty lingers),
 And mark'd the mild angelic air,
 The rapture of repose that 's there,
 The fix'd, yet tender traits that streak
 The languor of the placid cheek,
 And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
 That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now,
 And but for that chill, changeless brow,
 Where cold obstruction's apathy⁴

Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
 As if to him it could impart
 The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon :
 Yes, but for these, and these alone,
 Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,
 He still might doubt the tyrant's power ;
 So fair, so calm, so softly seal'd,
 The first, last look by death reveal'd !⁵
 Such is the aspect of this shore :
 'T is Greece, but living Greece no more !
 So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
 We start, for soul is wanting there.
 Hers is the loveliness in death,
 That parts not quite with parting breath ;
 But beauty with that fearful bloom,
 That hue which haunts it to the tomb,
 Expression's last receding ray,
 A gilded halo hovering round decay,
 The farewell beam of feeling past away !
 Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,
 Which gleams, but warms no more its cherish'd earth !

Clime of the unforgotten brave !
 Whose land from plain to mountain-cave
 Was freedom's home or glory's grave !
 Shrine of the mighty ! can it be,
 That this is all remains of thee ?
 Approach, thou craven crouching slave :
 Say, is not this Thermopylæ ?
 These waters blue that round you lave,
 Oh servile offspring of the free,—
 Pronounce what sea, what shore is this ?
 The gulf, the rock of Salamis !
 These scenes, their story not unknown,
 Arise, and make again your own ;
 Snatch from the ashes of your sires
 The embers of their former fires ;
 And he who, in the strife expires
 Will add to theirs a name of fear
 That tyranny shall quake to hear,
 And leave his sons a hope, a fame,
 They too will rather die than shame ;
 For freedom's battle once begun,
 Bequeath'd by bleeding sire to son,
 Though baffled oft, is ever won.
 Bear witness, Greece, thy living page,
 Attest it many a deathless age !
 While kings, in dusty darkness hid,
 Have left a nameless pyramid,

Thy heroes, though the general doom
 Hath swept the column from their tomb,
 A mightier monument command,
 The mountains of their native land!
 There points thy muse to stranger's eye
 The graves of those that cannot die!
 'T were long to tell, and sad to trace.
 Each step from splendour to disgrace;
 Enough—no foreign foe could quell
 Thy soul, till from itself it fell;
 Yes! self-abasement paved the way
 To villain-bonds and despot-sway.

What can he tell who treads thy shore?
 No legend of thine olden time,
 No theme on which the muse might soar,
 High as thine own in days of yore,
 When man was worthy of thy clime.
 The hearts within thy valleys bred,
 The fiery souls that might have led
 Thy sons to deeds sublime,
 Now crawl from cradle to the grave,
 Slaves—nay, the bondsmen of a slave,⁶
 And callous, save to crime;
 Stain'd with each evil that pollutes
 Mankind, where least above the brutes;
 Without even savage virtue blest,
 Without one free or valiant breast,
 Still to the neighbouring ports they waft
 Proverbial wiles, and ancient craft;
 In this the subtle Greek is found,
 For this, and this alone, renown'd.
 In vain might liberty invoke
 The spirit to its bondage broke,
 Or raise the neck that courts the yoke:
 No more her sorrows I bewail,
 Yet this will be a mournful tale,
 And they who listen may believe,
 Who heard it first had cause to grieve.

* * * * *

Far, dark, along the blue sea glancing,
 The shadows of the rocks advancing,
 Start on the fisher's eye like boat
 Of island-pirate or Mainote;
 And, fearful for his light caïque,
 He shuns the near but doubtful creek:
 Though worn and weary with his toil,
 And cumber'd with his scaly spoil,

Slowly, yet strongly, plies the oar,
 Till Port Leone's safer shore
 Receives him by the lovely light
 That best becomes an eastern night.

* * * * *

Who thundering comes on blackest steed,
 With slacken'd bit and hoof of speed?
 Beneath the clattering iron's sound,
 The cavern'd echoes wake around
 In lash for lash, and bound for bound;
 The foam that streaks the courser's side
 Seems gather'd from the ocean-tide:
 Though weary waves are sunk to rest,
 There's none within his rider's breast;
 And though to-morrow's tempest lower,
 'T is calmer than thy heart, young Giaour!
 I know thee not, I loathe thy race,
 But in thy lineaments I trace
 What time shall strengthen, not efface:
 Though young and pale, that fallow front
 Is scathed by fiery passions' brunt;
 Though bent on earth thine evil eye,
 As meteor-like thou glidest by,
 Right well I view and deem thee one
 Whom Othman's sons should slay or shun.

On—on he hasten'd, and he drew
 My gaze of wonder as he flew:
 Though like a demon of the night
 He pass'd and vanish'd from my sight,
 His aspect and his air impress'd
 A troubled memory on my breast
 And long upon my startled ear
 Rung his dark courser's hoofs of fear.
 He spurs his steed; he nears the steep
 That, jutting, shadows o'er the deep;
 He winds around; he hurries by;
 The rock relieves him from mine eye;
 For well I ween unwelcome he
 Whose glance is fix'd on those that flee;
 And not a star but shines too bright
 On him who takes such timeless flight.
 He wound along; but, ere he pass'd,
 One glance he snatch'd, as if his last,
 A moment check'd his wheeling steed,
 A moment breathed him from his speed,
 A moment on his stirrup stood—
 Why looks he o'er the olive wood?

The crescent glimmers on the hill,
 The mosque's high lamps are quivering still :
 Though too remote for sound to wake
 In echoes of the far tophaïke,
 The flashes of each joyous peal
 Are seen to prove the Moslems' zeal.
 To-night, set Rhamazani's sun :
 To-night, the Bairam's feast 's begun ;
 To-night—but who and what art thou,
 Of foreign garb and fearful brow ?
 And what are these to thine or thee,
 That thou shouldst either pause or flee ?
 He stood—some dread was on his face,
 Soon hatred settled in its place :
 It rose not with the reddening flush
 Of transient anger's hasty blush,
 But pale as marble o'er the tomb,
 Whose ghastly whiteness aids its gloom.
 His brow was bent, his eye was glazed,
 He raised his arm, and fiercely raised,
 And sternly shook his hand on high,
 As doubting to return or fly :
 Impatient of his flight delay'd,
 Here loud his raven charger neigh'd—
 Down glanced that hand, and grasp'd his blade ;
 That sound had burst his waking dream
 As Slumber starts at owlet's scream.
 The spur hath lanced his courser's sides ;
 Away, away ! for life he rides ;
 Swift as the hurl'd on high jerreed,⁹
 Springs to the touch his startled steed ;
 The rock is doubled, and the shore
 Shakes with the clattering tramp no more ;
 The crag is won, no more is seen
 His christian crest and haughty mien.
 'T was but an instant he restrain'd :
 That fiery barb so sternly rein'd :
 'T was but a moment that he stood,
 Then sped as if by death pursued ;
 But in that instant o'er his soul
 Winters of memory seem'd to roll,
 And gather in that drop of time
 A life of pain, an age of crime.
 O'er him who loves, or hates, or fears,
 Such moment pours the grief of years :
 What felt *he* then, at once opprest
 By all that most distracts the breast ?
 That pause, which ponder'd o'er his fate,
 Oh, who its dreary length shall date !

Though in time's record nearly nought,
 It was eternity to thought!
 For infinite as boundless space
 The thought that conscience must embrace,
 Which in itself can comprehend
 Woe without name, or hope, or end.

The hour is past, the Giaour is gone;
 And did he fly or fall alone?
 Woe to that hour he came or went!
 The curse for Hassan's sin was sent
 To turn a palace to a tomb:
 He came, he went, like the simoom,¹⁰
 That harbinger of fate and gloom,
 Beneath whose widely-wasting breath
 The very cypress droops to death—
 Dark tree, still sad when others' grief is fled,
 The only constant mourner o'er the dead!

The steed is vanish'd from the stall;
 No serf is seen in Hassan's hall;
 The lonely spider's thin grey pall
 Waves slowly widening o'er the wall;
 The bat builds in his haram bower;
 And in the fortress of his power
 The owl usurps the beacon-tower;
 The wild-dog howls o'er the fountain's brim,
 With baffled thirst, and famine grim;
 For the stream has shrunk from its marble bed,
 Where the weeds and the desolate dust are spread.

'T was sweet of yore to see it play
 And chase the sultriness of day,
 As, springing high, the silver dew
 In whirls, fantastically flew,
 And flung luxurious coolness round
 The air, and verdure o'er the ground.
 'T was sweet, when cloudless stars were bright,
 To view the wave of watery light,
 And hear its melody by night.
 And oft had Hassan's childhood play'd
 Around the verge of that cascade;
 And oft upon his mother's breast
 That sound had harmonized his rest;
 And oft had Hassan's youth along
 Its bank been soothed by beauty's song;
 And softer seem'd each melting tone
 Of music mingled with its own.
 But ne'er shall Hassan's age repose
 Along the brink at twilight's close:

The stream that fill'd that font is fled—
 The blood that warm'd his heart is shed !
 And here no more shall human voice
 Be heard to rage, regret, rejoice ;
 The last sad note that swell'd the gale
 Was woman's wildest funeral wail :
That quench'd in silence, all is still,
 But the lattice that flaps when the wind is shrill :
 Though raves the gust, and floods the rain,
 No hand shall close its clasp again.
 On desert sands 't were joy to scan
 The rudest steps of fellow man—
 So here the very voice of grief
 Might wake an echo like relief ;
 At least 't would say, " All are not gone ;
 There lingers life, though but in one—"
 For many a gilded chamber 's there,
 Which solitude might well forbear !
 Within that dome as yet decay
 Hath slowly work'd her cankering way—
 But gloom is gather'd o'er the gate,
 Nor there the fakir's self will wait ;
 Nor there will wandering dervise stay,
 For bounty cheers not his delay ;
 Nor there will weary stranger halt
 To bless the sacred " bread and salt." ¹¹
 Alike must wealth and poverty
 Pass heedless and unheeded by,
 For courtesy and pity died
 With Hassan on the mountain side ;
 His roof, that refuge unto men,
 Is desolation's hungry den.
 The guest flies the hall, and the vassal from labour,
 Since his turban was cleft by the infidel's sabre ! ¹²

* * * * *

I hear the sound of coming feet,
 But not a voice mine ear to greet ;
 More near—each turban I can scan,
 And silver-sheathed ataghan. ¹³
 The foremost of the band is seen,
 An emir by his garb of green : ¹⁴
 " Ho ! who art thou ?" — " This low salam ¹⁵
 Replies of Moslem faith I am.
 The burthen ye so gently bear,
 Seems one that claims your utmost care,
 And, doubtless, holds some precious freight,
 My humble bark would gladly wait."

“Thou speakest sooth ; thy skiff unmoor,
 And waft us from the silent shore ;
 Nay, leave the sail still furl'd, and ply
 The nearest oar that 's scatter'd by ;
 And midway to those rocks where sleep
 The channel'd waters dark and deep,
 Rest from your task—so—bravely done ;
 Our course has been right swiftly run ;
 Yet 't is the longest voyage, I trow,
 That one of—

* * * * *

Sullen it plunged, and slowly sank ;
 The calm wave rippled to the bank.
 I watch'd it as it sank ; methought
 Some motion from the current caught
 Bestirr'd it more,—'t was but the beam
 That chequer'd o'er the living stream :
 I gazed, till, vanishing from view,
 Like lessening pebble it withdrew,
 Still less and less, a speck of white
 That gemm'd the tide, then mock'd the sight ;
 And all its hidden secrets sleep,
 Known but to genii of the deep,
 Which, trembling in their coral caves,
 They dare not whisper to the waves.

* * * * *

As rising on its purple wing
 The insect-queen¹⁶ of eastern spring,
 O'er emerald meadows of Kashmeer
 Invites the young pursuer near,
 And leads him on from flower to flower
 A weary chase and wasted hour,
 Then leaves him, as it soars on high,
 With panting heart and tearful eye :
 So beauty lures the full-grown child,
 With hue as bright, and wing as wild ;
 A chase of idle hopes and fears,
 Begun in folly, closed in tears.
 If won, to equal ills betray'd,
 Woe waits the insect and the maid ;
 A life of pain, the loss of peace,
 From infant's play, and man's caprice :
 The lovely toy so fiercely sought
 Hath lost its charm by being caught ;
 For every touch that wooed its stay
 Hath brush'd its brightest hues away,

Till, charm, and hue, and beauty gone,
 'T is left to fly or fall alone.
 With wounded wing, or bleeding breast,
 Ah! where shall either victim rest?
 Can this with faded pinion soar
 From rose to tulip as before?
 Or beauty, blighted in an hour,
 Find joy within her broken bower?
 No: gayer insects fluttering by
 Ne'er droop the wing o'er those that die;
 And lovelier things have mercy shown
 To every failing but their own,
 And every woe a tear can claim,
 Except an erring sister's shame.

* * * *

The mind that broods o'er guilty woes,
 Is like the scorpion girt by fire;
 In circle narrowing as it glows,
 The flames around their captive close,
 Till, inly search'd by thousand throes,
 And maddening in her ire,
 One sad and sole relief she knows,
 The sting she nourish'd for her foes,
 Whose venom never yet was vain,
 Gives but one pang, and cures all pain,
 And darts into her desperate brain:
 So do the dark in soul expire,
 Or live like scorpion girt by fire;⁷
 So writhes the mind remorse hath riven,
 Unfit for earth, undoom'd for heaven,
 Darkness above, despair beneath,
 Around it flame, within it death!

* * * *

Black Hassan from the haram flies,
 Nor bends on woman's form his eyes;
 The unwonted chase each hour employs,
 Yet shares he not the hunter's joys.
 Not thus was Hassan wont to fly
 When Leila dwelt in his serai.
 Doth Leila there no longer dwell?
 That tale can only Hassan tell;
 Strange rumours in our city say
 Upon that eve she fled away,
 When Rhamazan's¹⁸ last sun was set,
 And, flashing from each minaret,
 Millions of lamps proclaim'd the feast
 Of Bairam through the boundless East.

'T was then she went as to the bath,
 Which Hassan vainly search'd in wrath;
 For she was flown her master's rage,
 In likeness of a Georgian page,
 And, far beyond the Moslem's power,
 Had wrong'd him with the faithless Giaour.
 Somewhat of this had Hassan deem'd;
 But still so fond, so fair she seem'd,
 Too well he trusted to the slave
 Whose treachery deserved a grave:
 And on that eve had gone to mosque,
 And thence to feast in his kiosk.
 Such is the tale his Nubians tell,
 Who did not watch their charge too well.
 But others say, that on that night,
 By pale Phingari's ¹⁹ trembling light,
 The Giaour upon his jet-black steed
 Was seen, but seen alone to speed
 With bloody spur along the shore,
 Nor maid nor page behind him bore.

* * * *

Her eye's dark charm 't were vain to tell,
 But gaze on that of the gazelle,
 It will assist thy fancy well;
 As large, as languishingly dark,
 But soul beam'd forth in every spark
 That darted from beneath the lid,
 Bright as the jewel of Giamschid. ²⁰
 Yea, *soul!* and should our Prophet say
 That form was nought but breathing clay,
 By Alla! I would answer nay,
 Though on Al-Sirat's ²¹ arch I stood,
 Which totters o'er the fiery flood,
 With paradise within my view,
 And all his houris beckoning through.
 Oh! who young Leila's glance could read,
 And keep that portion of his creed ²²
 Which saith that woman is but dust,
 A soulless toy for tyrant's lust?
 On her might muftis gaze, and own
 That through her eye the Immortal shone,
 On her fair cheek's unfading hue
 The young pomegranate's ²³ blossoms strew
 Their bloom in blushes ever new;
 Her hair in hyacinthine ²⁴ flow,
 When left to roll its folds below,
 As midst her handmaids in the hall
 She stood superior to them all,

Hath swept the marble where her feet
 Glean'd whiter than the mountain sleet,
 Ere from the cloud that gave it birth
 It fell, and caught one stain of earth.
 The cygnet nobly walks the water ;
 So moved on earth Circassia's daughter,
 The loveliest bird of Franguestan !²⁵
 As rears her crest the ruffled swan,
 And spurns the wave with wings of pride,
 When pass the steps of stranger man
 Along the banks that bound her tide ;
 Thus rose fair Leila's whiter neck :—
 Thus arm'd with beauty would she check
 Intrusion's glance, till folly's gaze
 Shrank from the charms it meant to praise.
 Thus high and graceful was her gait ;
 Her heart as tender to her mate ;
 Her mate—stern Hassan, who was he ?
 Alas ! that name was not for thee !

* * * *

Stern Hassan hath a journey ta'en,
 With twenty vassals in his train,
 Each arm'd, as best becomes a man,
 With arquebuss and ataghan ;
 The chief before, as deck'd for war,
 Bears in his belt the scimitar
 Stain'd with the best of Arnaout blood.
 When in the pass the rebels stood,
 And few return'd to tell the tale
 Of what befel in Parne's vale.
 The pistols which his girdle bore
 Were those that once a pacha wore,
 Which still, though gemm'd and boss'd with gold,
 Even robbers tremble to behold.
 'T is said he goes to woo a bride
 More true than her who left his side,
 The faithless slave that broke her bower,
 And, worse than faithless, for a Giaour !

* * * *

The sun's last rays are on the hill,
 And sparkle in the fountain rill,
 Whose welcome waters, cool and clear,
 Draw blessings from the mountaineer :
 Here may the loitering merchant Greek
 Find that repose 't were vain to seek
 In cities, lodged too near his lord,
 And trembling for his secret hoard—

Here may he rest where none can see,
 In crowds a slave, in deserts free ;
 And with forbidden wine may stain
 The bowl a Moslem must not drain.

* * * *

The foremost Tartar 's in the gap,
 Conspicuous by his yellow cap ;
 The rest in lengthening line the while
 Wind slowly through the long defile.
 Above, the mountain rears a peak,
 Where vultures whet the thirsty beak,
 And theirs may be a feast to-night,
 Shall tempt them down ere morrow's light :
 Beneath, a river's wintry stream
 Has shrunk before the summer beam,
 And left a channel bleak and bare,
 Save shrubs that spring to perish there.
 Each side the midway path there lay
 Small broken crags of granite gray,
 By time, or mountain lightning, riven
 From summits clad in mists of heaven ;
 For where is he that hath beheld
 The peak of Liakura unveil'd !

* * * *

They reach the grove of pine at last :
 " Bismillah ! " ^{as} no, the peril 's past ;
 For yonder view the opening plain,
 And there we 'll prick our steeds again."
 The Chiaus spake, and as he said,
 A bullet whistled o'er his head.
 The foremost Tartar bites the ground !
 Scarce had they time to check the rein,
 Swift from their steeds the riders bound ;
 But three shall never mount again :
 Unseen the foes that gave the wound,
 The dying ask revenge in vain.
 With steel unsheath'd, and carbine bent,
 Some o'er their coursers' harness leant,
 Half shelter'd by the steed ;
 Some fly behind the nearest rock,
 And there await the coming shock,
 Nor tamely stand to bleed
 Beneath the shaft of foes unseen,
 Who dare not quit their craggy screen.
 Stern Hassan only from his horse
 Disdains to light, and keeps his course,

Till fiery flashes in the van
 Proclaim too sure the robber clan
 Have well secured the only way
 Could now avail the promised prey.
 Then curl'd his very beard²⁷ with ire,
 And glared his eye with fiercer fire :
 " Though far and near the bullets hiss,
 I 've 'scaped a bloodier hour than this."
 And now the foe their covert quit,
 And call his vassals to submit :
 But Hassan's frown and furious word
 Are dreaded more than hostile sword,
 Nor of his little band a man
 Resign'd carbine or ataghan,
 Nor raised the craven cry, Amaun!²⁸
 In fuller sight, more near and near,
 The lately ambush'd foes appear,
 And, issuing from the grove, advance
 Some who on battle-charger prance.
 Who leads them on with foreign brand,
 Far flashing in his red right hand ?
 "'T is he ! 't is he ! I know him now ;
 I know him by his pallid brow ;
 I know him by the evil eye²⁹
 That aids his envious treachery ;
 I know him by his jet-black barb :
 Though now array'd in Arnaut garb,
 Apostate from his own vile faith,
 It shall not save him from the death.
 'T is he ! well met in any hour !
 Lost Leila's love, accursed Giaour !"

As rolls the river into ocean,
 In sable torrent wildly streaming ;
 As the sea-tide's opposing motion,
 In azure column proudly gleaming,
 Beats back the current many a rood,
 In curling foam and mingling flood,
 While eddying whirl, and breaking wave,
 Roused by the blast of winter, rave ;
 Through sparkling spray, in thundering clash,
 The lightnings of the waters flash
 In awful whiteness o'er the shore,
 That shines and shakes beneath the roar ;
 Thus—as the stream and ocean greet,
 With waves that madden as they meet—
 Thus join the bands, whom mutual wrong,
 And fate, and fury, drive along.

The bickering sabres' shivering jar ;
 And, pealing wide, or ringing near
 Its echoes on the throbbing ear,
 The death-shot, hissing from afar :
 The shock, the shout, the groan of war,
 Reverberate along that vale,
 More suited to the shepherd's tale.
 Though few the numbers—theirs the strife
 That neither spares nor speaks for life.
 Ah ! fondly youthful hearts can press,
 To seize and share the dear caress,
 But love itself could never pant
 For all that beauty sighs to grant,
 With half the fervour hate bestows
 Upon the last embrace of foes,
 When grappling in the fight they fold
 Those arms that ne'er shall lose their hold.
 Friends meet to part ; love laughs at faith :
 True foes, once met, are join'd till death !

* * * *

With sabre shiver'd to the hilt,
 Yet dripping with the blood he spilt,
 Yet strain'd within the sever'd hand
 Which quivers round that faithless brand ;
 His turban far behind him roll'd,
 And cleft in twain its firmest fold ;
 His flowing robe by falchion torn,
 And crimson as those clouds of morn
 That, streak'd with dusky red, portend
 The day shall have a stormy end ;
 A stain on every bush that bore
 A fragment of his palampore,⁵⁰
 His breast with wounds unnumber'd riven,
 His back to earth, his face to heaven,
 Fall'n Hassan lies—his unclosed eye
 Yet lowering on his enemy,
 As if the hour that seal'd his fate
 Surviving left his quenchless hate ;
 And o'er him bends that foe with brow
 As dark as his that bled below.—

* * * *

“ Yes, Leila sleeps beneath the wave,
 But his shall be a redder grave ;
 Her spirit pointed well the steel
 Which taught that felon heart to feel.
 He call'd the Prophet, but his power
 Was vain against the vengeful Giaour :

He call'd on Alla—but the word
 Arose unheeded, or unheard.
 Thou Paynim fool! could Leila's prayer
 Be pass'd, and thine accorded there?
 I watch'd my time, I leagu'd with these,
 The traitor in his turn to seize;
 My wrath is wreak'd, the deed is done,
 And now I go—but go alone."

* * * * *

The browsing camels' bells are tinkling:
 His mother look'd from her lattice high—
 She saw the dews of eve besprinkling
 The pasture green beneath her eye,
 She saw the planets faintly twinkling:
 "'T is twilight—sure his train is nigh."
 She could not rest in the garden-bower,
 But gazed through the grate of his steepest tower:
 "Why comes he not? his steeds are fleet,
 Nor shrink they from the summer heat:
 Why sends not the bridegroom his promised gift?
 Is his heart more cold, or his barb less swift?
 Oh, false reproach! yon Tartar now
 Has gain'd our nearest mountain's brow,
 And warily the steep descends,
 And now within the valley bends;
 And he bears the gift at his saddle-bow—
 How could I deem his courser slow?
 Right well my largess shall repay
 His welcome speed, and weary way."
 The Tartar lighted at the gate,
 But scarce upheld his fainting weight:
 His swarthy visage spake distress,
 But this might be from weariness;
 His garb with sanguine spots was dyed,
 But these might be from his courser's side;
 He drew the token from his vest—
 Angel of Death! 't is Hassan's cloven crest!
 His calpac³¹ rent—his caftan red—
 "Lady, a fearful bride thy son hath wed;
 Me, not from mercy, did they spare,
 But this empurpled pledge to bear.
 Peace to the brave! whose blood is spilt:
 Woe to the Giaour! for his the guilt."

* * * * *

A turban⁵² carved in coarsest stone,
 A pillar with rank weeds o'ergrown,

Whereon can now be scarcely read
 The Koran verse that mourns the dead,
 Point out the spot where Hassan fell
 A victim in that lonely dell.
 There sleeps as true an Osmanlie
 As e'er at Mecca bent the knee ;
 As ever scorn'd forbidden wine,
 Or pray'd with face towards the shrine,
 In orisons resumed anew
 At solemn sound of "Alla Hu!"⁵³
 Yet died he by a stranger's hand,
 And stranger in his native land ;
 Yet died he as in arms he stood,
 And unavenged, at least in blood.
 But him the maids of paradise
 Impatient to their halls invite,
 And the dark heaven of Houris' eyes
 On him shall glance for ever bright :
 They come—their kerchiefs green they wave,⁵⁴
 And welcome with a kiss the brave!
 Who falls in battle 'gainst a Giaour
 Is worthiest an immortal bower.

* * * *

But thou, false infidel! shalt writhe
 Beneath avenging Monkir's⁵⁵ scythe ;
 And from its torment 'scape alone
 To wander round lost Eblis'⁵⁶ throne ;
 And fire unquench'd, unquenchable,
 Around, within, thy heart shall dwell ;
 Nor ear can hear nor tongue can tell
 The tortures of that inward hell!
 But first, on earth as vampire⁵⁷ sent,
 Thy corse shall from its tomb be rent
 Then ghastly haunt thy native place,
 And suck the blood of all thy race ;
 There from thy daughter, sister, wife,
 At midnight drain the stream of life ;
 Yet loathe the banquet which perforce
 Must feed thy livid living corse :
 Thy victims ere they yet expire
 Shall know the demon for their sire,
 As cursing thee, thou cursing them,
 Thy flowers are wither'd on the stem.
 But one that for thy crime must fall,
 The youngest, most beloved of all,
 Shall bless thee with a *father's* name—
 That word shall wrap thy heart in flame!

Yet must thou end thy task, and mark
 Her cheek's last tinge, her eye's last spark,
 And the last glassy glance must view
 Which freezes o'er its lifeless blue ;
 Then with unhallow'd hand shalt tear
 The tresses of her yellow hair,
 Of which in life a lock, when shorn,
 Affection's fondest pledge was worn ;
 But now is borne away by thee,
 Memorial of thine agony !
 Wet with thine own best blood shall drip³⁸
 Thy gnashing tooth and haggard lip ;
 Then, stalking to thy sullen grave,
 Go—and with Gouls and Afrits rave ;
 Till these in horror shrink away
 From spectre more accursed than they !

* * * * *

“How name ye yon lone Caloyer ?
 His features I have scann'd before
 In mine own land : 't is many a year,
 Since, dashing by the lonely shore,
 I saw him urge as fleet a steed
 As ever served a horseman's need.
 But once I saw that face, yet then
 It was so mark'd with inward pain,
 I could not pass it by again ;
 It breathes the same dark spirit now,
 As death were stamp'd upon his brow.”

“'T is twice three years at summer tide
 Since first among our freres he came ;
 And here it soothes him to abide
 For some dark deed he will not name.
 But never at our vesper prayer,
 Nor e'er before confession chair
 Kneels he, nor recks he when arise
 Incense or anthem to the skies,
 But broods within his cell alone,
 His faith and race alike unknown.
 The sea from Paynim land he crost,
 And here ascended from the coast ;
 Yet seems he not of Othman race,
 But only Christian in his face :
 I'd judge him some stray renegade,
 Repentant of the change he made,
 Save that he shuns our holy shrine,
 Nor tastes the sacred bread and wine.
 Great largess to these walls he brought,

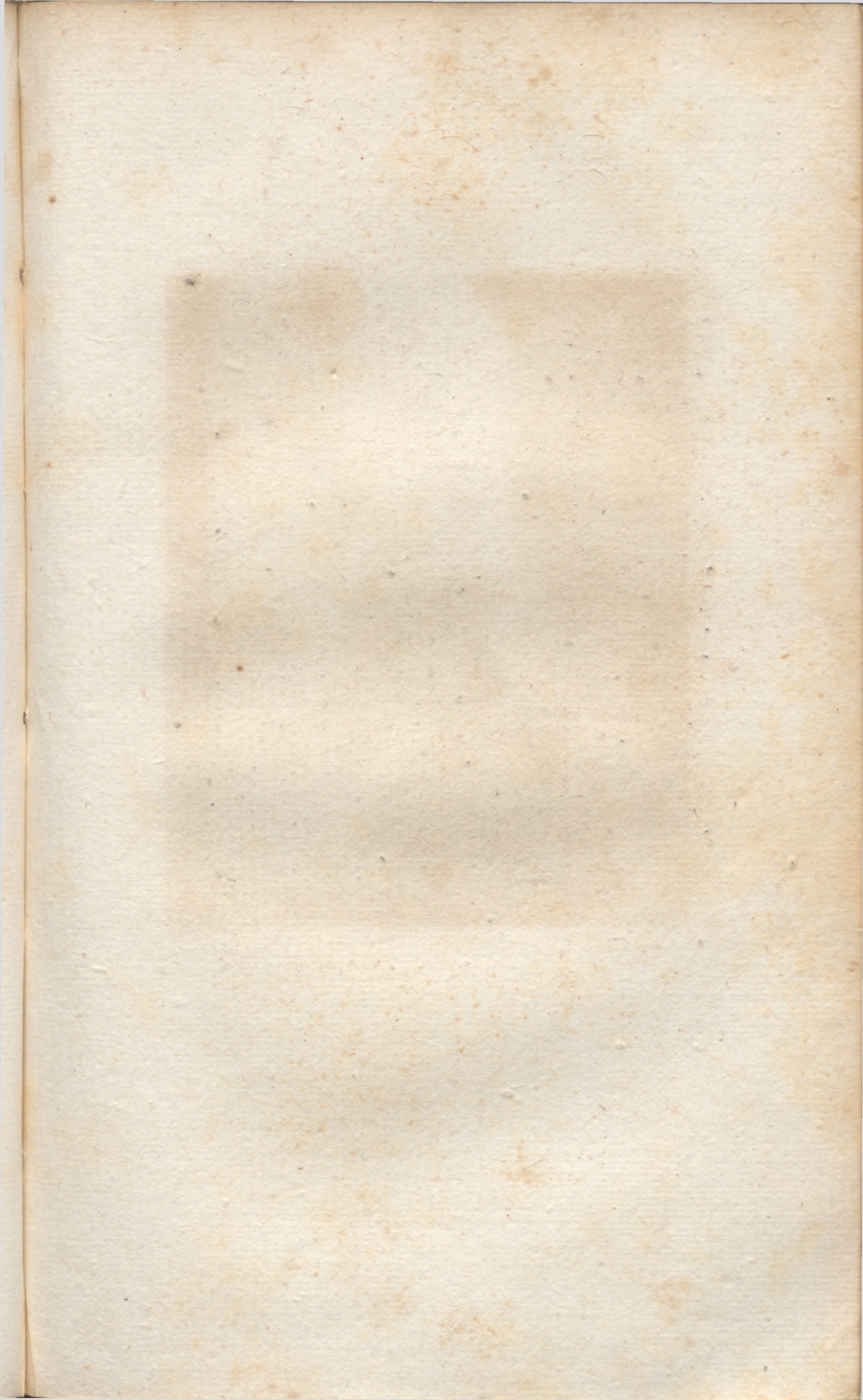
And thus our abbot's favour bought :
 But were I prior, not a day
 Should brook such stranger's further stay ;
 Or, pent within our penance cell,
 Should doom him there for aye to dwell.
 Much in his visions mutters he
 Of maiden whelm'd beneath the sea ;
 Of sabres clashing, foemen flying,
 Wrongs avenged, and Moslem dying.
 On cliff he hath been known to stand,
 And rave as to some bloody hand
 Fresh sever'd from its parent limb,
 Invisible to all but him,
 Which beckons onward to his grave,
 And lures to leap into the wave."

* * * *

Dark and unearthly is the scowl
 That glares beneath his dusky cowl :
 The flash of that dilating eye
 Reveals too much of times gone by ;
 Though varying, indistinct its hue,
 Oft will his glance the gazer rue,
 For in it lurks that nameless spell
 Which speaks, itself unspeakable,
 A spirit yet unquell'd and high,
 That claims and keeps ascendancy,
 And like the bird whose pinions quake,
 But cannot fly the gazing snake,
 Will others quail beneath his look,
 Nor 'scape the glance they scarce can brook.
 From him the half-affrighted friar
 When met alone would fain retire,
 As if that eye and bitter smile
 Transferr'd to others fear and guile :
 Not oft to smile descendeth he,
 And, when he doth, 't is sad to see
 That he but mocks at misery.
 How that pale lip will curl and quiver !
 Then fix once more as if for ever ;
 As if his sorrow or disdain
 Forbade him e'er to smile again.
 Well were it so—such ghastly mirth
 From joyaunce ne'er derived its birth.
 But sadder still it were to trace
 What once were feelings in that face :
 Time hath not yet the features fix'd,
 But brighter traits with evil mix'd ;

And there are hues not always faded,
 Which speak a mind not all degraded
 Even by the crimes through which it waded :
 The common crowd but see the gloom
 Of wayward deeds, and fitting doom ;
 The close observer can espy
 A noble soul, and lineage high :
 Alas ! though both bestow'd in vain,
 Which grief could change, and guilt could stain,
 It was no vulgar tenement
 To which such lofty gifts were lent,
 And still with little less than dread
 On such the sight is riveted.
 The roofless cot, decay'd and rent,
 Will scarce delay the passer-by ;
 The tower by war or tempest bent,
 While yet may frown one battlement,
 Demands and daunts the stranger's eye ;
 Each ivied arch, and pillar lone,
 Pleads haughtily for glories gone.

“ His floating robe around him folding,
 Slow sweeps he through the column'd aisle ;
 With dread beheld, with gloom beholding
 The rites that sanctify the pile.
 But when the anthem shakes the choir,
 And kneel the monks, his steps retire :
 By yonder lone and wavering torch
 His aspect glares within the porch ;
 There will he pause till all is done—
 And hear the prayer, but utter none.
 See—by the half-illumined wall
 His hood fly back, his dark hair fall,
 That pale brow wildly wreathing round,
 As if the Gorgon there had bound
 The sablest of the serpent-braid
 That o'er her fearful forehead stray'd ;
 For he declines the convent oath,
 And leaves those locks unhallow'd growth,
 But wears our garb in all beside ;
 And not from piety, but pride,
 Gives wealth to walls that never heard
 Of his one holy vow nor word.
 Lo !—mark ye, as the harmony
 Peals louder praises to the sky,
 That livid cheek, that stony air
 Of mix'd defiance and despair !
 Saint Francis, keep him from the shrine !
 Else may we dread the wrath divine





Drawn by Rich^d Westall R.A.

Engraved by Cha^s Heath.

THE GIAOUR.

"THERE WILL HE PAUSE TILL ALL IS DONE —

"AND HEAR THE PRAYER, BUT UTTER NONE.

Line 391.

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Made manifest by awful sign,
 If ever evil angel bore
 The form of mortal, such he wore:
 By all my hope of sins forgiven,
 Such looks are not of earth nor heaven!

To love the softest hearts are prone,
 But such can ne'er be all his own;
 Too timid in his woes to share,
 Too meek to meet, or brave despair;
 And sterner hearts alone may feel
 The wound that time can never heal.
 The rugged metal of the mine
 Must burn before its surface shine,
 But plunged within the furnace-flame,
 It bends and melts—though still the same;
 Then temper'd to thy want, or will,
 'T will serve thee to defend or kill;
 A breast-plate for thine hour of need;
 Or blade to bid thy foeman bleed;
 But if a dagger's form it bear,
 Let those who shape its edge beware!
 Thus passion's fire, and woman's art,
 Can turn and tame the sterner heart;
 From these its form and tone are ta'en,
 And what they make it, must remain,
 But break—before it bend again.

* * * *

If solitude succeed to grief,
 Release from pain is slight relief;
 The vacant bosom's wilderness
 Might thank the pang that made it less.
 We loathe what none are left to share;
 Even bliss—'t were woe alone to bear;
 The heart once left thus desolate
 Must fly at last for ease—to hate.
 It is as if the dead could feel
 The icy worm around them steal,
 And shudder, as the reptiles creep
 To revel o'er their rotting sleep,
 Without the power to scare away
 The cold consumers of their clay!
 It is as if the desert-bird,⁵⁹

Whose beak unlocks her bosom's stream
 To still her famish'd nestlings' scream,
 Nor mourns a life to them transferr'd,



PRINTED BY JOHN BIRNBECK, 15, MARK LANE, LONDON. DEC. 1849.

Made manifest by awful sign.
 If ever evil angel bore
 The form of mortal, such he wore :
 By all my hope of sins forgiven,
 Such looks are not of earth nor heaven !”

To love the softest hearts are prone,
 But such can ne'er be all his own ;
 Too timid in his woes to share,
 Too meek to meet, or brave despair ;
 And sterner hearts alone may feel
 The wound that time can never heal.
 The rugged metal of the mine
 Must burn before its surface shine,
 But plunged within the furnace-flame,
 It bends and melts—though still the same ;
 Then temper'd to thy want, or will,
 'T will serve thee to defend or kill ;
 A breast-plate for thine hour of need,
 Or blade to bid thy foeman bleed ;
 But if a dagger's form it bear,
 Let those who shape its edge beware !
 Thus passion's fire, and woman's art,
 Can turn and tame the sterner heart ;
 From these its form and tone are ta'en,
 And what they make it, must remain,
 But break—before it bend again.

* * * *
 * * * *

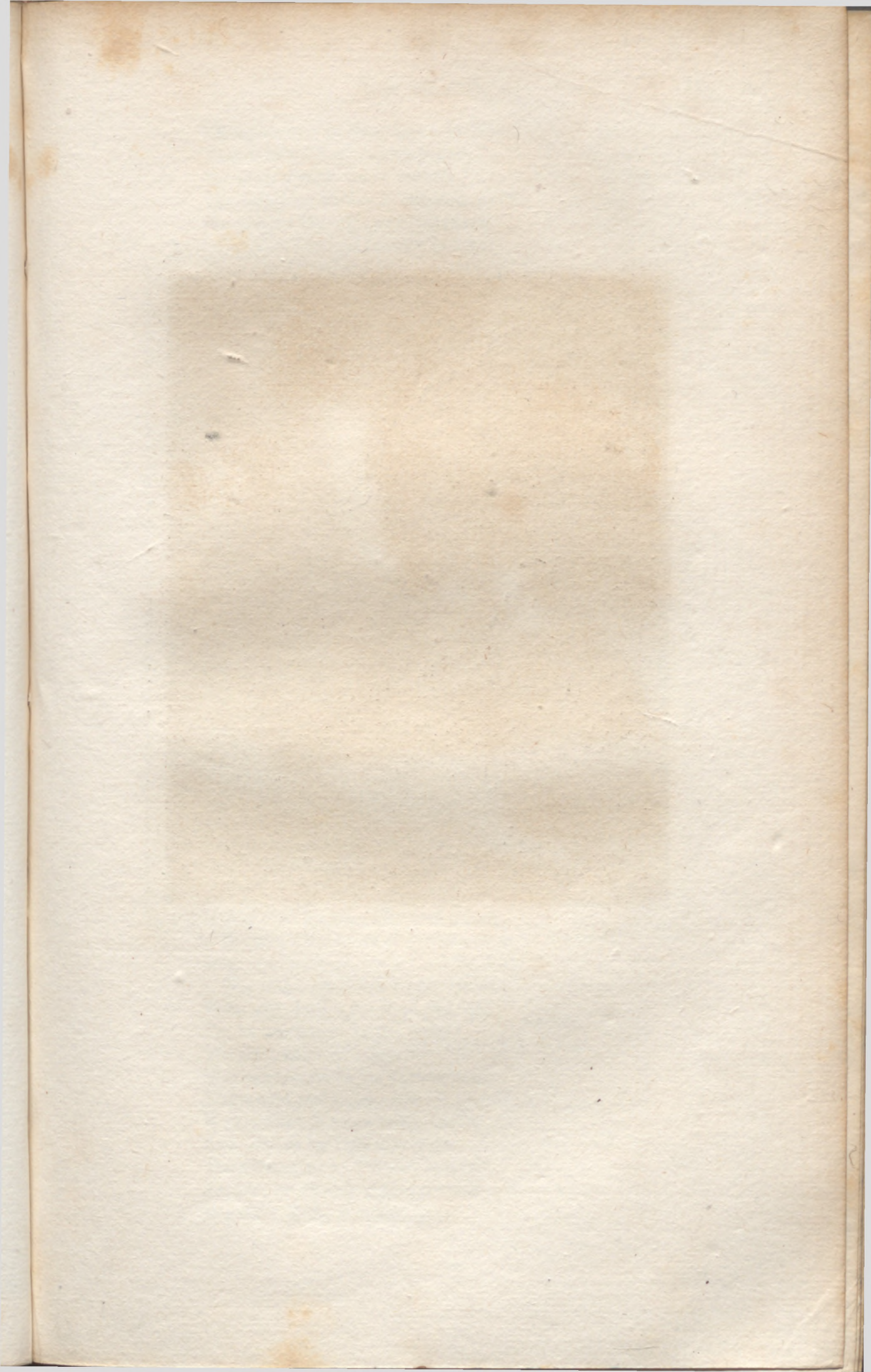
If solitude succeed to grief,
 Release from pain is slight relief ;
 The vacant bosom's wilderness
 Might thank the pang that made it less.
 We loathe what none are left to share :
 Even bliss—'t were woe alone to bear ;
 The heart once left thus desolate
 Must fly at last for ease—to hate.
 It is as if the dead could feel
 The icy worm around them steal,
 And shudder, as the reptiles creep
 To revel o'er their rotting sleep,
 Without the power to scare away
 The cold consumers of their clay !
 It is as if the desert-bird, ⁵⁹

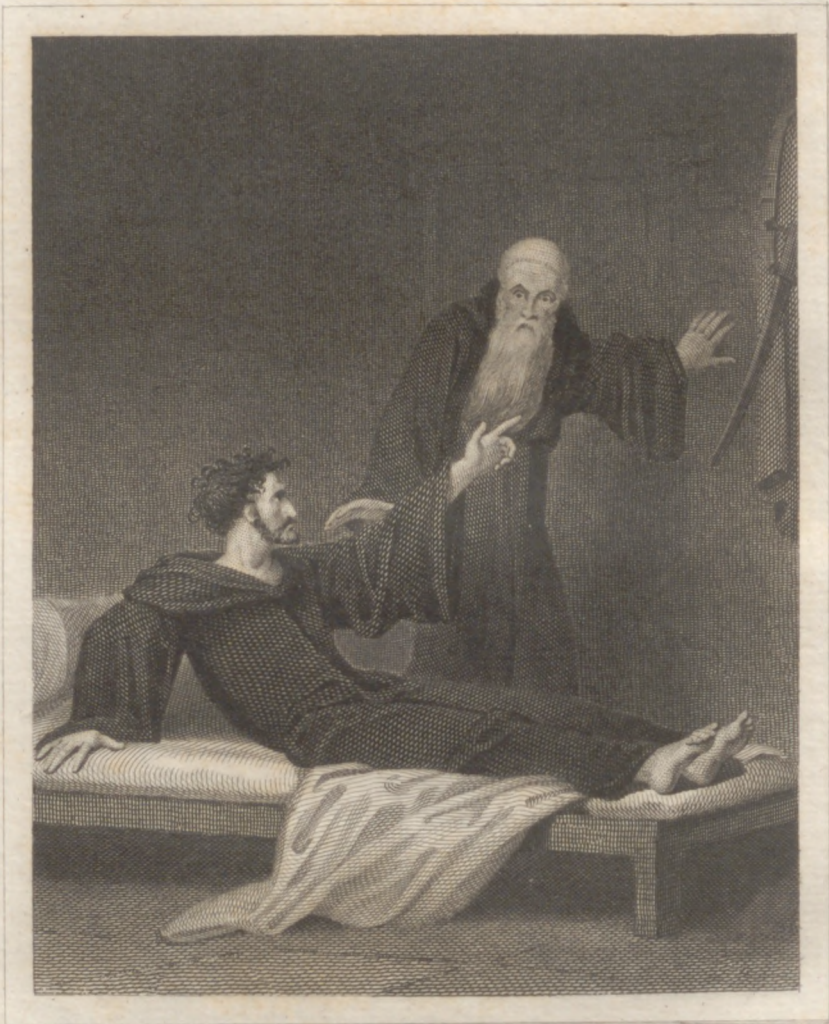
Whose beak unlocks her bosom's stream
 To still her famish'd nestlings' scream,
 Nor mourns a life to them transferr'd,

Should rend her rash devoted breast,
 And find them flown her empty nest.
 The keenest pangs the wretched find
 Are rapture to the dreary void,
 The leafless desert of the mind,
 The waste of feelings unemploy'd.
 Who would be doom'd to gaze upon
 A sky without a cloud or sun?
 Less hideous far the tempest's roar
 Than ne'er to brave the billows more—
 Thrown, when the war of winds is o'er,
 A lonely wreck on fortune's shore,
 'Mid sullen calm, and silent bay,
 Unseen to droop by dull decay :—
 Better to sink beneath the shock
 Than moulder piecemeal on the rock!

* * * *

“ Father! thy days have pass'd in peace,
 'Mid counted beads, and countless prayer ;
 To bid the sins of others cease,
 Thyself without a crime or care,
 Save transient ills that all must bear,
 Has been thy lot from youth to age ;
 And thou wilt bless thee from the rage
 Of passions fierce and uncontroll'd,
 Such as thy penitents unfold,
 Whose secret sins and sorrows rest
 Within thy pure and pitying breast.
 My days, though few, have pass'd below
 In much of joy, but more of woe ;
 Yet still, in hours of love or strife,
 I've 'scaped the weariness of life :
 Now leagued with friends, now girt by foes,
 I loathed the languor of repose.
 Now nothing left to love or hate,
 No more with hope or pride elate,
 I'd rather be the thing that crawls
 Most noxious o'er a dungeon's walls,
 Than pass my dull, unvarying days,
 Condemn'd to meditate and gaze.
 Yet, lurks a wish within my breast
 For rest—but not to feel 't is rest.
 Soon shall my fate that wish fulfil ;
 And I shall sleep without the dream
 Of what I was, and would be still,
 Dark as to thee my deeds may seem :
 My memory now is but the tomb
 Of joys long dead ; my hope, their doom :





Drawn by Rich^d Westall R.A.

Engraved by Cha^s Heath.

THE GLAOUR.

"THERE'S BLOOD UPON THAT DINTED SWORD,

'A STAIN ITS STEEL CAN NEVER LOSE:

Line 1032.

PUBLISHED BY JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, DEC. 1819.

Though better to have died with those,
 Than bear a life of lingering woes.
 My spirit shrunk not to sustain
 The searching throes of ceaseless pain ;
 Nor sought the self-accorded grave
 Of ancient fool and modern knave :
 Yet death I have not fear'd to meet ;
 And in the field it had been sweet,
 Had danger woo'd me on to move
 The slave of glory, not of love.
 I 've braved it—not for honour's boast ;
 I smile at laurels won or lost ;
 To such let others carve their way,
 For high renown, or hireling pay :
 But place again before my eyes
 Aught that I deem a worthy prize ;
 The maid I love, the man I hate,
 And I will hunt the steps of fate
 To save or slay, as these require,
 Through rending steel, and rolling fire :
 Nor need'st thou doubt this speech from one
 Who would but do—what he *hath* done.
 Death is but what the haughty brave,
 The weak must bear, the wretch must crave ;
 Then let life go to him who gave :
 I have not quail'd to danger's brow
 When high and happy—need I *now* ?
 * * * *

“ I loved her, friar ! nay, adored—
 But these are words that all can use—
 I proved it more in deed than word ;
 There 's blood upon that dinted sword,
 A stain its steel can never lose :
 'T was shed for her, who died for me,
 It warm'd the heart of one abhorr'd.
 Nay, start not—no—nor bend thy knee,
 Nor midst my sins such act record :
 Thou wilt absolve me from the deed,
 For he was hostile to thy creed !
 The very name of Nazarene
 Was wormwood to his Paynim spleen.
 Ungrateful fool ! since but for brands
 Well wielded in some hardy hands,
 And wounds by Galileans given,
 The surest pass to Turkish heaven,
 For him his Houris still might wait
 Impatient at the prophet's gate.

I loved her—love will find its way
 Through paths where wolves would fear to prey,
 And if it dares enough, 't were hard
 If passion met not some reward—
 No matter how, or where, or why,
 I did not vainly seek, nor sigh :
 Yet sometimes, with remorse, in vain
 I wish she had not loved again.
 She died—I dare not tell thee how ;
 But look—'t is written on my brow !
 There read of Cain the curse and crime
 In characters unworn by time :
 Still, ere thou dost condemn me, pause ;
 Not mine the act, though I the cause.
 Yet did he but what I had done,
 Had she been false to more than one.
 Faithless to him, he gave the blow ;
 But true to me, I laid him low :
 Howe'er deserved her doom might be,
 Her treachery was truth to me ;
 To me she gave her heart, that all
 Which tyranny can ne'er enthrall ;
 And I, alas ! too late to save !
 Yet all I then could give, I gave—
 'T was some relief—our foe a grave.
 His death sits lightly ; but her fate
 Has made me—what thou well mayst hate.
 His doom was seal'd—he knew it well,
 Warn'd by the voice of stern Taheer,
 Deep in whose darkly-boding ear⁴⁰
 The death-shot peal'd of murder near,
 As filed the troop to where they fell !
 He died too in the battle broil,
 A time that heeds nor pain nor toil ;
 One cry to Mahomet for aid,
 One prayer to Alla all he made :
 He knew and cross'd me in the fray—
 I gazed upon him where he lay,
 And watch'd his spirit ebb away :
 Though pierced like pard by hunters' steel,
 He felt not half that now I feel.
 I search'd, but vainly search'd, to find
 The workings of a wounded mind ;
 Each feature of that sullen corse
 Betray'd his rage, but no remorse.
 Oh, what had vengeance given to trace
 Despair upon his dying face !
 The late repentance of that hour,
 When penitence hath lost her power

To tear one terror from the grave,
And will not soothe, and cannot save.

* * * *

“ The cold in clime are cold in blood,
Their love can scarce deserve the name ;
But mine was like the lava flood
That boils in Ætna’s breast of flame.
I cannot prate in puling strain
Of ladye-love, and beauty’s chain :
If changing cheek, and scorching vein,
Lips taught to writhe, but not complain,
If bursting heart, and madd’ning brain,
And daring deed, and vengeful steel,
And all that I have felt, and feel,
Betoken love—that love was mine,
And shown by many a bitter sign.
'T is true, I could not whine nor sigh,
I knew but to obtain or die.
I die—but first I have possess’d,
And, come what may, I *have been* blest.
Shall I the doom I sought upbraid ?
No—reft of all, yet undismay’d,
But for the thought of Leila slain,
Give me the pleasure with the pain,
So would I live and love again.
I grieve, but not, my holy guide !
For him who dies, but her who died :
She sleeps beneath the wandering wave—
Ah! had she but an earthly grave,
This breaking heart and throbbing head
Should seek and share her narrow bed.
She was a form of life and light,
That, seen, became a part of sight ;
And rose where’er I turn’d mine eye,
The morning-star of memory !

“ Yes, love indeed is light from heaven ;
A spark of that immortal fire
With angels shared, by Alla given,
To lift from earth our low desire.
Devotion wafts the mind above,
But heaven itself descends in love ;
A feeling from the Godhead caught,
To wean from self each sordid thought ;
A ray of him who form’d the whole ;
A glory circling round the soul !
I grant *my* love imperfect, all
That mortals by the name miscall ;

Then deem it evil, what thou wilt ;
 But say, oh say, *hers* was not guilt !
 She was my life's unerring light ;
 That quench'd, what beam shall break my night ?
 Oh ! would it shone to lead me still,
 Although to death or deadliest ill !
 Why marvel ye, if they who lose
 This present joy, this future hope,
 No more with sorrow meekly cope ;
 In frenzy then their fate accuse :
 In madness to those fearful deeds
 That seem to add but guilt to woe ?
 Alas ! the breast that inly bleeds
 Hath nought to dread from outward blow :
 Who falls from all he knows of bliss,
 Cares little into what abyss.
 Fierce as the gloomy vulture's now
 To thee, old man, my deeds appear :
 I read abhorrence on thy brow,
 And this too was I born to bear !
 'T is true, that, like that bird of prey,
 With havock have I mark'd my way ;
 But this was taught me by the dove,
 To die—and know no second love.
 This lesson yet hath man to learn,
 Taught by the thing he dares to spurn :
 The bird that sings within the brake,
 The swan that swims upon the lake,
 One mate, and one alone, will take.
 And let the fool, still prone to range,
 And sneer on all who cannot change,
 Partake his jest with boasting boys ;
 I envy not his varied joys,
 But deem such feeble, heartless man,
 Less than yon solitary swan ;
 Far, far beneath the shallow maid
 He left believing and betray'd.
 Such shame at least was never mine—
 Leila ! each thought was only thine !
 My good, my guilt, my weal, my woe,
 My hope on high—my all below.
 Earth holds no other like to thee,
 Or if it doth, in vain for me :
 For worlds I dare not view the dame
 Resembling thee, yet not the same.
 The very crimes that mar my youth,
 This bed of death—attest my truth !
 'T is all too late—thou wert, thou art
 The cherish'd madness of my heart !

“ And she was lost—and yet I breathed,
 But not the breath of human life :
 A serpent round my heart was wreathed,
 And stung my every thought to strife.
 Alike all time, abhorr'd all place,
 Shuddering I shrunk from nature's face,
 Where every hue that charm'd before
 The blackness of my bosom wore.
 The rest thou dost already know,
 And all my sins, and half my woe.
 But talk no more of penitence ;
 Thou see'st I soon shall part from hence :
 And if thy holy tale were true,
 The deed that 's done canst *thou* undo ?
 Think me not thankless—but this grief
 Looks not to priesthood for relief.⁴¹
 My soul's estate in secret guess :
 But wouldst thou pity more, say less.
 When thou canst bid my Leila live,
 Then will I sue thee to forgive ;
 Then plead my cause in that high place
 Where purchased masses proffer grace.
 Go, when the hunter's hand hath wrung
 From forest-cave her shrieking young,
 And calm the lonely lioness :
 But soothe not—mock not *my* distress !

“ In earlier days, and calmer hours,
 When heart with heart delights to blend,
 Where bloom my native valley's bowers,
 I had—Ah ! have I now?—a friend !
 To him this pledge I charge thee send,
 Memorial of a youthful vow ;
 I would remind him of my end :
 Though souls absorb'd like mine allow
 Brief thought to distant friendship's claim,
 Yet dear to him my blighted name.
 'T is strange—he prophesied my doom,
 And I have smiled—I then could smile—
 When prudence would his voice assume,
 And warn—I reck'd not what—the while :
 But now remembrance whispers o'er
 Those accents scarcely mark'd before.
 Say—that his bodings came to pass,
 And he will start to hear their truth,
 And wish his words had not been sooth :
 Tell him, unheeding as I was,
 Through many a busy bitter scene,
 Of all our golden youth had been,

In pain, my faltering tongue had tried
 To bless his memory ere I died;
 But Heaven in wrath would turn away,
 If guilt should for the guiltless pray.
 I do not ask him not to blame,
 Too gentle he to wound my name;
 And what have I to do with fame?
 I do not ask him not to mourn,
 Such cold request might sound like scorn;
 And what than friendship's manly tear
 May better grace a brother's bier?
 But bear this ring, his own of old,
 And tell him—what thou dost behold!
 The wither'd frame, the ruin'd mind,
 The wreck by passion left behind,
 A shrivell'd scroll, a scatter'd leaf,
 Sear'd by the autumn blast of grief!

* * * * *

“Tell me no more of fancy's gleam;
 No, father, no, 't was not a dream:
 Alas! the dreamer first must sleep;
 I only watch'd, and wish'd to weep,
 But could not, for my burning brow
 Throbb'd to the very brain, as now:
 I wish'd but for a single tear,
 As something welcome, new, and dear:
 I wish'd it then, I wish it still—
 Despair is stronger than my will.
 Waste not thine orison, despair
 Is mightier than thy pious prayer:
 I would not, if I might, be blest;
 I want no paradise, but rest.
 'T was then, I tell thee, father! then
 I saw her; yes, she lived again;
 And shining in her white symar,⁴
 As through yon pale grey cloud the star
 Which now I gaze on, as on her,
 Who look'd and looks far lovelier;
 Dimly I view its trembling spark:
 To-morrow's night shall be more dark;
 And I, before its rays appear,
 That lifeless thing the living fear.
 I wander, father! for my soul
 Is fleeting towards the final goal.
 I saw her, friar! and I rose,
 Forgetful of our former woes;

And rushing from my couch, I dart,
 And clasp her to my desperate heart :
 I clasp—what is it that I clasp ?
 No breathing form within my grasp,
 No heart that beats reply to mine.
 Yet, Leila! yet the form is thine!
 And art thou, dearest, changed so much,
 As meet my eye, yet mock my touch?
 Ah! were thy beauties e'er so cold,
 I care not ; so my arms enfold
 The all they ever wish'd to hold.
 Alas! around a shadow prest,
 They shrink upon my lonely breast ;
 Yet still 't is there! in silence stands,
 And beckons with beseeching hands!
 With braided hair, and bright-black eye—
 I knew 't was false—she could not die!
 But he is dead! within the dell
 I saw him buried where he fell ;
 He comes not, for he cannot break
 From earth ; why then art thou awake?
 They told me wild waves roll'd above
 The face I view, the form I love :
 They told me—'t was a hideous tale!
 I 'd tell it, but my tongue would fail:
 If true, and from thine ocean-cave
 Thou com'st to claim a calmer grave,
 Oh! pass thy dewy fingers o'er
 This brow, that then will burn no more ;
 Or place them on my hopeless heart :
 But, shape or shade! whate'er thou art,
 In mercy ne'er again depart!
 Or farther with thee bear my soul,
 Than winds can waft or waters roll!

* * * * *

"Such is my name, and such my tale.
 Confessor! to thy secret ear
 I breathe the sorrows I bewail,
 And thank thee for the generous tear
 This glazing eye could never shed.
 Then lay me with the humblest dead,
 And, save the cross above my head,
 Be neither name nor emblem spread,
 By prying stranger to be read,
 Or stay the passing pilgrim's tread."

NOTES.

Note 1. Page 233.

That tomb which, gleaming o'er the cliff.

A tomb above the rocks on the promontory, by some supposed the sepulchre of Themistocles.

Note 2. Page 233.

Sultana of the nightingale.

The attachment of the nightingale to the rose is a well-known Persian fable. If I mistake not, the "Bulbul of a thousand tales" is one of his appellations.

Note 3. Page 234.

Till the gay mariner's guitar.

The guitar is the constant amusement of the Greek sailor by night: with a steady fair wind, and during a calm, it is accompanied always by the voice, and often by dancing.

Note 4. Page 234.

Where cold obstruction's apathy.

"Ay, but to die and go we know not where,
To lie in cold obstruction!"

Measure for Measure, Act III. Sc. 2.

Note 5. Page 235.

The first, last look by death reveal'd.

I trust that few of my readers have ever had an opportunity of witnessing what is here attempted in description, but those who have, will probably retain a painful remembrance of that singular beauty which pervades, with few exceptions, the features of the dead, a few hours, and but for a few hours, after "the spirit is not there." It is to be remarked in cases of violent death by gun shot wounds, the expression is always that of languor, whatever the natural energy of the sufferer's character; but in death from a stab, the countenance preserves its traits of feeling or ferocity, and the mind its bias to the last.

Note 6. Page 236.

Slaves—nay, the bondsmen of a slave.

Athens is the property of the Kislar Aga (the slave of the seraglio and guardian of the women), who appoints the Waywode. A pander and eunuch—these are not polite, yet true appellations—now governs the governor of Athens.

Note 7. Page 237.

'T is calmer than thy heart, young Giaour.

"Giaour," infidel.

Note 8. Page 238.

In echoes of the far tophaike.

"Tophaike," musket.—The Bairam is announced by the cannon at sunset; the illumination of the mosques, and the firing of all kinds of small arms, loaded with ball, proclaim it during the night.

Note 9. Page 238.

Swift as the hurl'd on high jerreed.

Jerreed, or Djerrid, a blunted Turkish javelin, which is darted from horseback with great force and precision. It is a favourite exercise of the Mussulmans; but I know not if it can be called a *manly* one since the most expert in the art are the

black eunuchs of Constantinople. I think, next to these, a Mamlouk at Smyrna was the most skilful that came within my observation.

Note 10. Page 239.

He came, he went, like the simoom.

The blast of the desert, fatal to every thing living, and often alluded to in eastern poetry.

Note 11. Page 240.

To bless the sacred "bread and salt."

To partake of food; to break bread and salt with your host, insures the safety of the guest; even though an enemy, his person from that moment is sacred.

Note 12. Page 240.

Since his turban was cleft by the infidel's sabre.

I need hardly observe that Charity and Hospitality are the first duties enjoined by Mahomet; and, to say truth, very generally practised by his disciples. The first praise that can be bestowed on a chief is a panegyric on his bounty; the next on his valour.

Note 13. Page 240.

And silver-sheathed ataghan.

The ataghan, a long dagger worn with pistols in the belt, in a metal scabbard, generally of silver; and, among the wealthier, gilt, or of gold.

Note 14. Page 240.

An emir by his garb of green.

Green is the privileged colour of the Prophet's numerous pretended descendants; with them, as here, faith (the family inheritance) is supposed to supersede the necessity of good works: they are the worst of a very indifferent brood.

Note 15. Page 240.

"Ho! who art thou?" "This low salam, &c.

"Salam aleikoum! aleikoum salam!" peace be with you; be with you peace—the salutation reserved for the faithful:—to a Christian, "Ularula," a good journey; or "saban hiresem, saban serula;" good morn, good even; and sometimes, "may your end be happy;" are the usual salutes.

Note 16. Page 341.

The insect-queen of eastern spring.

The blue-winged butterfly of Kashmeer, the most rare and beautiful of the species.

Note 17. Page 242.

Or live like scorpion girt by fire.

Alluding to the dubious suicide of the scorpion, so placed for experiment by gentle philosophers. Some maintain that the position of the sting, when turned towards the head, is merely a convulsive movement: but others have actually brought in the verdict, "Felo de se." The scorpions are surely interested in a speedy decision of the question, as, if once fairly established as insect Catos, they will probably be allowed to live as long as they think proper, without being martyred for the sake of an hypothesis.

Note 18. Page 242.

When Rhamazan's last sun was set.

The cannon at sunset close the Rhamazan. See note 8.

Note 19. Page 243.

By pale Phingari's trembling light.

Phingari, the moon.

Note 20. Page 243.

Bright as the jewel of Giamschid.

The celebrated fabulous ruby of Sultan Giamschid, the embellisher of Istakhar;

from its splendour, named Schebgerag, "the torch of night;" also "the cup of the sun," &c.—In the first edition, "Giamschid" was written as a word of three syllables, so D'Herbelot has it; but I am told Richardson reduces it to a dissyllable, and writes "Jamschid." I have left in the text the orthography of the one with the pronunciation of the other.

Note 21. Page 243.

Though on Al-Sirat's arch I stood.

Al-Sirat, the bridge of breadth narrower than the thread of a famished spider, and sharper than the edge of a sword, over which the Mussulmans must *skate* into paradise, to which it is the only entrance; but this is not the worst, the river beneath being hell itself, into which, as may be expected, the unskilful and tender of foot contrive to tumble with a "facilis descensus Averni," not very pleasing in prospect to the next passenger. There is a shorter cut downwards for the Jews and Christians.

Note 22. Page 243.

And keep that portion of his creed.

A vulgar error: the Koran allots at least a third of paradise to well-behaved women; but by far the greater number of Mussulmans interpret the text their own way, and exclude their moieties from heaven. Being enemies to Platonics, they cannot discern "any fitness of things" in the souls of the other sex, conceiving them to be superseded by the Houris.

Note 23. Page 243.

The young pomegranate's blossoms strew.

An oriental simile, which may, perhaps, though fairly stolen, be deemed "plus Arabe qu'en Arabie."

Note 24. Page 243.

Her hair in hyacinthine flow.

Hyacinthine, in Arabic "Sunbul;" as common a thought in the Eastern poets as it was among the Greeks.

Note 25. Page 244.

The loveliest bird of Franguestan.

"Franguestan," Circassia.

Note 26. Page 245.

Bismillah! now the peril's past, &c.

Bismillah—"in the name of God;" the commencement of all the chapters of the Koran but one, and of prayer and thanksgiving.

Note 27. Page 246.

(Then curl'd his very beard with ire.

A phenomenon not uncommon with an angry Mussulman. In 1809, the Capitan Pacha's whiskers at a diplomatic audience were no less lively with indignation than a tiger-cat's, to the horror of all the dragomans; the portentous mustachios twisted, they stood erect of their own accord, and were expected every moment to change their colour, but at last condescended to subside, which probably saved more heads than they contained hairs.

Note 28. Page 246.

Nor raised the craven cry, Amaun!

"Amaun," quarter, pardon.

Note 29. Page 246.

I know him by the evil eye.

The "evil eye," a common superstition in the Levant, and of which the imaginary effects are yet very singular on those who conceive themselves affected.

Note 30. Page 247.

A fragment of his palampore.

The flowered shawls generally worn by persons of rank.

Note 31. Page 248.

His calpac rent—his caftan red.

The "Calpac" is the solid cap or centre part of the head-dress; the shawl is wound round it, and forms the turban.

Note 32. Page 248.

A turban carved in coarsest stone.

The turban, pillar, and inscriptive verse, decorate the tombs of the Osmanlies, whether in the cemetery or the wilderness. In the mountains you frequently pass similar mementos; and, on inquiry, you are informed that they record some victim of rebellion, plunder, or revenge.

Note 33. Page 249.

At solemn sound of "Alla Hu!"

"Alla Hu!" the concluding words of the Muezzin's call to prayer from the highest gallery on the exterior of the minaret. On a still evening, when the Muezzin has a fine voice, which is frequently the case, the effect is solemn and beautiful beyond all the bells in Christendom.

Note 34. Page 249.

They come—their kerchiefs green they wave.

The following is part of a battle-song of the Turks:—"I see—I see a dark-eyed girl of Paradise, and she waves a handkerchief, a kerchief of green; and cries aloud, Come, kiss me, for I love thee," &c.

Note 35. Page 249.

Beneath avenging Monkir's scythe.

Monkir and Nekir are the inquisitors of the dead, before whom the corpse undergoes a slight noviciate and preparatory training for damnation. If the answers are none of the clearest, he is hauled up with a scythe and thumped down with a red-hot mace till properly seasoned, with a variety of subsidiary probations. The office of these angels is no sinecure; there are but two, and the number of orthodox deceased being in a small proportion to the remainder, their hands are always full.

Note 36. Page 249.

To wander round lost Eblis' throne.

Eblis, the Oriental Prince of Darkness.

Note 37. Page 250.

But first, on earth as vampire sent.

The Vampire superstition is still general in the Levant. Honest Tournefort tells a long story, which Mr. Southey, in his notes on Thalaba, quotes, about these "Vroucolochas," as he calls them. The Romaic term is "Vardoulacha." I recollect a whole family being terrified by the scream of a child, which they imagined must proceed from such a visitation. The Greeks never mention the word without horror. I find that "Broucolokas" is an old legitimate Hellenic appellation—at least is so applied to Arsenius, who, according to the Greeks, was after his death animated by the Devil. The moderns, however, use the word I mention.

Note 38. Page 250.

Wet with thine own best blood shall drip.

The freshness of the face, and the wetness of the lip with blood, are the never-failing signs of a Vampire. The stories told in Hungary and Greece of these foul feeders are singular, and some of them most *incredibly* attested.

Note 39. Page 253.

It is as if the desert-bird.

The pelican is, I believe, the bird so libelled, by the imputation of feeding her chickens with her blood.

Note 40. Page 256.

Deep in whose darkly boding ear.

This superstition of a second-hearing (for I never met with downright second-

sight in the East) fell once under my own observation.—On my third journey to Cape Colonna early in 1811, as we passed through the defile that leads from the hamlet between Keratia and Colonna, I observed Dervish Tahiri riding rather out of the path, and leaning his head upon his hand as if in pain. I rode up and inquired. “We are in peril,” he answered. “What peril? we are not now in Albania, nor in the passes to Ephesus, Messalunghi, or Lepanto; there are plenty of us, well armed, and the Choriates have not courage to be thieves.”—“True, Affendi; but nevertheless the shot is ringing in my ears.”—“The shot!—not a tophaike has been fired this morning.”—“I hear it notwithstanding—Bom—Bom—as plainly as I hear your voice.”—“Psha.”—“As you please, Affendi; if it is written, so will it be.”—I left this quick-eared predestinarian, and rode up to Basili, his Christian compatriot, whose ears, though not at all prophetic, by no means relished the intelligence. We all arrived at Colonna, remained some hours, and returned leisurely, saying a variety of brilliant things, in more languages than spoiled the building of Babel, upon the mistaken seer; Romaic, Arnaout, Turkish, Italian, and English were all exercised, in various conceits upon the unfortunate Mussulman. While we were contemplating the beautiful prospect, Dervish was occupied about the columns. I thought he was deranged into an antiquarian, and asked him if he had become a “*Palaocastro*” man: “No,” said he, “but these pillars will be useful in making a stand;” and added other remarks, which at least evinced his own belief in his troublesome faculty of *fore-hearing*. On our return to Athens, we heard from Leoné (a prisoner set ashore some days after) of the intended attack of the Mainotes, mentioned, with the cause of its not taking place, in the notes to Childe Harold, Canto 2d. I was at some pains to question the man, and he described the dresses, arms, and marks of the horses of our party so accurately, that, with other circumstances, we could not doubt of *his* having been in “villanous company,” and ourselves in a bad neighbourhood. Dervish became a soothsayer for life, and I dare say is now hearing more musketry than ever will be fired, to the great refreshment of the Arnaouts of Berat, and his native mountains.—I shall mention one trait more of this singular race. In March 1811, a remarkably stout and active Arnaout came (I believe the 50th on the same errand) to offer himself as an attendant, which was declined: “Well, Affendi,” quoth he, “may you live!—you would have found me useful. I shall leave the town for the hills to-morrow; in the winter I return, perhaps you will then receive me.”—Dervish, who was present, remarked, as a thing of course, and of no consequence, “in the mean time he will join the Klephtes” (robbers), which was true to the letter.—If not cut off, they come down in the winter, and pass it unmolested in some town, where they are often as well known as their exploits.

Note 41. Page 259.

Looks not to priesthood for relief.

The monk's sermon is omitted. It seems to have had so little effect upon the patient, that it could have no hopes from the reader. It may be sufficient to say, that it was of a customary length (as may be perceived from the interruptions and uneasiness of the penitent), and was delivered in the nasal tone of all orthodox preachers.

Note 42. Page 260.

And shining in her white symar.

“Symar”—shroud.

Note 43. Page 262.

The circumstance to which the above story relates was not very uncommon in Turkey. A few years ago, the wife of Mughtar Pacha complained to his father of his son's supposed infidelity; he asked with whom, and she had the barbarity to give in a list of the twelve handsomest women in Yanina. They were seized, fastened up in sacks, and drowned in the lake the same night! One of the guards who was present informed me, that not one of the victims uttered a cry, or showed a symptom of terror at so sudden a “wrench from all we know, from all we love.”

The fate of Phrosine, the fairest of this sacrifice, is the subject of many a Romain and Arnaout ditty. The story in the text is one told of a young Venetian many years ago, and now nearly forgotten. I heard it by accident recited by one of the coffee-house story-tellers who abound in the Levant, and sing or recite their narratives. The additions and interpolations by the translator will be easily distinguished from the rest by the want of Eastern imagery; and I regret that my memory has retained so few fragments of the original.

For the contents of some of the notes I am indebted partly to D'Herbelot, and partly to that most eastern, and, as Mr. Weber justly entitles it, "sublime tale," the "Caliph Vathek." I do not know from what source the author of that singular volume may have drawn his materials; some of his incidents are to be found in the "Bibliothèque Orientale;" but for correctness of costume, beauty of description, and power of imagination, it far surpasses all European imitations; and bears such marks of originality, that those who have visited the East will find some difficulty in believing it to be more than a translation. As an Eastern tale, even Rasselas must bow before it; his "Happy Valley" will not bear a comparison with the "Hall of Eblis."



Drawn by Rich^d Westall R.A.

Engraved by F. Englehart.

SIEGE OF CORINTH.

ALF LOOKED TO HEAVEN, AND SAW ON HIGH
THE SIGN SHE SPAKE OF IN THE SKY;

Stanza 21 Line 606.

PUBLISHED BY JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, DEC. 1819.

THE
SIEGE OF CORINTH.

TO JOHN CAM HOBHOUSE, ESQ.

THIS POEM IS INSCRIBED

BY HIS FRIEND.

January 22, 1816.

ADVERTISEMENT.

“The grand army of the Turks (in 1715), under the Prime Vizier, to open to themselves a way into the heart of the Morea, and to form the siege of Napoli di Romania, the most considerable place in all that country,* thought it best, in the first place, to attack Corinth, upon which they made several storms. The garrison being weakened, and the governor seeing it was impossible to hold out against so mighty a force, thought it fit to beat a parley: but while they were treating about the articles, one of the magazines in the Turkish camp, wherein they had six hundred barrels of powder, blew up by accident, whereby six or seven hundred men were killed: which so enraged the infidels, that they would not grant any capitulation, but stormed the place with so much fury, that they took it, and put most of the garrison, with Signor Minotti, the governor, to the sword. The rest, with Antonio Bembo, provveditor extraordinary, were made prisoners of war.”—*History of the Turks*, vol. iii. p. 151.

* Napoli di Romania is not now the most considerable place in the Morea, but Tripolitza, where the Pacha resides, and maintains his government. Napoli is near Argos. I visited all three in 1810-11; and in the course of journeying through the country, from my first arrival in 1809, I crossed the Isthmus eight times, in my way from Attica to the Morea, over the mountains, or in the other direction, when passing from the Gulf of Athens to that of Lepanto. Both the routes are picturesque and beautiful, though very different: that by sea has more sameness, but the voyage, being always within sight of land, and often very near it, presents many attractive views of the islands Salamis, Egina, Poro, etc. and the coast of the continent.

THE

SIEGE OF CORINTH.

I.

MANY a vanish'd year and age,
And tempest's breath, and battle's rage,
Have swept o'er Corinth; yet she stands,
A fortress form'd to Freedom's hands.
The whirlwind's wrath, the earthquake's shock,
Have left untouch'd her hoary rock,
The keystone of a land which still,
Though fall'n, looks proudly on that hill,
The land-mark to the double tide
That purpling rolls on either side,
As if their waters chafed to meet,
Yet pause and crouch beneath her feet.
But could the blood before her shed
Since first Timoleon's brother bled,
Or baffled Persia's despot fled,
Arise from out the earth which drank
The stream of slaughter as it sank,
That sanguine ocean would o'erflow
Her isthmus idly spread below:
Or could the bones of all the slain,
Who perish'd there, be piled again,
That rival pyramid would rise
More mountain-like through those clear skies,
Than yon tower-capt Acropolis,
Which seems the very clouds to kiss.

II.

On dun Cithæron's ridge appears
The gleam of twice ten thousand spears;

And downward to the Isthmian plain
 From shore to shore of either main,
 The tent is pitch'd, the crescent shines
 Along the Moslem's leaguering lines ;
 And the dusk Spahi's bands advance
 Beneath each bearded Pacha's glance ;
 And far and wide as eye can reach,
 The turban'd cohorts throng the beach ;
 And there the Arab's camel kneels,
 And there his steed the Tartar wheels ;
 The Turcoman hath left his herd,⁵
 The sabre round his loins to gird ;
 And there the volleying thunders pour,
 Till waves grow smoother to the roar.
 The trench is dug, the cannon's breath
 Wings the far-hissing globe of death ;
 Fast whirl the fragments from the wall,
 Which crumbles with the ponderous ball ;
 And from that wall the foe replies,
 O'er dusty plain and smoky skies,
 With fires that answer fast and well
 The summons of the Infidel.

III.

But near, and nearest to the wall
 Of those who wish and work its fall,
 With deeper skill in war's black art
 Than Othman's sons, and high of heart
 As any chief that ever stood
 Triumphant in the fields of blood ;
 From post to post, and deed to deed,
 Fast spurring on his reeking steed,
 Where sallying ranks the trench assail,
 And make the foremost Moslem quail ;
 Or where the battery, guarded well,
 Remains as yet impregnable,
 Alighting cheerly to inspire
 The soldier slackening in his fire :
 The first and freshest of the host
 Which Stamboul's sultan there can boast,
 To guide the follower o'er the field,
 To point the tube, the lance to wield,
 Or whirl around the bickering blade,—
 Was Alp, the Adrian renegade !

IV.

From Venice—once a race of worth
 His gentle sires—he drew his birth ;

But late an exile from her shore,
 Against his countrymen he bore
 The arms they taught to bear; and now
 The turban girt his shaven brow.
 Through many a change had Corinth pass'd
 With Greece to Venice' rule at last;
 And here, before her walls, with those
 To Greece and Venice equal foes,
 He stood a foe, with all the zeal
 Which young and fiery converts feel,
 Within whose heated bosom throngs
 The memory of a thousand wrongs.
 To him had Venice ceased to be
 Her ancient civic boast—"the Free;"
 And in the palace of St. Mark
 Unnamed accusers in the dark
 Within the "Lion's Mouth" had placed
 A charge against him uneffaced:
 He fled in time, and saved his life,
 To waste his future years in strife,
 That taught his land how great her loss
 In him who triumph'd o'er the Cross,
 'Gainst which he rear'd the Crescent high,
 And battled to avenge or die.

V.

Coumourgi⁴—he whose closing scene
 Adorn'd the triumph of Eugene,
 When on Carlowitz' bloody plain,
 The last and mightiest of the slain,
 He sank, regretting not to die,
 But curst the Christian's victory—
 Coumourgi—can his glory cease,
 That latest conqueror of Greece,
 Till Christian hands to Greece restore
 The freedom Venice gave of yore?
 A hundred years have roll'd away
 Since he refix'd the Moslem's sway;
 And now he led the Mussulman,
 And gave the guidance of the van
 To Alp, who well repaid the trust
 By cities levell'd with the dust;
 And proved, by many a deed of death,
 How firm his heart in novel faith.

VI.

The walls grew weak, and fast and hot
 Against them pour'd the ceaseless shot,

With unabating fury sent
 From battery to battlement ;
 And, thunder-like, the pealing din
 Rose from each heated culverin ;
 And here and there some crackling dome
 Was fired before the exploding bomb ;
 And as the fabric sank beneath
 The shattering shell's volcanic breath,
 In red and wreathing columns flash'd
 The flame, as loud the ruin crash'd,
 Or into countless meteors driven,
 Its earth-stars melted into heaven ;
 Whose clouds that day grew doubly dun,
 Impervious to the hidden sun,
 With volumed smoke, that slowly grew
 To one wide sky of sulphurous hue :

VII.

But not for vengeance, long delay'd,
 Alone, did Alp, the renegade,
 The Moslem warriors sternly teach
 His skill to pierce the promised breach :
 Within these walls a maid was pent
 His hope would win, without consent
 Of that inexorable sire,
 Whose heart refused him in its ire,
 When Alp, beneath his Christian name,
 Her virgin hand aspired to claim.
 In happier mood and earlier time,
 While unimpeach'd for traitorous crime,
 Gayest in gondola or hall,
 He glitter'd through the Carnival,
 And tuned the softest serenade
 That e'er on Adria's waters play'd
 At midnight to Italian maid.

VIII.

And many deem'd her heart was won ;
 For, sought by numbers, given to none,
 Had young Francesca's hand remain'd
 Still by the church's bonds unchain'd :
 And when the Adriatic bore
 Lanciotto to the Paynim shore,
 Her wonted smiles were seen to fail,
 And pensive wax'd the maid and pale ;
 More constant at confessional,
 More rare at masque and festival :

Or seen at such, with downcast eyes,
 Which conquer'd hearts they ceased to prize :
 With listless looks she seems to gaze ;
 With humbler care her form arrays ;
 Her voice less lively in the song ;
 Her step, though light, less fleet among
 The pairs, on whom the morning's glance
 Breaks, yet unsated with the dance.

IX.

Sent by the state to guard the land
 (Which, wrested from the Moslem's hand,
 While Sobieski tamed his pride
 By Buda's wall and Danube's side,
 The chiefs of Venice wrung away
 From Patra to Eubœa's bay),
 Minotti held in Corinth's towers
 The Doge's delegated powers,
 While yet the pitying eye of peace
 Smiled o'er her long-forgotten Greece ;
 And, ere that faithless truce was broke
 Which freed her from the unchristian yoke,
 With him his gentle daughter came :
 Nor there, since Menelaus' dame
 Forsook her lord and land to prove
 What woes await on lawless love,
 Had fairer form adorn'd the shore
 Than she, the matchless stranger, bore.

X.

The wall is rent, the ruins yawn,
 And, with to-morrow's earliest dawn,
 O'er the disjointed mass shall vault
 The foremost of the fierce assault.
 The bands are rank'd; the chosen van
 Of Tartar and of Mussulman,
 The full of hope, misnamed "forlorn,"
 Who hold the thought of death in scorn,
 And win their way with falchions' force,
 Or pave the path with many a corse,
 O'er which the following brave may rise,
 Their stepping-stone—the last who dies !

XI.

'T is midnight, on the mountains brown
 The cold round moon shines deeply down :
 Blue roll the waters, blue the sky
 Spreads like an ocean hung on high,

Bespangled with those isles of light,
 So wildly, spiritually bright;
 Who ever gazed upon them shining,
 And turn'd to earth without repining,
 Nor wish'd for wings to flee away,
 And mix with their eternal ray?
 The waves on either shore lay there
 Calm, clear, and azure as the air;
 And scarce their foam the pebbles shook,
 But murmur'd meekly as the brook.
 The winds were pillow'd on the waves:
 The banners droop'd along their staves,
 And, as they fell around them furling,
 Above them shone the crescent curling;
 And that deep silence was unbroke,
 Save where the watch his signal spoke,
 Save where the steed neigh'd oft and shrill,
 And echo answer'd from the hill,
 And the wide hum of that wild host
 Rustled like leaves from coast to coast,
 As rose the Muezzin's voice in air
 In midnight call to wonted prayer;
 It rose, that chaunted mournful strain,
 Like some lone spirit's o'er the plain:
 'T was musical, but sadly sweet,
 Such as when winds and harp-strings meet,
 And take a long unmeasured tone,
 To mortal minstrelsy unknown.
 It seem'd to those within the wall
 A cry prophetic of their fall:
 It struck even the besiegers' ear
 With something ominous and drear,
 An undefined and sudden thrill,
 Which makes the heart a moment still,
 Then beat with quicker pulse, ashamed
 Of that strange sense its silence framed;
 Such as a sudden passing-bell
 Wakes, though but for a stranger's knell.

XII.

The tent of Alp was on the shore;
 The sound was hush'd, the prayer was o'er,
 The watch was set, the night-round made,
 All mandates issued and obey'd;
 'T is but another anxious night,
 His pains the morrow may requite
 With all revenge and love can pay
 In guerdon for their long delay.

Few hours remain, and he hath need
 Of rest, to nerve for many a deed
 Of slaughter ; but within his soul
 The thoughts like troubled waters roll.
 He stood alone among the host :
 Not his the loud fanatic boast
 To plant the Crescent o'er the Cross,
 Or risk a life with little loss,
 Secure in paradise to be
 By hours loved immortally ;
 Nor his, what burning patriots feel,
 The stern exaltedness of zeal,
 Profuse of blood, untired in toil,
 When battling on the parent soil .
 He stood alone—a renegade
 Against the country he betray'd ;
 He stood alone amidst his band,
 Without a trusted heart or hand :
 They follow'd him, for he was brave,
 And great the spoil he got and gave ;
 They crouch'd to him, for he had skill
 To warp and wield the vulgar will ;
 But still his Christian origin
 With them was little less than sin.
 They envied even the faithless fame
 He earn'd beneath a Moslem name ;
 Since he, their mightiest chief, had been
 In youth a bitter Nazarene.
 They did not know how pride can stoop
 When baffled feelings withering droop ;
 They did not know how hate can burn
 In hearts once changed from soft to stern ;
 Nor all the false and fatal zeal
 The convert of revenge can feel.
 He ruled them—man may rule the worst,
 By ever daring to be first :
 So lions o'er the jackal sway ;
 The jackal points, he fells the prey,
 Then on the vulgar yelling press
 To gorge the relics of success.

XIII.

His head grows fever'd, and his pulse
 The quick successive throbs convulse ;
 In vain from side to side he throws
 His form, in courtship of repose ;
 Or if he dozed, a sound, a start
 Awoke him with a sunken heart.

The turban on his hot brow press'd,
 The mail weigh'd lead-like on his breast,
 Though oft and long beneath its weight
 Upon his eyes had slumber sate,
 Without or couch or canopy,
 Except a rougher field and sky
 Than now might yield a warrior's bed,
 Than now along the heaven was spread.
 He could not rest, he could not stay
 Within his tent to wait for day,
 But walk'd him forth along the sand,
 Where thousand sleepers strew'd the strand.
 What pillow'd them? and why should he
 More wakeful than the humblest be,
 Since more their peril, worse their toil?
 And yet they fearless dream of spoil;
 While he alone, where thousands pass'd
 A night of sleep, perchance their last,
 In sickly vigil wander'd on,
 And envied all he gazed upon.

XIV.

He felt his soul become more light
 Beneath the freshness of the night.
 Cool was the silent sky, though calm,
 And bathed his brow with airy balm:
 Behind, the camp—before him lay,
 In many a winding creek and bay,
 Lepanto's gulf; and, on the brow
 Of Delphi's hill, unshaken snow,
 High and eternal, such as shone
 Through thousand summers brightly gone,
 Along the gulf, the mount, the clime:
 It will not melt, like man, to time.
 Tyrant and slave are swept away,
 Less form'd to wear before the ray;
 But that white veil, the lightest, frailest,
 Which on the mighty mount thou hailest,
 While tower and tree are torn and rent,
 Shines o'er its craggy battlement;
 In form a peak, in height a cloud,
 In texture like a hovering shroud,
 Thus high by parting Freedom spread,
 As from her fond abode she fled,
 And linger'd on the spot, where long
 Her prophet spirit spake in song.
 Oh! still her step at moments falters
 O'er wither'd fields and ruin'd altars,

And fain would wake, in souls too broken,
 By pointing to each glorious token:
 But vain her voice, till better days
 Dawn in those yet remember'd rays
 Which shone upon the Persian flying,
 And saw the Spartan smile in dying.

XV.

Not mindless of these mighty times
 Was Alp, despite his flight and crimes ;
 And through this night, as on he wander'd,
 And o'er the past and present ponder'd,
 And thought upon the glorious dead
 Who there in better cause had bled,
 He felt how faint and feebly dim
 The fame that could accrue to him,
 Who cheer'd the band and waved the sword,
 A traitor in a turban'd horde ;
 And led them to the lawless siege,
 Whose best success were sacrilege.
 Not so had those his fancy number'd,
 The chiefs whose dust around him slumber'd ;
 Their phalanx marshall'd on the plain,
 Whose bulwarks were not then in vain.
 They fell devoted, but undying ;
 The very gale their names seem'd sighing ;
 The waters murmur'd of their name ;
 The woods were peopled with their fame ;
 The silent pillar, lone and gray,
 Claim'd kindred with their sacred clay ;
 Their spirits wrapt the dusky mountain :
 Their memory sparkled o'er the fountain ;
 The meanest rill, the mightiest river
 Roll'd mingling with their fame for ever.
 Despite of every yoke she bears,
 That land is glory's still, and theirs !
 'T is still a watch-word to the earth.
 When man would do a deed of worth,
 He points to Greece, and turns to tread,
 So sanction'd, on the tyrant's head ;
 He looks to her, and rushes on
 Where life is lost, or freedom won.

XVI.

Still by the shore Alp mutely mused,
 And woo'd the freshness night diffused.
 There shrinks no ebb in that tideless sea,⁵
 Which changeless rolls eternally ;

So that wildest of waves, in their angriest mood,
 Scarce break on the bounds of the land for a rood ;
 And the powerless moon beholds them flow,
 Heedless if she come or go :
 Calm or high, in main or bay,
 On their course she hath no sway.
 The rock unworn its base doth bare,
 And looks o'er the surf, but it comes not there ;
 And the fringe of the foam may be seen below,
 On the line that it left long ages ago :
 A smooth short space of yellow sand
 Between it and the greener land.

He wander'd on, along the beach,
 Till within the range of a carbine's reach
 Of the leaguer'd wall ; but they saw him not,
 Or how could he 'scape from the hostile shot ?
 Did traitors lurk in the Christians' hold ?
 Were their hands grown stiff, or their hearts wax'd cold ?
 I know not, in sooth ; but from yonder wall
 There flash'd no fire, and there hiss'd no ball,
 Though he stood beneath the bastion's frown
 That flank'd the sea-ward gate of the town,
 Though he heard the sound, and could almost tell
 The sullen words of the sentinel,
 And his measured step on the stone below,
 Clank'd, as he paced it to and fro :
 And he saw the lean dogs beneath the wall
 Hold o'er the dead their carnival,
 Gorging and growling o'er carcase and limb ;
 They were too busy to bark at him !
 From a Tartar's skull they had stripp'd the flesh,
 As ye peel the fig when its fruit is fresh ;
 And their white tusks crunch'd o'er the whiter skull,⁶
 As it slipp'd through their jaws when their edge grew dull,
 As they lazily mumbled the bones of the dead,
 When they scarce could rise from the spot where they fed ;
 So well had they broken a lingering fast
 With those who had fallen for that night's repast ;
 And Alp knew, by the turbans that roll'd on the sand,
 The foremost of these were the best of his band :
 Crimson and green were the shawls of their wear,
 And each scalp had a single long tuft of hair,⁷
 All the rest was shaven and bare.
 The scalps were in the wild dog's maw,
 The hair was tangled round his jaw.
 But close by the shore on the edge of the gulf,
 There sat a vulture flapping a wolf,

Who had stolen from the hills, but kept away,
 Scared by the dogs, from the human prey ;
 But he seized on his share of a steed that lay,
 Pick'd by the birds, on the sands of the bay.

XVII.

Alp turn'd him from the sickening sight :
 Never had shaken his nerves in fight ;
 But he better could brook to behold the dying
 Deep in the tide of their warm blood lying,
 Scorch'd with the death-thirst, and writhing in vain,
 Than the perishing dead who are past all pain.
 There is something of pride in the perilous hour,
 Whate'er be the shape in which death may lower ;
 For Fame is there to say who bleeds,
 And Honour's eye on daring deeds ;
 But when all is past, it is humbling to tread
 O'er the weltering field of the tombless dead,
 And see worms of the earth, and fowls of the air,
 Beasts of the forest, all gathering there ;
 All regarding man as their prey,
 All rejoicing in his decay.

XVIII.

There is a temple in ruin stands,
 Fashion'd by long-forgotten hands ;
 Two or three columns, and many a stone,
 Marble and granite, with grass o'ergrown !
 Out upon time ! it will leave no more
 Of the things to come than the things before !
 Out upon time ! who for ever will leave
 But enough of the past for the future to grieve
 O'er that which hath been, and o'er that which must be.
 What we have seen, our sons shall see ;
 Remnants of things that have pass'd away,
 Fragments of stone, rear'd by creatures of clay !

XIX.

He sate him down at a pillar's base,
 And pass'd his hand athwart his face :
 Like one in dreary musing mood,
 Declining was his attitude ;
 His head was dropping on his breast,
 Fever'd, throbbing, and opprest ;
 And o'er his brow, so downward bent,
 Oft his beating fingers went,
 Hurriedly, as you may see
 Your own run over the ivory key,

Ere the measured tone is taken
 By the chords you would awaken.
 There he sate all heavily,
 As he heard the night-wind sigh.
 Was it the wind, through some hollow stone,⁸
 Sent that soft and tender moan?
 He lifted his head, and he look'd on the sea,
 But it was unrippled as glass may be;
 He look'd on the long grass—it waved not a blade;
 How was that gentle sound convey'd?
 He look'd to the banners—each flag lay still,
 So did the leaves on Cithæron's hill,
 And he felt not a breath come over his cheek.
 What did that sudden sound bespeak?
 He turn'd to the left—is he sure of sight?
 There sate a lady, youthful and bright!

XX.

He started up with more of fear
 Than if an armed foe were near.
 "God of my fathers! what is here?
 Who art thou, and wherefore sent
 So near a hostile armament?"
 His trembling hands refused to sign
 The cross he deem'd no more divine:
 He had resumed it in that hour,
 But conscience wrung away the power.
 He gazed, he saw: he knew the face
 Of beauty, and the form of grace;
 It was Francesca by his side,
 The maid who might have been his bride!
 The rose was yet upon her cheek,
 But mellow'd with a tenderer streak:
 Where was the play of her soft lips fled?
 Gone was the smile that enliven'd their red.
 The ocean's calm within their view,
 Beside her eye had less of blue;
 But like that cold wave it stood still,
 And its glance, though clear, was chill.
 Around her form a thin robe twining,
 Nought conceal'd her bosom shining;
 Through the parting of her hair,
 Floating darkly downward there,
 Her rounded arm show'd white and bare:
 And ere yet she made reply,
 Once she raised her hand on high;
 It was so wan, and transparent of hue,
 You might have seen the moon shine through.

XXI.

"I come from my rest, to him I love best,
 That I may be happy, and he may be blest.
 I have pass'd the guards, the gate, the wall;
 Sought thee in safety through foes and all.
 'T is said the lion will turn and flee
 From a maid in the pride of her purity;
 And the Power on high that can shield the good
 Thus from the tyrant of the wood,
 Hath extended its mercy to guard me as well
 From the hands of the leaguering infidel.
 I come—and if I come in vain,
 Never, oh never, we meet again!
 Thou hast done a fearful deed
 In falling away from thy fathers' creed:
 But dash that turban to earth, and sign
 The sign of the cross, and for ever be mine;
 Wring the black drop from thy heart,
 And to-morrow unites us no more to part."

"And where should our bridal couch be spread?
 In the midst of the dying and the dead?
 For to-morrow we give to the slaughter and flame
 The sons and the shrines of the Christian name:
 None save thou and thine, I've sworn,
 Shall be left upon the morn:
 But thee will I bear to a lovely spot,
 Where our hands shall be join'd, and our sorrow forgot.
 There thou yet shalt be my bride,
 When once again I've quell'd the pride
 Of Venice; and her hated race
 Have felt the arm they would debase
 Scourge, with a whip of scorpions, those
 Whom vice and envy made my foes."

Upon his hand she laid her own—
 Light was the touch, but it thrill'd to the bone,
 And shot a chillness to his heart,
 Which fix'd him beyond the power to start.
 Though slight was that grasp so mortal cold,
 He could not loose him from its hold;
 But never did clasp of one so dear
 Strike on the pulse with such feeling of fear,
 As those thin fingers, long and white,
 Froze through his blood by their touch that night.
 The feverish glow of his brow was gone,
 And his heart sank so still that it felt like stone,

As he look'd on the face, and beheld its hue
 So deeply changed from what he knew :
 Fair but faint—without the ray
 Of mind that made each feature play
 Like sparkling waves on a sunny day ;
 And her motionless lips lay still as death,
 And her words came forth without her breath,
 And there rose not a heave o'er her bosom's swell,
 And there seem'd not a pulse in her veins to dwell.
 Though her eye shone out, yet the lids were fix'd,
 And the glance that it gave was wild and unmix'd
 With aught of change, as the eyes may seem
 Of the restless who walk in a troubled dream ;
 Like the figures on arras, that gloomily glare,
 Stirr'd by the breath of the wintry air,
 So seen by the dying lamp's fitful light,
 Lifeless, but lifelike, and awful to sight ;
 As they seem, through the dimness, about to come down
 From the shadowy wall where their images frown ;
 Fearfully flitting to and fro,
 As the gusts on the tapestry come and go.

“ If not for love of me be given
 Thus much, then, for the love of Heaven,—
 Again I say,—that turban tear
 From off thy faithless brow, and swear
 Thine injured country's sons to spare,
 Or thou art lost ; and never shalt see—
 Not earth—that 's past—but heaven or me.
 If this thou dost accord, albeit
 A heavy doom 't is thine to meet,
 That doom shall half absolve thy sin,
 And Mercy's gate may receive thee within :
 But pause one moment more, and take
 The curse of him thou didst forsake ;
 And look once more to heaven, and see
 Its love for ever shut from thee.
 There is a light cloud by the moon —⁹
 'T is passing, and will pass full soon—
 If, by the time its vapoury sail
 Hath ceased her shaded orb to veil,
 Thy heart within thee is not changed,
 Then God and man are both avenged ;
 Dark will thy doom be, darker still
 Thine immortality of ill.”

Alp look'd to heaven, and saw on high
 The sign she spake of in the sky ;

But his heart was swollen, and turn'd aside
 By deep interminable pride;
 This first false passion of his breast
 Roll'd like a torrent o'er the rest.
He sue for mercy! *He* dismay'd
 By wild words of a timid maid!
He, wrong'd by Venice, vow to save
 Her sons, devoted to the grave!
 No—though that cloud were thunder's worst,
 And charged to crush him—let it burst!

He look'd upon it earnestly,
 Without an accent of reply;
 He watch'd it passing; it is flown:
 Full on his eye the clear moon shone,
 And thus he spake—"Whate'er my fate,
 I am no changeling—'t is too late:
 The reed in storms may bow and quiver,
 Then rise again—the tree must shiver.
 What Venice made me, I must be,
 Her foe in all, save love to thee:
 But thou art safe: oh, fly with me!—"—
 He turn'd, but she is gone!
 Nothing is there but the column stone.
 Hath she sunk in the earth, or melted in air?
 He saw not, he knew not; but nothing is there.

XXII.

The night is past, and shines the sun
 As if that morn were a jocund one.
 Lightly and brightly breaks away
 The morning from her mantle gray,
 And the noon will look on a sultry day.
 Hark to the trumpet, and the drum,
 And the mournful sound of the barbarous horn,
 And the flap of the banners, that flit as they're borne,
 And the neigh of the steed, and the multitude's hum,
 And the clash, and the shout, "They come, they come!"
 The horsetails¹⁰ are pluck'd from the ground, and the sword
 From its sheath; and they form, and but wait for the word.
 Tartar, and Spahi, and Turcoman,
 Strike your tents, and throng to the van;
 Mount ye, spur ye, skirr the plain,
 That the fugitive may flee in vain,
 When he breaks from the town, and none escape,
 Aged or young, in the Christian shape;
 While your fellows on foot, in a fiery mass,
 Bloodstain the breach through which they pass.

The steeds are all bridled, and snort to the rein ;
 Curved is each neck, and flowing each mane ;
 White is the foam of their champ on the bit ;
 The spears are uplifted ; the matches are lit ;
 The cannon are pointed and ready to roar,
 And crush the wall they have crumbled before ;
 Forms in his phalanx each janizar ;
 Alp at their head ; his right arm is bare,
 So is the blade of his scimitar ;
 The khan and the pachas are all at their post ;
 The vizier himself at the head of the host.
 When the culverin's signal is fired, then on ;
 Leave not in Corinth a living one—
 A priest at her altars, a chief in her halls,
 A hearth in her mansions, a stone on her walls.
 God and the prophet—Alla Hu !
 Up to the skies with that wild halloo !
 " There the breach lies for passage, the ladder to scale ;
 And your hands on your sabres, and how should ye fail ?
 He who first downs with the red cross, may crave
 His heart's dearest wish ; let him ask it, and have !"
 Thus utter'd Coumourgi, the dauntless vizier ;
 The reply was the brandish of sabre and spear,
 And the shout of fierce thousands in joyous ire :—
 Silence—hark to the signal—fire !

XXIII.

As the wolves, that headlong go
 On the stately buffalo,
 Though with fiery eyes, and angry roar,
 And hoofs that stamp, and horns that gore,
 He tramples on earth, or tosses on high
 The foremost, who rush on his strength but to die ;
 Thus against the wall they went,
 Thus the first were backward bent,
 Many a bosom, sheath'd in brass,
 Strew'd the earth like broken glass,
 Shiver'd by the shot, that tore
 The ground whereon they moved no more :
 E'en as they fell, in files they lay,
 Like the mower's grass at the close of day,
 When his work is done on the levell'd plain ;
 Such was the fall of the foremost slain.

XXIV.

As the spring-tides, with heavy plash,
 From the cliffs invading dash

Huge fragments, sapp'd by the ceaseless flow,
 Till white and thundering down they go,
 Like the avalanche's snow
 On the Alpine vales below ;
 Thus at length, outbreathed and worn,
 Corinth's sons were downward borne
 By the long and oft-renewed
 Charge of the Moslem multitude.
 In firmness they stood, and in masses they fell,
 Heap'd by the host of the infidel,
 Hand to hand, and foot to foot :
 Nothing there, save death, was mute ;
 Stroke, and thrust, and flash, and cry
 For quarter, or for victory,
 Mingle there with the volleying thunder,
 Which makes the distant cities wonder
 How the sounding battle goes,
 If with them, or for their foes ;
 If they must mourn, or may rejoice
 In that annihilating voice,
 Which pierces the deep hills through and through
 With an echo dread and new :
 You might have heard it, on that day,
 O'er Salamis and Megara
 (We have heard the hearers say),
 Even unto Piræus' bay.

XXV.

From the point of encountering blades to the hilt,
 Sabres and swords with blood were gilt.
 But the rampart is won, and the spoil begun,
 And all but the after-carnage done.
 Shriller shrieks now mingling come
 From within the plunder'd dome ;
 Hark to the haste of flying feet,
 That splash in the blood of the slippery street ;
 But here and there, where 'vantage ground
 Against the foe may still be found,
 Desperate groups, of twelve or ten,
 Make a pause, and turn again—
 With banded backs against the wall,
 Fiercely stand, or fighting fall.

There stood an old man—his hairs were white,
 But his veteran arm was full of might :
 So gallantly bore he the brunt of the fray,
 The dead before him on that day
 In a semicircle lay ;

Still he combated unwounded,
 Though retreating, unsurrounded.
 Many a scar of former fight
 Lurk'd beneath his corslet bright ;
 But of every wound his body bore,
 Each and all had been ta'en before :
 Though aged, he was so iron of limb,
 Few of our youth could cope with him ;
 And the foes whom he singly kept at bay
 Outnumber'd his thin hairs of silver gray.
 From right to left his sabre swept :
 Many an Othman mother wept
 Sons that were unborn when dipp'd
 His weapon first in Moslem gore,
 Ere his years could count a score.
 Of all he might have been the sire
 Who fell that day beneath his ire :
 For, sonless left long years ago,
 His wrath made many a childless foe ;
 And since the day, when in the strait¹¹
 His only boy had met his fate,
 His parent's iron hand did doom
 More than a human hecatomb.
 If shades by carnage be appeased,
 Patroclus' spirit less was pleased
 Than his, Minotti's son, who died
 Where Asia's bounds and ours divide.
 Buried he lay, where thousands before
 For thousands of years were inlumed on the shore :
 What of them is left to tell
 Where they lie, and how they fell ?
 Not a stone on their turf, nor a bone in their graves ;
 But they live in the verse that immortally saves.

XXVI.

Hark to the Allah shout ! a band
 Of the Mussulmans bravest and best is at hand :
 Their leader's nervous arm is bare,
 Swifter to smite, and never to spare—
 Unclothed to the shoulder it waves them on,
 Thus in the fight he is ever known :
 Others a gaudier garb may show,
 To tempt the spoil of the greedy foe ;
 Many a hand 's on a richer hilt,
 But none on a steel more ruddily gilt ;
 Many a loftier turban may wear,—
 Alp is but known by the white arm bare ;
 Look through the thick of the fight, 't is there.

There is not a standard on that shore
 So well advanced the ranks before ;
 There is not a banner in Moslem war
 Will lure the Delhis half so far ;
 It glances like a falling star !
 Where'er that mighty arm is seen,
 The bravest be, or late have been !
 There the craven cries for quarter
 Vainly to the vengeful Tartar ;
 Or the hero, silent lying,
 Scorns to yield a groan in dying ;
 Mustering his last feeble blow
 'Gainst the nearest levell'd foe,
 Though faint beneath the mutual wound,
 Grappling on the gory ground.

XXVII.

Still the old man stood erect,
 And Alp's career a moment check'd.
 "Yield thee, Minotti; quarter take,
 For thine own, thy daughter's sake."
 "Never, renegado, never!
 Though the life of thy gift would last for ever."
 "Francesca!—Oh, my promised bride!
 Must she too perish by thy pride?"
 "She is safe!" "Where? where?" "In heaven,
 From whence thy traitor soul is driven—
 Far from thee, and undefiled."
 Grimly then Minotti smiled,
 As he saw Alp staggering bow
 Before his words, as with a blow.
 "Oh God! when died she?"—"Yesternight—
 Nor weep I for her spirit's flight:
 None of my pure race shall be
 Slaves to Mahomet and thee—
 Come on!"—That challenge is in vain—
 Alp's already with the slain!
 While Minotti's words were wreaking
 More revenge in bitter speaking
 Than his falchion's point had found,
 Had the time allow'd to wound,
 From within the neighbouring porch
 Of a long defended church,
 Where the last and desperate few
 Would the failing fight renew,
 The sharp shot dash'd Alp to the ground;
 Ere an eye could view the wound

That crash'd through the brain of the infidel,
 Round he spun, and down he fell ;
 A flash like fire within his eyes
 Blazed, as he bent no more to rise,
 And then eternal darkness sunk
 Through all the palpitating trunk :
 Nought of life left, save a quivering
 Where his limbs were slightly shivering.
 They turn'd him on his back ; his breast
 And brow were stain'd with gore and dust,
 And through his lips the life-blood oozed,
 From its deep veins lately loosed ;
 But in his pulse there was no throb,
 Nor on his lips one dying sob ;
 Sigh, nor word, nor struggling breath
 Heralded his way to death ;
 Ere his very thought could pray,
 Unanel'd he pass'd away,
 Without a hope from mercy's aid,—
 To the last a renegade.

XXVIII.

Fearfully the yell arose
 Of his followers, and his foes ;
 These in joy, in fury those ;
 Then again in conflict mixing,
 Clashing swords and spears transfixing,
 Interchanged the blow and thrust,
 Hurling warriors in the dust.
 Street by street, and foot by foot,
 Still Minotti dares dispute
 The latest portion of the land
 Left beneath his high command ;
 With him, adding heart and hand,
 The remnant of his gallant band.
 Still the church is tenable,
 Whence issued late the fated ball
 That half avenged the city's fall,
 When Alp, her fierce assailant, fell :
 Thither bending sternly back,
 They leave before a bloody track ;
 And, with their faces to the foe,
 Dealing wounds with every blow,
 The chief, and his retreating train,
 Join to those within the fane :
 There they yet may breathe awhile,
 Shelter'd by the massy pile.

XXIX.

Brief breathing-time! the turban'd host,
 With added ranks and raging boast,
 Press onwards with such strength and heat,
 Their numbers balk their own retreat;
 For narrow the way that led to the spot
 Where still the Christians yielded not;
 And the foremost, if fearful, may vainly try
 Through the massy column to turn and fly:
 They perforce must do or die.
 They die; but ere their eyes could close,
 Avengers o'er their bodies rose;
 Fresh and furious, fast they fill
 The ranks unthinn'd, though slaughter'd still;
 And faint the weary Christians wax
 Before the still renew'd attacks:
 And now the Othmans gain the gate;
 Still resists its iron weight,
 And still, all deadly aim'd and hot,
 From every crevice comes the shot;
 From every shatter'd window pour
 The volleys of the sulphurous shower:
 But the portal wavering grows and weak—
 The iron yields, the hinges creak—
 It bends—it falls—and all is o'er;
 Lost Corinth may resist no more!

XXX.

Darkly, sternly, and all alone,
 Minotti stood o'er the altar stone:
 Madonna's face upon him shone,
 Painted in heavenly hues above,
 With eyes of light and looks of love;
 And placed upon that holy shrine
 To fix our thoughts on things divine,
 When pictured there, we kneeling see
 Her and the boy-god on her knee,
 Smiling sweetly on each prayer
 To heaven, as if to waft it there.
 Still she smiled; even now she smiles,
 Though slaughter streams along her aisles:
 Minotti lifted his aged eye,
 And made the sign of a cross with a sigh,
 Then seized a torch which blazed thereby,
 And still he stood, while, with steel and flame,
 Inward and onward the Mussulmans came.

XXXI.

The vaults beneath the mosaic stone
 Contain'd the dead of ages gone ;
 Their names were on the graven floor,
 But now illegible with gore ;
 The carved crests, and curious hues
 The varied marble's veins diffuse,
 Were smear'd and slippery—stain'd and strown
 With broken swords, and helms o'erthrown :
 There were dead above, and the dead below
 Lay cold in many a coffin'd row,
 You might see them piled in sable state,
 By a pale light through a gloomy grate :
 But war had enter'd their dark caves,
 And stored along the vaulted graves
 Her sulphurous treasures, thickly spread
 In masses by the fleshless dead ;
 Here, throughout the siege, had been
 The Christians' chiefest magazine ;
 To these a late-form'd train now led,
 Minotti's last and stern resource
 Against the foe's o'erwhelming force.

XXXII.

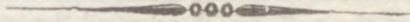
The foe came on, and few remain
 To strive, and those must strive in vain :
 For lack of further lives, to slake
 The thirst of vengeance now awake,
 With barbarous blows they gash the dead,
 And lop the already lifeless head,
 And fell the statues from their niche,
 And spoil the shrines of offerings rich,
 And from each other's rude hands wrest
 The silver vessels saints had blest.
 To the high altar on they go ;
 Oh, but it made a glorious show !
 On its table still behold
 The cup of consecrated gold ;
 Massy and deep, a glittering prize,
 Brightly it sparkles to plunderers' eyes :
 That morn it held the holy wine,
 Converted by Christ to his blood so divine,
 Which his worshippers drank at the break of day,
 To shrive their souls ere they join'd in the fray.
 Still a few drops within it lay ;
 And round the sacred table glow
 Twelve lofty lamps, in splendid row,

From the purest metal cast ;
A spoil—the richest, and the last.

XXXIII.

So near they came, the nearest stretch'd
To grasp the spoil he almost reach'd,
When old Minotti's hand
Touch'd with the torch the train—
'Tis fired !
Spire, vaults, the shrine, the spoil, the slain,
The turban'd victors, the Christian band,
All that of living or dead remain,
Hurl'd on high with the shiver'd fane,
In one wild roar expired !
The shatter'd town—the walls thrown down—
The waves a moment backwards bent—
The hills that shake, although unrent,
As if an earthquake pass'd—
The thousand shapeless things all driven
In cloud and flame athwart the heaven,
By that tremendous blast—
Proclaim'd the desperate conflict o'er
On that too long afflicted shore :
Up to the sky like rockets go
All that mingled there below :
Many a tall and goodly man,
Scorch'd and shrivell'd to a span,
When he fell to earth again,
Like a cinder strew'd the plain :
Down the ashes shower like rain ;
Some fell in the gulf, which received the sprinkles
With a thousand circling wrinkles ;
Some fell on the shore, but, far away,
Scatter'd o'er the isthmus lay ;
Christian or Moslem, which be they ?
Let their mothers see and say !
When in cradled rest they lay,
And each nursing mother smiled
On the sweet sleep of her child,
Little deem'd she such a day
Would rend those tender limbs away.
Not the matrons that them bore
Could discern their offspring more ;
That one moment left no trace
More of human form or face,
Save a scatter'd scalp or bone :
And down came blazing rafters, strown
Around, and many a falling stone,

Deeply dinted in the clay,
All blacken'd there and reeking lay.
All the living things that heard
That deadly earth-shock disappear'd :
The wild birds flew, the wild dogs fled,
And howling left the unburied dead ;
The camels from their keepers broke ;
The distant steer forsook the yoke—
The nearer steed plunged o'er the plain,
And burst his girth, and tore his rein ;
The bull-frog's note, from out the marsh,
Deep-mouth'd arose, and doubly harsh ;
The wolves yell'd on the cavern'd hill,
Where echo roll'd in thunder still ;
The jackals' troop, in gather'd cry,¹⁰
Bay'd from afar complainingly,
With a mix'd and mournful sound,
Like crying babe and beaten hound :
With sudden wing and ruffled breast,
The eagle left his rocky nest,
 And mounted nearer to the sun,
 The clouds beneath him seem'd so dun ;
Their smoke assail'd his startled beak,
And made him higher soar and shriek—
 Thus was Corinth lost and won !



NOTES.

Note 1. Page 271.

The following fragment had been intended by Byron as an opening to the "Siege of Corinth;" but was suppressed on further consideration (MOORE'S *Life*, v. 1, p. 455).

In the year since Jesus died for men,
 Eighteen hundred years and ten,
 We were a gallant company,
 Riding o'er land, and sailing o'er sea.
 Oh! but we went merrily!
 We forded the river, and clomb the high hill;
 Never our steeds for a day stood still;
 Whether we lay in the cave or the shed,
 Our sleep fell soft on the hardest bed;
 Whether we couch'd in our rough capote,
 On the rougher plank of our gliding boat,
 Or stretch'd on the beach, or our saddles spread
 As a pillow beneath the resting head,
 Fresh we woke upon the morrow:
 All our thoughts and words had scope,
 We had health, and we had hope,
 Toil and travel, but no sorrow.
 We were of all tongues and creeds;—
 Some were those who counted beads,
 Some of mosque, and some of church,
 And some, or I mis-say, of neither;
 Yet through the wide world might ye search,
 Nor find a motlier crew nor blither.
 But some are dead, and some are gone,
 And some are scatter'd and alone,
 And some are rebels on the hills
 That look along Epirus' valleys,
 Where freedom still at moments rallies,
 And pays in blood oppression's ills;
 And some are in a far countree,
 And some all restlessly at home;
 But never more, oh! never, we
 Shall meet to revel and to roam.
 But those hardy days flew cheerily,
 And when they now fall drearily,
 My thoughts, like swallows, skim the main,
 And bear my spirit back again
 Over the earth, and through the air,
 A wild bird and a wanderer.
 'T is this that ever wakes my strain,
 And oft, too oft, implores again
 The few who may endure my lay,
 To follow me so far away.
 Stranger—wilt thou follow now,
 And sit with me on Acro-Corinth's brow!—E.

Note 2. Page 271.

Since first Timoleon's brother bled.

Timoleon killed his brother for aiming at the supreme power in Corinth.—E.

Note 3. Page 272.

The Turcoman hath left his herd.

The life of the Turcomans is wandering and patriarchal: they dwell in tents.

Note 4. Page 273.

Coumourgi—he whose closing scene.

Ali Coumourgi, the favourite of three sultans and Grand Vizier to Achmet III.,

after recovering Peloponnesus from the Venetians, in one campaign, was mortally wounded in the next, against the Germans, at the battle of Peterwaradin (in the plain of Carlowitz), in Hungary, endeavouring to rally his guards. He died of his wounds next day. His last order was the decapitation of General Breuner, and some other German prisoners; and his last words, "Oh that I could thus serve all the Christian dogs!" a speech and act not unlike one of Caligula. He was a young man of great ambition and unbounded presumption: on being told that Prince Eugene, then opposed to him, "was a great general," he said "I shall become a greater, and at his expense."

Note 5. Page 279.

There shrinks no ebb in that tideless sea.

The reader need hardly be reminded that there are no perceptible tides in the Mediterranean.

Note 6. Page 280.

And their white tusks crunch'd o'er the whiter skull.

This spectacle I have seen, such as described, beneath the wall of the Seraglio at Constantinople, in the little cavities worn by the Bosphorus in the rock, a narrow terrace of which projects between the wall and the water. I think the fact is also mentioned in Hobhouse's Travels. The bodies were probably those of some refractory Janizaries.

Note 7. Page 280.

And each scalp had a single long tuft of hair.

This tuft, or long lock, is left from a superstition that Mahomet will draw them into paradise by it.

Note 8. Page 282.

I must here acknowledge a close, though unintentional, resemblance in these twelve lines to a passage in an unpublished poem of Mr. Coleridge, called "Christabel." It was not till after these lines were written that I heard that wild and singularly original and beautiful poem recited; and the MS. of that production I never saw till very recently, by the kindness of Mr. Coleridge himself, who, I hope, is convinced that I have not been a wilful plagiarist. The original idea undoubtedly pertains to Mr. Coleridge, whose poem has been composed above fourteen years. Let me conclude by a hope that he will no longer delay the publication of a production, of which I can only add my mite of approbation to the applause of far more competent judges.

Note 9. Page 284.

There is a light cloud by the moon.

I have been told that the idea expressed in this and the five following lines have been admired by those whose approbation is valuable. I am glad of it: but it is not original—at least not mine; it may be found much better expressed in pages 182-3-4 of the English version of "Vathek" (I forget the precise page of the French), a work to which I have before referred; and never recur to, or read, without a renewal of gratification.

Note 10. Page 285.

The horse-tails are pluck'd from the ground.

The horsetail, fixed upon a lance, a pacha's standard.

Note 11. Page 288.

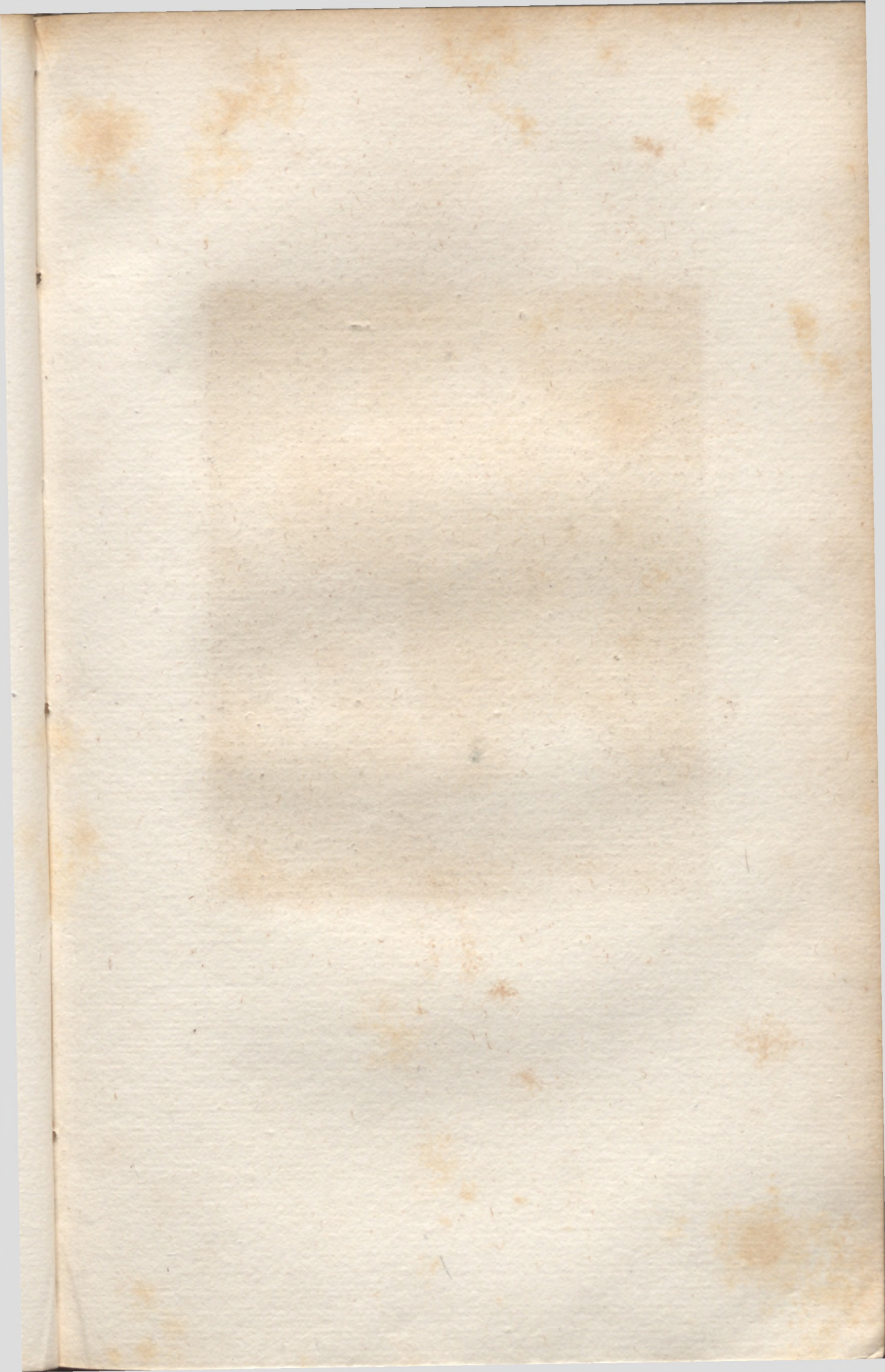
And since the day, when in the strait:

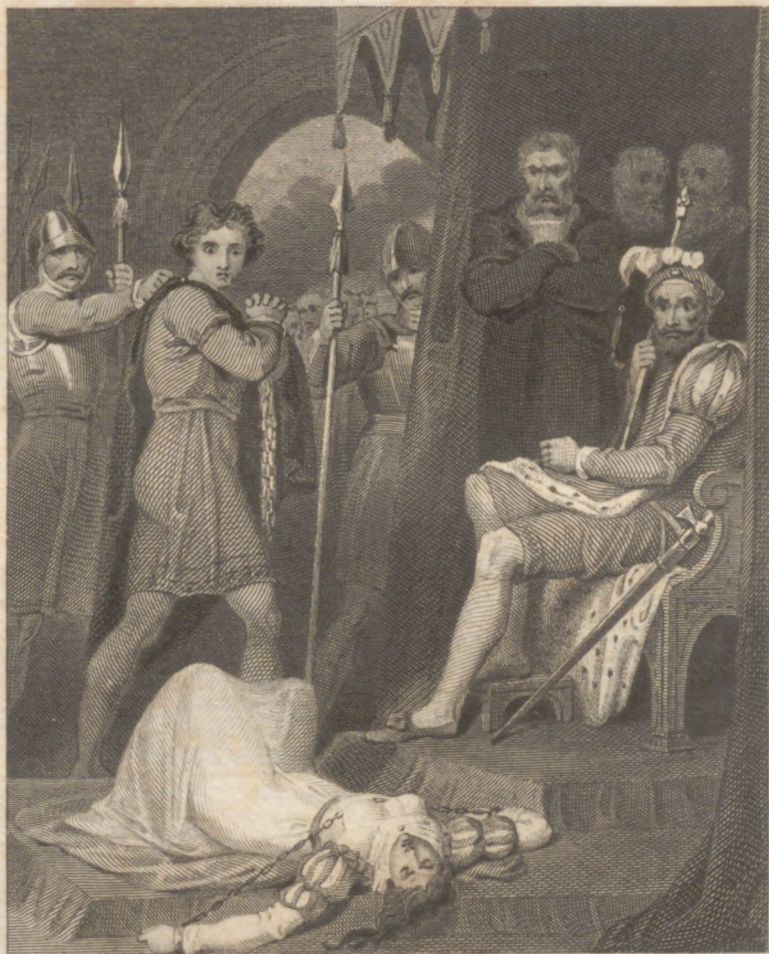
In the naval battle at the mouth of the Dardanelles, between the Venetians and the Turks,

Note 12. Page 294.

The jackals' troop, in gather'd cry.

I believe I have taken a poetical license to transplant the jackal from Asia. In Greece I never saw nor heard these animals; but among the ruins of Ephesus I have heard them by hundreds. They haunt ruins, and follow armies.





Drawn by Rich^d Westall R.A.

Engraved by F. Engleheart.

PARISINA.

THEN BURST HER VOICE IN ONE LONG SHRIEK,
AND TO THE EARTH SHE FELL LIKE STONE.

Stanza 14. Line 347.

PUBLISHED BY JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, DEC. 1. 1819.

PARISINA.

TO SCROPE BERDMORE DAVIES, ESQ.

THE FOLLOWING POEM IS INSCRIBED,

BY ONE WHO HAS LONG ADMIRER HIS TALENTS, AND VALUED HIS FRIENDSHIP.

January 22, 1816.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The following poem is grounded on a circumstance mentioned in Gibbon's "Antiquities of the House of Brunswick."—I am aware that in modern times the delicacy or fastidiousness of the reader may deem such subjects unfit for the purposes of poetry. The Greek dramatists, and some of the best of our old English writers, were of a different opinion: as Alfieri and Schiller have also been, more recently, upon the Continent. The following extract will explain the facts on which the story is founded. The name of *Azo* is substituted for Nicholas, as more metrical.

"Under the reign of Nicholas III. Ferrara was polluted with a domestic tragedy. By the testimony of an attendant, and his own observation, the Marquis of Este discovered the incestuous loves of his wife Parisina, and Hugo his bastard son, a beautiful and valiant youth. They were beheaded in the castle by the sentence of a father and husband, who published his shame, and survived their execution. He was unfortunate, if they were guilty; if they were innocent, he was still more unfortunate; nor is there any possible situation in which I can sincerely approve that last act of the justice of a parent."—GIBBON'S *Miscellaneous Works*, vol. iii. p. 470, new edition.

PARISINA.

I.

It is the hour when from the boughs
The nightingale's high note is heard :
It is the hour when lovers' vows
Seem sweet in every whisper'd word,
And gentle winds, and waters near,
Make music to the lonely ear,
Each flower the dews have lightly wet,
And in the sky the stars are met,
And on the wave is deeper blue,
And on the leaf a browner hue,
And in the heaven that clear obscure,
So softly dark, and darkly pure,
Which follows the decline of day,
As twilight melts beneath the moon away.¹

II.

But it is not to list to the waterfall
That Parisina leaves her hall,
And it is not to gaze on the heavenly light
That the lady walks in the shadow of night :
And if she sits in Este's bower,
'T is not for the sake of its full-blown flower :
She listens—but not for the nightingale—
Though her ear expects as soft a tale.
There glides a step through the foliage thick,
And her cheek grows pale—and her heart beats quick ;
There whispers a voice through the rustling leaves,
And her blush returns, and her bosom heaves :
A moment more—and they shall meet—
'T is past—her lover 's at her feet.

III.

And what unto them is the world beside,
With all its change of time and tide ?

Its living things—its earth and sky
 Are nothing to their mind and eye.
 And heedless as the dead are they
 Of aught around, above, beneath ;
 As if all else had pass'd away,
 They only for each other breathe :
 Their very sighs are full of joy
 So deep, that, did it not decay,
 That happy madness would destroy
 The hearts which feel its fiery sway.
 Of guilt, of peril, do they deem,
 In that tumultuous tender dream?
 Who, that have felt that passion's power,
 Or paused or fear'd in such an hour,
 Or thought how brief such moments last ?
 But yet—they are already past !
 Alas ! we must awake before
 We know such vision comes no more.

IV.

With many a lingering look they leave
 The spot of guilty gladness past ;
 And though they hope and vow, they grieve
 As if that parting were the last.
 The frequent sigh—the long embrace—
 The lip that there would cling for ever,
 While gleams on Parisina's face
 The Heaven she fears will not forgive her,
 As if each calmly conscious star
 Beheld her frailty from afar—
 The frequent sigh, the long embrace,
 Yet binds them to their trysting-place.
 But it must come, and they must part
 In fearful heaviness of heart,
 With all the deep and shuddering chill
 Which follows fast the deeds of ill.

V.

And Hugo is gone to his lonely bed,
 To covet there another's bride :
 But she must lay her conscious head
 A husband's trusting heart beside.
 But fever'd in her sleep she seems,
 And red her cheek with troubled dreams,
 And mutters she in her unrest
 A name she dares not breathe by day,
 And clasps her lord unto the breast
 Which pants for one away :

And he to that embrace awakes,
 And, happy in the thought, mistakes
 That dreaming sigh, and warm caress,
 For such as he was wont to bless ;
 And could in very fondness weep
 O'er her who loves him even in sleep.

VI.

He clasp'd her sleeping to his heart,
 And listen'd to each broken word :
 He hears—Why doth Prince Azo start,
 As if the Archangel's voice he heard ?
 And well he may—a deeper doom
 Could scarcely thunder o'er his tomb,
 When he shall wake to sleep no more,
 And stand the eternal throne before.
 And well he may—his earthly peace
 Upon that sound is doom'd to cease.
 That sleeping whisper of a name
 Bespeaks her guilt and Azo's shame.
 And whose that name ? that o'er his pillow
 Sounds fearful as the breaking billow
 Which rolls the plank upon the shore,
 And dashes on the pointed rock
 The wretch who sinks to rise no more ;
 So came upon his soul the shock.
 And whose that name ? 't is Hugo's,—his—
 In sooth he had not deem'd of this !—
 'T is Hugo's,—he, the child of one
 He loved—his own all-evil son—
 The offspring of his wayward youth,
 When he betray'd Bianca's truth ;
 The maid whose folly could confide
 In him who made her not his bride.

VII.

He pluck'd his poniard in its sheath,
 But sheathed it ere the point was bare—
 Howe'er unworthy now to breathe,
 He could not slay a thing so fair—
 At least, not smiling—sleeping there :
 Nay, more—he did not wake her then,
 But gazed upon her with a glance
 Which, had she roused her from her trance,
 Had frozen her sense to sleep again—
 And o'er his brow the burning lamp
 Gleam'd on the dew-drops big and damp.

She spake no more—but still she slumber'd—
While, in his thought, her days are number'd.

VIII.

And with the morn he sought, and found
In many a tale from those around,
The proof of all he fear'd to know,
Their present guilt, his future woe ;
The long-conniving damsels seek
To save themselves, and would transfer
The guilt—the shame—the doom to her :
Concealment is no more—they speak
All circumstance which may compel
Full credence to the tale they tell ;
And Azo's tortured heart and ear
Have nothing more to feel or hear.

IX.

He was not one who brook'd delay :
Within the chamber of his state,
The chief of Este's ancient sway
Upon his throne of judgment sate ;
His nobles and his guards are there,—
Before him is the sinful pair ;
Both young—and one how passing fair !
With swordless belt, and fetter'd hand,
Oh, Christ! that thus a son should stand
Before a father's face !
Yet thus must Hugo meet his sire,
And hear the sentence of his ire,
The tale of his disgrace !
And yet he seems not overcome,
Although, as yet, his voice be dumb.

X.

And still, and pale, and silently
Did Parisina wait her doom ;
How changed since last her speaking eye
Glanced gladness round the glittering room !
Where high-born men were proud to wait—
Where Beauty watch'd to imitate
Her gentle voice, her lovely mien—
And gather from her air and gait
The graces of its queen :
Then, had her eye in sorrow wept,
A thousand warriors forth had leapt,
A thousand swords had sheathless shone,
And made her quarrel all their own.

Now,—what is she? and what are they?
 Can she command, or these obey?
 All silent and unheeding now,
 With downcast eyes and knitting brow,
 And folded arms, and freezing air,
 And lips that scarce their scorn forbear,
 Her knights and dames, her court—is there;
 And he, the chosen one, whose lance
 Had yet been couch'd before her glance,
 Who—were his arm a moment free—
 Had died or gain'd her liberty;
 The minion of his father's bride,—
 He, too, is fetter'd by her side;
 Nor sees her swoln and full eye swim
 Less for her own despair than him;
 Those lids—o'er which the violet vein,
 Wandering, leaves a tender stain,
 Shining through the smoothest white
 That e'er did softest kiss invite—
 Now seem'd with hot and livid glow
 To press, not shade, the orbs below,
 Which glance so heavily, and fill,
 As tear on tear grows gathering still.

XI.

And he for her had also wept,
 But for the eyes that on him gazed:
 His sorrow, if he felt it, slept;
 Stern and erect his brow was raised.
 Whate'er the grief his soul avow'd,
 He would not shrink before the crowd;
 But yet he dared not look on her:
 Remembrance of the hours that were—
 His guilt—his love—his present state—
 His father's wrath—all good men's hate—
 His earthly, his eternal fate—
 And hers,—oh, hers! he dared not throw
 One look upon that deathlike brow!
 Else had his rising heart betray'd
 Remorse for all the wreck it made.

XII.

And Azo spake:—"But yesterday
 I gloried in a wife and son;
 That dream this morning pass'd away;
 Ere day declines, I shall have none—
 My life must linger on alone.

Well,—let that pass,—there breathes not one
 Who would not do as I have done :
 Those ties are broken—not by me ;
 Let that too pass ;—the doom's prepared !
 Hugo, the priest awaits on thee,
 And then—thy crime's reward !
 Away ! address thy prayers to Heaven,
 Before its evening stars are met—
 Learn if thou there canst be forgiven ;
 Its mercy may absolve thee yet.
 But here, upon the earth beneath,
 There is no spot where thou and I
 Together, for an hour, could breathe :
 Farewell ! I will not see thee die.—
 But thou, frail thing ! shalt view his head—
 Away ! I cannot speak the rest :
 Go ! woman of the wanton breast !
 Not I, but thou his blood dost shed ;
 Go ! if that sight thou canst outlive,
 And joy thee in the life I give.”

XIII.

And here stern Azo hid his face—
 For on his brow the swelling vein
 Throbb'd as if back upon his brain
 The hot blood ebb'd and flow'd again ;
 And therefore bow'd he for a space,
 And pass'd his shaking hand along
 His eye, to veil it from the throng ;
 While Hugo raised his chained hands,
 And for a brief delay demands
 His father's ear : the silent sire
 Forbids not what his words require.
 “ It is not that I dread the death—
 For thou hast seen me by thy side
 All redly through the battle ride,
 And that not once a useless brand
 Thy slaves have wrested from my hand,
 Hath shed more blood in cause of thine,
 Than e'er can stain the axe of mine.
 Thou gav'st, and mayst resume my breath,
 A gift for which I thank thee not ;
 Nor are my mother's wrongs forgot,
 Her slighted love and ruin'd name,
 Her offspring's heritage of shame ;
 But she is in the grave, where he,
 Her son, thy rival, soon shall be.
 Her broken heart—my sever'd head—

Shall witness for thee from the dead
 How trusty and how tender were
 Thy youthful love—paternal care.
 'T is true, that I have done thee wrong—
 But wrong for wrong—this, deem'd thy bride,
 The other victim of thy pride,
 Thou know'st for me was destined long.
 Thou saw'st, and coveted'st her charms—
 And with thy very crime—my birth,
 Thou taunted'st me—as little worth ;
 A match ignoble for her arms,
 Because, forsooth, I could not claim
 The lawful heirship of thy name,
 Nor sit on Este's lineal throne :
 Yet, were a few short summers mine,
 My name should more than Este's shine
 With honours all my own.
 I had a sword—and have a breast
 That should have won as haught^a a crest
 As ever waved along the line
 Of all these sovereign sires of thine.
 Not always knightly spurs are worn
 The brightest by the better born ;
 And mine have lanced my courser's flank
 Before proud chiefs of princely rank,
 When charging to the cheering cry
 Of ' Este and of Victory !'
 I will not plead the cause of crime,
 Nor sue thee to redeem from time
 A few brief hours or days that must
 At length roll o'er my reckless dust ;—
 Such maddening moments as my past,
 They could not, and they did not, last.
 Albeit my birth and name be base,
 And thy nobility of race
 Disdain'd to deck a thing like me—
 Yet in my lineaments they trace
 Some features of my father's face,
 And in my spirit—all of thee.
 From thee—this tamelessness of heart—
 From thee—nay, wherefore dost thou start ?—
 From thee in all their vigour came
 My arm of strength, my soul of flame—
 Thou didst not give me life alone,
 But all that made me more thine own.
 See what thy guilty love hath done !
 Repaid thee with too like a son !
 I am no bastard in my soul,
 For that, like thine, abhorr'd control :

And for my breath, that hasty boon
 Thou gav'st and wilt resume so soon,
 I valued it no more than thou,
 When rose thy casque above thy brow,
 And we, all side by side, have striven,
 And o'er the dead our coursers driven.
 The past is nothing—and at last
 The future can but be the past ;
 Yet would I that I then had died :

For though thou work'dst my mother's ill,
 And made thy own my destined bride,
 I feel thou art my father still ;
 And, harsh as sounds thy hard decree,
 'T is not unjust, although from thee.
 Begot in sin, to die in shame,
 My life began and ends the same :
 As err'd the sire, so err'd the son,
 And thou must punish both in one.
 My crime seems worst to human view,
 But God must judge between us two !"

XIV.

He ceased—and stood with folded arms,
 On which the circling fetters sounded ;
 And not an ear but felt as wounded,
 Of all the chiefs that there were rank'd,
 When those dull chains in meeting clank'd :
 Till Parisina's fatal charms
 Again attracted every eye—
 Would she thus hear him doom'd to die ?
 She stood, I said, all pale and still,
 The living cause of Hugo's ill :
 Her eyes unmoved, but full and wide,
 Not once had turn'd to either side—
 Nor once did those sweet eyelids close,
 Or shade the glance o'er which they rose.
 But round their orbs of deepest blue
 The circling white dilated grew—
 And there with glassy gaze she stood
 As ice were in her curdled blood ;
 But every now and then a tear
 So large and slowly gather'd, slid
 From the long dark fringe of that fair lid,
 It was a thing to see, not hear !
 And those who saw, it did surprise,
 Such drops could fall from human eyes.
 To speak she thought—the imperfect note
 Was choked within her swelling throat,

Yet seemed in that low hollow groan
 Her whole heart gushing in the tone.
 It ceased—again she thought to speak,
 Then burst her voice in one long shriek,
 And to the earth she fell like stone,
 Or statue from its base o'erthrown,
 More like a thing that ne'er had life,—
 A monument of Azo's wife—
 Than her, that living guilty thing,
 Whose every passion was a sting,
 Which urged to guilt, but could not bear
 That guilt's detection and despair ;
 But yet she lived—and all too soon
 Recovered from that death-like swoon—
 But scarce to reason—every sense
 Had been o'erstrung by pangs intense ;
 And each frail fibre of her brain
 (As bow-strings, when relax'd by rain,
 The erring arrow launch aside)
 Sent forth her thoughts all wild and wide—
 The past a blank, the future black,
 With glimpses of a dreary track,
 Like lightning on the desert path,
 When midnight storms are mustering wrath.
 She fear'd—she felt that something ill
 Lay on her soul, so deep and chill—
 That there was sin and shame she knew,
 That some one was to die—but who ?
 She had forgotten ;—did she breathe ?
 Could this be still the earth beneath ?
 The sky above, and men around ?
 Or were they fiends who now so frown'd
 On one, before whose eyes each eye
 Till then had smiled in sympathy ?
 All was confused and undefined
 To her all-jarr'd and wandering mind ;
 A chaos of wild hopes and fears :
 And now in laughter, now in tears,
 But madly still in each extreme,
 She strove with that convulsive dream—
 For so it seem'd on her to break :
 Oh ! vainly must she strive to wake.

XV.

The convent bells are ringing,
 But mournfully and slow ;
 In the grey square turret swinging,
 With a deep sound, to and fro.

Heavily to the heart they go !
 Hark ! the hymn is singing—
 The song for the dead below,
 Or the living who shortly shall be so !
 For a departing being's soul
 The death-hymn peals and the hollow bells knoll :
 He is near his mortal goal ;
 Kneeling at the friar's knee ;
 Sad to hear—and piteous to see—
 Kneeling on the bare cold ground,
 With the block before and the guards around—
 And the headsman with his bare arm ready,
 That the blow may be both swift and steady,
 Feels if the axe be sharp and true—
 Since he set its edge anew :
 While the crowd in a speechless circle gather
 To see the son fall by the doom of the father.

XVI.

It is a lovely hour as yet
 Before the summer sun shall set,
 Which rose upon that heavy day,
 And mock'd it with his steadiest ray ;
 And his evening beams are shed
 Full on Hugo's fated head,
 As, his last confession pouring
 To the monk his doom deploring,
 In penitential holiness,
 He bends to hear his accents bless
 With absolution such as may
 Wipe our mortal stains away.
 That high sun on his head did glisten
 As he there did bow and listen,
 And the rings of chestnut hair
 Curl'd half down his neck so bare ;
 But brighter still the beam was thrown
 Upon the axe which near him shone
 With a clear and ghastly glitter.—
 Oh ! that parting hour was bitter !
 Even the stern stood chill'd with awe :
 Dark the crime, and just the law—
 Yet they shudder'd as they saw.

XVII.

The parting prayers are said and over
 Of that false son—and daring lover !
 His beads and sins are all recounted,
 His hours to their last minute mounted—

His mantling cloak before was stripp'd,
 His bright brown locks must now be clipp'd ;
 'T is done—all closely are they shorn—
 The vest which till this moment worn—
 The scarf which Parisina gave—
 Must not adorn him to the grave.
 Even that must now be thrown aside,
 And o'er his eyes the kerchief tied ;
 But no—that last indignity
 Shall ne'er approach his haughty eye.
 All feelings seemingly subdued,
 In deep disdain were half renew'd,
 When headsman's hands prepared to bind
 Those eyes which would not brook such blind :
 As if they dared not look on death.
 “ No—yours my forfeit blood and breath—
 These hands are chain'd—but let me die
 At least with an unshackled eye—
 Strike : ”—and as the word he said,
 Upon the block he bow'd his head ;
 These the last accents Hugo spoke :
 “ Strike ”—and flashing fell the stroke—
 Roll'd the head—and, gushing, sunk
 Back the stain'd and heaving trunk,
 In the dust, which each deep vein
 Slaked with its ensanguined rain ;
 His eyes and lips a moment quiver,
 Convulsed and quick—then fix for ever.
 He died, as erring man should die,
 Without display, without parade ;
 Meekly had he bow'd and pray'd,
 As not disdainng priestly aid,
 Nor desperate of all hope on high.
 And while, before the prior kneeling,
 His heart was wean'd from earthly feeling,
 His wrathful sire—his paramour—
 What were they in such an hour ?
 No more reproach—no more despair ;
 No thought but heaven—no word but prayer—
 Save the few which from him broke,
 When bared to meet the headsman's stroke,
 He claim'd to die with eyes unbound,
 His sole adieu to those around.

XVIII.

Still as the lips that closed in death,
 Each gazer's bosom held his breath :

But yet, afar, from man to man,
 A cold electric shiver ran,
 As down the deadly blow descended
 On him whose life and love thus ended ;
 And with a hushing sound comprest,
 A sigh shrunk back on every breast ;
 But no more thrilling noise rose there,
 Beyond the blow that to the block
 Pierced through with forced and sullen shock,
 Save one :—what cleaves the silent air
 So madly shrill—so passing wild ?
 That, as a mother's o'er her child,
 Done to death by sudden blow,
 To the sky these accents go,
 Like a soul's in endless woe.
 Through Azo's palace-lattice driven,
 That horrid voice ascends to heaven,
 And every eye is turn'd thereon ;
 But sound and sight alike are gone !
 It was a woman's shriek— and ne'er
 In madlier accents rose despair ;
 And those who heard it as it past,
 In mercy wish'd it were the last.

XIX.

Hugo is fallen ; and, from that hour,
 No more in palace, hall, or bower,
 Was Parisina heard or seen.
 Her name—as if she ne'er had been—
 Was banish'd from each lip and ear,
 Like words of wantonness or fear ;
 And from Prince Azo's voice, by none
 Was mention heard of wife or son ;
 No tomb—no memory had they ;
 Theirs was unconsecrated clay ;
 At least the knight's who died that day.
 But Parisina's fate lies hid
 Like dust beneath the coffin lid :
 Whether in convent she abode,
 And won to heaven her dreary road,
 By blighted and remorseful years
 Of scourge, and fast, and sleepless tears ;
 Or if she fell by bowl or steel,
 For that dark love she dared to feel ;
 Or if, upon the moment smote,
 She died by tortures less remote,
 Like him she saw upon the block,
 With heart that shared the headsman's shock,

In quicken'd brokenness that came,
 In pity, o'er her shatter'd frame,
 None knew—and none can ever know;
 But whatsoe'er its end below,
 Her life began and closed in woe!⁵

XX.

And Azo found another bride,
 And goodly sons grew by his side;
 But none so lovely and so brave
 As him who wither'd in the grave;
 Or, if they were—on his cold eye
 Their growth but glanced unheeded by,
 Or noticed with a smother'd sigh.
 But never tear his cheek descended,
 And never smile his brow unbended;
 And o'er that fair broad brow were wrought
 The intersected lines of thought;
 Those furrows which the burning share
 Of sorrow ploughs untimely there;
 Scars of the lacerating mind
 Which the soul's war doth leave behind.
 He was past all mirth or woe:
 Nothing more remain'd below
 But sleepless nights and heavy days,
 A mind all dead to scorn or praise,
 A heart which shunn'd itself—and yet
 That would not yield, nor could forget—
 Which, when it least appear'd to melt,
 Intensely thought—intensely felt:
 The deepest ice which ever froze
 Can only o'er the surface close—
 The living stream lies quick below,
 And flows—and cannot cease to flow.
 Still was his seal'd-up bosom haunted
 By thoughts which nature hath implanted,
 Too deeply rooted thence to vanish:
 Howe'er our stifled tears we banish,
 When struggling as they rise to start,
 We check those waters of the heart,
 They are not dried—those tears unshed
 But flow back to the fountain head,
 And, resting in their spring more pure,
 For ever in its depth endure,
 Unseen, unwept, but uncongeal'd,
 And cherish'd most where least reveal'd,
 With inward starts of feeling left,
 To throb o'er those of life bereft;

Without the power to fill again
The desert gap which made his pain;
Without the hope to meet them where
United souls shall gladness share;
With all the consciousness that he
Had only pass'd a just decree,
That they had wrought their doom of ill;
Yet Azo's age was wretched still.
The tainted branches of the tree,
If lopp'd with care, a strength may give,
By which the rest shall bloom and live
All greenly fresh and wildly free:
But if the lightning, in its wrath,
The waving boughs with fury scathe,
The massy trunk the ruin feels,
And never more a leaf reveals.

NOTES.

Note 1. Page 299.

As twilight melts beneath the moon away.

The lines contained in Section I. were printed as set to music some time since : but belonged to the poem where they now appear, the greater part of which was composed prior to "Lara," and other compositions since published.

Note 2. Page 305.

That should have won as haught a crest.

Haught—Haughty :—

"Away, *haught* man, thou art insulting me."

SHAKSPEARE, *Richard II.*

Note 3. Page 311.

Her life began and closed in woe.

"This turned out a calamitous year for the people of Ferrara, for there occurred a very tragical event in the court of their sovereign. Our annals, both printed and in manuscript, with the exception of the unpolished and negligent work of Sardi, and one other, have given the following relation of it; from which, however, are rejected many details, and especially the narrative of Bandelli, who wrote a century afterwards, and who does not accord with the contemporary historians.

"By the above mentioned Stella dell' Assassino, the Marquis, in the year 1405, had a son called Ugo, a beautiful and ingenuous youth. Parisina Malatesta, second wife of Niccolo, like the generality of step-mothers, treated him with little kindness, to the infinite regret of the Marquis, who regarded him with fond partiality. One day she asked leave of her husband to undertake a certain journey, to which he consented, but upon condition that Ugo should bear her company; for he hoped by these means to induce her, in the end, to lay aside the obstinate aversion which she had conceived against him. And indeed his intent was accomplished but too well, since, during the journey, she not only divested herself of all her hatred, but fell into the opposite extreme. After their return, the Marquis had no longer any occasion to renew his former reproofs. It happened one day that a servant of the Marquis, named Zoese, or, as some call him, Giorgio, passing before the apartments of Parisina, saw going out from them one of her chamber-maids, all terrified and in tears. Asking the reason, she told him that her mistress, for some slight offence, had been beating her; and, giving vent to her rage, she added, that she could easily be revenged, if she chose to make known the criminal familiarity which subsisted between Parisina and her step-son. The servant took note of the words, and related them to his master. He was astounded thereat, but, scarcely believing his ears, he assured himself of the fact, alas! too clearly, on the 18th of May, by looking through a hole made in the ceiling of his wife's chamber. Instantly he broke into a furious rage, and arrested both of them, together with Aldobrandino Rangoni, of Modena, her gentleman, and also, as some say, two of the women of her chamber, as abettors of this sinful act. He ordered them to be brought to a hasty trial, desiring the judges to pronounce sentence, in the accustomed forms, upon the culprits. This sentence was death. Some there were that bestirred themselves in favour of the delinquents, and, amongst others, Ugoccion Contrario, who was all powerful with Niccolo, and also his aged and much-deserving minister Alberto dal Sale. Both of these, their tears flowing down their cheeks, and upon their knees, implored him for

mercy : adducing whatever reasons they could suggest for sparing the offenders, besides those motives of honour and decency which might persuade him to conceal from the public so scandalous a deed. But his rage made him inflexible, and, on the instant, he commanded that the sentence should be put in execution.

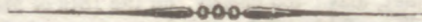
"It was, then, in the prisons of the castle, and exactly in those frightful dungeons which are seen at this day beneath the chamber called the Aurora, at the foot of the Lion's tower, at the top of the street Giovecca, that on the night of the twenty-first of May were beheaded, first, Ugo, and afterwards Parisina. Zoese, he that accused her, conducted the latter under his arm to the place of punishment. She, all along, fancied that she was to be thrown into a pit, and asked, at every step, whether she was yet come to the spot? She was told that her punishment was the axe. She inquired what was become of Ugo, and received for answer, that he was already dead; at the which, sighing grievously, she exclaimed, 'Now, then, I wish not myself to live;' and being come to the block, she stripped herself with her own hands of all her ornaments, and, wrapping a cloth round her head, submitted to the fatal stroke which terminated the cruel scene. The same was done with Rangoni, who, together with the others, according to two calendars in the library of St. Francesco, was buried in the cemetery of that convent. Nothing else is known respecting the women.

"The Marquis kept watch the whole of that dreadful night, and, as he was walking backwards and forwards, inquired of the captain of the castle if Ugo was dead yet? who answered him, Yes. He then gave himself up to the most desperate lamentations, exclaiming, "Oh! that I too were dead, since I have been hurried on to resolve thus against my own Ugo." And then gnawing with his teeth a cane which he had in his hand, he passed the rest of the night in sighs and in tears, calling frequently upon his own dear Ugo. On the following day, calling to mind that it would be necessary to make public his justification, seeing that the transaction could not be kept secret, he ordered the narrative to be drawn out upon paper, and sent it to all the courts of Italy.

"On receiving this advice, the Doge of Venice, Francesco Foscari, gave orders, but without publishing his reasons, that stop should be put to the preparations for a tournament, which, under the auspices of the Marquis and at the expense of the city of Padua, was about to take place, in the square of St. Mark, in order to celebrate his advancement to the ducal chair.

"The Marquis, in addition to what he had already done, from some unaccountable burst of vengeance, commanded that as many of the married women as were well known to him to be faithless, like his Parisina, should, like her, be beheaded. Amongst others, Barbarina, or, as some call her, Laodamia Romei, wife of the court judge, underwent this sentence, at the usual place of execution, that is to say in the quarter of St. Giacomo, opposite the present fortress, beyond St. Paul's. It cannot be told how strange appeared this proceeding in a prince, who, considering his own disposition, should, as it seemed, have been in such cases most indulgent. Some, however, there were, who did not fail to commend him."*

* Frizzi, History of Ferrara.



THE ISLAND,

OR

CHRISTIAN AND HIS COMRADES.

The foundation of the following story will be found partly in Lieutenant Bligh's "Narrative of the Mutiny and Seizure of the Bounty, in the South Seas, in 1789;" and partly in "Mariner's Account of the Tonga Islands."

Genoa, 1823.

THE ISLAND.

CANTO I.

I.

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

II.

The gallant chief within his cabin slept,
Secure in those by whom the watch was kept:
His dreams were of old England's welcome shore,
Of toils rewarded, and of dangers o'er;
His name was added to the glorious roll
Of those who search the storm-surrounded pole.
The worst was over, and the rest seem'd sure,
And why should not his slumber be secure?
Alas! his deck was trod by unwilling feet,
And wilder hands would hold the vessel's sheet;

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

III.

Awake, bold Bligh ! the foe is at the gate ! ^b
 Awake ! awake !—Alas ! it is too late !
 Fiercely beside thy cot the mutineer
 Stands, and proclaims the reign of rage and fear.
 Thy limbs are bound, the bayonet at thy breast,
 The hands which trembled at thy voice, arrest :
 Dragg'd o'er the deck, no more at thy command
 The obedient helm shall veer, the sail expand ;
 That savage spirit, which would lull by wrath
 Its desperate escape from duty's path,
 Glares round thee, in the scarce-believing eyes
 Of those who fear the chief they sacrifice ;
 For ne'er can man his conscience all assuage,
 Unless he drain the wine of passion—rage.

IV.

In vain, not silenced by the eye of death,
 Thou call'st the loyal with thy menaced breath :—
 They come not ; they are few, and, overawed,
 Must acquiesce while sterner hearts applaud.
 In vain thou dost demand the cause ; a curse
 Is all the answer, with the threat of worse.

Full in thine eyes is waved the glittering blade,
 Close to thy throat the pointed bayonet laid,
 The levell'd muskets circle round thy breast
 In hands as steel'd to do the deadly rest.
 Thou dar'st them to their worst, exclaiming, "Fire!"
 But they who pitied not could yet admire;
 Some lurking remnant of their former awe
 Restrain'd them longer than their broken law:
 They would not dip their souls at once in blood,
 But left thee to the mercies of the flood.

V.

"Hoist out the boat!" was now the leader's cry:
 And who dare answer "No" to mutiny,
 In the first dawning of the drunken hour,
 The Saturnalia of unhoped-for power?
 The boat is lower'd with all the haste of hate,
 With its slight plank between thee and thy fate:
 Her only cargo such a scant supply
 As promises the death their hands deny;
 And just enough of water and of bread
 To keep, some days, the dying from the dead.
 Some cordage, canvass, sails, and lines, and twine,
 But treasures all to hermits of the brine,
 Were added after, to the earnest prayer
 Of those who saw no hope save sea and air;
 And last, that trembling vassal of the pole,
 The feeling compass, navigation's soul.⁴

VI.

And now the self-elected chief finds time
 To stun the first sensation of his crime,
 And raise it in his followers—"Ho! the bowl!"⁵
 Lest passion should return to reason's shoal.
 "Brandy for heroes!" Burke could once exclaim,—
 No doubt a liquid path to epic fame!
 And such the new-born heroes found it here,
 And drain'd the draught with an applauding cheer.
 "Huzza! for Otaheite!" was the cry;
 How strange such shouts from sons of mutiny!
 The gentle island, and the genial soil,
 The friendly hearts, the feast without a toil,
 The courteous manners but from nature caught,
 The wealth unhoarded, and the love unbought;
 Could these have charms for rudest sea-boys driven
 Before the mast by every wind of heaven?
 And now, even now, prepar'd with others' woes
 To earn mild virtue's vain desire—repose?

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

VII.

The launch is crowded with the faithful few
 Who wait their chief, a melancholy crew:
 But some remain'd reluctant on the deck
 Of that proud vessel—now a moral wreck—
 And view'd their captain's fate with piteous eyes;
 While others scoff'd his augur'd miseries,
 Sneer'd at the prospect of his pigmy sail,
 And the slight bark, so laden and so frail.⁶
 The tender nautilus who steers his prow,
 The sea-born sailor of his shell canoe,
 The ocean Mab, the fairy of the sea,
 Seems far less fragile, and, alas! more free!
 He, when the lightning-wing'd tornadoes sweep
 The surge, is safe—his port is in the deep—
 And triumphs o'er the armadas of mankind,
 Which shake the world, yet crumble in the wind.

VIII.

When all was now prepared, the vessel clear
 Which hail'd her master in the mutineer—
 A seaman, less obdurate than his mates,
 Show'd the vain pity which but irritates;
 Watch'd his late chieftain with exploring eye,
 And told, in signs, repentant sympathy;
 Held the moist shaddock to his parched mouth,
 Which felt exhaustion's deep and bitter drouth.
 But, soon observed, this guardian was withdrawn,
 Nor further mercy clouds rebellion's dawn.⁷
 Then forward stepp'd the bold and froward boy
 His chief had cherish'd only to destroy,
 And, pointing to the helpless prow beneath,
 Exclaim'd, "Depart at once! delay is death!"⁸
 Yet then, even then, his feelings ceased not all:
 In that last moment could a word recall
 Remorse for the black deed, as yet half done,
 And what he hid from many show'd to one:

When Bligh, in stern reproach, demanded where
 Was now his grateful sense of former care?—
 Where all his hopes to see his name aspire,
 And blazon Britain's thousand glories higher?
 His feverish lips thus broke their gloomy spell,
 " 'T is that! 't is that! I am in hell! in hell!"⁹
 No more he said; but, urging to the bark
 His chief, commits him to his fragile ark:
 These the sole accents from his tongue that fell,
 But volumes lurk'd below his fierce farewell.

IX.

The arctic sun rose broad above the wave;
 The breeze now sunk, now whisper'd from his cave;
 As on the Æolian harp, his fitful wings
 Now swell'd, now flutter'd o'er his ocean strings.
 With slow despairing oar, the abandon'd skiff
 Ploughs its drear progress to the scarce-seen cliff,
 Which lifts its peak a cloud above the main:
That boat and ship shall never meet again!
 But 't is not mine to tell their tale of grief,
 Their constant peril, and their scant relief;
 Their days of danger, and their nights of pain;
 Their manly courage, even when deem'd in vain;
 The sapping famine, rendering scarce a son
 Known to his mother in the skeleton;
 The ills that lessen'd still their little store,
 And starved even hunger till he wrung no more;
 The varying frowns and favours of the deep,
 That now almost ingulphs, then leaves to creep
 With crazy oar and shatter'd strength along
 The tide, that yields reluctant to the strong;
 The incessant fever of that arid thirst
 Which welcomes, as a well, the clouds that burst
 Above their naked bones, and feels delight
 In the cold drenching of the stormy night,
 And from the outspread canvass gladly wrings
 A drop to moisten life's all-gasping springs;
 The savage foe escaped, to seek again
 More hospitable shelter from the main;
 The ghastly spectres which were doom'd at last
 To tell as true a tale of dangers past,
 As ever the dark annals of the deep
 Disclosed for man to dread or woman weep.

X.

We leave them to their fate, but not unknown
Nor unredress'd! Revenge may have her own:
Roused discipline aloud proclaims their cause,
And injured navies urge their broken laws.
Pursue we on his track the mutineer,
Whom distant vengeance had not taught to fear,
Wide o'er the wave—away! away! away!
Once more his eyes shall hail the welcome bay;
Once more the happy shores without a law
Receive the outlaws whom they lately saw;
Nature, and nature's goddess—Woman—woos
To lands where, save their conscience, none accuse;
Where all partake the earth without dispute;
And bread itself is gather'd as a fruit;¹⁰
Where none contest the fields, the woods, the streams:
The goldless age, where gold disturbs no dreams,
Inhabits or inhabited the shore,
Till Europe taught them better than before,
Bestow'd her customs, and amended theirs,
But left her vices also to their heirs.
Away with this! behold them as they were,
Do good with nature, or with nature err.
“Huzza! for Otaheite!” was the cry,
As stately swept the gallant vessel by.
The breeze springs up; the lately-flapping sail
Extends its arch before the growing gale;
In swifter ripples stream aside the seas,
Which her bold bow flings off with dashing ease.
Thus Argo plough'd the Euxine's virgin foam;¹¹
But those she wafted still look'd back to home—
These spurn their country with their rebel bark,
And fly her as the raven fled the ark;
And yet they seek to nestle with the dove,
And tame their fiery spirits down to love.

CANTO II.

I.

How pleasant were the songs of Toobonai,¹²
 When summer's sun went down the coral bay!
 Come, let us to the islet's softest shade,
 And hear the warbling birds! the damsels said:
 The wood-dove from the forest depth shall coo,
 Like voices of the gods from Bolotoo;
 We'll cull the flowers that grow above the dead,
 For these must bloom where rests the warrior's head;
 And we will sit in twilight's face, and see
 The sweet moon dancing through the tooa tree,
 The lofty accents of whose sighing bough
 Shall sadly please us as we lean below;
 Or climb the steep, and view the surf in vain
 Wrestle with rocky giants o'er the main,
 Which spurn in columns back the baffled spray.
 How beautiful are these! how happy they
 Who, from the toil and tumult of their lives,
 Steal to look down where nought but ocean strives!
 Even he too loves at times the blue lagoon,
 And smooths his ruffled mane beneath the moon.

II.

Yes—from the sepulchre we'll gather flowers,
 Then feast like spirits in their promised bowers,
 Then plunge and revel in the rolling surf,
 Then lay our limbs along the tender turf,
 And, wet and shining from the sportive toil,
 Anoint our bodies with the fragrant oil,
 And plait our garlands gather'd from the grave,
 And wear the wreaths that sprung from out the brave.
 But lo! night comes, the Mooa woos us back,
 The sound of mats is heard along our track;
 Anon the torch-light dance shall fling its sheen
 In flashing mazes o'er the Marly's green;
 And we too will be there; we too recall
 The memory bright with many a festival,
 Ere Fiji blew the shell of war, when foes
 For the first time were wafted in canoes.
 Alas! for them the flower of mankind bleeds;
 Alas! for them our fields are rank with weeds;
 Forgotten is the rapture, or unknown,
 Of wandering with the moon and love alone.

But be it so :—*they* taught us how to wield
 The club, and rain our arrows o'er the field ;
 Now let them reap the harvest of their art !
 But feast to-night ! to-morrow we depart.
 Strike up the dance, the cava bowl fill high,
 Drain every drop !—to-morrow we may die.
 In summer garments be our limbs array'd,
 Around our waist the Tappa's white display'd ;
 Thick wreaths shall form our coronals, like spring's,
 And round our necks shall glance the Hooni strings ;
 So shall their brighter hues contrast the glow
 Of the dusk bosoms that beat high below.

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

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

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

VI.

And sweetly now those untaught melodies
 Broke the luxurious silence of the skies,
 The sweet siesta of a summer day,
 The tropic afternoon of Toobonai,
 When every flower was bloom, and air was balm,
 And the first breath began to stir the palm,
 The first yet voiceless wind to urge the wave
 All gently to refresh the thirsty cave,
 Where sat the songstress with the stranger boy,
 Who taught her passion's desolating joy,
 Too powerful over every heart, but most
 O'er those who know not how it may be lost ;
 O'er those who, burning in the new-born fire,
 Like martyrs revel in their funeral pyre,
 With such devotion to their ecstasy
 That life knows no such rapture as to die :
 And die they do ; for earthly life has nought
 Match'd with that burst of nature, even in thought ;
 And all our dreams of better life above
 But close in one eternal gush of love.

VII.

There sat the gentle savage of the wild,
 In growth a woman, though in years a child,

As childhood dates within our colder clime,
 Where nought is ripen'd rapidly save crime!
 The infant of an infant world, as pure
 From nature—lovely, warm, and premature;
 Dusky like night, but night with all her stars,
 Or cavern sparkling with its native spars;
 With eyes that were a language and a spell,
 A form like Aphrodite's in her shell,
 With all her loves around her on the deep;
 Voluptuous as the first approach of sleep;
 Yet full of life—for through her tropic cheek
 The blush would make its way, and all but speak;
 The sun-born blood suffused her neck, and threw
 O'er her clear nut-brown skin a lucid hue,
 Like coral reddening through the darken'd wave,
 Which draws the diver to the crimson cave.
 Such was this daughter of the Southern Seas,
 Herself a billow in her energies,
 To bear the bark of others' happiness,
 Nor feel a sorrow till their joy grew less:
 Her wild and warm, yet faithful bosom knew
 No joy like what it gave; her hopes ne'er drew
 Aught from experience, that chill touchstone, whose
 Sad proof reduces all things from their hues:
 She fear'd no ill, because she knew it not,
 Or what she knew was soon—too soon—forgot:
 Her smiles and tears had pass'd, as light winds pass
 O'er lakes to ruffle, not destroy, their glass,
 Whose depths unsearch'd, and fountains from the hill,
 Restore their surface, in itself so still,
 Until the earthquake tear the Naiad's cave,
 Root up the spring, and trample on the wave,
 And crush the living waters to a mass,
 The amphibious desert of the dank morass!
 And must their fate be hers? The eternal change
 But grasps humanity with quicker range;
 And they who fall, but fall as worlds will fall,
 To rise, if just, a spirit o'er them all.

VIII.

And who is he? the blue-eyed northern child¹³
 Of isles more known to man, but scarce less wild;
 The fair-hair'd offspring of the Hebrides,
 Where roars the Pentland with its whirling seas;
 Rock'd in his cradle by the roaring wind,
 The tempest-born in body and in mind,
 His young eyes opening on the ocean foam,
 Had from that moment deem'd the deep his home,—

The giant comrade of his pensive moods,
 The sharer of his craggy solitudes,
 The only Mentor of his youth, where'er
 His bark was borne, the sport of wave and air ;
 A careless thing, who placed his choice in chance,
 Nursed by the legends of his land's romance ;
 Eager to hope, but not less firm to bear,
 Acquainted with all feelings save despair.
 Placed in the Arab's clime, he would have been
 As bold a rover as the sands have seen,
 And braved their thirst with as enduring lip
 As Ishmael wafted on his desert-ship ;¹⁴
 Fix'd upon Chili's shore, a proud Cacique ;
 On Hellas' mountains, a rebellious Greek ;
 Born in a tent, perhaps a Tamerlane ;
 Bred to a throne, perhaps unfit to reign.
 For the same soul that rends its path to sway,
 If rear'd to such, can find no further prey
 Beyond itself, and must retrace its way,¹⁵
 Plunging for pleasure into pain : the same
 Spirit which made a Nero, Rome's worst shame,
 A humbler state and discipline of heart
 Had form'd his glorious namesake's counterpart ;¹⁶
 But grant his vices, grant them all his own,
 How small their theatre without a throne !

IX.

Thou smilest ;—these comparisons seem high
 To those who scan all things with dazzled eye ;
 Link'd with the unknown name of one whose doom
 Has nought to do with glory or with Rome,
 With Chili, Hellas, or with Araby ;—
 Thou smilest ?—Smile ; 't is better thus than sigh ;
 Yet such he might have been ; he was a man,
 A soaring spirit, ever in the van,
 A patriot hero or despotic chief,
 To form a nation's glory or its grief ;
 Born under auspices which make us more
 Or less than we delight to ponder o'er.
 But these are visions ; say, what was he here ?
 A blooming boy, a truant mutineer,
 The fair-hair'd Torquil, free as ocean's spray,
 The husband of the bride of Toobonai.

X.

By Neuha's side he sate and watch'd the waters,—
 Neuha, the sun-flower of the Island daughters,

High-born (a birth at which the herald smiles,
 Without a scutcheon for these secret isles),
 Of a long race, the valiant and the free,
 The naked knights of savage chivalry,
 Whose grassy cairns ascend along the shore,
 And thine,—I've seen,—Achilles! do no more.
 She, when the thunder-bearing strangers came
 In vast canoes, begirt with bolts of flame,
 Topp'd with tall trees, which, loftier than the palm,
 Seem'd rooted in the deep amidst its calm;
 But when the winds awaken'd, shot forth wings
 Broad as the cloud along the horizon flings,
 And sway'd the waves, like cities of the sea,
 Making the very billows look less free;—
 She, with her paddling oar and dancing prow,
 Shot through the surf, like reindeer through the snow.
 Swift gliding o'er the breaker's whitening edge,
 Light as a Nereid in her ocean sledge,
 And gazed and wonder'd at the giant hulk
 Which heaved from wave to wave its trampling bulk:
 The anchor dropp'd, it lay along the deep,
 Like a huge lion in the sun asleep,
 While round it swarm'd the proas' flitting chain,
 Like summer bees that hum around his mane.

XI.

The white man landed,—need the rest be told?
 The New World stretch'd its dusk hand to the Old;
 Each was to each a marvel, and the tie
 Of wonder warm'd to better sympathy.
 Kind was the welcome of the sun-born sires,
 And kinder still their daughters' gentler fires.
 Their union grew: the children of the storm
 Found beauty link'd with many a dusky form;
 While these in turn admired the paler glow,
 Which seem'd so white in climes that knew no snow.
 The chase, the race, the liberty to roam,
 The soil where every cottage show'd a home;
 The sea-spread net, the lightly-launch'd canoe,
 Which stemm'd the studded Archipelago,
 O'er whose blue bosom rose the starry isles;
 The healthy slumber, earn'd by sportive toils;
 The palm, the loftiest Dryad of the woods,
 Within whose bosom infant Bacchus broods,
 While eagles scarce build higher than the crest
 Which shadows o'er the vineyard in her breast;
 The cava feast, the yam, the cocoa's root,
 Which bears at once the cup, and milk, and fruit;

The bread-tree, which, without the ploughshare, yields
 The unreap'd harvest of unfurrow'd fields,
 And bakes its unadulterated loaves
 Without a furnace in unpurchased groves,
 And flings off famine from its fertile breast,
 A priceless market for the gathering guest ;—
 These, with the luxuries of seas and woods,
 The airy joys of social solitudes,
 Tamed each rude wanderer to the sympathies
 Of those who were more happy, if less wise,
 Did more than Europe's discipline had done,
 And civilised civilisation's son !

XII.

Of these, and there was many a willing pair,
 Neuha and Torquil were not the least fair :
 Both children of the isles, though distant far ;
 Both born beneath a sea-presiding star ;
 Both nourish'd amidst nature's native scenes,
 Loved to the last, whatever intervenes
 Between us and our childhood's sympathy,
 Which still reverts to what first caught the eye.
 He who first met the Highland's swelling blue,
 Will love each peak that shows a kindred hue,
 Hail in each crag a friend's familiar face,
 And clasp the mountain in his mind's embrace.
 Long have I roam'd through lands which are not mine,
 Adored the Alp, and loved the Apennine,
 Revered Parnassus, and beheld the steep
 Jove's Ida and Olympus crown the deep :
 But 't was not all long ages' lore, nor all
 Their nature held me in their thrilling thrall ;
 The infant rapture still survived the boy,
 And Loch-na-gar with Ida look'd o'er Troy,¹⁷
 Mix'd Celtic memories with the Phrygian mount,
 And Highland lanns with Castalie's clear fount.
 Forgive me, Homer's universal shade !
 Forgive me, Phœbus ! that my fancy stray'd ;
 The north and nature taught me to adore
 Your scenes sublime from those beloved before.

XIII.

The love, which maketh all things fond and fair,
 The youth, which makes one rainbow of the air,
 The dangers past, that make even man enjoy
 The pause in which he ceases to destroy,

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

XIV.

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

XV.

Here, in this grötto of the wave-worn shore,
 They pass'd the tropic's red meridian o'er ;
 Nor long the hours—they never paused o'er time,
 Unbroken by the clock's funereal chime,
 Which deals the daily pittance of our span,
 And points and mocks with iron laugh at man.
 What deem'd they of the future or the past ?
 The present, like a tyrant, held them fast :
 Their hour-glass was the sea-sand, and the tide,
 Like her smooth billow, saw their moments glide ;
 Their clock the sun in his unbounded tow'r ;
 They reckon'd not, whose day was but an hour ;
 The nightingale, their only vesper-bell,
 Sung sweetly to the rose the day's farewell ;¹⁸
 The broad sun set, but not with lingering sweep,
 As in the north he mellows o'er the deep ;
 But fiery, full and fierce, as if he left
 The world for ever, earth of light bereft,
 Plunged with red forehead down along the wave,
 As dives a hero headlong to his grave.
 Then rose they, looking first along the skies,
 And then, for light, into each other's eyes,
 Wondering that summer show'd so brief a sun,
 And asking if indeed the day were done.

XVI.

And let not this seem strange : the devotee
 Lives not in earth, but in his ecstasy ;
 Around him days and worlds are heedless driven,—
 His soul is gone before his dust to heaven.
 Is love less potent ? No—his path is trod,
 Alike uplifted gloriously to God ;
 Or link'd to all we know of heaven below,
 The other better self, whose joy or woe
 Is more than ours ; the all-absorbing flame
 Which, kindled by another, grows the same,
 Wrapt in one blaze ; the pure, yet funeral pile,
 Where gentle hearts, like Bramius, sit and smile.
 How often we forget all time, when lone,
 Admiring Nature's universal throne,
 Her woods, her wilds, her waters, the intense
 Reply of *hers* to our intelligence !
 Live not the stars and mountains ? Are the waves
 Without a spirit ? Are the dropping caves
 Without a feeling in their silent tears ?
 No, no ;—they woo and clasp us to their spheres,

Dissolve this clog and clod of clay before
 Its hour, and merge our soul in the great shore.
 Strip off this fond and false identity!—
 Who thinks of self, when gazing on the sky?
 And who, though gazing lower, ever thought,
 In the young moments ere the heart is taught
 Time's lesson, of man's baseness or his own?
 All nature is his realm, and love his throne.

XVII.

Neuha arose, and Torquil: twilight's hour
 Came sad and softly to their rocky bower,
 Which, kindling by degrees its dewy spars,
 Echo'd their dim light to the mustering stars.
 Slowly the pair, partaking nature's calm,
 Sought out their cottage, built beneath the palm;
 Now smiling and now silent, as the scene;
 Lovely as love—the spirit! when serene.
 The ocean scarce spoke louder with his swell
 Than breathes his mimic murmurer in the shell,¹⁹
 As, far divided from his parent deep,
 The sea-born infant cries, and will not sleep,
 Raising his little plaint in vain, to rave
 For the broad bosom of his nursing wave:
 The woods droop'd darkly, as inclined to rest,
 The tropic-bird wheel'd rockward to his nest,
 And the blue sky spread round them like a lake
 Of peace, where Piety her thirst might slake.

XVIII.

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

“ Who hails ? ” cried Torquil, following with his eye
The sound. “ Here ’s one ! ” was all the brief reply.

XIX.

But here the herald of the self-same mouth
Came breathing o’er the aromatic south,
Not like a “ bed of violets ” on the gale,
But such as wafts its cloud o’er grog or ale,
Born from a short frail pipe, which yet had blown
Its gentle odours over either zone,
And, puff’d where’er winds rise or waters roll,
Had wafted smoke from Portsmouth to the Pole,
Opposed its vapour as the lightning flash’d,
And reek’d, ’midst mountain billows unabash’d,
To Æolus a constant sacrifice,
Through every change of all the varying skies.
And what was he who bore it ?—I may err,
But deem him sailor or philosopher.²⁰
Sublime tobacco ! which from east to west
Cheers the tar’s labour or the Turkman’s rest ;
Which on the Moslem’s ottoman divides
His hours, and rivals opium and his brides ;
Magnificent in Stamboul, but less grand,
Though not less loved, in Wapping or the Strand ;
Divine in hookas, glorious in a pipe,
When tipp’d with amber, mellow, rich, and ripe ;
Like other charmers, wooing the caress
More dazzlingly when daring in full dress ;
Yet thy true lovers more admire by far
Thy naked beauties—Give me a cigar !

XX.

Through the approaching darkness of the wood
A human figure broke the solitude,
Fantastically, it may be, array’d,
A seaman in a savage masquerade ;
Such as appears to rise out from the deep,
When o’er the line the merry vessels sweep,
And the rough Saturnalia of the tar
Flock o’er the deck, in Neptune’s borrow’d car ;²¹
And, pleased, the god of ocean sees his name
Revive once more, though but in mimic game
Of his true sons, who riot in the breeze
Undreamt of in his native Cyclades.
Still the old god delights, from out the main,
To snatch some glimpses of his ancient reign.

Our sailor's jacket, though in ragged trim,
 His constant pipe, which never yet burn'd dim,
 His foremast air, and somewhat rolling gait,
 Like his dear vessel, spoke his former state ;
 But then a sort of kerchief round his head,
 Not over-tightly bound, nor nicely spread ;
 And, 'stead of trowsers (ah ! too early torn !
 For even the mildest woods will have their thorn),
 A curious sort of somewhat scanty mat
 Now served for inexpressibles and hat ;
 His naked feet and neck, and sunburnt face,
 Perchance might suit alike with either race.
 His arms were all his own, our Europe's growth,
 Which two worlds bless for civilising both ;
 The musket swung behind his shoulders broad,
 And somewhat stoop'd by his marine abode,
 But brawny as the boar's ; and, hung beneath,
 His cutlass droop'd, unconscious of a sheath,
 Or lost or worn away ; his pistols were
 Link'd to his belt, a matrimonial pair—
 (Let not this metaphor appear a scoff,
 Though one miss'd fire, the other would go off) ;
 These, with a bayonet, not so free from rust
 As when the arm-chest held its brighter trust,
 Completed his accoutrements, as night
 Survey'd him in his garb heteroclite.

XXI.

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

"Does Christian know this?"—"Ay; he's piped all hands
 To quarters. They are furbishing the stands
 Of arms; and we have got some guns to bear,
 And scaled them. You are wanted."—"That's but fair;
 And if it were not, mine is not the soul
 To leave my comrades helpless on the shoal.
 My Neuha! ah! and must my fate pursue
 Not me alone, but one so sweet and true?
 But whatso'er betide, ah! Neuha, now
 Unman me not; the hour will not allow
 A tear; I am thine, whatever intervenes!"
 "Right," quoth Ben, "that will do for the marines."

CANTO III.

I.

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

II.

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

But now at rest, a little remnant drew
 Together, bleeding, thirsty, faint, and few ;
 But still their weapons in their hands, and still
 With something of the pride of former will,
 As men not all unused to meditate,
 And strive much more than wonder at their fate.
 Their present lot was what they had foreseen,
 And dared as what was likely to have been ;
 Yet still the lingering hope, which deem'd their lot
 Not pardon'd, but unsought-for or forgot,
 Or trusted that, if sought, their distant caves
 Might still be miss'd amidst that world of waves,
 Had wean'd their thoughts in part from what they saw
 And felt—the vengeance of their country's law.
 Their sea-green isle, their guilt-won paradise,
 No more could shield their virtue or their vice ;
 Their better feelings, if such were, were thrown
 Back on themselves,—their sins remain'd alone.
 Proscribed even in their second country, they
 Were lost ; in vain the world before them lay :
 All outlets seem'd secured. Their new allies
 Had fought and bled in mutual sacrifice ;
 But what avail'd the club and spear, and arm
 Of Hercules, against the sulphury charm,
 The magic of the thunder, which destroy'd
 The warrior ere his strength could be employ'd ?
 Dug, like a spreading pestilence, the grave
 No less of human bravery than the brave ? ²³
 Their own scant numbers acted all the few
 Against the many oft will dare and do ;
 But though the choice seems native to die free,
 Even Greece can boast but one Thermopylæ,
 Till *now*, when she has forged her broken chain
 Back to a sword, and dies and lives again !

III.

Beside the jutting rock the few appear'd,
 Like the last remnant of the red-deer's herd ;
 Their eyes were feverish, and their aspect worn,
 But still the hunter's blood was on their horn.
 A little stream came tumbling from the height,
 And straggling into ocean as it might,
 Its bounding crystal frolick'd in the ray,
 And gush'd from cleft to crag with saltless spray ;
 Close on the wide wild ocean, yet as pure
 And fresh as innocence, and more secure,
 Its silver torrent glitter'd o'er the deep,
 As the shy chamois' eye o'erlooks the steep,

While far below the vast and sullen swell
 Of ocean's alpine azure rose and fell.
 To this young spring they rush'd,—all feelings first
 Absorb'd in passion's and in nature's thirst,—
 Drank as they do who drink their last, and threw
 Their arms aside to revel in its dew ;
 Cool'd their scorch'd throats, and wash'd the gory stains
 From wounds whose only bandage might be chains ;
 Then, when their drought was quench'd, look'd sadly round,
 As wondering how so many still were found
 Alive and fetterless :—but silent all,
 Each sought his fellow's eyes, as if to call
 On him for language which his lips denied,
 As though their voices with their cause had died.

IV.

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

This is a long description, but applies
 To scarce five minutes past before the eyes ;
 But yet *what* minutes ! Moments like to these
 Rend men's lives into immortalities.

V.

At length Jack Skycrapes, a mercurial man,
 Who flutter'd over all things like a fan,
 More brave than firm, and more disposed to dare
 And die at once than wrestle with despair,
 Exclaim'd " God damn ! " Those syllables intense,—
 Nucleus of England's native eloquence,
 As the Turk's " Allah ! " or the Roman's more
 Pagan " Proh Jupiter ! " was wont of yore
 To give their first impressions such a vent,
 By way of echo to embarrassment.
 Jack was embarrass'd,—never hero more,
 And as he knew not what to say, he swore ;
 Nor swore in vain : the long congenial sound
 Reviv'd Ben Bunting from his pipe profound ;
 He drew it from his mouth, and look'd full wise,
 But merely added to the oath his *eyes* ;
 Thus rendering the imperfect phrase complete—
 A peroration I need not repeat.

VI.

But Christian, of a higher order, stood
 Like an extinct volcano in his mood ;
 Silent, and sad, and savage,—with the trace
 Of passion reeking from his clouded face ;
 Till lifting up again his sombre eye,
 It glanced on Torquil who lean'd faintly by.
 " And is it thus ? " he cried, " unhappy boy !
 And thee, too, *thee*—my madness must destroy."
 He said, and strode to where young Torquil stood,
 Yet dabbled with his lately-flowing blood ;
 Seized his hand wistfully, but did not press,
 And shrunk as fearful of his own caress ;
 Enquired into his state ; and when he heard
 The wound was slighter than he deem'd or fear'd,
 A moment's brightness pass'd along his brow,
 As much as such a moment would allow.
 " Yes," he exclaim'd, " we are taken in the toil,
 But not a coward or a common spoil ;
 Dearly they have bought us—dearly still may buy,—
 And I must fall ; but have you strength to fly ?

'T would be some comfort still, could you survive ;
 Our dwindled band is now too few to strive.
 Oh ! for a sole canoe ! though but a shell,
 To bear you hence to where a hope may dwell !
 For me, my lot is what I sought ; to be,
 In life or death, the fearless and the free."

VII.

Even as he spoke, around the promontory,
 Which nodded o'er the billows high and hoary,
 A dark speck dotted ocean : on it flew
 Like to the shadow of a roused sea-mew ;
 Onward it came—and, lo ! a second follow'd—
 Now seen—now hid—where ocean's vale was hollow'd ;
 And near, and nearer, till their dusky crew
 Presented well-known aspects to the view,
 Till on the surf their skimming paddles play,
 Buoyant as wings, and flitting through the spray ;
 Now perching on the wave's high curl, and now
 Dash'd downward in the thundering foam below,
 Which flings it broad and boiling sheet on sheet,
 And slings its high flakes, shiver'd into sleet :
 But floating still through surf and swell, drew nigh
 The barks, like small birds through a lowering sky.
 Their art seem'd nature—such the skill to sweep
 The wave, of these born playmates of the deep.

VIII.

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

IX.

The sterner spirits who beheld that meeting
 Were not unmoved ; who are, when hearts are greeting ?
 Even Christian gazed upon the maid and boy
 With tearless eye, but yet a gloomy joy
 Mix'd with those bitter thoughts the soul arrays
 In hopeless visions of our better days,
 When all 's gone—to the rainbow's latest ray.
 " And but for me ! " he said, and turn'd away ;
 Then gazed upon the pair, as in his den
 A lion looks upon his cubs again ;
 And then relapsed into his sullen guise
 As heedless of his further destinies.

X.

But brief their time for good or evil thought ;
 The billows round the promontory brought
 The splash of hostile oars—Alas ! who made
 That sound a dread ? All round them seem'd array'd
 Against them, save the bride of Toobonai :
 She, as she caught the first glimpse, o'er the bay,
 Of the arm'd boats which hurried to complete
 The remnant's ruin with their flying feet,
 Beckon'd the natives round her to their prows,
 Embark'd their guests, and launch'd their light canoes ;
 In one placed Christian and his comrades twain ;
 But she and Torquil must not part again.
 She fix'd him in her own—Away ! away !
 They clear the breakers, dart along the bay,
 And towards a group of islets, such as bear
 The sea-bird's nest and seal's surf-hollow'd lair,
 They skim the blue tops of the billows ; fast
 They flew, and fast their fierce pursuers chased :
 They gain upon them—now they lose again,—
 Again make way and menace o'er the main ;
 And now the two canoes in chase divide,
 And follow different courses o'er the tide,
 To baffle the pursuit—Away ! away !
 As life is on each paddle's flight to-day,
 And more than life or lives to Neuha : love
 Freights the frail bark and urges to the cove—
 And now the refuge and the foe are nigh—
 Yet, yet a moment !—Fly, thou light ark, fly !

CANTO IV.

I.

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

II.

Not distant from the isle of Toobonai,
 A black rock rears its bosom o'er the spray,
 The haunt of birds, a desert to mankind,
 Where the rough seal reposes from the wind,
 And sleeps unwieldy in his cavern dun,
 Or gambols with huge frolic in the sun;
 There shrilly to the passing oar is heard
 The startled echo of the ocean bird,
 Who rears on its bare breast her callow brood,
 The feather'd fishers of the solitude.
 A narrow segment of the yellow sand
 On one side forms the outline of a strand;
 Here the young turtle, crawling from his shell,
 Steals to the deep wherein his parents dwell;
 Chipp'd by the beam, a nursling of the day,
 But hatch'd for ocean by the fostering ray.
 The rest was one bleak precipice, as e'er
 Gave mariners a shelter and despair,
 A spot to make the saved regret the deck
 Which late went down, and envy the lost wreck.
 Such was the stern asylum Neuha chose
 To shield her lover from his following foes;
 But all its secret was not told; she knew
 In this a treasure hidden from the view.

III.

Ere the canoes divided, near the spot,
 The men that mann'd what held her Torquil's lot,

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

IV.

They rested on their paddles, and uprose
 Neuba, and, pointing to the approaching foes,
 Cried, " Torquil, follow me, and fearless follow !"
 Then plunged at once into the ocean's hollow.
 There was no time to pause—the foes were near—
 Chains in his eye and menace in his ear ;
 With vigour they pull'd on, and as they came,
 Hail'd him to yield, and by his forfeit name.
 Headlong he leap'd—to him the swimmer's skill
 Was native, and now all his hope from ill ;
 But how or where ? He dived, and rose no more ;
 The boat's crew look'd amazed o'er sea and shere.
 There was no landing on that precipice,
 Steep, harsh, and slippery as a berg of ice.
 They watch'd awhile to see him float again,
 But not a trace rebubbled from the main :
 The wave roll'd on, no ripple on its face,
 Since their first plunge recall'd a single trace :
 The little whirl which eddied, and slight foam,
 That whiten'd o'er what seem'd their latest home,
 White as a sepulchre above the pair,
 Who left no marble (mournful as an heir),
 The quiet proa, wavering o'er the tide,
 Was all that told of Torquil and his bride :

And but for this alone the whole might seem
 The vanish'd phantom of a seaman's dream.
 They paused and search'd in vain, then pull'd away ;
 Even superstition now forbade their stay.
 Some said he had not plunged into the wave,
 But vanish'd like a corpse-light from a grave ;
 Others, that something supernatural
 Glared in his figure more than mortal tall ;
 While all agreed, that in his cheek and eye
 There was a dead hue of eternity.
 Still as their oars receded from the crag,
 Round every weed a moment would they lag,
 Expectant of some token of their prey ;
 But no—he 'd melted from them like the spray.

V.

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

VI.

Young Neuha plunged into the deep, and he
 Follow'd : her track beneath her native sea
 Was as a native's of the element,
 So smoothly, bravely, brilliantly she went,
 Leaving a streak of light behind her heel,
 Which struck and flash'd like an amphibious steel.
 Closely, and scarcely less expert to trace
 The depths where divers hold the pearl in chase,
 Torquil, the nursling of the northern seas,
 Pursued her liquid steps with art and ease.
 Deep—deeper for an instant Neuha led
 The way—then upward soar'd—and, as she spread
 Her arms, and flung the foam from off her locks,
 Laugh'd, and the sound was answer'd by the rocks.
 They had gain'd a central realm of earth again,
 But look'd for tree, and field, and sky, in vain.
 Around she pointed to a spacious cave,
 Whose only portal was the keyless wave,²⁴

(A hollow archway by the sun unseen,
 Save through the billows' glassy veil of green,
 In some transparent ocean holiday,
 When all the finny people are at play),
 Wiped with her hair the brine from Torquil's eyes,
 And clapp'd her hands with joy at his surprise ;
 Led him to where the rock appear'd to jut
 And form a something like a Triton's hut ;
 For all was darkness for a space, till day
 Through clefts above let in a sober'd ray ;
 As in some old cathedral's glimmering aisle
 The dusty monuments from light recoil,
 Thus sadly in their refuge submarine
 The vault drew half her shadow from the scene.

VII.

Forth from her bosom the young savage drew
 A pine torch, strongly girded with gnato ;
 A plantain leaf o'er all, the more to keep
 Its latent sparkle from the sapping deep.
 This mantle kept it dry ; then from a nook
 Of the same plantain leaf, a flint she took,
 A few shrunk wither'd twigs, and from the blade
 Of Torquil's knife struck fire, and thus array'd
 The grot with torchlight. Wide it was and high,
 And show'd a self-born Gothic canopy ;
 The arch uprear'd by nature's architect,
 The architrave some earthquake might erect ;
 The buttress from some mountain's bosom hurl'd,
 When the poles crash'd, and water was the world ;
 Or harden'd from some earth-absorbing fire,
 While yet the globe reek'd from its funeral pyre ;
 The fretted pinnacle, the aisle, the nave,²⁵
 Were there, all scoop'd by darkness from her cave.
 There with a little tinge of phantasy,
 Fantastic faces mop'd and mow'd on high.
 And then a mitre or a shrine would fix
 The eye upon its seeming crucifix.
 Thus nature play'd with the stalactites,
 And built herself a chapel of the seas.

VIII.

And Neuha took her Torquil by the hand,
 And waved along the vault her kindled brand,
 And led him into each recess, and show'd
 The secret places of their new abode.

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

IX.

She, as she gazed with grateful wonder, press'd
 Her shelter'd love to her impassion'd breast ;
 And, suited to her soft caresses, told
 An olden tale of love,—for love is old,
 Old as eternity, but not outworn
 With each new being born or to be born :²⁶
 How a young chief, a thousand moons ago,
 Diving for turtle in the depths below,
 Had risen, in tracking fast his ocean prey,
 Into the cave which round and o'er them lay ;
 How, in some desperate feud of after-time,
 He shelter'd there a daughter of the clime,
 A foe beloved, and offspring of a foe,
 Saved by his tribe but for a captive's woe ;
 How, when the storm of war was still'd, he led
 His island clan to where the waters spread
 Their deep-green shadow o'er the rocky door,
 Then dived—it seem'd as if to rise no more :
 His wondering mates, amazed within their bark,
 Or deem'd him mad, or prey to the blue shark ;
 Row'd round in sorrow the sea-girded rock,
 Then paused upon their paddles from the shock :

When, fresh and springing from the deep, they saw
 A goddess rise—so deem'd they in their awe;
 And their companion, glorious by her side,
 Proud and exulting in his mermaid bride;
 And how, when undeceived, the pair they bore
 With sounding conchs and joyous shouts to shore;
 How they had gladly lived and calmly died,—
 And why not also Torquil and his bride?
 Not mine to tell the rapturous caress
 Which follow'd wildly in that wild recess
 This tale; enough that all within that cave
 Was love, though buried strong as in the grave
 Where Abelard, through twenty years of death,
 When Eloisa's form was lower'd beneath
 Their nuptial vault, his arms outstretch'd, and press'd
 The kindling ashes to his kindled breast.²⁷
 The waves without sang round their couch, their roar
 As much unheeded as if life were o'er;
 Within, their hearts made all their harmony,
 Love's broken murmur and more broken sigh.

X.

And they, the cause and sharers of the shock
 Which left them exiles of the hollow rock,
 Where were they? O'er the sea for life they plied,
 To seek from heaven the shelter men denied.
 Another course had been their choice—but where?
 The wave which bore them still their foes would bear,
 Who, disappointed of their former chase,
 In search of Christian now renew'd their race.
 Eager with anger, their strong arms made way,
 Like vultures baffled of their previous prey.
 They gain'd upon them, all whose safety lay
 In some bleak crag or deeply-hidden bay:
 No further chance or choice remain'd; and right
 For the first further rock which met their sight
 They steer'd, to take their latest view of land,
 And yield as victims, or die sword in hand;
 Dismiss'd the natives and their shallop, who
 Would still have battled for that scanty crew;
 But Christian bade them seek their shore again,
 Nor add a sacrifice which were in vain;
 For what were simple bow and savage spear
 Against the arms which must be wielded here?

XI.

They landed on a wild but narrow scene,
 Where few but Nature's footsteps yet had been;

Prepared their arms, and with that gloomy eye,
 Stern and sustain'd, of man's extremity,
 When hope is gone, nor glory's self remains
 To cheer resistance against death or chains,—
 They stood, the three, as the three hundred stood
 Who dyed Thermopylæ with holy blood.
 But, ah! how different! 't is the *cause* makes all,
 Degrades or hallows courage in its fall.
 O'er them no fame, eternal and intense,
 Blazed through the clouds of death and beckon'd hence ;
 No grateful country, smiling through her tears,
 Begun the praises of a thousand years ;
 No nation's eyes would on their tomb be bent,
 No heroes envy them their monument ;
 However boldly their warm blood was spilt,
 Their life was shame, their epitaph was guilt.
 And this they knew and felt, at least the one,
 The leader of the band he had undone ;
 Who, born perchance for better things, had set
 His life upon a cast which linger'd yet :
 But now the die was to be thrown, and all
 The chances were in favour of his fall :
 And such a fall! But still he faced the shock,
 Obdurate as a portion of the rock
 Whereon he stood, and fix'd his levell'd gun,
 Dark as a sullen cloud before the sun.

XII.

The boat drew nigh, well arm'd, and firm the crew
 To act whatever duty bade them do ;
 Careless of danger, as the onward wind
 Is of the leaves it strews, nor looks behind :
 And yet perhaps they rather wish'd to go
 Against a nation's than a native foe,
 And felt that this poor victim of self-will,
 Briton no more, had once been Britain's still.
 They hail'd him to surrender—no reply ;
 Their arms were poised, and glitter'd in the sky.
 They hail'd again—no answer ; yet once more
 They offer'd quarter louder than before.
 The echoes only, from the rock's rebound,
 Took their last farewell of the dying sound.
 Then flash'd the flint, and blazed the volleying flame,
 And the smoke rose between them and their aim,
 While the rocks rattled with the bullets' knell,
 Which peal'd in vain, and flatten'd as they fell ;
 Then flew the only answer to be given
 By those who had lost all hope in earth or heaven.

After the first fierce peal, as they pull'd nigher,
 They heard the voice of Christian shout, "Now fire!"
 And, ere the word upon the echo died,
 Two fell; the rest assail'd the rock's rough side,
 And, furious at the madness of their foes,
 Disdain'd all further efforts, save to close.
 But steep the crag, and all without a path,
 Each step opposed a bastion to their wrath;
 While, placed 'midst clefts the least accessible,
 Which Christian's eye was train'd to mark full well,
 The three maintain'd a strife which must not yield,
 In spots where eagles might have chosen to build.
 Their every shot told; while the assailant fell,
 Dash'd on the shingles like the limpet shell;
 But still enough survived, and mounted still,
 Scattering their numbers here and there, until,
 Surrounded and commanded, though not nigh
 Enough for seizure, near enough to die,
 The desperate trio held aloof their fate
 But by a thread, like sharks who have gorged the bait;
 Yet to the very last they battled well,
 And not a groan inform'd their foes *who* fell.
 Christian died last—twice wounded; and once more
 Mercy was offer'd when they saw his gore;
 Too late for life, but not too late to die,
 With though a hostile hand to close his eye.
 A limb was broken, and he dropp'd along
 The crag, as doth a falcon reft of young.
 The sound revived him, or appear'd to wake
 Some passion which a weakly gesture spake;
 He beckon'd to the foremost who drew nigh,
 But, as they near'd, he rear'd his weapon high—
 His last ball had been aim'd, but from his breast
 He tore the topmost button of his vest,²⁸
 Down the tube dash'd it, levell'd, fired, and smiled
 As his foe fell; then, like a serpent, coil'd
 His wounded, weary form, to where the steep
 Look'd desperate as himself along the deep;
 Cast one glance back, and clench'd his hand, and shook
 His last rage 'gainst the earth which he forsook;
 Then plunged: the rock below received like glass
 His body crush'd into one gory mass,
 With scarce a shred to tell of human form,
 Or fragment for the sea-bird or the worm;
 A fair-hair'd scalp, besmear'd with blood and weeds,
 Yet reek'd, the remnant of himself and deeds;
 Some splinters of his weapons (to the last,
 As long as hand could hold, he held them fast)

Yet glitter'd, but at distance—hurl'd away
 To rust beneath the dew and dashing spray.
 The rest was nothing—save a life mis-spent,
 And soul—but who shall answer where it went ?
 'T is ours to bear, not judge the dead ; and they
 Who doom to hell, themselves are on the way,
 Unless these bullies of eternal pains
 Are pardon'd their bad hearts for their worse brains.

XIII.

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

XIV.

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

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

XV.

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

NOTES.

Note 1. Page 317.

The worst was over, and the rest seem'd sure.

"A few hours before, my situation had been peculiarly flattering: I had a ship in the most perfect order, stored with every necessary, both for health and service; the object of the voyage was attained, and two thirds of it now completed. The remaining part had every prospect of success."—BLIGH.

Note 2. Page 318.

Such was the country which these strangers yearn'd
To see again; a sight they dearly earn'd.

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

"The women of Otaheite are handsome, mild, and cheerful in manners and conversation, possessed of great sensibility, and have sufficient delicacy to make them be admired and beloved. The chiefs were so much attached to our people, that they rather encouraged their stay among them than otherwise, and even made them promises of large possessions. Under these and many other concomitant circumstances, it ought hardly to be the subject of surprise that a set of sailors, most of them void of connexions, should be led away, where they had the power of fixing themselves, in the midst of plenty, in one of the finest islands in the world, where there was no necessity to labour, and where the allurements of dissipation are beyond any conception that can be formed of it."—BLIGH.

Note 3. Page 318.

Awake, bold Bligh! the foe is at the gate!

"Just before sunrise, on Tuesday morning, while I was yet asleep, Mr. Christian with the master-at-arms, gunner's mate, and Thomas Burkitt, seaman, came into my cabin, and, seizing me, tied my hands with a cord behind my back, threatening me with instant death, if I spoke or made the least noise. I nevertheless called out as loud as I could, in hopes of assistance; but the officers not of their party were already secured by sentinels at their doors. At my own cabin door were three men, besides the four within: all except Christian had muskets and bayonets; he had only a cutlass. I was dragged out of bed, and forced on deck in my shirt. On demanding the reason of such violence, the only answer was abuse for not holding my tongue. The boatswain was then ordered to hoist out the launch, accompanied by a threat, if he did not do it instantly, to take care of himself. The boat being hoisted out, Mr. Heyward and Mr. Hallet, two of the midshipmen, and Mr. Samuel, the clerk, were ordered into it. I demanded the intention of giving this order, and endeavoured to persuade the people near me not to persist in such acts of violence; but it was to no effect; for the constant answer was, 'Hold your tongue, or you are dead this moment!'"—BLIGH.

Note 4. Page 319.

The feeling compass—navigation's soul.

"The boatswain and those seamen who were to be put into the boat were allowed to collect twine, canvass, lines, sails, cordage, an eight-and-twenty-gallon cask of

water; and Mr. Samuel got one hundred and fifty pounds of bread, with a small quantity of rum and wine; also a quadrant and compass."—BLIGH.

Note 5. Page 319.

"Ho! the bowl!"

"The mutineers having thus forced those of the seamen whom they wished to get rid of into the boat, Christian directed a dram to be served to each of his crew."—BLIGH.

Note 6. Page 320.

And the slight bark, so laden and so frail.

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

Note 7. Page 320.

Nor further mercy clouds rebellion's dawn.

"Isaac Martin, I saw, had an inclination to assist me; and as he fed me with shaddock, my lips being quite parched, we explained each other's sentiments by looks. But this was observed, and he was removed. He then got into the boat, but was compelled to return. Some others were also kept, contrary to their inclination."—BLIGH.

Note 8. Page 320.

Depart at once! delay is death!

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

"Eighteen persons were with me in the boat."—BLIGH.

Note 9. Page 321.

'T is that! 't is that! I am in hell! in hell!

"The ship while in sight steered west-north-west, but this I considered only as a feint, for when we were sent away, "Huzza for Otaheite!" was frequently heard among the mutineers.

"Christian, the chief of them, was of a respectable family in the north of England. This was the third voyage he had made with me. Notwithstanding the roughness with which I was treated, the remembrance of past kindnesses produced some remorse in him. While they were forcing me out of the ship, I asked him whether this was a proper return for the many instances he had experienced of my friendship? He appeared disturbed at the question, and answered, with much emotion, 'That—Captain Bligh—that is the thing—I am in hell—I am in hell!'"—BLIGH.

Note 10. Page 322.

And bread itself is gathered as a fruit.

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

Note 11. Page 322.

Thus Argo plough'd the Euxine's virgin foam.

Argo, the vessel in which Jason embarked in quest of the Golden Fleece.

Note 12. Page 323.

How pleasant were the songs of Toobonai.

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

Note 13. Page 326.

And who is he! the blue-eyed northern child.

George Stewart. "He was," says Bligh, "a young man of creditable parents in the Orkneys."

Note 14. Page 327.

As Ishmael, wafted on his desert-ship.

The "ship of the desert" is the oriental figure for the camel or dromedary; and they deserve the metaphor well,—the former for his endurance, the latter for his swiftness.

Note 15. Page 327.

Beyond itself, and must retrace its way.

"Lucullus, when frugality could charm,
Had roasted turnips in the Sabine farm."—POPE.

Note 16. Page 327.

The consul Nero, who made the unequalled march which deceived Hannibal, and defeated Asdrubal; thereby accomplishing an achievement almost unrivalled in military annals. The first intelligence of his return to Hannibal, was the sight of Asdrubal's head thrown into his camp. When Hannibal saw this, he exclaimed with a sigh, that "Rome would now be the mistress of the world." And yet to this victory of Nero's it might be owing that his imperial namesake reigned at all. But the infamy of the one has eclipsed the glory of the other. When the name of "Nero" is heard, who thinks of the consul?—But such are human things.

Note 17. Page 329.

And Loch-na-garr with Ida look'd o'er Troy.

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

Note 18. Page 331.

Sung sweetly to the rose the day's farewell.

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

Note 19. Page 332.

Than breathes his mimic murmur in the shell.

If the reader will apply to his ear the sea-shell on his chimney-piece, he will be aware of what is alluded to. If the text should appear obscure, he will find in "Gebir" the same idea better expressed in two lines. The poem I never read, but have heard the lines quoted by a more recondite reader—who seems to be of a different opinion from the editor of the Quarterly Review, who qualified it, in his answer to the Critical Reviewer of his Juvenal, as trash of the worst and most insane description. It is to Mr. Landor, the author of "Gebir," so qualified, and of some Latin poems, which vie with Martial or Catullus in obscurity, that the immaculate Mr. Southey addresses his declamation against impurity!

Note 20. Page 333.

But deem him sailor or philosopher.

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

Note 21. Page 333.

Flock o'er the deck, in Neptune's borrow'd ear.

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

Note 22. Page 335.

That will do for the marines.

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

Note 23. Page 336.

No less of human bravery than the brave.

Archidamus, king of Sparta, and son of Agesilaus, when he saw a machine invented for the casting of stones and darts, exclaimed that it was the "grave of valour." The same story has been told of some knights on the first application of gunpowder; but the original anecdote is in Plutarch.

Note 24. Page 341.

Whose only portal was the keyless wave.

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

Note 25. Page 342.

The fretted pinnacle, the aisle, the nave.

This may seem too minute for the general outline (in Mariner's Account) from which it is taken. But few men have travelled without seeing something of the kind—on *land*, that is. Without adverting to Ellora, in Mungo Park's last journal, he mentions having met with a rock or mountain so exactly resembling a gothic cathedral, that only minute inspection could convince him that it was a work of nature.

Note 26. Page 343.

With each new being born or to be born.

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

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

Note 27. Page 344.

The kindling ashes to his kindled breast.

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

Note 28. Page 346.

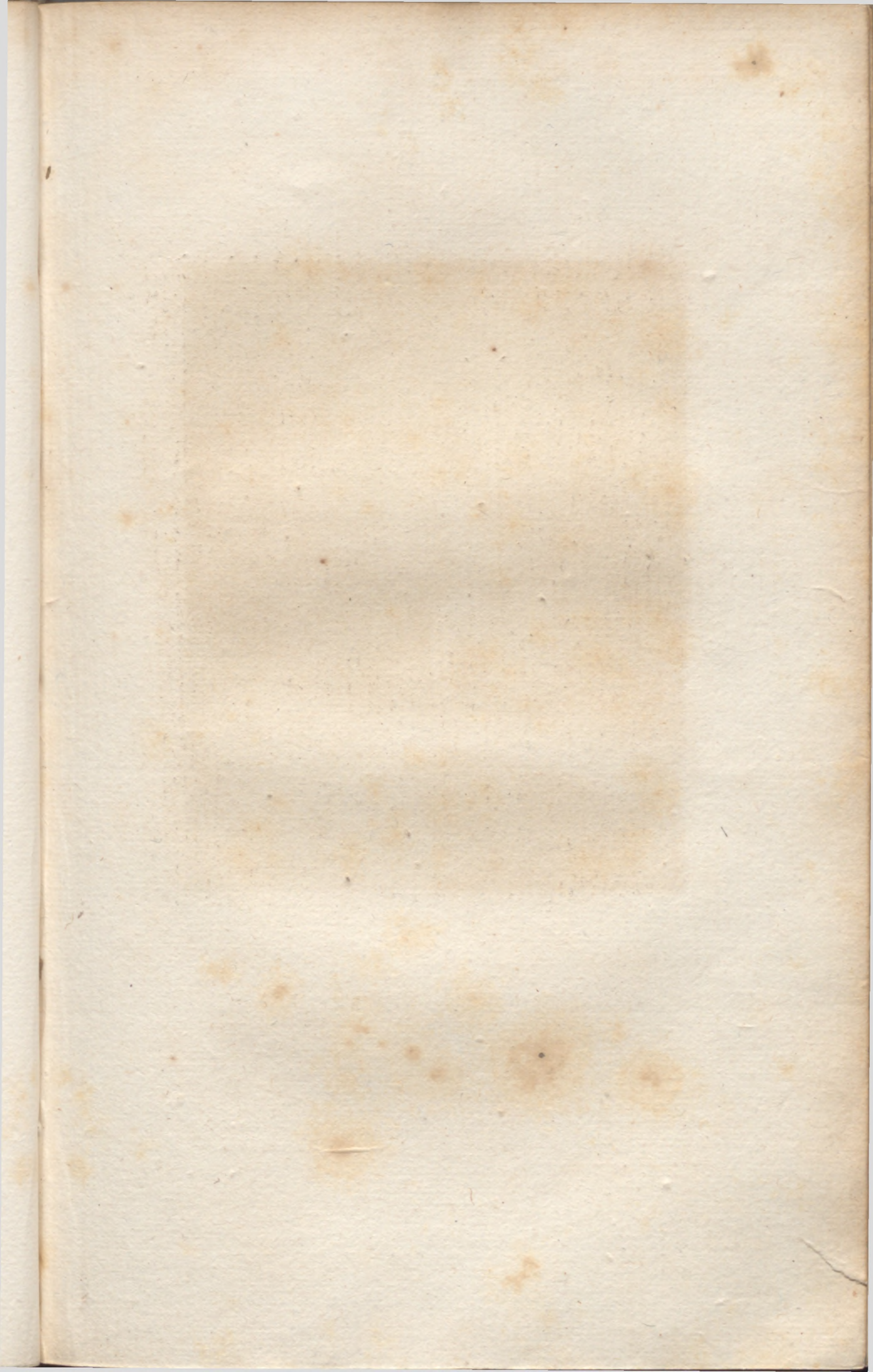
He tore the topmost button of his vest.

In Thibault's account of Frederic the Second of Prussia, there is a singular relation of a young Frenchman, who with his mistress appeared to be of some rank. He enlisted and deserted at Schweidnitz; and after a desperate resistance was retaken, having killed an officer, who attempted to seize him after he was wounded, by the discharge of his musket loaded with a *button* of his uniform. Some circumstances on his court-martial raised a great interest amongst his judges, who wished to discover his real situation in life, which he offered to disclose, but to the *king* only, to whom he requested permission to write. This was refused, and Frederic was filled with the greatest indignation, from baffled curiosity or some other motive, when he understood that his request had been denied.

THE
PRISONER OF CHILLON;

A FABLE.

Lord Byron wrote this beautiful poem at a small inn, in the little village of Ouchy, near Lausanne, where he happened, in June, 1816, to be detained two days by stress of weather; "thereby adding," says Moore, "one more deathless association to the already immortalised localities of the Lake."—E.





Drawn by Rich^d Westall R.A.

Engraved by Cha^s Heath.

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

I LISTENED FOR I COULD NOT HEAR —

I CALLED FOR I WAS WILD WITH FEAR;

Stan. 8. Line 208.

PUBLISHED BY JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, DEC. 1. 1819.

SONNET ON CHILLON.

Eternal spirit of the chainless mind!
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,
For there thy habitation is the heart—
The heart which love of thee alone can bind;
And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd—
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar—for 't was trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace,
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard! —May none those marks efface!
For they appeal from tyranny to God.

WHEN this poem was composed, I was not sufficiently aware of the history of Bonnivard, or I should have endeavoured to dignify the subject by an attempt to celebrate his courage and his virtues. With some account of his life I have been furnished by the kindness of a citizen of that republic, which is still proud of the memory of a man worthy of the best age of ancient freedom :—

“ François de Bonnivard, fils de Louis de Bonnivard, originaire de Seyssel et Seigneur de Lunes, naquit en 1496. Il fit ses études à Turin : en 1510 Jean Aimé de Bonnivard, son oncle, lui résigna le Prieuré de St. Victor, qui aboutissait aux murs de Genève, et qui formait un bénéfice considérable.

“ Ce grand homme—(Bonnivard mérite ce titre par la force de son ame, la droiture de son cœur, la noblesse de ses intentions, la sagesse de ses conseils, le courage de ses démarches, l'étendue de ses connaissances et la vivacité de son esprit) —ce grand homme, qui excitera l'admiration de tous ceux qu'une vertu héroïque peut encore émouvoir, inspirera encore la plus vive reconnaissance dans les cœurs des Genevois qui aiment Genève. Bonnivard en fut toujours un des plus fermes appuis : pour assurer la liberté de notre République, il ne craignit pas de perdre souvent la sienne ; il oublia son repos ; il méprisa ses richesses ; il ne négligea rien pour affermir le bonheur d'une patrie qu'il honora de son choix : dès ce moment il la chérit comme le plus zélé de ses citoyens ; il la servit avec l'intrépidité d'un héros, et il écrivit son histoire avec la naïveté d'un philosophe et la chaleur d'un patriote.

“ Il dit dans le commencement de son histoire de Genève, que, *dès qu'il eut commencé de lire l'histoire des nations, il se sentit entraîné par son goût pour les républiques, dont il épousa toujours les intérêts* : c'est ce goût pour la liberté qui lui fit sans doute adopter Genève pour sa patrie.

“ Bonnivard, encore jeune, s'annonça hautement comme le défenseur de Genève contre le Duc de Savoie et l'Evêque.

“ En 1519, Bonnivard devint le martyr de sa patrie : le Duc de Savoie étant entré dans Genève avec cinq cents hommes, Bonnivard craignit le ressentiment du Duc ; il voulut se retirer à Fribourg pour en éviter les suites ; mais il fut trahi par deux hommes qui l'accompagnaient, et conduit par ordre du prince à Grolée, où il resta prisonnier pendant deux ans, Bonnivard était malheureux dans ses voyages : comme ses malheurs n'avaient point ralenti son zèle pour Genève, il était toujours un ennemi redoutable pour ceux qui la menaçaient, et par conséquent il devait être exposé à leurs coups. Il fut rencontré en 1530 sur le Jura par des voleurs, qui le dépouillèrent et le mirent encore entre les mains du Duc de Savoie : ce Prince le fit enfermer dans le Château de Chillon, où il resta sans être interrogé jusques en 1536 ; il fut alors délivré par les Bernois, qui s'emparèrent du Pays de Vaud.

“ Bonnivard, en sortant de sa captivité, eut le plaisir de trouver Genève libre et réformée. La République s'empressa de lui témoigner sa reconnaissance, et de le dédommager des maux qu'il avait soufferts ; elle le reçut Bourgeois de la ville au mois de Juin 1536 ; elle lui donna la maison habitée autrefois par le Vicaire-Général, et elle lui assigna une pension de deux cents écus d'or tant qu'il séjournerait à Genève. Il fut admis dans le Conseil des Deux-Cents en 1537.

“ Bonnivard n'a pas fini d'être utile : après avoir travaillé à rendre Genève libre, il réussit à la rendre tolérante. Bonnivard engagea le Conseil à accorder aux ecclésiastiques et aux paysans un temps suffisant pour examiner les propositions qu'on leur faisait ; il réussit par sa douceur : on prêche toujours le christianisme avec succès quand on le prêche avec charité.

“ Bonnivard fut savant : ses manuscrits, qui sont dans la bibliothèque publique, prouvent qu'il avait bien lu les auteurs classiques Latins, et qu'il avait approfondi la théologie et l'histoire. Ce grand homme aimait les sciences, et il croyait qu'elles pouvaient faire la gloire de Genève ; aussi il ne négligea rien pour les fixer dans cette ville naissante ; en 1551 il donna sa bibliothèque au public ; elle fut le commencement de notre bibliothèque publique ; et ces livres sont en partie les rares et belles éditions du quinzième siècle qu'on voit dans notre collection. Enfin, pendant la même année, ce bon patriote institua la République son héritière, à condition qu'elle emploierait ses biens à entretenir le collège dont on projetait la fondation.

“ Il paraît que Bonnivard mourut en 1570 ; mais on ne peut l'assurer, parce qu'il y a une lacune dans le Nécrologe depuis le mois de juillet 1570, jusques en 1571.”

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

I.

My hair is gray, but not with years,
Nor grew it white
In a single night,¹
As men's have grown from sudden fears :
My limbs are bow'd, though not with toil,
But rusted with a vile repose,
For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
And mine has been the fate of those
To whom the goodly earth and air
Are bann'd, and barr'd—forbidden fare ;
But this was for my father's faith
I suffer'd chains and courted death :
That father perish'd at the stake
For tenets he would not forsake ;
And for the same his lineal race
In darkness found a dwelling-place.
We were seven—who now are one,
Six in youth, and one in age,
Finish'd as they had begun,
Proud of persecution's rage :
One in fire, and two in field,
Their belief with blood have scal'd ;
Dying as their father died,
For the God their foes denied :
Three were in a dungeon cast,
Of whom this wreck is left the last.

II.

There are seven pillars of Gothic mould,
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old ;
There are seven columns massy and grey,
Dim with a dull imprison'd ray,
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,

And through the crevice and the cleft
 Of the thick wall is fallen and left,
 Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
 Like a marsh's meteor lamp :
 And in each pillar there is a ring,
 And in each ring there is a chain ;
 That iron is a cankering thing,
 For in these limbs its teeth remain,
 With marks that will not wear away,
 Till I have done with this new day,
 Which now is painful to these eyes,
 Which have not seen the sun so rise
 For years—I cannot count them o'er,
 I lost their long and heavy score,
 When my last brother droop'd and died,
 And I lay living by his side.

III.

They chain'd us each to a column stone,
 And we were three—yet, each alone ;
 We could not move a single pace,
 We could not see each other's face,
 But with that pale and livid light
 That made us strangers in our sight :
 And thus together, yet apart—
 Fetter'd in hand, but pined in heart—
 'T was still some solace, in the dearth
 Of the pure elements of earth,
 To hearken to each other's speech,
 And each turn comforter to each,
 With some new hope, or legend old,
 Or song heroically bold :
 But even these at length grew cold.
 Our voices took a dreary tone,
 An echo of the dungeon-stone,
 A grating sound—not full and free
 As they of yore were wont to be :
 It might be fancy—but to me
 They never sounded like our own.

IV.

I was the eldest of the three,
 And to uphold and cheer the rest
 I ought to do—and did my best—
 And each did well in his degree.
 The youngest, whom my father loved,
 Because our mother's brow was given
 To him, with eyes as blue as heaven,
 For him my soul was sorely moved :

And truly might it be distress
 To see such bird in such a nest ;
 For he was beautiful as day—
 (When day was beautiful to me
 As to young eagles, being free)—
 A polar day, which will not see
 A sunset till its summer 's gone,
 Its sleepless summer of long light,
 The snow-clad offspring of the sun :
 And thus he was as pure and bright,
 And in his natural spirit gay,
 With tears for nought but others' ills,
 And then they flow'd like mountain rills,
 Unless he could assuage the woe
 Which he abhorr'd to view below.

V.

The other was as pure of mind,
 But form'd to combat with his kind ;
 Strong in his frame, and of a mood
 Which 'gainst the world in war had stood,
 And perish'd in the foremost rank
 With joy:—but not in chains to pine ;
 His spirit wither'd with their clank,
 I saw it silently decline—
 And so perchance in sooth did mine ;
 But yet I forced it on to cheer
 Those relics of a home so dear.
 He was a hunter of the hills,
 Had follow'd there the deer and wolf :
 To him this dungeon was a gulf,
 And fetter'd feet the worst of ills.

VI.

Lake Lemán lies by Chillon's walls :
 A thousand feet in depth below
 Its massy waters meet and flow ;
 Thus much the fathom-line was sent
 From Chillon's snow-white battlement,
 Which round about the wave enthral :
 A double dungeon wall and wave
 Have made—and like a living grave.
 Below the surface of the lake
 The dark vault lies wherein we lay :
 We heard it ripple night and day,
 Sounding o'er our heads it knock'd ;
 And I have felt the winter's spray

Wash through the bars when winds were high,
 And wanton in the happy sky ;
 And then the very rock hath rock'd,
 And I have felt it shake unshock'd,
 Because I could have smiled to see
 The death that would have set me free.

VII.

I said my nearer brother pined,
 I said his mighty heart declined,
 He loathed and put away his food ;
 It was not that 't was coarse and rude,
 For we were used to hunters' fare,
 And for the like had little care.
 The milk drawn from the mountain goat
 Was changed for water from the moat ;
 Our bread was such as captives' tears
 Have moisten'd many a thousand years,
 Since man first pent his fellow men
 Like brutes within an iron den :
 But what were these to us or him ?
 These wasted not his heart or limb ;
 My brother's soul was of that mould
 Which in a palace had grown cold,
 Had his free breathing been denied
 The range of the steep mountain's side.
 But why delay the truth ?—he died.
 I saw, and could not hold his head,
 Nor reach his dying hand—nor dead,
 Though hard I strove, but strove in vain,
 To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.
 He died—and they unlock'd his chain,
 And scoop'd for him a shallow grave
 Even from the cold earth of our cave.
 I begg'd them, as a boon, to lay
 His corse in dust whereon the day
 Might shine : it was a foolish thought,
 But then within my brain it wrought,
 That even in death his free-born breast
 In such a dungeon could not rest.
 I might have spared my idle prayer—
 They coldly laugh'd—and laid him there :
 The flat and turfless earth above
 The being we so much did love ;
 His empty chain above it leant,
 Such murder's fitting monument !

VIII.

But he, the favourite and the flower,
 Most cherish'd since his natal hour,
 His mother's image in fair face,
 The infant love of all his race,
 His martyr'd father's dearest thought,
 My latest care, for whom I sought
 To hoard my life, that his might be
 Less wretched now, and one day free ;
 He, too, who yet had held untired
 A spirit natural or inspired—
 He, too, was struck, and day by day
 Was wither'd on the stalk away.
 Oh God ! it is a fearful thing
 To see the human soul take wing
 In any shape, in any mood.
 I've seen it rushing forth in blood,
 I've seen it on the breaking ocean
 Strive with a swoln convulsive motion ;
 I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
 Of sin delirious with its dread :
 But these were horrors—this was woe
 Unmix'd with such—but sure and slow.
 He faded, and so calm and meek,
 So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
 So tearless, yet so tender-kind,
 And grieved for those he left behind ;
 With all the while a cheek whose bloom
 Was as a mockery of the tomb,
 Whose tints as gently sunk away
 As a departing rainbow's ray—
 An eye of most transparent light,
 That almost made the dungeon bright ;
 And not a word of murmur—not
 A groan o'er his untimely lot ;
 A little talk of better days,
 A little hope my own to raise,
 For I was sunk in silence—lost
 In this last loss, of all the most.
 And then the sighs he would suppress
 Of fainting nature's feebleness,
 More slowly drawn, grew less and less.
 I listen'd, but I could not hear—
 I call'd, for I was wild with fear—
 I knew 't was hopeless, but my dread
 Would not be thus admonished ;
 I call'd, and thought I heard a sound—
 I burst my chain with one strong bound,

And rush'd to him :—I found him not,
 I only stirr'd in this black spot,
 I only lived—I only drew
 The accursed breath of dungeon dew :
 The last—the sole—the dearest link
 Between me and the eternal brink,
 Which bound me to my falling race,
 Was broken in this fatal place.
 One on the earth, and one beneath—
 My brothers—both had ceased to breathe ;
 I took that hand which lay so still,
 Alas ! my own was full as chill ;
 I had not strength to stir, or strive,
 But felt that I was still alive—
 A frantic feeling when we know
 That what we love shall ne'er be so.

I know not why
 I could not die,
 I had no earthly hope—but faith,
 And that forbade a selfish death.

IX.

What next befel me then and there
 I know not well—I never knew—
 First came the loss of light, and air,
 And then of darkness too :
 I had no thought, no feeling—none—
 Among the stones I stood a stone,
 And was, scarce conscious what I wist.
 As shrubless crags within the mist ;
 For all was blank, and bleak, and gray—
 It was not night—it was not day,
 It was not even the dungeon-light,
 So hateful to my heavy sight,
 But vacancy absorbing space ;
 And fixedness without a place :
 There were no stars—no earth—no time—
 No check—no change—no good—no crime—
 But silence, and a stirless breath
 Which neither was of life nor death ;
 A sea of stagnant idleness,
 Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless !

X.

A light broke in upon my brain,—
 It was the carol of a bird ;
 It ceased, and then it came again,
 The sweetest song ear ever heard :

And mine was thankful, till my eyes
 Ran over with the glad surprise,
 And they that moment could not see
 I was the mate of misery.
 But then by dull degrees came back
 My senses to their wonted track :
 I saw the dungeon walls and floor
 Close slowly round me as before ;
 I saw the glimmer of the sun
 Creeping as it before had done ;
 But through the crevice where it came
 That bird was perch'd, as fond and tame,
 And tamer than upon the tree ;
 A lovely bird, with azure wings,
 And song that said a thousand things,
 And seem'd to say them all for me !
 I never saw its like before,
 I ne'er shall see its likeness more :
 It seem'd like me to want a mate,
 But was not half so desolate ;
 And it was come to love me when
 None lived to love me so again,
 And cheering from my dungeon's brink,
 Had brought me back to feel and think.
 I know not if it late were free,
 Or broke its cage to perch on mine,
 But knowing well captivity,
 Sweet bird ! I could not wish for thine !
 Or if it were, in winged guise,
 A visitant from Paradise ;
 For—Heaven forgive that thought ! the while
 Which made me both to weep and smile—
 I sometimes deem'd that it might be
 My brother's soul come down to me ;
 But then at last away it flew,
 And then 't was mortal—well I knew,
 For he would never thus have flown,
 And left me twice so doubly lone,—
 Lone—as the corse within its shroud,
 Lone—as a solitary cloud,
 A single cloud on a sunny day,
 While all the rest of heaven is clear,
 A frown upon the atmosphere,
 That hath no business to appear
 When skies are blue, and earth is gay.

XI.

A kind of change came in my fate,
 My keepers grew compassionate ;

I know not what had made them so—
 They were inured to sights of woe—
 But so it was : my broken chain
 With links unfasten'd did remain,
 And it was liberty to stride
 Along my cell from side to side,
 And up and down, and then athwart,
 And tread it over every part ;
 And round the pillars one by one,
 Returning where my walk begun,
 Avoiding only, as I trod,
 My brothers' graves without a sod ;
 For if I thought with heedless tread
 My step profaned their lowly bed,
 My breath came gaspingly and thick,
 And my crush'd heart fell blind and sick.

XII.

I made a footing in the wall—
 It was not therefrom to escape,
 For I had buried one and all
 Who loved me in a human shape,
 And the whole earth would henceforth be
 A wider prison unto me.
 No child—no sire—no kin had I,
 No partner in my misery :
 I thought of this, and I was glad,
 For thought of them had made me mad.
 But I was curious to ascend
 To my barr'd windows, and to bend
 Once more upon the mountains high
 The quiet of a loving eye.

XIII.

I saw them—and they were the same,
 They were not changed like me in frame ;
 I saw their thousand years of snow
 On high—their wide long lake below,
 And the blue Rhone in fullest flow :
 I heard the torrents leap and gush
 O'er channell'd rock and broken bush ;
 I saw the white-wall'd distant town,
 And whiter sails go skimming down ;
 And then there was a little isle,⁵
 Which in my very face did smile,
 The only one in view ;
 A small green isle, it seem'd no more,
 Scarce broader than my dungeon floor,

But in it there were three tall trees,
 And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
 And by it there were waters flowing,
 And on it there were young flowers growing,
 Of gentle breath and hue.

The fish swam by the castle wall,
 And they seem'd joyous each and all :
 The eagle rode the rising blast,
 Methought he never flew so fast,
 As then to me he seem'd to fly,
 And then new tears came in my eye,
 And I felt troubled—and would fain
 I had not left my recent chain ;
 And when I did descend again,
 The darkness of my dim abode
 Fell on me as a heavy load ;
 It was as is a new-dug grave,
 Closing o'er one we sought to save ;
 And yet my glance, too much opprest,
 Had almost need of such a rest.

XIV.

It might be months, or years, or days,
 I kept no count—I took no note,
 I had no hope my eyes to raise
 And clear them of their dreary mote ;
 At last men came to set me free,
 I ask'd not why, and reck'd not where ;
 It was at length the same to me,
 Fetter'd or fetterless to be—
 I learn'd to love despair.
 And thus when they appear'd at last,
 And all my bonds aside were cast,
 These heavy walls to me had grown
 A hermitage—and all my own !
 And half I felt as they were come
 To tear me from a second home :
 With spiders I had friendship made,
 And watch'd them in their sullen trade,
 Had seen the mice by moonlight play,
 And why should I feel less than they ?
 We were all inmates of one place,
 And I, the monarch of each race,
 Had power to kill—yet, strange to tell !
 In quiet we had learn'd to dwell :
 My very chains and I grew friends,
 So much a long communion tends
 To make us what we are :—even I
 Regain'd my freedom with a sigh

NOTES.

Note 1. Page 359.

In a single night.

Ludovico Sforza, and others.—The same is asserted of Marie Antoinette's, the wife of Louis XVI., though not in quite so short a period. Grief is said to have the same effect: to such, and not to fear, this change in *hers* was to be attributed.

Note 2. Page 361.

From Chillon's snow-white battlement.

The Château de Chillon is situated between Clarens and Villeneuve; which last is at one extremity of the Lake of Geneva. On its left are the entrances of the Rhone, and opposite are the heights of Meillerie and the range of Alps above Bouveret and St. Gingo.

Near it, on a hill behind, is a torrent; below it, washing its walls, the lake has been fathomed to the depth of 800 feet (French measure): within it are a range of dungeons, in which the early reformers, and subsequently prisoners of state, were confined. Across one of the vaults is a beam black with age, on which we were informed that the condemned were formerly executed. In the cells are seven pillars, or rather eight, one being half merged in the wall; in some of these are rings for the fetters and the fettered; in the pavement the steps of Bonnivard have left their traces—he was confined here several years.

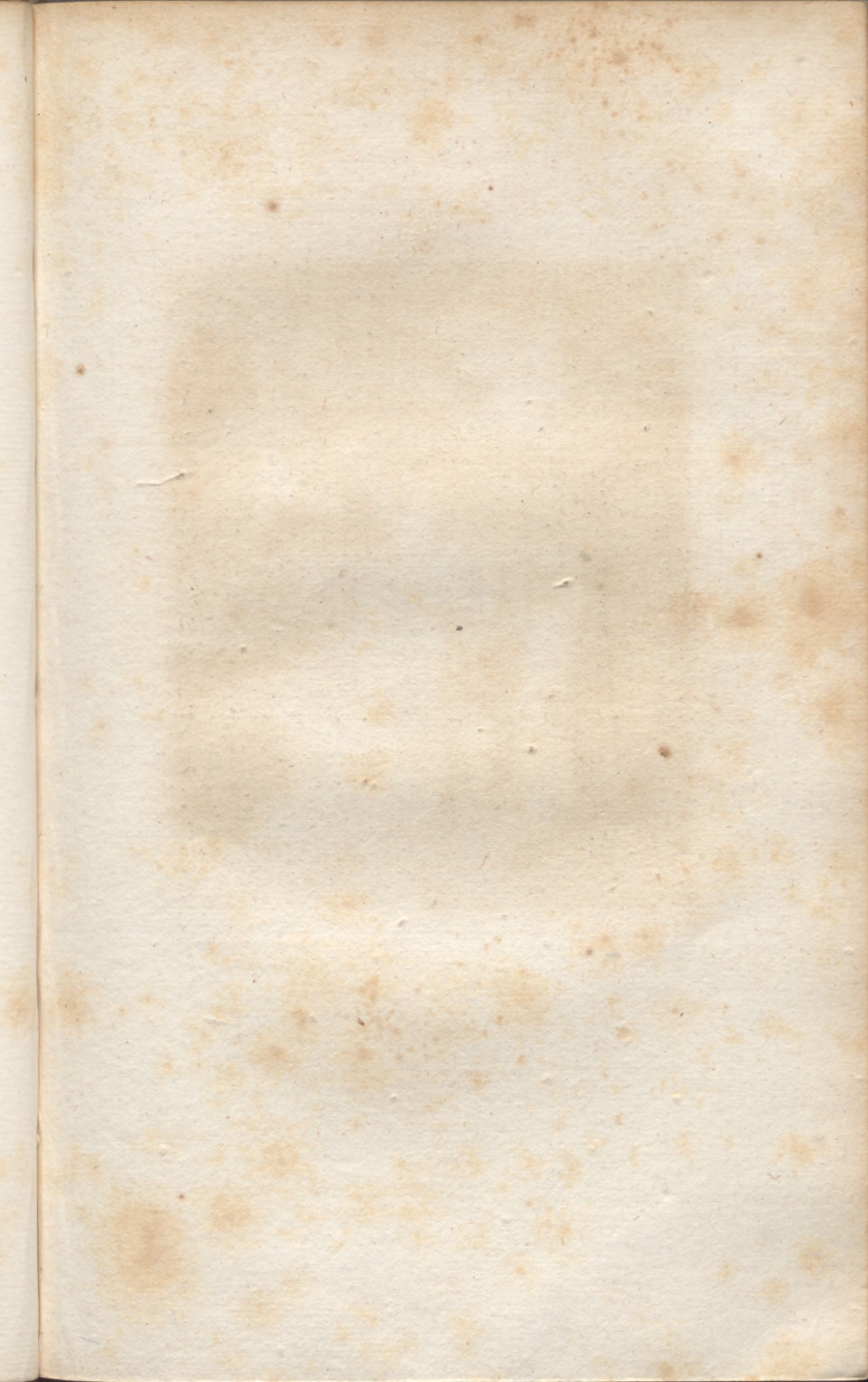
It is by this castle that Rousseau has fixed the catastrophe of his Héloïse, in the rescue of one of her children by Julie from the water: the shock of which, and the illness produced by the immersion, is the cause of her death.

The Château is large, and seen along the lake for a great distance. The walls are white.

Note 3. Page 366.

And then there was a little isle.

Between the entrances of the Rhone and Villeneuve, not far from Chillon, is a very small island; the only one I could perceive, in my voyage round and over the lake, within its circumference. It contains a few trees (I think not above three), and from its singleness and diminutive size has a peculiar effect upon the view.





Drawn by R. Westall R.A.

Engraved by A. Warren.

BEPPLO.

WELL, THAT'S THE PRETTIEST SHAWL.

Scena 88.

PUBLISHED BY JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, DEC. 1819.

BEPPLO;

A VENETIAN STORY.

ROSALIND. Farewell, Monsieur Traveller; look you, slip, and wear strange suits; double all the
benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making
you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think that you have swam in a GONDOLA.

As You Like It, Act IV. Scene 1.

Anotation of the Commentators.

That is, been at Venice, which was much visited by the young English gentlemen of those times,
and was then what Paris is now—the seat of all dissoluteness.—B. A.



Painted by J. G. Kneller, Esq.

Engraved by J. G. Kneller, Esq.

ESSEX

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BEPPO;

A VENETIAN STORY.

ROSALIND. Farewell, Monsieur Traveller : look you, lisp, and wear strange suits ; disable all the benefits of your own country ; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are ; or I will scarce think that you have swam in a GONDOLA.

As You Like It, Act IV. Scene I.

Annotation of the Commentators.

That is, been at *Venice*, which was much visited by the young English gentlemen of those times, and was then what *Paris is now*—the seat of all dissoluteness.—S. A.

BEPP0;

A VENETIAN STORY.

I.

'T is known, at least it should be, that throughout
All countries of the Catholic persuasion,
Some weeks before Shrove-Tuesday comes about,
The people take their fill of recreation,
And buy repentance, ere they grow devout,
However high their rank or low their station,
With fiddling, feasting, dancing, drinking, masking
And other things that may be had for asking.

II.

The moment night with dusky mantle covers
The skies (and the more duskily the better),
The time less liked by husbands than by lovers
Begins, and prudery flings aside her fetter;
And gaiety on restless tiptoe hovers,
Giggling with all the gallants who beset her;
And there are songs and quavers, roaring, humming,
Guitars, and every other sort of strumming.

III.

And there are dresses splendid, but fantastical,
Masks of all times and nations, Turks and Jews,
And harlequins and clowns, with feats gymnastical,
Greeks, Romans, Yankee-doodles, and Hindoos;
All kinds of dress, except the ecclesiastical,
All people, as their fancies hit, may choose;
But no one in these parts may quiz the clergy—
Therefore take heed, ye freethinkers! I charge ye.

IV.

You 'd better walk about begirt with briars,
 Instead of coat and small-clothes, than put on
 A single stitch reflecting upon friars,
 Although you swore it only was in fun :
 They 'd haul you o'er the coals, and stir the fires
 Of Phlegethon with every mother's son,
 Nor say one mass to cool the cauldron's bubble
 That boil'd your bones, unless you paid them double.

V.

But, saving this, you may put on whate'er
 You like, by way of doublet, cape, or cloak,
 Such as in Monmouth-street, or in Rag Fair,
 Would rig you out in seriousness or joke ;
 And even in Italy such places are,
 With prettier names in softer accents spoke,
 For, bating Covent-garden, I can hit on
 No place that 's call'd "Piazza" in Great Britain.

VI.

This feast is named the Carnival, which, being
 Interpreted, implies, "farewell to flesh :"
 So call'd, because, the name and thing agreeing,
 Through Lent they live on fish both salt and fresh.
 But why they usher Lent with so much glee in,
 Is more than I can tell, although I guess
 'T is as we take a glass with friends at parting,
 In the stage-coach or packet, just at starting.

VII.

And thus they bid farewell to carnal dishes,
 And solid meats, and highly-spiced ragouts,
 To live for forty days on ill-dress'd fishes,
 Because they have no sauces to their stews,
 A thing which causes many "poohs" and "pishes,"
 And several oaths (which would not suit the Muse),
 From travellers accusom'd from a boy
 To eat their salmon, at the least, with soy :

VIII.

And therefore humbly I would recommend
 "The curious in fish-sauce," before they cross
 The sea, to bid their cook, or wife, or friend,
 Walk or ride to the Strand, and buy in gross
 (Or if set out beforehand, these may send
 By any means least liable to loss),
 Ketchup, Soy, Chili-vinegar, and Harvey,
 Or, by the Lord ! a Lent will well nigh starve ye ;

IX.

That is to say, if your religion 's Roman,
 And you at Rome would do as Romans do,
 According to the proverb,—although no man,
 If foreign, is obliged to fast; and you,
 If protestant, or sickly, or a woman,
 Would rather dine in sin on a ragout—
 Dine, and be d—d!—I don't mean to be coarse—
 But that 's the penalty, to say no worse.

X.

Of all the places where the Carnival
 Was most facetious in the days of yore,
 For dance and song, and serenade, and ball,
 And masque and mime, and mystery, and more
 Than I have time to tell now, or at all,
 Venice the bell from every city bore;
 And at the moment when I fix my story,
 That sea-born city was in all her glory.

XI.

They 've pretty faces yet, those same Venetians,
 Black eyes, arch'd brows, and sweet expressions still,
 Such as of old were copied from the Grecians,
 In ancient arts by moderns mimick'd ill;
 And like so many Venuses of Titian's
 (The best 's at Florence—see it, if ye will)
 They look when leaning over the balcony,
 Or stepp'd from out a picture by Giorgione,

XII.

Whose tints are truth and beauty at their best:
 And when you to Manfrini's palace go,
 That picture (howsoever fine the rest)
 Is loveliest to my mind of all the show:
 It may perhaps be also to *your* zest,
 And that 's the cause I rhyme upon it so:
 'T is but a portrait of his son, and wife,
 And self: but *such* a woman! love in life!

XIII.

Love in full life and length, not love ideal,
 No, nor ideal beauty, that fine name,
 But something better still, so very real,
 That the sweet model must have been the same:
 A thing that you would purchase, beg, or steal,
 Were 't not impossible, besides a shame:
 The face recalls some face, as 't were with pain,
 You once have seen, but ne'er will see again:

XIV.

One of those forms which flit by us, when we
 Are young, and fix our eyes on every face ;
 And, oh ! the loveliness at times we see
 In momentary gliding, the soft grace,
 The youth, the bloom, the beauty which agree
 In many a nameless being we retrace,
 Whose course and home we knew not, nor shall know,
 Like the lost Pleiad, ^a seen no more below.

XV.

I said that like a picture by Giorgione
 Venetian women were, and so they *are*,
 Particularly seen from a balcony
 (For beauty 's sometimes best set off afar) ;
 And there, just like a heroine of Goldoni,
 They peep from out the blind, or o'er the bar ;
 And, truth to say, they 're mostly very pretty,
 And rather like to show it, more 's the pity !

XVI.

For glances beget ogles, ogles sighs,
 Sighs wishes, wishes words, and words a letter,
 Which flies on wings of light-heel'd Mercuries,
 Who do such things because they know no better ;
 And then, God knows what mischief may arise,
 When love links two young people in one fetter :
 Vile assignations, and adulterous beds,
 Elopements, broken vows, and hearts, and heads.

XVII.

Shakspeare described the sex in Desdemona
 As very fair, but yet suspect in fame,
 And to this day, from Venice to Verona,
 Such matters may be probably the same,
 Except that since those times was never known a
 Husband whom mere suspicion could inflame
 To suffocate a wife no more than twenty,
 Because she had a " cavalier servente."

XVIII.

Their jealousy (if they are ever jealous)
 Is of a fair complexion altogether,
 Not like that sooty devil of Othello's,
 Which smothers women in a bed of feather :
 But worthier of these much more jolly fellows,
 When weary of the matrimonial tether,
 His head for such a wife no mortal bothers,
 But takes at once another, or another's.

XIX.

Didst ever see a gondola? For fear
 You should not, I'll describe it you exactly ;
 'T is a long covered boat that 's common here,
 Carved at the prow, built lightly, but compactly ;
 Row'd by two rowers, each call'd "gondolier,"
 It glides along the water looking blackly,
 Just like a coffin ciapt in a canoe,
 Where none can make out what you say or do.

XX.

And up and down the long canals they go,
 And under the Rialto shoot along,
 By night and day, all paces, swift or slow ;
 And round the theatres, a sable throng,
 They wait in their dusk livery of woe ;
 But not to them do woful things belong,
 For sometimes they contain a deal of fun,
 Like mourning-coaches when the funeral 's done.

XXI.

But to my story.—'T was some years ago,
 It may be thirty, forty, more or less,
 The Carnival was at its height, and so
 Were all kinds of buffoonery and dress ;
 A certain lady went to see the show,
 Her real name I know not, nor can guess,
 And so we 'll call her Laura, if you please,
 Because it slips into my verse with ease.

XXII.

She was not old, nor young, nor at the years
 Which certain people call a *certain age*,
 Which yet the most uncertain age appears,
 Because I never heard. nor could engage
 A person yet, by prayers, or bribes, or tears,
 To name, define by speech, or write on page,
 The period meant precisely by that word,—
 Which surely is exceedingly absurd.

XXIII.

Laura was blooming still, had made the best
 Of time, and time return'd the compliment,
 And treated her genteelly, so that, drest,
 She look'd extremely well where'er she went :
 A pretty woman is a welcome guest,
 And Laura's brow a frown had rarely bent ;
 Indeed she shone all smiles, and seem'd to flatter
 Mankind with her black eyes for looking at her.

XXIV.

She was a married woman ; 't is convenient,
 Because in Christian countries 't is a rule
 To view their little slips with eyes more lenient ;
 Whereas if single ladies play the fool
 (Unless, within the period intervenient,
 A well-timed wedding makes the scandal cool),
 I don't know how they ever can get over it,
 Except they manage never to discover it.

XXV.

Her husband sail'd upon the Adriatic,
 And made some voyages, too, in other seas ;
 And when he lay in quarantine for pratique
 (A forty days' precaution 'gainst disease),
 His wife would mount, at times, her highest attic,
 For thence she could discern the ship with ease :
 He was a merchant trading to Aleppo,
 His name Giuseppe, call'd more briefly, Beppo.⁵

XXVI.

He was a man as dusky as a Spaniard,
 Sunburnt with travel, yet a portly figure ;
 Though colour'd, as it were, within a tan-yard,
 He was a person both of sense and vigour—
 A better seaman never yet did man yard :
 And *she*, although her manners show'd no rigour,
 Was deem'd a woman of the strictest principle,
 So much as to be thought almost invincible.

XXVII.

But several years elapsed since they had met ;
 Some people thought the ship was lost, and some
 That he had somehow blunder'd into debt,
 And did not like the thought of steering home ;
 And there were several offer'd any bet,
 Or that he would, or that he would not come,
 For most men (till by losing render'd sager)
 Will back their own opinions with a wager.

XXVIII.

'T is said that their last parting was pathetic,
 As partings often are, or ought to be,
 And their presentiment was quite prophetic
 That they should never more each other see
 (A sort of morbid feeling, half poetic,
 Which I have known occur in two or three),
 When kneeling on the shore upon her sad knee,
 He left this Adriatic Ariadne.

XXIX.

And Laura waited long, and wept a little,
 And thought of wearing weeds, as well she might ;
 She almost lost all appetite for victual,
 And could not sleep with ease alone at night ;
 She deem'd the window-frames and shutters brittle
 Against a daring housebreaker or sprite,
 And so she thought it prudent to connect her
 With a vice-husband, *chiefly to protect her.*

XXX.

She chose, (and what is there they will not chuse,
 If only you will but oppose their choice ?)
 Till Beppo should return from his long cruise,
 And bid once more her faithful heart rejoice,
 A man some women like, and yet abuse—
 A coxcomb was he by the public voice :
 A count of wealth, they said, as well as quality,
 And in his pleasures of great liberality.

XXXI.

And then he was a count, and then he knew
 Music and dancing, fiddling, French, and Tuscan ;
 The last not easy, be it known to you,
 For few Italians speak the right Etruscan.
 He was a critic upon operas too,
 And knew all niceties of the sock and buskin ;
 And no Venetian audience could endure a
 Song, scene, or air, when he cried “ seccatura.”

XXXII.

His “ bravo ” was decisive, for that sound
 Hush'd “ academic ” sigh'd in silent awe ;
 The fiddlers trembled as he look'd around,
 For fear of some false note's detected flaw.
 The “ prima donna's ” tuneful heart would bound,
 Dreading the deep damnation of his “ bah ! ”
 Soprano, basso, even the contra-alto,
 Wish'd him five fathom under the Rialto.

XXXIII.

He patronized the improvvisatori,
 Nay, could himself extemporize some stanzas,
 Wrote rhymes, sang songs, could also tell a story,
 Sold pictures, and was skilful in the dance as
 Italians can be, though in this their glory
 Must surely yield the palm to that which France has ;
 In short, he was a perfect cavaliero,
 And to his very valet seem'd a hero.

XXXIV.

Then he was faithful too, as well as amorous ;
 So that no sort of female could complain,
 Although they 're now and then a little clamorous,
 He never put the pretty souls in pain :
 His heart was one of those which most enamour us,
 Wax to receive, and marble to retain.
 He was a lover of the good old school,
 Who still become more constant as they cool.

XXXV.

No wonder such accomplishments should turn
 A female head, however sage and steady :
 With scarce a hope that Beppo could return,
 In law he was almost as good as dead ; he
 Nor sent, nor wrote, nor show'd the least concern,
 And she had waited several years already ;
 And really if a man won't let us know
 That he 's alive, he 's *dead*, or should be so.

XXXVI.

Besides, within the Alps, to every woman
 (Although, God knows, it is a grievous sin)
 'T is, I may say, permitted to have *two* men :
 I can't tell who first brought the custom in,
 But "cavalier serventes" are quite common,
 And no one notices, nor cares a pin ;
 And we may call this (not to say the worst)
 A *second* marriage which corrupts the *first*.

XXXVII.

The word was formerly a "cicisbeo,"
 But *that* is now grown vulgar and indecent :
 The Spaniards call the person a "*cortejo*,"⁴
 For the same mode subsists in Spain, though recent :
 In short it reaches from the Po to Teio,
 And may perhaps at last be o'er the sea sent.
 But Heaven preserve Old England from such courses !
 Or what becomes of damage and divorces ?

XXXVIII.

However, I still think, with all due deference
 To the fair *single* part of the creation,
 That married ladies should preserve the preference
 In *tête-à-tête* or general conversation—
 And this I say without peculiar reference
 To England, France, or any other nation—
 Because they know the world, and are at ease,
 And being natural, naturally please.

XXXIX.

'T is true, your budding Miss is very charming,
 But shy and awkward at first coming out;
 So much alarm'd, that she is quite alarming,
 All giggle, blush; half pertness, and half pout;
 And glancing at *Mamma*, for fear there 's harm in
 What you, she, it, or they may be about,
 The nursery still lisps out in all they utter—
 Besides, they always smell of bread and butter.

XL.

But "cavalier servente" is the phrase
 Used in politest circles to express
 This supernumerary slave, who stays
 Close to the lady as a part of dress;
 Her word the only law which he obeys.
 His is no sinecure, as you may guess;
 Coach, servants, gondola, he goes to call,
 And carries fan, and tippet, gloves, and shawl.

XLI.

With all its sinful doings, I must say,
 That Italy's a pleasant place to me,
 Who love to see the sun shine every day,
 And vines (not nail'd to walls) from tree to tree
 Festoon'd, much like the back scene of a play—
 Or melodrame, which people flock to see,
 When the first act is ended by a dance,
 In vineyards copied from the south of France.

XLII.

I like on autumn evenings to ride out,
 Without being forced to bid my groom be sure
 My cloak is round his middle strapp'd about,
 Because the skies are not the most secure:
 I know too that, if stopp'd upon my route,
 Where the green alleys windingly allure,
 Reeling with *grapes* red waggons choke the way—
 In England 't would be dung, dust, or a dray.

XLIII.

I also like to dine on becaficas,
 To see the sun set, sure he 'll rise to-morrow,
 Not through a misty morning, twinkling weak as
 A drunken man's dead eye in maudlin sorrow,
 But with all heaven t' himself; that day will break as
 Beauteous as cloudless, nor be forced to borrow
 That sort of farthing-candle light, which glimmers
 Where reeking London's smoky cauldron simmers.

XLIV.

I love the language, that soft bastard Latin,
 Which melts like kisses from a female mouth,
 And sounds as if it should be writ on satin,
 With syllables which breathe of the sweet south,
 And gentle liquids gliding all so pat in,
 That not a single accent seems uncouth,
 Like our harsh northern whistling, grunting guttural,
 Which we 're obliged to hiss, and spit, and sputter all.

XLV.

I like the women too (forgive my folly),
 From the rich peasant-cheek of ruddy bronze,
 And large black eyes that flash on you a volley
 Of rays that say a thousand things at once,
 To the high *dama's* brow, more melancholy,
 But clear, and with a wild and liquid glance,
 Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes,
 Soft as her clime, and sunny as her skies.

XLVI.

Eve of the land which still is Paradise!
 Italian beauty! didst thou not inspire
 Raphael,⁵ who died in thy embrace, and vies
 With all we know of heaven, or can desire,
 In what he hath bequeath'd us?—in what guise,
 Though flashing from the fervour of the lyre,
 Would *words* describe thy past and present glow,
 While yet Canova can create below?*

XLVII.

“England! with all thy faults I love thee still,”
 I said at Calais, and have not forgot it:
 I like to speak and lucubrate my fill;
 I like the government (but that is not it);
 I like the freedom of the press and quill;
 I like the Habeas Corpus (when we've got it);
 I like a parliamentary debate,
 Particularly when 't is not too late;

* Note.

In talking thus, the writer, more especially
 Of women, would be understood to say,
 He speaks as a spectator, not officially,
 And always, reader, in a modest way.
 Perhaps, too, in no very great degree shall he
 Appear to have offended in this lay,
 Since, as all know, without the sex, our sonnets
 Would seem unfinish'd like their untrimm'd bonnets.

(Signed) PRINTER'S DEVIL.

XLVIII.

I like the taxes, when they 're not too many ;
 I like a sea-coal fire, when not too dear ;
 I like a beef-steak, too, as well as any,
 Have no objection to a pot of beer ;
 I like the weather, when it is not rainy,
 That is, I like two months of every year.
 And so God save the regent, church and king !
 Which means, that I like all and every thing.

XLIX.

Our standing army, and disbanded seamen,
 Poor's rate, reform, my own, the nation's debt,
 Our little riots just to show we are freemen,
 Our trifling bankruptcies in the gazette,
 Our cloudy climate, and our chilly women,
 All these I can forgive, and those forget,
 And greatly venerate our recent glories,
 And wish they were not owing to the tories.

L.

But to my tale of Laura,—for I find
 Digression is a sin, that, by degrees,
 Becomes exceeding tedious to my mind,
 And, therefore, may the reader too displease—
 The gentle reader, who may wax unkind,
 And, caring little for the author's ease,
 Insist on knowing what he means—a hard
 And hapless situation for a bard.

LI.

Oh ! that I had the art of easy writing
 What should be easy reading ! could I scale
 Parnassus, where the Muses sit inditing
 Those pretty poems never known to fail,
 How quickly would I print (the world delighting)
 A Grecian, Syrian, or Assyrian tale ;
 And sell you, mix'd with western sentimentalism,
 Some samples of the finest orientalism.

LII.

But I am but a nameless sort of person
 (A broken dandy lately on my travels),
 And take for rhyme, to hook my rambling verse on,
 The first that Walker's Lexicon unravels,
 And when I can't find that, I put a worse on,
 Not caring as I ought for critics' cavils :
 I've half a mind to tumble down to prose,
 But verse is more in fashion—so here goes.

LIII.

The Count and Laura made their new arrangement,
 Which lasted, as arrangements sometimes do,
 For half a dozen years without estrangement :
 They had their little differences too ;
 Those jealous whiffs, which never any change meant :
 In such affairs there probably are few
 Who have not had this pouting sort of squabble,
 From sinners of high station to the rabble.

LIV.

But on the whole they were a happy pair,
 As happy as unlawful love could make them :
 The gentleman was fond, the lady fair,
 Their chains so slight, 't was not worth while to break them :
 The world beheld them with indulgent air ;
 The pious only wished "the devil take them !"
 He took them not ; he very often waits,
 And leaves old sinners to be young ones' baits.

LV.

But they were young : O ! what without our youth
 Would love be ! What would youth be without love !
 Youth lends it joy, and sweetness, vigour, truth,
 Heart, soul, and all that seems as from above :
 But, languishing with years, it grows uncouth—
 One of few things experience don't improve,
 Which is, perhaps, the reason why old fellows
 Are always so preposterously jealous.

LVI.

It was the Carnival, as I have said
 Some six and thirty stanzas back, and so
 Laura the usual preparations made,
 Which you do when your mind 's made up to go
 To-night to Mrs. Boehm's masquerade,
 Spectator or partaker in the show ;
 The only difference known between the cases
 Is—*here*, we have six weeks of "varnish'd faces."

LVII.

Laura, when drest, was (as I sang before)
 A pretty woman as was ever seen,
 Fresh as the angel o'er a new inn-door,
 Or frontispiece of a new magazine,
 With all the fashions which the last month wore
 Colour'd, and silver paper leaved between
 That and the title-page, for fear the press
 Should soil with parts of speech the parts of dress.

LVIII.

They went to the Ridotto :—'t is a hall
 Where people dance, and sup, and dance again :
 Its proper name, perhaps, were a mask'd ball,
 But that 's of no importance to my strain ;
 'T is (on a smaller scale) like our Vauxhall,
 Excepting that it can't be spoilt by rain :
 The company is "mixt" (the phrase I quote is,
 As much as saying, they 're below your notice) ;

LIX.

For a "mixt company" implies, that, save
 Yourself and friends, and half a hundred more
 Whom you may bow to without looking grave,
 The rest are but a vulgar set, the bore
 Of public places, where they basely brave
 The fashionable stare of twenty score
 Of well-bred persons, called "*the world*;" but I,
 Although I know them, really don't know why.

LX.

This is the case in England ; at least was
 During the dynasty of dandies, now
 Perchance succeeded by some other class
 Of imitated imitators :—how
 Irreparably soon decline, alas !
 The demagogues of fashion : all below
 Is frail ; how easily the world is lost
 By love, or war, and now and then by frost !

LXI.

Crush'd was Napoleon by the northern Thor,
 Who knock'd his army down with icy hammer,
 Stopp'd by the *elements*, like a whaler, or
 A blundering novice in his new French grammar :⁶
 Good cause had he to doubt the chance of war,
 And as for fortune—but I dare not d—n her,
 Because were I to ponder to infinity,
 The more I should believe in her divinity.

LXII.

She rules the present, past, and all to be yet,
 She gives us luck in lotteries, love, and marriage ;
 I cannot say that she 's done much for me yet ;
 Not that I mean her bounties to disparage :
 We 've not yet closed accounts, and we shall see yet
 How much she 'll make amends for past miscarriage,
 Meantime the goddess I 'll no more importune,
 Unless to thank her when she 's made my fortune.

LXIII.

To turn,—and to return;—the devil take it!
 This story slips for ever through my fingers,
 Because, just as the stanza likes to make it,
 It needs must be—and so it rather lingers:
 This form of verse begun, I can't well break it,
 But must keep time and tune like public singers:
 But if I once get through my present measure,
 I'll take another when I'm next at leisure.

LXIV.

They went to the Ridotto—'t is a place
 To which I mean to go myself to-morrow,⁷
 Just to divert my thoughts a little space,
 Because I'm rather hippish, and may borrow
 Some spirits, guessing at what kind of face
 May lurk beneath each mask; and as my sorrow
 Slackens its pace sometimes, I'll make or find
 Something shall leave it half an hour behind.

LXV.

Now Laura moves along the joyous crowd,
 Smiles in her eyes, and simpers on her lips;
 To some she whispers, others speaks aloud;
 To some she curtsies, and to some she dips,
 Complains of warmth, and this complaint avow'd,
 Her lover brings the lemonade,—she sips;
 She then surveys, condemns, but pities still
 Her dearest friends for being drest so ill.

LXVI.

One has false curls, another too much paint,
 A third—where did she buy that frightful turban?
 A fourth's so pale she fears she's going to faint;
 A fifth's look's vulgar, dowdyish, and suburban;
 A sixth's white silk has got a yellow taint;
 A seventh's thin muslin surely will be her bane;
 And lo! an eighth appears,—“I'll see no more!”
 For fear, like Banquo's kings, they reach a score.

LXVII.

Meantime, while she was thus at others gazing,
 Others were levelling their looks at her;
 She heard the men's half-whisper'd mode of praising,
 And, till 't was done, determined not to stir.
 The women only thought it quite amazing
 That at her time of life so many were
 Admirers still,—but men are so debased,
 Those brazen creatures always suit their taste.

LXVIII.

For my part, now, I ne'er could understand
 Why naughty women—but I won't discuss
 A thing which is a scandal to the land,
 I only don't see why it should be thus ;
 And if I were but in a gown and band,
 Just to entitle me to make a fuss,
 I'd preach on this till Wilberforce and Romilly
 Should quote in their next speeches from my homily.

LXIX.

While Laura thus was seen and seeing, smiling,
 Talking, she knew not why and cared not what,
 So that her female friends, with envy broiling,
 Beheld her airs and triumph, and all that ;
 And well-drest males still kept before her filing,
 And passing bow'd and mingled with her chat ;
 More than the rest one person seem'd to stare
 With pertinacity that 's rather rare.

LXX.

He was a Turk, the colour of mahogany ;
 And Laura saw him, and at first was glad,
 Because the Turks so much admire philogyny,
 Although their usage of their wives is sad ;
 'T is said they use no better than a dog any
 Poor woman, whom they purchase like a pad :
 They have a number, though they ne'er exhibit 'em,
 Four wives by law, and concubines " ad libitum."

LXXI.

They lock them up, and veil, and guard them daily,
 They scarcely can behold their male relations,
 So that their moments do not pass so gaily
 As is supposed the case with northern nations :
 Confinement, too, must make them look quite palely ;
 And as the Turks abhor long conversations,
 Their days are either past in doing nothing,
 Or bathing, nursing, making love, and clothing.

LXXII.

They cannot read, and so don't lisp in criticism ;
 Nor write, and so they don't affect the muse ;
 Were never caught in epigram or witticism,
 Have no romances, sermons, plays, reviews,—
 In harams learning soon would make a pretty schism !
 But luckily these beauties are no " blues,"
 No bustling Botherbys have they to show 'em
 " That charming passage in the last new poem."

LXXIII.

No solemn, antique gentleman of rhyme,
 Who, having angled all his life for fame,
 And getting but a nibble at a time,
 Still fussily keeps fishing on, the same
 Small "Triton of the minnows," the sublime
 Of mediocrity, the furious tame,
 The echo's echo, usher of the school
 Of female wits, boy-bards—in short, a fool!

LXXIV.

A stalking oracle of awful phrase,
 The approving "Good!" (by no means *Good* in law)
 Humming like flies around the newest blaze,
 The bluest of bluebottles you e'er saw;
 Teasing with blame, excruciating with praise,
 Gorging the little fame he gets all raw,
 Translating tongues he knows not even by letter,
 And sweating plays so middling, bad were better.

LXXV.

One hates an author that's *all author*, fellows
 In foolscap uniforms turn'd up with ink,
 So very anxious, clever, fine, and jealous,
 One don't know what to say to them, or think,
 Unless to puff them with a pair of bellows;
 Of coxcomby's worst coxcombs e'en the pink
 Are preferable to these shreds of paper,
 These unquench'd snuffings of the midnight taper.

LXXVI.

Of these same we see several, and of others,
 Men of the world, who know the world like men,
 Scott, Rogers, Moore, and all the better brothers,
 Who think of something else besides the pen;
 But for the children of the "mighty mother's,"
 The would-be wits and can't-be gentlemen,
 I leave them to their daily "tea is ready,"
 Smug coterie, and literary lady.

LXXVII.

The poor dear Mussulwomen whom I mention
 Have none of these instructive pleasant people;
 And *one* would seem to them a new invention,
 Unknown as bells within a Turkish steeple;
 I think 't would almost be worth while to pension
 (Though best-sown projects very often reap ill)
 A missionary author, just to preach
 Our Christian usage of the parts of speech.

LXXVIII.

No chemistry for them unfolds her gasses,
 No metaphysics are let loose in lectures,
 No circulating library amasses
 Religious novels, moral tales, and strictures
 Upon the living manners as they pass us ;
 No exhibition glares with annual pictures ;
 They stare not on the stars from out their attics,
 Nor deal (thank God for that) in mathematics.

LXXIX.

Why I thank God for that is no great matter,
 I have my reasons, you no doubt suppose,
 And as, perhaps, they would not highly flatter,
 I 'll keep them for my life (to come) in prose ;
 I fear I have a little turn for satire,
 And yet methinks the older that one grows
 Inclines us more to laugh than scold, though laughter
 Leaves us so doubly serious shortly after.

LXXX.

Oh, mirth and innocence ! oh, milk and water !
 Ye happy mixtures of more happy days !
 In these sad centuries of sin and slaughter,
 Abominable man no more allays
 His thirst with such pure beverage. No matter,
 I love you both, and both shall have my praise :
 Oh, for old Saturn's reign of sugar-candy !—
 Meantime I drink to your return in brandy.

LXXXI.

Our Laura's Turk still kept his eyes upon her,
 Less in the Mussulman than Christian way,
 Which seems to say, " Madam, I do you honour,
 And while I please to stare, you 'll please to stay."
 Could staring win a woman, this had won her,
 But Laura could not thus be led astray ;
 She had stood fire too long and well to boggle
 Even at this stranger's most outlandish ogle.

LXXXII.

The morning now was on the point of breaking,
 A turn of time at which I would advise
 Ladies who have been dancing, or partaking
 In any other kind of exercise,
 To make their preparations for forsaking
 The ball-room ere the sun begins to rise,
 Because when once the lamps and candles fail,
 His blushes make them look a little pale.

LXXXIII.

I've seen some balls and revels in my time,
 And staid them over for some silly reason,
 And then I look'd (I hope it was no crime)
 To see what lady best stood out the season;
 And though I've seen some thousands in their prime,
 Lovely and pleasing, and who still may please on,
 I never saw but one (the stars withdrawn),
 Whose bloom could after dancing dare the dawn.

LXXXIV.

The name of this Aurora I'll not mention,
 Although I might, for she was nought to me
 More than that patent work of God's invention,
 A charming woman, whom we like to see;
 But writing names would merit reprehension.
 Yet, if you like to find out this fair *she*,
 At the next London or Parisian ball
 You still may mark her cheek, out-blooming all.

LXXXV.

Laura, who knew it would not do at all
 To meet the day-light after seven hours' sitting
 Among three thousand people at a ball,
 To make her curtsy thought it right and fitting;
 The Count was at her elbow with her shawl,
 And they the room were on the point of quitting,
 When lo! those cursed gondoliers had got
 Just in the very place where they *should not*.

LXXXVI.

In this they're like our coachmen, and the cause
 Is much the same—they crowd, and pulling, hauling,
 With blasphemies enough to break their jaws,
 They make a never-intermitted bawling.
 At home, our Bow-street gemmen keep the laws,
 And here a sentry stands within your calling;
 But, for all that, there is a deal of swearing,
 And nauseous words past mentioning or bearing.

LXXXVII.

The Count and Laura found their boat at last,
 And homeward floated o'er the silent tide,
 Discussing all the dances gone and past;
 The dancers and their dresses, too, beside;
 Some little scandals eke: but all aghast
 (As to their palace stairs the rowers glide),
 Sate Laura by the side of her adorer,
 When lo! the Mussulman was there before her.

LXXXVIII.

“ Sir,” said the Count, with brow exceeding grave,
 “ Your unexpected presence here will make
 It necessary for myself to crave
 Its import! But perhaps ’t is a mistake;
 I hope it is so; and at once to wave
 All compliment, I hope so for *your* sake;
 You understand my meaning, or you *shall*.”
 “ Sir,” (quoth the Turk) “ ’t is no mistake at all.

LXXXIX.

“ That lady is *my wife!*” Much wonder paints
 The lady’s changing cheek, as well it might;
 But where an Englishwoman sometimes faints,
 Italian females don’t do so outright;
 They only call a little on their saints,
 And then come to themselves, almost or quite;
 Which saves much hartshorn, salts, and sprinkling faces,
 And cutting stays, as usual in such cases.

XC.

She said,—what could she say? why, not a word:
 But the Count courteously invited in
 The stranger, much appeased by what he heard.
 “ Such things perhaps we ’d best discuss within,”
 Said he; “ don’t let us make ourselves absurd
 In public, by a scene, nor raise a din,
 For then the chief and only satisfaction
 Will be much quizzing on the whole transaction.

XCI.

They enter’d, and for coffee call’d,—it came,
 A beverage for Turks and Christians both,
 Although the way they make it’s not the same.
 Now Laura, much recover’d, or less loth
 To speak, cries “ Beppo! what’s your pagan name?
 Bless me! your beard is of amazing growth!
 And how came you to keep away so long?
 Are you not sensible ’t was very wrong?”

XCII.

“ And are you *really, truly*, now a Turk?
 With any other women did you wive?
 Is ’t true they use their fingers for a fork?
 Well, that’s the prettiest shawl—as I’m alive!
 You’ll give it me? They say you eat no pork.
 And how so many years did you contrive
 To—Bless me! did I ever? No, I never
 Saw a man grown so yellow! How’s your liver?”

XCIII.

"Beppo! that beard of yours becomes you not,
 It shall be shaved before you 're a day older;
 Why do you wear it? Oh! I had forgot—
 Pray don't you think the weather here is colder?
 How do I look? You sha'n't stir from this spot
 In that queer dress, for fear that some beholder
 Should find you out, and make the story known.
 How short your hair is! Lord! how grey it 's grown!"

XCIV.

What answer Beppo made to these demands,
 Is more than I know. He was cast away
 About where Troy stood once, and nothing stands;
 Became a slave, of course, and for his pay
 Had bread and bastinadoes, till some bands
 Of pirates landing in a neighbouring bay,
 He join'd the rogues and prosper'd, and became
 A renegado of indifferent fame.

XCV.

But he grew rich, and with his riches grew so
 Keen the desire to see his home again,
 He thought himself in duty bound to do so,
 And not be always thieving on the main:
 Lonely he felt, at times, as Robin Crusoe;
 And so he hired a vessel come from Spain,
 Bound for Corfu; she was a fine polacca,
 Mann'd with twelve hands, and laden with tobacco.

XCVI.

Himself, and much (Heaven knows how gotten) cash,
 He then embark'd, with risk of life and limb,
 And got clear off, although the attempt was rash;
He said that Providence protected him—
 For my part, I say nothing, lest we clash
 In our opinions:—well, the ship was trim,
 Set sail, and kept her reckoning fairly on,
 Except three days of calm when off Cape Bonn.

XCVII.

They reach'd the island, he transferr'd his lading,
 And self and live-stock, to another bottom,
 And pass'd for a true Turkey-merchant, trading
 With goods of various names, but I've forgot 'em.
 However, he got off by this evading,
 Or else the people would perhaps have shot him;
 And thus at Venice landed to reclaim
 His wife, religion, house, and Christian name.

XCVIII.

His wife received, the patriarch re-baptized him
(He made the church a present by the way);
He then threw off the garments which disguised him,
And borrow'd the Count's small-clothes for a day:
His friends the more for his long absence prized him,
Finding he 'd wherewithal to make them gay
With dinners, where he oft became the laugh of them
For stories,—but *I* don't believe the half of them.

XCIX.

Whate'er his youth had suffer'd, his old age
With wealth and talking made him some amends;
Though Laura sometimes put him in a rage,
I've heard the Count and he were always friends.
My pen is at the bottom of a page,
Which being finish'd, here the story ends:
'T is to be wish'd it had been sooner done,
But stories somehow lengthen when begun.

NOTES.

Note 1. Stanza xii.

But such a woman—love in life!

This appears to be an incorrect description of the picture; as, according to Vasari and others, Giorgione never was married, and died young.—E.

Note 2. Stanza xiv.

Like the lost Piciad, seen no more below.

“*Quæ septem dici, sex tamen esse solent.*”—OVID.

Note 3. Stanza xxv.

His name Giuseppe, call'd more briefly, Beppo.

Beppo is the *Joe* of the Italian *Joseph*.

Note 4. Stanza xxxvii.

The Spaniards call the person a “*cortejo*.”

“*Cortejo*” is pronounced “*corteño*,” with an aspirate, according to the Arabesque guttural. It means what there is as yet no precise name for in England, though the practice is as common as in any tramontane country whatever.

Note 5. Stanza xlvi.

Raphael, who died in thy embrace.

For the received accounts of the cause of Raphael's death, see his Lives.

Note 6. Stanza lxi.

Stopped by the *elements*.

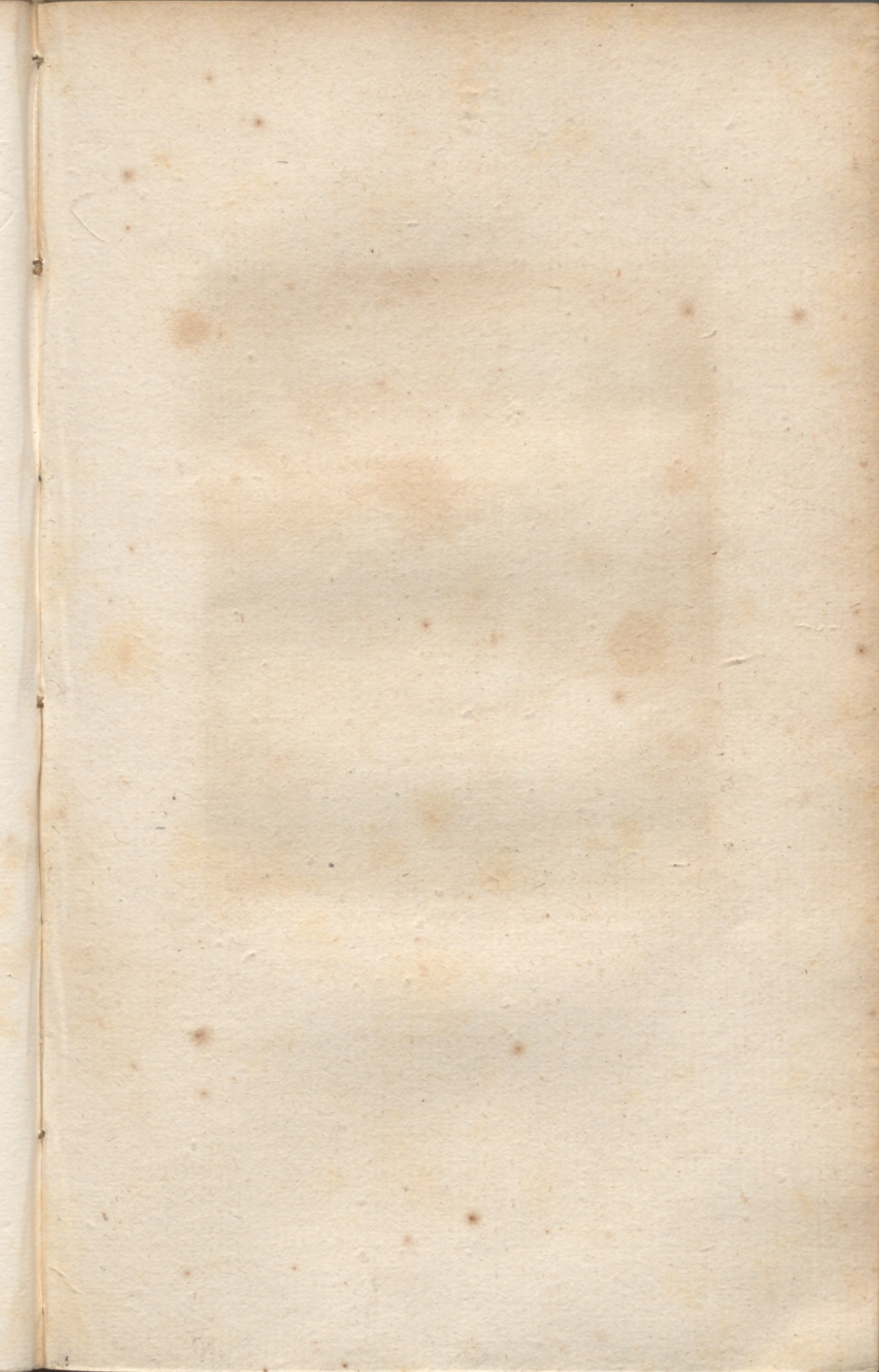
“When Brummell was obliged to retire to France, he knew no French, and having obtained a grammar for the purpose of study, our friend Scrope Davies was asked what progress Brummell had made in French: he responded, ‘that Brummell had been stopped, like Bonaparte in Russia, by the *elements*.’ I have put this pun into Beppo, which is ‘a fair exchange and no robbery;’ as Scrope made his fortune at several dinners (as he owned himself), by repeating occasionally, as his own, some of the buffooneries with which I had encountered him in the morning.”—*B. Diary*, 1821.

Note 7. Stanza lxiv.

They went to the Ridotto—'tis a place
To which I mean to go myself to-morrow.

In the margin of the original MS. Lord Byron has written—“January 19th, 1818. To-morrow will be a Sunday, and full Ridotto.”—E.







Drawn by J. G. Westall R.A.

Engraved by Chas. Heath.

MAZEPPA.

"I SAW THE EXPECTING RAVEN FLY,
"WHO SCARCE WOULD WAIT TILL BOTH SHOULD DIE,
"ERE HIS REPAST BEGUN;

Stanza 16.

PUBLISHED BY JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, DEC. 1. 1819.

MAZEPPA.*

* The copy of Mazeppa sent to England by Lord Byron, is in the handwriting of Theresa, Countess Guiccioli; and it is impossible not to suspect that the Poet had some circumstances of his own personal history in his mind, when he portrayed the fair Polish *Theresa*, her youthful lover, and the jealous rage of the old Count Palatine.—E.

ADVERTISEMENT.

“Celui qui remplissait alors cette place était un gentilhomme polonais, nommé Mazeppa, né dans le palatinat de Padolie; il avait été élevé page de Jean-Casimir, et avait pris à sa cour quelque teinture des belles-lettres. Une intrigue qu’il eut dans sa jeunesse avec la femme d’un gentilhomme polonais ayant été découverte, le mari le fit lier tout nu sur un cheval farouche, et le laissa aller en cet état. Le cheval, qui était du pays de l’Ukraine, y retourna, et y porta Mazeppa demi-mort de fatigue et de faim. Quelques paysans le secoururent: il resta long-temps parmi eux, et se signala dans plusieurs courses contre les Tartares. La supériorité de ses lumières lui donna une grande considération parmi les Cosaques: sa réputation, s’augmentant de jour en jour, obligea le czar à le faire prince de l’Ukraine.—VOLTAIRE, *Histoire de Charles XII*, p. 196.

“Le roi, fuyant et poursuivi, eut son cheval tué sous lui; le colonel Gieta, blessé et perdant tout son sang, lui donna le sien. Ainsi on remit deux fois à cheval, dans la fuite, ce conquérant qui n’avait pu y monter pendant la bataille.”—p. 216.

“Le roi alla par un autre chemin avec quelques cavaliers. Le carrosse où il était rompit dans la marche: on le remit à cheval. Pour comble de disgrâce, il s’égara pendant la nuit dans un bois; là, son courage ne pouvant plus suppléer à ses forces épuisées, les douleurs de sa blessure devenues plus insupportables par la fatigue, son cheval étant tombé de lassitude, il se coucha quelques heures au pied d’un arbre, en danger d’être surpris à tout moment par les vainqueurs qui le cherchaient de tous côtés.”—p. 218.

MAZEPPA.

I.

'T WAS after dread Pultowa's day,
When fortune left the royal Swede ;
Around a slaughter'd army lay,
No more to combat and to bleed.
The power and glory of the war,
Faithless as their vain votaries, men,
Had pass'd to the triumphant Czar,
And Moscow's walls were safe again,
Until a day more dark and drear,
And a more memorable year,
Should give to slaughter and to shame
A mightier host and haughtier name ;
A greater wreck, a deeper fall,
A shock to one—a thunderbolt to all.

II.

Such was the hazard of the die :
The wounded Charles was taught to fly
By day and night through field and flood,
Stain'd with his own and subjects' blood ;
For thousands fell that flight to aid :
And not a voice was heard to upbraid
Ambition in his humbled hour,
When truth had nought to dread from power.
His horse was slain, and Gieta gave
His own—and died the Russian's slave.
This too sinks after many a league
Of well-sustain'd, but vain fatigue ;
And in the depth of forests, darkling
The watch-fires in the distance sparkling—

The beacons of surrounding foes—
 A king must lay his limbs at length.
 Are these the laurels and repose
 For which the nations strain their strength?
 They laid him by a savage tree,
 In out-worn nature's agony ;
 His wounds were stiff—his limbs were stark—
 The heavy hour was chill and dark ;
 The fever in his blood forbade
 A transient slumber's fitful aid :
 And thus it was ; but yet, through all,
 King-like the monarch bore his fall,
 And made, in this extreme of ill,
 His pangs the vassals of his will ;
 All silent and subdued were they,
 As once the nations round him lay.

III.

A band of chiefs !—alas ! how few ,
 Since but the fleeting of a day
 Had thinn'd it ; but this wreck was true
 And chivalrous ; upon the clay
 Each sate him down, all sad and mute,
 Beside his monarch and his steed,
 For danger levels man and brute,
 And all are fellows in their need.
 Among the rest, Mazeppa made
 His pillow in an old oak's shade—
 Himself as rough, and scarce less old,
 The Ukraine's hetman, calm and bold.
 But first, outspent with this long course,
 The Cossack prince rubb'd down his horse,
 And made for him a leafy bed,
 And smooth'd his fetlocks and his mane,
 And slack'd his girth, and stripp'd his rein,
 And joy'd to see how well he fed ;
 For until now he had the dread
 His wearied courser might refuse
 To browse beneath the midnight dews :
 But he was hardy as his lord,
 And little cared for bed and board,
 But spirited and docile too,
 Whate'er was to be done, would do ;
 Shaggy and swift, and strong of limb,
 All Tartar-like he carried him ;
 Obey'd his voice, and came to call,
 And knew him in the midst of all :

Though thousands were around,—and night,
 Without a star, pursued her flight,—
 That steed from sunset until dawn
 His chief would follow like a fawn.

IV.

This done, Mazeppa spread his cloak,
 And laid his lance beneath his oak,
 Felt if his arms in order good
 The long day's march had well withstood—
 If still the powder fill'd the pan,
 And flints unloosen'd kept their lock—
 His sabre's hilt and scabbard felt,
 And whether they had chafed his belt—
 And next the venerable man,
 From out his haversack and can,
 Prepared and spread his slender stock ;
 And to the monarch and his men
 The whole or portion offer'd then,
 With far less of inquietude
 Than courtiers at a banquet would.
 And Charles of this his slender share
 With smiles partook a moment there,
 To force of cheer a greater show,
 And seem above both wounds and woe ;
 And then he said—" Of all our band,
 Though firm of heart and strong of hand,
 In skirmish, march, or forage, none
 Can less have said, or more have done,
 Than thee, Mazeppa ! On the earth
 So fit a pair had never birth,
 Since Alexander's days till now,
 As thy Bucephalus and thou :
 All Scythia's fame to thine should yield
 For pricking on o'er flood and field."
 Mazeppa answer'd—" Ill betide
 The school wherein I learn'd to ride !"
 Quoth Charles—" Old hetman, wherefore so,
 Since thou hast learn'd the art so well ?"
 Mazeppa said—" 'T were long to tell ;
 And we have many a league to go
 With every now and then a blow,
 And ten to one at least the foe,
 Before our steeds may graze at ease
 Beyond the swift Borysthenes :
 And, sire, your limbs have need of rest.
 And I will be the sentinel
 Of this your troop."—" But I request,"
 Said Sweden's monarch, " thou wilt tell

This tale of thine, and I may reap
Perchance from this the boon of sleep ;
For at this moment from my eyes
The hope of present slumber flies."

"Well, sire, with such a hope, I'll track
My seventy years of memory back :
I think 't was in my twentieth spring,—
Ay, 't was,—when Casimir was king—
John Casimir,—I was his page
Six summers in my earlier age ;
A learned monarch, faith ! was he,
And most unlike your majesty :
He made no wars, and did not gain
New realms to lose them back again ;
And (save debates in Warsaw's diet)
He reign'd in most unseemly quiet ;
Not that he had no cares to vex,
He loved the muses and the sex ;
And sometimes these so froward are,
They made him wish himself at war :
But soon his wrath being o'er, he took
Another mistress, or new book :
And then he gave prodigious fêtes—
All Warsaw gather'd round his gates
To gaze upon his splendid court,
And dames, and chiefs, of princely port :
He was the Polish Solomon,
So sung his poets, all but one,
Who, being unpension'd, made a satire,
And boasted that he could not flatter.
It was a court of jousts and mimes,
Where every courtier tried at rhymes ;
Even I for once produced some verses,
And sign'd my odes, Despairing Thirsis.
There was a certain Palatine,
A count of far and high descent,
Rich as a salt or silver mine ; *
And he was proud, ye may divine,
As if from heaven he had been sent :
He had such wealth in blood and ore,
As few could match beneath the throne,
And he would gaze upon his store,
And o'er his pedigree would pore,
Until by some confusion led,
Which almost look'd like want of head,
He thought their merits were his own.

* This comparison of a "salt mine" may perhaps be permitted to a Pole, as the wealth of the country consists greatly in the salt mines.

His wife was not of his opinion—
 His junior she by thirty years—
 Grew daily tired of his dominion ;
 And, after wishes, hopes, and fears,
 To virtue a few farewell tears,
 A restless dream or two, some glances
 At Warsaw's youth, some songs, and dances,
 Awaited but the usual chances,
 Those happy accidents which render
 The coldest dames so very tender,
 To deck her count with titles given,
 'T is said, as passports into heaven ;
 But, strange to say, they rarely boast
 Of these who have deserved them most.

V.

“ I was a goodly stripling then ;
 At seventy years I so may say,
 That there were few, or boys or men,
 Who, in my dawning time of day,
 Of vassal or of knight's degree,
 Could vie in vanities with me ;
 For I had strength, youth, gaiety,
 A port not like to this you see,
 But smooth, as all is rugged now ;
 For time, and care, and war, have plough'd
 My very soul from out my brow ;
 And thus I should be disavow'd
 By all my kind and kin, could they
 Compare my day and yesterday.
 This change was wrought, too, long ere age
 Had ta'en my features for his page :
 With years, ye know, have not declined
 My strength, my courage, or my mind,
 Or at this hour I should not be
 Telling old tales beneath a tree,
 With starless skies my canopy.
 But let me on : Theresa's form—
 Methinks it glides before me now,
 Between me and yon chestnut's bough,
 The memory is so quick and warm ;
 And yet I find no words to tell
 The shape of her I loved so well :
 She had the Asiatic eye,
 Such as our Turkish neighbourhood
 Hath mingled with our Polish blood,
 Dark as above us is the sky ;

But through it stole a tender light,
 Like the first moonrise at midnight ;
 Large, dark, and swimming in the stream,
 Which seem'd to melt to its own beam ;
 All love, half languor, and half fire,
 Like saints that at the stake expire,
 And lift their raptured looks on high,
 As though it were a joy to die.
 A brow like a midsummer lake,
 Transparent with the sun therein,
 When waves no murmur dare to make,
 And heaven beholds her face within.
 A cheek and lip—but why proceed ?
 I loved her then—I love her still ;
 And such as I am, love indeed
 In fierce extremes—in good and ill.
 But still we love even in our rage,
 And haunted to our very age
 With the vain shadow of the past,
 As is Mazeppa to the last.

VI.

“ We met—we gazed—I saw, and sigh'd ;
 She did not speak, and yet replied ;
 There are ten thousand tones and signs
 We hear and see, but none defines—
 Involuntary sparks of thought,
 Which strike from out the heart o'erwrought,
 And form a strange intelligence,
 Alike mysterious and intense,
 Which link the burning chain that binds,
 Without their will, young hearts and minds ;
 Conveying, as the electric wire,
 We know not how, the absorbing fire.—
 I saw, and sigh'd—in silence wept,
 And still reluctant distance kept,
 Until I was made known to her,
 And we might then and there confer
 Without suspicion—then, even then,
 I long'd, and was resolved to speak,
 But on my lips they died again,
 The accents tremulous and weak,
 Until one hour.—There is a game,
 A frivolous and foolish play,
 Wherewith we while away the day ;
 It is—I have forgot the name—
 And we to this, it seems, were set,
 By some strange chance, which I forget :

I reck'd not if I won or lost,
 It was enough for me to be
 So near to hear, and oh! to see
 The being whom I loved the most.—
 I watch'd her as a sentinel,
 (May ours this dark night watch as well!)
 Until I saw, and thus it was,
 That she was pensive, nor perceived
 Her occupation, nor was grieved
 Nor glad to lose or gain; but still
 Play'd on for hours, as if her will
 Yet bound her to the place, though not
 That hers might be the winning lot.
 Then through my brain the thought did pass
 Even as a flash of lightning there,
 That there was something in her air
 Which would not doom me to despair;
 And on the thought my words broke forth;
 All incoherent as they were—
 Their eloquence was little worth,
 But yet she listen'd—'t is enough—
 Who listens once will listen twice;
 Her heart, be sure, is not of ice,
 And one refusal no rebuff.

VII.

" I loved, and was beloved again—
 They tell me, Sire, you never knew
 Those gentle frailties; if 't is true,
 I shorten all my joy or pain,
 To you 't would seem absurd as vain;
 But all men are not born to reign,
 Or o'er their passions, or, as you,
 Thus o'er themselves and nations too.
 I am—or rather *was*—a prince,
 A chief of thousands, and could lead
 Them on where each would foremost bleed;
 But could not o'er myself evince
 The like control.—But to resume:
 I loved, and was beloved again;
 In sooth, it is a happy doom,
 But ye where happiest ends in pain.—
 We met in secret, and the hour
 Which led me to that lady's bower
 Was fiery expectation's dower.
 My days and nights were nothing—all
 Except that hour, which doth recall

In the long lapse from youth to age
 No other like itself—I'd give
 The Ukraine back again to live
 It o'er once more—and be a page,
 The happy page, who was the lord
 Of one soft heart, and his own sword,
 And had no other gem nor wealth
 Save nature's gift of youth and health.—
 We met in secret—doubly sweet,
 Some say, they find it so to meet ;
 I know not that—I would have given
 My life but to have call'd her mine
 In the full view of earth and heaven ;
 For I did oft and long repine
 That we could only meet by stealth.

VIII.

“For lovers there are many eyes,
 And such there were on us :—the devil
 On such occasions should be civil—
 The devil !—I'm loth to do him wrong.
 It might be some untoward saint,
 Who would not be at rest too long,
 But to his pious bile gave vent—
 But one fair night, some lurking spies
 Surprised and seized us both.
 The Count was something more than wroth—
 I was unarm'd ; but if in steel,
 All cap-à-pie, from head to heel,
 What 'gainst their numbers could I do ?
 'T was near his castle, far away
 From city or from succour near,
 And almost on the break of day :
 I did not think to see another,
 My moments seem'd reduced to few ;
 And with one prayer to Mary Mother,
 And, it may be, a saint or two,
 As I resign'd me to my fate,
 They led me to the castle gate :
 Theresa's doom I never knew,
 Our lot was henceforth separate.—
 An angry man, ye may opine,
 Was he, the proud Count Palatine ;
 And he had reason good to be,
 But he was most enraged lest such
 An accident should chance to touch
 Upon his future pedigree ;
 Nor less amazed, that such a blot
 His noble 'scutcheon should have got,

While he was highest of his line :
 Because unto himself he seem'd
 The first of men, nor less he deem'd
 In others' eyes, and most in mine.
 'Sdeath ! with a *page*—perchance a king
 Had reconciled him to the thing :
 But with a stripling of a *page*—
 I felt—but cannot paint his rage.

IX.

“ ‘Bring forth the horse!’—the horse was brought ;
 In truth he was a noble steed,
 A Tartar of the Ukraine breed,
 Who look'd as though the speed of thought
 Were in his limbs : but he was wild,
 Wild as the wild deer, and untaught,
 With spur and bridle undefiled—
 'T was but a day he had been caught ;
 And snorting, with erected mane,
 And struggling fiercely, but in vain,
 In the full foam of wrath and dread,
 To me the desert-born was led :
 They bound me on, that menial throng,
 Upon his back with many a thong,
 Then loosed him with a sudden lash—
 Away !—away !—and on we dash !
 Torrents less rapid and less rash.

X.

“ Away !—away !—My breath was gone—
 I saw not where he hurried on :
 'T was scarcely yet the break of day,
 And on he foam'd—away !—away !
 The last of human sounds which rose,
 As I was darted from my foes,
 Was the wild shout of savage laughter,
 Which on the wind came roaring after
 A moment from that rabble rout :
 With sudden wrath I wrench'd my head,
 And snapp'd the cord, which to the mane
 Had bound my neck in lieu of rein,
 And writhing half my form about,
 Howl'd back my curse ; but 'midst the tread,
 The thunder of my courser's speed,
 Perchance they did not hear nor heed :
 It vexes me—for I would fain
 Have paid their insult back again.

I paid it well in after days :
 There is not of that castle gate,
 Its drawbridge and portcullis' weight,
 Stone, bar, moat, bridge, or barrier left ;
 Nor of its fields a blade of grass,
 Save what grows on a ridge of wall,
 Where stood the hearth-stone of the hall ;
 And many a time ye there might pass,
 Nor dream that e'er that fortress was :
 I saw its turrets in a blaze,
 Their crackling battlements all cleft,
 And the hot lead pour down like rain
 From off the scorch'd and blackening roof,
 Whose thickness was not vengeance proof.
 They little thought, that day of pain,
 When launch'd, as on the lightning's flash,
 They bade me to destruction dash,
 That one day I should come again,
 With twice five thousand horse, to thank
 The Count for his uncourteous ride.
 They play'd me then a bitter prank,
 When, with the wild horse for my guide,
 They bound me to his foaming flank :
 At length I play'd them one as frank—
 For time at last sets all things even—
 And if we do but watch the hour,
 There never yet was human power
 Which could evade, if unforgiven,
 The patient search and vigil long
 Of him who treasures up a wrong.

XI.

" Away! away! My steed and I,
 Upon the pinions of the wind,
 All human dwellings left behind ;
 We sped like meteors through the sky,
 When with its crackling sound the night
 Is chequer'd with the northern light :
 Town—village— none were on our track,
 But a wild plain of far extent,
 And bounded by a forest black :
 And, save the scarce-seen battlement
 On distant heights of some strong hold,
 Against the Tartars built of old,
 No trace of man. The year before
 A Turkish army had march'd o'er ;
 And where the Spahi's hoof hath trod,
 The verdure flies the bloody sod :—

The sky was dull, and dim, and grey,
 And a low breeze crept moaning by—
 I could have answer'd with a sigh—
 But fast we fled, away, away—
 And I could neither sigh nor pray ;
 And my cold sweat-drops fell like rain
 Upon the courser's bristling mane :
 But, snorting still with rage and fear,
 He flew upon his far career :
 At times I almost thought, indeed,
 He must have slacken'd in his speed :
 But no—my bound and slender frame
 Was nothing to his angry might,
 And merely like a spur became :
 Each motion which I made to free
 My swoln limbs from their agony
 Increased his fury and affright :
 I tried my voice,—'t was faint and low,
 But yet he swerved as from a blow ;
 And, starting to each accent, sprang
 As from a sudden trumpet's clang :
 Meantime my cords were wet with gore,
 Which, oozing through my limbs, ran o'er ;
 And in my tongue the thirst became
 A something fierier far than flame.

XII.

“ We near'd the wild wood—'t was so wide,
 I saw no bounds on either side ;
 'T was studded with old sturdy trees,
 That bent not to the roughest breeze
 Which howls down from Siberia's waste,
 And strips the forest in its haste,—
 But these were few, and far between,
 Set thick with shrubs more young and green,
 Luxuriant with their annual leaves,
 Ere strown by those autumnal eyes
 That nip the forest's foliage dead,
 Discolour'd with a lifeless red,
 Which stands thereon like stiffen'd gore
 Upon the slain when battle 's o'er,
 And some long winter's night hath shed
 Its frost o'er every tombless head,
 So cold and stark the raven's beak
 May peck unpierced each frozen cheek.
 'T was a wild waste of underwood,
 And here and there a chestnut stood,

The strong oak, and the hardy pine ;
 But far apart—and well it were,
 Or else a different lot were mine.—
 The boughs gave way, and did not tear
 My limbs ; and I found strength to bear
 My wounds, already scarr'd with cold—
 My bonds forbade to loose my hold.
 We rustled through the leaves like wind,
 Left shrubs, and trees, and wolves behind :
 By night I heard them on the track,
 Their troop came hard upon our back,
 With their long gallop, which can tire
 The hound's deep hate, and hunter's fire :
 Where'er we flew they follow'd on,
 Nor left us with the morning sun ;
 Behind I saw them, scarce a rood,
 At day-break winding through the wood,
 And through the night had heard their feet
 Their stealing, rustling step repeat.
 Oh ! how I wish'd for spear or sword,
 At least to die amidst the horde,
 And perish—if it must be so—
 At bay, destroying many a foe !
 When first my courser's race begun,
 I wish'd the goal already won ;
 But now I doubted strength and speed.
 Vain doubt ! his swift and savage breed
 Had nerved him like the mountain-roe ;
 Nor faster falls the blinding snow,
 Which whelms the peasant near the door
 Whose threshold he shall cross no more,
 Bewilder'd with the dazzling blast,
 Than through the forest-paths he past—
 Untired, untamed, and worse than wild ;
 All furious as a favour'd child
 Balk'd of its wish ; or, fiercer still—
 A woman piqued—who has her will.

XIII.

“ The wood was past ; 't was more than noon ;
 But chill the air, although in June :
 Or it might be my veins ran cold—
 Prolong'd endurance tames the bold :
 And I was then not what I seem,
 But headlong as a wintry stream,
 And wore my feelings out before
 I well could count their causes o'er :
 And what with fury, fear, and wrath,
 The tortures which beset my path,

Cold, hunger, sorrow, shame, distress,
 Thus bound in nature's nakedness ;
 Sprung from a race whose rising blood,
 When stirr'd beyond its calmer mood,
 And trodden hard upon, is like
 The rattle-snake's, in act to strike :
 What marvel if this worn-out trunk
 Beneath its woes a moment sunk ?
 The earth gave way, the skies roll'd round,
 I seem'd to sink upon the ground ;
 But err'd, for I was fastly bound.
 My heart turn'd sick, my brain grew sore,
 And throbb'd awhile, then beat no more :
 The skies spun like a mighty wheel ;
 I saw the trees like drunkards reel,
 And a slight flash sprang o'er my eyes,
 Which saw no farther : he who dies
 Can die no more than then I died.
 O'ertortured by that ghastly ride,
 I felt the blackness come and go,
 And strove to wake ; but could not make
 My senses climb up from below :
 I felt as on a plank at sea,
 When all the waves that dash o'er thee,
 At the same time upheave and whelm,
 And hurl thee towards a desert realm.
 My undulating life was as
 The fancied lights that flitting pass
 Our shut eyes in deep midnight, when
 Fever begins upon the brain ;
 But soon it pass'd, with little pain,
 But a confusion worse than such :
 I own that I should deem it much,
 Dying, to feel the same again ;
 And yet I do suppose we must
 Feel far more ere we turn to dust :
 No matter ; I have bared my brow
 Full in Death's face—before—and now.

XIV.

“ My thoughts came back ; where was I? Cold,
 And numb, and giddy : pulse by pulse
 Life reassumed its lingering hold,
 And throb by throb ; till grown a pang
 Which for a moment would convulse,
 My blood reflow'd, though thick and chill ;
 My ear with uncouth noises rang,
 My heart began once more to thrill ;

My sight return'd, though dim, alas!
 And thicken'd, as it were, with glass.
 Methought the dash of waves was nigh;
 There was a gleam too of the sky,
 Studded with stars;—it is no dream;
 The wild horse swims the wilder stream!
 The bright broad river's gushing tide
 Sweeps, winding onward, far and wide,
 And we are half-way struggling o'er
 To yon unknown and silent shore.
 The waters broke my hollow trance,
 And with a temporary strength
 My stiffen'd limbs were rebaptized.
 My courser's broad breast proudly braves,
 And dashes off the ascending waves,
 And onward we advance!
 We reach the slippery shore at length,
 A haven I but little prized,
 For all behind was dark and drear.
 And all before was night and fear.
 How many hours of night or day
 In those suspended pangs I lay,
 I could not tell; I scarcely knew
 If this were human breath I drew.

XV.

“With glossy skin, and dripping mane,
 And reeling limbs, and reeking flank,
 The wild steed's sinewy nerves still strain
 Up the repelling bank.
 We gain the top: a boundless plain
 Spreads through the shadow of the night,
 And onward, onward, onward, seems
 Like precipices in our dreams,
 To stretch beyond the sight;
 And here and there a speck of white,
 Or scatter'd spot of dusky green,
 In masses broke into the light,
 As rose the moon upon my right.
 But nought distinctly seen
 In the dim waste, would indicate
 The omen of a cottage gate;
 No twinkling taper from afar
 Stood like an hospitable star;
 Not even an ignis-fatuus rose
 To make him merry with my woes:

That very cheat had cheer'd me then !
 Although detected, welcome still,
 Reminding me, through every ill,
 Of the abodes of men.

XVI.

“ Onward we went—but slack and slow,
 His savage force at length o'erspent,
 The drooping courser, faint and low,
 All feebly foaming went.
 A sickly infant had had power
 To guide him forward in that hour ;
 But useless all to me.
 His new-born tameness nought avail'd—
 My limbs were bound ; my force had fail'd,
 Perchance, had they been free.
 With feeble effort still I tried
 To rend the bonds so starkly tied—
 But still it was in vain ;
 My limbs were only wrung the more,
 And soon the idle strife gave o'er,
 Which but prolong'd their pain :
 The dizzy race seem'd almost done,
 Although no goal was nearly won :
 Some streaks announced the coming sun—
 How slow, alas ! he came !
 Methought that mist of dawning grey
 Would never dapple into day ;
 How heavily it roll'd away—
 Before the eastern flame
 Rose crimson, and deposed the stars,
 And call'd the radiance from their cars,
 And fill'd the earth, from his deep throne,
 With lonely lustre, all his own.

XVII.

“ Up rose the sun ; the mists were curl'd
 Back from the solitary world
 Which lay around—behind—before :
 What boot'd it to traverse o'er
 Plain, forest, river ? Man nor brute,
 Nor dint of hoof, nor print of foot,
 Lay in the wild luxuriant soil ;
 No sign of travel—none of toil ;
 The very air was mute ;
 And not an insect's shrill small horn,
 Nor matin bird's new voice was borne

From herb nor thicket. Many a werst,
 Panting as if his heart would burst,
 The weary brute still stagger'd on ;
 And still we were—or seem'd alone :
 At length, while reeling on our way,
 Methought I heard a courser neigh,
 From out yon tuft of blackening firs.
 Is it the wind those branches stirs ?
 No, no ! from out the forest prance

A trampling troop ; I see them come !
 In one vast squadron they advance !

I strove to cry—my lips were dumb.
 The steeds rush on in plunging pride ;
 But where are they the reins to guide ?
 A thousand horse—and none to ride !
 With flowing tail, and flying mane,
 Wide nostrils—never stretch'd by pain,
 Mouths bloodless to the bit or rein,
 And feet that iron never shod,
 And flanks unscarr'd by spur or rod.
 A thousand horse, the wild, the free,
 Like waves that follow o'er the sea,

Came thickly thundering on,
 As if our faint approach to meet ;
 The sight re-nerved my courser's feet,
 A moment staggering, feebly fleet,
 A moment with a faint low neigh

He answer'd, and then fell ;
 With gasps and glazing eyes he lay,
 And reeking limbs immoveable—

His first and last career is done !
 On came the troop—they saw him stoop,
 They saw me strangely bound along
 His back with many a bloody thong :
 They stop—they start—they snuff the air,
 Gallop a moment here and there,
 Approach, retire, wheel round and round,
 Then plunging back with sudden bound,
 Headed by one black mighty steed,
 Who seem'd the patriarch of his breed,

Without a single speck or hair
 Of white upon his shaggy hide ;
 They snort—they foam—neigh—swerve aside,
 And backward to the forest fly,
 By instinct, from a human eye.

They left me there, to my despair,
 Link'd to the dead and stiffening wretch,
 Whose lifeless limbs beneath me stretch,

Relieved from that unwonted weight,
 From whence I could not extricate
 Nor him nor me—and there we lay

The dying on the dead!
 I little deem'd another day

Would see my houseless, helpless head.
 And there from morn till twilight bound,
 I left the heavy hours toil round,
 With just enough of life to see
 My last of suns go down on me,
 In hopeless certainty of mind,
 That makes us feel at length resign'd
 To that which our foreboding years
 Presents the worst and last of fears
 Inevitable—even a boon,
 Nor more unkind for coming soon:
 Yet shunn'd and dreaded with such care,
 As if it only were a snare

That prudence might escape:
 At times both wish'd for and implored,
 At times sought with self-pointed sword,
 Yet still a dark and hideous close
 To even intolerable woes,

And welcome in no shape.
 And, strange to say, the sons of pleasure,
 They who have revell'd beyond measure
 In beauty, wassail, wine, and treasure,
 Die calm, and calmer oft than he
 Whose heritage was misery:
 For he who hath in turn run through
 All that was beautiful and new,

Hath nought to hope, and nought to leave;
 And, save the future (which is view'd
 Not quite as men are base or good,
 But as their nerves may be endued),

With nought perhaps to grieve.
 The wretch still hopes his woes must end,
 And Death, whom he should deem his friend,
 Appears to his distemper'd eyes
 Arrived to rob him of his prize,
 The tree of his new Paradise.

To-morrow would have given him all,
 Repaid his pangs, repair'd his fall:
 To-morrow would have been the first
 Of days no more deplored or curst,
 But bright, and long, and beckoning years,
 Seen dazzling through the mist of tears,
 Guerdon of many a painful hour;
 To-morrow would have given him power

To rule, to shine, to save—
And must it dawn upon his grave ?

XVIII.

“ The sun was sinking—still I lay
Chain'd to the chill and stiffening steed—
I thought to mingle there our clay ;
And my dim eyes of death had need,
No hope arose of being freed :
I cast my last looks up the sky,
And there between me and the sun
I saw the expecting raven fly,
Who scarce would wait till both should die,
Ere his repast begun ;
He flew, and perch'd, then flew once more,
And each time nearer than before ;
I saw his wing through twilight slit,
And once so near me he alit
I could have smote, but lack'd the strength ;
But the slight motion of my hand,
And feeble scratching of the sand,
The exerted throat's faint struggling noise,
Which scarcely could be call'd a voice,
Together scared him off at length.—
I know no more—my latest dream
Is something of a lovely star
Which fix'd my dull eyes from afar,
And went and came with wandering beam,
And of the cold, dull, swimming, dense
Sensation of recurring sense,
And then subsiding back to death,
And then again a little breath,
A little thrill, a short suspense,
An icy sickness curdling o'er
My heart, and sparks that cross'd my brain—
A gasp, a throb, a start of pain,
A sigh, and nothing more.

XIX.

“ I woke—Where was I!—Do I see
A human face look down on me ?
And doth a roof above me close ?
Do these limbs on a couch repose ?
Is this a chamber where I lie ?
And is it mortal yon bright eye,

That watches me with gentle glance?
 I closed my own again once more,
 As doubtful that the former trance
 Could not as yet be o'er.
 A slender girl, long-hair'd, and tall,
 Sate watching by the cottage wall;
 The sparkle of her eye I caught,
 Even with my first return of thought;
 For ever and anon she threw
 A prying, pitying glance on me
 With her black eyes so wild and free:
 I gazed, and gazed, until I knew
 No vision it could be,—
 But that I lived, and was released
 From adding to the vulture's feast:
 And when the Cossack maid beheld
 My heavy eyes at length unseal'd,
 She smiled—and I essay'd to speak,
 But fail'd—and she approach'd, and made
 With lip and finger signs that said,
 I must not strive as yet to break
 The silence, till my strength should be
 Enough to leave my accents free;
 And then her hand on mine she laid,
 And smooth'd the pillow for my head,
 And stole along on tiptoe tread,
 And gently oped the door, and spake
 In whispers—ne'er was voice so sweet!
 Even music follow'd her light feet!
 But those she call'd were not awake,
 And she went forth; but, ere she pass'd,
 Another look on me she cast,
 Another sign she made, to say,
 That I had nought to fear, that all
 Were near, at my command or call,
 And she would not delay
 Her due return;—while she was gone,
 Methought I felt too much alone.

XX.

“She came with mother and with sire—
 What need of more?—I will not tire
 With long recital of the rest,
 Since I became the Cossacks' guest:
 They found me senseless on the plain—
 They bore me to the nearest hut—
 They brought me into life again—
 Me—one day o'er their realm to reign!

Thus the vain fool who strove to glut
His rage, refining on my pain,
Sent me forth to the wilderness,
Bound, naked, bleeding, and alone,
To pass the desert to a throne.—
What mortal his own doom may guess?
Let none despond, let none despair!
To-morrow the Borysthenes
May see our coursers graze at ease
Upon his Turkish bank,—and never
Had I such welcome for a river
As I shall yield when safely there.
Comrades, good night!"—The Hetman threw
His length beneath the oak-tree shade,
With leafy couch already made,
A bed nor comfortless nor new
To him, who took his rest whene'er
The hour arrived, no matter where:—
His eyes the hastening slumbers steep.
And if ye marvel Charles forgot
To thank his tale, *he* wonder'd not,—
The king had been an hour asleep.

THE

PROPHECY OF DANTE.

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

CAMPBELL.

DEDICATION.*

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

Ravenna, June 21, 1819.

* This poem is dedicated to the Countess Guiccioli.—E.

PREFACE.

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

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

Amongst the inconveniences of authors in the present day, it is difficult for any who have a name, good or bad, to escape translation. I have had the fortune to see the fourth canto of *Childe Harold* translated into Italian *versi sciolti*—that is, a poem written in the *Spenserean stanza* into *blank verse*, without regard to the natural divisions of the stanza, or of the sense. If the present poem, being on a national topic, should chance to undergo the same fate, I would request the Italian reader to remember, that when I have failed in the imitation of his great “Padre Alighier,” I have failed in imitating that which all study and few understand; since to this very day it is not yet settled what was the meaning of the allegory in the first canto of the *Inferno*,

unless Count Marchetti's ingenious and probable conjecture may be considered as having decided the question.

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

THE
PROPHECY OF DANTE.

CANTO I.

ONCE more in man's frail world! which I had left
So long that 't was forgotten; and I feel
The weight of clay again,—too soon bereft
Of the immortal vision which could heal
My earthly sorrows, and to God's own skies
Lift me from that deep gulf without repeal,
Where late my ears rung with the damned cries
Of souls in hopeless bale; and from that place
Of lesser torment, whence men may arise
Pure from the fire to join the angelic race;
'Midst whom my own bright Beatricē bless'd
My spirit with her light; and to the base
Of the Eternal Triad! first, last, best,
Mysterious, three, sole, infinite, great God!
Soul universal! led the mortal guest,
Unblasted by the glory, though he trod
From star to star to reach the almighty throne.
Oh Beatricē! whose sweet limbs the sod
So long hath press'd, and the cold marble stone,
Thou sole pure seraph of my earliest love,
Love so ineffable, and so alone,
That nought on earth could more my bosom move,
And meeting thee in heaven was but to meet
That without which my soul, like the arkless dove,
Had wander'd still in search of, nor her feet

Relieved her wing till found ; without thy light
 My paradise had still been incomplete. ²
 Since my tenth sun gave summer to my sight
 Thou wert my life, the essence of my thought, ⁵
 Loved ere I knew the name of love, and bright
 Still in these dim old eyes, now overwrought
 With the world's war, and years, and banishment,
 And tears for thee, by other woes untaught :
 For mine is not a nature to be bent
 By tyrannous faction, and the brawling crowd ;
 And though the long, long conflict hath been spent
 In vain, and never more, save when the cloud
 Which overhangs the Apennine, my mind's eye
 Pierces to fancy Florence, once so proud
 Of me, can I return, though but to die,
 Unto my native soil, they have not yet
 Quench'd the old exile's spirit, stern and high.
 But the sun, though not overcast, must set,
 And the night cometh ; I am old in days,
 And deeds, and contemplation, and have met
 Destruction face to face in all his ways.
 The world hath left me, what it found me—pure ;
 And if I have not gather'd yet its praise,
 I sought it not by any baser lure.
 Man wrongs, and Time avenges ; and my name
 May form a monument not all obscure,
 Though such was not my ambition's end or aim,
 To add to the vain glorious list of those
 Who dabble in the pettiness of fame,
 And make men's fickle breath the wind that blows
 Their sail, and deem it glory to be class'd
 With conquerors, and virtue's other foes,
 In bloody chronicles of ages past.
 I would have had my Florence great and free : ⁴
 Oh Florence ! Florence ! unto me thou wast
 Like that Jerusalem which the Almighty He
 Wept over, " but thou wouldst not." As the bird
 Gathers its young, I would have gather'd thee
 Beneath a parent pinion, hadst thou heard
 My voice ; but as the adder, deaf and fierce,
 Against the breast that cherish'd thee was stirr'd
 Thy venom, and my state thou didst amerce,
 And doom this body forfeit to the fire.
 Alas ! how bitter is his country's curse
 To him who *for* that country would expire !
 But did not merit to expire *by* her,
 And loves her, loves her even in her ire.
 The day may come when she will cease to err,
 The day may come she would be proud to have

The dust she dooms to scatter,⁵ and transfer
 Of him, whom she denied a home, the grave.
 But this shall not be granted; let my dust
 Lie where it falls; nor shall the soil which gave
 Me breath, but in her sudden fury thrust
 Me forth to breathe elsewhere, so reassume
 My indignant bones, because her angry gust
 Forsooth is over, and repeal'd her doom.
 No,—she denied me what was mine—my roof,
 And shall not have what is not hers—my tomb.
 Too long her armed wrath hath kept aloof
 The breast which would have bled for her, the heart
 That beat, the mind that was temptation-proof,
 The man who fought, toil'd, travell'd, and each part
 Of a true citizen fulfill'd, and saw
 For his reward the Guelf's ascendant art
 Pass his destruction even into a law.
 These things are not made for forgetfulness—
 Florence shall be forgotten first; too raw
 The wound, too deep the wrong, and the distress
 Of such endurance too prolong'd, to make
 My pardon greater, her injustice less,
 Though late repented: yet—yet for her sake
 I feel some fonder yearnings, and for thine,
 My own *Beatricē*, I would hardly take
 Vengeance upon the land which once was mine,
 And still is hallow'd by thy dust's return,
 Which would protect the murderess like a shrine,
 And save ten thousand foes by thy sole urn.
 Though, like old *Marius* from *Minturnæ's* marsh
 And *Carthage's* ruins, my lone breast may burn
 At times with evil feelings hot and harsh,
 And sometimes the last pangs of a vile foe
 Writhe in a dream before me, and o'er-arch
 My brow with hopes of triumph,—let them go!
 Such are the last infirmities of those
 Who long have suffer'd more than mortal woe,
 And yet, being mortal still, have no repose
 But on the pillow of *Revenge—Revenge*,
 Who sleeps to dream of blood, and waking glows
 With the oft-baffled, slakeless thirst of change,
 When we shall mount again, and they that trod
 Be trampled on, while *Death* and *Até* range
 O'er humbled heads and sever'd necks.—Great God!
 Take these thoughts from me—to thy hands I yield
 My many wrongs, and thine almighty rod
 Will fall on those who smote me,—be my shield!
 As thou hast been in peril, and in pain,
 In turbulent cities, and the tented field—

In toil, and many troubles borne in vain
 For Florence.—I appeal from her to Thee!
 Thee, whom I late saw in thy loftiest reign,
 Even in that glorious vision, which to see
 And live was never granted until now,
 And yet thou hast permitted this to me.
 Alas! with what a weight upon my brow
 The sense of earth and earthly things comes back,
 Corrosive passions, feelings dull and low,
 The heart's quick throb upon the mental rack,
 Long day, and dreary night; the retrospect
 Of half a century bloody and black,
 And the frail few years I may yet expect
 Hoary and hopeless, but less hard to bear;
 For I have been too long and deeply wreck'd
 On the lone rock of desolate despair
 To lift my eyes more to the passing sail
 Which shuns that reef so horrible and bare;
 Nor raise my voice—for who would heed my wail?
 I am not of this people, nor this age;
 And yet my harpings will unfold a tale
 Which shall preserve these times, when not a page
 Of their perturbed annals could attract
 An eye to gaze upon their civil rage,
 Did not my verse embalm full many an act
 Worthless as they who wrought it: 't is the doom
 Of spirits of my order to be rack'd
 In life, to wear their hearts out, and consume
 Their days in endless strife, and die alone;
 Then future thousands crowd around their tomb,
 And pilgrims come from climes where they have known
 The name of him—who now is but a name,
 And, wasting homage o'er the sullen stone,
 Spread his—by him unheard, unheeded—fame;
 And mine at least hath cost me dear: to die
 Is nothing; but to wither thus—to tame
 My mind down from its own infinity—
 To live in narrow ways with little men,
 A common sight to every common eye,
 A wanderer, while even wolves can find a den,
 Ripp'd from all kindred, from all home, all things
 That make communion sweet, and soften pain—
 To feel me in the solitude of kings,
 Without the power that makes them bear a crown—
 To envy every dove his nest and wings
 Which waft him where the Apennine looks down
 On Arno, till he perches, it may be,
 Within my all-inexorable town,
 Where yet my boys are, and that fatal she,⁶

Their mother, the cold partner who hath brought
 Destruction for a dowry—this to see
 And feel, and know without repair, hath taught
 A bitter lesson ; but it leaves me free :
 I have not vilely found, nor basely sought—
 They made an exile—not a slave of me.

CANTO II.

THE spirit of the fervent days of old,
 When words were things that came to pass, and thought
 Flash'd o'er the future, bidding men behold
 Their children's children's doom already brought
 Forth from the abyss of time which is to be ;
 The chaos of events, where lie half-wrought
 Shapes that must undergo mortality ;
 What the great seers of Israel wore within,
 That spirit was on them, and is on me :
 And if, Cassandra-like, amidst the din
 Of conflict none will hear, or hearing heed,
 This voice from out the wilderness, the sin
 Be theirs, and my own feelings be my meed,
 The only guerdon I have ever known.
 Hast thou not bled? and hast thou still to bleed,
 Italia? Ah! to me such things, foreshown
 With dim sepulchral light, bid me forget
 In thine irreparable wrongs my own.
 We can have but one country, and even yet
 Thou 'rt mine—my bones shall be within thy breast,
 My soul within thy language, which once set
 With our old Roman sway in the wide west ;
 But I will make another tongue arise
 As lofty and more sweet, in which exprest
 The hero's ardour, or the lover's sighs,
 Shall find alike such sounds for every theme,
 That every word, as brilliant as thy skies,
 Shall realise a poet's proudest dream,
 And make thee Europe's nightingale of song ;
 So that all present speech to thine shall seem
 The note of meaner birds, and every tongue
 Confess its barbarism when compared with thine.
 This shalt thou owe to him thou didst so wrong,
 Thy Tuscan bard, the banish'd Ghibelline.

Woe! woe! the veil of coming centuries
 Is rent,—a thousand years, which yet supine
 Lie like the ocean waves ere winds arise,
 Heaving in dark and sullen undulation,
 Float from eternity into these eyes ;
 The storms yet sleep, the clouds still keep their station,
 The unborn earthquake yet is in the womb,
 The bloody chaos yet expects creation,
 But all things are disposing for thy doom ;
 The elements await but for the word,
 “ Let there be darkness ! ” and thou grow’st a tomb !
 Yes ! thou, so beautiful, shalt feel the sword,
 Thou, Italy ! so fair that paradise,
 Revived in thee, blooms forth to man restored :
 Ah ! must the sons of Adam lose it twice ?
 Thou, Italy ! whose ever golden fields,
 Plough’d by the sunbeams solely, would suffice
 For the world’s granary ; thou, whose sky heaven gilds
 With brighter stars, and robes with deeper blue ;
 Thou, in whose pleasant places summer builds
 Her palace, in whose cradle empire grew,
 And form’d the eternal city’s ornaments
 From spoils of kings whom freemen overthrew ;
 Birth-place of heroes, sanctuary of saints,
 Where earthly first, then heavenly glory made
 Her home ; thou, all which fondest fancy paints,
 And finds her prior vision but portray’d
 In feeble colours, when the eye—from the Alp
 Of horrid snow, and rock and shaggy shade
 Of desert-loving pine, whose emerald scalp
 Nods to the storm—dilates and dotes o’er thee,
 And wistfully implores, as ’t were, for help
 To see thy sunny fields, my Italy,
 Nearer and nearer yet, and dearer still
 The more approach’d, and dearest were they free.
 Thou—thou must wither to each tyrant’s will :
 The Goth hath been,—the German, Frank, and Hun,
 Are yet to come,—and on the imperial hill
 Ruin, already proud of the deeds done
 By the old barbarians, there awaits the new,
 Throned on the Palatine, while, lost and won,
 Rome at her feet lies bleeding ; and the hue
 Of human sacrifice and Roman slaughter
 Troubles the clotted air, of late so blue,
 And deepens into red the saffron water
 Of Tiber, thick with dead ; the helpless priest,
 And still more helpless nor less holy daughter,
 Vow’d to their god, have shrieking fled, and ceased
 Their ministry : the nations take their prey,

Iberian, Almain, Lombard, and the beast
 And bird, wolf, vulture, more humane than they
 Are ; these but gorge the flesh and lap the gore
 Of the departed, and then go their way ;
 But those, the human savages, explore
 All paths of torture, and insatiate yet
 With Ugolino hunger prowls for more.
 Nine moons shall rise o'er scenes like this and set ;³
 The chiefless army of the dead, which late
 Beneath the traitor prince's banner met,
 Hath left its leader's ashes at the gate ;
 Had but the royal rebel lived, perchance
 Thou hadst been spared, but his involved thy fate.
 Oh ! Rome, the spoiler of the spoil of France,
 From Brennus to the Bourbon, never, never
 Shall foreign standard to thy walls advance,
 But Tiber shall become a mournful river.
 Oh ! when the strangers pass the Alps and Po,
 Crush them, ye rocks ! floods, whelm them, and for ever !
 Why sleep the idle avalanches so,
 To topple on the lonely pilgrim's head ?
 Why doth Eridanus but overflow
 The peasant's harvest from his turbid bed ?
 Were not each barbarous horde a nobler prey ?
 Over Cambyses' host the desert spread
 Her sandy ocean, and the sea-waves' sway
 Roll'd over Pharaoh and his thousands,—why,
 Mountains and waters, do ye not as they ?
 And you, ye men ! Romans, who dare not die,
 Sons of the conquerors who overthrew
 Those who o'erthrew proud Xerxes, where yet lie
 The dead whose tomb oblivion never knew,
 Are the Alps weaker than Thermopylæ ?
 Their passes more alluring to the view
 Of an invader ? is it they, or ye
 That to each host the mountain-gate unbar,
 And leave the march in peace, the passage free ?
 Why, Nature's self detains the victor's car,
 And makes your land impregnable, if earth
 Could be so : but alone she will not war,
 Yet aids the warrior worthy of his birth,
 In a soil where the mothers bring forth men :
 Not so with those whose souls are little worth ;
 For them no fortress can avail,—the den
 Of the poor reptile which preserves its sting
 Is more secure than walls of adamant, when
 The hearts of those within are quivering.
 Are ye not brave ? Yes, yet the Ausonian soil
 Hath hearts, and hands, and arms, and hosts to bring

Against oppression ; but how vain the toil,
 While still division sows the seeds of woe
 And weakness, till the stranger reaps the spoil.
 Oh ! my own beauteous land ! so long laid low,
 So long the grave of thy own children's hopes,
 When there is but required a single blow
 To break the chain, yet—yet the avenger stops,
 And doubt and discord step 'twixt thine and thee,
 And join their strength to that which with thee copes
 What is there wanting then to set thee free,
 And show thy beauty in its fullest light ?
 To make the Alps impassable ; and we,
 Her sons, may do this with *one* deed—Unite !

CANTO III.

FROM out the mass of never-dying ill,
 The plague, the prince, the stranger, and the sword
 Vials of wrath but emptied to refill
 And flow again, I cannot all record
 That crowds on my prophetic eye : the earth
 And ocean written o'er would not afford
 Space for the annal ; yet it shall go forth ;
 Yes, all, though not by human pen, is graven,
 There where the farthest suns and stars have birth,
 Spread like a banner at the gate of heaven,
 The bloody scroll of our millennial wrongs
 Waves, and the echo of our groans is driven
 Athwart the sound of archangelic songs,
 And Italy, the martyr'd nation's gore,
 Will not in vain arise to where belongs
 Omnipotence and mercy evermore :
 Like to a harp-string stricken by the wind,
 The sound of her lament shall, rising o'er
 The seraph voices, touch the Almighty Mind.
 Meantime I, humblest of thy sons, and of
 Earth's dust by immortality refined
 To sense and suffering, though the vain may scoff,
 And tyrants threat, and meeker victims bow
 Before the storm because its breath is rough,
 To thee, my country ! whom before, as now,
 I loved and love, devote the mournful lyre
 And melancholy gift high powers allow
 To read the future ; and if now my fire

Is not as once it shone o'er thee, forgive !
 I but foretell thy fortunes—then expire ;
 Think not that I would look on them and live.
 A spirit forces me to see and speak,
 And for my guerdon grants *not* to survive ;
 My heart shall be pour'd over thee and break :
 Yet for a moment, ere I must resume
 Thy sable web of sorrow, let me take,
 Over the gleams that flash athwart thy gloom,
 A softer glimpse ; some stars shine through thy night,
 And many meteors, and above thy tomb
 Leans sculptured beauty, which death cannot blight ;
 And from thine ashes boundless spirits rise
 To give thee honour and the earth delight ;
 Thy soil shall still be pregnant with the wise,
 The gay, the learn'd, the generous, and the brave,
 Native to thee as summer to thy skies,
 Conquerors on foreign shores and the far wave,⁹
 Discoverers of new worlds, which take their name ;¹⁰
 For *thee* alone they have no arm to save,
 And all thy recompense is in their fame,
 A noble one to them, but not to thee—
 Shall they be glorious, and thou still the same ?
 Oh ! more than these illustrious far shall be
 The being—and even yet he may be born—
 The mortal saviour who shall set thee free,
 And see thy diadem, so changed and worn
 By fresh barbarians, on thy brow replaced ;
 And the sweet sun replenishing thy morn,
 Thy moral morn, too long with clouds defaced
 And noxious vapours from Avernus risen,
 Such as all they must breathe who are debased
 By servitude, and have the mind in prison.
 Yet through this centuried eclipse of woe
 Some voices shall be heard, and earth shall listen ;
 Poets shall follow in the path I show,
 And make it broader ; the same brilliant sky
 Which cheers the birds to song shall bid them glow,
 And raise their notes as natural and high ;
 Tuneful shall be their numbers : they shall sing
 Many of love, and some of liberty ;
 But few shall soar upon that eagle's wing,
 And look in the sun's face with eagle's gaze
 All free and fearless as the feather'd king,
 But fly more near the earth ; how many a phrase
 Sublime shall lavish'd be on some small prince,
 In all the prodigality of praise !
 And language, eloquently false, évince
 The harlotry of genius, which, like beauty,

Too oft forgets its own self-reverence,
 And looks on prostitution as a duty.
 He who once enters in a tyrant's hall¹¹
 As guest is slave, his thoughts become a booty,
 And the first day which sees the chain enthrall
 A captive sees his half of manhood gone—¹²
 The soul's emasculation saddens all
 His spirit : thus the bard too near the throne,
 Quails from his inspiration, bound to *please*,—
 How servile is the task to please alone !
 To smooth the verse to suit his sovereign's ease
 And royal leisure, nor too much prolong
 Aught save his eulogy, and find, and seize,
 Or force or forge fit argument of song !
 Thus trammell'd, thus condemn'd to flattery's trebles,
 He toils through all, still trembling to be wrong :
 For fear some noble thoughts, like heavenly rebels,
 Should rise up in high treason to his brain,
 He sings, as the Athenian spoke, with pebbles
 In 's mouth, lest truth should stammer through his strain.
 But out of the long file of sonnetteers
 There shall be some who will not sing in vain,
 And he, their prince, shall rank among my peers,¹⁵
 And love shall be his torment ; but his grief
 Shall make an immortality of tears,
 And Italy shall hail him as the chief
 Of poet lovers, and his higher song
 Of freedom wreath him with as green a leaf.
 But in a further age shall rise along
 The banks of Po two greater still than he,
 The world which smiled on him shall do them wrong
 Till they are ashes and repose with me.
 The first will make an epoch with his lyre,
 And fill the earth with feats of chivalry :
 His fancy like a rainbow, and his fire
 Like that of heaven, immortal, and his thought
 Borne onward with a wing that cannot tire :
 Pleasure shall, like a butterfly new caught,
 Flutter her lovely pinions o'er his theme,
 And art itself seem into nature wrought
 By the transparency of his bright dream.—
 The second, of a tenderer, sadder mood,
 Shall pour his soul out o'er Jerusalem :
 He, too, shall sing of arms, and christian blood
 Shed where Christ bled for man ; and his high harp
 Shall, by the willow over Jordan's flood,
 Revive a song of Sion, and the sharp
 Conflict, and final triumph of the brave
 And pious, and the strife of hell to warp

Their hearts from their great purpose, until wave
 The red-cross banners where the first red cross
 Was crimson'd from his veins who died to save,
 Shall be his sacred argument; the loss
 Of years, of favour, freedom, even of fame
 Contested for a time, while the smooth gloss
 Of courts would slide o'er his forgotten name,
 And call captivity a kindness, meant
 To shield him from insanity or shame;
 Such shall be his meet guerdon! who was sent
 To be Christ's laureate—they reward him well!
 Florence dooms me but death or banishment,
 Ferrara him a pittance and a cell,
 Harder to bear and less deserved, for I
 Had stung the factions which I strove to quell;
 But this meek man, who with a lover's eye
 Will look on earth and heaven, and who will deign
 To embalm with his celestial flattery
 As poor a thing as e'er was spawn'd to reign,
 What will *he* do to merit such a doom?
 Perhaps he 'll *love*,—and is not love in vain
 Torture enough without a living tomb?
 Yet it will be so—he and his compeer,
 The Bard of chivalry, will both consume
 In penury and pain too many a year,
 And, dying in despondency, bequeath
 To the kind world, which scarce will yield a tear,
 A heritage enriching all who breathe
 With the wealth of a genuine poet's soul,
 And to their country a redoubled wreath,
 Unmatch'd by time; not Hellas can unroll
 Through her olympiads two such names, though one
 Of hers be mighty.—And is this the whole
 Of such men's destiny beneath the sun?
 Must all the finer thoughts, the thrilling sense,
 The electric blood with which their arteries run,
 Their body's self-tuned soul with the intense
 Feeling of that which is, and fancy of
 That which should be, to such a recompense
 Conduct? shall their bright plumage on the rough
 Storm be still scatter'd? Yes, and it must be.
 For, form'd of far too penetrable stuff,
 These birds of paradise but long to flee
 Back to their native mansion; soon they find
 Earth's mist with their pure pinions not agree,
 And die, or are degraded, for the mind
 Succumbs to long infection, and despair,
 And vulture passions, flying close behind,
 Await the moment to assail and tear;

And when at length the winged wanderers stoop,
 Then is the prey-birds' triumph, then they share
 The spoil, o'erpower'd at length by one fell swoop.
 Yet some have been untouch'd, who learn'd to bear,
 Some whom no power could ever force to droop,
 Who could resist themselves even, hardest care,
 And task most hopeless! but some such have been:
 And if my name amongst the number were,
 That destiny austere, and yet serene,
 Were prouder than more dazzling fame unblest.
 The Alp's snow summit nearer heaven is seen
 Than the volcano's fierce eruptive crest,
 Whose splendour from the black abyss is flung,
 While the scorch'd mountain, from whose burning breast
 A temporary torturing flame is wrung,
 Shines for a night of terror, then repels
 Its fire back to the hell from whence it sprung,
 The hell which in its entrails ever dwells.

CANTO IV.

MANY are poets who have never penn'd
 Their inspiration, and perchance the best:
 They felt, and loved, and died, but would not lend
 Their thoughts to meaner beings; they compress'd
 The god within them, and rejoin'd the stars
 Unlaurell'd upon earth, but far more blest
 Than those who are degraded by the jars
 Of passion, and their frailties link'd to fame,
 Conquerors of high renown, but full of scars.
 Many are poets, but without the name;
 For what is pöesy but to create
 From overfeeling good or ill; and aim
 At an external life beyond our fate,
 And be the new Prometheus of new men,
 Bestowing fire from heaven, and then, too late,
 Finding the pleasure given repaid with pain,
 And vultures to the heart of the bestower,
 Who, having lavish'd his high gift in vain,
 Lies chain'd to his lone rock by the sea-shore!
 So be it; we can bear.—But thus all they,
 Whose intellect is an o'ermastering power,
 Which still recoils from its encumbering clay,
 Or lightens it to spirit, whatsoe'er
 The form which their creations may essay,

Are bards. The kindled marble's bust may wear
 More poesy upon its speaking brow
 Than aught less than the Homeric page may bear ;
 One noble stroke with a whole life may glow,
 Or deify the canvass till it shine
 With beauty so surpassing all below,
 That they who kneel to idols so divine
 Break no commandment, for high heaven is there
 Transfused, transfigured : and the line
 Of poesy which peoples but the air
 With thought and beings of our thought reflected,
 Can do no more : then let the artist share
 The palm, he shares the peril, and dejected
 Faints o'er the labour unapproved—Alas !
 Despair and genius are too oft connected.
 Within the ages which before me pass,
 Art shall resume and equal even the sway
 Which with Apelles and old Phidias
 She held in Hellas' unforgotten day.
 Ye shall be taught by ruin to revive
 The Grecian forms at least from their decay,
 And Roman souls at last again shall live
 In Roman works wrought by Italian hands,
 And temples loftier than the old temples give
 New wonders to the world ; and while still stands
 The austere Pantheon, into heaven shall soar
 A dome,¹⁴ its image, while the base expands
 Into a fane surpassing all before,
 Such as all flesh shall flock to kneel in : ne'er
 Such sight hath been unfolded by a door
 As this, to which all nations shall repair,
 And lay their sins at this huge gate of heaven.
 And the bold architect unto whose care
 The daring charge to raise it shall be given,
 Whom all arts shall acknowledge as their lord,
 Whether into the marble chaos driven
 His chisel bid the Hebrew,¹⁵ at whose word
 Israel left Egypt, stop the waves in stone,
 Or hues of hell be by his pencil pour'd
 Over the damn'd before the Judgment throne,¹⁶
 Such as I saw them, such as all shall see,
 Or fanes be built of grandeur yet unknown,
 The stream of his great thoughts shall spring from me,¹⁷
 The Ghibelline, who traversed the three realms
 Which form the empire of eternity.
 Amidst the clash of swords and clang of helms,
 The age which I anticipate, no less
 Shall be the age of beauty, and while whelms
 Calamity the nations with distress,

The genius of my country shall arise,
 A cedar towering o'er the wilderness,
 Lovely in all its branches to all eyes,
 Fragrant as fair, and recognised afar,
 Wafting its native incense through the skies.
 Sovereigns shall pause amid their sport of war,
 Wean'd for an hour from blood, to turn and gaze
 On canvass or on stone; and they who mar
 All beauty upon earth, compell'd to praise,
 Shall feel the power of that which they destroy;
 And art's mistaken gratitude shall raise
 To tyrants who but take her for a toy
 Emblems and monuments, and prostitute
 Her charms to pontiffs proud, ¹³ who but employ
 The man of genius as the meanest brute
 To bear a burthen, and to serve a need,
 To sell his labours, and his soul to boot.
 Who toils for nations may be poor indeed,
 But free; who sweats for monarchs is no more
 Than the gilt chamberlain, who, clothed and fee'd,
 Stands sleek and slavish, bowing at his door.
 Oh, Power that rulest and inspirest! how
 Is it that they on earth, whose earthly power
 Is likest thine in heaven in outward show,
 Least like to thee in attributes divine,
 Tread on the universal necks that bow;
 And then assure us that their rights are thine?
 And how is it that they, the sons of fame,
 Whose inspiration seems to them to shine
 From high, they whom the nations ofttest name,
 Must pass their days in penury or pain,
 Or step to grandeur through the paths of shame,
 And wear a deeper brand and gaudier chain?
 Of if their destiny be borne aloof
 From lowliness, or tempted thence in vain,
 In their own souls sustain a harder proof,
 The inner war of passions deep and fierce?
 Florence! when thy harsh sentence razed my roof,
 I loved thee, but the vengeance of my verse,
 The hate of injuries, which every year
 Makes greater and accumulates my curse,
 Shall live, outliving all thou holdest dear,
 Thy pride, thy wealth, thy freedom, and even *that*,
 The most infernal of all evils here,
 The sway of petty tyrants in a state;
 For such sway is not limited to kings,
 And demagogues yield to them but in date,
 As swept off sooner; in all deadly things
 Which make men hate themselves and one another,

In discord, cowardice, cruelty, all that springs
 From Death the Sin-born's incest with his mother,
 In rank oppression in its rudest shape,
 The faction chief is but the sultan's brother,
 And the worst despot's far less human ape.
 Florence! when this lone spirit which so long
 Yearn'd, as the captive toiling at escape,
 To fly back to thee in despite of wrong,
 An exile, saddest of all prisoners,¹⁹
 Who has the whole world for a dungeon strong,
 Seas, mountains, and the horizon's verge for bars,
 Which shut him from the sole small spot of earth
 Where, whatso'er his fate—he still were hers,
 His country's, and might die where he had birth;—
 Florence! when this lone spirit shall return
 To kindred spirits, thou wilt feel my worth,
 And seek to honour with an empty urn
 The ashes thou shalt ne'er obtain.²⁰—Alas!
 “What have I done to thee, my people?”²¹ Stern
 Are all thy dealings, but in this they pass
 The limits of man's common malice, for
 All that a citizen could be, I was :
 Raised by thy will, all thine in peace or war,
 And for this thou hast warr'd with me.—'T is done :
 I may not overleap the eternal bar
 Built up between us, and will die alone,
 Beholding, with the dark eye of a seer,
 The evil days to gifted souls foreshown,
 Foretelling them to those who will not hear,
 As in the old time, till the hour be come
 When truth shall strike their eyes through many a tear,
 And make them own the prophet in his tomb.

NOTES.

Note 1. Page 419.

'Midst whom my own bright Beatrice bless'd.

The reader is requested to adopt the Italian pronunciation of Beatrice, sounding all the syllables.

Note 2. Page 420.

My paradise had still been incomplete.

“ Che sol per le belle opre

Che fanno in Cielo il sole e l' altre stelle

Dentro di lui' si crede il Paradiso,

Così se guardi fiso,

Pensar ben del ch' ogni terren' piacere.”

Canzone, in which Dante describes the person of Beatrice, strophe third.

Note 3. Page 420.

Thou wert my life, the essence of my thought.

According to Boccaccio, Dante was a lover long before he was a soldier, and his passion for the Beatrice whom he has immortalized, commenced while he was in his ninth year, and she in her eighth year. It is said that their first meeting was at a banquet in the house of Folco Portinaro, her father; and certain it is that the impression then made on the susceptible and constant heart of Dante was not obliterated by her death which happened after an interval of sixteen years.—CARY.

Note 4. Page 420.

I would have had my Florence great and free.

“ L' esilio che m' è dato onor mi tegno

* * * * *

Cader tra' buoni è pur di lode degno.”

Sonnet of DANTE.

in which he represents Right, Generosity, and Temperance, as banished from among men, and seeking refuge from Love, who inhabits his bosom.

Note 5. Page 421.

The dust she dooms to scatter.

“ Ut si quis prædictorum ullo tempore in fortiam dicti communis pervenerit, *talis perveniens igne comburatur, sic quod moriatur.*”

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

Note 6. Page 422.

Where yet my boys are, and that fatal she.

This lady, whose name was *Gemma*, sprung from one of the most powerful Guelf families, named Donati. Corso Donati was the principal adversary of the Ghibelines. She is described as being “ *Admodum morosa, ut de Xantippe Socratis philosophi conjuge scriptum esse legimus,*” according to Giannozzo Manetti. But Lionardo Aretino is scandalized with Boccaccio, in his life of Dante, for saying that literary men should not marry. “ Qui il Boccaccio non ha pazienza, e dice, le mogli esser contrarie agli studj; e non si ricorda che Socrate il più nobile filosofo che mai fosse, ebbe moglie e figliuoli e ufficj della Repubblica nella sua Città; e Aristotele che, &c., &c. ebbe due mogli in varj tempi, ed ebbe figliuoli, e ricchezze assai.—E Marco Tullio—e Catone—e Varrone—e Seneca—ebbero moglie,” &c., &c. It is odd that honest Lionardo's examples, with the exception of Seneca, and, for any

thing I know, of Aristotle, are not the most felicitous. Tully's Terentia, and Socrates' Xantippe, by no means contributed to their husbands' happiness, whatever they might do to their philosophy—Cato gave away his wife—of Varro's we know nothing—and of Seneca's, only that she was disposed to die with him, but recovered, and lived several years afterwards. But, says Lionardo, "L'uomo è *animale civile*, secondo piace a tutti i filosofi." And thence concludes that the greatest proof of the *animal's civism* is "la prima congiunzione, dalla quale moltiplicata nasce la Città."

Note 7. Page 423.

—————The cold partner who hath brought
Destruction for a dowry.

The violence of Gemma's temper proved a source of the bitterest suffering to Dante; and in that passage of the *Inferno*, where one of the characters says—

'La fiera moglie più ch'altro, mi nuoce,

his own conjugal unhappiness must have recurred forcibly and painfully to his mind.—CARY.

Note 8. Page 425.

Nine moons shall rise o'er scenes like this and set.

See "Sacco di Roma," generally attributed to Guicciardini. There is another written by a Jacopo *Buonaparte*.—[The original MS. of the latter work is preserved in the Royal Library at Paris. It is entitled, "Ragguaglio Storico di tutto l'occorso, giorno per giorno, nel Sacco di Roma dell'anno MDXXVII, scritto da Jacopo Buonaparte, gentiluomo Samminiatese, che vi si trovò presente." An edition of it was printed at Cologne in 1756, to which is prefixed a genealogy of the Buonaparte family.—E.]

Note 9. Page 427.

Conquerors on foreign shores and the far wave.

Alexander of Parma, Spinola, Pescara, Eugene of Savoy, Montecuccoli.

Note 10. Page 427.

Discoverers of new worlds, which take their name.

Columbus, Americus Vespucius, Sebastian Cabot.

Note 11. Page 428.

He who once enters in a tyrant's hall, &c.

A verse from the Greek tragedians, with which Pompey took leave of Cornelia on entering the boat in which he was slain.

Note 12. Page 428.

And the first day which sees the chain enthal, &c.

The verse and sentiment are taken from Homer.

Note 13. Page 428.

And he, their prince, shall rank among my peers.

Petrarch.

Note 14. Page 431.

A dome, its image.

The cupola of St. Peter's.

Note 15. Page 431.

His chisel bid the Hebrew.

The statue of Moses on the monument of Julius II.

SONETTO

Di Giovanni Battista Zappi.

Chi è costui, che in dura pietra scolto,
Siede gigante; e le piu illustri, e conte
Prove dell' arte avanza, ha vive, e pronte
Le labbia sì, che le parole ascolto?
Quest' è Mosè: ben me 'l diceva il folto
Onor del mento, e 'l doppio raggio in fronte,

Quest' è Mosè, quando scendea dal monte,
E gran parte del Nume avea nel volto.
Tal era allor, che le sonanti, e vaste
Acque ei sospese a se d' intorno, e tale
Quando il mar chiuse, e ne fè tomba altrui.
E voi sue turbe un rio vitello alzaste ?
Alzata aveste imago à questa eguale ;
Ch' era men fallo l' adorar costui.

[“ And who is he that, shaped in sculptured stone,
Sits giant-like ? stern monument of art
Unparallel'd, while language seems to start
From his prompt lips, and we his precepts own !
—'Tis Moses ; by his beard's thick honours known,
And the twin beams that from his temples dart ;
'Tis Moses ; seated on the mount apart,
Whilst yet the Godhead o'er his features shone.
Such once he look'd when ocean's sounding wave
Suspended hung, and such amidst the storm,
When o'er his foes the reflux waters roar'd.
An idol calf his followers did engrave ;
But had they raised this awe-commanding form,
Then had they with less guilt their work adored.”—ROGERS.]

Note 16. Page 431.

Over the damn'd before the Judgment throne.

The Last Judgment in the Sistine chapel.

Note 17. Page 431.

The stream of his great thoughts shall spring from me.

I have read somewhere (if I do not err, for I cannot recollect where) that Dante was so great a favourite of Michael Angelo's, that he had designed the whole of the Divina Commedia ; but that the volume containing these studies was lost by sea.—[“ Michael Angelo's copy of Dante, was a large folio, with Landino's commentary ; and upon the broad margin of the leaves he designed, with a pen and ink, all the interesting subjects. This book was possessed by Antonio Montauti, a sculptor and architect of Florence, who, being appointed architect to St. Peter's, removed to Rome, and shipped his effects at Leghorn for Civita Vecchia, among which was this edition of Dante : in the voyage the vessel foundered at sea, and it was unfortunately lost in the wreck.”—DUPPA.]

Note 18. Page 432.

Her charms to pontiffs proud, who but employ, &c.

See the treatment of Michael Angelo by Julius II., and his neglect by Leo X.

Note 19. Page 433.

An exile, saddest of all prisoners.

In his “Convito,” Dante speaks of his banishment, and the poverty and distress which attended it, in very affecting terms.—E.

Note 20. Page 433.

The ashes thou shalt ne'er obtain.

Dante died at Ravenna in 1321, in the palace of his patron, Guido Novello da Polenta, who testified his sorrow and respect by the sumptuousness of his obsequies, and by giving orders to erect a monument, which he did not live to complete. His countrymen showed, too late, that they knew the value of what they had lost. At the beginning of the next century, they entreated that the mortal remains of their illustrious citizen might be restored to them, and deposited among the tombs of their fathers. But the people of Ravenna were unwilling to part with the sad and honourable memorial of their own hospitality. No better success attended the subsequent negotiations of the Florentines for the same purpose, though renewed under the auspices of Leo X., and conducted through the powerful mediation of Michael Angelo.—E.

Note 21. Page 433.

“What have I done to thee, my people?”

“E scrisse più volte non solamente a particolari cittadini del reggimento, ma ancora al popolo, e intra l' altre una epistola assai lunga che comincia :—“*Popule mi, quid feci tibi?*”—*Vita di Dante scritta da Lionardo Aretino.*

WALTZ;

AN APOSTROPHIC HYMN.

Qualis in Eurotæ ripis, aut per juga Cythi
Exercet Diana choros.

VIRGIL.

Such on Eurota's banks, or Cynthia's height,
Diana seems : and so she charms the sight,
When in the dance the graceful goddess leads
The quire of nymphs, and overtops their heads.

DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

WALTON

AS APPOINTED BY

TO THE PUBLISHER.

SIR,

I AM a country gentleman of a midland county. I might have been a parliament-man for a certain borough, having had the offer of as many votes as General T. at the general election in 1812.¹ But I was all for domestic happiness; as, fifteen years ago, on a visit to London, I married a middle-aged maid of honour. We lived happily at Hornem-Hall till last season, when my wife and I were invited by the Countess of Waltz-away (a distant relation of my spouse) to pass the winter in town. Thinking no harm, and our girls being come to a marriageable (or, as they call it, *marketable*) age, and having besides a chancery suit inveterately entailed upon the family estate, we came up in our old chariot, of which, by the bye, my wife grew so much ashamed in less than a week, that I was obliged to buy a second-hand barouche, of which I might mount the box, Mrs. H. says, if I could drive, but never see the inside—that place being reserved for the honourable Augustus Tiptoe, her partner-general and opera-knight. Hearing great praises of Mrs. H.'s dancing (she was famous for birth-night minuets in the latter end of the last century), I unbooted, and went to a ball at the Countess's, expecting to see a country-dance, or, at most, cotillions, reels, and all the old paces to the newest tunes. But, judge of my surprise, on arriving, to see poor dear Mrs. Hornem with her arms half round the loins of a huge hussar-looking gentleman I never set eyes on before; and his, to say truth, rather more than half round her waist, turning round, and round, and round, to a d—d see-saw up and down sort of tune, that reminded me of the "black joke," only more "*affettuoso*," till it made me quite giddy with wondering they were not so. By and by they stopped a bit, and I thought they would sit or fall down:—but, no; with Mrs. H.'s hand on his shoulder, "*quam familiariter*"² (as Terence said when I was at school), they walked about a minute, and then at it again, like two cock-chafers spitted on the same bodkin. I asked what all this meant, when, with a loud laugh, a child no older than our Wilhelmina (a name I never heard but in the Vicar of Wakefield, though her mother would call her after the princess of Swappenbach), said, "Lord! Mr. Hornem,

can't you see they are valtzing?" or waltzing (I forget which); and then up she got, and her mother and sister, and away they went, and round-abouted it till supper-time. Now that I know what it is, I like it of all things, and so does Mrs. H. (though I have broken my shins, and four times overturned Mrs. Hornem's maid in practising the preliminary steps in a morning). Indeed, so much do I like it, that having a turn for rhyme, tastily displayed in some election ballads, and songs in honour of all the victories (but till lately I have had little practice in that way), I sat down, and with the aid of William Fitzgerald, Esq.,³ and a few hints from Dr. Busby⁴ (whose recitations I attend, and am monstrous fond of Master Busby's manner of delivering his father's late successful Drury Lane Address), I composed the following hymn, wherewithal to make my sentiments known to the public, whom, nevertheless, I heartily despise, as well as the critics.

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

HORACE HORNEM.

¹ State of the poll (last day), 5.

² My Latin is all forgotten, if a man can be said to have forgotten what he never remembered; but I bought my title-page motto of a Catholic priest for a three-shilling bank token, after much haggling for the *even* sixpence. I grudged the money to a papist, being all for the memory of Perceval and "No popery;" and quite regretting the downfall of the pope, because we can't burn him any more.

³ See vol. ii. p. 275.—E.

⁴ See "Rejected Addresses."—E.

WALTZ;

AN APOSTROPHIC HYMN.

MUSE of the many-twinkling feet! whose charms
Are now extended up from legs to arms;
TERPSICHOE!—too long misdeem'd a maid—
Reproachful term—bestow'd but to upbraid—
Henceforth in all the bronze of brightness shine,
The least a vestal of the virgin Nine.
Far be from thee and thine the name of prude;
Mock'd, yet triumphant; sneer'd at, unsubdued;
Thy legs must move to conquer as they fly,
If but thy coats are reasonably high;
Thy breast—if bare enough—requires no shield;
Dance forth—*sans armour* thou shalt take the field,
And own—impregnable to *most* assaults,
Thy not too lawfully begotten "Waltz."

Hail, nimble nymph! to whom the young hussar,
The whisker'd votary of waltz and war,
His night devotes, despite of spur and boots,
A sight unmatched since Orpheus and his brutes:
Hail, spirit-stirring Waltz!—beneath whose banners
A modern hero fought for modish manners;
On Hounslow's heath to rival Wellesley's² fame,
Cock'd—fired—and miss'd his man—but gain'd his aim.
Hail, moving muse! to whom the fair one's breast
Gives all it can, and bids us take the rest.
Oh! for the flow of Busby, or of Fitz,
The latter's loyalty, the former's wits,
To "energise the object I pursue,"⁵
And give both Belial and his dance their due!—

Imperial Waltz! imported from the Rhine
 (Famed for the growth of pedigrees and wine),
 Long be thine import from all duty free,
 And hock itself be less esteem'd than thee;
 In some few qualities alike—for hock
 Improves our cellar—*thou* our living stock.
 The head to hock belongs—thy subtler art
 Intoxicates alone the heedless heart:
 Through the full veins thy gentler poison swims,
 And wakes to wantonness the willing limbs.

Oh, Germany! how much to thee we owe,
 As heaven-born Pitt can testify below,
 Ere cursed confederation made thee France's,
 And only left us thy d——d debts and dances!
 Of subsidies and Hanover bereft,
 We bless thee still—for George the Third is left!
 Of kings the best—and last, not least in worth,
 For graciously begetting George the Fourth.
 To Germany, and highnesses serene,
 Who owe us millions—don't we owe the queen?
 To Germany what owe we not besides?
 So oft bestowing Brunswickers and brides;
 Who paid for vulgar, with her royal blood,
 Drawn from the stem of each Teutonic stud:
 Who sent us—so be pardon'd all her faults—
 A dozen dukes, some kings, a queen—and Waltz.

But peace to her—her emperor and diet,
 Though now transferr'd to Bonaparte's "fiat;"
 Back to my theme—O Muse of motion! say,
 How first to Albion found thy Waltz her way?

Borne on the breath of hyperborean gales,
 From Hamburg's port (while Hamburg yet had *mails*)
 Ere yet unlucky fame—compell'd to creep
 To snowy Gottenburg—was chill'd to sleep;
 Or, starting from her slumbers, deign'd arise,
 Heligoland! to stock thy mart with lies;
 While unburnt Moscow⁴ yet had news to send,
 Nor owed her fiery exit to a friend,
 She came—Waltz came—and with her certain sets
 Of true dispatches, and as true gazettes:
 Then flamed of Austerlitz the blest dispatch
 Which *Moniteur* nor *Morning Post* can match;
 And—almost crush'd beneath the glorious news—
 Ten plays, and forty tales of Kotzebue's;
 One envoy's letters, six composers' airs,
 And loads from Frankfort and from Leipsic fairs;

Meiner's four volumes upon womankind,
 Like Lapland witches to ensure a wind ;
 Brunck's heaviest tome for ballast, and to back it,
 Of Heyné, such as should not sink the packet.
 Fraught with this cargo—and her fairest freight,
 Delightful Waltz, on tiptoe for a mate,
 The welcome vessel reach'd the genial strand,
 And round her flock'd the daughters of the land.
 Not decent David, when, before the ark,
 His grand pas-seul excited some remark ;
 Not love-lorn Quixote, when his Sancho thought
 The knight's fandango friskier than it ought ;
 Not soft Herodias, when with winning tread
 Her nimble feet danced off another's head ;
 Not Cleopatra on her galley's deck,
 Display'd so much of *leg*, or more of *neck*,
 Than thou, ambrosial Waltz, when first the moon
 Beheld thee twirling to a Saxon tune !
 To you—ye husbands of ten years ! whose brows
 Ache with the annual tributes of a spouse ;
 To you of nine years less—who only bear
 The budding sprouts of those that you *shall* wear,
 With added ornaments around them roll'd,
 Of native brass, or law-awarded gold ;
 To you, ye matrons, ever on the watch
 To mar a son's, or make a daughter's, match !
 To you, ye children of—whom chance accords—
Always the ladies, and *sometimes* their lords,
 To you—ye single gentlemen, who seek
 Torments for life, or pleasures for a week ;
 As Love or Hymen your endeavours guide,
 To gain your own, or snatch another's bride ;
 To one and all the lovely stranger came,
 And every ball-room echoes with her name.

Endearing Waltz—to thy more melting tune
 Bow Irish jig and ancient rigadon ;
 Scotch reels, avaunt ! and, country-dance, forego
 Your future claims to each fantastic toe :
 Waltz—Waltz alone—both legs and arms demands,
 Liberal of feet, and lavish of her hands ;
 Hands which may freely range in public sight
 Where ne'er before—but—pray “ put out the light.”
 Methinks the glare of yonder chandelier
 Shines much too far—or I am much too near ;
 And true, though strange—Waltz whisper this remark,
 “ My slippery steps are safest in the dark !”
 But here the muse with due decorum halts,
 And lends her longest petticoat to Waltz.

Observant travellers of every time !
 Ye quartos publish'd upon every clime !
 O say, shall dull Romaika's heavy round,
 Fandango's wriggle, or Bolero's bound ;
 Can Egypt's Almas⁵—tantalizing group—
 Columbia's caperers to the warlike whoop—
 Can aught, from cold Kamschatka to Cape Horn,
 With Waltz compare, or after Waltz be borne ?
 Ah, no ! from Morier's pages down to Galt's,
 Each tourist pens a paragraph for "Waltz."

Shades of those belles, whose reign began of yore,
 With George the Third's—and ended long before—
 Though in your daughters' daughters yet you thrive,
 Burst from your lead, and be yourselves alive !
 Back to the ball-room speed your spectred host :
 Fool's paradise is dull to that you lost.
 No treacherous powder bids conjecture quake ;
 No stiff starch'd stays make meddling fingers ache
 (Transferr'd to those ambiguous things that ape
 Goats in their visage,⁶ women in their shape) ;
 No damsel faints when rather closely press'd,
 But more caressing seems when most caress'd ;
 Superfluous hartshorn, and reviving salts,
 Both banish'd by the sovereign cordial, "Waltz."

Seductive Waltz !—though on thy native shore
 Even Werter's self proclaim'd thee half a whore ;
 Werter—to decent vice though much inclined,
 Yet warm, not wanton ; dazzled, but not blind—
 Though gentle Genlis, in her strife with Stael,
 Would even proscribe thee from a Paris ball ;
 The fashion hails—from countesses to queens,
 And maids and valets waltz behind the scènes ;
 Wide and more wide thy witching circle spreads,
 And turns—if nothing else—at least our heads ;
 With thee even clumsy cits attempt to bounce,
 And cockneys practise what they can't pronounce.
 Gods ! how the glorious theme my strain exalts,
 And rhyme finds partner rhyme in praise of "Waltz."

Blest was the time Waltz chose for her *début* :
 The court, the Regent, like herself were new ;⁷
 New face for friends, for foes some new rewards,
 New ornaments for black and royal guards ;
 New laws to hang the rogues that roar'd for bread ;
 New coins (most new)⁸ to follow those that fled ;
 New victories—nor can we prize them less,
 Though Jenky wonders at his own success ;

New wars, because the old succeed so well,
 That most survivors envy those who fell;
 New mistresses—no, old—and yet 't is true,
 Though they be *old*, the *thing* is something new;
 Each new, quite new—(except some ancient tricks),⁹
 New white-sticks, gold-sticks, broom-sticks, all new sticks!
 With vests or ribands—deck'd alike in hue,
 New troopers strut, new turncoats blush in blue:
 So saith the muse—my—¹⁰, what say you?
 Such was the time when Waltz might best maintain
 Her new preferments in this novel reign;
 Such was the time, nor ever yet was such,
 Hoops are *no more*, and petticoats *not much*;
 Morals and minuets, virtue and her stays,
 And tell-tale powder—all have had their days.
 The ball begins—the honours of the house
 First duly done by daughter or by spouse,
 Some potentate—or royal or serene—
 With Kent's gay grace, or sapient Gloster's mien,
 Leads forth the ready dame, whose rising flush
 Might once have been mistaken for a blush.
 From where the garb just leaves the bosom free,
 That spot where hearts "were once supposed to be;
 Round all the confines of the yielded waist,
 The strangest hand may wander undisplaced;
 The lady's in return may grasp as much
 As princely paunches offer to her touch.
 Pleased round the chalky floor how well they trip,
 One hand reposing on the royal hip;
 The other to the shoulder no less royal
 Ascending with affection truly loyal:
 Thus front to front the partners move or stand,
 The foot may rest, but none withdraw the hand;
 And all in turn may follow in their rank,
 The Earl of Asterisk—and Lady Blank;
 Sir Such a one—with those of fashion's host,
 For whose blest surnames—vide "Morning Post;
 (Or if for that *impartial* print too late,
 Search Doctors' Commons six months from my date.)
 Thus all and each, in movement swift or slow,
 The genial contact gently undergo:
 Till some might marvel, with the modest Turk,
 If "nothing follows all this palming work?"¹²
 True, honest Mirza—you may trust my rhyme—
 Something does follow at a fitter time;
 The breast; thus publicly resign'd to man,
 In private may resist him—if it can.

O ye! who loved our grandmothers of yore,
 Fitzpatrick, Sheridan, and many more!
 And thou, my prince, whose sovereign taste and will
 It is to love the lovely beldames still;
 Thou, ghost of Queensbury! whose judging sprite
 Satan may spare to peep a single night,
 Pronounce—if ever in your days of bliss,
 Asmodeus struck so bright a stroke as this,
 To teach the young ideas how to rise,
 Flush in the cheek and languish in the eyes;
 Rush to the heart and lighten through the frame,
 With half-told wish and ill-dissembled flame:
 For prurient nature still will storm the breast—
Who, tempted thus, can answer for the rest?

But ye—who never felt a single thought
 For what our morals are to be, or ought;
 Who wisely wish the charms you view to reap,
 Say—would you make those beauties quite so cheap?
 Hot from the hands promiscuously applied,
 Round the slight waist, or down the glowing side;
 Where were the rapture then to clasp the form,
 From this lewd grasp, and lawless contact warm?
 At once love's most endearing thought resign,
 To press the hand so press'd by none but thine;
 To gaze upon that eye which never met
 Another's ardent look without regret;
 Approach the lip which, all without restraint,
 Comes near enough—if not to touch—to taint;
 If such thou lovest—love her then no more,
 Or give—like her—caresses to a score;
 Her mind with these is gone, and with it go
 The little left behind it to bestow.

Voluptuous Waltz! and dare I thus blaspheme?
 Thy bard forgot thy praises were his theme.
 TERPSICHORE, forgive!—at every ball
 My wife *now* waltzes—and my daughters *shall*;
 My son (or stop—'t is needless to inquire—
 These little accidents should ne'er transpire:
 Some ages hence our genealogic tree
 Will wear as green a bough for him as me),
 Waltzing shall rear, to make our name amends,
 Grandsons for me—in heirs to all his friends.

NOTES.

Note 1. Page 441.

"Glance their many-twinkling feet."—GRAY.

Note 2. Page 441.

To rival Lord Wellesley's, or his nephew's, as the reader pleases :—the one gained a pretty woman, whom he deserved, by fighting for ; and the other has been fighting in the Peninsula many a long day, "by Shrewsbury clock," without gaining any thing in *that* country but the title of "the Great Lord," and "the Lord," which savours of profanation, having been hitherto applied only to that Being, to whom "*Te Deums*" for carnage are the rankest blasphemy.—It is to be presumed the general will one day return to his Sabine farm, there

"To tame the genius of the stubborn plain,
Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain."

The Lord Peterborough conquered continents in a summer ; we do more—we contrive both to conquer and lose them in a shorter season. If the "great Lord's" *Cincinnati* progress in agriculture be no speedier than the proportional average of time in Pope's couplet, it will, according to the farmer's proverb, be "ploughing with dogs."

By the by—one of this illustrious person's new titles is forgotten—it is, however, worth remembering—"Salvador del mundo !" *credite, poster!* If this be the appellation annexed by the inhabitants of the Peninsula to the name of a *man* who has not yet saved them—query—are they worth saving even in this world ? for, according to the mildest modifications of any Christian creed, those three words make the odds much against them in the next.—"Saviour of the world," quotha !—it were to be wished that he, or any one else, could save a corner of it—his country. Yet this stupid misnomer, although it shows the near connexion between superstition and impiety, so far has its use, that it proves there can be little to dread from those Catholics (inquisitorial Catholics too) who can confer such an appellation on a *Protestant*. I suppose next year he will be entitled the "Virgin Mary : " if so, Lord George Gordon himself would have nothing to object to such liberal bastards of our Lady of Babylon.

Note 3. Page 441.

Among the addresses sent in to the Drury Lane Committee (V. vol. ii, note to "Address spoken at Drury-Lane," &c.) was one by Dr. Busby, which began by asking—

"When energising objects men pursue,
What are the prodigies they cannot do ?"—E.]

Note 4. Page 442.

The patriotic arson of our amiable allies cannot be sufficiently commanded—nor subscribed for. Amongst other details omitted in the various dispatches of our eloquent ambassador, he did not state (being too much occupied with the exploits of Colonel C—, in swimming rivers frozen, and galloping over roads impassable), that one entire province perished by famine in the most melancholy manner, as follows :—In General Rostopchin's consummate conflagration, the consumption of tallow and train oil was so great, that the market was inadequate to the demand : and thus one hundred and thirty-three thousand persons were starved to death, by being reduced to wholesome diet ! The lamplighters of London have since subscribed a pint (of oil) a piece, and the tallow-chandlers have unanimously voted a quantity of best moulds (four to the pound) to the relief of the surviving Scythians—the scarcity will soon, by such exertions, and a proper attention to the *quality* rather than the quantity of provision, be totally alleviated. It is said, in return, that the untouched Ukraine has subscribed sixty thousand beeves for a day's meal to our suffering manufacturers.

Note 5. Page 444.

Dancing-girls—who do for hire what Waltz doth gratis.

Note 6. Page 444.

It cannot be complained now, as in the Lady Baussière's time, of the "Sieur de la Croix," that there be "no whiskers;" but how far these are indications of valour in the field, or elsewhere, may *still* be questionable. Much may be and hath been avouched on both sides. In the olden time philosophers had whiskers, and soldiers none—Scipio himself was shaven—Hannibal thought his one eye handsome enough without a beard; but Adrian, the Emperor, wore a beard (having warts on his chin, which neither the Empress Sabina, nor even the courtiers, could abide)—Turenne had whiskers, Marlborough none—Bonaparte is unwhiskered, the Regent whiskered; "*argal*" greatness of mind and whiskers may or may not go together; but certainly the different occurrences, since the growth of the last-mentioned, go further in behalf of whiskers than the anathema of Anselm did *against* long hair in the reign of Henry I.

Formerly *red* was a favourite colour. See Lodowick Barrey's comedy of Ram Alley, 1661, act. I. scene I.

"*Taffeta*. Now, for a wager—What coloured beard comes next by the window?"

"*Adriana*. A black man's, I think.

"*Taffeta*. I think not so: I think a *red*, for that is most in fashion."

There is "nothing new under the sun;" but *red*, then a *favourite*, has now subsided into a *favourite's* colour.

Note 7. Page 444.

An anachronism—Waltz, and the battle of Austerlitz are before said to have opened the ball together; the bard means (if he means any thing), Waltz was not so much in vogue till the Regent attained the acmé of his popularity. Waltz, the comet, whiskers, and the new government, illuminated heaven and earth, in all their glory, much about the same time; of these the comet only has disappeared; the other three continue to astonish us still.—PRINTER'S DEVIL.

Note 8. Page 444.

Amongst others a new ninepence—a creditable coin now forthcoming, worth a pound, in paper, at the fairest calculation.

Note 9. Page 445.

"Oh that *right* should thus overcome *might*!" Who does not remember the "delicate Investigation" in the "Merry Wives of Windsor?"—

"*Ford*. Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me; then let me be your jest; I deserve it. How now? whither bear you this?"

"*Mrs. Ford*. What have you to do whither they bear it!—you were best meddle with buck-washing.

Note 10. Page 445.

The gentle, or ferocious reader, may fill up the blank as he pleases—there are several dissyllabic names at *his* service (being already in the Regent's): it would not be fair to back any peculiar initial against the alphabet, as every month will add to the list now entered for the sweepstakes—a distinguished consonant is said to be the favourite, much against the wishes of the *knowing ones*.

Note 11. Page 445.

"We have changed all that," says the Mock Doctor, 'tis all gone—Asmodeus knows where. After all, it is of no great importance how women's hearts are disposed of; they have nature's privilege to distribute them as absurdly as possible. But there are also some men with hearts so thoroughly bad, as to remind us of those phenomena often mentioned in natural history; viz. a mass of solid stone—only to be opened by force—and when divided, you discover a *toad* in the centre, lively, and with the reputation of being venomous.

Note 12. Page 445.

In Turkey a pertinent,—here an impertinent and superfluous, question—literally put, as in the text, by a Persian to Morier, on seeing a waltz in Pera.—*Vide MORIER'S Travels.*

LAMENT OF TASSO.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE

LAMENT OF TASSO.

Faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.

ADVERTISEMENT.

At Ferrara (in the library) are preserved the original MSS. of Tasso's *Gierusalemme* and of Guarini's *Pastor Fido*, with letters of Tasso, one from Titian to Ariosto, and the inkstand and chair, the tomb and the house of the latter. But as misfortune has a greater interest for posterity, and little or none for the contemporary, the cell where Tasso was confined in the hospital of St. Anna attracts a more fixed attention than the residence or the monument of Ariosto—at least it had this effect on me. There are two inscriptions, one on the outer gate, the second over the cell itself, inviting, unnecessarily, the wonder and the indignation of the spectator. Ferrara is much decayed and depopulated; the castle still exists entire; and I saw the court where Parisina and Hugo were beheaded, according to the annal of Gibbon.

THE
LAMENT OF TASSO.

I.

LONG years!—It tries the thrilling frame to bear,
And eagle-spirit of a child of song,
Long years of outrage, calumny, and wrong;
Imputed madness, prison'd solitude,
And the mind's canker in its savage mood,
When the impatient thirst of light and air
Parches the heart; and the abhorred grate,
Marring the sunbeams with its hideous shade,
Works through the throbbing eye-ball to the brain
With a hot sense of heaviness and pain;
And bare, at once, captivity display'd
Stands scoffing through the never-open'd gate,
Which nothing through its bars admits, save day
And tasteless food, which I have eat alone
Till its unsocial bitterness is gone;
And I can banquet like a beast of prey,
Sullen and lonely, couching in the cave,
Which is my lair, and—it may be—my grave.¹
All this hath somewhat worn me, and may wear,
But must be borne. I stoop not to despair;
For I have battled with mine agony,
And made me wings wherewith to overfly
The narrow circus of my dungeon-wall,
And freed the Holy-Sepulchre from thrall;
And revell'd among men and things divine,
And pour'd my spirit over Palestine,
In honour of the sacred war for him,
The God who was on earth and is in heaven,
For he hath strengthen'd me in heart and limb.
That through this sufferance I might be forgiven,
I have employ'd my penance to record
How Salem's shrine was won, and how adored.

II.

But this is o'er—my pleasant task is done :
 My long-sustaining friend of many years !
 If I do blot thy final page with tears,
 Know that my sorrows have wrung from me none.
 But thou, my young creation ! my soul's child !
 Which ever playing round me came and smiled,
 And woo'd me from myself with thy sweet sight,
 Thou too art gone—and so is my delight :
 And therefore do I weep and inly bleed
 With this last bruise upon a broken reed.
 Thou too art ended—what is left me now ?
 For I have anguish yet to bear—and how ?
 I know not that—but in the innate force
 Of my own spirits shall be found resource.
 I have not sunk, for I had no remorse,
 Nor cause for such : they call'd me mad—and why ?
 Oh Leonora ! wilt not *thou* reply ?^a
 I was indeed delirious in my heart
 To lift my love so lofty as thou art ;
 But still my frenzy was not of the mind ;
 I knew my fault, and feel my punishment
 Not less because I suffer it unbent.
 That thou wert beautiful, and I not blind
 Hath been the sin which shuts me from mankind ;
 But let them go, or torture as they will,
 My heart can multiply thine image still ;
 Successful love may sate itself away,
 The wretched are the faithful ; 't is their fate
 To have all feeling save the one decay,
 And every passion into one dilate,
 As rapid rivers into ocean pour ;
 But ours is fathomless, and hath no shore.

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

Look on a love which knows not to despair,
 But all unquench'd is still my better part,
 Dwelling deep in my shut and silent heart
 As dwells the gather'd lightning in its cloud,
 Encompass'd with its dark and rolling shroud,
 Till struck,—forth flies the all-ethereal dart!
 And thus at the collision of thy name
 The vivid thought still flashes through my frame,
 And for a moment all things as they were
 Flit by me;—they are gone—I am the same.
 And yet my love without ambition grew;
 I knew thy state, my station, and I knew

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

VI.

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

But undefined and wandering, till the day
 I found the thing I sought—and that was thee ;
 And then I lost my being, all to be
 Absorb'd in thine—the world was past away—
Thou didst annihilate the earth to me !

VII.

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

VIII.

Yet do I feel at times my mind decline,⁴
 But with a sense of its decay ;—I see
 Unwonted lights along my prison shine,
 And a strange demon, who is vexing me
 With pilfering pranks and petty pains, below
 The feeling of the healthful and the free ;
 But much to one, who long hath suffer'd so,
 Sickness of heart, and narrowness of place,
 And all that may be borne, or can debase.
 I thought mine enemies had been but man,
 But spirits may be leagued with them—all earth
 Abandons—Heaven forgets me—in the dearth
 Of such defence the powers of evil can,
 It may be, tempt me further, and prevail
 Against the outworn creature they assail.
 Why in this furnace is my spirit proved,
 Like steel in tempering fire ? because I loved !
 Because I loved what not to love, and see,
 Was more or less than mortal, and than me.

IX.

I once was quick in feeling—that is o'er ;—
 My scars are callous, or I should have dash'd
 My brain against these bars as the sun flash'd

In mockery through them ;—if I bear and bore
 The much I have recounted, and the more
 Which hath no words, 't is that I would not die
 And sanction with self-slaughter the dull lie
 Which snared me here, and with the brand of shame
 Stamp madness deep into my memory,
 And woo compassion to a blighted name,
 Sealing the sentence which my foes proclaim.
 No—it shall be immortal!—and I make
 A future temple of my present cell,
 Which nations yet shall visit for my sake.
 While thou, Ferrara! when no longer dwell
 The ducal chiefs within thee, shalt fall down,
 And crumbling piece-meal view thy hearthless halls,
 A poet's wreath shall be thine only crown,
 A poet's dungeon thy most far renown,
 While strangers wonder o'er thy unpeopled walls!⁵
 And thou, Leonora! thou—who wert ashamed
 That such as I could love—who blush'd to hear
 To less than monarchs that thou couldst be dear,
 Go! tell thy brother that my heart, untamed
 By grief, years, weariness—and it may be
 A taint of that he would impute to me,
 From long infection of a den like this,
 Where the mind rots congenial with the abyss,—
 Adores thee still ;—and add—that when the towers
 And battlements which guard his joyous hours
 Of banquet, dance, and revel, are forgot,
 Or left untended in a dull repose,
 This—this shall be a consecrated spot!
 But thou—when all that birth and beauty throws
 Of magic round thee is extinct—shalt have
 One half the laurel which o'ershades my grave.
 No power in death can tear our names apart,
 As none in life could rend thee from my heart.
 Yes, Leonora! it shall be our fate
 To be entwined for ever—but too late!

NOTES.

Note 1. Page 451.

Which is my lair, and—it may be—my grave.

In the hospital of St. Anna, at Ferrara, they show a cell, over the door of which is the following inscription:—"Rispettate, O posteri, la celebrità di questa stanza, dove Torquato Tasso, infermo più di tristezza che delirio, ritenuto dimorò anni vii. mesi ii., scrisse verse e prose, e fù rimesso in libertà ad istanza della città di Bergamo, nel giorno vi. Luglio, 1586."—The dungeon is below the ground floor of the hospital, and the light penetrates through its grated window from a small yard, which seems to have been common to other cells. It is nine paces long, between five and six wide, and about seven feet high. The bedstead, so they tell, has been carried off piecemeal, and the door half cut away by the devotion of those whom "the verse and prose" of the prisoner have brought to Ferrara. The poet was confined in this room from the middle of March 1579 to December 1580, when he was removed to a contiguous apartment much larger, in which, to use his own expressions, he could "philosophise and walk about." The inscription is incorrect as to the immediate cause of his enlargement, which was promised to the city of Bergamo, but was carried into effect at the intercession of Don Vincenzo Gonzaga, Prince of Mantua.—HOBHOUSE.

Note 2. Page 452.

Oh Leonora! wilt thou not reply?

In a letter written to his friend Scipio Gonzaga, shortly after his confinement, Tasso exclaims—"Ah, wretched me! I had designed to write, besides two epic poems of most noble argument, four tragedies, of which I had formed the plan. I had schemed, too, many works in prose, on subjects the most lofty, and most useful to human life; I had designed to write philosophy with eloquence, in such a manner that there might remain of me an eternal memory in the world. Alas! I had expected to close my life with glory and renown; but now, oppressed by the burden of so many calamities, I have lost every prospect of reputation and of honour. The fear of perpetual imprisonment increases my melancholy; the indignities which I suffer augment it; and the squalor of my beard, my hair, and habit, the sordidness and filth, exceedingly annoy me. Sure am I, that if SHE who so little has corresponded to my attachment—if she saw me in such a state, and in such affliction—she would have some compassion on me."—*Opere*, t. x. p. 387.

Note 3. Page 452.

Is wound up to the lust of doing ill.

For nearly the first year of his confinement Tasso endured all the horrors of a solitary cell, and was under the care of a gaoler whose chief virtue, although he was a poet and a man of letters, was a cruel obedience to the commands of his prince. His name was Agostino Mosti. Tasso says of him, in a letter to his sister, "ed usa meco ogni sorte di rigore ed inumanità."—HOBHOUSE.

Note 4. Page 455.

Yet do I feel at times my mind decline.

"Nor do I lament," wrote Tasso, shortly after his confinement, "that my heart is deluged with almost constant misery, that my head is always heavy and often painful, that my sight and hearing are much impaired, and that all my frame is

become spare and meagre ; but, passing all this with a short sigh, what I would bewail is the infirmity of my mind. My mind sleeps, not thinks ; my fancy is chill, and forms no pictures ; my negligent senses will no longer furnish the images of things ; my hand is sluggish in writing, and my pen seems as if it shrunk from the office. I feel as if I were chained in all my operations, and as if I were overcome by an unwonted numbness and oppressive stupor."—*Opere*, t. viii. p. 258.

Page 5. Note 456.

While strangers wonder o'er thy unpeopled walls!

Those who indulge in the dreams of earthly retribution will observe, that the cruelty of Alfonso was not left without its recompense, even in his own person. He survived the affection of his subjects and of his dependants, who deserted him at his death ; and suffered his body to be interred without princely or decent honours. His last wishes were neglected ; his testament cancelled. His kinsman, Don Cæsar, shrank from the excommunication of the Vatican, and, after a short struggle, or rather suspense, Ferrara passed away for ever from the dominion of the house of Este.—HOBHOUSE.

HEBREW MELODIES.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The subsequent Poems were written at the request of my friend, the Hon. Dr. Kinnaird, for a Selection of Hebrew Melodies, and have been published, with the music, arranged by Mr. BRAHAM and Mr. NATHAN.*

January, 1815.

* Lord Byron never alludes to his share in these Melodies with complacency. Mr. Moore having, on one occasion, rallied him a little on the manner in which some of them had been set to music,—“Sunburn Nathan,” he exclaims, “why do you always twit me with his Ebrew nasalities? Have I not told you it was all Kinnaird’s doing, and my own exquisite facility of temper?”—E.

HEBREW MELODIES.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY. 1

SHE walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies ;
And all that 's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes ;
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impair'd the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face ;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent !

THE HARP THE MONARCH MINSTREL SWEPT.

THE harp the monarch minstrel swept,
The king of men, the loved of Heaven,
Which Music hallow'd while she wept
O'er tones her heart of hearts had given.
Redoubled be her tears, its chords are riven !

It soften'd men of iron mould;
 It gave them virtues not their own;
 No ear so dull, no soul so cold,
 That felt not, fired not to the tone,
 Till David's lyre grew mightier than his throne!

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

IF THAT HIGH WORLD.

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

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

THE WILD GAZELLE.

THE wild gazelle on Judah's hills
 Exulting yet may bound,
 And drink from all the living rills
 That gush on holy ground ;
 Its airy step and glorious eye
 May glance in tameless transport by :—

A step as fleet, an eye more bright,
 Hath Judah witness'd there ;
 And o'er her scenes of lost delight
 Inhabitants more fair.
 The cedars wave on Lebanon,
 But Judah's statelier maids are gone !

More blest each palm that shades those plains
 Than Israel's scatter'd race ;
 For, taking root, it there remains
 In solitary grace :
 It cannot quit its place of birth,
 It will not live in other earth.

But we must wander witheringly,
 In other lands to die ;
 And where our fathers' ashes be,
 Our own may never lie :
 Our temple hath not left a stone,
 And Mockery sits on Salem's throne.

 OH! WEEP FOR THOSE.

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

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

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

ON JORDAN'S BANKS.

ON Jordan's banks the Arab's camels stray,
 On Sion's hill the False One's votaries pray,
 The Baal-adorer bows on Sinai's steep—
 Yet there—even there—Oh God! thy thunders sleep:

There—where thy finger scorch'd the tablet stone!
 There—where thy shadow to thy people shone!
 Thy glory shrouded in its garb of fire:
 Thyself—none living see and not expire!

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

 JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

 MY SOUL IS DARK.

My soul is dark.—Oh! quickly string
 The harp I yet can brook to hear;
 And let thy gentle fingers fling
 Its melting murmurs o'er mine ear.
 If in this heart a hope be dear,
 That sound shall charm it forth again;
 If in these eyes there lurk a tear,
 'T will flow, and cease to burn my brain.

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

I SAW THEE WEEP.

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

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

 THY DAYS ARE DONE.

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

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

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

SONG OF SAUL BEFORE HIS LAST BATTLE.

WARRIORS and chiefs! should the shaft or the sword
Pierce me in leading the host of the Lord,
Heed not the corse, though a king's, in your path:
Bury your steel in the bosoms of Gath!

Thou who art bearing my buckler and bow,
Should the soldiers of Saul look away from the foe,
Stretch me that moment in blood at thy feet!
Mine be the doom which they dared not to meet.

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

SAUL.

THOU whose spell can raise the dead,
Bid the prophet's form appear.
"Samuel, raise thy buried head!
King, behold the phantom seer!"
Earth yawn'd; he stood the centre of a cloud:
Light changed its hue, retiring from his shroud.
Death stood all glassy in his fixed eye;
His hand was wither'd, and his veins were dry;
His foot, in bony whiteness, glitter'd there,
Shrunken and sinewless, and ghastly bare;
From lips that moved not and unbreathing frame,
Like cavern'd winds, the hollow accents came.
Saul saw, and fell to earth, as falls the oak,
At once, and blasted by the thunder-stroke.

"Why is my sleep disquieted?
Who is he that calls the dead?
Is it thou, oh king? Behold,
Bloodless are these limbs, and cold:
Such are mine; and such shall be
Thine, to-morrow, when with me:
Ere the coming day is done,
Such shalt thou be, such thy son.

Fare thee well, but for a day ;
 Then we mix our mouldering clay.
 Thou, thy race, lie pale and low,
 Pierced by shafts of many a bow ;
 And the falchion by thy side
 To thy heart thy hand shall guide :
 Crownless, breathless, headless fall,
 Son and sire, the house of Saul !”

“ALL IS VANITY, SAITH THE PREACHER.

FAME, wisdom, love, and power were mine,
 And health and youth possess'd me ;
 My goblets blush'd from every vine,
 And lovely forms caress'd me ;
 I sunn'd my heart in beauty's eyes,
 And felt my soul grow tender ;
 All earth can give, or mortal prize,
 Was mine of regal splendour.

I strive to number o'er what days
 Remembrance can discover,
 Which all that life or earth displays
 Would lure me to live over.
 There rose no day, there roll'd no hour,
 Of pleasure unembitter'd ;
 And not a trapping deck'd my power
 That gall'd not while it glitter'd.

The serpent of the field, by art
 And spells, is won from harming ;
 But that which coils around the heart,
 Oh ! who hath power of charming ?
 It will not list to wisdom's lore,
 Nor music's voice can lure it ;
 But there it stings for evermore
 The soul that must endure it.

WHEN COLDNESS WRAPS THIS SUFFERING CLAY

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

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

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

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

VISION OF BELSHAZZAR.

THE king was on his throne,
 The satraps throng'd the hall;
 A thousand bright lamps shone
 O'er that high festival.

A thousand cups of gold,
 In Judah deem'd divine—
 Jehovah's vessels hold
 The godless heathen's wine!

In that same hour and hall,
 The fingers of a hand
 Came forth against the wall,
 And wrote as if on sand :
 The fingers of a man,
 A solitary hand
 Along the letters ran,
 And traced them like a wand.

The monarch saw, and shook,
 And bade no more rejoice ;
 All bloodless wax'd his look,
 And tremulous his voice.
 " Let the men of lore appear,
 The wisest of the earth,
 And expound the words of fear,
 Which mar our royal mirth."

Chaldea's seers are good,
 But here they have no skill ;
 And the unknown letters stood,
 Untold and awful still.
 And Babel's men of age
 Are wise and deep in lore ;
 But now they were not sage,
 They saw—but knew no more.

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

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

SUN OF THE SLEEPLESS.

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

WERE MY BOSOM AS FALSE AS THOU DEEM'ST IT
TO BE.

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

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

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

HEROD'S LAMENT FOR MARIAMNE.

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

And is she dead?—and did they dare
 Obey my frenzy's jealous raving?
 My wrath but doom'd my own despair:
 The sword that smote her 's o'er me waving.—
 But thou art cold, my murder'd love!
 And this dark heart is vainly craving
 For her who soars alone above,
 And leaves my soul unworthy saving.

She 's gone, who shared my diadem!
 She sunk, with her my joys entombing:
 I swept that flower from Judah's stem
 Whose leaves for me alone were blooming.
 And mine 's the guilt, and mine the hell,
 This bosom's desolation dooming:
 And I have earn'd those tortures well,
 Which unconsumed are still consuming!

ON THE DAY OF THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM BY
 TITUS.

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

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

On many an eye, the high spot whence I gazed
 Had reflected the last beam of day as it blazed;
 While I stood on the height, and beheld the decline
 Of the rays from the mountain that shone on thy shrine.

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

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

BY THE RIVERS OF BABYLON WE SAT DOWN AND WEPT.

WE sat down and wept by the waters
 Of Babel, and thought of the day
 When our foe, in the hue of his slaughters,
 Made Salem's high places his prey ;
 And ye, oh her desolate daughters !
 Were scatter'd all weeping away.

While sadly we gazed on the river
 Which roll'd on in freedom below,
 They demanded the song ; but, oh never
 That triumph the stranger shall know !
 May this right hand be wither'd for ever,
 Ere it string our high harp for the foe !

On the willow the harp is suspended,—
 Oh Salem ! its sound should be free !
 And the hour when thy glories were ended,
 But left me that token of thee :
 And ne'er shall its soft tones be blended
 With the voice of the spoiler by me !



THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
 And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold ;
 And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
 When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
 That host with their banners at sunset were seen :
 Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
 That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

For the angel of death spread his wings on the blast,
 And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd ;
 And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
 And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still !

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
 But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride :
 And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
 And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
 With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
 And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
 The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
 And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
 And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
 Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

A SPIRIT PASS'D BEFORE ME.

FROM JOB.

A SPIRIT pass'd before me : I beheld
 The face of immortality unveil'd ;
 Deep sleep came down on every eye save mine—
 And there it stood,—all formless—but divine :
 Along my bones the creeping flesh did quake ;
 And as my damp hair stiffen'd, thus it spake :

“ Is man more just than God ? Is man more pure
 Than he who deems even seraphs insecure ?
 Creatures of clay ! vain dwellers in the dust !
 The moth survives you, and are ye more just ?
 Things of a day ! you wither ere the night,
 Heedless and blind to wisdom's wasted light ! ”

PARLIAMENTARY PAPERS
PRINTED BY THE PRINTING OFFICE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS
1854

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES

IN PROSE.

PARLIAMENTARY SPEECHES.

DEBATE ON THE FRAME-WORK BILL, IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS,

FEBRUARY 27, 1812.

THE order of the day for the second reading of this bill being read, LORD BYRON rose, and (for the first time) addressed their lordships, as follows :

MY LORDS—The subject now submitted to your lordships for the first time, though new to the House, is by no means new to the country. I believe it had occupied the serious thoughts of all descriptions of persons, long before its introduction to the notice of that legislature, whose interference alone could be of real service. As a person in some degree connected with the suffering county, though a stranger not only to this House in general, but to almost every individual whose attention I presume to solicit, I must claim some portion of your lordships' indulgence whilst I offer a few observations on a question in which I confess myself deeply interested.

To enter into any details of the riots would be superfluous : the House is already aware that every outrage short of actual bloodshed has been perpetrated, and that the proprietors of the frames obnoxious to the rioters, and all persons supposed to be connected with them, have been liable to insult and violence. During the short time I recently passed in Nottinghamshire, not twelve hours elapsed without some fresh act of violence ; and on the day I left the county, I was informed that forty frames had been broken the preceding evening, as usual, without resistance and without detection.

Such was then the state of that county, and such I have reason to believe it to be at this moment. But whilst these outrages must be admitted to exist to an alarming extent, it cannot be denied that they have arisen from circumstances of the most unparalleled distress. The perseverance of these miserable men in their proceedings, tends to prove that nothing but absolute want could have driven a large, and once honest and industrious, body of the people, into the commission

of excesses so hazardous to themselves, their families, and the community. At the time to which I allude, the town and county were burthened with large detachments of the military; the police was in motion, the magistrates assembled; yet all the movements, civil and military, had led to—nothing. Not a single instance had occurred of the apprehension of any real delinquent actually taken in the fact, against whom there existed legal evidence sufficient for conviction. But the police, however useless, were by no means idle: several notorious delinquents had been detected; men, liable to conviction, on the clearest evidence, of the capital crime of poverty; men who had been nefariously guilty of lawfully begetting several children, whom, thanks to the times! they were unable to maintain. Considerable injury has been done to the proprietors of the improved frames. These machines were to them an advantage, inasmuch as they superseded the necessity of employing a number of workmen, who were left in consequence to starve. By the adoption of one species of frame in particular, one man performed the work of many, and the superfluous labourers were thrown out of employment. Yet it is to be observed, that the work thus executed was inferior in quality; not marketable at home, and merely hurried over with a view to exportation. It was called, in the cant of the trade, by the name of “spider-work.” The rejected workmen, in the blindness of their ignorance, instead of rejoicing at these improvements in arts so beneficial to mankind, conceived themselves to be sacrificed to improvements in mechanism. In the foolishness of their hearts they imagined, that the maintenance and well-doing of the industrious poor were objects of greater consequence than the enrichment of a few individuals by any improvement, in the implements of trade, which threw the workmen out of employment, and rendered the labourer unworthy of his hire. And it must be confessed that although the adoption of the enlarged machinery in that state of our commerce which the country once boasted, might have been beneficial to the master without being detrimental to the servant; yet, in the present situation of our manufactures, rotting in warehouses, without a prospect of exportation, with the demand for work and workmen equally diminished, frames of this description tend materially to aggravate the distress and discontent of the disappointed sufferers. But the real cause of these distresses and consequent disturbances lies deeper. When we are told that these men are leagued together, not only for the destruction of their own comfort, but of their very means of subsistence, can we forget that it is the bitter policy, the destructive warfare of the last eighteen years, which has destroyed their comfort, your comfort, all men’s comfort? that policy which, originating with “great statesmen now no more,” has survived the dead to become a curse on the living, unto the third and fourth generation! These men never destroyed their looms till they were become useless, worse than useless; till they were become actual impediments to their exertions in obtaining their daily bread. Can you, then, wonder that, in times like these, when bankruptcy, convicted fraud, and imputed felony, are found in a station not far

beneath that of your lordships, the lowest, though once most useful portion of the people, should forget their duty in their distresses, and become only less guilty than one of their representatives? But while the exalted offender can find means to baffle the law, new capital punishments must be devised, new snares of death must be spread for the wretched mechanic, who is famished into guilt. These men were willing to dig, but the spade was in other hands: they were not ashamed to beg, but there was none to relieve them: their own means of subsistence were cut off, all other employments pre-occupied, and their excesses, however to be deplored and condemned, can hardly be subject of surprise.

It has been stated, that the persons in the temporary possession of frames connive at their destruction; if this be proved upon inquiry, it were necessary that such material accessories to the crime should be principals in the punishment. But I did hope, that any measure proposed by his Majesty's government, for your lordships' decision, would have had conciliation for its basis; or, if that were hopeless, that some previous inquiry, some deliberation would have been deemed requisite; not that we should have been called at once without examination, and without cause, to pass sentences by wholesale, and sign death-warrants blindfold. But admitting that these men had no cause of complaint; that the grievances of them and their employers were alike groundless; that they deserved the worst; what inefficiency, what imbecility has been evinced in the method chosen to reduce them! Why were the military called out to be made a mockery of, if they were to be called out at all? As far as the difference of seasons would permit, they have merely parodied the summer campaign of Major Sturgeon; and, indeed, the whole proceedings, civil and military, seemed on the model of those of the Mayor and Corporation of Garratt. Such marchings and counter-marchings! from Nottingham to Bullwell, from Bullwell to Banford, from Banford to Mansfield! and when at length the detachments arrived at their destinations, in all "the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war," they came just in time to witness the mischief which had been done, and ascertain the escape of the perpetrators; to collect the "*spolia opima*" in the fragments of broken frames, and return to their quarters amidst the derision of old women, and the hootings of children. Now, though in a free country, it were to be wished that our military should never be too formidable, at least to ourselves, I cannot see the policy of placing them in situations where they can only be made ridiculous. As the sword is the worst argument that can be used, so should it be the last. In this instance it has been the first; but providentially as yet only in the scabbard. The present measure will, indeed, pluck it from the sheath; yet had proper meetings been held in the earlier stages of these riots, had the grievances of these men and their masters (for they also had their grievances) been fairly weighed and justly examined, I do think that means might have been devised to restore these workmen to their avocations, and tranquillity to the county. At present the county suffers from the double infliction of an idle military and a starving population. In what

state of apathy have we been plunged so long, that now for the first time the House has been officially apprised of these disturbances! All this has been transacting within a hundred and thirty miles of London, and yet we, "good easy men, have deemed full sure our greatness was a-ripening," and have sat down to enjoy our foreign triumphs in the midst of domestic calamity. But all the cities you have taken, all the armies which have retreated before your leaders, are but paltry subjects of self-congratulation, if your land divides against itself, and your dragoons and your executioners must be let loose against your fellow-citizens. —You call these men a mob, desperate, dangerous, and ignorant; and seem to think that the only way to quiet the "*bellua multorum capitum*" is to lop off a few of its superfluous heads. But even a mob may be better reduced to reason by a mixture of conciliation and firmness, than by additional irritation and redoubled penalties. Are we aware of our obligations to a mob? It is the mob that labour in your fields, and serve in your houses,—that man your navy, and recruit your army,—that have enabled you to defy all the world, and can also defy you when neglect and calamity have driven them to despair. You may call the people a mob; but do not forget, that a mob too often speaks the sentiments of the people. And here I must remark, with what alacrity you are accustomed to fly to the succour of your distressed allies, leaving the distressed of your own country to the care of Providence, or—the parish. When the Portuguese suffered under the retreat of the French, every arm was stretched out, every hand was opened, from the rich man's largess to the widow's mite, all was bestowed to enable them to rebuild their villages and replenish their granaries. And at this moment, when thousands of misguided but most unfortunate fellow-countrymen are struggling with the extremes of hardships and hunger, as your charity began abroad it should end at home. A much less sum, a tithe of the bounty bestowed on Portugal, even if those men (which I cannot admit without inquiry) could not have been restored to their employments, would have rendered unnecessary the tender mercies of the bayonet and the gibbet. But doubtless our friends have too many foreign claims to admit a prospect of domestic relief, though never did such objects demand it. I have traversed the seat of war in the Peninsula, I have been in some of the most oppressed provinces of Turkey, but never under the most despotic of infidel governments did I behold such squalid wretchedness as I have seen since my return, in the very heart of a christian country. And what are your remedies? After months of inaction, and months of action worse than inactivity, at length comes forth the grand specific, the never-failing nostrum of all state-physicians, from the days of Draco to the present time. After feeling the pulse and shaking the head over the patient, prescribing the usual course of warm water and bleeding, the warm water of your maukish police, and the lancets of your military, these convulsions must terminate in death, the sure consummation of the prescriptions of all political Sangrados. Setting aside the palpable injustice, and the certain inefficiency of the bill, are there not capital punishments sufficient in your statutes? Is there not blood enough upon your penal

code, that more must be poured forth to ascend to Heaven and testify against you? How will you carry the bill into effect? Can you commit a whole county to their own prison? Will you erect a gibbet in every field, and hang up men like scarecrows? or will you proceed (as you must to bring this measure into effect) by decimation? place the country under martial law? depopulate and lay waste all around you? and restore Sherwood Forest as an acceptable gift to the crown, in its former condition of a royal chase and an asylum for outlaws? Are these the remedies for a starving and desperate populace? Will the famished wretch who has braved your bayonets be appalled by your gibbets? When death is a relief, and the only relief it appears that you will afford him, will he be dragooned into tranquillity? Will that which could not be effected by your grenadiers, be accomplished by your executioners? If you proceed by the forms of law, where is your evidence? Those who have refused to impeach their accomplices, when transportation only was the punishment, will hardly be tempted to witness against them when death is the penalty. With all due deference to the noble lords opposite, I think a little investigation, some previous inquiry, would induce even them to change their purpose. That most favourite state measure, so marvellously efficacious in many and recent instances, temporizing, would not be without its advantages in this. When a proposal is made to emancipate or relieve, you hesitate, you deliberate for years, you temporize and tamper with the minds of men; but a death-bill must be passed off-hand, without a thought of the consequences. Sure I am, from what I have heard, and from what I have seen, that to pass the bill under all the existing circumstances without inquiry, without deliberation, would only be to add injustice to irritation, and barbarity to neglect. The framers of such a bill must be content to inherit the honours of that Athenian lawgiver, whose edicts were said to be written not in ink but in blood. But suppose it passed; suppose one of these men, as I have seen them,—meagre with famine, sullen with despair, careless of a life which your lordships are perhaps about to value at something less than the price of a stocking-frame—suppose this man surrounded by the children for whom he is unable to procure bread at the hazard of his existence, about to be torn for ever from a family which he lately supported in peaceful industry, and which it is not his fault that he can no longer so support—suppose this man, and there are ten thousand such from whom you may select your victims, dragged into court, to be tried for this new offence by this new law; still, there are two things wanting to convict and condemn him; and these are, in my opinion, twelve butchers for a jury, and a Jefferies for a judge!

DEBATE ON THE EARL OF DONOUGHMORE'S MOTION
FOR A COMMITTEE ON THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CLAIMS,

APRIL 21, 1812.

MY LORDS—The question before the House has been so frequently, fully, and ably discussed, and never perhaps more ably than on this night, that it would be difficult to adduce new arguments for or against it. But with each discussion, difficulties have been removed, objections have been canvassed and refuted, and some of the former opponents of Catholic emancipation have at length conceded to the expediency of relieving the petitioners. In conceding thus much, however, a new objection is started; it is not the time, say they, or it is an improper time, or there is time enough yet. In some degree I concur with those who say it is not the time exactly; that time is passed; better had it been for the country, that the Catholics possessed at this moment their proportion of our privileges, that their nobles held their due weight in our councils, than that we should be assembled to discuss their claims. It had indeed been better

Non tempore tali
Cogere concilium cum muros obsidet hostis.

The enemy is without, and distress within. It is too late to cavil on doctrinal points, when we must unite in defence of things more important than the mere ceremonies of religion. It is indeed singular, that we are called together to deliberate, not on the God we adore, for in that we are agreed; not about the king we obey, for to him we are loyal; but how far a difference in the ceremonials of worship, how far believing, not too little, but too much (the worst that can be imputed to the Catholics), how far too much devotion to their God, may incapacitate our fellow-subjects from effectually serving their king.

Much has been said, within and without doors, of Church and State, and although those venerable words have been too often prostituted to the most despicable of party purposes, we cannot hear them too often; all, I presume, are the advocates of Church and State, the Church of Christ, and the State of Great Britain; but not a state of exclusion and despotism, not an intolerant church, not a church militant, which renders itself liable to the very objection urged against the Romish communion, and in a greater degree, for the Catholic merely withholds its spiritual benediction (and even that is doubtful); but our church, or rather our churchmen, not only refuse to the Catholic their spiritual grace, but all temporal blessings whatsoever. It was an observation of the great Lord Peterborough, made within these walls, or within the walls where the Lords then assembled, that he was for a "parliamentary king and a parliamentary constitution, but not a parliamentary god and a parliamentary religion." The interval of a century has not weakened the force of the remark. It is indeed time that we should leave off these petty cavils on frivolous points, these Lilliputian sophistries, whether our "eggs are best broken at the broad or narrow end."

The opponents of the Catholics may be divided into two classes ; those who assert that the Catholics have too much already, and those who allege that the lower orders, at least, have nothing more to require. We are told by the former, that the Catholics never will be contented : by the latter, that they are already too happy. The last paradox is sufficiently refuted by the present, as by all past petitions ; it might as well be said, that the negroes did not desire to be emancipated ; but this is an unfortunate comparison, for you have already delivered them out of the house of bondage without any petition on their part, but many from their task-masters to a contrary effect ; and for myself, when I consider this, I pity the Catholic peasantry for not having the good fortune to be born black. But the Catholics are contented, or at least ought to be, as we are told : I shall therefore proceed to touch on a few of those circumstances which so marvellously contribute to their exceeding contentment. They are not allowed the free exercise of their religion in the regular army ; the Catholic soldier cannot absent himself from the service of the Protestant clergyman, and, unless he is quartered in Ireland, or in Spain, where can he find eligible opportunities of attending his own ? The permission of Catholic chaplains to the Irish militia regiments was conceded as a special favour, and not till after years of remonstrance, although an act, passed in 1793, established it as a right. But are the Catholics properly protected in Ireland ? Can the Church purchase a rood of land whereon to erect a chapel ? No : all the places of worship are built on leases of trust or sufferance from the laity, easily broken and often betrayed. The moment any irregular wish, any casual caprice of the benevolent landlord meets with opposition, the doors are barred against the congregation. This has happened continually ; but in no instance more glaringly than at the town of Newtown-Barry, in the county of Wexford. The Catholics, enjoying no regular chapel, as a temporary expedient, hired two barns, which, being thrown into one, served for public worship. At this time, there was quartered opposite to the spot an officer, whose mind appears to have been deeply imbued with those prejudices with the Protestant petitions, now on the table, prove to have been fortunately eradicated from the more rational portion of the people ; and when the Catholics were assembled on the sabbath as usual, in peace and goodwill towards men, for the worship of their God and yours, they found the chapel door closed, and were told that if they did not immediately retire (and they were told this by a yeoman officer and a magistrate), the riot act should be read, and the assembly dispersed at the point of the bayonet ! This was complained of to the middle-man of government, the Secretary at the Castle in 1806, and the answer was (in lieu of redress), that he would cause a letter to be written to the colonel, to prevent, if possible, the recurrence of similar disturbances. Upon this fact, no very great stress need be laid ; but it tends to prove, that while the Catholic church has not power to purchase land for its chapels to stand upon, the laws for its protection are of no avail. In the mean time, the Catholics are at the mercy of every " pelting petty officer," who may chuse to play

his "fantastic tricks before high heaven," to insult his God, and injure his fellow-creatures.

Every school-boy, any foot-boy (such have held commissions in our service), any foot-boy who can exchange his shoulder-knot for an epaulet, may perform all this and more against the Catholic, by virtue of that very authority delegated to him by his sovereign, for the express purpose of defending his fellow-subjects to the last drop of his blood, without discrimination or distinction between Catholic and Protestant.

Have the Irish Catholics the full benefit of trial by jury? They have not; they never can have, until they are permitted to share the privilege of serving as sheriffs and under-sheriffs. Of this a striking example occurred at the last Enniskillen assizes. A yeoman was arraigned for the murder of a Catholic named Macvournagh; three respectable uncontradicted witnesses deposed that they saw the prisoner load, take aim, fire at, and kill the said Macvoureagh. This was properly commented on by the judge; but, to the astonishment of the bar, and indignation of the court, the Protestant jury acquitted the accused. So glaring was the partiality, that Mr. Justice Osborne felt it his duty to bind over the acquitted, but not absolved assassin, in large recognizances; thus for a time taking away his license to kill Catholics.

Are the very laws passed in their favour observed? They are rendered nugatory in trivial as in serious cases. By a late act, Catholic chaplains are permitted in jails, but in Fermanagh county the grand jury lately persisted in presenting a suspended clergyman for the office; thereby evading the statute, notwithstanding the most pressing remonstrances of a most respectable magistrate, named Fletcher, to the contrary. Such is law, such is justice, for the happy, free, contented Catholic!

It has been asked in another place, why do not the rich Catholics endow foundations for the education of the priesthood? Why do you not permit them to do so? Why are such bequests subject to the interference, the vexatious, arbitrary, peculating interference of the Orange commissioners for charitable donations?

As to Maynooth College, in no instance, except at the time of its foundation, when a noble lord (Camden), at the head of the Irish administration, did appear to interest himself in its advancement; and during the government of a noble duke (Bedford), who, like his ancestors, has ever been the friend of freedom and mankind, and who has not so far adopted the selfish policy of the day as to exclude the Catholics from the number of his fellow-creatures; with these exceptions, in no instance has that institution been properly encouraged. There was indeed a time when the Catholic clergy were conciliated, while the Union was pending, that union which could not be carried without them, while their assistance was requisite in procuring addresses from the Catholic counties; then they were cajoled and caressed, feared and flattered, and given to understand that "the Union would do every thing;" but, the moment it was passed, they were driven back with contempt into their former obscurity.

In the conduct pursued towards Maynooth College, every thing is done to irritate and perplex—every thing is done to efface the slightest impression of gratitude from the Catholic mind ; the very hay made upon the lawn, the fat and tallow of the beef and mutton allowed, must be paid for and accounted upon oath. It is true, this economy in miniature cannot be sufficiently commended, particularly at a time when only the insect defaulters of the Treasury, your Hunts and your Chinnerys, when only those “gilded bugs” can escape the microscopic eye of ministers. But when you come forward, session after session, as your paltry pittance is wrung from you with wrangling and reluctance, to boast of your liberality, well might the Catholic exclaim, in the words of Prior,—

To John I owe some obligation,
 But John unluckily thinks fit
 To publish it to all the nation,
 So John and I are more than quit.

Some persons have compared the Catholics to the beggar in Gil Blas. Who made them beggars? Who are enriched with the spoils of their ancestors? And cannot you relieve the beggar, when your fathers have made him such? If you are disposed to relieve him at all, cannot you do it without flinging your farthings in his face? As a contrast, however, to this beggarly benevolence, let us look at the Protestant charter-schools; to them you have lately granted £.41,000: thus are they supported, and how are they recruited? Montesquieu observes, on the English constitution, that the model may be found in Tacitus, where the historian describes the policy of the Germans, and adds, “this beautiful system was taken from the woods;” so in speaking of the charter schools, it may be observed, that this beautiful system was taken from the gypsies. These schools are recruited in the same manner as the Janizaries at the time of their enrolment under Amurath, and the gypsies of the present day, with stolen children, with children decoyed and kidnapped from their Catholic connexions by their rich and powerful Protestant neighbours: this is notorious, and one instance may suffice to show in what manner. The sister of a Mr. Carthy (a Catholic gentleman of very considerable property) died, leaving two girls, who were immediately marked out as proselytes, and conveyed to the charter-school of Coolgreny. Their uncle, on being apprised of the fact, which took place during his absence, applied for the restitution of his nieces, offering to settle an independence on these his relations; his request was refused, and not till after five years’ struggle, and the interference of very high authority, could this Catholic gentleman obtain back his nearest of kindred from a charity charter-school. In this manner are proselytes obtained, and mingled with the offspring of such Protestants as may avail themselves of the institution. And how are they taught? A catechism is put into their hands consisting of, I believe, forty-five pages, in which are three questions relative to the Protestant religion; one of these queries is, “Where was the Protestant religion before Luther?” Answer, “In the Gospel.” The remaining forty-four pages and a half regard the damnable idolatry of Papists!

Allow me to ask our spiritual pastors and masters, is this training put a child in the way which he should go? Is this the religion of the gospel before the time of Luther? that religion which preaches "Peace on earth, and glory to God?" Is it bringing up infants to be men or devils? Better would it be to send them any where than teach them such doctrines; better send them to those islands in the South Seas, where they might more humanely learn to become cannibals; it would be less disgusting that they were brought up to devour the dead, than persecute the living. Schools, do you call them? call them rather dunghills, where the viper of intolerance deposits her young, that, when their teeth are cut and their poison is mature, they may issue forth, filthy and venomous, to sting the Catholic. But are these the doctrines of the Church of England, or of churchmen? No; the most enlightened churchmen are of a different opinion. What says Paley? "I perceive no reason why men of different religious persuasions should not sit upon the same bench, deliberate in the same council, or fight in the same ranks, as well as men of various religious opinions, upon any controverted topic of natural history, philosophy, or ethics." It may be answered that Paley was not strictly orthodox; I know nothing of his orthodoxy, but who will deny that he was an ornament to the church, to human nature, to christianity?

I shall not dwell upon the grievance of tithes, so severely felt by the peasantry, but it may be proper to observe, that there is an addition to the burthen, a per centage to the gatherer, whose interest it thus becomes to rate them as highly as possible; and we know that in many large livings in Ireland, the only resident Protestants are the tithe proctor and his family.

Among many causes of irritation, too numerous for recapitulation, there is one in the militia not to be passed over, I mean the existence of Orange lodges amongst the privates: can the officers deny this? And if such lodges do exist, do they, can they tend to promote harmony amongst the men, who are thus individually separated in society, although mingled in the ranks? And is this general system of persecution to be permitted, or is it to be believed that with such a system the Catholics can or ought to be contented? If they are, they belie human nature; they are then, indeed, unworthy to be any thing but the slaves you have made them. The facts stated are from most respectable authority, or I should not have dared in this place, or any place, to hazard this avowal. If exaggerated, there are plenty, as willing as I believe them to be unable, to disprove them. Should it be objected that I never was in Ireland, I beg leave to observe, that it is as easy to know something of Ireland without having been there, as it appears with some to have been born, bred, and cherished there, and yet remain ignorant of its best interests.

But there are, who assert that the Catholics have already been too much indulged: see (cry they) what has been done: we have given them one entire college, we allow them food and raiment, the full enjoyment of the elements, and leave to fight for us as long as they have limbs and lives to offer; and yet they are never to be satisfied! Gene-

rous and just declaimers! To this, and to this only, amounts the whole of your arguments, when stript of their sophistry. These personages remind me of the story of a certain drummer, who being called upon in the course of duty to administer punishment to a friend tied to the halberts, was requested to flog high; he did—to flog low, he did—to flog in the middle, he did—high, low, down the middle, and up again, but all in vain, the patient continued his complaints with the most provoking pertinacity, until the drummer, exhausted and angry, flung down his scourge, exclaiming, “the devil burn you; there’s no pleasing you, flog where one will!” Thus it is; you have flogged the Catholic high, low, here, there, and every where, and then you wonder he is not pleased. It is true, that time, experience, and that weariness which attends even the exercise of barbarity, have taught you to flog a little more gently, but still you continue to lay on the lash, and will so continue, till perhaps the rod may be wrested from your hands, and applied to the backs of yourselves and your posterity.

It was said by somebody in a former debate (I forget by whom, and am not very anxious to remember), if the Catholics are emancipated, why not the Jews? If this sentiment was dictated by compassion for the Jews, it might deserve attention, but as a sneer against the Catholic, what is it but the language of Shylock transferred from his daughter’s marriage to Catholic emancipation?—

Would any of the tribe of Barrabbas
Should have it rather than a christian!

I presume a Catholic is a christian, even in the opinion of him whose taste only can be called in question for his preference of the Jews.

It is a remark often quoted of Dr. Johnson (whom I take to be almost as good authority as the gentle apostle of intolerance, Dr. Duigenan), that he who could entertain serious apprehensions of danger to the Church in these times, would have “cried fire in the deluge.” This is more than a metaphor, for a remnant of these antediluvians appear actually to have come down to us, with fire in their mouths and water in their brains, to disturb and perplex mankind with their whimsical outcries. And as it is an infallible symptom of that distressing malady with which I conceive them to be afflicted (so any doctor will inform your lordships), for the unhappy invalids to perceive a flame perpetually flashing before their eyes, particularly when their eyes are shut (as those of the persons to whom I allude have long been), it is impossible to convince these poor creatures, that the fire against which they are perpetually warning us and themselves, is nothing but an *ignis fatuus* of their own drivelling imaginations. What rhubarb, senna, or “what purgative drug can scour that fancy thence?”—It is impossible: they are given over, theirs is the true

Caput insanabile tribus Anticyris.

These are your true Protestants. Like Bayle, who protested against

all sects whatsoever, so do they protest against Catholic petitions, Protestant petitions, all redress, all that reason, humanity, policy, justice, and common sense can urge against the delusions of their absurd delirium. These are the persons who reverse the fable of the mountain that brought forth a mouse; they are the mice who conceive themselves in labour with mountains.

To return to the Catholics, suppose the Irish were actually contented under their disabilities, suppose them capable of such a bull as not to desire deliverance, ought we not to wish it for ourselves? Have we nothing to gain by their emancipation? What resources have been wasted, what talents have been lost, by the selfish system of exclusion! You already know the value of Irish aid; at this moment the defence of England is intrusted to the Irish militia; at this moment, while the starving people are rising in the fierceness of despair, the Irish are faithful to their trust. But till equal energy is imparted throughout by the extension of freedom, you cannot enjoy the full benefit of the strength which you are glad to interpose between you and destruction. Ireland has done much, but will do more. At this moment the only triumph obtained through long years of continental disaster has been achieved by an Irish general; it is true he is not a Catholic; had he been so, we should have been deprived of his exertions; but I presume no one will assert that his religion would have impaired his talents, or diminished his patriotism, though in that case he must have conquered in the ranks, for he never could have commanded an army.

But while he is fighting the battles of the Catholics abroad, his noble brother has this night advocated their cause, with an eloquence which I shall not depreciate by the humble tribute of my panegyric, whilst a third of his kindred, as unlike as unequal, has been combating against his catholic brethren in Dublin, with circular letters, edicts, proclamations, arrests, and dispersions—all the vexatious implements of petty warfare that could be wielded by the mercenary guerillas of government, clad in the rusty armour of their obsolete statutes. Your lordships will, doubtless, divide new honours between the saviour of Portugal, and the dispenser of delegates. It is singular, indeed, to observe the difference between our foreign and domestic policy; if Catholic Spain, faithful Portugal, or the no less Catholic and faithful king of the one Sicily (of which, by the by, you have lately deprived him), stand in need of succour, away goes a fleet and an army, an ambassador and a subsidy, sometimes to fight pretty hardly, generally to negotiate very badly, and always to pay very dearly for our Popish allies. But let four millions of fellow-subjects pray for relief, who fight and pay and labour in your behalf, they must be treated as aliens, and although their "father's house has many mansions," there is no resting-place for them. Allow me to ask, are you not fighting for the emancipation of Ferdinand the Seventh, who certainly is a fool, and consequently, in all probability, a bigot? and have you more regard for a foreign sovereign than your own fellow-subjects, who are not fools, for they know your interest better than you know your own; who are not bigots, for they return you good for evil; but who

are in worse durance than the prison of an usurper, inasmuch as the fetters of the mind are more galling than those of the body?

Upon the consequences of your not acceding to the claims of the petitioners, I shall not expatiate; you know them, you will feel them, and your children's children when you are passed away. Adieu to that Union so called, as "*Lucus a non lucendo*," a Union from never uniting, which, in its first operation, gave a death-blow to the independence of Ireland, and in its last may be the cause of her eternal separation from his country. If it must be called a Union, it is the union of the shark with his prey; the spoiler swallows up his victim, and thus they become one and indivisible. Thus has Great Britain swallowed up the parliament, the constitution, the independence of Ireland, and refuses to disgorge even a single privilege, although for the relief of her swollen and distempered body politic.

And now, my lords, before I sit down, will his majesty's ministers permit me to say a few words, not on their merits, for that would be superfluous, but on the degree of estimation in which they are held by the people of these realms. The esteem in which they are held has been boasted of in a triumphant tone on a late occasion within these walls, and a comparison instituted between their conduct, and that of noble lords on this side of the House.

What portion of popularity may have fallen to the share of my noble friends (if such I may presume to call them), I shall not pretend to ascertain; but that of his majesty's ministers it were vain to deny. It is, to be sure, a little like the wind,—no one knows "whence it cometh or whither it goeth," but they feel it, they enjoy it, they boast of it. Indeed, modest and unostentatious as they are, to what part of the kingdom, even the most remote, can they flee to avoid the triumph which pursues them? If they plunge into the midland counties, there will they be greeted by the manufacturers with spurned petitions in their hands, and those halters round their necks recently voted in their behalf, imploring blessings on the heads of those who so simply, yet ingeniously, contrived to remove them from their miseries in this to a better world. If they journey on to Scotland, from Glasgow to Johnny Groat's, every where will they receive similar marks of approbation. If they take a trip from Portpatrick to Donaghadee, there will they rush at once into the embraces of four Catholic millions, to whom their vote of this night is about to endear them for ever. When they return to the metropolis, if they can pass under Temple Bar without unpleasant sensations at the sight of the greedy niches over that ominous gateway, they cannot escape the acclamations of the livery, and the more tremulous, but not less sincere applause, the blessings, "not loud but deep," of bankrupt merchants and doubting stock-holders. If they look to the army, what wreaths, not of laurel, but of night-shade, are preparing for the heroes of Walcheren! It is true, there are few living deponents left to testify to their merits on that occasion; but "a cloud of witnesses" are gone above from that gallant army which they so generously and piously dispatched, to recruit the "noble army of martyrs."

What if, in the course of this triumphal career (in which they will gather as many pebbles as Caligula's army did on a similar triumph, the prototype of their own), they do not perceive any of those memorials which a grateful people erect in honour of their benefactors; what although not even a sign-post will condescend to depose the Saracen's head in favour of the likeness of the conquerors of Walcheren, they will not want a picture who can always have a caricature; or regret the omission of a statue who will so often see themselves exalted in effigy. But their popularity is not limited to the narrow bounds of an island; there are other countries where their measures, and, above all, their conduct to the Catholics, must render them pre-eminently popular. If they are beloved here, in France they must be adored. There is no measure more repugnant to the designs and feelings of Bonaparte than Catholic emancipation; no line of conduct more propitious to his projects, than that which has been pursued, is pursuing, and, I fear, will be pursued, towards Ireland. What is England without Ireland, and what is Ireland without the Catholics? It is on the basis of your tyranny Napoleon hopes to build his own. So grateful must oppression of the Catholics be to his mind, that doubtless (as he has lately permitted some renewal of intercourse) the next cartel will convey to this country cargoes of Sèvres-china and blue ribands (things in great request, and of equal value at this moment), blue ribands of the legion of honour for Dr. Duigenan and his ministerial disciples. Such is that well-earned popularity, the result of those extraordinary expeditions, so expensive to ourselves, and so useless to our allies; of those singular inquiries, so exculpatory to the accused, and so dissatisfactory to the people; of those paradoxical victories, so honourable, as we are told, to the British name, and so destructive to the best interests of the British nation: above all, such is the reward of a conduct pursued by ministers towards the Catholics.

I have to apologize to the House, who will, I trust, pardon me, not often in the habit of intruding upon their indulgence, for so long attempting to engage their attention. My most decided opinion is, as my vote will be, in favour of the motion.

DEBATE ON MAJOR CARTWRIGHT'S PETITION,
JUNE 1, 1813.

LORD BYRON rose and said:

MY LORDS—The petition which I now hold for the purpose of presenting to the House, is one which I humbly conceive requires the particular attention of your lordships, inasmuch as, though signed but by a single individual, it contains statements which (if not disproved)

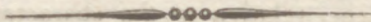
demand most serious investigation. The grievance of which the petitioner complains is neither selfish nor imaginary. It is not his own only, for it has been and is still felt by numbers. No one without these walls, nor indeed within, but may to-morrow be made liable to the same insult and obstruction, in the discharge of an imperious duty for the restoration of the true constitution of these realms by petitioning for reform in parliament. The petitioner, my lords, is a man whose long life has been spent in one unceasing struggle for the liberty of the subject, against that undue influence which has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished; and, whatever difference of opinion may exist as to his political tenets, few will be found to question the integrity of his intentions. Even now, oppressed with years, and not exempt from the infirmities attendant on his age, but still unimpaired in talent, and unshaken in spirit—“*frangas, non flectes*”—he has received many a wound in the combat against corruption; and the new grievance, the fresh insult of which he complains, may inflict another scar, but no dishonour. The petition is signed by John Cartwright; and it was in behalf of the people and parliament, in the lawful pursuit of that reform in the representation, which is the best service to be rendered both to parliament and people, that he encountered the wanton outrage which forms the subject matter of his petition to your lordships. It is couched in firm, yet respectful language—in the language of a man, not regardless of what is due to himself, but, at the same time, I trust, equally mindful of the deference to be paid to this House. The petitioner states, amongst other matter of equal, if not greater importance, to all who are British in their feelings, as well as blood and birth, that on the 21st January, 1813, at Huddersfield, himself and six other persons, who, on hearing of his arrival, had waited on him merely as a testimony of respect, were seized by a military and civil force, and kept in close custody for several hours, subjected to gross and abusive insinuations from the commanding-officer, relative to the character of the petitioner; that he the petitioner was finally carried before a magistrate; and not released till an examination of his papers proved that there was not only no just, but not even statutable charge against him; and that notwithstanding the promise and order from the presiding magistrates of a copy of the warrant against your petitioner, it was afterwards withheld on divers pretexts, and has never until this hour been granted. The names and condition of the parties will be found in the petition. To the other topics touched upon in the petition, I shall not now advert, from a wish not to encroach upon the time of the House; but I do most sincerely call the attention of your lordships to its general contents—it is in the cause of the parliament and people that the rights of this venerable freeman have been violated, and it is, in my opinion, the highest mark of respect that could be paid to the House, that to your justice, rather than by appeal to any inferior court, he now commits himself. Whatever may be the fate of his remonstrance, it is some satisfaction to me, though mixed with regret for the occasion, that I have this opportunity of publicly stating the obstruction to which the

subject is liable, in the prosecution of the most lawful and imperious of his duties, the obtaining by petition reform in parliament. I have shortly stated his complaint; the petitioner has more fully expressed it. Your lordships will, I hope, adopt some measure fully to protect and redress him; and not him alone, but the whole body of the people insulted and aggrieved in his person by the interposition of an abused civil, and unlawful military force, between them and their right of petition to their own representatives.

His lordship then presented the petition from Major Cartwright, which was read, complaining of the circumstances at Huddersfield, and of interruptions given to the right of petitioning, in several places in the northern parts of the kingdom, and which his lordship moved should be laid on the table.

Several lords having spoken on the question,

LORD BYRON replied, that he had, from motives of duty, presented this petition to their lordships' consideration. The noble earl had contended that it was not a petition, but a speech; and that, as it contained no prayer, it should not be received. What was the necessity of a prayer? If that word were to be used in its proper sense, their lordships could not expect that any man should pray to others. He had only to say, that the petition, though in some parts expressed strongly perhaps, did not contain any improper mode of address, but was couched in respectful language towards their lordships; he should therefore trust their lordships would allow the petition to be received.



A FRAGMENT.*

June, 17, 1816.

IN the year 17—, having for some time determined on a journey through countries not hitherto much frequented by travellers, I set out, accompanied by a friend whom I shall designate by the name of Augustus Darvell. He was a few years my elder, and a man of considerable fortune and ancient family—advantages which an extensive capacity prevented him alike from undervaluing or overrating. Some peculiar circumstances in his private history had rendered him to me an object of attention, of interest, and even of regard, which neither the reserve of his manners, nor occasional indications of an inquietude at times nearly approaching to alienation of mind, could extinguish.

I was yet young in life, which I had begun early; but my intimacy with him was of a recent date: we had been educated at the same schools and university, but his progress through these had preceded mine, and he had been deeply initiated into what is called the world, while I was yet in my noviciate. While thus engaged, I had heard much both of his past and present life; and, although in these accounts there were many and irreconcilable contradictions, I could still gather from the whole that he was a being of no common order, and one who, whatever pains he might take to avoid remark, would still be remarkable. I had cultivated his acquaintance subsequently, and endeavoured to obtain his friendship, but this last appeared to be unattainable; whatever affections he might have possessed seemed now, some to have been extinguished, and others to be concentrated: that his feelings were acute, I had sufficient opportunities of observing; for, although he could control, he could not altogether disguise

* During a week of rain at Diodati, in the summer of 1816, the party having amused themselves with reading German ghost stories, they agreed at last to write something in imitation of them. "You and I," said Lord Byron to Mrs. Shelley, "will publish ours together." He then began his tale of the Vampire; and, having the whole arranged in his head, repeated to them a sketch of the story one evening;—but, from the narrative being in prose, made but little progress in filling up his outline. The most memorable result, indeed, of their story-telling compact, was Mrs. Shelley's wild and powerful romance of Frankenstein.—MOORE.

"I began it," says Lord Byron, "in an old account book of Miss Milbanke's, which I kept because it contains the word 'household,' written by her twice on the inside blank page of the covers; being the only two scraps I have in the world in her writing, except her name to the Deed of Separation."

them: still he had a power of giving to one passion the appearance of another, in such a manner that it was difficult to define the nature of what was working within him; and the expressions of his features would vary so rapidly, though slightly, that it was useless to trace them to their sources. It was evident that he was a prey to some cureless disquiet; but whether it arose from ambition, love, remorse, grief, from one or all of these, or merely from a morbid temperament akin to disease, I could not discover; there were circumstances alleged which might have justified the application to each of these causes; but, as I have before said, these were so contradictory and contradicted, that none could be fixed upon with accuracy. Where there is mystery, it is generally supposed that there must also be evil; I know not how this may be, but in him there certainly was the one, though I could not ascertain the extent of the other—and felt loth, as far as regarded himself, to believe in its existence. My advances were received with sufficient coldness; but I was young, and not easily discouraged, and at length succeeded in obtaining, to a certain degree, that common-place intercourse and moderate confidence of common and every-day concerns, created and cemented by similarity of pursuit and frequency of meeting, which is called intimacy, or friendship, according to the ideas of him who uses those words to express them.

Darvell had already travelled extensively, and to him I had applied for information with regard to the conduct of my intended journey. It was my secret wish that he might be prevailed on to accompany me: it was also a probable hope, founded upon the shadowy restlessness which I had observed in him, and to which the animation which he appeared to feel on such subjects, and his apparent indifference to all by which he was more immediately surrounded, gave fresh strength. This wish I first hinted, and then expressed: his answer, though I had partly expected it, gave me all the pleasure of surprise—he consented; and, after the requisite arrangements, we commenced our voyages. After journeying through various countries of the south of Europe, our attention was turned towards the East, according to our original destination; and it was in my progress through those regions that the incident occurred upon which will turn what I may have to relate.

The constitution of Darvell, which must, from his appearance, have been in early life more than usually robust, had been for some time gradually giving way, without the intervention of any apparent disease: he had neither cough nor hectic, yet he became daily more enfeebled: his habits were temperate, and he neither declined nor complained of fatigue; yet he was evidently wasting away: he became more and more silent and sleepless, and at length so seriously altered, that my alarm grew proportionate to what I conceived to be his danger.

We had determined, on our arrival at Smyrna, on an excursion to the ruins of Ephesus and Sardis, from which I endeavoured to dissuade him, in his present state of indisposition—but in vain: there appeared to be an oppression on his mind, and a solemnity in his

manner, which ill corresponded with his eagerness to proceed on what I regarded as a mere party of pleasure, little suited to a valetudinarian; but I opposed him no longer—and in a few days we set off together, accompanied only by a serrugee and a single janizary.

We had passed half-way towards the remains of Ephesus, leaving behind us the more fertile environs of Smyrna, and were entering upon that wild and tenantless track through the marshes and defiles which lead to the few huts yet lingering over the broken columns of Diana—the roofless walls of expelled Christianity, and the still more recent but complete desolation of abandoned mosques—when the sudden and rapid illness of my companion obliged us to halt at a Turkish cemetery, the turbaned tombstones of which were the sole indication that human life had ever been a sojourner in this wilderness. The only caravansera we had seen was left some hours behind us; not a vestige of a town or even cottage, was within sight or hope, and this “city of the dead” appeared to be the sole refuge for my unfortunate friend, who seemed on the verge of becoming the last of its inhabitants.

In this situation, I looked round for a place where he might most conveniently repose:—contrary to the usual aspect of Mahometan burial grounds, the cypresses were in this few in number, and these thinly scattered over its extent: the tombstones were mostly fallen, and worn with age: upon one of the most considerable of these, and beneath one of the most spreading trees, Darvell supported himself, in a half-reclining posture, with great difficulty. He asked for water. I had some doubts of our being able to find any, and prepared to go in search of it with hesitating despondency—but he desired me to remain; and turning to Suleiman, our janizary, who stood by us smoking with great tranquillity, he said, “Suleiman, verbana su” (*i. e.* bring some water), and went on describing the spot where it was to be found with great minuteness, at a small well for camels, a few hundred yards to the right: the janizary obeyed. I said to Darvell: “How did you know this?”—He replied, “From our situation; you must perceive that this place was once inhabited, and could not have been so without springs: I have also been here before.”

“You have been here before!—How came you never to mention this to me? and what could you be doing in a place where no one would remain a moment longer than they could help it?”

To this question I received no answer. In the meantime, Suleiman returned with the water, leaving the serrugee and the horses at the fountain. The quenching of his thirst had the appearance of reviving him for a moment; and I conceived hopes of his being able to proceed, or at least to return, and I urged the attempt. He was silent—and appeared to be collecting his spirits for an effort to speak. He began.

“This is the end of my journey, and of my life—I came here to die: but I have a request to make, a command—for such my last words must be.—You will observe it?”

“Most certainly; but have better hopes.”

“I have no hopes, nor wishes, but this—conceal my death from every human being.”

“ I hope there will be no occasion ; that you will recover, and—”

“ Peace ! it must be so : promise this.”

“ I do.”

“ Swear it by all that”——He here dictated an oath of great solemnity.

“ There is no occasion for this—I will observe your request ;—and to doubt me is——”

“ It cannot be helped,—you must swear.”

I took the oath ; it appeared to relieve him. He removed a seal-ring from his finger, on which were some Arabic characters, and presented it to me. He proceeded—

“ On the ninth day of the month, at noon precisely (what month you please, but this must be the day), you must fling this ring into the salt springs which run into the Bay of Eleusis : the day after, at the same hour, you must repair to the ruins of the temple of Ceres, and wait one hour.”

“ Why ?”

“ You will see.”

“ The ninth day of the month, you say ?”

“ The ninth.”

As I observed that the present was the ninth of the month, his countenance changed, and he paused. As he sate, evidently becoming more feeble, a stork, with a snake in her beak, perched upon a tombstone near us ; and, without devouring her prey, appeared to be steadfastly regarding us. I know not what impelled me to drive it away, but the attempt was useless ; she made a few circles in the air, and returned exactly to the same spot. Darvell pointed to it, and smiled : he spoke—I know not whether to himself or to me—but the words were only, “ ’Tis well !”

“ What is well ? what do you mean ?”

“ No matter : you must bury me here this evening, and exactly where that bird is now perched. You know the rest of my injunctions.”

He then proceeded to give me several directions as to the manner in which his death might be best concealed. After these were finished, he exclaimed, “ You perceive that bird ?”

“ Certainly.”

“ And the serpent writhing in her beak ?”

“ Doubtless : there is nothing uncommon in it : it is her natural prey. But it is odd she does not devour it.”

He smiled in a ghastly manner, and said faintly, “ It is not yet time !” As he spoke, the stork flew away. My eyes followed it for a moment ; it could hardly be longer than ten might be counted. I felt Darvell’s weight, as it were, increase upon my shoulder, and, turning to look upon his face, perceived that he was dead !

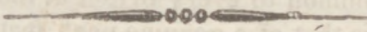
I was shocked with the sudden certainty which could not be mistaken—his countenance in a few minutes became nearly black. I should have attributed so rapid a change to poison, had I not been

aware that he had no opportunity of receiving it unperceived. The day was declining, the body was rapidly altering, and nothing remained but to fulfil his request. With the aid of Suleiman's ataghan and my own sabre, we scooped a shallow grave upon the spot which Darvel had indicated : the earth easily gave way, having already received some Mahometan tenant. We dug as deeply as the time permitted us, and throwing the dry earth upon all that remained of the singular being so lately departed, we cut a few sods of greener turf from the less withered soil around us, and laid them upon his sepulchre.

Between astonishment and grief, I was tearless.

* * * * *

The volume before us is by the author of *Journal of a French Soldier*, a collection which has not only been translated into English, but has also been published in French, under the title of *Journal de la Campagne de 1761*. The character of the work is not only interesting and instructive, but also highly entertaining. It is a true history, and not a mere romance. The author's style is simple and unadorned, and his descriptions are full of truth and interest. The work is a valuable addition to the history of the Seven Years' War, and is well worth a perusal by every reader who is interested in the subject.



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REVIEW

OF WORDSWORTH'S POEMS,

2 vols. 1807.

(From "Monthly Literary Recreations," for August, 1807.)

THE volumes before us are by the author of *Lyrical Ballads*, a collection which has not undeservedly met with a considerable share of public applause. The characteristics of Mr. W.'s muse are simple and flowing, though occasionally inharmonious verse, strong, and sometimes irresistible appeals to the feelings, with unexceptionable sentiments. Though the present work may not equal his former efforts, many of the poems possess a native elegance, natural and unaffected, totally devoid of the tinsel embellishments and abstract hyperboles of several cotemporary sonneteers. The last sonnet in the first volume, p. 152, is perhaps the best, without any novelty in the sentiments, which we hope are common to every Briton at the present crisis; the force and expression is that of a genuine poet, feeling as he writes:—

“ Another year! another deadly blow!
Another mighty empire overthrown!
And we are left, or shall be left, alone—
The last that dares to struggle with the foe.
'Tis well!—from this day forward we shall know
That in ourselves our safety must be sought,
That by our own right hands it must be wrought,
That we must stand unprop'd, or be laid low.
O dastard! whom such foretaste doth not cheer!
We shall exult, if they who rule the land
Be men who hold its many blessings dear,
Wise, upright, valiant, not a venal band,
Who are to judge of danger which they fear,
And honour which they do not understand.”

The song at the Feast of Brougham Castle, the Seven Sisters, the affliction of Margaret ——— of ———, possess all the beauties, and few of the defects, of this writer: the following lines from the last are in his first style:—

“ Ah! little doth the young one dream
When full of play and childish cares,
What power hath e'en his wildest scream,
Heard by his mother unawares:
He knows it not, he cannot guess:
Years to a mother bring distress,
But do not make her love the less.”

The pieces least worthy of the author are those entitled “ Moods

of my own Mind." We certainly wish these "Moods" had been less frequent, or not permitted to occupy a place near works which only make their deformity more obvious; when Mr. W. ceases to please, it is by "abandoning" his mind to the most common-place ideas, at the same time clothing them in language not simple, but puerile. What will any reader or auditor, out of the nursery, say to such namby-pamby as "Lines written at the Foot of Brother's Bridge?"

"The cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter.
The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and youngest,
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising,
There are forty feeding like one.
Like an army defeated,
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill,
On the top of the bare hill."

"The plough-boy is whooping anon, anon," &c. &c. is in the same exquisite measure. This appears to us neither more nor less than an imitation of such minstrelsy as soothed our cries in the cradle, with the shrill ditty of

"Hey de diddle,
The cat and the fiddle:
The cow jump'd over the moon,
The little dog laugh'd to see such sport,
And the dish ran away with the spoon."

On the whole, however, with the exception of the above, and other INNOCENT odes of the same cast, we think these volumes display a genius worthy of higher pursuits, and regret that Mr. W. confines his muse to such trifling subjects. We trust his motto will be in future, "Paulo majora canamus." Many, with inferior abilities, have acquired a loftier seat on Parnassus, merely by attempting strains in which Mr. Wordsworth is more qualified to excel.*

* This first attempt of Lord Byron at reviewing is remarkable only as showing how plausibly he could assume the established tone and phraseology of these minor judgment-seats of criticism. If Mr. Wordsworth ever chanced to cast his eye over this article, how little could he have expected that under that dull prosaic mask lurked one who, in five short years from thence, would rival even *him* in poetry!—
MOORE.

REVIEW
OF GELL'S GEOGRAPHY OF ITHACA,
AND ITINERARY OF GREECE.

(From the "Monthly Review" for August, 1811.)

THAT laudable curiosity concerning the remains of classical antiquity, which has of late years increased among our countrymen, is in no traveller or author more conspicuous than in Mr. Gell. Whatever difference of opinion may yet exist with regard to the success of the several disputants in the famous Trojan controversy,* or, indeed, relating to the present author's merits as an inspector of the Troad, it must universally be acknowledged that any work, which more forcibly impresses on our imaginations the scenes of heroic action, and the subjects of immortal song, possesses claims on the attention of every scholar.

Of the two works which now demand our report, we conceive the former to be by far the most interesting to the reader, as the latter is indisputably the most serviceable to the traveller. Excepting, indeed, the running commentary which it contains on a number of extracts from Pausanias and Strabo, it is, as the title imports, a mere itinerary of Greece, or rather of Argolis only, in its present circumstances. This being the case, surely it would have answered every purpose of utility much better by being printed as a pocket road-book of that part of the Morea; for a quarto is a very unmanageable travelling companion. The maps † and drawings, we shall be told, would not permit such an arrangement: but as to the drawings, they are not in general to be admired as specimens of the art; and several of them, as we have been assured by eye-witnesses of the scenes which they describe, do not compensate for their mediocrity in point of execution, by any extraordinary fidelity of representation. Others, indeed, are more

* We have it from the best authority that the venerable leader of the Anti-Homeric sect, Jacob Bryant, several years before his death, expressed regret for his ungrateful attempt to destroy some of the most pleasing associations of our youthful studies. One of his last wishes was—"Trojaque nunc staret," &c.

† Or, rather, *Map*; for we have only one in the volume, and that is on too small a scale to give more than a general idea of the relative position of places. The excuse about a larger map not folding well is trifling; see, for instance, the author's own map of Ithaca.

faithful, according to our informants. The true reason, however, for this costly mode of publication is in course to be found in a desire of gratifying the public passion for large margins, and all the luxury of typography; and we have before expressed our dissatisfaction with Mr. Gell's aristocratical mode of communicating a species of knowledge, which ought to be accessible to a much greater portion of classical students than can at present acquire it by his means:—but, as such expostulations are generally useless, we shall be thankful for what we can obtain, and that in the manner in which Mr. Gell has chosen to present it.

The former of these volumes, we have observed, is the most attractive in the closet. It comprehends a very full survey of the far-famed island which the hero of the *Odyssey* has immortalized; for we really are inclined to think that the author has established the identity of the modern *Theaki* with the *Ithaca* of Homer. At all events, if it be an illusion, it is a very agreeable deception, and is effected by an ingenious interpretation of the passages in Homer that are supposed to be descriptive of the scenes which our traveller has visited. We shall extract some of these adaptations of the ancient picture to the modern scene, marking the points of resemblance which appear to be strained and forced, as well as those which are more easy and natural: but we must first insert some preliminary matter from the opening chapter. The following passage conveys a sort of general sketch of the book, which may give our readers a tolerably adequate notion of its contents:—

“The present work may adduce, by a simple and correct survey of the island, coincidences in its geography, in its natural productions, and moral state, before unnoticed. Some will be directly pointed out; the fancy or ingenuity of the reader may be employed in tracing others; the mind familiar with the imagery of the *Odyssey* will recognise with satisfaction the scenes themselves; and this volume is offered to the public, not entirely without hopes of vindicating the poem of Homer from the scepticism of those critics who imagine that the *Odyssey* is a mere poetical composition, unsupported by history, and unconnected with the localities of any particular situation.

“Some have asserted that, in the comparison of places now existing with the descriptions of Homer, we ought not to expect coincidence in minute details; yet it seems only by these that the kingdom of Ulysses, or any other, can be identified, as, if such an idea be admitted, every small and rocky island in the Ionian Sea, containing a good port, might, with equal plausibility, assume the appellation of Ithaca.

“The Venetian geographers have in a great degree contributed to raise those doubts which have existed on the identity of the modern with the ancient Ithaca, by giving, in their charts, the name of Val di Compare to the island. That name is, however, totally unknown in the country, where the isle is invariably called Ithaca by the upper ranks, and Theaki by the vulgar. The Venetians have equally corrupted the name of almost every place in Greece; yet, as the natives of Epactos or Naupactos never heard of Lepanto, those of Zacynthos of Zante, or the Athenians of Settines, it would be as unfair to rob Ithaca of its name, on such authority, as it would be to assert that no such island existed, because no tolerable representation of its form can be found in the Venetian surveys.

“The rare medals of the Island, of which three are represented in the title-page, might be adduced as a proof that the name of Ithaca was not lost during the reigns of the Roman emperors. They have the head of Ulysses, recognised by the pileum, or pointed cap, while the reverse of one presents the figure of a cock, the emblem of

his vigilance, with the legend ΙΘΑΚΩΝ. A few of these medals are preserved in the cabinets of the curious, and one also, with the cock, found in the island, is in the possession of Signor Zavo, of Bathi. The uppermost coin is in the collection of Dr. Hunter; the second is copied from Newman, and the third is the property of R. P. Knight, Esq.

“Several inscriptions, which will be hereafter produced, will tend to the confirmation of the idea that Ithaca was inhabited about the time when the Romans were masters of Greece; yet there is every reason to believe that few, if any, of the present proprietors of the soil are descended from ancestors who had long resided successively in the island. Even those who lived, at the time of Ulysses, in Ithaca, seem to have been on the point of emigrating to Argos, and no chief remained, after the second in descent from that hero, worthy of being recorded in history. It appears that the isle has been twice colonised from Cephalonia in modern times, and I was informed that a grant had been made by the Venetians, entitling each settler in Ithaca to as much land as his circumstances would enable him to cultivate.”

Mr. Gell then proceeds to invalidate the authority of previous writers on the subject of Ithaca. Sir George Wheeler and M. le Chevalier fall under his severe animadversion; and, indeed, according to his account, neither of these gentlemen had visited the island, and the description of the latter is “absolutely too absurd for refutation.” In another place, he speaks of M. le C. “disgracing a work of such merit by the introduction of such fabrications;” again, of the inaccuracy of the author’s maps; and, lastly, of his inserting an island at the southern entry of the Channel between Cephalonia and Ithaca, which has no existence. This observation very nearly approaches to the use of that monosyllable which Gibbon,* without expressing it, so adroitly applied to some assertion of his antagonist, Mr. Davies. In truth, our traveller’s words are rather bitter towards his brother tourist: but we must conclude that their justice warrants their severity.

In the second chapter, the author describes his landing in Ithaca, and arrival at the rock Korax and the fountain Arethusa, as he designates it with sufficient positiveness.—This rock, now known by the name of Korax, or Koraka Petra, he contends to be the same with that which Homer mentions as contiguous to the habitation of Eumæus, the faithful swine-herd of Ulysses.—We shall take the liberty of adding to our extracts from Mr. Gell some of the passages in Homer to which he refers only, conceiving this to be the fairest method of exhibiting the strength or the weakness of his argument. “Ulysses,” he observes, “came to the extremity of the isle to visit Eumæus, and that extremity was the most southern; for Telemachus, coming from Pylos, touched at the first south-eastern part of Ithaca with the same intention.”

Και τότε δη ρ' Ὀδυσσεα κακὸς ποθεν ἤγαγε δαίμων
 Ἄγρῃ ἐπ' ἑσχατίνῃ, ὅθι δώματα ναίει συβώτης.
 *Ενθ' ἦλθεν φίλος υἱὸς Ὀδυσσοῦ θεϊοῖο,
 Ἐκ Πύλων ἠμαθοεντὸς ἰὼν συννήμελαινή

*Ὀδυσσεὶ Ω.

* See his Vindication of the 15th and 16th chapters of the *Decline and Fall*, &c.

Ἄνταρ ἔπειν πρῶτην ἀκτὴν Ἰθάκης ἀφικναί,
 Νῆα μὲν εἰς πόλιν ὄτρυναι καὶ παντὶς ἑταίρους·
 Ἄντος δὲ πρῶτις αὖ σὺ βῶτην εἰσαφικεσθαι,

κ. τ. λ. Ὀδυσσεὶ Ο.

These citations, we think, appear to justify the author in his attempt to identify the situation of his rock and fountain with the place of those mentioned by Homer. But let us now follow him in the closer description of the scene.—After some account of the subjects in the plate affixed, Mr. Gell remarks: “It is impossible to visit this sequestered spot without being struck with the recollection of the Fount of Arethusa and the Rock Korax, which the poet mentions in the same line, adding, that there the swine eat the *sweet** acorns, and drank the black water.”

Δνεὶς τὸν γέ σὺ εἶσι παρημεγόν· αἱ δὲ γεμονταί
 Παρ Κορακὸς πέτρῃ, ἐπὶ τῆ κρηνῇ Ἀρεθούσῃ,
 Εἶθυσται βάλανον μενοεικέα, καὶ μελαν ὕδωρ
 Πίνεσται.

Ὀδυσσεὶ Ν.

“Having passed some time at the fountain, taken a drawing, and made the necessary observations on the situation of the place, we proceeded to an examination of the precipice, climbing over the terraces above the source, among shady fig-trees, which, however, did not prevent us from feeling the powerful effects of the mid-day sun. After a short but fatiguing ascent, we arrived at the rock, which extends in a vast perpendicular semicircle, beautifully fringed with trees, facing to the south-east. Under the crag we found two caves of inconsiderable extent, the entrance of one of which, not difficult of access, is seen in the view of the fount. They are still the resort of sheep and goats, and in one of them are small natural receptacles for the water, covered by a stalagmitic incrustation.

“These caves, being at the extremity of the curve formed by the precipice, open toward the south, and present us with another accompaniment of the fount of Arethusa, mentioned by the poet, who informs us that the swineherd Eumæus left his guests in the house, whilst he, putting on a thick garment, went to sleep near the herd, under the hollow of the rock, which sheltered him from the northern blast. Now we know that the herd fed near the fount; for Minerva tells Ulysses that he is to go first to Eumæus, whom he should find with the swine, near the rock Korax and the fount of Arethusa. As the swine then fed at the fountain, so it is necessary that a cavern should be found in its vicinity; and this seems to coincide, in distance and situation, with that of the poem. Near the fount also was the fold or stathmos of Eumæus; for the goddess informs Ulysses that he should find his faithful servant at or above the fount.

“Now the hero meets the swineherd close to the fold, which was consequently very near that source. At the top of the rock, and just above the spot where the waterfall shoots down the precipice, is at this day a stagni or pastoral dwelling, which the herdsmen of Ithaca still inhabit, on account of the water necessary for their cattle. One of these people walked on the verge of the precipice at the time of our visit to the place, and seemed so ‘anxious’ to know how we had been conveyed to the spot, that his enquiries reminded us of a question probably not uncommon in the days of Homer, who more than once represents the Ithacences demanding of strangers what ship had brought them to the island, it being evident they could not come on foot. He told us that there was, on the summit where he stood, a small cistern of

* “Sweet acorns.” Does Mr. Gell translate from the Latin? To avoid similar cause of mistake, μενοεικέα should not be rendered *suavem* but *gratam*, as Barnes has given it.

water, and a kalybea, or shepherd's hut. There are also vestiges of ancient habitations, and the place is now called Amarathia.

"Convenience, as well as safety, seems to have pointed out the lofty situation of Amarathia as a fit place for the residence of the herdsmen of this part of the island from the earliest ages. A small source of water is a treasure in these climates; and if the inhabitants of Ithaca now select a rugged and elevated spot, to secure them from the robbers of the Echinades, it is to be recollected that the Taphian pirates were not less formidable, even in the days of Ulysses, and that a residence in a solitary part of the island, far from the fortress, and close to a celebrated fountain, must at all times have been dangerous, without some such security as the rocks of Korax. Indeed, there can be no doubt that the house of Eumæus was on the top of the precipice; for Ulysses, in order to evince the truth of his story to the swineherd, desires to be thrown from the summit if his narration does not prove correct.

"Near the bottom of the precipice is a curious natural gallery, about seven feet high, which is expressed in the plate. It may be fairly presumed, from the very remarkable coincidence between this place and the Homeric account, that this was the scene designated by the poet as the fountain of Arethusa, and the residence of Eumæus; and, perhaps, it would be impossible to find another spot which bears, at this day, so strong a resemblance to a poetic description composed at a period so very remote. There is no other fountain in this part of the island, nor any rock which bears the slightest resemblance to the Korax of Homer.

"The stathmos of the good Eumæus appears to have been little different, either in use or construction, from the stagni and kalybea of the present day. The poet expressly mentions that other herdsmen drove their flocks into the city at sunset,—a custom which still prevails throughout Greece during the winter, and that was the season in which Ulysses visited Eumæus. Yet Homer accounts for this deviation from the prevailing custom, by observing that he had retired from the city to avoid the suitors of Penelope. These trifling occurrences afford a strong presumption that the Ithaca of Homer was something more than the creature of his own fancy, as some have supposed it; for though the grand outline of a fable may be easily imagined, yet the consistent adaptation of minute incidents to a long and elaborate falsehood is a task of the most arduous and complicated nature."

After this long extract, by which we have endeavoured to do justice to Mr. Gell's argument, we cannot allow room for any farther quotations of such extent; and we must offer a brief and imperfect analysis of the remainder of the work.

In the third chapter, the traveller arrives at the capital, and in the fourth, he describes it in an agreeable manner. We select his account of the mode of celebrating a Christian festival in the Greek church:—

"We were present at the celebration of the feast of the Ascension, when the citizens appeared in their gayest dresses, and saluted each other in the streets with demonstrations of pleasure. As we sate at breakfast in the house of Signor Zavo, we were suddenly roused by the discharge of a gun, succeeded by a tremendous crash of pottery, which fell on the tiles, steps, and pavements, in every direction. The bells of the numerous churches commenced a most discordant jingle; colours were hoisted on every mast in the port, and a general shout of joy announced some great event. Our host informed us that the feast of the Ascension was annually commemorated in this manner at Bathi, the populace exclaiming *ανεση ο Χριστος, αληθινος ο Θεος*, Christ is risen, the true God."

In another passage, he continues this account as follows:—"In the evening of the festival, the inhabitants danced before their houses, and at one we saw the figure which is said to have been first used by the youths and virgins of Delos, at the happy return of Theseus from the expedition of the Cretan Labyrinth. It has now lost much of that

intricacy which was supposed to allude to the windings of the habitation of the Minotaur," &c. &c. This is rather too much for even the inflexible gravity of our censorial muscles. When the author talks, with all the *reality* (if we may use the expression) of a Lempriere, on the stories of the fabulous ages, we cannot refrain from indulging a momentary smile; nor can we seriously accompany him in the learned architectural detail by which he endeavours to give us, from the *Odyssey*, the ground-plot of the house of Ulysses,—of which he actually offers a plan in drawing! “showing how the description of the house of Ulysses in the *Odyssey* may be supposed to correspond with the foundations yet visible on the hill of Aito!”—Oh, Foote! Foote! why are you lost to such inviting subjects for your ludicrous pencil!—In his account of this celebrated mansion, Mr. Gell says, one side of the court seems to have been occupied by the *Thalamos*, or sleeping apartments of the men, &c. &c.; and, in confirmation of this hypothesis, he refers to the 10th *Odyssey*, line 340. On examining his reference, we read,

Ἐς θαλαμον τ' ἵναί, καὶ σὺς ἐπιβημεναὶ εὐνῆς.

where Ulysses records an invitation which he received from Circe to take a part of her bed. How this illustrates the above conjecture, we are at a loss to divine: but we suppose that some numerical error has occurred in the reference, as we have detected a trifling mistake or two of the same nature.

Mr. G. labours hard to identify the cave of *Dexia*, near *Bathi* (the capital of the island), with the grotto of the *Nymphs* described in the 13th *Odyssey*. We are disposed to grant that he has succeeded: but we cannot here enter into the proofs by which he supports his opinion; and we can only extract one of the concluding sentences of the chapter, which appears to us candid and judicious:—

“Whatever opinion may be formed as to the identity of the cave of *Dexia* with the grotto of the *Nymphs*, it is fair to state, that *Strabo* positively asserts that no such cave as that described by *Homer* existed in his time, and that geographer thought it better to assign a physical change, rather than ignorance in *Homer*, to account for a difference which he imagined to exist between the *Ithaca* of his time and that of the poet. But *Strabo*, who was an uncommonly accurate observer with respect to countries surveyed by himself, appears to have been wretchedly misled by his informers on many occasions.

“That *Strabo* had never visited this country is evident, not only from his inaccurate account of it, but from his citation of *Appollodorus* and *Scepsius*, whose relations are in direct opposition to each other on the subject of *Ithaca*, as will be demonstrated on a future opportunity.”

We must, however, observe that “demonstration” is a strong term.—In his description of the *Leucadian Promontory* (of which we have a pleasing representation in the plate), the author remarks that it is “celebrated for the *leap* of *Sappho*, and the *death* of *Artemisia*.” From this variety in the expression, a reader would hardly conceive that both the ladies perished in the same manner: in fact, the sentence is as proper as it would be to talk of the decapitation of *Russell*, and the death of *Sidney*. The view from this promontory includes the is-

land of Corfu; and the name suggests to Mr. Gell the following note, which, though rather irrelevant, is of a curious nature, and we therefore conclude our citations by transcribing it:—

“It has been generally supposed that Corfu, or Corcyra, was the Phæacia of Homer; but Sir Henry Englefield thinks the position of that island inconsistent with the voyage of Ulysses as described in the *Odyssey*. That gentleman has also observed a number of such remarkable coincidences between the courts of Alcinous and Solomon, that they may be thought curious and interesting. Homer was familiar with the names of Tyre, Sidon, and Egypt; and, as he lived about the time of Solomon, it would not have been extraordinary if he had introduced some account of the magnificence of that prince into his poem. As Solomon was famous for wisdom, so the name of Alcinous signifies strength of knowledge; as the gardens of Solomon were celebrated, so are those of Alcinous (*Od.* 7, 112.); as the kingdom of Solomon was distinguished by twelve tribes under twelve princes (*I Kings*, ch. 4.), so that of Alcinous (*Od.* 8. 390.) was ruled by an equal number; as the throne of Solomon was supported by lions of gold (*I Kings*, ch. 10.), so that of Alcinous was placed on dogs of silver and gold (*Od.* 7. 91.); as the fleets of Solomon were famous, so were those of Alcinous. It is perhaps worthy of remark, that Neptune sat on the mountains of the *SOLYMI*, as he returned from *Æthiopia* to *Ægæ*, while he raised the tempest which threw Ulysses on the coast of Phæacia; and that the *Solymi* of Pamphylia are very considerably distant from the route.—The suspicious character, also, which Nausicaa attributes to her countryman agrees precisely with that which the Greeks and Romans gave of the Jews.”

The seventh chapter contains a description of the Monastery of Kathara, and several adjacent places. The eighth, among other curiosities, fixes on an imaginary site for the Farm of Laertes: but this is the agony of conjecture indeed!—and the ninth chapter mentions another Monastery, and a rock still called the school of Homer. Some sepulchral inscriptions of a very simple nature are included.—The tenth and last chapter brings us round to the Port of Schœnus, near Bathi; after we have completed, seemingly in a very minute and accurate manner, the tour of the island.

We can certainly recommend a perusal of this volume to every lover of classical scene and story. If we may indulge the pleasing belief that Homer sang of a real kingdom, and that Ulysses governed it, though we discern many feeble links in Mr. Gell's chain of evidence, we are on the whole induced to fancy that this is the Ithaca of the bard and of the monarch. At all events, Mr. Gell has enabled every future traveller to form a clearer judgment on the question than he could have established without such a “Vade-mecum to Ithaca,” or a “Have with you, to the House of Ulysses,” as the present. With Homer in his pocket, and Gell on his sumpter-horse or mule, the *Odyssean* tourist may now make a very classical and delightful excursion; and we doubt not that the advantages accruing to the Ithacences, from the increased number of travellers who will visit them in consequence of Mr. Gell's account of their country, will induce them to confer on that gentleman any heraldic honours which they may have to bestow, should he ever look in upon them again.—*Baron Bathi* would be a pretty title:—

“*Hoc Ithacus velit, et magno mercentur Atrida.*”—*Virgil.*

For ourselves, we confess that all our old Grecian feelings would be alive on approaching the fountain of Melainudros, where, as the tradition runs, or as the priests relate, Homer was restored to sight.

We now come to the "Grecian Patterson," or "Cary," which Mr. Gell has begun to publish; and really he has carried the epic rule of concealing the person of the author to as great a length as either of the above-mentioned heroes of itinerary writ. We hear nothing of his "hair-breadth 'scapes" by sea or land; and we do not even know, for the greater part of his journey through Argolis, whether he relates what he has seen or what he has heard. From other parts of the book, we find the former to be the case: but, though there have been tourists and "strangers" in other countries, who have kindly permitted their readers to learn rather too much of their sweet selves, yet it is possible to carry delicacy, or cautious silence, or whatever it may be called, to the contrary extreme. We think that Mr. Gell has fallen into this error, so opposite to that of his numerous brethren. It is offensive, indeed, to be told what a man has eaten for dinner, or how pathetic he was on certain occasions; but we like to know that there is a being yet living who describes the scenes to which he introduces us; and that it is not a mere translation from Strabo or Pausanias which we are reading, or a commentary on those authors. This reflection leads us to the concluding remark in Mr. Gell's preface (by much the most interesting part of his book) to his Itinerary of Greece, in which he thus expresses himself:—

"The confusion of the modern with the ancient names of places, in this volume, is absolutely unavoidable; they are, however, mentioned in such a manner, that the reader will soon be accustomed to the indiscriminate use of them. The necessity of applying the ancient appellations to the different routes, will be evident from the total ignorance of the public on the subject of the modern names, which, having never appeared in print, are only known to the few individuals who have visited the country.

"What could appear less intelligible to the reader, or less useful to the traveller, than a route from Chione and Zaracca to Kutchukmadi, from thence to Krabata to Schœnochorio, and by the mills of Peali, while every one is in some degree acquainted with the names of Stymphalus, Nemea, Mycenæ, Lyrœia, Lerna, and Tegea?"

Although this may be very true inasmuch as it relates to the reader, yet to the traveller we must observe, in opposition to Mr. Gell, that nothing can be less useful than the designation of his route according to the ancient names. We might as well, and with as much chance of arriving at the place of our destination, talk to a Hounslow post-boy about making haste to *Augusta*, as apply to our Turkish guide in modern Greece for a direction to Stymphalus, Nemea, Mycenæ, &c. &c. This is neither more nor less than classical affectation; and it renders Mr. Gell's book of much more confined use than it would otherwise have been:—but we have some other and more important remarks to make on his general directions to Grecian tourists; and we beg leave to assure our readers that they are derived from travellers who have lately visited Greece. In the first place, Mr. Gell is absolutely incautious enough to recommend an interference on the part of English

travellers with the Minister at the Porte, in behalf of the Greeks. "The folly of such neglect (page 16. preface,) in many instances, where the emancipation of a district might often be obtained by the present of a snuff-box or a watch, at Constantinople, *and without the smallest danger of exciting the jealousy of such a court as that of Turkey*, will be acknowledged when we are no longer able to rectify the error." We have every reason to believe, on the contrary, that the folly of half a dozen travellers, taking this advice, might bring us into a war. "Never interfere with any thing of the kind," is a much sounder and more political suggestion to all English travellers in Greece.

Mr. Gell apologises for the introduction of "his panoramic designs," as he calls them, on the score of the great difficulty of giving any tolerable idea of the face of a country in writing, and the ease with which a very accurate knowledge of it may be acquired by maps and panoramic designs. We are informed that this is not the case with many of these designs. The small scale of the single map we have already censured; and we have hinted that some of the drawings are not remarkable for correct resemblance of their originals. The two nearer views of the Gate of the Lions at Mycenæ are indeed good likenesses of their subject, and the first of them is unusually well executed; but the general view of Mycenæ is not more than tolerable in any respect; and the prospect of Larissa, &c. is barely equal to the former. The view *from* this last place is also indifferent; and we are positively assured that there are no windows at Nauplia which look like a box of dominos,—the idea suggested by Mr. Gell's plate. We must not, however, be too severe on these picturesque bagatelles, which, probably, were very hasty sketches; and the circumstances of weather, &c. may have occasioned some difference in the appearance of the same objects to different spectators. We shall therefore return to Mr. Gell's preface; endeavouring to set him right in his directions to travellers, where we think that he is erroneous, and adding what appears to have been omitted. In his first sentence, he makes an assertion which is by no means correct. He says, "*We are at present as ignorant of Greece, as of the interior of Africa.*" Surely not quite so ignorant; or several of our Grecian *Mungo Parks* have travelled in vain, and some very sumptuous works have been published to no purpose! As we proceed, we find the author observing that "*Athens is now the most polished city of Greece,*" when we believe it to be the most barbarous, even to a proverb—

ὦ Ἀθήνα, πρώτη χώρα,
Τι γαιδάρες τρέφεις τώρα; *

is a couplet of reproach *now* applied to this once famous city; whose inhabitants seem little worthy of the inspiring call which was addressed to them within these twenty years, by the celebrated Riga:—

Δευτε, παῖδες τῶν Ἑλλήνων — κ. τ. λ.

* We write these lines from the *recitation* of the travellers to whom we have alluded; but we cannot vouch for the correctness of the Romaic.

Iannina, the capital of Epirus, and the seat of Ali Pacha's government, is in truth deserving of the honours which Mr. Gell has improperly bestowed on degraded Athens. As to the correctness of the remark concerning the fashion of wearing the hair cropped in *Molossia*, as Mr. Gell informs us, our authorities cannot depose: but why will he use the classical term of Eleuthero-Lacones, when that people are so much better known by their modern name of Mainotes? "The court of the Pacha of Tripolizza" is said "to realise the splendid visions of the Arabian Nights." This is true with regard to the *court*: but surely the traveller ought to have added that the city and palace are most miserable, and form an extraordinary contrast to the splendour of the court.—Mr. Gell mentions *gold* mines in Greece; he should have specified their situation, as it certainly is not universally known. When, also, he remarks that "the first article of necessity in Greece is a firman, or order from the Sultan, permitting the traveller to pass unmolested," we are much misinformed if he be right. On the contrary, we believe this to be almost the only part of the Turkish dominions in which a firman is not necessary; since the passport of the Pacha is absolute within his territory (according to Mr. G.'s own admission), and much more effectual than a firman.—"Money," he remarks, "is easily procured at Salonica, or Patrass, where the English have Consuls." It is much better procured, we understand, from the Turkish governors, who never charge discount. The Consuls for the English are not of the most magnanimous order of Greeks, and far from being so liberal, generally speaking; although there are, in course, some exceptions, and Strune of Patrass has been more honourably mentioned.—After having observed that "horses seem the best mode of conveyance in Greece," Mr. Gell proceeds: "Some travellers would prefer an English saddle; but a saddle of this sort is always objected to by the owner of the horse, and not without reason," &c. This, we learn, is far from being the case; and, indeed, for a very simple reason, an English saddle must seem to be preferable to one of the country, because it is much lighter. When, too, Mr. Gell calls the *postilion* "Menzilgi," he mistakes him for his betters: *Serrugees* are postilions; *Menzilgis* are postmasters.—Our traveller was fortunate in his Turks, who are hired to walk by the side of the baggage-horses. They "are certain," he says, "of performing their engagement without grumbling." We apprehend that this is by no means certain:—but Mr. Gell is perfectly right in preferring a Turk to a Greek for this purpose; and in his general recommendation to take a Janissary on the tour: who, we may add, should be suffered to act as he pleases, since nothing is to be done by gentle means, or even by offers of money, at the places of accommodation. A courier, to be sent on before to the place at which the traveller intends to sleep, is indispensable to comfort: but no tourist should be misled by the author's advice to suffer the Greeks to gratify their curiosity, in permitting them to remain for some time about him on his arrival at an inn. They should be removed as soon as possible; for, as to the remark that "no stranger

would think of intruding when a room is pre-occupied," our informants were not so well convinced of that fact.

Though we have made the above exceptions to the accuracy of Mr. Gell's information, we are most ready to do justice to the general utility of his directions, and can certainly concede the praise which he is desirous of obtaining,—namely, “of having facilitated the researches of future travellers, by affording that local information which it was before impossible to obtain.” This book, indeed, is absolutely necessary to any person who wishes to explore the Morea advantageously; and we hope that Mr. Gell will continue his Itinerary over that and over every other part of Greece. He allows that his volume “is only calculated to become a book of reference, and not of general entertainment:” but we do not see any reason against the compatibility of both objects in a survey of the most celebrated country of the ancient world. To that country, we trust, the attention not only of our travellers, but of our legislators, will hereafter be directed. The greatest caution will, indeed, be required, as we have premised, in touching on so delicate a subject as the amelioration of the possessions of an ally: but the field for the exercise of political sagacity is wide and inviting in this portion of the globe; and Mr. Gell, and all other writers who interest us, however remotely, in its extraordinary *capabilities*, deserve well of the British empire. We shall conclude by an extract from the author's work: which, even if it fails of exciting that general interest which we hope most earnestly it may attract, towards its important subject, cannot, as he justly observes, “be entirely uninteresting to the scholar;” since it is a work “which gives him a faithful description of the remains of cities, the very existence of which was doubtful, as they perished before the æra of authentic history.” The subjoined quotation is a good specimen of the author's minuteness of research as a topographer; and we trust that the credit which must accrue to him from the present performance will ensure the completion of his Itinerary:—

“The inaccuracies of the maps of Anacharsis are in many respects very glaring. The situation of Phlius is marked by Strabo as surrounded by the territories of Sicyon, Argos, Cleonæ, and Stymphalus. Mr. Hawkins observed, that Phlius, the ruins of which still exist near Agios Giorgios, lies in a direct line between Cleonæ and Stymphalus, and another from Sicyon to Argos; so that Strabo was correct in saying that it lay between those four towns; yet we see Phlius, in the map of Argolis by M. Barbier du Bocage, placed ten miles to the north of Stymphalus, contradicting both history and fact. D'Anville is guilty of the same error.

“M. du Bocage places a town named Phlius, and by him Phlonte, on the point of land which forms the port of Drepano: there are not at present any ruins there. The maps of D'Anville are generally more correct than any others where ancient geography is concerned. A mistake occurs on the subject of Tiryns, and a place named by him Vathia, but of which nothing can be understood. It is possible that Vathi, or the profound valley, may be a name sometimes used for the valley of Barbitsa, and that the place named by D'Anville Claustra may be the outlet of that valley called Kleisoura, which has a corresponding signification.

“The city of Tiryns is also placed in two different positions, once by its Greek name, and again as Tirynthus. The mistake between the islands of Sphæria and Calaura has been noticed in page 135. The Pontinus, which D'Anville represents

as a river, and the Erasinus are equally ill placed in his map. There was a place called Creopolis, somewhere toward Cynouria; but its situation is not easily fixed. The ports called Bucephalium and Piræus seem to have been nothing more than little bays in the country between Corinth and Epidaurus. The town called Athenæ, in Cynouria, by Pausanias, is called Athena by *Thucydides*, book 5. 41.

“In general, the map of D’Anville will be found more accurate than those which have been published since his time; indeed the mistakes of that geographer are in general such as could not be avoided without visiting the country. Two errors of D’Anville may be mentioned, lest the opportunity of publishing the itinerary of Arcadia should never occur. The first is, that the rivers Malætas and Mylaon, near Methydrium, are represented as running toward the south, whereas they flow northwards to the Ladon; and the second is, that the Aroanius, which falls into the Erymanthus at Psophis, is represented as flowing from the lake of Pheneos; a mistake which arises from the ignorance of the ancients themselves who have written on the subject. The fact is that the Ladon receives the waters of the lakes of Orchomenos and Phenos: but the Aroanius rises at a spot not two hours distant from Psophis.”

In furtherance of our principal object in this critique, we have only to add a wish that some of our Grecian tourists, among the fresh articles of information concerning Greece which they have lately imported, would turn their minds to the language of the country. So strikingly similar to the ancient Greek is the modern Romaic as a written language, and so dissimilar in sound, that even a few general rules concerning pronunciation would be of most extensive use.

DETACHED THOUGHTS.

[FROM LORD BYRON'S MEMORANDA.]

To write so as to bring home to the heart, the heart must have been tried,—but, perhaps, ceased to be so. While you are under the influence of passions, you only feel, but cannot describe them, any more than when in action, you could turn round and tell the story to your next neighbour. When all is over,—all, all, and irrevocable,—trust to memory,—she is then but too faithful.

The best of prophets of the future is the past.

How seldom we meet those we love! yet we live ages in moments, when met. The only thing that consoles me during absence is the reflection that no mental or personal estrangement, from ennui or disagreement, can take place; and when people meet hereafter, even though many changes may have taken place in the mean time, still, unless they are tired of each other, they are ready to reunite, and do not blame each other for the circumstances that severed them.

‘Which is best, life or death, the gods only know,’ as Socrates said to his judges, on the breaking up of the tribunal. Two thousand years since that sage’s declaration of ignorance have not enlightened us more upon this important point; for, according to the Christian dispensation, no one can know whether he is sure of salvation—even the most righteous—since a single slip of faith may throw him on his back, like a skater, while gliding smoothly to his paradise. Now, therefore, whatever the certainty of faith in the facts may be, the certainty of the individual as to his happiness or misery is no greater than it was under Jupiter.

It has been said that the immortality of the soul is a ‘grand peut-être’—but still it is a *grand* one. Every body clings to it—the stupidest, and dullest, and wickedest of human bipeds is still persuaded that he is immortal.

All are inclined to believe what they covet, from a lottery-ticket up to a passport to Paradise,—in which, from the description, I see nothing very tempting. My restlessness tells me I have something within that “passeth show.” It is for Him, who made it, to prolong that

spark of celestial fire which illuminates, yet burns, this frail tenement; but I see no such horror in a "dreamless sleep," and I have no conception of any existence which duration would not render tiresome. How else "fell the angels," even according to your creed? They were immortal, heavenly and happy as their *apostate Abdiel* is now by his treachery. Time must decide; and eternity won't be the less agreeable or more horrible because one did not expect it. In the mean time I am grateful for some good, and tolerably patient under certain evils—grâce à Dieu et mon bon tempérament.

There is *no* freedom, even for *masters*, in the midst of slaves. It makes my blood boil to see the thing. I sometimes wish that I was the owner of Africa, to do at once what Wilberforce will do in time, viz. sweep slavery from her deserts, and look on upon the first dance of their freedom. As to political slavery, it is men's own fault: if they *will* be slaves, let them! Yet it is but "a word and a blow." See how England formerly, France, Spain, Portugal, America, Switzerland freed themselves! There is no one instance of a long contest in which *men* did not triumph over systems. If Tyranny misses her *first* spring, she is cowardly as the tiger, and retires to be hunted.

I feel a something which makes me think that, if I ever reach to old age, like Swift, "I shall die at top" first. Only I do not dread idiotism or madness so much as he did. On the contrary, I think some quieter stages of both must be preferable to much of what men think the possession of their senses.

Difficulties are the hotbeds of high spirits, and Freedom the mother of the few virtues incident to human nature.

When one subtracts from life infancy (which is vegetation),—sleep, eating, and swilling,—buttoning and unbuttoning—how much remains of downright existence? The summer of a dormouse.

The greater the equality, the more impartially evil is distributed, and becomes lighter by the division among so many—therefore, a Republic!

What is Poetry? The feeling of a former world and future.

A man's poetry is a distinct faculty, or soul, and has no more to do with the every-day individual than the Inspiration with the Pythoness when removed from her tripod.

Like Sylla, I have always believed that all things depend upon Fortune, and nothing upon ourselves. I am not aware of any one thought or action worthy of being called good to myself or others, which is not to be attributed to the good goddess, Fortune!

With regard to death, I doubt that we have any right to pity the dead for their own sakes.

Is there any thing beyond? Who knows? *He* that can't tell. Who tells that there *is*? He who don't know, and when shall he know? perhaps when he don't expect, and generally when he don't wish it.

How, raising our eyes to Heaven, or directing them to the earth, can we doubt of the existence of God?—or how, turning them to what is within us, can we doubt that there is something more noble and more durable than the clay of which we are formed?

A true voluptuary will never abandon his mind to the grossness of reality. It is by exalting the earthly, the material, the *physique* of our pleasures, by veiling these ideas, by forgetting them altogether, or, at least, never naming them hardly to one's self, that we alone can prevent them from disgusting.

The waves which dash upon the shore are, one by one, broken, but yet the ocean conquers, nevertheless. It overwhelms the Armada, it wears the rock, and if the Neptunians are to be believed, it has not only destroyed, but made a world. In like manner, whatever the sacrifice of individuals, the great cause of liberty will gather strength, sweep down what is rugged, and fertilise (for seaweed is manure) what is cultivable.

There is something very softening to me in the presence of a woman,—some strange influence, even if one is not in love with them,—which I cannot at all account for, having no very high opinion of the sex. But yet I always feel in better humour with myself and every thing else, if there is a woman within ken.

There is ice at both poles, north and south—all extremes are the same—misery belongs to the highest and the lowest only,—to the emperor and the beggar, when unsixpenced and unthroned. There is, to be sure, a damned insipid medium—an equinoctial line—no one knows where, except upon maps and measurement.

Why, at the very height of desire and human pleasure,—worldly, social, amorous, ambitious, or even avaricious,—does there mingle a certain sense of doubt and sorrow—a fear of what is to come—a doubt of what *is*—a retrospect to the past, leading to a prognostication of the future? Why is this? or these?—I know not, except that on a pinnacle we are most susceptible of giddiness, and that we never fear falling except from a precipice—the higher, the more awful, and the more sublime; and therefore, I am not sure that Fear is not a pleasurable sensation; at least *Hope* is; and *what Hope* is there without a deep leaven of Fear? and what sensation is so delightful as *Hope*? and, if it were not for *Hope*, where would the Future be?—in hell. It is useless to say *where* the Present is, for most of us know; and as for the past, *what* predominates in memory? *Hope baffled*. Ergo, in all human affairs, it is *Hope—Hope—Hope*.

The lapse of ages *changes* all things—time—language—the earth—the bounds of the sea—the stars of the sky, and every thing ‘about, around, and underneath’ man, *except man himself*, who has always been, and always will be, an unlucky rascal. The infinite variety of lives conduct but to death, and the infinity of wishes lead but to disappointment.

Of the two, I should think the long sleep better than the agonised vigil. But men, miserable as they are, cling so to any thing *like* life, that they probably would prefer damnation to quiet. Besides, they think themselves so *important* in the creation, that nothing less can satisfy their pride—the insects!

If I were to live over again, I do not know what I would change in my life, unless it were *for—not to have lived at all*. * All history and experience, and the rest, teaches us that the good and evil are pretty equally balanced in this existence, and that what is most to be desired is an easy passage out of it. What can it give us but years? and those have little of good but their ending.

Of the immortality of the soul it appears to me that there can be little doubt, if we attend for a moment to the action of mind: it is in perpetual activity. I used to doubt of it, but reflection has taught me better. It acts also so very independent of body—in dreams, for instance;—incoherently and *madly*, I grant you, but still it is mind, and much more mind than when we are awake. Now that this should not act *separately*, as well as jointly, who can pronounce? The stoics, Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius, call the present state ‘a soul which drags a carcass,’—a heavy chain, to be sure, but all chains being material may be shaken off. How far our future life will be *individual*, or, rather, how far it will at all resemble our *present* existence, is another question; but that the mind is eternal seems as probable as that the body is not so. Of course I here venture upon the question without recurring to revelation, which, however, is at least as rational a solution of it as any other. A *material* resurrection seems strange and even absurd, except for purposes of punishment; and all punishment which is to *revenge* rather than *correct* must be *morally wrong*; and *when the world is at an end*, what moral or warning purpose can eternal tortures answer? Human passions have probably disfigured the divine doctrines here;—but the whole thing is inscrutable.

It is useless to tell me *not to reason*, but to *believe*. You might as well tell a man not to wake, but *sleep*. And then to *bully* with torments, and all that! I cannot help thinking that the *menace* of hell

* Swift “early adopted,” says Sir Walter Scott, “the custom of observing his birth day, as a term, not of joy, but of sorrow, and of reading, when it annually recurred, the striking passage of Scripture, in which Job laments and execrates the day upon which it was said in his father’s house ‘that a man-child was born.’”—*Life of Swift*.

makes as many devils as the severe penal codes of inhuman humanity make villains.

Man is born *passionate* of body, but with an innate though secret tendency to the love of good in his main-spring of mind. But, God help us all! it is at present a sad jar of atoms.

Matter is eternal, always changing, but reproduced, and, as far as we can comprehend eternity, eternal; and why not *mind*? Why should not the mind act with and upon the universe, as portions of it act upon, and with, the congregated dust called mankind? See how one man acts upon himself and others, or upon multitudes! The same agency, in a higher and purer degree, may act upon the stars, &c. ad infinitum.

I have often been inclined to materialism in philosophy, but could never bear its introduction into *Christianity*, which appears to me essentially founded upon the *soul*. For this reason Priestley's Christian Materialism always struck me as deadly. Believe the resurrection of the *body*, if you will, but *not without a soul*. The deuce is in it, if after having had a soul (as surely the *mind*, or whatever you call it, *is*) in this world, we must part with it in the *next*, even for an immortal materiality! I own my partiality for *spirit*.

I am always most religious upon a sunshiny day, as if there was some association between an internal approach to greater light and purity and the kindler of this dark lantern of our external existence.

The night is also a religious concern, and even more so when I viewed the moon and stars through Herschell's telescope, and saw that they were worlds.

If, according to some speculations, you could prove the world many thousand years older than the Mosaic chronology, or if you could get rid of Adam and Eve, and the apple, and serpent, still, what is to be put up in their stead? or how is the difficulty removed? Things must have had a beginning, and what matters it *when* or *how*?

I sometimes think, that *man* may be the relic of some higher material being wrecked in a former world, and degenerated in the hardship and struggle through chaos into conformity, or something like it, —as we see Laplanders, Esquimaux, &c. inferior in the present state, as the elements become more inexorable. But even this higher pre-Adamite suppositious creation must have had an origin and a *Creator*—for a *creation* is a more natural imagination than a fortuitous concourse of atoms: all things remount to a fountain, though they may flow to an ocean.

Plutarch says, in his Life of Lysander, that Aristotle observes that in general great geniuses are of a melancholy turn, and instances

Socrates, Plato, and Hercules (or Heraclitus), as examples, and Lysander, though not while young, yet as inclined to it when approaching towards age.' Whether I am a genius or not, I have been called such by my friends as well as enemies, and in more countries and languages than one, and also within a no very long period of existence. Of my genius, I can say nothing, but of my melancholy, that it is 'increasing and ought to be diminished.' But how?

I take it that most men are so at bottom, but that it is only remarked in the remarkable. The Duchesse de Broglie, in reply to a remark of mine on the errors of clever people, said that 'they were not worse than others, only, being more in view, more noted, especially in all that could reduce them to the rest, or raise the rest to them.' In 1816, this was.

In fact (I suppose that), if the follies of fools were all set down like those of the wise, the wise (who seem at present only a better sort of fools) would appear almost intelligent.

It is singular how soon we lose the impression of what ceases to be *constantly* before us; a year impairs; a lustre obliterates. There is little distinct left without an effort of memory. *Then*, indeed, the lights are rekindled for a moment; but who can be sure that imagination is not the torch-bearer? Let any man try at the end of *ten* years to bring before him the features, or the mind, or the sayings, or the habits of his best friend, or his *greatest* man (I mean his favourite, his Buonaparte, his this, that, or t'other), and he will be surprised at the extreme confusion of his ideas. I speak confidently on this point, having always passed for one who had a good, ay, an excellent memory. I except, indeed, our recollection of womankind; there is no forgetting *them* (and be d—d to them) any more than any other remarkable era, such as 'the revolution,' or 'the plague,' or 'the invasion,' or 'the comet,' or 'the war' of such and such an epoch,—being the favourite dates of mankind who have so many *blessings* in their lot that they never make their calendars from them, being too common. For instance, you see 'the great drought,' 'the Thames frozen over,' 'the seven years' war broke out,' 'the English, or French, or Spanish revolution commenced,' 'the Lisbon earthquake,' 'the Lima earthquake,' the earthquake of Calabria,' 'the plague of London, ditto 'of Constantinople,' 'the sweating sickness,' 'the yellow fever of Philadelphia,' &c. &c. &c.; but you don't see 'the abundant harvest,' 'the fine summer,' 'the long peace,' 'the wealthy speculation,' 'the wreckless voyage,' recorded so emphatically! By the way, there has been a *thirty years' war* and a *seventy years' war*; was there ever a *seventy* or a *thirty years' peace*? or was there even a *DAY'S universal* peace? except perhaps in China, where they have found out the miserable happiness of a stationary and unwarlike mediocrity. And is all this because nature is niggard or savage? or mankind ungrateful? Let philosophers decide. I am none.

In general, I do not draw well with literary men; not that I dis-

like them, but I never know what to say to them after I have praised their last publication. There are several exceptions, to be sure, but then they have either been men of the world, such as Scott and Moore, &c. or visionaries out of it, such as Shelley, &c. : but your literary every-day man and I never went well in company, especially your foreigner, whom I never could abide; except Giordani, and—and—and—(I really can't name any other)—I don't remember a man amongst them whom I ever wished to see twice, except perhaps Mezzophanti, who is a monster of languages, the Briareus of parts of speech, a walking Polyglott and more, who ought to have existed at the time of the Tower of Babel as universal interpreter. He is indeed a marvel—unassuming, also. I tried him in all the tongues of which I knew a single oath (or adjuration to the gods against post-boys, savages, Tartars, boatmen, sailors, pilots, gondoliers, muleteers, camel-drivers, vetturini, post-masters, post-horses, post-houses, post every thing), and egad! he astounded me—even to my English.

'No man would live his life over again,' is an old and true saying which all can resolve for themselves. At the same time, there are probably *moments* in most men's lives which they would live over the rest of life to *regain*. Else why do we live at all? because Hope recurs to Memory, both false—but—but—but—and this *but* drags on till—what? I do not know; and who does? "He that died o' Wednesday?"



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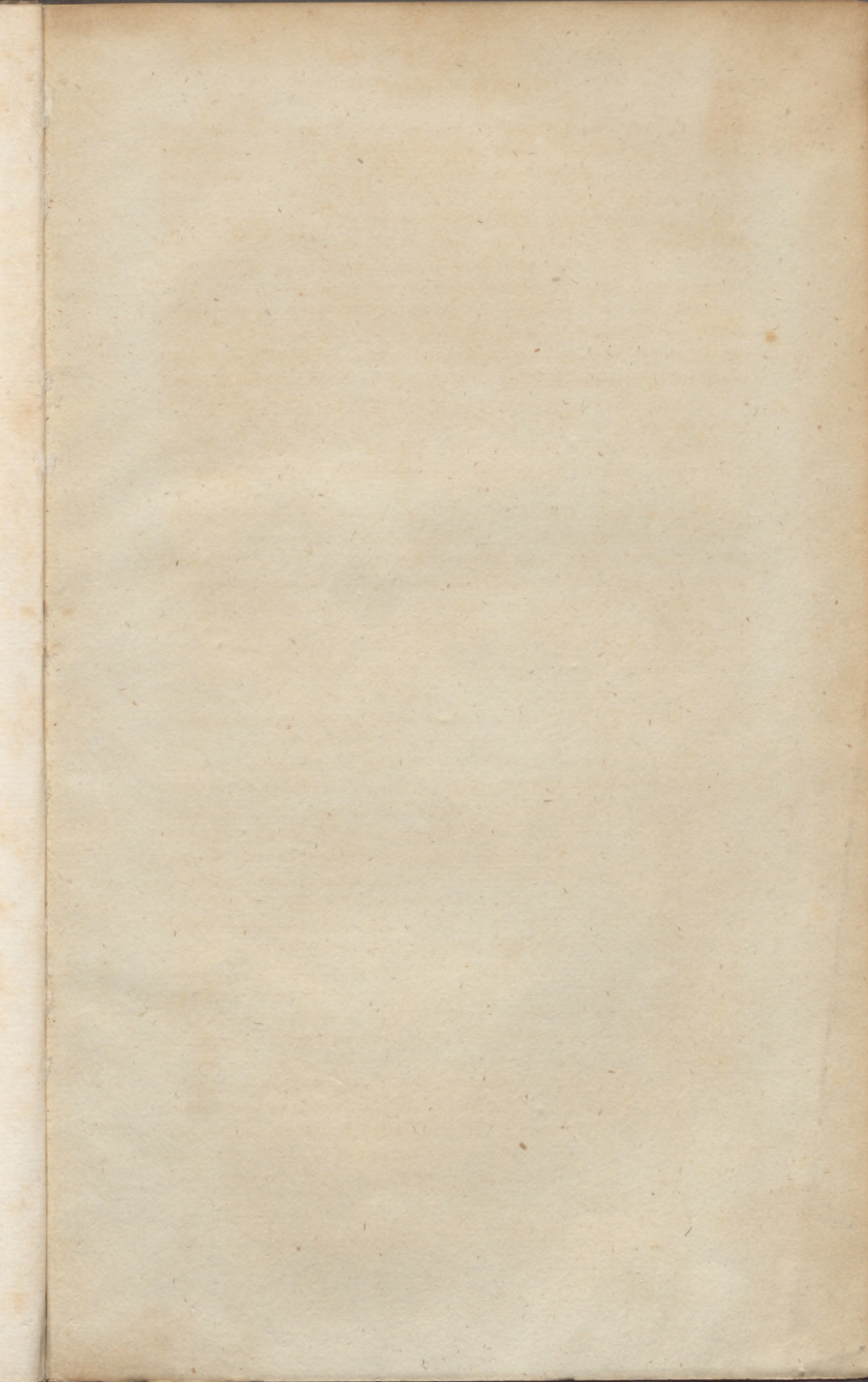
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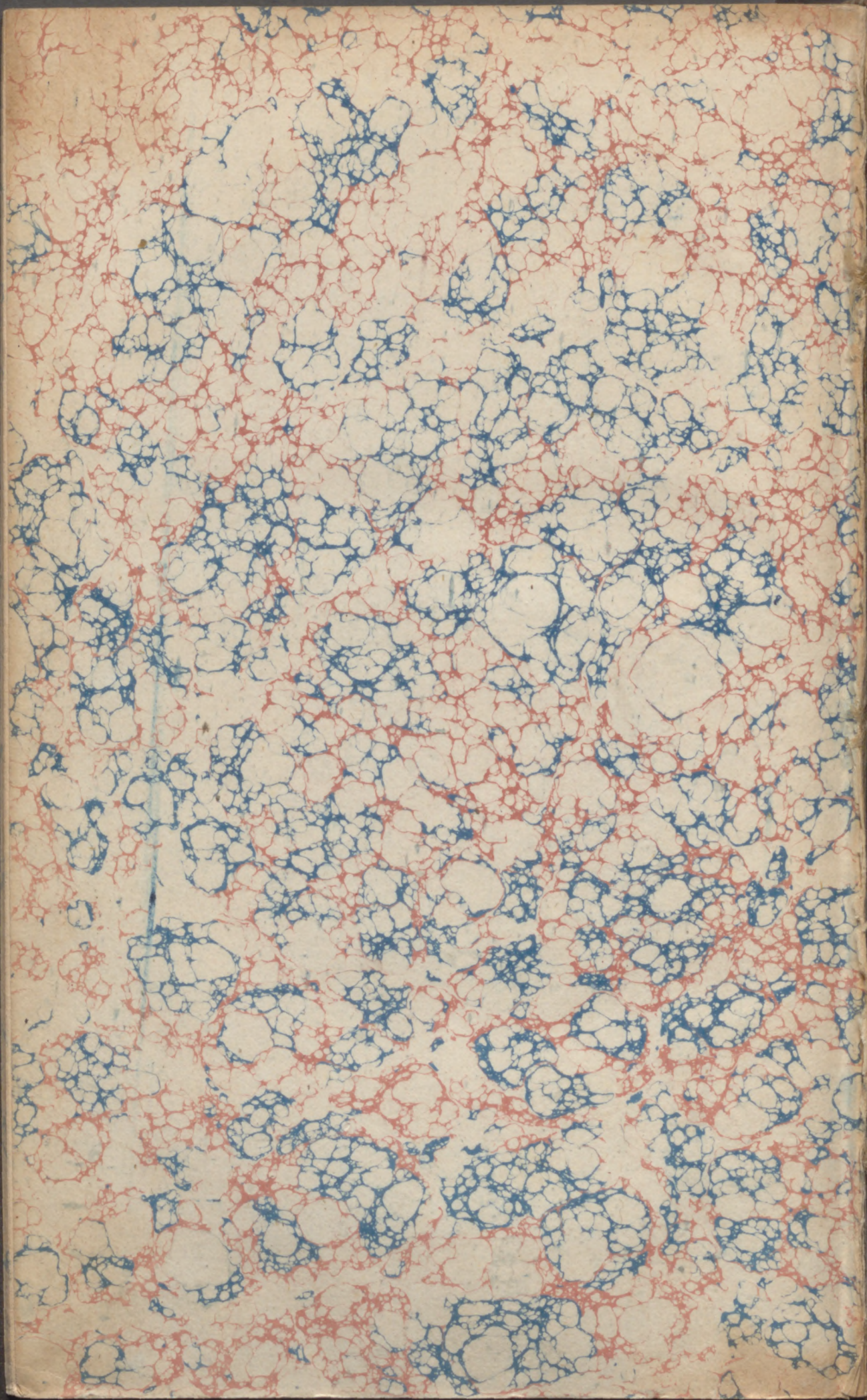
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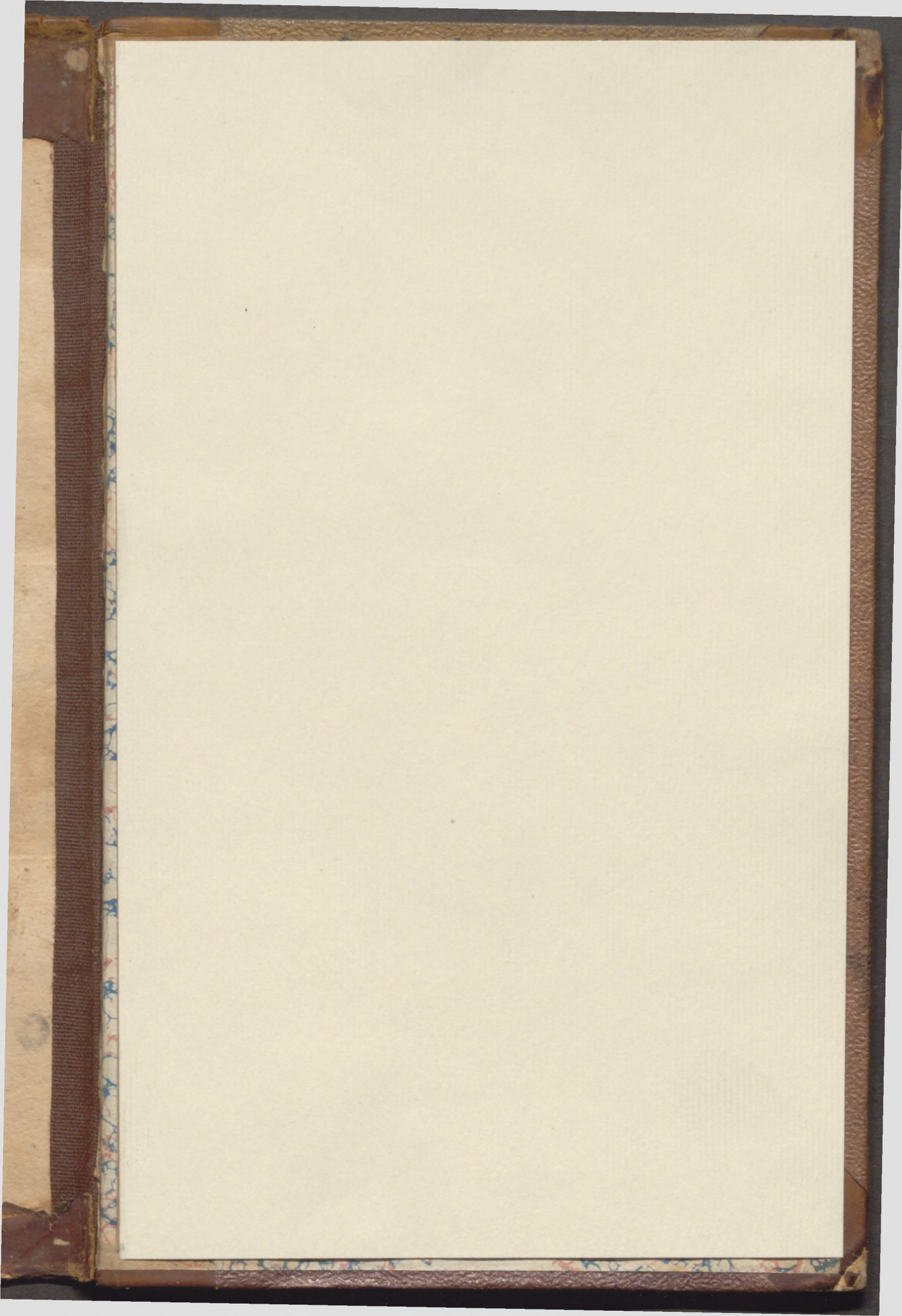


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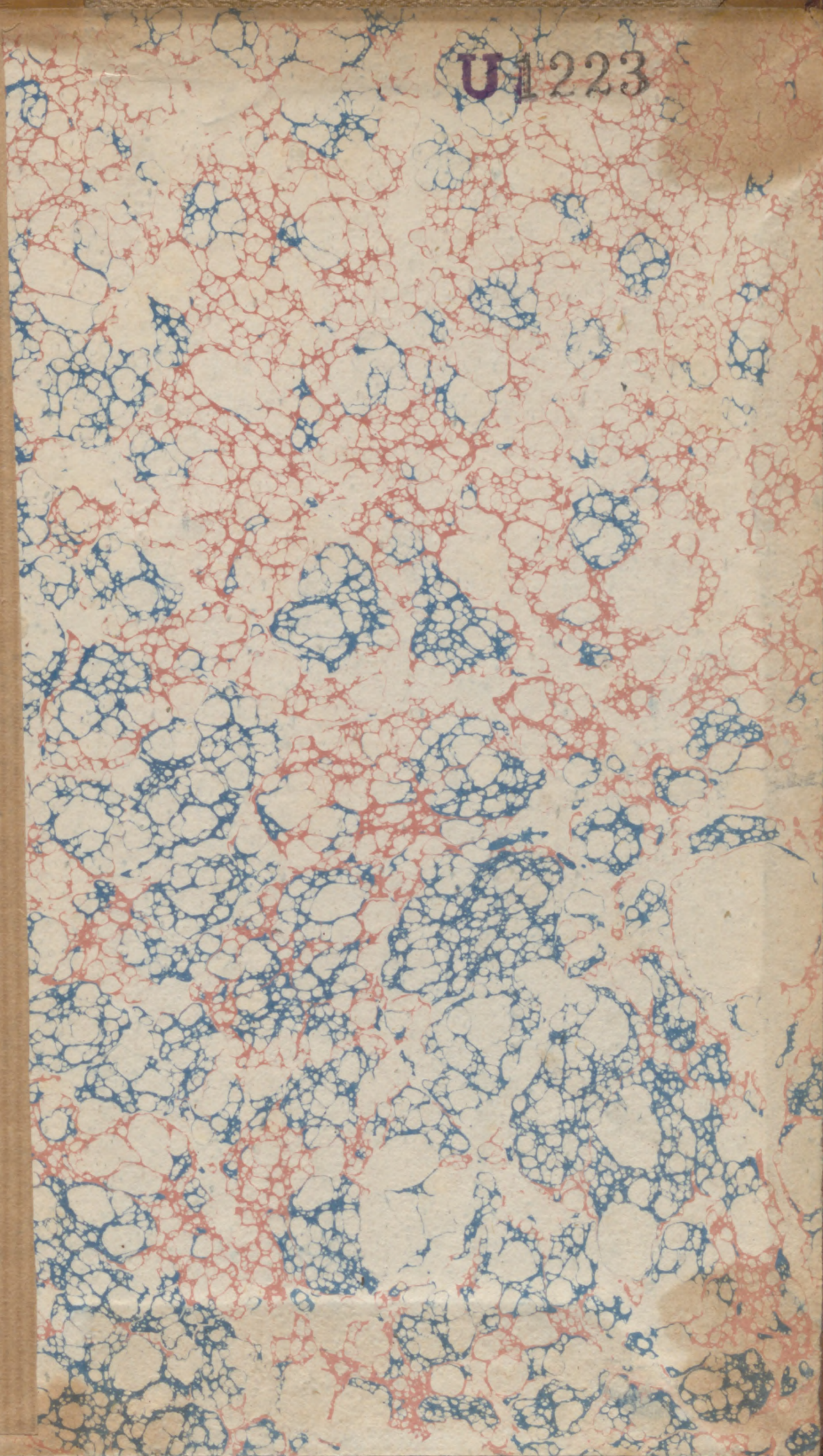
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