

BEAUTIES OF LORD BYRON:

WITH

A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE,

AND A

Dissertation on his Genius and Writings.

By THOMAS PARRY, Esq.

LONDON:

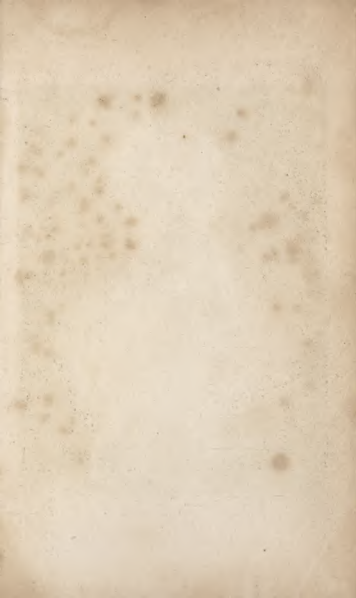
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LIFE

OF

LORD GEORGE GORDON BYRON,

A SKETCH.

GEORGE BYRON must have been more or less than a man to have lived in the times* to which he was born, with the circumstances attendant on his birth and consequent education, and not have acted as he did, or at least eccentrically. Left to himself at the most dangerous epocha of juvenility, unnurtured in the bosom of his nearest relatives†, who affected to put him upon the proofs of his legitimacy‡, and thus driven to the re-

* The age of puritanism arrived at the Court of the old Queen, by the efforts of the *Saints*, caused a counter-action among the *beaux esprits*; and whilst the former associated and prayed, disseminated tracts and passed acts; the latter turned the whole into ridicule: Lord Byron joined these, and before he was twenty years old, patronised the pugilist Gully in his battle with Gregson.

“ Raise not your scythe, Suppressors of our Vice!
Reforming Saints! too delicately nice!”

ENGLISH BARDS.

+ Unfortunately for the part of his family alluded to, the head of it fancied himself a poet, and wrote on for the stage, besides a huge octavo, which dropt still-born from the press. Him did Lord Byron treat with *distinguished notice* in his “English Bards,—thus

“ No muse will cheer with renovating smile

The paralytic paling of *Caristide*,

What heterogeneous honours deck the Peer!

Lord, , petit-maitre, pamphleteer!”

“ The relationship I cannot help, and am very sorry for it,” said Lord Byron.

‡ To obtain documents necessary to establish the marriage of his father and mother, young Byron travelled into France, &c., by the especial permission of Buonaparte, in the midst of a hot war, and whilst the ports were hermetically sealed against our commerce.

sources of his own mind, he sought for that distinction to which honourable souls ever aspire. But repressed in his first approaches towards the Muse of Poetry, by the highest sounding Censors of the day*, he broke at once the fetters so forged for his enthrallment, and hurled *the links* back upon the heads of his foes: with feelings seared and their fancied inviolability exposed, the gorgons of literature sued for peace, but never to this moment recovered their former hold upon public opinion. Nearly the same fate has befallen every other opponent of the peace or fame of this wonderful genius: none acquired the mastery over Lord Byron, but those who attacked his purse.

“ ——— Trash

’Twas mine, ’tis his, and has been slave to thousands.”

Born in Scotland†, undesignedly as it were‡, the first attack upon his fame had a knot of young Scotchmen for its author; but these pestiferes he sent home, as hath been said, to their own Bœotia,

“ A barren soil, where nature’s germs confin’d
To stern sterility can stint the mind;
Whose Thistle well betrays the niggard earth,
Emblem of all to whom the land gives birth.”

CURSE OF MINERVA.

* From earliest years he was addicted to poetical composition, some specimens of which appeared fugitively; and having collected and printed a little volume of poetry in the country, at the period of his eighteenth year, the Edinburgh Reviewers thought proper to treat it with unmanly harshness, after two years had quietly lain those “Hours of Idleness” on the shelf. They had treated another young bard in a similar manner: “poor Henry Kirke White” broke his heart! but Byron [Credo Byron!] filed a Bill of Indictment, and his “English Bards” brought the miscreants to justice for their numerous crimes in 1809.

† In “dark Loch na Garr,” about thirty miles from Aberdeen, near the family of his great grandmother, Catharine Gordon of Gight, a descendant of the Earls of Huntly and of the Princess Jane Stewart, daughter of James II. of Scotland. This primary introduction took place on the 22nd January, 1788; and within a few months after his father, Captain John Byron, died a voluntary exile in Flanders, where he had married the mother of Lord Byron.

‡ In the actual state of the finances of the possessor of the title, little aid could be extended to the collateral branches of the family;

Of his mother he simply says, she was—

“ Not forgot,
Though parting from that mother he did shun;
A sister whom he loved, but saw her not
Before his weary pilgrimage begun.”

CHILDE HAROLD.

The rudiments of grammar were taught him at Aberdeen, until his eleventh year, with little other distinction than an anxious desire to excel in boyish amusements, which the rigid manners of *the northerns* ever dispose them to repress. On the death of his great uncle, William, fifth Lord Byron, May 19th, 1798, he succeeded to the title, and was removed to Harrow school, whilst his mother went to reside at Newstead Abbey, Notts, in the neighbourhood of which she was long recognised for the oddity of her manners.

At Harrow, his attendance or his exercises were far from exemplary. Youth requires some further stimulant to industry than the threats and promises of pedagogues, however renowned for learning, whilst their kindness or suavities are so minutely divided that individuals feel not their influence. Byron became sullen, if not misanthropic, and during his stay at that school, eight pitched battles, including nearly as many victories, taught respect for his prowess if they did not procure friendship. The same reserve accompanied him to Cambridge, where he entered of Trinity at the age of sixteen, and took the usual grades, until at nineteen

so Captain John Byron, in his retirement, sent his lady to perform her accouchment among the remote connections of a female ancestor by a second marriage. A prudent resolve, in a double point of view; but according to Blackstone, he would not be considered a Scot, a whit the more for that circumstance. Yet, “ Yet, Caledonia!” he invokes with the impassioned strains of youthful ardour.—See p. 21. His lordship's biographers, note down John Byron as “ the honourable;” but this compliment is perfectly gratuitous on their parts, as this courtesy descends not farther than the *sons* of noblemen; and Captain Byron was only the grandson of Lord William, if indeed he were ever a Captain in reality; a gentleman who saw him in 1783, in great indigence, has no recollection of his bearing any military character whatever, though he was an excellent horseman.

he went to reside wholly at Newstead. While at Cambridge, he occasionally unbent his mind in witnessing athletic exercises or animal contentions; this gave opportunity to slander to push her shafts home, empoisoned with lies, and a *sizer* of Emanuel, named Hewson Clarke, manufactured certain piquant articles for the *Monthly Satirist*, and subsequently for the *Monthly Scourge*, quite at variance with truth, but strictly in keeping with the most mendacious boldness. This temerarious scholar, writhing under the castigation of Lord Byron's pen (*English Bards*, l. 953, &c.) a few years after, expiated his offences by rushing before his maker uninvited, after suffering a purgatory here on earth, from the printer and printers' devils of the forementioned *Flint*-like publications*.

Those calumnies followed Lord Byron, more or less,

* Upon the publication of the "*English Bards*," Lord Byron sailed for the Mediterranean, and soon afterwards he consented to withdraw it from public sale, in consequence of some whining representations on the part of his former calumniators—the *Edina Critics*. Sojourning in various parts of Italy and Greece for about two years, he returned to England towards the wane of 1811, and soon after published "*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*," cantos 1 and 2. This poem contained allusions to certain incidents in his own "eventful history," and was supposed to convey more. Curiosity roused, readers imagine a void and fill it up from their fancy. Thus, much of the accredited history of Lord Byron's life was uncreated fiction. "*The Giaour*" followed *Childe Harold*, and whilst the reading part of the world were still undetermined which of these deserved the highest meed of praise, "*The Corsair*" appeared and carried off the palm from both. "*Lara*" came next, in horrific mantle with his Kaled, but not so happily. During this absence in the East, Mr. Cam Hobhouse published certain "*Imitations and Translations*," a few of which were from the pen of Lord Byron; and about the same period his lordship performed the feat of swimming across the Hellespont, in imitation of Leander, though no *Hero* was there to incite the modern adventurer, but in her stead he caught an ague. Of this performance, the opinion of arrant swimmers is, uniformly, that nothing extraordinary was achieved by it—excepting always the ague. In no part of Lord Byron's career—as an author or a man, can we discover any attempt at bolstering up his fame, and in this single respect, probably, he was more indebted to the wonderment of unpractised friends than his own wish to appear among the wonder workers. No "taking care of cha-

throughout a life, alas! too short. But, although he could descend, it was his proper nature to ascend; for, on the summit of his elevation, his ministering passion was to evince superior intellect by launching his melancholic scorn on all mankind. This feeling rather increased with his fame, until his hauteur in society nearly reached the ridiculous, as matrons sought to ensnare him in the hymeneal noose for their fair daughters. Much of this particular notice, and the ascendancy he latterly obtained was as fairly attributable to certain singularities of character and temperament, as to the events of his life and succession to the peerage; for that which is but obscurely known is most commonly further enveloped in fable. Vulgar minds are usually swayed by such circumstances; whilst the blaze of his genius won the suffrages of the learned and the liberal part of mankind.

By the boldness of its imagery "*Childe Harold*," might vie with the Italian muse-*inferno*, and successfully rivals the *diaboliad* of the German poets. He revelled in Don Juan to prove his familiarity with scenes of actual life, in various countries, and under every variety of pleasure, or pain, and of suffering. Tongue was too slow in praise of the genius displayed in the first; critic pens cautiously separated the admirable from the dross-like sublime, the pathetic and poetical, from the lame, the turgid, or the dull—and one universal testimony pronounced *Childe Harold* the *chef d'œuvre* of the age. This work alone stamped the character of Lord Byron as the first Poet of his time, even though "the rest were all leather and prunella." Not so, however, is the sentence awarded by all who can taste the beauties of English versification, though they may not approve the taste of Don Juan for certain pursuits which *the Saints* would term vicious. How *racter*," as is practised by *little authors*, was to be found in Lord Byron: his scorn of the good as of the bad opinion of mankind was unsophisticated as it was undisguised. His justification, if any were required, he had thrown into the form of *Memoirs of his own life*, and presented to the son of Tom Moore.

otherwise could our noble author fill up his design, how evince the same compass of talent for "the grave, the gay, the great, the small," as he has done, conjoining comic force, humour, metaphysics and observation, boundless fancy and ethereal beauty, and curious knowledge as curiously applied, which never was so completely and triumphantly combined in any other poem! Never before was seen such a display, as Don Juan presents, of the copiousness and flexibility of the English language—if indeed of any other.

Meantime, Lord Byron married the only daughter of a rich baronet*, by whom he had a daughter, Ada; but her family, acting under the influence of a female harpy, willing to controul his lordship's ideas of moral fitness, my-lady became the channel of communication, and a letter was the vehicle employed to bid him a harsh farewell, without certain stipulations†. On this ill-judged step hinged the remaining incidents of his lordship's life. His mind was speedily made up as to the course he should pursue; his was not a nature to be controlled. Like the high spirited war-horse, which rushes on the sword that inflicts the wound, he resolved to quit England "for ever," and *Venice* the spot spot which should be his future abode.

"I loved her from my boyhood—she to me
Was as a fairy city of the heart."

Here he added to *Childe Harold* the third and fourth cantos, which were forwarded for the publication from Rome‡.

* Anne Isabella, daughter of Sir Ralph Milbank Noel, of Leatham, Durham, on the 2nd of January, 1815, whereupon he added the name of Noel to his other style and title.

† His rejoinder—"Fare thee well," appeared on the eve of his leaving his native shore, gratuitously given, together with a severe castigation of the wretch, who had chiefly wrought out this lamented expatriation.—See p. 25-27.

‡ "Hebrew Melodies" appeared the same year, and in the next (1816) "The Siege of Corinth." "Miscellaneous Poems," on several occasions, followed by "The Prisoner of Chillon," seemed to have closed his labours awhile, with the exception of some trifles on the affairs of France—on the return of Buonaparte—on the Violet—the

His sojourn was chiefly at Venice, but he shifted the scene occasionally to various parts of Italy, until taking part in the cause of Greek emancipation from the Turkish yoke, he at length went thither with supplies raised from his own sources. In this noblest of enterprises were employed the whole of his latter days—all his pecuniary resources and energies of his masculine spirit; but his frame bent before so much exertion and the vexations of his over-radical colleagues, and he died of a simple cold, at Missolonghi, on the 19th of April, 1824, in the 37th year of his age. An age too short for such a man.

Assailed on all sides, reviled, misrepresented, and calumniated—Lord Byron said that his memory would require justification before those for whom alive, and their opinions, he entertained the most sovereign contempt. Yet did the natural kindness of his disposition allow individuals notoriously addicted to the Whigs

Tri-color, and a cutting reproach on the French nation;—all which are included in a beautiful pocket edition of those *Miscellanies*—just republished in the same size as the present "*Beauties*." In 1817, appeared "*Manfred, a dramatic Poem,*" and "*The Lament of Tasso.*" "*The Bride of Abydos,*" and "*Beppo,*" a fuller portrait of men and manners at Venice than he had given in *Childe Harold* (See page 210). "*Mazeppa*" and the first cantos of "*Don Juan*" were published in 1819, and his "*Doge of Venice,*" printed with "*The Prophecy of Dante*" in 1820. His flagellation of Bowles's *Strictures on Pope*, saw light in 1821, after making no little noise in the private circles; as did "*Sardanapulus,*" "*The Three Foscari*" (tragedies) and "*Cain, a Mystery;*" and shortly after his "*Vision of Judgment*" written in derision of Southey's sycophant poem of the same title, which it most successfully ridiculed. "*Werner,*" a Tragedy, was printed in 1822; in 1823, "*Heaven and Earth,*" a Mystery, appeared, as did six further Cantos of *Don Juan*, to which he subsequently added three more.

The whole of *Don Juan* having been printed at a moderate price, of the same size as the present volume; and as its construction is of such a nature, that it would suffer considerably by curtailment, we purposely omit giving any extracts here, from that particular effusion of Lord Byron's muse. Meantime, however, we entertain a latent intention of furnishing that "truant offspring" of his pen, with a copious Index, on a similar plan with that annexed to this work. The value of such an *addendum* as an helpmate to quotation, must be too obvious to require comment.

(whose factious designs he ridiculed) to creep into his confidence, which they with characteristic duplicity betrayed in the most tender point—his fair fame with posterity. To one of these (*viz.* Leigh Hunt) he had contributed many papers in support of a new periodical abortion, titled “The Liberal,” but which might have been more appropriately called the Leaden-head of “the South.” Swayed, no doubt, by the consideration, that the loan of his *great name* might conduce to the pecuniary advantage of the schemers, he found himself importuned on the weak side (that of pecuniary *liberal-ity*) and thus contributed towards their *supplies*. Yet did this same Leigh Hunt, in his weekly (*quere* weakly) newspaper, recently suggest that the destruction of his patron’s Memoirs, or justification of his conduct (that which is allowed to the meanest criminal) was “due to the feeling of the living” Whigs!

He had admitted other worms to his confidence, and by these has his memory been gnawed: the Book of Medwin was culled from the destroyed manuscripts—its compiler carefully abstains throughout from the least iota of justification, and, by its utter absence, leaves the reader to infer that Lord Byron had none to offer. But fortunately, Byron himself has told us distinctly, that he had prepared a record of his acts, and the motives thereto—in fact, his defence at the bar of public justice—an apology to the world for his conduct:—

“ 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!
Have I not had my brains seared, my heart riven,
Hopes *sapp’d*, name blighted, life’s life lied away?”

CHILDE HAROLD, c. iv.

This ‘life’s life’ did he confide to the keeping of ‘Little’ Thomas Moore, alias Lalla Rookh; delicately putting the manuscript into the hand of Moore’s son, Lord Byron afterwards observed to Captain Medwin, “I have made young Moore a present of 2000*l.* this

morning." And Byron was a judge of the value of such *copy right*; for after *the event* we all deplore, its possessor pawned his donor's justification of his life and conduct, to Longman and Co. for three thousand, and only took it out of their hands, in concert with John Murray, to consign it to the flames; by this act, the memory of its injured author did he place in the hands of his unrelenting foes. The weak, the wicked, the corrupt, the servile, and the over-righteous, by whom Lord Byron had had his "brains seared, heart riven, hopes sapped, name blighted, and life's life lied away," were thus called to the banquet conflagration of Byron's fame, by his "friend Tom Moore," for a sum of money—for that lucre his great soul despised.

What right, let us ask, had Tom Moore to place himself between Lord Byron and posterity? Who constituted the *lascivious poet* a judge of what might be fitting for the public eye? How was it possible then, that this thing of things should be allowed even to guess at what might be unfit? Grape-stones stop his weasand! He whose ministering office was merely that of a vehicle, a letter-carrier, *post paid* too; he whom three thousand pounds could not win to this one act of candid honesty to his deceased donor, who could not carry undefiled his despatches to their destination, but betrayed them into the hands of the enemy! But, what better could our great poet expect of the *little mind* which could stoop so low, so basely as Moore had already done, in robbing the "Two-penny Post bag of its contents," and thus exposed the weaker points of character in that other too-amiable, too high-minded spirit, the Earl of Moira!

TO THE PURCHASER.

ALTHOUGH that man deservedly incurs the charge of impertinence, who unnecessarily points our notice to a self-evident fact, yet we cannot permit this little volume to go before the public, without calling attention to the great utility of such an *Index* as we have annexed hereto; which mainly contributes to render such extracts *practicable* in the hands of those for whose use it was principally designed—*namely*, persons who have little time to spare, for wading through the eight or ten volumes of closely and handsomely printed *whole Works of Lord Byron*.

To those who are fond of quotation for its own sake, and of coming at once upon *the beauties*, the most excellent parts, of our most excellent poet's description of the Passions—his Episodes, Soliloquies, and Invocations, this *Index*, consisting of above four hundred heads! will be found of great use, as lessening the labour of research, by referring at once to each topic of enquiry.

Since the first part of these *Beauties* appeared, a similiar volume, containing about *half this quantity*, has been put forth by a certain unprincipled Publisher in Cheapside, who is notorious for the smallness of his commercial observances. This step would be all very proper in him; and, were it ten times more flagrant, quite allowable, and perfectly in keeping with the whole tenour of his life: but, for such a remorseless pirate to cry out "stop thief!"—this is more than mortal book-man can *quietly endure!* He whose proper name stands in Pater-noster-row, and has stood for twenty-five years past, as another name for liar, must prove a poor hand at throwing missiles of any kind. In this declaration "*there is no mistake,*" no-TEGGER, not a bit of Holland, nor an atom of Avershaw.

DISSERTATION
ON
THE WORKS OF LORD BYRON.

Children yet unborn shall blush to think their fathers were
his foes.

If I had not the sanction of him whose good opinion and judgment I value more than any other mortal breathing, I would not undertake this task. A task, in a school-boy's estimation, is accounted a hard and painful duty, whereas mine is a pleasing recreation; to run over a garden of fruits and flowers, doubtful where to cull the best to please the appetite and eye. To remark upon the productions of one whose life has been ennobled by the practice of every virtue, and who has devoted the stores of a mind, rich in science and genius, to enlighten and better the condition of mankind, is no unpleasing task. I have, elsewhere, done justice to Lord Byron's life and character; I have now to pry into the life and character of his works, to see whether they merit the *former*, and what is to be deduced from the *latter*. Poets, in all ages, have been the ornaments, the delight, and the instructors of mankind: the Jewish Scriptures were all written in poetry, hence they are still divided into verses. The hexameter was then only known, and if any one reads the "Messiah," of Klopstock, they may have a just conception of the style in which the books of one of the first poets that ever breathed were written, I mean that of Isaiah. I wave any remarks about inspiration—every poet is supposed to be inspired with his subject; and if the subject be *divine*, so will be his thoughts, and add a radiance to his lines; which can be well accounted

for, without calling an angel from Heaven to dictate, or hold the pen of a being "made in God's own image," and consequently carrying in his mind a portion of his divinity. In my humble opinion, much of Lord Byron's poetry has a scriptural foundation; and if I err not, the book of Isaiah, the Psalms, and the works of Saint Paul, have been much his study; and if the reader patiently accompanies me, he may find my reasons for these suppositions are very conclusive; it may be worth his while, for the works of Lord Byron will have an effect upon his children's children few calculate upon; and his name will be revered when thou and I, reader, are gone to sleep, and not a bone left to denote that a body once existed, nor a single line to perpetuate our worthless memories.

Lord Byron writes in such a number of rhymes, and often without any metre whatever, that no particular designation can be given to his verse. He is, in the midst of amatory poetry, often heroic; and in the pride of heroic diction, he often descends to the pastoral or ludicrous; and I believe, that, with Robert Burns, I may say, whatever he means to write

"Let time and chance determine,
 "Perhaps it may turn out a song,
 "Perhaps turn out a sermon."

I will begin my remarks on the first production that issued from his pen and the press, "The Hours of Idleness." Many of them are very pretty; agreeably playful, but very seldom display that sublimity of imagination which has raised him to the summit of the Alps, where he

"With meteor standard to the winds unfurl'd,
 "Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the world."

The stanzas to "Loch na Garr," are an instance of this; and his parting with "Newstead Abbey" purely pathetic; the little tales of youthful love he sets

forth, are admirable ; but tender and amatory verse is not his Lordship's forte ; his mind is formed for nobler things—to ride on the vollied lightning through the heavens ; or, yoked with whirlwinds and the northern blast, sweep the long track of day. On the whole, I cannot say of this *Idle Volume*, more than that it might have been produced by any school-boy educated at Harrow, at the age of eighteen ; even such a block-head as Southey might have composed some of its articles on his *Butt of Sack*, whom his Lordship has made a *Sackbutt*, filled with soporific liquor for the comfort of dunces, sheltered under the Laureate's name. "The Hours of Idleness" are fit to while away an idle hour upon ; but they bear few marks of his Lordship's future eminence ; nor could any one suppose that a set of Greybeards and Dunces criticising and damning this production of a boy, would have called into action the most satiric spirit that ever animated a British bard, since the day when Pope immortalised himself with all the dunces of the age, I allude to "The English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers."

"Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn,
"Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn."

To this hour Messieurs Jeffery and Co. smart under the lash which his Lordship wielded with a veteran hand ; and when he is gone the satire will live.

"Dying, he bade Satiric thunders roar,
"And Scotland felt him when he breath'd no more."

It was well deserved. A set of *book-drones* chose to abuse the boy, merely because, in the morning of life, when his pulse was beating with pardonable vanity, he announced his title ; their enmity changed the boy into a man ; he lashed them with a powerful arm, and justly shewed, that there is no respect due to age, when *obstinacy* and *ignorance* are concealed under its grey hairs.

For a moment I will observe—That the youthful poetry of Lord Byron differs widely from that of all who have preceded him in the walks of the Muses; it bears all the vigour of manhood, though in its opening bloom, and in the trembling day-spring of life, shoots forth in meridian lustre the strong blossoms of immortality.

Addison, who was a first-rate poet in Queen Anne's days, and is considered now only a step above mediocrity, prefaced some execrable lines to an execrable painter, Sir Godfrey Kneller, with "written before the author was twenty years old;" Genius in those days must have been late at displaying herself, for the genius of Byron was falling ripe from the tree before he was eighteen years old. For purity of diction, keenness of satire, and elegant animadversion, he never wrote a finer piece than the "English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers;" but it must be confessed that it often descends too low in the objects it censures. His Lordship was then a young labourer in the vineyard of Parnassus, and jealous of the fruits of his labour, or he would not have honoured with notice such reptiles as Hewson Clarke, a poor scribbler in a disgraceful Magazine, and whom his chastisement has rendered immortal. This conduct reminds me of Olympias, the mother of Alexander the Great, who upon hearing of her son's munificence to his generals, wrote to him, saying, "Be more cautious how you give away, for in destroying one Darius, you are making twelve Alexanders." The castigation given to Jeffrey, the overbearing Scotch demagogue, was justly applied, and he will bear the marks about him when the memory of his brazen eloquence is forgotten, and only the electricity of Lord Byron's genius remains to make his mouldering bones rattle in the tomb.

There is a peculiarity about Lord Byron's early poetry which is all his own: in the vivid brightness of fancy he paints Nature in her loveliest form; he does

not, as he has since done, scowl upon her with misanthropic eye, his heart had not then been seared with anguish and treachery; "the iron had not entered into his soul;" nor had he been borne away upon the waves of Passion's strong stream, till the blissful sensation of pleasure was buried in the debauch, which petrifies the feeling, and hardens all within. Every woman was then lovely, and every man honest; and it is possible, if his Lordship would deign to confess it, that the sweetest, purest, and joyfullest moments he ever knew, were passed with his Mary, amidst the ruins of Newstead Abbey; where he sang her praises as a goddess, and thought all he sang "devoutly true." It is a pity that Time should destroy the fairy-built visions of our youth—for as we advance in years, we recede from the presence of Virtue, and Vice becomes insensibly a partner in our ways. Charity and generosity are the leading characteristics of Lord Byron's early Muse; these he sang, because he practised them—the wreath of flowery fiction was not thrown over his ebullitions—no "bride of Abydos" had been taken to his arms—no "Gulnares" had led his head astray—he rose in the morning gay as the lark, to sing at Heaven's gate, and in the evening sank to repose tranquil and majestic as the orb of day, to rise again more brilliant over the shades of night.

He has risen in his brilliance, in a splendour of his own creation, and his brightness will shine and illuminate ages unborn, and be a torch-light to the dark mind, when the weak lights of intellectual oppression vanish like a dream, and pure morality and religion rest upon Lord Byron's works, as their firmest stay and hope.

"The Pilgrimage of Childe Harold," the first lengthened production of his Lordship's Muse is his favourite production, it is the pin fixed in the wall of the temple of fame, on which he hangs his cloak, and hopes for immortality; this is not any thing new, Milton

imagined his best work to be '*Paradise Regained*,' and it is now deservedly forgotten. '*Childe Harold*,' is a strange work, and displays much eccentricity of genius; time has brought us to a more regular path. The whole of it is dark and melancholy, but there are diamonds glittering through this bed of mother earth, and flashes of the purest genius every where appear like sun-beams glancing through a wintry storm. His Lordship grumbles all the days of his pilgrimage, but he never murmurs against providence; "Man's inhumanity to man" is his never varying theme, and he scorns ever to cast a glance upon the yawning grave, but at once directs his view to the ever-beaming day-star that shines beyond it. There is more pure morality and sacred truths contained in one Canto of "*Childe Harold*," than in any book (not Scriptural) ever published; but it is a religion that breathes too much of Methodism, and which he now, no doubt, sees the error of; he then seemed to fear his Maker, and tremble in his presence; but time has swept away his errors, and his Lordship's confidence has increased. He now relies where he only hoped, and the visions of doubt are dispelled by truth. "*Childe Harold*" has been transformed into a happier mortal—Don Juan; but the outlines of the picture are still the same—the one is Lord Byron, when he set out to see the world; the other Lord Byron when he had seen it; drank deep of Pleasure's cup, and yet remained unsatisfied. The fever of love and ambition boils in Lord Byron's veins—the death of his Muse only can allay it—and that Muse is immortal.

We may be forgiven for not being too severe on this first child of Lord Byron's brain; it is not now much read, but it is the only complete poem he has ever written; but whether to call it an epic, or a mock heroic, I believe Lord Byron himself does not know. Aristotle says, that an epic poem must have a beginning, a middle, and an end. Now in sober guise, let me ask those who are so fond of quoting the precedents of an-

cient sages, do they think we are all fools? every thing must be begun before it can be ended, and there must exist a medium betwixt these two extremes;—the body and soul have a beginning and an end, yet no one ever presumed to know the precise midway distance betwixt life and death. Now even Homer, I dare say, had neither a regular point of beginning to sing his ballads—no middle-bar to rest at—and no end till his hearers cried “Hold, enough!” I am aware that Lord Byron despises this dull regularity that would confine Genius in the bounds of a saw-pit, and limit his lines to the length and set-parts of the 111th Psalm.

Lord Byron writes as he feels, perfectly uncontrouled by any classic rules, and despises as heartily ancient “rules for writing,” as he does the standard of modern critics, who have Ignorance for their parent, and Malevolence for their guide.

In the poetry of Lord Byron there is no flimsy veil of weak fancy thrown over a robe of sickly hue; his fancy flights are bold, energetic, and sublime; they are not the butterfly, rising from its creeping caterpillar state, to glitter in gaudy show a few yards above the earth’s surface—to sparkle awhile in the brilliant sunshine, and perish in the midnight gloom. No; his excursions are vigorous and lofty—he seems to spurn the earth on which he treads—he rises upon the wings of the wind, like the bird of Jove—he gazes, undismayed, upon the meridian sun—catches inspiration from its dazzling glories, and descends to illuminate earth with the fire of Heaven.

His Lordship’s poetry is that of the heart; he seldom writes what he does not sensibly feel, and if he begins a fictitious tale, as he proceeds, he insensibly mingles so much of himself into it, that it ends in a good moral—drawn from unerring Truth.

Notwithstanding his long residence in, and partiality to Italy, he is not tainted with any of the vices of the bards of that favoured clime; he has shunned all their

puerilities—these mythological allusions, and servile flatteries.

In a voluptuous and enervating clime, he still displays all the hardy virtues first imbibed under a northern sky; neither the phantasies of Ariosto, or the ravings of Dante, have corrupted his Muse, which is rapidly approaching to the proud eminence on which Milton and Shakspeare rest crowned with unfading laurels. “*The Giaour*,” “*Lara*,” “*Bride of Abydos*,” “*Parasina*,” &c. are all laden with beauties, and each differing from the other as far in form, manner, and matter, as the poles are separated from each other.

It is not the intention to criticise any one work here; the selections made will shew the peculiar beauties of them one and all, and he who wishes to discover their failings must go through the whole, and even then his blemishes are so few, that they are but as specks in the sun, or a straggling weed amongst a thousand flowers.

Possibly “*Mazeppa*” is the work in which his Lordship displays the greatest knowledge of the intricacies of the human mind; it is a most tender, pathetic, and impassioned performance, which does honour to his genius and his heart.

His Lordship’s dramatical pieces are rich in imagery, and present a glare of effulgence that leads the understanding captive; but they are too heavy with drapery ever to move lightly over the stage; they are only fitted for the closet, and beyond that he never intended them to go. His “*Marino Fallero*,” is an excellent lesson for hatred and revenge; and “*Cain*” conveys to the heart ten thousand reasons for repressing the feelings of discontent and inquisitive ambition.

The success of Lord Byron in this wayward composition, has roused several eminent bards to follow his example, but their productions are no more to be compared to his, than I am to Hercules.

Sir Walter Scott's "Halidon Hill," is a reflection of "Sardanapalus," more feeble than the tints of a rainbow, viewed in a stagnant pool; and the "Don Carlos," of Lord John Russell, is a miserable piracy from all my Lord Byron's Dramas combined.

Much has been said of the immoral tendency of his Lordship's works. I have not been able to discover where the evil rests; in no part of his writings is any thing in the shape of a religious creed to be discovered; he keeps his opinions on sacred subjects to himself, but in every poem he has written, there are allusions which shew his firm reliance on an overruling Providence, and he appears to believe that the Divine Being not only watches over the safety of nations, but of individuals. To call him an Atheist is the height of calumny or madness. If he be a Deist, far be it from me to arraign his faith in a land where Unitarians are not only tolerated, but under the especial care of the legislature. But we have no business with his religious opinions; the vein of morality running through his works, is quite sufficient to recommend them to the virtuous and wise, and the censure of the worthless and base is better than their approbation.

We have made this selection, convinced that it will meet with liberal patronage; few can afford to purchase the whole of Lord Byron's works, but in this form the pith and marrow of them is comprised in a form suitable to the purse and pocket of all.

It never was the wish of Lord Byron to confine his writings to the higher classes; the fault rests with the booksellers, who are greedy of gain, but sparing in the dissemination of knowledge.

His Lordship's manner of treating many of his subjects is generally in the domestic style, fitting for the ears of the middling and lower orders; he has only written one poem for the benefit of his aristocratical readers, and that lashes them with a merciless hand, and proves he does not wish to flatter kings, or court

the great. I allude to the "English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers." Of his minor poems it may, with truth be said, that they are all beautiful, and if he chose to cultivate amatory poetry, Mr. Moore and Lord Strangford would cease to have any readers in a very short time. The "Ode," on the abdication of Buonaparte, commencing,

'Tis done ; the phantom of a King,
And mixed with Kings to strive,
And art thou then that nameless thing,
So abject, yet alive?

Is grand and forcible ; we may be told it reproaches that unfortunate hero, for not having the courage to commit suicide. It may be so : but I believe there are very few capable of sympathising with fallen greatness, but regret that he did not follow the example which was set by Cato, and approved of by Addison. The farewell to his wife must pierce the most callous heart ; tenderness is a predominant weakness in his Lordship's mind ; he has often erred and strayed, but fond affection always succeeded in calling the wanderer home ; and to use a common saying, if he had been possessed of a comfortable fire-side, he would not now be a voluntary exile, nor his native land be deprived of her brightest ornament.

We can safely recommend this book as containing a code of morality, written in the most pleasing form, which will enter the ear, and take possession of the heart—inspiring it with the sentiments of Truth and Chastity—Mercy and Benevolence—Peace on Earth—and Good-will to Man.

In Italy, temples, triumphal arches, aqueducts, ways, whole towns, exhibit to our view at every step, the grandeur and unrivalled magnificence of the ancient masters of the world ; and continually remind the traveller of those august names which history has consecrated to immortality ; of those great men whom Italy

has in every age produced ; all conspire to heighten the pleasure he receives from a delicious climate, a mild and balmy air, and a rich and fertile country.

It is no wonder that the warm and glowing soul of Lord Byron delights to remain amidst such Elysian scenes ; it is from choice that he does so ; the land suiting both his inclination and his health, which is by no means good ; but all his writings, prove that he has the "*amor patriæ*" at heart, and

" Busy fancy always points to home."

The works of Lord Byron have been assailed by bigotry, cant, and falsehood, worthy only of the worst periods of religious intolerance, and disgraceful to the age in which we live ; by men who confer no honour on human nature, by such men as Wilberforce, who is not a Christian—for he wants the first of Christian virtues—charity. Such fellows remind me of the vindictive malice of a monk, brooding over the infirmities of a man, until they quickened into public life, and then feeding with rancourous enmity on the melancholy catalogue of his distresses.

There is one work of Lord Byron's which cannot be passed over without observation, that is "*Don Juan*." We may be allowed to pause a little in this book, as it is, perhaps, the most wonderful specimen of the poetic art that ever was printed—I mean the most surprising monument of genius and imagination ; but unless we confound the ideas of the beautiful and sublime, and conceive that the former is contained in the latter, it must be acknowledged that many other of his works are more pleasing at the first view. But notwithstanding the ridiculous way in which some part of the subject is treated, and the mixture of serious and ludicrous, this work will please and surprise more and more every time it is more closely examined ; it will be admired like a multifarious painting—more in single

BEAUTIES

OF

LORD BYRON.

HOURS OF IDLENESS.

SUCH is the title Lord Byron chose to give the first printed efforts of his muse; those *juvenile scraps*, that called forth the splenetic criticisms of the Edinburgh Reviewers, which roused at once all his poetic fire, that consumed his opponents' fancied invulnerability. Light and trivial as this title is, it yet served to show that in the composition of these he had not forgot to apply his great mind to studies, generally supposed more appropriate to his years. Whoever should consider the portions here selected as "Beauties" of those *hours*, might find himself mistaken: he had better consider them as idle extracts.

FUTURITY.

WHEN to their airy halls my fathers' voice,
Shall call my spirit, joyful in their choice;
When, pois'd upon the gale, my form shall ride,
Or, dark in mist, descend the mountain's side;
Oh! may my shade behold no sculptur'd urns,
To mark the spot where earth to earth returns;
No lengthen'd scroll of virtue and renown;
My epitaph shall be, my name alone:

If that with honour fail to crown my clay,
Oh! may no other fame my deeds repay;
That, only that, shall single out the spot,
By that remember'd, or with that forgot.

EPITAPH ON A FRIEND.

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

 IDLE EXTRACTS.

 DR. JOHNSON'S AND LORD BYRON'S OPINIONS OF NOBLE
AUTHORS.

Dr. Johnson, speaking of Lord Carlisle's poems, said, "That when a man of such rank appeared in the character of an author, his merit should be handsomely acknowledged." "This," says Lord Byron, "can have little weight with verbal, and still less with periodical censors, but were it otherwise, I should be loth to avail myself of this privilege, and would rather incur the bitterest censure of anonymous criticism, than triumph in honours granted solely to a title."

Preface to Hours of Idleness.

 LOVE OF COUNTRY.

My native soil ! belov'd before,
Now dearer, as my peaceful home,
Ne'er may I quit thy rocky shore,
A hapless, banish'd wretch to roam ;
This very day, this very hour,
May I resign this fleeting breath,
Nor quit my silent humble bower ;
A doom, to me, far worse than death.

 A FORGIVING LOVER.

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

By another possess,
 May she live ever blest,
 Her name still my heart must revere ;
 With a sigh I resign,
 What I once thought was mine,
 And forgive her deceit with a Tear.

IMMORAL RAILLERY.

Since, the refinement of this polish'd age
 Has swept immoral raillery from the stage :
 Since, taste has now expung'd licentious wit,
 Which stamp'd disgrace on all an author writ ;
 Since, now, to please with purer scenes we seek,
 Nor dare to call the blush from Beauty's cheek ;
 Oh ! let the modest Muse some pity claim,
 And meet indulgence, though she find not fame.

YOUTHFUL VANITY.

I once more view the room, with spectators surrounded,
 Where, as Zanga, I trod on Alonzo o'erthrown ;
 While, to swell my young pride, such applauses re-
 sounded,

I fancied that Mossop* himself was outshone.

Or, as Lear, I pour'd forth the deep imprecation,
 By my daughters, of kingdom and reason depriv'd ;
 Till, fir'd by loud plaudits, and self-adulation.

I regarded myself as a GARRICK reviv'd.

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

* Mossop, a cotemporary of GARRICK, famous for his performance of Zanga, in Young's tragedy of the Revenge.

SIMPLE DEFENCE OF AMATORY POETRY.

Far be't from me, the "virgin's mind" to "taint,"
 Seduction's dread, is here no slight restraint ;
 The maid, whose virgin breast is void of guile,
 Whose wishes dimple in a modest smile ;
 Whose downcast eye disdains the wanton leer,
 Firm in her virtue's strength, yet not severe ;
 She, whom a conscious grace shall thus refine,
 Will ne'er be "tainted" by a strain of mine.
 But, for the nymph, whose premature desires
 Torment her bosom with unholy fires,
 No net to snare her willing heart is spread,
 She would have fallen, tho' she ne'er had read.

LOVE IN THE SKIES ; OR, LOFTY BOMBAST.

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

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

SPECIMEN OF THE HORRIFIC AND SUBLIME.

"Tis he ! I hear my murderer's voice !"
 Loud shrieks a darkly-gleaming form ;
 "A murderer's voice !" the roof replies,
 And deeply swells the bursting storm.

The tapers wink, the chieftains shrink,
 The stranger's gone—amidst the crew

A form was seen, in tartan green,
And tall the shade terrific grew.

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

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

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

FAREWELL TO ROMANCE.

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

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

Adieu, fond race, a long adieu,
 The hour of fate is hov'ring nigh,
 Even now the gulph appears in view,
 Where unlamented you must lie ;
 Oblivion's blackening lake is seen,
 Convuls'd by gales you cannot weather,
 Where you, and eke your gentle queen,
 Alas ! must perish altogether.

THE MURDERER'S CURSE.

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

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

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

AFFECTION FOR THE MOUNTAIN SCENERY OF SCOTLAND.

Away, ye gay landscapes? ye gardens of roses!
 In you let the minions of luxury rove ;
 Restore me the Rocks, where the snow-flake reposes,
 Though still they are sacred to freedom and love :

Yet, Caledonia ! belov'd are thy mountains,
 Round their white summits though elements war,
 Tho' cataracts foam, 'stead of smooth flowing fountains,
 I sigh for the valley of dark Loch na Garr.

"Shades of the dead ! have I not heard your voices

" Rise on the night-rolling breath of the gale ?"

Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,

And rides on the wind, o'er his own Highland vale :

Round Loch na Garr, while the stormy mist gathers,
Winter presides in his cold icy car ;

Clouds, there encircle the forms of my Fathers,

They dwell in the tempests of dark Loch na Garr.

England ! thy beauties are tame and domestic,

To one who has rov'd on the mountains afar ;

Oh ! for the crags that are wild and majestic,

The steep, frowning glories of dark Loch na Garr.

THE MANIAC ; OR, LOVE'S LAST ADIEU.

Sweet lady ! why thus doth a tear steal its way,

Down a cheek which out-rivals thy bosom in hue ?

Yet, why do I ask ? to distraction a prey,

Thy reason has perish'd, with love's last adieu !

THE HOME OF MY FATHERS.

Newstead ! what saddening change of scene is thine !

Thy yawning arch betokens slow decay ;

The last and youngest of a noble line,

Now holds thy mouldering turrets in his sway.

Deserted now, he scans thy grey-worn towers ;

Thy vaults where dead of feudal ages sleep ;

Thy cloisters, pervious to the wintry showers ;

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

Yet are his tears no emblems of regret,

Cherish'd affection only bids them flow ;

Pride, Hope and Love, forbid him to forget,

But warm his bosom with empassion'd glow.

Yet, he prefers thee to the gilded domes,
 Or gew-gaw grottos, of the vainly great ;
 Yet, lingers mid thy damp and mossy tombs,
 Nor breathes a murmur 'gainst the will of fate.

Haply thy sun, emerging, yet may shine,
 Thee to irradiate, with meridian ray ;
 Fortune may smile upon a future line,
 And heaven restore an ever cloudless day.

YOUTHFUL FRIENDSHIP.

Hours of my youth, when nurtur'd in my breast,
 To Love a stranger, Friendship made me blest ;
 Friendship, the dear peculiar bond of youth,
 When every artless bosom throbs with truth ;
 Untaught by worldly wisdom how to feign,
 And check each impulse with prudential rein ;
 When, all we feel, our honest souls disclose,
 In love to friends, in open hate to foes.

MISERABLE SINGING.

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

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

Oh ! had they sung in notes like these,
 Inspir'd by stratagem, or fear ;

They might have set their hearts at ease,
The devil a soul had stay'd to hear.

CHILDISH RECOLLECTIONS.

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

MISCELLANEOUS EXTRACTS.

FARE THEE WELL.

Fare thee well ! and if for ever—
Still for ever, fare *thee well*—
E'en though unforgiving, never
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.

Would that breast was bared before thee
Where thy head so oft hath lain,
While that placid sleep came o'er thee
Which thou ne'er can'st know again :

Would that breast by thee glanc'd over,
Every inmost thought could show !
Then thou would'st at last discover
'Twas not well to spurn it so—

Though the world for this commend thee—
Though it smile upon the blow,
E'en its praises must offend thee,
Founded on another's woe.—

Though my many faults defac'd me,
Could no other arm be found,
Than the one which once embrac'd me,
To inflict a cureless wound ?

Yet—oh, yet—thyself deceive not—
Love may sink by slow decay,
But by sudden wrench, believe not,
Hearts can thus be torn away :

Still thine own its life retaineth—
Still must mine—though bleeding—beat,
And the undying thought which paineth
Is—that we no more may meet.

These are words of deeper sorrow
Than the wail above the dead :
Both shall live—but every morrow
Wake us from a widowed bed.

And when thou would'st solace gather—
When our child's first accents flow—
Wilt thou teach her to say—"Father!"
Though his care she must forego?

When her little hands shall press thee—
When her lip to thine is prest—
Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee—
Think of him thy love hath bless'd.

Should her lineaments resemble
Those thou never more may'st see—
Then thy heart will softly tremble
With a pulse yet true to me.

All my faults—perchance thou knowest,
All my madness—none can know ;
All my hopes—where'er thou goest,
Wither—yet with thee they go.

Every feeling hath been shaken,
Pride—which not a world could bow ;
Bows to thee--by thee forsaken,
Even my pride forsakes me now.

But 'tis done—all words are idle.
Words from me are vainer still ;
But the thoughts we cannot bridle
Force the way against the will.

Fare thee well!—thus disunited,
 Torn from every nearer tie :
 Seared in heart—and lone—and blighted,
 More than this I scarce can die.

PRIVATE ANIMOSITY.

BORN in the garret, in the kitchen bred,
 Promoted thence to deck her mistress' head ;
 Next—for some gracious service unexpress'd,
 And from its wages only to be guess'd—
 Rais'd from the toilet to the table,—where
 Her wondering betters wait behind her chair.
 With eye unmoved, and forehead unabash'd,
 She dines from off the plate she lately wash'd.
 Quick with the tale, and ready with the lie—
 The genial confidante, and general spy—
 Who could, ye gods! her next employment guess—
 An only infant's earliest governess !
 She taught the child to read, and taught so well,
 That she herself, by teaching, learn'd to spell.

Foiled was perversion by that youthful mind,
 Which Flattery fool'd not—Baseness could not blind,
 Deceit infect not—near Contagion soil—
 Indulgence weaken—nor Example spoil—
 Nor master'd Science tempt her to look down
 On humbler talents with a pitying frown—
 Nor Genius swell—nor Beauty render vain—
 Nor Envy ruffle to retaliate pain—
 Nor Fortune change—Pride raise—nor Passion bow,
 Nor Virtue teach austerity—till now.
 Serenely purest of her sex that live,
 But wanting one sweet weakness—to forgive.
 Too shock'd at faults her soul can never know,
 She deems that all should be like her below :

Foe to all Vice, yet hardly Virtue's friend,
For Virtue pardons those she would amend.

But to the theme:—now laid aside too long,
The baleful burthen of this honest song—
Though all her former functions are no more,
She rules the circle which she served before.
If mothers—none know why—before her quake;
If daughters dread her for the mother's sake;
If early habits—those fond links which bind,
At times, the loftiest to the meanest mind—
Have given her power too deeply to instil
The angry essence of her deadly will;
If, like a snake, she steal within your walls,
Till the black slime betray her as she crawls;
If, like a viper, to the heart she wind,
And leave the venom there she did not find;
What marvel that this hag of hatred works
Eternal evil latent as she lurks,
To make a Pandemonium where she dwells,
And reign the Hecate of domestic hells !

Skill'd by a touch to deepen scandal's tints
With all the kind mendacity of hints,
While mingling truth with falsehood—sneers with
smiles—

A thread of candour with a web of wiles;
A plain blunt show of briefly spoken seeming.
To hide her bloodless heart's soul hardened scheming;
A lip of lies—a face formed to conceal;
And, without feeling, mock at all who feel:
With a vile mask the Gorgon would disown;
A cheek of parchment—and an eye of stone.
Mark, how the channels of her yellow blood *
Ooze to her skin and stagnate there to mud,
Cased like the centipede in saffron mail,
Or darker greenness of the scorpion's scale—

(For drawn from reptiles only may we trace
 Congenial colours in that soul or face)—
 Look on her features ! and behold her mind
 As in a mirror of itself defined :
 Look on the picture, deem it not o'ercharged—
 There is no trait which might not be enlarged ;—
 Yet true to " Nature's journeymen," who made
 This monster when their mistress left off trade,—
 This female dog-star of her little sky,
 Where all beneath her influence droop or die.

Oh ! wretch without a tear—without a thought,
 Save joy above the ruin thou hast wrought—
 The time shall come, nor long remote, when thou
 Shalt feel far more than thou inflictest now ;
 Feel for thy vile self-loving self in vain,
 And turn thee howling in unpitied pain.
 May the strong curse of crush'd affections light
 Back on thy bosom with reflected blight !
 And make thee in thy leprosy of mind
 As loathsome to thyself as to mankind !
 Till all thy self-thoughts curdle into hate,
 Black—as thy will for others would create :
 Till thy hard heart be calcined into dust,
 And thy soulⁿ welter in its hideous crust.
 Oh, may thy grave be sleepless as the bed,—
 The widow'd couch of fire, that thou hast spread !
 Then, when thou fain would'st weary heaven with
 prayer,
 Look on thine earthly victims—and despair !
 Down to the dust !—and, as thou rott'st away,
 Even worms shall perish on thy poisonous clay.
 But for the love I bore, and still must bear,
 To her thy malice from all ties would tear—
 Thy name—thy human name—to every eye
 The climax of all scorn should hang on high,
 Exalted o'er thy less abhorred compeers—
 And festering in the infamy of years,

We insert this castigation of an infamous woman with few reserves, the diabolical creature ruined the peace and happiness of two noble-minded individuals, and the serpent that creeps into the bosom to destroy, is the only comparison to be made to this stinging viper; the comparison is derived from fiction, her's was a sad reality, and we only are sorry that Lord Byron has suffered his outraged feelings to consign to immortality, a wretch worthy of a cursed oblivion.

The Farewell which precedes this needs no comment, it will be read with admiration by millions yet unborn; and when we find a woman deaf to such a pathetic appeal, we almost sigh for the weakness of human nature, and think that the infatuation towards the sex who have beauty and ignorance as their snares, has extended to him who has ascended to the "heaven of heavens and drawn empyreal air."

We say no more on the selection of these bagatelles, but every line will rouse the reader to love, glory or patriotism, for whether his lordship derives his ideas from other places than the British islands, he still is a lover of his native land, and though his body may be placed in the centre of a continent, his mind rests on and his irradiations of genius flash over the 'Island home' of his fathers, and he is still our's, though

"Painful memory keeps him far away."

TRIBUTE TO GLORY.—"THE LEGION OF HONOUR."

STAR of the brave!—whose beam hath shed
Such glory o'er the quick and dead—
Thou radiant and adored deceit!
Which millions rushed in arms to greet,—
Wild meteor of immortal birth!
Why rise in Heaven to set on Earth?

Souls of slain heroes formed thy rays;
Eternity flashed through thy blaze;
The music of thy martial sphere
Was fame on high, and honour here;
And thy light broke on human eyes,
Like a Volcano of the skies.

Like lava rolled thy stream of blood,
And swept down empires with its flood;
Earth rocked beneath thee to her base,
As thou didst lighten through all space;
And the shorn Sun grew dim in air,
And set while thou wert dwelling there.

Before thee rose, and with thee grew
A rainbow of the loveliest hue,
Of three bright colours,* each divine
And fit for the celestial sign;
For Freedom's hand had blended them
Like tints in an immortal gem.

One tint was of the sunbeam's dyes;
One, the blue depth of Seraph's eyes;
One, the pure Spirit's veil of white
Had robed in radiance of its light:
The three so mingled did beseem
The texture of a heavenly dream.

Star of the brave! thy ray is pale,
And darkness must again prevail!
But, oh, thou Rainbow of the free!
Our tears and blood must flow for thee.
When thy bright promise fades away,
Our life is but a load of clay.

And Freedom hallows with her tread;
The silent cities of the dead;

* The tri-colour.

For beautiful in death are they
Who proudly fall in her array;
And soon, Oh, Goddess! may we be
For evermore with them or thee.

The man who reads this with apathy, deserves to be
a slave for ever.

PATERNAL AFFECTION.

Dear babe! ere yet upon thy years
The soil of human vice appears—
Ere passion hath disturb'd thy cheek,
And prompted what thou dar'st not speak—
Ere that pale lip is blanch'd with care,
Or from those eyes shoot fierce despair,
Would I could wake thine untun'd ear,
And gust it with a father's pray'r.

But thou wilt burst this transient sleep—
And thou wilt wake, my babe, to weep—
The tenant of a frail abode,
Thy tears must flow, as mine have flow'd—
Beguil'd by follies, every day,
Sorrow must wash the faults away—
And thou may'st wake perchance to prove,
The pangs of unrequited love.

Unconscious babe! tho' on that brow
No half-fledged misery nestles now—
Scarce round those placid lips a smile
Maternal fondness shall beguile,
Ere the moist footsteps of a tear
Shall plant their dewy traces there,
And prematurely pave the way
For sorrows of a riper day.

A COMPLIMENT FOR FRANCE.

Oh, shame to thee, land of the Gaul !
Oh, shame to thy children and thee !
Unwise in thy glory and base in thy fall,
How wretched thy portion shall be !
Derision shall strike thee forlorn,
A mockery that never shall die ;
The curses of Hate and the hisses of Scorn
Shall burthen the winds of thy sky ;
And proud o'er thy ruin for ever be hurl'd
The laughter of Triumph, the jeers of the World !

TRIBUTE TO FALLEN GREATNESS.

Hail to the chief who reposes
On thee the rich weight of his glory !
When fill'd to its limit, life's chronicle closes,
His deeds shall be sacred in story !
His prowess shall rank with the first of all ages,
And monarchs hereafter shall bow to his worth—
The songs of the poets—the lessons of sages—
Shall hold him the wonder and grace of the earth.
The meteors of history before thee shall fall—
Eclips'd by thy splendour—thou meteor of Gaul !

INGRATITUDE.—BUONAPARTE.

Forgot were the feats he had done,
The toils he had borne in thy cause ;
Thou turned'st to worship a new rising sun,
And waft other songs of applause ;
But the storm was beginning to lour,
Adversity clouded his beam :
And honour and faith were the brag of an hour,
And loyalty's self but a dream :

To him thou hadst banish'd thy vows were restored;
And the first that had scoff'd, were the first that
adored!

CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

Let Edinburgh Critics o'erwhelm with their praises
Their Madame de Stael and their fam'd L'Épinasse:
Like a meteor, at best, proud philosophy blazes,
And the fame of a wit is as brittle as glass;
But cheering the beam, and unfading the splendour,
Of thy torch, Wedded Love! and it never has yet
Shone with lustre more holy, more pure, or more tender,
Than it sheds on the name of the fair Lavalette?

Then fill high the wine-cup, e'en Virtue shall bless it,
And hallow the goblet which foams to her name;
The warm lip of beauty shall piously press it,
And Hymen shall honour the pledge to her fame:
To the health of the Woman, who freedom and life too,
Has risk'd for her husband, we'll pay the just debt;
And hail with applauses the Heroine and Wife too,
The constant, the noble, the fair Lavalette.

LOVE'S TRIBUTE.

When late I saw thy favourite child,
I thought my jealous heart would break;
But when the unconscious infant smil'd,
I kissed it—for its mother's sake.

I kiss'd it—and repressed my sighs,
Its father in its face to see;
But then it had its mother's eyes—
And they were all to love and me.

Fair one, adieu ! I must away ;
Since thou art blest, I'll not repine ;
But near thee I can never stay,
My heart again would soon be thine.

FAREWELL TO GLORY.

Farewell to the land, where the gloom of my glory
Arose and o'ershadowed the earth with her name ;
She abandons me now, but the page of her story,
The brightest or blackest, is filled with my fame.
I have warred with a world which vanquished me
only,
When the meteor of conquest allured me too far,
I have coped with the Nations which dread me thus
lonely,
The last single Captive to Millions in war. [me,
Farewell to thee, France!—when thy diadem crown'd
I made thee the gem and the wonder of earth ;
But thy weakness decrees I should leave as I found
thee,
Decay'd in thy glory, and sunk in thy worth.
Oh ! for the veteran hearts that were wasted
In strife with the storm, when their battles were
won,
Then the Eagle, whose gaze in that moment was
blasted,
Had still soared with eyes fixed on Victory's Sun !
Farewell to thee, France ! but when Liberty rallies
Once more in thy regions remember me then ;
The Violet that grows in the depth of the vallies,
Though withered, thy tears will unfold it again,
Yet, I may baffle the hosts that surround us,
And yet may thy heart leap awake to my voice ;
There are links that must break in the chain that has
bound us,
Then turn thee and call on the chief of thy choice.

MEMORY.

BRIGHT be the peace of thy soul !
No lovelier spirit than thine
E'er burst from its mortal controul,
In the orbs of the blessed to shine.
On earth thou wert all but divine,
As thy soul shall immortally be ;
And our sorrow may cease to repine,
When we know that thy God is with thee,

Light be the turf of thy tomb !
May its verdure like emeralds be :
There should not be the shadow of gloom,
In aught that reminds us of thee.
Young flowers and an evergreen tree
May spring from the spot of thy rest ;
But not cypress nor yew let us see ;
For why should we mourn for the blest ?

THE STAR OF LOVE.

When fortune changed, and love fled far,
And hatred's shafts flew thick and fast,
Thou wert the solitary star
Which rose and set not to the last.

Oh ! blest be thine unbroken light ;
That watch'd me as a seraph's eye,
And stood between me and the night,
For ever shining sweetly nigh.

And when the cloud upon us came,
Which strove to blacken o'er the ray—
Then purer spread its gentle flame,
And dash'd the darkness all away.

TO JESSY.

[The following Stanzas were addressed by Lord Byron to his Lady, a few months before their separation.]

There is a mystic thread of life
So dearly wreath'd with mine alone,
That Destiny's relentless knife
At once must sever *both* or *none*.

There is a *form* on which these eyes
Have often gazed with fond delight—
By day that form their joy supplies,
And dreams restore it through the night.

There is a *voice* whose tones inspire
Such thrills of rapture through my breast—
I would not hear a seraph choir
Unless that voice could join the rest.

There is a *face* whose blushes tell
Affection's tale upon the cheek—
But pallid at one fond farewell,
Proclaims more love than words can speak—

There is a *lip* which mine hath prest,
And none had ever prest before,
It vowed to make me sweetly blest,
And mine—mine only, prest it more.

There is a *bosom*—all my own—
Hath pillow'd oft this aching head ;
A *mouth* which smiles on me alone,
An *eye* whose tears with mine are shed.

There are two *hearts* whose movements thrill
In unison so closely sweet ;

That, pulse to pulse responsive still,
That both must heave—or cease to beat.

There are two *souls* whose equal flow,
In gentle streams so calmly run,
That when they part—*they part!*—ah no:
They cannot part—*those souls are one.*

THE FOLLOWING LINES

Were written extempore by Lord Byron to his Friend
T. Moore, Esq., the Author of *Lalla Rookh*.

My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea;
But before I go, Tom Moore,
Here's a double health to thee.

Here's a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate;
And, whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for every fate.

Tho' the ocean roar around me,
Yet it still shall bear me on:
Tho' a desert should surround me,
It hath springs that may be won.

Woe't the last drop in the well,
As I gasp'd upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell,
'Tis to thee that I would drink.

In that water, as this wine,
The libation I would pour
Should be—Peace to thine and mine,
And a health to thee, Tom Moore!

 BEAUTIES OF THE ENGLISH BARDS.

 APOSTROPHE TO THE POET'S PEN.

Oh, Nature's noblest gift—my grey goose-quill!
 Slave of my thoughts, obedient to my will,
 Torn from thy parent bird to form a pen,
 That mighty instrument of little men!
 The pen! foredoomed to aid the mental throes
 Of brains that labour, big with Verse or Prose!
 Though Nymphs forsake, and Critics may deride
 The Lover's solace, and the Author's pride.
 What Wits! what Poets dost thou daily raise!
 How frequent is thy use, how small thy praise!
 Condemned at length to be forgotten quite,
 With all the pages which 'twas thine to write,
 But thou, at least, mine own especial pen!
 Once laid aside, but now assumed again,
 Our task complete, like Hamet's, shall be free;
 Tho' spurned by others, yet beloved by me:
 Then let us soar to-day, no common theme,
 No Eastern vision, no distempered dream
 Inspires—our path, though full of thorns, is plain;
 Smooth be the verse, and easy be the strain.

HIRELING CRITICS.

A man must serve his time to ev'ry trade
 Save censure, Critics all are ready-made.

Take hackneyed jokes from Miller, got by rote,
 With just enough of learning to misquote;
 A mind well skilled to find or forge a fault,
 A turn for punning, call it Attic salt;
 To Jeffrey go, be silent and discreet,
 His pay is just ten sterling pounds per sheet:
 Fear not to lie, 'twill seem a lucky hit,
 Shrink not from blasphemy, 'twill pass for wit;
 Care not for feeling—pass your proper jest,
 And stand a Critic hated yet caressed.

 RETROSPECTION.

Time was, ere yet in these degenerate days
 Ignoble themes obtained mistaken praise,
 When Sense and Wit with Poesy allied,
 No fabled Graces, flourished side by side.
 From the same fount their inspiration drew,
 And, reared by Taste, bloomed fairer as they grew.
 Then, in this happy Isle, a Pope's pure strain
 Sought the rapt soul to charm, nor sought in vain;
 A polished nation's praise aspired to claim,
 And raised the people's, as the poet's fame.
 Like him great Dryden poured the tide of song,
 In stream less smooth, indeed, yet doubly strong.
 Then Congreve's scenes could cheer, or Otway's melt,
 For Nature, then, an English audience felt—
 But why these names, or greater still, retrace,
 When all to feebler bards resign their place?
 Yet to such times our lingering looks are cast,
 When taste and reason with those times are past.
 Now look around, and turn each trifling page,
 Survey the precious works that please the age;
 This truth, at least, let Satire's self allow,
 No dearth of Bards can be complained of now;

The loaded Press beneath her labour groans,
And Printers' Devils shake their weary bones,
While Southey's Epics cram the creaking shelves,
And Little's Lyrics shine in hot-pressed twelves.

APOTHEOSIS OF LAUREATE SOUTHEY.

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

Since startled metre fled before thy face,
 Well wert thou doomed the last of all thy race !
 Well might triumphant Genii bear thee hence,
 Illustrious conqueror of common sense !
 Now, last and greatest, Madoc spreads his sails,
 Cacique in Mexico, and Prince in Wales :
 Tells us strange tales, as other travellers do,
 More old than Maudeville's, and not so true.
 Oh ! Southey, Southey ! cease thy varied song !
 A Bard may chaunt too often and too long ;
 As thou art strong in verse, in mercy spare !
 A fourth, alas ! were more than we could bear.
 But if, in spite of all the world can say,
 Thou still wilt verseward plod thy weary way ;
 If still in Berkely Ballads most uncivil,
 Thou wilt devote old women to the devil,
 The babe unborn thy dread intent may rue ;
 " God help thee," Southey, and thy readers too.

MONK LEWIS.

Oh ! wonder-working Lewis ! Monk, or Bard,
 Who fain would make Parnassus a church-yard,
 Lo ! wreaths of yew, not laurel, bind thy brow,
 Thy muse a Sprite, Apollo's sexton thou.
 Whether on ancient tombs thou tak'st thy stand,
 By gibbiring spectres hailed, thy kindred band ;
 Or tracest chaste descriptions on thy page,
 To please the females of our modest age,
 All hail, M. P. ! from whose infernal brain
 Thin-sheeted phantoms glide, a grisly train ;
 At whose command " grim women " throng in crowds,
 And kings of fire, of water, and of clouds,
 With " small grey men," " wild yagers," and what-not,
 To crown with honour thee, and Walter Scott :
 Again all hail ! if tales like thine may please,
 St. Luke alone can vanquish the disease ;

Even Satan's self with thee might dread to dwell,
And in thy skull discern a deeper hell.

HINT TO TOMMY MOORE.

Who, in soft guise, surrounded by a choir
Of virgins melting, not to Vesta's fire,
With sparkling eyes, and cheek by passion flushed,
Strikes his wild Lyre, whilst listening dames are hushed?
'Tis Little! young Catullus of his day,
As sweet, but as immoral in his lay.

Grieved to condemn, the Muse must still be just,
Nor spare melodious advocates of lust.
Pure is the flame which o'er her altar burns;
From grosser incense with disgust she turns;
Yet, kind to youth, this expiation o'er,
She bids thee, "mend thy line and sin no more."

LORD STRANGFORD, THE PILFERER.

For thee, translator of the tinsel song,
To whom such glittering ornaments belong,
Hibernian Strangford! with thine eyes of blue,
And boasted locks of red, or auburn hue,
Whose plaintive strain each love-sick miss admires,
And o'er harmonious fustian half expires,
Learn, if thou can'st, to yield thine author's sense,
Nor vend thy sonnets on a false pretence.
Think'st thou to gain thy verse a higher place
By dressing Camoens in a suit of lace;
Mend, Straugford! mend thy morals and thy taste;
Be warm, but pure—be amorous, but be chaste:

Cease to deceive; thy pilfered harp restore;
Nor teach the Lusian Bard to copy Moore.

NORTHERN REVIEWERS.

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

HEALTH TO GREAT JEFFREY,

Health to great Jeffrey! Heaven preserve his life,
To flourish on the fertile shores of Fife,
And guard it sacred in its future wars,
Since authors sometimes seek the field of Mars!
Can none remember that eventful day,
That ever glorious, almost fatal fray,
When Little's leadless pistol met his eye,
And Bow-street Myrmidons stood laughing by?

LORD HOLLAND AND HIS TOOLS.

Illustrious Holland! hard would be his lot
His hirelings mentioned, and himself forgot.

Holland, with Henry Petty at his back,
The whipper-in and huntsman of the pack.
Blest be the banquet's spread at Holland House,
Where Scotchmen feed, and Critics may carouse!
Long, long beneath that hospitable roof,
Shall Grub-street dine, while duns are kept aloof.
See honest Hallam lay aside his fork,
Resume his pen, review his Lordship's work,
And grateful to the founder of the feast,
Declare his landlord can translate, at least.
Dunedin! view thy children with delight,
They write for food, and feed because they write :
And lest, when heated with the unusual grape,
Some glowing thoughts should to the press escape,
And tinge with red the female reader's cheek,
My lady skims the cream of each critique ;
Breathes o'er the page her purity of soul,
Reforms each error and refines the whole.

THE DRAMA.

Now to the Drama turn—oh, motley sight !
What precious scenes the wondering eyes invite !
Puns, and a Prince within a barrel pent,
And Dibdin's nonsense yield complete content.
Though now, thank Heaven, the Rosciomania's o'er,
And full grown actors are endured once more ;
Yet, what avails their vain attempts to please,
While British critics suffer scenes like these ?
While Reynolds vents his " damnes," " poolis," and
" zounds,"
And common place, and common sense confounds ?
While Kenney's World just suffered to proceed,
Proclaims the audience very kind indeed ?
And Beaumont's pilfered Caratach affords
A tragedy complete in all but words ?

Who but must mourn, while these are all the rage,
The degradation of our vaunted stage?
Heavens! is all sense of shame, and talent gone?
Have we no living bard of merit?—none?
Awake, George Colman, Cumberland, awake,
Ring the alarm bell, let folly quake!—

THE OPERA HOUSE.

Or, hail at once the patron and the pile
Of vice and folly, Grenville and Argyle!
Where yon proud palace, Fashion's hallowed fane,
Spreads wide her portals for the motley train,
Behold the new Petronius of the day,
The Arbiter of pleasure and of play!
There the hired Eunuch, the Hesperian choir
The melting lute, the soft lascivious lyre,
The song from Italy, the step from France,
The midnight orgy, and the mazy dance,
The smile of beauty and the flush of wine,
For sops, fools, gamesters, knaves and lords combine;
Each to his humour—Comus all allows;
Champaign, dice, music, or your neighbour's spouse.
Talk not to us ye starving sons of trade!
Of piteous ruin which ourselves have made;
In Plenty's sunshine Fortune's minions bask,
Nor think of Poverty, except "en masque,"
When for the night some lately titled ass
Appears the beggar which his grandsire was.
The curtain dropped, the gay Barletta o'er,
The audience take their turn upon the floor:
Now round the room the circling dow'gers sweep,
Now in loose waltz the thin-clad daughters leap;
The first in lengthened line majestic swim,
The last display the free unfettered limb:

Those for Hibernia's lusty sons repair
With art the charms which Nature could not spare,
These after husbands wing their eager flight,
Nor leave much mystery for the nuptial night.

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

NEGLECTED GENIUS.

To the famed throng now paid the tribute due,
Neglected Genius! let me turn to you.
Come forth, oh Campbell! give thy talents scope;
Who dares aspire if thou must cease to hope?
And thou, melodious Rogers! rise at last,
Recall the pleasing memory of the past;
Arise! let blest remembrance still inspire,
And strike to wonted tones thy hallowed lyre;
Restore Apollo to his vacant throne,
Assert thy country's honour and thine own.

What ! must deserted Poesy still weep
Where her last hopes with pious Cowper sleep ?
Unless, perchance, from his cold bier she turns,
To deck the turf that wraps her minstrel, Burns !
No ! tho' contempt hath marked the spurious brood,
The race who rhyme from folly, or for food ;
Yet still some genuine sons 'tis her's to boast,
Who least affecting, still affects the most ;
Feel as they write—and write but as they feel—
Bear witness Gifford, Sotheby, Macneil.
“ Why slumbers Gifford ? ” once was asked in vain,
Why slumbers Gifford ? let us ask again.
Are there no follies for his pen to purge ?
Are there no fools whose backs demand the scourge ?
Are there no sins for Satire's bard to greet ?
Stalks not Gigantic Vice in every street ?
Shall Peers or Princes tread pollution's path,
And 'scape alike the Laws and Muse's wrath ?
Nor blaze with guilty glare through future time,
Eternal beacons of consummate crime ?
Arouse thee, Gifford ! be thy promise claimed,
Make bad men better, or at least ashamed.

TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF KIRK WHITE.

Unhappy White ! while life was in its spring,
And thy young Muse just waved her joyous wing,
The spoiler came ; and all thy promise fair
Has sought the grave, to sleep for ever there.
Oh ! what a noble heart was here undone,
When science self destroyed her favourite son,
Yes, she too much indulged thy fond pursuit,
She sowed the seeds, but death hath reaped the fruit.
'Twas thine own Genius gave the final blow,
And helped to plant the wound that laid thee low ;

So the struck Eagle, stretched upon the plain,
 No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
 Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
 And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart ;
 Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel,
 He nursed the pinion which impelled the steel,
 While the same plumage that had warmed his nest,
 Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.

WINDING UP.

Thus far I've held my undisturbed career,
 Prepared for rancour, steeled 'gainst selfish fear ;
 This thing of rhyme I ne'er disdained to own—
 Though not obtrusive, yet not quite unknown,
 My voice was heard again, though not so loud,
 My page, though nameless, never disavowed,
 And now at once I tear the veil away.—
 Cheer on the pack ! the Quarry stands at bay,
 Unscared by all the din of Melbourne house,
 By Lamb's resentment, or by Holland's spouse,
 By Jeffrey's harmless pistol, Hallam's rage,
 Edina's brawny sons and brimstone page.
 Our men in buckram shall have blows enough,
 And feel they too are " penetrable stuff :"
 And though I hope not hence unscathed to go,
 Who conquers me, shall find a stubborn foe.
 The time hath been, when no harsh sound would fall,
 From lips that now may seem imbued with gall,
 Nor fools nor follies tempt me to despise
 The meanest thing that crawled beneath my eyes :
 But now so callous grown, so changed since youth,
 I've learned to think, and sternly speak the truth ;
 Learned to deride the critic's starch decree,
 And break him on the wheel he meant for me ;

To spurn the rod a scribbler bids me kiss,
For care if courts and crowds applaud or hiss :
Nay more, though all my rival rhymesters frown,
I too can hunt a Poetaster down ,
And armed in proof, the gauntlet cast at once
To Scotch Marauder, and to Southern dunce.
Thus much I've dared to do ; how far my lay
Hath wronged these righteous times, let others say :
This, let the world, which knows not how to spare,
Yet rarely blames unjustly, now declare

FLEETING FAME.

Yet what avails the sanguine Poet's hope ?
To conquer ages, and with Time to cope !
New eras spread their wings, new nations rise,
And other Victor's fill the applauding skies ;
A few brief generations fleet along,
Whose sons forget the Poet and his song :
E'en now, what once-loved Minstrels scarce may claim
The transient mention of a dubious name !
When Fame's loud trump hath blown its noblest blast,
Though long the sound, the echo sleeps at last,
And glory, like the Phoenix midst her fires,
Exhales her odours, blazes, and expires.

VINDICATION OF HIMSELF.

For me, who thus unasked have dared to tell
My country what her sons should know too well,
Zeal for her honour bade me here engage
The host of idiots that infest her age.
No just applause her honoured name shall lose
As first in freedom, dearest to the Muse.

Oh ! would thy Bards but emulate thy fame
And rise more worthy, Albion, of thy name,
What Athens was in science, Rome in power,
What Tyre appeared in her meridian hour,
'Tis thine at once, fair Albion, to have been,
Earth's chief dictatress, Ocean's mighty queen :
But Rome decayed, and Athens strewed the plain,
And Tyre's proud piers lay shattered in the main.

TO POETRY AND PAINTING.

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

JUSTIFICATION OF SATIRE.

When Vice triumphant holds her sov'reign sway,
And men through life her willing slaves, obey ;
When folly, frequent harbinger of crime,
Unfolds her motley store to suit the time ;
When Knaves and Fools combined, o'er all prevail,
When Justice halts, and Right begins to fail,
E'en then the boldest start from public sneers,
Afraid of shame, unknown to other fears,
More darkly sin, by Satire kept in awe,
And shrink from Ridicule, though not from Law.

THE WALTZ.

This bagatelle was written to satirize the immodest exhibition of young females, in the dance called the Waltz; I doubt if it has not done more harm than good. That voluptuous dance is described in such very glowing colours, it makes that tempting at a distance which was before only so when touched. The intentions of Lord Byron were good, and he is not the only great man who has failed from an error in judgment.

The versification of this elegant poem is pleasing, it displays the gentleman and man of fashion all throughout. In "The English Bards," Lord Byron stands on a level with Mr. Pope, in his "Dunciad," and by this playful Essay he has proved, that, if he pleased, "The Rape of the Lock" would vanish before his brilliant powers of imagination.

BEAUTIES OF THE WALTZ.

SPECIMEN OF LORD BYRON'S IMITATION OF THE SPECTATOR.

I am a country gentleman of a midland county. I might have been a Parliament-man for a certain borough having had the offer of as many votes as General T. at the general election, in 1812. But I was all for do-

mestic 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 Mrs. Hornem with her arms half round the foins 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 that they were not so. By and by they stopped a bit, and I thought they would sit or fall down:—but, no; with Mrs. H.'s hand on his shoulder, "*quam familiariter*," (as Terence said when I was at school) they walked about a minute, and then at it again, like two cock-chaffers spitted on the same bodkin. I asked what 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 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 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 practise in that way) I sat down, and with the aid of W. F. Esq. and a few hints from Dr. B. (whose recitations I attend, and am monstrous fond of Master B.'s manner of delivering his father's late successful D. L. Address) I composed the following hymn, wherewithal to make my sentiments known to the Public, whom nevertheless, I heartily despise as well as the Critics.

APOSTROPHE TO A MUSE LONG TRODDEN UPON.

Muse of the many-twinkling feet! whose charms
 Are now extended up from legs to arms;
 Terpsichore!—too long misdeemed a maid—
 Reproachful term—bestowed 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;
 Mocked, yet triumphant; sneered 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."

HOCK AND WALTZ.

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 esteemed 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 polson swims,
 And wakes to wantonness the willing limbs.

SATIRE ON STAYS.

No stiff starched stays make meddling fingers ache;
 (Transferred to those ambiguous things that ape
 Goats in their visage, women in their shape.)

WALTZ TURNED PROSTITUTE.

Seductive Waltz!—though on thy native shore
 E'en Werter's self proclaimed thee half a w—e;
 Werter—to decent vice though much inclined;
 Yet warm, not wanton; dazzled, but not blind;
 Though gentle Genlis, in her strife with Stael,
 Would e'en proscribe thee from a Paris ball;
 'Thee fashion hails—from Countesses to queans,
 And maids and valets waltz behind the scenes;
 Wide and more wide thy witching circle spreads,
 And turns—if nothing else—at least our heads;

With thee e'en clumsy cits attempt to bounce,
And cockneys practice what they can't pronounce,
Gods; how the glorious theme my strain exalts,
And rhyme finds partner rhyme in praise of "Waltz."

ROYAL WALTZING.

The ball begins—the honours of the house
First duly done by daughter or by spouse,
Some potentate—or royal, or serene,
With K—t's gay grace, or sapient G—st—r'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 her to 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.

THE POET FORGETTING HIMSELF.

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 pressed by none but thine ;
To gaze upon that eye which never met
Another's ardent look without regret ;
Approach the lip, which all, without restraint
Come near enough—if not to touch—to taint ;
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—'tis needless to inquire—
These little accidents should ne'er transpire ;
Some ages hence our genealogic tree
Will wear as green a bough for him as me)
Waltzing shall rear, to make our name amends,
Grandsons for me—in heirs to all his friends.

THE POEM OF PARISINA

Is founded on an historical fact during the reign of Nicholas III. The Marquiss of Ferrana discovered an incestuous commerce betwixt his wife Parisina, and his bastard son, Hugo, and they were beheaded by his order. Lord Byron has chosen to spare the lady's life, in order, that by throwing over her death a veil of secrecy, he might have an opportunity to display his powers in censuring the husband ; he has done so most ably ; but, as nothing can justify such a crime, we have selected some unexceptionable and beautiful parts, which will let the reader into the plan and moral of this short poem. It appears to have amused his Lordship some idle hours, and he has no where bestowed any serious pains in its composition ; however, none but Lord Byron, such as it is, could have written it.

SELECTIONS FROM PARISINA.

DEPARTING TWILIGHT.

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.

GUILTY LOVE DISCLOSED IN A DREAM.

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 that sinks to rise no more,—
 So came upon his soul the shock.

MEETING OF YOUNG LOVERS.

And if she sits in Este's bower,
 'Tis 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—
'Tis past—her lover's at her feet
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.

BEAUTY AT THE BAR OF JUSTICE.

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 smoln 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.

 MONTANA WHITE.

A JUDGE CONDEMNING HIS WIFE AND SON.

And Azo spake :—" But yesterday
 " I gloried in a wife and son ;
 " That dream this morning passed away
 " E'er 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 doth shed :
 " Go ! if that sight thou canst outlive,
 " And joy thee in the life I give."
 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,

DYING AFFECTION.

- " 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 destined bride,
 " I feel thou art my father still :
 " And, harsh as sounds thy hard decree,
 " 'Tis not unjust, although from thee.
 " Begot in sin, to die in shame,
 " My life begun 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 too !"

PREPARATIONS FOR AN EXECUTION.

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 gaol ;
 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.

REMONSTRANCE AND DEATH.

The parting prayers are said and over
 Of that false son—and daring lover !
 His beads and sins are all recounted,
 His hour to the last minute mounted—
 His mantling cloak before was stripp'd,
 His bright brown locks must now be clipp'd ;
 'Tis 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 headman'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.

BITTER REGRETS.

A heart which shunn'd itself—and yet
That would not yield—nor could forget,
Which when it least appear'd to melt,
Intently thought—intensely felt :
The deepest ice which ever froze
Can only o'er the surface close—
The living stream lies quick below,
And flows—and cannot cease to flow

Still was his seal'd-up bosom haunted
By thought 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.

WRETCHED OLD AGE.

* * * * *

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.

HEAVEN AND EARTH.

"There are more things in Heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy, Horatio," said that great master of the human heart, Shakspeare; and Lord Byron has proved the truth of his assertion. He has created an inferior set of angels, who descend, and fall in love with the daughters of Cain just before the flood. The two Angels are high spirited gentlemen, and set their Creator at defiance, declaring he cannot send them to hell, or deprive them of their immortality, though he may deprive them of their seats in the upper house of Heaven. Japhet, the son of Noah, is smitten with the charms of one of the ladies, and gives her some serious religious advice, which she seems inclined to follow; but her sister, a termagant, and as proud and obstinate as Queen Caroline) dissuades her from such weakness. Captain Noah gives the Angels a sound lecture, similar to that Parson Irving gives the "modern bravos," when the flood advances in all its terrors. Noah and his ship's company ascend the ark; the Angels take the ladies under their wings, and fly off to some dim star, where a happiness betwixt earthly and heavenly awaits them. The progress of the flood, mothers trying to save their offspring, and some blaspheming—only one resigned—are well told. The idea of the mother imploring Japhet to save her child, is taken from the celebrated painting of Raphael, and is not improved by being removed from the canvas. On the whole, this work will not be greatly admired. The characters are removed so far from us; we are prematurely let into the secret, that they, the Angels, are immortal, and have power to save those they love. This weakens the human interest we might feel for their

fates; and when earthly bonds are broken, and the parties become (however remotely) linked to Heaven, there can be no *fear*, and therefore no interest created, even by such a pen as Lord Byron's.

Mr. Moore has written a poem on the same subject, called "The Loves of the Angels." It is a pleasing "Fairy Tale," wanting all the strength, grandeur, and sublimity of "Heaven and Earth;" yet so fond are we of leaning to the gentle and playful, that most readers (particularly females) will prefer it to the more stirring work now before us. I am inclined to think that "Heaven and Earth will pass away," before many of his Lordship's works. It does not bear the stamp of immortality on its forehead; it is a wandering Jew, whose burning cross may be occasionally seen, but never remains stationary in one place. The religiously inclined will be glad to read the words of peace and comfort from the mouth of Noah and Japhet; and it is for us to say that this poem has suffered in general opinion, from being printed in a worthless publication, called "The Liberal," edited by a man named Hunt, to whom Lord Byron in charity gives those trifles which he deems of little value.

BEAUTIES OF HEAVEN AND EARTH,

A MYSTERY.

A woody and mountainous district near Mount Ararat.—Time, midnight.—Enter ANAH and AHOLIBAMAH.

Anah. Our father sleeps : it is the hour when they
Who love us are accustomed to descend

Through deep clouds o'er rocky Ararat :
How my heart beats !

Aho. Let us proceed upon
Our invocation.

Anah. But the stars are hidden,
I tremble.

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

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

Aho. And where is the impiety of loving
Celestial natures ?

Anah. But Aholibamah,
I love our God less since his angel loved me :
This cannot be of good ; and though I know not
That I do wrong, I feel a thousand fears
Which are not ominous of right.

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

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

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

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

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

Anah. Seraph!

From thy sphere!

Whatever star contain thy glory;

In the eternal depths of heaven

Albeit thou watchest with "the seven,"

Though through space infinite and hoary

Before thy bright wings worlds be driven,

Yet hear!

Oh! think of her who holds thee dear

And though she nothing is to thee,

Yet think that thou art all to her.

Thou canst not tell,—and never be

Such pangs decreed to aught save me,—

The bitterness of tears.

Eternity is in thine years,

Unborn, undying beauty in thine eyes;

With me thou canst not sympathize,

Except in love; and there thou must

Acknowledge that more loving dust

Ne'er wept beneath the skies.

Aho. Samiasa!

Wheresoe'er

'Thou rulest in the upper air—

Or warring with the spirits who may dare

Dispute with him

Who made all empires, empire; or recalling

Some wandering star which shoots through the abyss,

Whose tenants dying, while their world is falling,

Share the dim destiny of clay like this:

Or joining with the inferior cherubim,

'Thou deignest to partake their hymn—

Samiasa!

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

Anah. Sister! sister! I view them winging

Their bright way through the parted night.

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

Anah. But if our father see the sight!

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

Anah. They come! he comes!—Azaziell

Aho. Haste

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

Anah. Lo! they have kindled all the west,
Like a returning sun-set;—lo!

On Ararat's late secret crest
A mild and many-colour'd bow,
The remnant of their flashing path,
Now shines! and now, behold! it hath
Returned to night, as rippling foam,

Which the leviathan hath lash'd
From his unfathomable home,
When sporting on the face of the calm deep,
Subsides soon after he again hath dash'd
Down, down, to where the ocean's fountains sleep.

Aho. They have touch'd earth! Samiasa!

Anah. My Azazel!
[*Exeunt.*]

Japh. (solus). Peace! I have sought it where it
should be found,

In love—with love, too, which perhaps deserved it;
And, in its stead, a heaviness of heart—
A weakness of the spirit—listless days,
And nights inexorable to sweet sleep—
Have come upon me. Peace! what peace? the calm
Of desolation, and the stillness of
The untrodden forest, only broken by
The sweeping tempest through its groaning boughs;
Such is the sullen or the fitful state

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

[Exit JAPHET.

Japh. (solus). Ye wilds, that look eternal; and thou
cave,

Which seem'st unfathomable; and ye mountains,
So varied and so terrible in beauty;
Here, in your rugged majesty of rocks
And toppling trees that twine their roots with stone
In perpendicular places, where the foot
Of man would tremble, could he reach them—yes,
Ye look eternal! Yet, in a few days,
Perhaps even hours, ye will be changed, rent, hurled
Before the mass of waters; and you cave,
Which seems to lead into a lower world,
Shall have its depths search'd by the sweeping wave,
And dolphins gambol in the lion's den!
And man—Oh men! my fellow-beings! Who
Shall weep above your universal grave,
Save I? Who shall be left to weep? My kinsmen,
Alas! what am I better than ye are,
That I must live beyond ye! Where shall be

The pleasant places where I thought of Anah,
 While I had hope? or the more savage haunts,
 Scarce less beloved, where I despair'd for her?
 And can it be!—Shall yon exulting peak,
 Whose glittering top is like a distant star,
 Lie low beneath the boiling of the deep?
 No more to have the morning sun break forth,
 And scatter back the mists in floating folds.
 From its tremendous brow? no more to have
 Day's broad orb behind its head at even,
 Leaving it with a crown of many hues?
 No more to be the beacon of the world,
 For angels to alight on, as the spot
 Nearest the stars? And can those words "*no more*"
 Be meant for thee, for all things, save for us,
 And the predestined creeping things reserved
 By my sire to Jehovah's bidding? May
He preserve *them*, and *I* not have the power
 To snatch the loveliest of earth's daughters from
 A doom which even some serpent, with his mate,
 Shall 'scape to save his kind to be prolong'd,
 To his and sting through some emerging world,
 Reeking and dank from out the slime, whose ooze
 Shall slumber o'er the wreck of this until
 The salt morass shall subside into a sphere
 Beneath the sun, and be the monument,
 The sole and undistinguish'd sepulchre,
 Of yet quick myriads of all life? How much
 Breath will be still'd at once! All beauteous world!
 So young, so mark'd out for destruction, I
 With a cleft heart look on thee day by day,
 And night by night, thy numbered days and nights.
 I cannot save thee, cannot save even her
 Whose love had made me love thee more; but as
 A portion of thy dust, I cannot think
 Upon thy coming doom without a feeling
 Such as—Oh God! and canst thou—

[*He pauses.*]

PROPHECY OF ILL.

Spirit. Son of the saved !

When thou and thine have braved
The wide and warring element ;
When the great barrier of the deep is rent,
Shall thou and thine be good or happy ?—No !

Thy new world and new race shall be of woe—
Less goodly in their aspect, in their years

Less than the glorious giants, who

Yet walk the world in pride,
The Sons of Heaven by many a mortal bride.
Thine shall be nothing of the past, save tears.

And art thou not ashamed

Thus to survive,

And eat, and drink, and wive ?

With a base heart so far subdued and tamed,
As even to hear this wide destruction named,
Without such grief and courage, as should rather

Bid thee await the world-dissolving wave,
Than seek a shelter with thy favour'd father,
And build thy city o'er the drown'd Earth's grave ?

Who would outlive their kind,

Except the base and blind ?

Mine

Hateth thine

As of a different order in the sphere,

But not our own.

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

Go, wretch ! and give

A life like thine to other wretches—live !

And when the annihilating waters roar

Above what they have done,

Envy the Giant Patriarchs then no more,
And scorn thy sire as the surviving one !

Thyself for being his son !

APPROACH OF THE DELUGE.

Hark ! hark ! already we can hear the voice
Of growing ocean's gloomy swell ;
The winds, too, plume their piercing wings !
The clouds have nearly fill'd their springs ;
The fountains of the great deep shall be broken,
And heaven set wide her windows ; while mankind
View, unacknowledged, each tremendous token—
Still, as they were from the beginning, blind.
We hear the sound they cannot hear,
The mustering thunders of the threatening sphere ;
Yet a few hours their coming is delay'd ;
Their flashing banners, folded still on high,
Yet undisplay'd,
Save to the Spirit's all-pervading eye.
Howl ! howl ! oh Earth !
Thy death is nearer than thy recent birth :
Tremble, ye mountains, soon to shrink below
The ocean's overflow !
The wave shall break upon your cliffs ; and shells,
The little shells, of ocean's least things be
Deposed where now the eagle's offspring dwells—
How shall he shriek o'er the remorseless sea !
And call his nestlings up with fruitless yell,
Unanswered, save by the encroaching swell ;—
While man shall long in vain for his broad wings,
The wings which could not save :—
Where could he rest them, while the whole space
brings
Nought to his eye beyond the deep, his grave ?
Brethren, rejoice !
And loudly lift each superhuman voice—
All die,
Save the slight remnant of Seth's seed—
The seed of Seth,
Exempt for future Sorrow's sake from death,

But of the sons of Cain
 None shall remain ;
 And all his goodly daughters
 Must lie beneath the desolating waters ;
 Or, floating upward, with their long hair laid
 Along the wave, the cruel heaven upbraid,
 Which would not spare
 Beings even in death so fair.
 It is decreed,
 All die !
 And to the universal human cry
 The universal silence shall succeed !
 Fly, brethren, fly !
 But still rejoice !
 We fell !
 They fall !
 So perish all
 These petty foes of Heaven who shrink from Hell !

SYMPATHY.

No sign yet hangs its banner in the air ;
 The clouds are few, and of their wonted texture ;
 The sun will rise upon the earth's last day
 As on the fourth day of creation, when
 God said unto him, " Shine," and he broke forth
 Into the dawn, which lighted not the yet
 Unform'd forefather of mankind—but roused
 Before the human horizon the earlier
 Made and far sweeter voices of the birds,
 Which in the open firmament of heaven
 Have wings like angels, and like them salute
 Heaven first each day before the Adamites :
 Their matins now draw nigh—the East is kindling—
 And they will sing ! and day will break ! Both near,

So near the awful close ! For these must drop
 Their outworn pinions on the deep ; and Day,
 After the bright course of a few brief morrows,—
 Ay, day will rise ; but upon what ! A chaos,
 Which was ere day ; and which, renew'd, makes time
 Nothing ! for, without life, what are the hours ?
 No more to dust than is eternity
 Unto Jehovah, who created both.
 Without him, even Eternity would be
 A void : without man, Time, as made for man,
 Dies with man, and is swallow'd in that Deep
 Which has no fountain ; as his race will be
 Devour'd by that which drowns his infant world.

A SISTER'S LOVE.

Aza. Fearest thou, my Anah ?

Anah. Yes, for thee ;

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

WOMAN'S PRIDE.

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

FEMALE RESIGNATION.

Anah. Whate'er our God decrees,
 The God of Seth as Cain, I must obey,
 And will endeavour patiently to obey:
 But could I dare to pray in this dread hour
 Of universal vengeance (if such should be),
 It would not be to live, alone exempt
 Of all my house. My sister! Oh, my sister!
 What were the world, or other worlds, or all
 The brightest future without the sweet past—
 Thy love—my father's—all the life, and all
 The things which sprung up with me, like the stars,
 Making my dim existence radiant with
 Soft lights which were not mine? Aholibamah!
 Oh! if there should be mercy—seek it, find it:
 I abhor death, because that thou must die.

MAN JUSTIFYING HIS MAKER.

Enter NOAH and SHEM.

Noah. Japhet! What
 Dost thou here with these children of the wicked?
 Dread'st thou not to partake their coming doom?

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

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

Aza. Patriarch!
 Thou hast said it.

Noah. Woe, woe, woe to such communion !
Has not God made a barrier between earth
And heaven, and limited each, kind to kind ?

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

Noah. I am
But man, and was not made to judge mankind,
Far less the sons of God ; but as our God
Has deign'd to commune with me, and reveal
His judgments, I reply, that the descent
Of seraphs from their everlasting seat
Unto a perishable and perishing,
Even on the very eve of *perishing*, world,
Cannot be good.
Not ye in all your glory can redeem
What he who made you glorious hath condemn'd.
Were your immortal mission safety, 't would
Be general, not for two, though beautiful,
And beautiful they are, but not the less
Condemn'd.

Son ! son !

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

ATTEMPT AT EXCULPATION.

Enter RAPHAEL, the Archangel.

Raph. Spirits !
Whose seat is near the throne,
What do ye here ?
Is thus a seraph's duty to be shown

Now that the hour is near
When earth must be alone?

Return!

Adore and burn

In glorious homage with the elected "seven."

Your place is heaven.

Sam.

Raphaël!

The first and fairest of the sons of God,

How long hath this been law,

That earth by angels must be left untrod?

Earth! which oft saw

Jehovah's footsteps not disdain her sod!

The world he loved, and made

For love; and oft have we obey'd

His frequent mission with delighted pinions,

Adoring him in his least works display'd;

Watching this youngest star of his dominions:

And as the latest birth of his great word,

Eager to keep it worthy of our Lord.

Why is thy brow severe?

And wherefore speak'st thou of destruction near?

PITY FOR THE DEVIL.

Long have I warred,

Long must I war,

With him who deem'd it hard

To be created, and to acknowledge him

Who midst the cherubim

Made him as suns to a dependent star,

Leaving the archangels at his right hand dim.

I loved him—beautiful he was: oh heaven!

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

Was ever like to Satan's! Would the hour

In which he fell could ever be forgiven!

The wish is impious: but oh ye!
 Yet undestroyed, be warned! Eternity
 With him, or with his God, is in your choice:
 He hath not tempted you, he cannot tempt
 The angels, from his further snares exempt;
 But man hath listen'd to his voice.

HARDIHOOD OF AN UNENLIGHTENED MIND.

Aho. Let them fly!
 I hear the voice which says that all must die,
 Sooner than our white-bearded Patriarchs died;
 And that on high,
 An ocean is prepared,
 While from below
 The deep shall rise to meet heaven's overflow.
 Few shall be spared,
 It seems; and, of that few, the race of Cain
 Must lift their eyes to Adam's God in vain.
 Sister! since it is so,
 And the eternal Lord
 In vain would be implored
 For the remission of one hour of woe,
 Let us resign even what we have adored,
 And meet the wave, as we would meet the sword,
 If not unmov'd, yet undismay'd,
 And wailing less for us than those who shall
 Survive in mortal or immortal thrall,
 And, when the fatal waters are allay'd,
 Weep for the myriads who can weep no more.
 Fly, Seraphs, to your own eternal shore,
 Where winds nor howl nor waters roar.
 Our portion is to die,
 And yours to live for ever:
 But which is best, a dead eternity,
 Or living, is but known to the great Giver:

Obey him, as we shall obey;
 I would not keep this life of mine in clay
 An hour beyond his will;
 Nor see ye lose a portion of his grace,
 For all the mercy which Seth's race
 Find still.

Fly!

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

PLEADING FOR MERCY.

Japh. Ay, father! but when they are gone,
 And we are all alone,
 Floating upon the azure desart, and
 The depth beneath us hides our own dear land,
 And dearer, silent friends and brethren, all
 Buried in its immeasurable breast,
 Who, who, our tears, our shrieks, shall then com-
 mand?
 Can we in desolation's peace have rest?
 Oh God! be thou a God! and spare
 Yet while 'tis time!
 Renew not Adam's fall:
 Mankind were then but twain,
 But they are numerous now as are the waves
 And the tremendous rain,
 Whose drops shall be less thick than would their graves,
 Were graves permitted to the seed of Cain.
Noah. Silence, vain boy! each word of thine's a
 crime!
 Angel! forgive this stripling's fond despair.

Raph. Seraphs! these mortals speak in passion:
Ye!

Who are, or should be, passionless and pure,
May now return with me.

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

Raph. Say'st thou?

Aza. He hath said it, and I say, Amen!

Raph. Again!

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

Farewell!

Japh. Alas! where shall they dwell?

Hark, hark! Deep sounds, and deeper still,

Are howling from the mountain's bosom:

There's not a breath of wind upon the hill,

Yet quivers every leaf, and drops each blossom:

Earth groans as if beneath a heavy load.

Noah. Hark, hark! the sea-birds cry!

In clouds they overspread the lurid sky
And hover round the mountain, where before

Never a white wing, wetted by the wave,

Yet dared to soar,

Even when the waters waxed too fierce to brave.
Soon it shall be their only shore,

And then, no more!

Japh. The sun! the sun!

He riseth, but his better light is gone;

And a black circle, bound

His glaring disk around,

Proclaim earth's last of summer days hath shone!

The clouds return in the hues of night,

Save where their brazen-coloured edges streak

The verge where brighter morns were wont to
break.

ASCENT OF ANGELS AND MORTALS.

Japh. Some clouds sweep on as vultures for their prey
 While others, fix'd as rocks, await the word
 At which their wrathful vials shall be pour'd.
 No azure more shall robe the firmament,
 Nor spangled stars be glorious : Death hath risen :
 In the Sun's place a pale and ghastly glare
 Hath wound itself around the dying air.

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

[*AZAZIEL and SAMIASA fly off and disappear with
 ANAH and AHOLIBAMAH.*]

A MOTHER SUPPLICATING FOR THE LIFE OF HER
CHILD.*Chorus of Mortals.*

Oh son of Noah ! mercy on thy kind !
 What, wilt thou leave us all—all—all behind ?
 While safe amidst the elemental strife,
 Thou sits't within thy guarded ark ?

A Mother (offering her infant to JAPHET.) Oh let
 this child embark !

I brought him forth in woe,
 But thought it joy

To see him to my bosom clinging so.

Why was he born?
What hath he done—
My unwean'd son—
To move Jehovah's wrath or scorn?
What is there in this milk of mine, that Death
Should stir all heaven and earth up to destroy
My boy,
And roll the waters o'er his placid breath?
Save him, thou seed of Seth!
Or cursed be—with him who made
Thee and thy race, for which we are betray'd!

RESIGNATION AND HOPE.

A Mortal. Blessed are the dead
Who die in the Lord!
And though the waters be o'er earth outspread,
Yet, as *his* word,
Be the decree adored!
He gave me life—he taketh but
The breath which is his own;
And though these eyes should be for ever shut,
Nor longer this weak voice before his throne
Be heard in supplicating tone,
Still blessed be the Lord,
For what is past,
For that which is:
For all are his,
From first to last—
Time—space—eternity—life—death—
The vast known and immeasurable unknown.
He made, and can unmake;
And shall *I*, for a little gasp of breath,
Blaspheme and groan?
No; let me die, as I have lived, in faith,
Nor quiver, though the universe may quake!

THE VISION OF JUDGMENT.

This Poem is a Satire upon one of the same title, written by Dr. Southey, which for nonsense, bad taste, and blasphemy, was never excelled, except by its servile spirit, which is despicable beyond expression.—The two Visions are selling so cheap bound together, that I shall do little more than what I consider a duty, to mention every thing of Lord Byron's composition, even though disgraced by having the name of Hunt attached to it as publisher.

BEAUTIES OF THE VISION OF JUDGMENT.

GOD HELP US.

God help us all ; God help me too ! I am,
 God knows, as helpless as the devil can wish,
 And not a whit more difficult to damn
 Than is to bring to land a late hook'd fish,
 Or to the butcher to purvey the lamb ;
 Not that I'm fit for such a noble dish
 As one day will be that immortal fry
 Of almost every body born to die.

DEATH OF TWO KINGS.

"No," quoth the Cherub ; "George the Third is dead,"
 "And who is George the Third?" replied the Apostle ;

"What George? what Third?" "The King of England,"

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

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

"He was, if I remember, king of France;

"That head of his which could not keep a crown

"On earth, yet ventured in my face to advance

"A claim to those of martyrs—like my own:

"If I had had my sword, as I had once

"When I cut ears off, I had cut him down;

"But having but my *keys*, and not my brand,

"I only knock'd his head from out his hand.

FEAR IN HEAVEN.

But bringing up the rear of this bright host

A Spirit of a different aspect waved

His wings, like thunder-clouds above some coast

Whose barren beach with frequent wrecks is paved;

His brow was like the deep when tempest tost;

Fierce and unfathomable thoughts engraved

Eternal wrath on his immortal face,

And *where* he gazed a gloom pervaded space.

The very cherubs huddled altogether,

Like birds when soars the falcon; and they felt

A tingling to the tip of every feather.

And form'd a circle like Orion's belt

Around their poor old charge; who scarce knew whither

His guards had led him, though they gently dealt

With royal manes (for by many stories,

And true, we learn the angels all are Tories.)

JUNIUS QUESTIONED.

- "And who and what art thou?" the Archangel said.
 "For *that*, you may consult my title-page,"
 Replied this mighty Shadow of a Shade;
 "If I have kept my secret half an age,
 "I scarce shall tell it now."—"Canst thou upbraid,"
 Continued Michael, "George Rex, or allege
 "Aught further?" Junius answer'd, "You had better
 "First ask him for *his* answer to my letter:
 "My charges upon record will outlast
 "The brass of both his epitaph and tomb."
 "Repent'st thou not," said Michael, "of some past
 "Exaggeration? something which may doom
 "Thyself, if false, as him if true? Thou wast
 "Too bitter—is it not so? in thy gloom
 "Of passion?" "Passion!" cried the Phantom dim,
 "I loved my country, and I hated him.
 "What I have written, I have written: let
 "The rest be on his head or mine!" So spoke
 Old "Nominis Umbra;" and while speaking yet,
 Away he melted in celestial smoke.

APT SIMILIES.

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

HELL PAVED WITH GOOD INTENTIONS.

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

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

THE LAUREATE'S DEFENCE OF HIS SCRIBBLING.

He said—(I only give the heads)—he said,
He meant no harm in scribbling ; 'twas his way
Upon all topics ; 'twas, besides, his bread,
Of which he butter'd both sides ; 'twould delay
Too long the assembly (he was pleased to dread)
And take up rather more time than a day,
To name his works—he could but cite a few—
Wat Tyler—Rhymes on Blenheim—Waterloo.
He had written praises of a regicide ;
He had written praises of all kings whatever ;
He had written for republics far and wide,
And then against them bitterer than ever ;
For pantisocracy he once had cried
Aloud, a scheme less moral than 'twas clever ;

Then grew a hearty antijacobin—
Had turn'd his coat, and would have turn'd his skin.

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

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

Those grand heroics acted as a spell :
The angels stopp'd their ears and plied their pinions ;
The devils ran howling, deafen'd down to hell ;
The ghosts fled, gibbering, for their own dominions ;
(For 'tis not yet decided where they dwell,
And I leave every man to his opinions.

THE SIEGE OF CORINTH

Was undertaken by Ali Comourgi, Grand Vizier to Achmet the III, in the year 1715. The Venetian Governor Minotti, and most of the garrison, were put to the sword. Lord Byron has given Minotti a daughter, named Francesca, and her lover, named Laniotte, who to escape persecution, flies from Venice, and joining the Turks, assumes the name of Alp, and becomes one of their most distinguished leaders. I doubt if there is any historical authority for these interpolations; but it is of no matter, whatever originates from Lord Byron's original fancy, is sure to excel those passages, where he blindly adheres to the cold straight line of dry history.

The scene of the Poem is laid before the walls of Corinth; and its final sacking and ruin described with dreadful truth, in most animated, though often irregular verse. When Alp is ruminating the evening preceding the assault, he is visited by the spirit of Francesca, but is not aware whether she is of earthly or heavenly form: she quits him abruptly, after in vain imploring him to dash the turban at his feet, and again become a Christian; this is one of the best told parts of a poem in which we every where find cause for praise, and none for censure. Alp at the storm meets Minotti, they parley, and Alp is told his Francesca went to heaven the night before; the shock this gave him, and the recollection of her nocturnal visit, quite unmans him, he is thrown off his guard, and killed by shots from the Church windows, as a just reward of his apostacy. Minotti then returns to the interior of the sacred edifice; the Turks enter with him, and are in the act of seizing the spoil it contains, when Minotti fires a train which leads to a magazine, and they are all blown up together.

The views taken of the conflagration and explosion, are sublime and singular. We have selected that part,

where the birds of the air, and beasts of the field are all put in motion by a sound and scene so appalling; this sort of awful description suits well the grandeur of Lord Byron's muse—he is at home in the thunder peal that shakes the core of the rived and quaking earth, and he smiles in the lightnings death flash, as though he were immortal. Of his hero Alp, we only think he is too great a monster to truly love and be beloved by the gentle and amiable Francesca, whose heart is broken by his apostacy, and warring against his county; neither is the account of his death in his Lordship's happiest manner; he seems to have warmed at the sight of Corinth in ruins, and chosen a hero from necessity, and that not one to his fancy, for he dwells no where upon his actions with that splendour he so usually decks up ferocious characters.

The little of Francesca is good—the whole of the reflection on Greece, excellent—and the moral drawn from the piece, pure. The fate that sooner or later waits on him who abjures his religion for a barbarous and cruel creed of bigotry and murder, must make weak minds tremble at the thoughts of apostatizing, and the statements of human misery after the battle's day has set in blood, go to prove, that war cannot be justified by the laws of God; and the power implanted in man's minds of judging good from evil, must convince him that all attacks upon human life must be morally and religiously wrong.

BEAUTIES FROM THE SEIGE OF CORINTH.

THE FORTRESS OF FREEDOM.

Many a vanish'd year and age,
And tempest's breath, and battle's rage,

Have swept o'er Corinth ; yet she stands
A fortress form'd to Freedom's hands.
The whirlwind's wrath, the earthquake's shock,
Have left untouch'd her hoary rock,
The keystone of a land, which still,
Though fall'n, looks proudly on that hill,
The landmark to the double tide
That purpling rolls on either side,
As if their waters chafed to meet,
Yet pause and crouch beneath her feet.

ABANDONMENT OF COUNTRY.

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.

MIDNIGHT IN A CAMP.

'Tis 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 upon their staves,
And, as they fell around them furling,
Above them shone the crescent curling ;
And that deep silence was unbroke,
Save where the watch his signal spoke,
Save where the steed neigh'd oft and shrill,
And echo answer'd from the hill,
And the wide hum of that wild host
Rustled like leaves from coast to coast,
As rose the Muezzin's voice in air
In midnight call to wonted prayer ;
It rose, that chanted mournful strain,
Like some lone spirit's o'er the plain ;

'Twas musical, but sadly sweet,
Such as when winds and harp-strings meet,
And take a long unmeasured tone,
To mortal ministralsy unknown.
It seem'd to those within the wall
A cry prophetic of their fall :
It struck even the besieger's ear
With something ominous and drear,
And 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.

TRIBUTE TO GRECIAN GLORY.

* * * * *

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 !
'Tis still a watch-word to the earth ;
When a 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.

SNOW CAPT MOUNTAINS.

Lepanto's gulph ; and, on the brow
Of Delphi's hill, unshaken snow,
High and eternal, such as shone
Through thousand summers brightly gone,
Along the gulph, 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.

DOGS FEASTING ON HUMAN FLESH.

And he saw the lean dogs beneath the wall
Hold o'er the dead their carnival,
Gorging and growling o'er carcass and limb ;
They were too busy to bark at him !
From a Tartar's skull they had stripp'd the flesh,
As ye peel the fig when its fruit is fresh ;
And their white tusks crunch'd o'er the whiter skull,
As it slipp'd through their jaws, when their edge grew
As they lazily mumbled the bones of the dead, [dull,
When they scarce could rise from the spot where they
And each scalp had a single long tuft of hair, [fed ;
All the rest was shaven and bare.
The scalps were in the wild dog's maw,
The hair was tangled round his jaw.

REFLECTION ON A FIELD OF BATTLE,

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 fields 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.

A FEMALE SPECTRE.

It was Francesca by his side,
The maid who might have been his bride !
The rose was yet upon her cheek,
But mellow'd with a tender streak ;
Where was the play of her soft lips fled ?
Gone was the smile that enliven'd their red.
The ocean's calm within their view,
Beside her eye had less of blue ;
But like that cold wave it stood still,
And its glance though clear, was chill.
Around her form a thin robe twining,
Nought conceal'd her bosom shining ;
'Through the parting of her hair,
Floating darkly downward there,
Her rounded arm show'd white and bare :
And ere yet she made reply,
Once she raised her hand on high ;
It was so wan and transparent of hue,
You might have seen the moon shine through.
Upon his hand she laid her own—
Light was the touch, but it thrill'd to the bone,

And shot a chilness to his heart,
 Which fix'd him beyond the power to start.
 Though slight was that grasp so mortal cold,
 He could not loose him from its hold ;
 But never did clasp of one so dear
 Strike on the pulse with such feeling of fear,
 As those thin fingers, long and white,
 Froze through his blood by their touch that night.
 The feverish glow of his brow was gone,
 And his heart sank so still that it felt like stone,
 As he look'd on the face, and beheld its hue
 So deeply changed from what he knew :
 Fair but faint—without the ray
 Of mind, that made each feature play
 Like sparkling waves on a sunny day ;
 And her motionless lips lay still as death,
 And her words came forth without her breath,
 And there rose not a heave o'er her bosom's swell,
 And there seem'd not a pulse in her veins to dwell.
 Though her eye shone out, yet the lids were fix'd
 And the glance that it gave was wild and unmix'd
 With aught of change, as the eyes may seem
 Of the restless who walk in a troubled dream ;
 Like the figures on arras, that gloomily glare,
 Stirr'd by the breath of the wintry air,
 So seen by the dying lamp's fitful light,
 Lifeless, but life-like, and awful to sight ;
 As they seem through the dimness, about to come down
 From the shadowy wall where their images frown ;
 Fearfully flitting to and fro,
 As the gusts on the tapestry come and go.

 THE CLOUDED MOON.

There is a light cloud by the moon—
 " 'Tis passing, and will pass full soon—

"If, by the time its vapoury sail
"Has 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."

AN ASSAULT REPELLED.

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 :
Even as they fell, in files they lay,
Like the mower's grass at the close of day,
When his work is done on the levell'd plain ;
Such was the fall of the foremost slain.

DEATH OF IMMORTALITY.

Buried he lay, where thousands before
For thousands of years were inhumed on the shore :
What of them is left, to tell
Where they lie, and how they fell ?
Not a stone on their turf, nor a bone in their graves ;
But they live in the verse that immortally saves,

BLOWING UP A CATHEDRAL.

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 expir'd !
The shatter'd town—the walls thrown down—
The waves a moment backward bent—
The hills that shake, although unrent,
As if an earthquake pass'd—
The thousand shapeless things all driven
In cloud and flame athwart the heaven,
By that tremendous blast—
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-frogs 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 jackal's troop, in gather'd cry,
Bay'd from afar complainingly,
With a mix'd and mournful sound,
Like crying babe, and beaten hound ;

With sudden wing, and ruffled breast,
The eagle left his rocky nest,
And mounted nearer to the sun,
The clouds beneath him seem'd so dun ;
Their smoke assail'd his startled beak,
And made him higher soar and shriek—
Thus was Corinth lost and won !

THE CURSE OF MINERVA.

This stinging satire and poem, rich with beauties, we dare give entire. It was occasioned by that effervescence of feeling Lord Byron always displays on pondering over the ruins of antiquity. The reader may not be exactly acquainted with the subject, for Lord Byron speaks very hard, and not very plain, imagining every one, like him, had been upon the spot to witness "the wrecks left behind" by the "wholesale spoliator."

Lord Elgin, once our ambassador at Constantinople, obtained permission from the Sublime Porte to purchase and plunder the magnificent ruins of Athens, and remove if he could from the hallowed spot every memorial of Phidias, Praxitelles, or the immortal Pericles. His Lordship did his worst; he pulled down and loaded a ship with the spoils of antiquity; not from zeal for the glories of ancient Greece, and a wish to supply a chasm in our history of that country, as has been falsely stated, but with an intention of bringing his merchandize home to a market, and enriching his cofers by turning *Stone Merchant*.

Heaven frowned upon his Lordship's avaricious plans, and the ship in which the master-pieces of Grecian art were embarked foundered. With the zeal of a Jew bent on profit, he succeeded in saving most of the cargo—it arrived in London. The national representatives paid the "robber of antiquity" many thousand pounds for a few tons of stone, not worth a farthing: they repose in the British Museum, a monument of Scotch cunning, and English cupidity.

Lord Byron introduces the Goddess Minerva, the special protectress of Athens, as pronouncing her maledictions on Lord Elgin's devoted head. The wreath thus woven will hang over the spoiler's brow, and ages

yet unborn make it a family winding-sheet for all his successors.

Let the reader only run over the opening of the curse from the first to the eighteenth line, and if he is not enamoured and tempted to proceed, he has no music in his soul, and had better lay down the book at once. Whether the censure is wholly merited or not, rests upon individual opinion. At all events the poem has rescued Lord Elgin from that oblivion which waited to conceal his diplomatic actions, and

'Twere better hark the general call ;
Be damn'd than notic'd not at all.

THE CURSE OF MINERVA.

—— Pallas te hac vulnere, Pallas
Iramolat, et pœnam scelerato ex sanguine sumit.

Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,
Along Morea's hills the setting sun ;
Not, as in Northern climes, obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light !
O'er the hush'd deep the yellow beam he throws,
Gilds the green wave, that trembles as it glows ;
On old Ægina's rock, and Idra's isle,
The god of gladness sheds his parting smile ;
O'er his own regions ling'ring, loves to shine,
Though there his altars are no more divine.
Descending fast the mountain shadows kiss
Thy glorious gulph, unconquered Salamis !
Their azure arches through the long expanse
More deeply purpled meet his mellowing glance,

And tenderest tints, along their summits driven,
Mark his gay course, and own the hues of heaven;
Till, darkly shaded from the land and deep,
Behind his Delphian rock he sinks to sleep.
On such an eve, his palest beam he cast,
When—Athens! here thy wisest looked his last.
How watch'd thy better sons his farewell ray,
That closed their murder'd sage's latest day!
Not yet—not yet—Sol pauses on the hill—
The precious hour of parting lingers still:
But sad his light to agonizing eyes,
And dark the mountain's once delightful dyes:
Gloom o'er the lovely land he seem'd to pour,
'The land where Phœbus never frown'd before;
But ere he sank below Cithæron's head,
The cup of woe was quaff'd—the spirit fled:
'The soul of him that scorn'd to fear or fly—
Who lived and died, as none can live or die!
But lo! from high Hymettus to the plain
The queen of night asserts her silent reign.
No murky vapour, herald of the storm,
Hides her fair face nor girds her glowing form;
With cornice glimmering as the moon-beams play,
There the white column greets her grateful ray,
And, bright around with quiv'ring beams beset,
Her emblem sparkles o'er the minaret:
The groves of olive scatter'd far and wide,
Where meek Cephissus sheds his scanty tide,
The cypress sadd'ning by the sacred mosque,
The gleaming turret of the gay Kiosk,
And sad and sombre 'mid the holy calm,
Near 'Theseus' fane yon solitary palm,
All tinged with varied hues arrest the eye—
And dull were his that pass'd them heedless by,
Again the Ægean, heard no more afar,
Lulls his chaf'd breast from elemental war;
Again his waves in milder tints unfold
Their long expanse of sapphire and of gold,

Mix'd with the shades of many a distant isle,
That frown—where gentler ocean loves to smile.
As thus within the walls of Pallas' fane
I mark'd the beauties of the lands and main,
Alone, and friendless on the magic shore,
Whose arts and arms but live in poet's lore;
Oft as the matchless doom I turn'd to scan,
Sacred to Gods but not secure from man,
The past return'd, the present seem'd to cease,
And glory knew no elime beyond her Greece.
Hours roll'd along, and Dian's orb on high
Had gain'd the centre of her softest sky,
And yet unwearied still my footsteps trod
O'er the vain shrine of many a vanish'd God;
But chiefly, Pallas! thine, when Hecate's glare,
Check'd by thy columns, fell more sadly fair
O'er the chill marble where the starling tread,
Thrills the lone heart like echoes from the dead;
Long had I mus'd, and measur'd every trace
The wreck of Greece recorded of her race,
When lo! a giant-form before me strode,
And Pallas hail'd me in her own abode.
Yes, 'twas Minerva's self, but ah! how changed,
Since o'er the Dardan field in arms she ranged!
Not such, as erst by her divine command
Her form appear'd from Phidias' plastic hand,
Gone were the terrors of her awful brow;
Her idle Ægis bore no Gorgon now;
Her helm was deep indented, and her lance
Seem'd weak and shaftless, e'en to mortal glance;
The olive branch which still she deign'd to clasp,
Shrunk from her touch and wither'd in her grasp;
And ah! though still the brightest of the sky,
Celestial tears bedimm'd her large blue eye;
Round the red easque her owlet circled slow,
And mourn'd his mistress with a shriek of woe.
"Mortal! ('twas thus she spake) that blush of shame
"Proclaims thee Briton—once a noble name—

“ First of the mighty, foremost of the free,
“ Now honour’d *less* by all—and *least* by me :
“ Chief of thy foes shall Pallas still be found,
“ Seek’st thou the cause ? O mortal, look around !
“ Lo here, despite of war and wasting fire,
“ I saw successive tyrannies expire ;
“ ‘Scap’d from the ravage of the Turk and Goth,
“ Thy country sends a spoiler worse than both !
“ Survey this vacant violated fane :
“ Recount the relics torn that yet remain ;—
“ *These* Cecrops placed—*this* Pericles adorn’d—
“ *That* Hadrian rear’d when drooping Science mourn’d :
“ What more I owe let gratitude attest ;
“ Know Alaric and Elgin did the rest.
“ That all may learn from whence the plunderer came,
“ The insulted wall sustains his hated name.
“ For Elgin’s fame thus grateful Pallas pleads—
“ Below his name—above, behold his deeds !
“ Be ever hail’d with equal honour here,
“ The Gothic Monarch and the Pictish Peer.
“ Arms gave the first his right ; the last had none,
“ But basely stole what less barbarians won !
“ So when the lion quits his fell repast,
“ Next prowls the Wolf—the filthy Jackal last :
“ Flesh, limbs, and blood, the former make their own
“ The last base brute securely gnaws the bone.
“ Yet still the Gods are just, and crimes are crost ;
“ See here what Elgin won, and what he lost !
“ Another name with his pollutes my shrine ;
“ Behold where Dian’s beams disdain to shine !
“ Some retribution still might Pallas claim,
“ When Venus half aveng’d Minerva’s shame.”
She ceas’d awhile, and thus I dar’d reply,
To soothe the vengeance kindling in her eye :—
“ Daughter of Jove ! in Britain’s injur’d name,
“ A true-born Briton may the deed disclaim !
“ Frown not on England—England owns him not—
“ Athena, no, the plunderer was a Scot !

“ Ask'st thou the difference ? From fair Phyle's towers
“ Survey Bœotia—Caledonia's ours.
“ And well I know, within that bastard land
“ Hath Wisdom's Goddess never held command :
“ A barren soil, where nature's germs confin'd,
“ To stern sterility, can stint the mind ;
“ Whose thistle well betrays the niggard earth,
“ Emblem of all to whom the Land gives birth,
“ Each genial influence nurtur'd to resist—
“ A land of meanness, sophistry, and mist :
“ Each breeze from foggy mount and marshy plain
“ Dilutes with drivel, every drizzling brain ;
“ Till burst at length, each watery head o'erflows,
“ Foul as their soil and frigid as their snows :
“ Ten thousand schemes of petulance and pride
“ Despatch her scheeming children far and wide ;
“ Some East, some West, some—every where but North!
“ In quest of lawless gain they issue forth :
“ And thus accursed be the day and year
“ She sent a Pict to play the felon here.
“ Yet Caledonia claims some native worth,
“ As dull Bœotia gave a Pindar birth—
“ So may her few, the letter'd and the brave,
“ Bound to no clime, and victor's o'er the grave,
“ Shake off the sordid dust of such a land,
“ And shine like children of a happier strand.
“ As once of yore, in some obnoxious place,
“ Ten names (if found) had saved a wretched race.”
“ Mortal, (the blue ey'd maid resum'd) once more
“ Bear back my mandate to thy native shore
“ Though fall'n, alas ! this vengeance still is mine
“ To turn my counsels far from lands like thine.
“ Hear then in silence, Pallas' stern behest,
“ Hear and believe, for Time shall tell the rest.
“ First on the head of him who did the deed,
“ My curse shall light—on him and all his seed :
“ Without one spark of intellectual fire,
“ Be all the sons as senseless as the Sire :

“ If one with wit the parent brood disgrace,
“ Believe him bastard of a brighter race ;
“ Still with his hireling artist let him prate,
“ And Folly’s praise repay for wisdom’s hate !
“ Long of their Patron’s Gusto let them tell,
“ Whose noblest *native* Gusto—is to sell :
“ To sell, and make—may shame record the day—
“ The State receiver of his pilfer’d prey !
“ Meantime the flattering feeble dotard, West,
“ Europe’s worst dauber, and poor Britain’s best,
“ With palsied hand shall turn each model o’er,
“ And own himself an infant of fourscore :
“ Be all the bruisers call’d from all St. Giles’,
“ That art and nature may compare their styles,
“ While brawny brutes in stupid wonder stare,
“ And marvel at his lordship’s ‘ stone-shop’ there,
“ Round the throng’d gate shall sauntering coxcombs
“ creep,
“ To lounge, and lucubrate, to prate and peep :
“ While many a languid maid, with longing sigh,
“ On giant statues casts the curious eye ;
“ The room with transient glance appears to skim,
“ Yet marks the mighty back and length of limb ;
“ Mourns o’er the difference of *now* and *then*,
“ Exclaims, ‘ these Greeks indeed were proper men :’
“ Draws slight comparisons of *these* with *those*,
“ And envies Lais all her Attic beaux :
“ When shall a modern maid have swains like these ?
“ Alas ! Sir Harry is no Hercules !
“ And last of all, amidst the gaping crew,
“ Some calm spectator, as he takes his view,
“ In silent indignation mix’d with grief,
“ Admires the plunder, but abhors the thief.
“ Loath’d throughout life—scarce pardon’d in the
“ dust,
“ May hate pursue his sacrilegious lust !
“ Link’d with the fool who fir’d th’ Ephesian dome
“ Shall vengeance follow far beyond the tomb ;

" Erostratus and Elgin e'er shall shine,
 " In many a branding page and burning line!
 " Alike condemn'd for aye to stand accurs'd—
 " Perchance the second viler than the first:
 " So let him stand thro' ages yet unborn,
 " Fix'd statue on the pedestal of scorn!
 " Though not for him alone revenge shall wait,
 " But fits thy country for her coming fate:
 " Her's were the deeds that taught her lawless son
 " To do, what oft Britannia's self had done.
 " Look to the Baltic blazing from afar—
 " Your old Ally yet mourns perfidious war:
 " Not to such deeds did Pallas lend her aid,
 " Or break the compact which herself had made;
 " Far from such councils, from the faithless field
 " She fled—but left behind her Gorgon shield;
 " A fatal gift, that turned your friends to stone,
 " And left lost Albion hated and alone.
 " Look to the East, where Ganges' swarthy race
 " Shall shake your usurpation to its base;
 " Lo! there rebellion rears her ghastly head,
 " And glares the Nemesis of native dead,
 " Till Indus rolls a deep purpureal flood,
 " And claims his long arear of northern blood.
 " So may ye perish! Pallas, when she gave
 " Your free-born rights, forbade ye to enslave.
 " Look on your Spain—she clasps the hands she hates,
 " But coldly clasps, and thrusts you from her gates.
 " Bear witness bright Barros-a, thou canst tell,
 " Whose were the sons that bravely fought and fell.
 " While Lusitania, kind and dear Ally,
 " Can spare a few to fight, and sometimes fly.
 " Oh glorious Field! by Famine fiercely won—
 " The Gaul retires for once, and all is done!
 " But when did Pallas teach, that one retreat
 " Retriev'd three long Olympiads of defeat?
 " Look fast at home—ye love not to look there,
 " On the grim smile of comfortless despair!

“ Your city saddens, loud through revel howls ;
“ Here Famine faints, and yonder Rapine prowls ;
“ See all alike of more or less bereft ;
“ No misers tremble when there’s nothing left :
“ ‘ Blest paper credit,’ who shall dare to sing ?
“ It clogs like lead Corruption’s weary wing :
“ Yet Pallas pluck’d each Premier by the ear,
“ Who Gods and men alike disdain’d to hear :
“ But one repentant o’er a bankrupt state,
“ On Pallas calls, but calls, alas ! too late ;
“ Then raves for *** ! to that Mentor bends,
“ Though he and Pallas never yet were friends :
“ Him senates hear whom never yet they heard,
“ Contemptuous once, and now no less absurd :
“ So once of yore, each reasonable frog
“ Swore faith and fealty to his sovereign log,
“ Thus hail’d your rulers their Patrician clod,
“ As Egypt chose an onion for a God ;
“ Now fare ye well—enjoy your little hour—
“ Go—grasp the shadow of your vanish’d power ;
“ Gloss o’er the failure of each fondest scheme,
“ Your strength a name, your bloated wealth a dream.
“ Gone is that Gold, the marvel of mankind,
“ And pirates barter all that’s left behind ;
“ No more the hirelings, purchased near and far,
“ Crowd to the ranks of mercenary war ;
“ The idle merchant on the useless quay,
“ Droops o’er the bales no bark may bear away ;
“ Or back returning sees rejected stores
“ Rot piecemeal on his own encumber’d shores ;
“ The starved mechanic breaks his rusting loom,
“ And desperate, mans him ’gainst the common doom.
“ Then in the Senate of your sinking state,
“ Shew me the man whose counsels may have weight !
“ Vain is each voice whose tones could once command ;
“ E’en factions cease to charm a factious land ;
“ While jarring sects convulse a sister isle,
“ And light with madd’ning hands the mutual pile.

" 'Tis done, 'tis past—since Pallas warns in vain,
" The Furies seize her abdicated reign :
" Wide o'er the realm they wave their kindling brands,
" And wring her vitals with their fiery hands.
" But one convulsive struggle still remains,
" And Gaul shall weep ere Albion wear her chains.
" The banner'd pomp of war, the glittering files,
" O'er whose gay trappings stern Bellona smiles ;
" The brazen trump, the spirit-stirring drum
" That bid the foe defiance ere they come ;
" The hero bounding at his country's call,
" The glorious death that decorates his fall,
" Swell the young heart with visionary charms,
" And bid it antedate the joys of Arms.
" But know, a lesson you may yet be taught,
" With death alone are laurels cheaply bought ;
" Not in the conflict Havoc seeks delight,
" His day of Mercy is the day of fight ;
" But when the field is fought, the battle won,
" Though drench'd with gore, his woes are but begun ;
" His deeper deeds ye yet know but by name,—
" The slaughter'd peasant and the ravish'd dame ;
" The rifled mansion and the foe-reap'd field,
" Ill suit with souls at home untaught to yield.
" Say with what eye along the distant down,
" Would flying burghers mark the blazing town ?
" How view the column of ascending flames,
" Shake his red shadow o'er the startled Thames ?
" Nay, frown not, Albion ! for the torch was thine
" That lit such pyres from Tagus to the Rhine :
" Now should they burst on thy devoted coast,
" Go, ask thy bosom, who deserves them most ?
" The law of Heav'n and earth is life for life,
" And she who rais'd, in vain regrets the strife."

END OF CURSE OF MINERVA.

MAZEPPA

Was the far-famed Hetman of the Cossacks who fought under Charles the Twelfth, of Sweden, and in his youth, for being caught in an amour with his master's wife, was tied to the back of a wild horse, that scoured with him over woods, rivers, plains and hills, till he reached the country of the Cossacks, whose sovereign he lived to become. We have mentioned this tale in our "Dissertation" prefixed to this work, and therefore only say we have made copious extracts, and lament we cannot give the whole of a poem which contains such exquisite knowledge of the human mind under every vicissitude of fortune. Lord Byron never wrote finer *verse* than his "Mazeppa breathes: it alone would render his name immortal.

EXTRACTS FROM MAZEPPA.

PICKLENESS OF FORTUNE.

'Twas after dread Pultowa's day,
When fortune left the royal Swede,
Around a slaughter'd army lay,
No more to combat and to bleed.
The power and glory of the war,
Faithless as their vain votaries, men,
Had pass'd to the triumphant Czar,
And Moscow's walls were safe again,
Until a day more dark and drear,
And a more memorable year

Should give to slaughter and to shame
A mightier host and haughtier name ;
A greater wreck, a deeper fall,
A shock to one—a thunderbolt to all.

A SOLDIER'S BED OF REPOSE.

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, all 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.

A SOLDIER'S BANQUET.

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—

“ 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 ere 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 lanch'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.”

A SIBERIAN FOREST.

“ We near'd the wild wood—’twas so wide,
I saw no bounds on either side ;
’Twas 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 eves
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 e'er every tombless head,
So cold and stark the raven's beak
May peck unpierced each frozen cheek :
'Twas a wild waste of underwood,
And here and there a chesnut stood,
The strong oak, and the hardy pine ;
" But far apart—and well it were,
Or else a different lot were mine."

A WILD HORSE COMPARED TO SNOW—TO A CHILD—
TO A WOMAN.

" 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.

EFFECTS OF QUICK RIDING, WITH YOUR FACE
UPWARDS.

“ The earth gave way, the skies roll’d round,
I seem’d to sink upon the ground;
But err’d, for I was fastly bound.
My heart turn’d sick, my brain grew sore,
And throb’d awhile, then beat no more :
The skies spun like a mighty wheel;
I saw the trees like drunkards reel,
And a slight flash sprang o’er my eyes,
Which saw no farther ; he who dies
Can die no more than then I died.
O’ertortur’d 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.”

SWIMMING NOT ALWAYS AGREEABLE.

“ My thoughts came back ; where was I ? Cold,
And numb, and giddy : pulse by pulse
Life reassum’d 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 !”

SUN RISE AND HOPE.

“ Up rose the sun ; the mists were curl'd
Back from the solitary world.
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 thund'ring on,
As if our faint approach to meet ;

The sight renew'd my courser's feet,
A moment staggering, feebly fleet,
A moment, with a faint low neigh,
He answer'd, and then fell.

On came the troop—they saw him stoop,

They saw me strangely bound along

His back with many a bloody thong,

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.

A RAKE'S DEATH BED.

“ And, strange to say, the sons of pleasure,

They who have revell'd beyond measure,

In beauty, wassail, wine, and treasure,

Die calm or 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.

A RAVEN POUNCING FOR HIS PREY.

“ 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 wings through twilight flit,
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 stuggling noise,
Which scarcely could be call'd a voice,
Together scared him off at length.”

A RELEASE AND RECOVERY.

“ 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 came with mother and with sire—
What need of more ?—I will not tire

With long recital of the rest,
Since I became the Cossack's 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 the 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.

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON

Is a short poem founded merely upon the reflections of a man shut up in a dungeon for many years, and whose brothers perish therein. On such a scanty subject a good tale has been made, but very dry, and in many parts tiresome. "The Horrors of a Dungeon," and "Effects of Persecution," are flashes of that genius which can give life and lustre to death and darkness; and at the conclusion, where the released captive wishes, as he is left of kindred and friends, to return to his dungeon again, it is very affecting, but the idea is not original, it occurred to a man released from the Bastille in Paris, and if his Lordship had made the Bastille his subject, he would have had more ample scope for his indignation against slavery.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

PERSECUTION.

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 seal'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.

THE YOUTHFUL PRISONER.

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 flowed like mountain rills,
 Unless he could assuage the woe
 Which he abhorred to view below.

REFLECTION ON DEATH.

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.

HORRORS OF A DUNGEON.

What next befell me then and there
I know not well—I never knew—
First came the loss of light, and air,
And then of darkness too :
I had no thought, no feeling—none—
Among the stones I stood a stone,
And was, scarce conscious what I wist,
As 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 !

RESPECT FOR THE DEAD.

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.

A HEART SEARED BY SLAVERY.

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

Regained my freedom with a sigh.

LARA.

Excepting one historical incident, the Poem of Lara appears to be wholly a fiction of Lord Byron's brain, and he has painted a mortal of such horrible grandeur, that we shudder as we read, and imagine ourselves in company with an evil spirit of another world. The story is simple—Lara, from what cause we are left to guess, quitted his castle and domains in early youth; he was not heard of, or ever returned, till he was a man of middle age, when his brow was seared by misery and guilt. His vassals welcomed him with joy, and he mingled a little in society; but all his actions were haughty, gloomy, and sullen.

His only attendant was a youthful page, warmly attached to his master; they conversed in an unknown language, and every thing about them bore a dark and mysterious aspect. Lara attends a banquet at Otho's, a neighbouring very powerful Lord, where a stranger Knight "Esselin," recognizes and upbraids him with some hitherto hidden villainy, and pledges himself to prove it in the morning. Day arises, and "Esselin" appears not—a quarrel ensues, and Lara wounds Otho, who vows revenge. Lara is accused of Esselin's murder by Otho; he scorns to yield to the public authorities; enfranchises all his slaves, and leads them to battle, but they are beaten, and he is slain. Kaled, his page, attends him in his dying moments—he spurns the cross presented to him, and dies without confession, and unrepentant. Kaled falls senseless, and opening her bosom to give her air; they discover she is a woman.—She remains distracted till she follows Lara to the grave.

Out of these materials, a tale of terrors has been raised of a powerfully interesting nature. The horror for Lara's supposed crimes increases as we proceed, and when at last he spurns the consolations of religion, we pity the hardened wretch who dies thus self condemned.

The interest thrown around Kaled the page is intense, but she seems to be attached to his guilt as well as his heart, and no doubt loves a murderer.

There is one part of the Poem which recommends the Religion of Christ as a sure and certain path to salvation : but with the exception of that solitary passage, it is impossible to draw any moral from so strange a piece. The bold and dauntless bearing of Lara, is the heroism of a villain ; and that of the page Kaled, is by no means feminine ; unless friendship may be allowed to take a lesson from her attachment, even in death, I know not where a lesson of truth, or a virtuous example is to be found. The sublimity of perverted sentiment, and gloomy imagery, are in the true spirit of awful heroic verse, and probably the selections here made, are all that would interest the reader, and sufficient to shew him the deserved fate of a miserable man ; and an erring, though sincerely attached female, and make him detest the one, and feel pity for the other.

BEAUTIES FROM LARA.

VOLUNTARY ABSENCE.

And Lara left in youth his father land ;
But from the hour he waved his parting hand
Each trace wax'd fainter of his course, till all
Had nearly ceased his memory to recall.
His sire was dust, his vassals could declare,
'Twas all they knew, that Lara was not there ;
Nor sent, nor came he, till conjecture grew
Cold in the many, anxious in the few.
His hail scarce echoes with his wonted name,
His portrait darkens in its fading frame.

LARA'S RETURN.

He comes at last in sudden loneliness,
And whence they know not, why they need not guess ;
They more might marvel, when the greeting's o'er,
Not that he came, but came not long before :
No train is his beyond a single page,
Of foreign aspect, and of tender age.
Years had roll'd on, and fast they speed away
To those that wander as to those that stay ;
But lack of tidings from another clime
Had lent a flagging wing to weary Time.
They see, they recognise, yet almost deem
The present dubious, or the past a dream.
He lives, nor yet is past his manhood's prime,
Though sear'd by toil, and something touch'd by time ;
His faults, whate'er they were, if scarce forgot,
Might be untaught him by his varied lot ;
Nor good nor ill of late were known, his name
Might yet uphold his patrimonial fame ;
His soul in youth was haughty, but his sins
No more than pleasure from the stripling wins ;
And such, if not yet harden'd in their course,
Might be redeem'd, nor ask a long remorse.
And they indeed were changed—'tis quickly seen
Whate'er he be, 'twas not what he had been :
That brow in furrow'd lines had fix'd at last,
And spake of passions, but of passion past :
The pride, but not the fire, of early days,
Coldness of mien, and carelessness of praise ;
A high demeanour, and a glance that took
Their thoughts from others by a single look ;
And that sarcastic levity of tongue,
The stinging of a heart the world hath stung,
That darts in seeming playfulness around,
And makes those feel that will not own the wound ;
All these seem'd his, and something more beneath,
Than glance could well reveal, or accent breathe.

Ambition, glory, love, the common aim,
That some can conquer, and that all would claim,
Within his breast appear'd no more to strive,
Yet seem'd as lately they had been alive.

SECRECY OF GUILT.

Not much he loved long question of the past,
Nor told of wondrous wilds, and deserts vast,
In those far lands where he had wander'd lone,
And—as himself would have it seem—unknown :
Yet these in vain his eye could scarcely scan,
Nor glean experience from his fellow man ;
But what he had beheld he shunn'd to show,
As hardly worth a stranger's care to know ;
If still more prying such inquiry grew,
His brow fell darker, and his words more few.

GLOOMY MEDITATION.

Books, for his volumes heretofore was Man,
With eye more curious he appear'd to scan,
And oft, in sudden mood, for many a day
From all communion he would start away :
And then, his rarely call'd attendants said,
Through night's long hours would sound his hurried tread
O'er the dark gallery, where his fathers frown'd
In rude but antique portraiture around :
They heard, but whisper'd—“*that* must not be known,
The sound of words less earthly than his own.
Yes, they who chose might smile, but some had seen
They scarce knew what, but more than should have been.
Why gazed he so upon the ghastly head
Which hands profane had gather'd from the dead,

That still beside his open'd volume lay,
 As if to startle all save him away?
 Why slept he not when others were at rest?
 Why heard no music, and received no guest?
 All was not well they deem'd—but where the wrong?
 Some knew perchance—but 'twere a tale too long;
 And such besides were too discreetly wise,
 To more than hint their knowledge in surmise!
 But if they would—they could"—around the board,
 'Thus Lara's vassals prattled of their lord.

NIGHT.

It was the night—and Lara's glassy stream
 The stars are studding, each with imaged beam:
 So calm, the waters scarcely seem to stray,
 And yet they glide like happiness away;
 Reflecting far and fairy-like from high
 The immortal lights that live along the sky:
 Its banks are fringed with many a goodly tree,
 And flowers the fairest that may feast the bee;
 Such in her chaplet infant Dian wove,
 And innocence would offer to her love.
 These deck the shore; the waves their channel make
 In windings bright and mazy like the snake.
 All was so still, so soft in earth and air.
 You scarce would start to meet a spirit there;
 Secure that nought of evil could delight
 To walk in such a scene on such a night!
 It was a moment only for the good:
 So Lara deem'd, nor longer there he stood,
 But turn'd in silence to his castle-gate;
 Such scene his soul no more could contemplate:
 Such scene reminded him of other days,
 Of skies more cloudless, moons of purer blaze,

Of nights more soft and frequent, hearts that now—
No—no—the storm may beat upon his brow,
Unfelt—unsparing—but a night like this,
A night of beauty, mock'd such breast as his.

AGONIZED REVENGE.

Cold as the marble where his length was laid,
Pale as the beam that o'er his features play'd,
Was Lara stretch'd ; his half drawn sabre near,
Dropp'd it should seem in more than nature's fear ;
Yet he was firm, or had been firm till now,
And still defiance knit his gather'd brow ;
Though mix'd with terror, senseless as he lay,
There lived upon his lip the wish to slay :
Some half form'd threat in utterance there had died,
Some imprecation of despairing pride ;
His eye was almost seal'd, but not forsook,
Even in its trance the gladiator's look,
That oft awake his aspect could disclose,
And now was fix'd in horrible repose.
They raise him—bear him ;—hush ! he breathes, he
speaks,
The swarthy blush re-colours in his cheeks,
His lip resumes its red, his eye, though dim,
Rolls wide and wild, each slowly quivering limb
Recalls its function, but his words are strung
In terms that seem not of his native tongue ;
Distinct but strange, enough they understand
To deem them accents of another land,
And such they were, and meant to meet an ear
That hears him not—alas ! that cannot hear !

SUPERSTITIOUS FEAR.

Whate'er his phrensy dream'd or eye beheld,
If yet remember'd ne'er to be reveal'd,
Rests at his heart: the custom'd morning came,
And breath'd new vigour in his shaken frame;
And solace sought he none from priest nor leech,
And soon the same in movement and in speech
As heretofore he fill'd the passing hours,
Nor less he smiles, nor more his forehead frowns
Than these were wont; and if the coming night
Appear'd less welcome now to Lara's sight,
He to his marvelling vassals show'd it not,
Whose shuddering proved *their* fear was less forgot.
In trembling pairs (alone they dared not) crawl
The astonish'd slaves, and shun the fated hall;
The waving banner, and the clapping door,
The rustling tapestry, and the echoing floor;
The long dim shadows of surrounding trees,
The flapping bat, the night song of the breeze;
Aught they behold or hear their thought appals,
As evening saddens o'er the dark gray walls.

MAN AS HE OUGHT NOT TO BE.

There was in him a vital scorn of all:
As if the worst had fall'n which could befall,
He stood a stranger in this breathing world,
An erring spirit from another hurl'd;
A thing of dark imaginings, that shaped
By choice the perils he by chance escaped;
But 'scaped in vain, for in their memory yet
His mind would half exult and half regret:
With more capacity for love than earth
Bestows on most of mortal mould than birth,

His early dreams of good outstripp'd the truth,
And troubled manhood follow'd baffled youth ;
With thought of years in phantom chase mispent,
And wasted powers for better purpose lent ;
And fiery passions that had pour'd their wrath
In hurried desolation o'er his path,
And left the better feelings all at strife
In wild reflection o'er his stormy life ;
But haughty still, and loth himself to blame,
He call'd on Nature's self to share the shame,
And charged all faults upon the fleshly form
She gave to clog the soul, and feast the worm ;
'Till he at last confounded good and ill,
And half mistook for fate the acts of will :
'Too high for common selfishness, he could
At times resign his own for others' good,
But not in pity, not because he ought,
But in some strange perversity of thought,
That sway'd him onward with a secret pride
To do what few or none would do beside ;
And this same impulse would, in tempting time,
Mislead his spirit equally to crime ;
So much he soar'd beyond, or sunk beneath
The men with whom he felt condemn'd to breathe,
And long'd by good or ill to separate
Himself from all who shared his mortal state ;
His mind abhorring this had fix'd her throne
Far from the world, in regions of her own :
'Thus coldy passing all that pass'd below,
His blood in temperate seeming now would flow :
Ah ! happier if it ne'er with guilt had glow'd,
But ever in that icy smoothness flow'd !
'Tis true, with other men their path he walk'd,
And like the rest in seeming did and talk'd
Nor outraged Reason's rules by flaw nor start,
His madness was not of the head, but heart ;
And rarely wander'd in his speech, or drew
His thoughts so forth as to offend the view.

FESTIVAL OF BEAUTY

There is a festival, where knights and dames,
And aught that wealth or lofty lineage claims
Appear—a highborn and a welcome guest
To Otho's hall came Lara with the rest.
The long carousal shakes the illumined hall,
Well speeds alike the banquet and the ball;
And the gay dance of bounding Beauty's train
Links grace and harmony in happiest chain:
Blest are the early hearts and gentle hands
That mingle there in well according bands;
It is a sight the careful brow might smooth,
And make age smile, and dream itself to youth,
And Youth forget such hour was past on earth,
So springs the exulting bosom to that mirth!

SEVERE SCRUTINY.

And Lara gazed on these, sedately glad,
His brow belied him if his soul was sad;
And his glance follow'd fast each fluttering fair,
Whose steps of lightness woke no echo there:
He lean'd against the lofty pillar nigh,
With folded arms and long attentive eye,
Nor mark'd a glance so sternly fix'd on his—
Ill brook'd high Lara scrutiny like this:
At length he caught it, 'tis a face unknown,
But seems as searching his, and his alone;
Prying and dark, a stranger's by his mien,
Who still till now had gazed on him unseen;
At length encountering meets the mutual gaze
Of keen inquiry, and of mute amaze;
On Lara's glance emotion gathering grew,
As if distrusting that the stranger threw;

Along the stranger's aspect fix'd and stern,
Flash'd more than thence the vulgar eye could learn.
" 'Tis he ! " the stranger cried, and those that heard
Re-echoed fast and far the whisper'd word.
" 'Tis he ! "—" 'Tis who ? " they question far and near,
Till louder accents rung on Lara's ear ;
So widely spread, few bosoms well could brook
The general marvel, or that single look ;
But Lara stirr'd not, changed not the surprise
That sprung at first to his arrested eyes
Seem'd now subsided, neither sunk nor raised,
Glanced his eye round, though still the stranger gazed,
And drawing nigh, exclaim'd with haughty sneer,
" 'Tis he ! how came he thence ? what doth he here ? "

THE REPLY.

" My name is Lara !—when thine own is known,
Doubt not my fitting answer to requite
The unlook'd for courtesy of such a knight.
"Tis Lara !—further wouldst thou mark or ask ?
I shun no question, and I wear no mask."

THE REJOINDER.

" Thou shun'st no question !—Ponder—is there none
Thy heart must answer, though thine ear would shun ?
And deem'st thou me unknown too ? Gaze again !
At least thy memory was not given in vain.
Oh ! never canst thou cancel half her debt,
Eternity forbids thee to forget."
With slow and searching glance upon his face
Grew Lara's eyes, but nothing there could trace

They knew, or chose to know—with dubious look
He deign'd to answer, but his head he shook,
And half contemptuous turn'd to pass away ;
But the stern stranger motion'd him to stay.
“A word!—I charge thee stay, and answer here
To one, who, wert thou noble, were thy peer,
But as thou wast and art—nay—frown not, lord,
If false, 'tis easy to disprove the word—
But, as thou wast and art, on thee looks down,
Distrusts thy smiles, but shakes not at thy frown.
Art thou not he? whose deeds——”

“Whate'er I be,
Words wild as these, accusers like to thee
I list no further; those with whom they weigh
May hear the rest, nor venture to gainsay
The wondrous tale no doubt thy tongue can tell,
Which thus begins so courteously and well.
Let Otho cherish here his polish'd guest,
To him my thanks and thoughts shall be exprest.”

DESCRIPTION OF A DEVOTED SERVANT.

Light was his form, and darkly delicate
That brow whereon his native sun had sate,
But had not marr'd, though in his beams he grew,
The cheek where oft the unbidden blush shone
through;
Yet not such blush as mounts when health would show
All the heart's hue in that delighted glow;
But 'twas a hectic tint of secret care
That for a burning moment fever'd there;
And the wild sparkle of his eye seem'd caught
From high, and lighten'd with electric thought,
Though its black orb those long low lashes fringe,
Had temper'd with a melancholy tinge;

Yet less of sorrow than of pride was there,
Or if 'twere grief, a grief that none should share :
And pleas'd not him the sports that please his age,
The tricks of youth, the frolics of the page ;
For hours on Lara he would fix his glance,
As all-forgotten in that watchful trance ;
And from his chief withdrawn, he wander'd lone,
Brief were his answers, and his questions none ;
His walk the wood, his sport some foreign book ;
His resting-place the bank that curbs the brook :
He seem'd, like him he serv'd, to live apart
From all that lures the eye, and fills the heart ;
To know no brotherhood, and take from earth
No gift beyond that bitter boon—our birth.

SLEEP.

The crowd are gone, the revellers at rest ;
The courteous host, and all-approving guest,
Again to that accustom'd couch must creep
Where joy subsides, and sorrow sighs to sleep,
And man o'er labour'd with his being's strife,
Shrinks to that sweet forgetfulness of life :
There lie love's feverish hope, and cunning guile,
Hate's working brain, and lull'd ambition's wile ;
O'er each vain eye oblivion's pinions wave,
And quench'd existence crouches in a grave.
What better name may slumber's bed become ?
Night's sepulchre, the universal home,
Where weakness, strength, vice, virtue, sunk supine,
Alike in naked helplessness recline ;
Glad for awhile to heave unconscious breath,
Yet wake to wrestle with the dread of death,
And shun, though day but dawn on ills increast,
That sleep, the loveliest, since it dreams the least.

MORNING.

Night wanes—the vapour's round the mountains curl'd
Melt into morn, and Light awakes the world.
Man has another day to swell the past,
And lead him near to little, but his last ;
But mighty Nature bounds as from her birth,
The sun is in the heavens, and life on earth ;
Flowers in the valley, splendour in the beam,
Health on the gale, and freshness in the stream.
Immortal man ! behold her glories shine,
And cry, exulting inly, " they are thine !"
Gaze on, while yet thy gladden'd eye may see ;
A morrow comes when they are not for thee :
And grieve what may above thy senseless bier,
Nor earth nor sky will yield a single tear ;
Nor cloud shall gather more, nor leaf shall fall,
Nor gale breathe forth one sigh for thee, for all ;
But creeping things shall revel in their spoil,
And fit thy clay to fertilize the soil.

COMBAT BETWIXT TWO KNIGHTS.

Proud Otho on the instant, reddening, threw
His glove on earth, and forth his sabre flew.
" The last alternative befits me best,
And thus I answer for mine absent guest."
With cheek unchanging from its sallow gloom,
However near his own or other's tomb ;
With hand, whose almost careless coolness spoke
His grasp well-used to deal the sabre-stroke ;
With eye, though calm, determined not to spare,
Did Lara too his willing weapon bare.
In vain the circling chieftains round them closed,
For Otho's phrensy would not be opposed ;

And from his lip those words of insult fell—
His sword, is good who can maintain them well.
Short was the conflict; furious, blindly rash,
Vain Otho gave his bosom to the gash;
He bled, and fell; but not with deadly wound,
Stretch'd by a dextrous sleight along the ground.
“Demand thy life!” He answer'd not: and then
From that red floor he ne'er had risen again,
For Lara's brow upon the moment grew
Almost to blackness in its demon hue;
He almost turn'd the thirsty point on those,
Who thus for mercy dared to interpose;
The cause and conqueror in this sudden fray,
In haughty silence slowly strode away.

CHARACTER OF LARA.

The sullen calm that long his bosom kept,
The storm that once had spent itself and slept,
Roused by events that seem'd foredoom'd to urge
His gloomy fortunes to their utmost verge.
Burst forth, and made him all he once had been,
And is again; he only changed the scene.
Light care had he for life, and less for fame,
But not less fitted for the desperate game:
He deem'd himself mark'd out for other's hate,
And mock'd at ruin so they shared his fate.
What cared he for the freedom of the crowd?
He raised the humble but to bend the proud.
He had hoped quiet in his sullen lair,
But man and destiny beset him there:
Inured to hunters he was found at bay,
And they must kill, they cannot snare the prey.
Stern, unambitious, silent, he had been
Henceforth a calm spectator of life's scene;
But dragg'd again upon the arena, stood
A leader not unequal to the feud;

In voice—mien—gesture—savage nature spoke,
And from his eye the gladiator broke.

WORD OF BATTLE, AND A CHARGE.

“The charge be ours! to wait for their assault]
Were fate well worthy of a coward's halt.”
Forth flies each sabre, reined is every steed,
And the next word shall scarce outstrip the deed:
In the next tone of Lara's gathering breath
How many shall but hear the voice of death!
His blade is bared, in him there is an air
As deep, but far too tranquil for despair;
A something of indifference more than then
Becomes the bravest, if they feel for men—
The word hath pass'd his lips, and onward driven,
Pours the link'd band through ranks asunder riven,
Well has each steed obey'd the armed heel,
And flashed the scimitars, and rings the steel!
Outnumber'd not outbraved, they still oppose
Despair to daring, and a front to foes:
And blood is mingled with the dashing stream,
Which runs all redly till the morning beam.

LARA WOUNDED.

Beneath a lime, remoter from the scene,
Where but for him that strife had never been,
A breathing but devoted warrior lay:
'Twas Lara bleeding fast from life away.
His follower once, and now his only guide,
Kneels Kaled watchful o'er his willing side,
And with his scarf would stanch the tides that rush,
With each convulsion, in a blacker gush;

And then, as his faint breathing waxes low,
 In feebler, not less fatal tricklings flow :
 He scarce can speak, but motions him 'tis vain,
 And merely adds another throb to pain.
 He clasps the hand that pang which would assuage,
 And sadly smiles his thanks to that dark page
 Who nothing fears, nor feels, nor heeds, nor sees,
 Save that damp brow which rests upon his knees;
 Save that pale aspect, where the eye, though dim,
 Held all the light that shone on earth for him.

DEATH OF LARA.

But gasping heaved the breath that Lara drew,
 And dull the film along his dim eye grew ;
 His limbs stretch'd fluttering, and his head droop'd o'er
 'The weak yet still untiring knee that bore ;
 He press'd the hand he held upon his heart—
 It beats no more, but Kaled will not part
 With the cold grasp, but feels, and feels in vain,
 For that faint throb which answers not again.
 " It beats !"—Away, thou dreamer ! he is gone—
 It once was Lara which thou look'st upon.

DISCOVERY OF KALED'S SEX.

***** Oh ! never yet beneath
 The breast of man such trusty love may breathe !
 That trying moment hath at once reveal'd
 The secret long and yet but half-conceal'd ;
 In baring to revive that lifeless breast.
 Its grief seem'd ended, but the sex confest ;
 And life return'd, and Kaled felt no shame—
 What now to her was womanhood or fame ?

DEATH OF KALED.

And Kaled—Lara—Ezzelin, are gone,
Alike without their monumental stone !
The first, all efforts vainly strove to wean
From lingering where her chieftain's blood had been ;
Grief had so tamed a spirit once too proud,
Her tears were few, her wailing never loud ;
But furious would you tear her from the spot
Where yet she scarce believed that he was not,
Her eye shot forth with all the living fire
That haunts the tigress in her whelpless ire ;
But left to waste her weary moments there,
They talk'd all idly unto shapes of air,
Such as the busy brain of Sorrow paints,
And woos to listen to her fond complaints :
And she would sit beneath the very tree
Where lay his drooping head upon her knee :
And in that posture where she saw him fall,
His words, his looks, his dying grasp recall ;
And she had shorn, but saved her raven hair,
And oft would snatch it from her bosom there,
And fold, and press it gently to the ground,
As if she stanch'd anew some phantom's wound.
Herself would question, and for him reply ;
Then rising, start, and beckon him to fly
From some imagined spectre in pursuit ;
Then seat her down upon some linden's root,
And hide her visage with her meagre hand,
Or trace strange characters along the sand—
This could not last,—she lies by him she loved ;
Her tale untold—her truth too dearly proved.

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.—CANTO I.

It is not my intention to follow with precision the works of Lord Byron as they succeed each other by day and date; wherever in the course of our reading we discover a superior beautiful passage, we shall select it, and probably after the amusing levities just glanced over, the sombre views of "Childe Harold" may be agreeable as a contrast.

It is good to mark the waywardness of genius, and see how time and travel improve, expand, and alter the mind—the body—and I may add the soul, for in Lord Byron, whatever the latter prompts, the former executes with quick despatch. This pilgrimage is nothing more than a description of the author's feelings during his travels in Greece, Asia Minor, &c.; he adverts likewise to other scenes over which he has passed. We may safely put down "The Childe" as a portrait of the author himself. He was then, what he is now, sullen, gloomy, sarcastic, beneficent and good—an admirer of nature in all her forms, whether gentle or terrific—sublime or ridiculous; but it is obvious on a perusal of this Poem, that he had not when he wrote it, drank so deep at the fountain of love, as since; consequently the Poem is not so warm and impassioned as his later productions; he appears to have dreaded the world on which he was entering, and looked upon all his fellow creatures as depraved and villainous, ready to cheat and imposed upon him. He every where shews the gloomy side of the picture. Those who wish to see the brightside, may read Don Juan, which is in fact, the second part of Childe Harold—Childe Harold is Don Juan in the shade. Don Juan is Childe Harold in the sunshine, and both are—

" Shewing in an obvious glass
Joys that in possession pass;
Transient, fickle, light, and vain,
Life like all its circles—pain."

The work may be done in error; but I am no cold-blooded contemner of erring reason. I have visited most of the places sung by Lord Byron; like him, gazed upon the rock of Cintra, and sailed over the wreck of a city swept by the waters of the golden Tagus; and, like him, have lamented that licentiousness in Italy and Greece I perhaps have contributed to increase by my own actions. There are parts, however, in this poem, cheerful and free as the gale of Spring, which enlivens and invigorates all over whom it passes, that gives us gleams of delight, and paints with happy effect the human joy that never may return.

I have made my selections carefully: if they make none laugh, they will not draw a tear. Some readers may frown, others smile, others cast up their eyes, and pray for the author's situation: but only those whose mean souls are not worth saving will presume totally to condemn "Childe Harold" as a wicked wight, making game of his fellow creatures.

BEAUTIES

SELECTED FROM

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

CANTO I.

A HEARTFELT DEDICATION.

TO IANTHE.

Not in those climes where I have late been straying,
 Though Beauty long hath there been matchless
 deem'd ;
 Not in those visions to the heart displaying
 Forms which it sighs but to have only dream'd,
 Hath 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 of the West!—'tis 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,
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?

THE AUTHOR'S CHARACTER OF HIMSELF.

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.

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 herald's rake from coffin'd clay,
Nor florid prose, nor honied lies of rhyme,
Can blazon evil deeds, or consecrate a crime.

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.

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 lov'd one, alas ! could ne'er be his.

Ah, happy she! to 'scape from his 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.

MISERY OF LIVING UNBELOVED.

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

PARTING.

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

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.

GOOD NIGHT.

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

" 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.

" Come hither, hither, my little page!
 Why dost thou weep and wail?
 Or dost thou dread the billows' rage,
 Or tremble at the gale?

But dash the tear-drop from thine eye ;
Our shlp ls swift and strong ;
Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly
More merrily along."

' 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.

' 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.

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

' 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.

“ 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.

“ 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.

“ 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 !”

DESCRIPTION OF LISBON.

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.

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 swoll'n 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.

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 ;
 No personage of high or mean degree
 Doth care for cleanness of surtout or shirt,
 Though shent with Egypt's plague, unkempt, unwash'd ;
 Unhurt.

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.

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 no
 life.

ON THE CONVENTION OF CINTRA, WHEN JOURDAN
 OVERREACHED SIR HUGH DALRYMPLE.

Behold the hall where chiefs were late convened !
 Oh ! dome displeasing unto British eye !
 With diadem high foolscap, lo ! a fiend,
 A little fiend that coughs 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.

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

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?

THE WANDERER OF FREEDOM.

O'er vales that teem with fruits, romantic hills,
 (Oh, that such hills upheld a freeborn race!)
 Whereon to gaze the eye with joyance 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.

SPAIN.

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

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?

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?

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.

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 scorseth 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.

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

BATTLE OF ALBUERA.

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 transcient song !

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 'twere 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.

INSPIRATIONS OF NATIONAL GLORY.

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.

And whomsoe'er along the path you meet
Bears in his cap the badge of crimson hue,
Which tells you whom to shun and whom to greet :
Woe to the man 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 poinards, wrapt beneath the cloke,
Could blunt the sabre's edge, or clear the cannon's
smoke.

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.

THE MAID OF SARAGOSSA.

Is it for this the Spanish maid, aroused,
Hangs on the willow her unstrung guitar,
And, all unsex'd, the Aulace 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.

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.

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;
 Her 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?

COMPLIMENT TO SPANISH BEAUTY.

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

VIEW OF MOUNT PARNASSUS.

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

Oft have I dream'd of Thee ! whose glorious name
Who knows not, knows not man's divinest lore ;
And now I view thee, 'tis, 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 !

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 there 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.

THE FLIGHT OF VENUS TO CADIZ.

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

But Cadiz, rising on the distant coast,
Calls forth a sweeter, though ignoble praise.
Ah! Vice! how soft are thy voluptuous ways!
While boyish blood is mantling who can 'scape
The fascination of thy magic gaze?
A Cherub-hydra round us dost thou gape,
And mould to every taste thy dear delusive shape.

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.

From morn till night, from night till startled Morn
Peeps blushing on the Revels laughing crew,
The song is heard, the rosy garland worn,
Devices quaint, and frolics ever new,
Tread on each others 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.

A SABBATH BULL FIGHT IN SPAIN.

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.

The lists are oped, the spacious area clear'd,
Thousands on thousands piled are seated round :
Long ere the first loud trumpet's note is heard,
No vacant space for lated wight is found :
Here dons, grandees, but chiefly dames abound,
Skill'd in the ogle of a roguish eye,
Yet ever well inclined to heal the wound ;
None through their cold disdain are doom'd to die,
As moon-struck bards complain, by Love's sad archery.

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.

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.

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—'tis past—he sinks upon the
 sand!

YOUNG LOVE.

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?

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.

LOVE AND DESPAIR.

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

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?

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:

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.

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

What Exile from himself can flee?
To Zones, though more and more remote,
Still, still pursues, where-e'er I be,
The blight of life—the demon Thought.

Yet others wrapt 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!

Through many a clime 'tis mine to go,
With many a retrospection curst;
And all my solace is to know,
Whate'er betides, I've known the worst.

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.

SPAIN'S DEGRADED NOBILITY AND HEROIC PEASANTRY.

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 die ;
A traitor only fell beneath the feud :
Here all were noble, save Nobility ;
None hugg'd a Conqueror's chain, save fallen Chivalry !

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 !"

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 !

Flows there a tear of pity for the dead ?
Look o'er the ravage of the reeking plain ;
Look on the hands with female slaughter red ;
Then to the dogs resign the unburied slain,
'Then to the vulture let each corse remain ;
Albeit unworthy of the prey-bird's maw,

Let their bleach'd bones, and blood's unbleaching
stain,
Long mark the battle-field with hideous awe;
Thus only may our sons conceive the scenes we saw!

A HINT FOR OLD LOUIS AND THE POOL ANGOULEME.

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!

TRIBUTE TO A DEPARTED FRIEND.

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

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.

CHILDE HAROLD.—CANTO II.

The scenes of this Canto are laid in Greece and Albania. The extracts I have made from his lordship's meeting with the far-famed Ali Pacha, are every way worthy of the reader's attention; it is a fine picture of that extraordinary man, with whom the Author was on intimate terms of friendship; the Poetry is bold and lofty, as becomes the subject. Tambourgi, the song of the Albanese, gives a faithful view of the feelings in savage men's bosoms, led on by one still more savage than they. The reflections on Greece are excellent; and breathe wishes for her independence that would have done honor to Tyrteus the Spartan Bard, whose verses fired his countrymen to shake off the yoke of slavery. It is not singular that tarry-at-home travellers err in their estimation of a nation's energies, when I find throughout this Poem, though he (Lord Byron) laments the slavery of the Greeks in pathetic strains, yet he is hopeless as to their ever becoming independent, and only thinks, they may at a distant day be the subjects of some Christian power—that they may rise one step above slavery, and no higher. But now his lordship has seen the fallacy of his reasoning, and at this time has sailed for Greece to offer them arms, ammunition, and his personal assistance, to drive the foul oppressors from their shores.—The Greeks have been since the days of Hesiod, a poetic nation, and the British lyre of Byron may yet rouse the sons of Greece, and be one of the means of exalting the cross above the crescent; all the poetry of an heroic nature in this Canto, displays an enthusiastic attachment to Greece, ancient and modern, and his harp will not be suffered to slumber in tranquillity, when by running his hands over the strings, he can rouse an oppressed

nation to action, and hymn them on to imitate the heroic deeds of their ancestors, those

Departed spirits of the mighty dead ;
 Ye that at Marathon and Luctra bled.
 Lights of the world, restore your swords to man ;
 Fight in fair freedom's cause, and lead the van.

Greece is now an object of general anxiety, and therefore, I have been liberal in selecting parts of the poem, applicable to its present state. The Spirit of Liberty breathes in every line, and the sentiments such as will thrill the heart in every British bosom.

BEAUTIES

or

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

CANTO II.

THE BLUE EYED MAID.

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

APOSTROPHE TO ATHENS.

Ancient of days! august Athena! where,
Where are thy men of might? thy grand in soul?
Gone—glimmering through 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 school-boy's tale, the wonder of an hour!
The warrior's weapon and the sophist's stole
Are sought in vain, and o'er each mouldering tower,
Dim with the mist of years, gray flits the shade of power.

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:
'Twas Jove's—'tis 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.

DOUBT.

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.

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

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 'twere bliss enough to know thy spirit blest!

THE SCOTCH ROBBER.

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.

LORD ELGIN.

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

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's wrung;
'Tell not the deed to blushing Europe's ears;
The ocean queen, the free Britannia bears
The last poor plunder from a bleeding land:
Yes, she, whose gen'rous aid her name endears,
Tore down those remnants with a Harpy's hand,
Which envious Eld forbore, and tyrant's left to stand.

AN OCEAN SCENE.

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 whitesail 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 the flight,
The dullest sailor wearing bravely now,
So gaily curl the waves before each dashing prow.

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

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.

The moon is up ; by Heaven a lovely eve !
Long steams 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.

SOLITUDE.

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 ; 'tis but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her store
unroll'd.

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 !

A LESSON OF LOVE.

Not much he kens, I ween, of woman's breast,
Who thinks that wonton 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 sooth in turn, soon Passion crowns thy
hopes.

'Tis 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 :
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.

NATURE.

Dear Nature is the kindest mother still,
 Though alway 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.

VIEW OF LEUCADIA, THE LOVER'S LEAP OF SAPPHO.

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

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.

Morn dawns; and with it stern Albania's hills,
Dark Sulis' rocks, and Pindus' inland peak,
Robed half in mist, bedew'd with snowy rills,
Array'd in many 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.

THE WORLD LOST FOR A WOMAN.

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

ALBANIAN SCENERY.

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

Monastic Zitzza ! 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,

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

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.

APPROACH TO THE DWELLING OF ALI PACHA.

The Sun had sunk behind vast Tomerit,
And Laos wide and fierce came roaring by ;
The shades of wonted night were gathering yet,
When, down the steep banks winding warily,

Childe Harold saw, like meteors in the sky,
The glittering minarets of Tepalen,
Whose walls o'erlook the stream ; and drawing nigh,
He heard the busy hum of warrior-men
Swelling the breeze that sigh'd along the lengthening
glen.

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

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.

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.

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.

CHARACTER OF THE ALBANIANS.

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.

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

HOSPITALITY.

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 awhile the mariners forbore,
 Dubious to trust where treachery might lurk :
 At length they ventur'd forth, though doubting sore
 That those who loathe alike the Frank
 Might once again renew their ancient butcher-work.

Vain fear ! the Sullites 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.

SONG OF THE ALBANESE.

Tambourgi ! Tambourgi ! thy laram afar
 Gives hope to the valliant, and promise of war ;
 All the sons of the mountains arise at the note,
 Chimariot, Illyrian, and dark Suliote !

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

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?

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.

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.

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.

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

Remember the moment when Previsa fell,
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.

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.

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!

Solictar! unsheath then our chief's scimitar:
Tambourgi! thy 'laram gives promise of war:
Ye mountains, that see us descend to the shore,
Shall view us as victors, or view us no more!

ANIMATION.

Spirit of freedom! when on Phyle's brow
Thou sat'st with Thrasybulus and his train,
Could'st 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 risethy sons, but idly rail in vain,
Trembling the scourge of Turkish hand,
From birth till death enslaved; in word, in deed un-
mann'd.

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 father's 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.

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.

NIGHT SCENE AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

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 transcient breeze swept o'er the wave,
'Twas, 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.

Glanced many a light caique along the foam,
Danced on the shore the daughters of the land,
No thought had man or maid of rest or home,
While many a languid eye and thrilling hand
Exchanged the look few bosoms may withstand,
Or gently prest, return'd the pressure still :
Oh Love ! young Love ! bound in thy rosy band,
Let sage or cynic prattle as he will,
These hours, and only these, redeem Life's years of ill !

GREECE, AND HER RESTORATION TO INDEPENDENCE

When riseth Lacedemon's hardihood,
When Thebes Epamlondas rears again,

When Athens' children are with hearts endued,
When Grecian mothers shall give birth to men,
Then may'st thou be restored; but not till then,
A thousand years scarce serve to form a state;
An hour may lay it in the dust: and when
Can man its shatter'd splendour renovate,
Recall its virtues back, and vanquish Time and Fate?

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 snow
Proclaim thee Nature's varied favourite now:
Thy fanes, thy temples to thy surface bow,
Commingling slowly with heroic earth,
Broke by the share of every rustic plough:
So perish monuments of mortal birth,
So perish all in turn, save well-recorded Worth;

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 bonied 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 Mendell's marble glare;
Art, Glory, Freedom fail, but Nature still is fair.

Where'er we tread 'tis 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 seems 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 temple; gone:
Age shakes Athens's tower, but spares gray Marathon.

GRECIAN PILGRIMS.

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.

SAD REFLECTIONS.

For thee, who thus in too protracted song
 Hath sooth'd 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
 Thou too art gone, thou love 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 has ceased to be !
 Nor staid to welcome here thy wanderer home,
 Who mourns o'er hours which we no more shall see
 Would he had ne'er return'd to find fresh cause to roam
 Oh ! ever loving, lovely, and beloved !
 How selfish Sorrow ponders on the past,

And clings to thoughts now better far removed ;
 But Time shall tear thy shadow from me last.
 All thou could'st have of mine, stern Death ! thou hast ;
 The parent, friend, and now the more than friend :
 Ne'er yet for one thine arrows flew so fast,
 And grief with grief continuing still to bleed,
 Hath snatch'd the little joy that life had yet to lend.

THE WORST OF WOES.

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

CHILDE HAROLD.—CANTO III.

To judge from the opening of this Canto, it was written many years after the preceding. The Stanzas are more vigorous, but the shade of melancholy is rendered more dark. The Poet is not so severe upon men, or women either, but he has not a ray of hope to enliven his dark and midnight wandering; his mind seems shrunk within the cell of his brain, and the light of heaven excluded purposely to brood more devoutly on the fancied ills of earth. For pathetic feeling, and descriptive scenery, this Canto is far superior to the preceding—it opens with a brief allusion to the author's daughter, a discussion relative to the soul follows, and his avowing himself a citizen of the world. I find him on the field of Waterloo—'tis well worth every Briton to peruse his words on that scene of glory and disgrace. He pays a tribute to the memory of Major Howard, and gives a character of Buonaparte, no doubt just in every line. The grandeur of the Rhine shares his praises, and the stanzas (I give them entire) to the girl of his love, are sweetly deploring her that is far away. The poetic view on "Lake Leman," makes Walter Scott's appear as if "garret bred." The characters of Voltaire and Gibbon are just, and his Lordship does not vindicate their principles; his total contempt of the world's good or evil opinion, is often and forcibly expressed—but if he scorns it himself, he pleads for its being bestowed on another, on his daughter. The Canto closes with an address to her, which no one can read without pity for the father who is separated from his most tender bosom tie, and regret that the child of his hopes and adoration, is shut out from the instruction such a parent could bestow. This Canto, if not very pleasing, is very interesting, and re-

duces the lofty bard down to the level of men, and proves, that in spite of philosophy, the ills of life have power to rend his heart, and that all are destined to bow at the dewy shrine of affliction.

BEAUTIES

OF

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

CANTO III.

THE WANDERER AT MATURE AGE—LORD BYRON TO HIS DAUGHTER.

Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child I love thee
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.

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.

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 steril track behind,
O'er which all heavily the journeying years
Plod the last sands of life,—where not a flower ap-
pears.

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
Or selfish grief or gladness—so it fling
Forgetfulness around me—it shall seem
To me, though to none else, a not ungrateful theme.

CREATIVE POWERS OF THE SOUL.

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 rise
 With airy images, and shapes which dwell
 Still unimpair'd, though old, in the soul's haunted cell.
 'Tis to create, and in creating live
 A being more intense, than we endow
 With form our fancy, gaining as we give
 The life we imagine, 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.
 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 : 'Tis 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.

 THE CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.

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 tone
 Of his land's tongue, which he would oft forsake
 For Nature's pages glass'd by sunbeams on the lake.

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.

THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

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

REVELRY BEFORE BATTLE.

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;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas 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!

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.

DEATH OF THE BRAVE.

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!

THE SPIRIT OF DESPAIR.

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

CHARACTER OF NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

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!

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 assounded kingdoms all inert,
 Who deem'd thee for a time what'er thou didst assert.

Oh, more or less than man—in high or low,
 Battling with nations, flying from the field;
 Now making monarch's 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.

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,

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.

THE LOST MIND COMPARED TO A RUINED CASTLE.

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,
 And blending of all beauties ; streams and dells,
 Fruit, foilage, crag, wood, cornfield, mountain, vine,
 And chiefless castles breathing stern farewells
 From gay but leafy walls, where Ruin greenly dwells.

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.

THE RHINE.

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.

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.

UNHALLOWED LOVE.

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 ceas'd to glow.

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!

THE BANKS OF THE RHINE. TO THE MAID THAT
 I LOVE.

The castled crag of Drachenfels
 Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
 Whose breast of waters broadly swells
 Between the banks which bear the vine,
 And hills all rich with blossom'd trees,
 And fields which promise corn and wine,

And scatter'd cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them shine,
Have strew'd a scene, which I should see
With double joy wert thou with me !

And peasant girls, with deep blue eyes,
And hands which offer early flowers,
Walk smiling o'er this paradise ;
Above, the frequent feudal towers
Through green leaves lift their walls of gray ;
And many a rock which steeply fours,
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 !

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 !

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 !

THE TOMB OF JULIA.

By a lone wall a lonelier column rears
 A gray and grief-worn aspect of old days,
 'Tis 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 Atrientum, bath strew'd her subject lands.

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 liv'd 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.

THE MISANTHROPE.

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.

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 she clay-cold bonds which round our being
cling.

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?

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 condemn
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 turn'd below,
Gazing upon the ground, with thoughts which dare not
glow?

ROUSSEAU, THE SELF-TORTURER.

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.

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.

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

LAKE LEMAN—A POETIC VIEW.

Clear, placid Lemn ! 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 reproved,
That I with stern delights should e'er have been so
moved.

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 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 ;

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.

Ye stars ! which are the poetry of heaven !
If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
Of men and empires,—'tis 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.

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 concentr'd in a life intense,
 Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
 But hath a part of being, and a sense
 Of that which is of all Creator and defence.

A STORM.—NIGHT.

The sky is changed!—and such a change! Oh night,
 And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
 Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
 Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
 From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
 Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
 But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
 And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
 Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

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 'tis 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.

MORNING AFTER A STORM.

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 Leman ! may find room
 And food for meditation, nor pass by
 Much, that may give us pause, if ponder'd fittingly.

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 wrought
 By rays which sleep there lovingly : the rocks,
 The permanent crags, tell her of Love, who sought
 In them a refuge from the worldly shocks,
 Which stir and sting the soul with hope that woos,
 Then mocks.

Clarens ! by heavenly feet thy paths are trod, —
 Undying Loves, 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.

CHARACTERS OF VOLTAIRE AND GIBBON.

Lausanne! and Ferney! ye who have been the abodes
 Of names which unto you bequeath'd a name;
 Mortals, who sought and found, by dangerous roads,
 A path to perpetuity of fame:
 They were gigantic minds, and their steep aim,
 Was, Titan-like, on daring doubts to pile
 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.

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
 Breath'd 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.

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.

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,
'Twill be to be forgiven; or suffer what is just.

CONTEMPT OF THE WORLD'S OPINION.

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 my mind, which thus itself subdued.

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 de-
ceive,
And virtues which are merciful, nor weave
Snarcs for the falling: I would also deem
O'er other's griefs that some sincerely grieve;
That two, or one, are almost what they seem,
That goodness is no name, and happiness no dream.

LORD BYRON'S ADDRESS TO HIS CHILD.

My daughter! with thy name this song begun—
 My daughter! with thy name thus much shall end—
 I see thee not,—I hear thee not—but none
 Can be so wrapt in thee; thou art the friend
 To whom the shadows of far years extend:
 Albeit my brow thou never should'st 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.

To aid thy mind's developement,—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 reserv'd for me;
 Yet this was in my nature:—as it is,
 I know not what is there,—yet something like to this.

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,—'twere 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 would'st love me, still that more than life
 retain.

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'd thou might'st have been
 tome !

CHILDE HAROLD.—CANTO IV.

EPIGRAMS

This last Canto has wound up this strange eventful history in an admirable and most astonishing manner. His lordship has traversed over a large space of the world, and every where he has pointed out beauties that have escaped the notice of other travellers. At the same time he has displayed in his own person so much eccentricity, such deviation from moral virtue at one time, extremes of sensibility religion and generosity in others, that we scarce know whether to set down Lord Byron as a wicked wag satyrizing mankind, or a serious monitor holding up to them the representation of what man should not be if he would be happy.

In this last Canto he has expatiated much on the beauties of Venice, but adverts with truth and feeling to his native land. He leads you to the tombs of Petrarch and Laura, and scatters a wreath over their tombs, more immortal than the names he perpetuates.

The voluptuous clime of Italy has been lauded by him in a rapturous but a delicate manner.

The Venus de Medicis he brings before us arrayed in modesty, such as would almost tempt an anchorite to visit her. We weep with him over the Ruins of Rome, and imagine Sylla the dictator—no tyrant.

His lament upon the death of the Princess Charlotte should be read by all who breathe the breath of life, and can bend with pity over the tomb of martyred innocence.

My extracts will shew the opinion I hold of this Canto—this stupendous monument of poetic genius; those who think me partial had better read the whole, and then they will be convinced of my sincerity and truth.

BEAUTIES

OF

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

CANTO IV.

VENICE.

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;

A palace and a prison on each hand :

I saw from out the wave her structures rise

As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand :

A thousand years their cloudy wings expand

Around me, and a dying Glory smiles

O'er the far times, when many a subject land

Look'd to the winged Lion's marble piles,

Where Venice sat in state, throned on her hundred
isles !

She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean,

Rising with her tiara of proud towers

At airy distance, with majestic motion.

A ruler of the waters and their powers :

And such she was ;—her daughters had their dowers

From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East

Pour'd in her lap all gems in sparkling showers.

In purple was she robed, and of her feast
Monarchs partook, and deem'd their dignity increased.

AFFECTION FOR COUNTRY.

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,

Perhaps I loved it well: and should I lay
My ashes in a soil which is not mine,
My spirit shall resume it—if we may
Unbodied choose a sanctuary, I twine
My hopes of being remember'd in my line
With my land's language: if too fond and far
These aspirations in their scope incline,—
If my fame should be, as my fortunes are,
Of hasty growth and blight, and dull Oblivion bar.

My name from out the temple where the dead
Are honour'd by the nations—let it be—
And light the laurels on a loftier head!
And be the Spartan's epitaph on me—
“Sparta hath many a worthier son than he.”
Meantime I seek no sympathies, nor need;
The thorns which I have reap'd are of the tree
I planted,—they have torn me,—and I bleed:
I should have known what fruit would spring from such
a seed.

LOVE OF VENICE CAUSED BY THE PERUSAL OF ENGLISH
AUTHORS.

I loved her from my boyhood—she to me
Was as a fairy city of the heart,
Rising like water-columns from the sea,
Of joy the sojourn, and of wealth the mart;
And Otway, Radcliffe, Schiller, Shakspeare's art,
Had stamp'd her image in me, and even so,
Although I found her thus, we did not part,
Perchance even dearer in her day of woe,
Than when she was a boast, a marvel, and a show.

GRIEF NEVER SUBDUED.

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 ;

And how and why we know not, nor can trace
Home to its cloud this lightning of the mind,
But feel the shock renewed, 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 sceptres whom no exorcism can bind,
The cold—the changed—perchance the dead—anew,
The mourn'd, the loved, the lost—too many ! yet how
few !

A TWILIGHT SEA, AND THE RISING MOON.

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 !

A single star is at her side, and reigns
 With her o'er half the lovely heaven ; but still
 Yon sunny sea heaves brightly and remains
 Roll'd o'er the peak of the far Rhætian hill,
 As Day and Night contending were, until
 Nature reclaim'd her order :—gently flows
 The deep-dyed Brenta, where their hues instil
 The odorous purple of a new-born rose,
 Which streams upon her streams, and glass'd within it
 glows,

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—'tis gone—and all is gray.

THE TOMB OF PETRARCH.

There is a tomb in Arqua ;—rear'd in air,
 Pillar'd in their sarcophagus, repose

The bones of Laura's lover : here repair
 Many familiar with his well-sung woes.
 The pilgrims of his genius. He arose
 To raise a language, and his land reclaim
 From the dull yoke of her barbaric foes ;
 Watering the tree which bears his lady's name
 With his melodious tears, he gave himself to fame.

They keep his dust in Arqua, where he died ;
 The mountain-village where his latter days
 Went down the vale of years ; and 'tis 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.

EFFUSION TO ITALIA.

Italia! oh Italia! thou who hast
 The fatal gift of beauty, which became
 A funeral dower of present woes and past,
 On thy sweet brow is sorrow plough'd by shame,
 And annals graved in characters of flame.
 Oh God! that thou wert in thy nakedness
 Less lovely or more powerful, and could'st claim
 Thy right, and awe the robbers back, who press
 To shed thy blood, and drink the tears of thy distress ;

Then might'st thou more appal ; or, less desired,
 Be homely and be peaceful, undeplord
 For thy destructive charms ; then, still untired,
 Would not be seen the armed torrents pour'd
 Down the deep Alps ; nor would the hostile horde

Of many-nation'd spoilers from the Po
Quaff blood and water; nor the stranger's sword
Be thy sad weapon of defence, and so,
Victor or vanquish'd, thou the slave of friend or foe.

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.

THE VENUS DE MEDICIS.

There, too, the Goddess loves in stone, and fills
The air around with beauty; we inhale
The ambrosial aspect, which, beheld, instills
Part of its immortality; the veil
Of heaven is half undrawn; within the pale
We stand, and in form and face behold
What Mind can make, when Nature's self would fail;
And to the fond idolators of old

Envy the innate flash which such a soul could mould:

We gaze and turn away, and know not where,
Dazzled and drunk with beauty, till the heart
Reels with its fullness; 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 Shep-
 herd's prize.

Appear'dst thou not to Paris in this guise?
 Or to more deeply blest Anchises?
 In all thy perfect goddess-ship, when lies
 Before thee thy own vanquish'd Lord of War?
 And gazing in thy face as toward a star,
 Laid on thy lap, his eyes to thee upturn,
 Feeding on thy sweet cheek! while thy lips are
 With lava kisses melting while they burn,
 Shower'd on his eyelids, brow, and mouth, as from an
 urn!

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.

TRIBUTE TO CANOVA.

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.

THE FURY OF WAR.

Like to a forest fell'd by mountain winds;
 And such the storm of battle on this day,
 And such the phrensy, whose convulsion blinds
 To all save carnage, that, beneath the fray,
 An earthquake reel'd unheededly away!
 None felt stern Nature rocking at his feet,
 And yawning forth a grave for those who lay
 Upon their bucklers for a winding sheet;
 Such is the absorbing hate when warring nations meet!

The earth to them was 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.

A CASCADE.

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.

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

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 cararact,

Horribly beautiful ! but on the verge,
From side to side, beneath the glittering morn,
An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,
Like Hope upon a death-bed, and, unworn
Its steady dyes, while all around is torn
By the distracted waters, bears serene
Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorn :
Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene,
Love watching Madness with unalterable mien.

RUINS OF ROME.

Oh Rome ! my country ! city of the soul !
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
Lone mother of dead empires ! and control
In their shut breasts their petty misery.
What are our woes and sufferance ? Come and see
The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
O'er steps of broken thrones and temples, Ye !
Whose agonies are evils of a day—
A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

The Niobe of nations ! there she stands,
 Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe ;
 An empty urn within her wither'd hands,
 Whose holy dust was scatter'd long ago ;
 The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now ;
 The very sepulchres lie tenantless
 Of their heroic dwellers : dost thou flow,
 Old Tiber ! through a marble wilderness ?
 Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress.

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 ?

TO SYLLA THE DICTATOR.

Oh, thou whose chariot roll'd on Fortune's wheel,
 Triumphant Sylla ! 'Thou, who didst subdue
 Thy country's foes ere thou would 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—

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 that 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 !

THE WOLF THAT SUCKLED ROMULUS.

And thou, the thunder-stricken nurse of Rome !
 She-wolf ! whose brazen-imag'd dugs impart
 The milk of conquest yet within the dome
 Where, as a monument of antique art,
 Thou standest :—Mother of the mighty heart,
 Which the great founder suck'd from thy wild teat,
 Scorch'd by the Roman Jove's etherial dart,
 And thy limbs black with lightning—dost thou yet
 Guard thine immortal cubs, nor thy fond charge forget ?

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—

The fool of false dominion—and a kind
 Of bastard Cæsar, following him of old
 With steps unequal ; for the Roman's mind
 Was modell'd in a less terrestrial mould,
 With passions fiercer, yet a judgment cold,
 And an immortal instinct which redeem'd
 The frailties of a heart so soft, yet bold,
 Alcides with the distaff now he seem'd
 At Cleopatra's feet,—and now himself he beam'd.

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 Gallie van,
 Which he, in sooth, long led to victory,
 With a deaf heart which never seemed 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 ?

And would he 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 !

What from this barren being do we reap ?
 Our senses narrow, and our reason frail,
 Life short, and truth a gem which loves the deep,
 And all things weigh'd in custom's falsest scale ;
 Opinion an omnipotence,—whose veil
 Mantles the earth with darkness, until right
 And wrong are accidents, and men grow pale
 Lest their own judgments should become too bright,
 And their free thoughts be crimes, and earth have too
 much light.

APOSTROPHE TO WASHINGTON.

Can tyrants bot 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 nourished 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?

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.

THE BARK OF HOPE.

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.

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 gray and bright,
And sailing pinions.—Upon such a shrine
What are our petty griefs?—let me not number mine.

A FLOWERY LANDSCAPE.

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 coloured by its
 skies.

FALLACY OF YOUTHFUL LOVE.

Oh Love ! no habitant of earth thou art—
An unseen seraph, we believe in thee,
A faith whose martyrs are the broken heart,
But never yet hath seen, nor e'er shall see
The naked eye, thy form, as it should be ;
The mind hath made thee, as it peopled heaven,
Even with its own desiring phantasy,
And to a thought such shape and image given,
As haunts the unquench'd soul—parch'd—wearied—
 wrung—and riven.

Who loves, raves—'tis youth's frenzy—but the cure
Is bitterer still ; as charm by charm unwinds
Which robed our idols, and we see too sure
Nor worth nor beauty dwells from out the mind's
Ideal shape of such ; yet still it binds
The fatal spell, and still it draws us on,
Reaping the whirlwind from the oft-sown winds ;
The stubborn heart, its alchemy begun,
Seems ever near the prize,—wealthiest when most
 undone.

We wither from our youth, we gasp away—
 Sick—sick ; unfound the boon—unslaked the thirst,
 Though to the last, in verge of our decay,
 Some phantom lures, such as we sought at first—
 But all too late,—so are we doubly curst,
 Love, fame, ambition, avarice—'tis 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.

ADDRESS TO TIME.

Oh Time ! the beautifier of the dead,
 Adornèr 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 :

• Amidst this wreck, where thou hast made a shrine
 And temple more divinely desolate,
 Among thy mightier offerings here are mine,
 Ruins of years—though few, yet full of fate :—
 If thou hast ever seen me too elate,
 Hear me not ; but if calmly I have borne
 Good, and reserved my pride against the hate
 Which shall not overwhelm me, let me not have worn
 This iron in my soul in vain—shall *they* not mourn ?

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.

DOMESTIC MISERIES OF THE BARD.

And if my voice break forth, 'tis 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 !

That curse shall be Forgiveness.—Have I not—
 Hear me, my mother Earth ! behold it, Heaven !—
 Have I not had to wrestle with my lot ?
 Have I not suffer'd things to be forgiven ?
 Have I not had my brain sear'd, my heart riven,
 Hopes sapp'd, name blighted, Life's life lied away ?
 And only not to desperation driven,
 Because not altogether of such clay
 As rots into the souls of those whom I survey.

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 aspaltry 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.

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.

THE PANTHEON.

Simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime—
 Shrine of all saints and temple of all gods,
 From Jove to Jesus—spared and blest by time ;
 Looking tranquillity, while falls or nods
 Arch, empire, each thing round thee, and man plods
 His way through thorns to ashes—glorious dome !
 Shalt thou not last ? Time's scythe and tyrants' rods
 Shiver upon thee—sanctuary and home
 Of art and piety—Pantheon !—pride of Rome !

Relic of nobler days, and noblest arts !
 Despoil'd yet perfect, with thy circle spreads
 A holiness appealing to all hearts—
 To art a model ; and to him who treads
 Rome for the sake of ages, Glory sheds
 Her light through thy sole aperture ; to those
 Who worship, here are altars for their beads ;
 And they who feel for genius may repose
 Their eyes on honour'd forms, whose busts around
 them close.

CHURCH OF ST. PETER'S.

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.

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.

LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE
 OF WALES.

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.

Scion of chiefs and monarchs, where art thou?
 Fount 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.

Peasants bring forth in safety.—Can it be,
 Oh thou that wert so happy, so adored !
 Those who weep not for kings shall weep for thee,
 And Freedom's heart, grown heavy, cease to hoard
 Her many griefs for ONE ; for she had pour'd
 Her orisons for thee, and o'er thy head
 Beheld her Iris.—Thou, too, lonely lord,
 And desolate consort—vainly wert thou wed !
 The husband of a year ! the father of the dead !

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 :—'twas but a meteor
 beam'd.

Woe unto us, not her ; for she sleeps well :
 The fickle reek of popular breath, the tongue
 Of hollow counsel, the false oracle,
 Which from the birth of monarchy hath rung
 Its knell in princely ears, till the o'erstung
 Nations have arm'd in madness, the strange fate—
 Which tumbles mightiest sovereigns, and hath flung
 Against their blind omnipotence a weight
 Within the opposing scale, which crushes soon or
 late,—

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 oppress
 The land which loved thee so that none could love
 thee best.

CHILD HAROLDE, A CHILD OF NATURE.

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 enobling 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.

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.

Roll on, thou dark and deep 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.

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.

THE OCEAN.

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.

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—'twas 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.

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.

Farewell ! a word that must be, and hath been—
A sound that 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 ?

BEPPO

Is merely a portrait of public morals and manners at Venice. The tale, if it can be called one, is simply this:—Beppo, a Venetian mariner, leaves his young wife and proceeds to sea. He remains absent seven years, and the lady, to console herself for the supposed loss, throws herself into the arms of a dandy Count. At a Ridotto the lady meets her husband in a Turkish dress, who claims his wife, and the Count, nothing loath, gives her up with true Italian gallantry.

The manners of Venetian fashionables are humorously described, and his lordship, in his usual strain, extols their luxuriant lips and glowing eyes, heaving breasts, and fine-turned limbs. There is little of love, but much of voluptuousness in this poem, and neither narrow escapes or set murders to astonish and delight the marvellously inclined. It might more properly be called (in place of Beppo), a view of Venetian society and manners. There is a pretty, careless, humorous, light assemblage of Byronic verse; neither calculated to excite admiration or displeasure. Mr. Wilberforce is mentioned in it rather sarcastically, and as his Vice Society have not thought fit to prosecute it, I of course must suppose the moral of it to be chaste in all its bearings. But let the extracts speak for themselves; they are taken at random, as no part is better than another.

EXTRACTS FROM BEPPO.

BELIEVING.

'Tis known, at least it should be, that throughout
All countries of the Catholic persuasion,
Some weeks before Shrove Tuesday comes about,
The people take their fill of recreation,
And buy repentance, ere they grow devout,
However high their rank, or low their station,
With fiddling, dancing, drinking, masquing,
And other things which may be had for asking.

A LOVER'S NIGHT IN VENICE.

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.

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.

RECOMMENDATIONS FOR GLUTTONS.

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 "poochs" and "pishes,"
 And several oaths (which would not suit the Muse),
 From travellers accustom'd from a boy
 To eat their salmon, at the least, with soy ;
 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 ;
 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.

VENETIAN LADIES.

'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,

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,
'Tis but a portrait of his son, and wife,
And self ; but *such* a woman ! love in life !

Love in full life and length, not love ideal,
No, nor ideal beauty, that fine name,
But something better still, so very real,
That the sweet model must have been the same ;
A thing that you would purchase, beg or steal,
Wer't not impossible, besides a shame :
The face recalls some face, as 'twere with pain,
You once have seen, but ne'er will see again ;

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, seen no more below.

PROGRESS OF LOVE.

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.

JEALOUSY.

Their jealousy (if they are ever jealous)
Is of a fair complexion altogether,
Not like that sooty devil of O'hello'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.

A VENETIAN GONDOLA.

Did'st ever see a gondola? For fear
You should not, I'll describe it you exactly:
'Tis a long cover'd boat that's common here,
Carved at the prow, built lightly, but compactly,
Row'd by two rowers, each call'd "Gondolier,"
It glides along the water looking blackly,
Just like a coffin clapt in a canoe,
Where none can make out what you say or do.

THE STORY RESUMED.

But to my story.—'Twas 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.

A "CERTAIN AGE."

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.

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.

MARRIED WOMEN CONVENIENT.

She was a married woman ; 'tis convenient,
 Because in Christian countries 'tis 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.

AN ABSENT HUSBAND.

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),

JEALOUSY.

Their jealousy (if they are ever jealous)
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 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, called more briefly, Beppo.

A ROUGH ROGUE.

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.

MODERN PARTING.

Tis 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.

A WOMAN'S CHOICE.

She chose (and what is there they will not choose,
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.

A VENETIAN DANDY.

He patronised the Improvisatori,

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.

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.

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.

Besides, within the Alps, to every woman

(Although, God knows, it is a grievous sin,)
'Tis, 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*.

MISS IN HER TEENS.

'Tis 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.

BEAUTIES OF ITALY.

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.

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 'twould be dung, dust, or a dray.

I also like to dine on becalicas,
 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 candlelight which glimmers
Where reeking London's smoky caldron simmers.

THE ITALIAN LANGUAGE.

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 breath 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.

LOVE OF WOMAN.

I like the women too (forgive my folly),
From the rich peasant-cheek of ruddy bronza,
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.

Eve of the land which still is Paradise !

Italian beauty ! didst thou not inspire
Raphael, who died in thy embrace, and vies

With all we know of Heaven, or can desire,
In what he hath bequeathed 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 ?

" 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 'tis not too late ;
 I like the taxes, when they're not too many ;
 I like a seacoal 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.

Our standing army, and disbanded seamen,
 Poor's rate, Reform, my own, the nation's debt,
 Our little riots just to show we are free men,
 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.

A HIT AT SELF.

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.

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.

GOOD THINGS.

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.

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, 'twas not worth while to
 break them :
 The world beheld them with indulgent air ;
 The pious only wish'd " the devil take them !"
 He took them not ; he very often waits,
 And leaves old sinners to be young ones' baits.

LOVE AND YOUTH.

But they were young : Oh ! 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.

LAURA, NOT PETRARCH'S.

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.

FORTUNE.

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 ;
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.

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.

THE RIDOTTO AT VENICE.

They went to the Ridotto ('tis a place
 To which I mean to go myself to-morrow,
 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.)

A MOVING WOMAN.

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 curisies, 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.

A HINT FOR WILBERFORCE, AND HYPOCRITES.

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.

A MAHOGANY TURK.

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 ;
 'Tis 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."

REFLECTIONS A-LA-TURQUE.

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.
 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 harems 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."

AUTHOR'S REMEMBERED.

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 coxcombry's worst coxcombs e'en the pink
 Are preferable to these shreds of paper,
 These unquench'd snuffings of the midnight taper.

Of these same we see several, and of others,
 Men of the world, who know the world like men,
 S—tt, R—s, M—re, 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.

MILK AND WATER.

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.

DANCING IDEAS.

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.

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.

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.

DANCING AND IMPUDENCE.

Laura, who knew it would not do at all
To meet the daylight 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*.

In this they're like our coachmen, and the cause
Is much the same—the crowd, and pulling, hauling,
With blasphemies enough to break their jaws,
They make a never intermitted bawling.
At home, our Bow-street 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.

A SAIL ON THE WATER.

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,)
 Saw Laura by the side of her Adorer,
 When lo ! the Mussulman was there before her.

AN UNEXPECTED DISCOVERY.

" 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.

A WIFE'S QUESTIONS.

" 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 ?

HATRED TO BEARDS.

- " Beppo ! that beard of yours becomes you not ;
 " It shall be shared 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'nt 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 gray it's grown !

HOME AND WIFE.

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.

A HUSBAND'S TALE.

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.
 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.

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.

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 ;
'Tis to be wish'd it had been sooner done,
But stories somehow lengthen when begun.

THE GIAOUR

Is a Fragment of a Tale, which, however, Lord Byron has made a whole. The subject is as follows:—A young Venetian's mistress was taken by the Turks and consigned to Hassan's haram; he lets her go to the Bath, where she had an interview with the Giaour, her former lover: the fact reached Hassan's ears, and she was thrown into the sea inclosed in a sack, a common punishment in Turkey for infidelity. Lord Byron has caused Hassan to fall by the Giaour's hand—who becomes a solitary mourner for his beloved Lëila, and on his death-bed relates his story to a confessor.

In this Poem Lord Byron has put forth all his powers. Love, Hatred, Revenge and Remorse, are wonderfully depicted—the whole appears a splendid dream that will be immortal as long as men can read and feel.

I leave the reader to find out a moral lesson from this Poem. It contains one, though it is difficult to find; but he who will not labour in search of Truth deserves not to have her placed before him by another's hand.

The wildly-beaming flashes of his Poet's frenzied eye have rapidly travelled over the Giaour's every road. There is little attention paid to the metre; now long, now short, as suits the thing at the moment; but every variation from regularity, with Lord Byron, dispenses beauties which, had he not wandered from common rules, would never have blazed upon his Fancy, and irradiated the face of his reader with beams of delight and astonishment.

My Extracts are long, but to be justly appreciated the whole of this Poem ought to be read. You may take it up a hundred times and discover new beauties upon every perusal.

EXTRACTS
FROM
THE GIAOUR.

COMPLIMENT TO NATURE.

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.

GREECE—INDIGNATION.

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 their's 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 !
 'Twere 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-hoofs and despot-sway.

IMPETUOSITY.

Who thundering comes on blackest steed
 With slacken'd bit and hoof of speed?
 Beneath the chattering iron's sound
 The cavern'd echoes wake around
 In lash for lash, and bound for bound;
 'The foam that streaks the courser's side
 Seems gather'd from the ocean-tide:
 Though weary waves are sunk to rest,
 There's none within his rider's breast:
 And though to-morrow's tempest lower,
 'Tis calmer than thy heart, young Giaour!
 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
 Rang 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;
 Away, away, for life he rides;
 The spur hath lanced his courser's sides;
 Swift as the hurl'd on high jerreed
 Springs to the touch his startled steed;
 The rock is doubled, and the shore
 Shakes with the clattering tramp no more;

The crag is won, no more is seen
His Christian crest and haughty mien.
'Twas but an instant he restrain'd
That firey barb so sternly rein'd ;
'Twas 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.

DESOLATION.

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 'twere joy to scan
The rudest steps of fellow man.
So here the very voice of Grief
Might wake an Echo like relief—
At least 'twould say, " all are not gone ;
" There lingers Life, though but in one—"
For many a gilded chamber's there.
Which Solitude might well forbear ;

Within that dome as yet Decay
 Hath slowly work'd her cankering way—
 But gloom is gather'd o'er the gate,
 Nor there the Fakir's self will wait;
 Nor there will wandering Dervise stay,
 For bounty cheers not his delay;
 Nor there will weary stranger halt
 To bless the sacred "bread and salt."
 Alike must Wealth and Poverty
 Pass heedless and unheeded by,
 For Courtesy and Pity died
 With Hassan on the mountain side.
 His roof, that refuge unto men,
 Is Desolation's hungry den.

BEAUTY AND THE BUTTERFLY.

As rising on its purple wing
 The insect-queen of eastern spring,
 O'er emerald meadows of Kashmeer
 Invites the young pursuer near,
 And leads him on from flower to flower
 A weary chase and wasted hour,
 Then leaves him, as it soars on high,
 With panting heart and tearful eye:
 So beauty lures the full-grown child,
 With hue as bright, and wing as wild;
 A chase of idle hopes and fears,
 Begun in folly, closed in tears.
 If won, to equal ills betray'd,
 Woe waits the insect and the maid;
 A life of pain, the loss of peace,
 From infant's play, and man's caprice:
 The lovely toy so fiercely sought
 Hath lost its charm by being caught,

For every touch that wooed its stay
Hath brush'd its brightest hues away,
Till charm, and hue, and beauty gone,
'Tis 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.

IMMORTAL BEAUTY.

Her eye's dark charm 'twere vain to tell,
But gaze on that of the Gazelle,
It will assist thy fancy well ;
As large, as languishingly dark,
But Soul beam'd forth in every spark
That darted from beneath the lid,
Bright as the jewel of Giamschid.
Yea, *Soul*, and should our prophet say
That form was nought but breathing clay,
By Alla ! I would answer nay ;
Though on Al-Sirat's arch I stood,
Which totters o'er the fiery flood,
With Paradise within my view,
And all his Houris beckoning through.
Oh ! who young Leila's glance could read
And keep that portion of his creed

Which saith that woman is but dust,
A soulless toy for tyrant's lust?
On her mighty Mufti's gaze, and own
That through her eye the Immortal shone;
On her fair cheek's unfading hue
The young pomegranate's blossoms strew
Their bloom in blushes ever new;
Her hair in a hyacinthine flow,
When left to roll its folds below,
As midst her handmaids in the hall
She stood superior to them all,
Hath swept the marble where her feet
Gleam'd whiter than the mountain sleet
Ere from the cloud that gave it birth
It fell, and caught one stain of earth.
The cygnet nobly walks the water;
So moved on earth Circassia's daughter,
'The loveliest bird of Franguestan!
As rears her crest the ruffled Swan,
And spurns the 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
Shrunk from the charms it meant to praise.

REPOSE.

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 'twere vain to seek

In cities lodged too near his lord,
 And trembling for his secret hoard—
 Here may he rest where none can see,
 In crowds a slave, in deserts free;
 And with forbidden wine may stain
 The bowl of Moslem must not drain.

REVENGE AND DEATH.

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 and ringing near
 Its echoes on the throbbing ear,
 The deathshot hissing from afar;
 The shock, the shout, the groan of war,
 Reverberate along that vale,
 More suited to the shepherd's tale:
 Though few the numbers—theirs the strife,
 That neither spares nor speaks for life!

Ah ! fondly youthful-~~heartful~~ 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,
 But dripping with the blood he spilt ;
 Yet strain'd within the sever'd hand
 Which quivers round that faithless brand ;
 His turban far behind him roll'd,
 And cleft in twain its firmest fold ;
 His flowing robe by falchion torn,
 And crimson as those clouds of morn
 That, streak'd with dusky red, portend
 The day shall have a stormy end ;
 A stain on every bush that bore
 A fragment of his palampore,
 His breast with wounds unnumber'd riven,
 His back to earth, his face to heaven,
 Fall'n Hassan lies—his unclosed eye
 Yet lowering on his enemy,
 As if the hour that seal'd his fate
 Surviving left his quenchless hate ;
 And o'er him bends that foe with brow
 As dark as his that bled below.—

A MOTHER'S HOPES, FEARS, AND MISERIES.

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 :
" 'Tis twilight—sure his train is night,"
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—
Angels of Death! 'tis Hassan's cloven crest!

THE VAMPIRE.

But first, on earth as Vampire sent,
Thy corse shall from its tomb be rent :
Then ghastly haunt thy native place,
And suck the blood of all thy race;
There from thy daughter, sister, wife,
At midnight drain the stream of life;

Yet loathe the banquet which perforce
 Must feed thy livid living corse :
 Thy victims ere they yet expire
 Shall know the dæmon 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 hands shalt tear
 The tresses of her yellow hair,
 Of which in life a lock when shorn
 Affection's fondest pledge was worn ;
 But now is borne away by thee,
 Memorial of thine agony !
 Wet with thine own best blood shall drip
 Thy gnashing tooth and haggard lip ;
 Then stalking to thy sullen grave,
 Go—and with Gouls and Afrits rave ;
 Till these in horror shrink away
 From spectre more accursed than they !

A SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER.

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 'tis 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.
“ His floating robe around him folding,
“ Slow sweeps he though 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-illuminated 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 mixed defiance and despair !
“ Saint Francis, keep him from the shrine !
“ Else may we dread the wrath divine
“ Made manifest by awful sign.
“ If ever evil angel bore
“ The form of mortal, such he wore :
“ By all my hope of sins forgiven,
“ Such looks are not of earth nor heaven !”

SOLITARY RELEASE.

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—'twere 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,
 Whose beak unlocks her bosom's stream
 To still her famish'd nestlings' scream,
 Nor mourns a life to them transferr'd,
 Should rend her rash devoted breast,
 And find them flown her empty nest.
 The keenest pangs the wretched find
 Are rapture to the dreary void,
 The leafless desert of the mind,
 The waste of feelings unemploy'd.
 Who would be doom'd to gaze upon
 A sky without a cloud or sun?
 Less hideous far the tempest's roar
 Than ne'er to brave the billows more—
 Thrown, when the war of winds is o'er,
 A lonely wreck on fortune's shore,
 Mid sullen calm, and silent bay,
 Unseen to drop by dull decay;—
 Better to sink beneath the shock
 Than moulder piecemeal on the rock !

A MIND WEARIED OF EXISTENCE.

" 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 'tis rest.
 " Soon shall my fate that wish fulfil;
 " And I shall sleep without the dream
 " Of what I was, and would be still,
 " Dark as to thee my deeds may seem ;
 " My memory now is but the tomb
 " Of joys long dead ; my hope, their doom :

" Though better to have died with those
 " Than bear a life of lingering woes.
 " My spirit shrunk not to sustain
 " The searching throes of ceaseless pain
 " Nor sought the self-accorded grave
 " Of ancient fool and modern knave;
 " Yet death I have not fear'd to meet;
 " And in the field it had been sweet,
 " Had danger woo'd me on to move
 " The slave of glory, not of love.
 " I've braved it—not for honour's boast:
 " I smile at laurels won or lost;
 " To such let others carve their way,
 " For high renown, or hireling pay:
 " But place again before my eyes
 " Aught that I deem a worthy prize;
 " The maid I love, the man I hate,
 " And I will hunt the steps of fate,
 " To save or slay, as these require.
 " Through rending steel, and rolling fire;
 " Nor needst 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:

REVENGE IN DEATH.

" His doom was seal'd—he knew it well,
 " Warn'd by the voice of stern Tabeer,
 " Deep in whose darkly boding ear
 " The deathshot peal'd of murder near,
 " As filed the troop to where they fell!
 " He died too in the battle broil,
 " A time that heeds nor pain nor toil;

- " One cry to Mahomet for aid,
 " One prayer to Alla all he made:
 " He knew and cross'd me in the fray—
 " I gazed upon him where he lay,
 " And watch'd his spirit ebb away:
 " Though pierced like Pard by 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 can not 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.

HEAVENLY LOVE.

- " 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!

STINGS OF LOVE.

- " 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.
-

REMEMBRANCE OF YOUTHFUL DAYS.

- " 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 though to distant friendship's claim,
 " Yet dear to him my blighted name.
 " 'Tis strange—he prophesied my doom,
 " And I have smiled—I then could smile—
 " Where 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.
-

THE FRENZY OF LOVE.

- " Tell me no more of fancy's gleam,
 " No, father, no, 'twas 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.
“ 'Twas then, I tell thee, father! then
“ I saw her; yes, she liv'd again;
“ And shining in her white symar,
“ As through yon pale gray cloud the star
“ Which now I gaze on, as on her,
“ Who look'd and looks far lovelier;
“ Dimly I view its trembling spark;
“ To-morrow's night shall be more dark;
“ And I, before its rays appear,
“ That lifeless thing the living fear.
“ I wander, father! for my soul
“ Is fleeing 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, Lelia! 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 'tis there ! In silence stands,
“ And beckons with beseeching hands !
“ With braided air, and bright-black eye—
“ I knew 'twas 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—'twas 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 !

THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS

Is a fiction, of Lord Byron's prolific imagination, and a lovely fiction it is—if distress can be accounted lovely.

Giaffir, a Turkish Chief, has a lovely daughter named “*Zulicka*,” and a supposed son called “*Salam*,” to whom he is peculiarly harsh and overbearing.

Giaffir determines on a marriage, betwixt his lovely young daughter, and an old friend of whom she has scarce ever heard. An interview takes place, between

her and *Salam*, who avows that he is not her brother. Her artless distress at this sudden and unexpected discovery, is beautifully designated. One of the most beautiful parts of Mr. Moore's "*Loves of the Angels*," is a gross plagiarism—a robbery, of his friend's words and ideas. It is, I think, in the song of *Nama*, where the stanza ends,

" 'Twere happier thus to be,
Than live as nothing without thee."

Zuleika says,

" My breast is offered take thy fill,
Far better with the dead to be,
Than live thus nothing now to thee."

Lord Byron can well afford to be plundered of poetical beauties, but I am loth to let the genteel robber escape without exposure.

Salam, relates to *Zuleika*, that his father was brother to *Giaffir*, who poisoned him at a banquet, and adopted him (*Selim*) as his son, passing him on the world as really so, during his absences from the tyrannous dominions of *Giaffir*. Enamoured of freedom, he had linked himself with a piratical band, and now urges *Zuleika* to escape with him, and live his bride; whilst she is hesitating, they are surprised by *Giaffir*. *Salam* gives the signal to his crew, and is shot as he is ascending his boat, by the murderer of his father.

Zuleika dies—the catastrophe is wound up to intensity—we are hurried along in the perusal, with the velocity of lightning, athwart the heavens, leaving a stripe of its fire in every passing cloud; and we fall like the thunderbolt to earth, when the objects of our anxiety are lost for ever.

I have selected very extensively: the beauties necessarily discarded, may be judged of, from those I have retained; and the "*Joy of Grief*," will pervade all who judge of Poetry by the *heart*, and not by the *ear*.

EXTRACTS
FROM
THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS.

DESCRIPTION OF THE SHORES OF THE DARDANELLES.

Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime ?
Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine ;
Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppressed with perfume,
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gul in her bloom ;
Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute ;
Where the tints of the earth, and the hues of the sky,
In colour though varied, in beauty may vie,
And the purple of Ocean is deepest in die ;
Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine ?
'Tis the clime of the East ; 'tis the land of the Sun—
Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done ?
Oh ! wild as the accents of lovers' farewell
Are the hearts which they bear, and the tales which
they tell.

A TURKISH FATHER'S THREAT.

" Son of a slave"—the Pacha said—
" From unbelieving mother bred,
" Vain were a father's hope to see
" Aught that beseeems a man in thee.

"Thou, when thine arm should bend the bow,
 "And hurl the dart, and curb the steed,
 "Thou, Greek in soul if not in creed,
 "Must pore where babbling waters flow,
 "And watch unfolding roses blow.
 "Would that yon orb, whose matin glow
 "Thy listless eyes so much admire,
 "Would lend thee something of his fire!
 "Thou, who wouldst see this battlement
 "By Christian cannon piecemeal rent;
 "Nay, tamely view old Stambol's wall
 "Before the dogs of Moscow fall,
 "Nor strike one stroke for life and death
 "Against the curs of Nazareth!
 "Go—let thy less than woman's hand
 "Assume the distaff—not the brand.
 "But, Haroun!—to my daughter speed:
 "And hark—of thine own head take heed—
 "If thus Zuleika oft takes wing—
 "Thou see'st yon bow—it hath a string!"

BEAUTY AND MUSIC.

Who hath not proved how feebly words essay
 To fix one spark of Beauty's heavenly ray;
 Who doth not feel, until his failing sight
 Faints into dimness with its own delight,
 His changing cheek, his sinking heart confess
 The might—the majesty of loveliness?
 Such was Zuleika—such around her shone
 The nameless charms unmark'd by her alone;
 The light of love, the purity of grace,
 The mind, the Music breathing from her face;
 The heart whose softness harmonized the whole—
 And, oh! that eye was in itself a Soul!
 Her graceful arms in meekness bending

Across her gently-budding breast;
 At one kind word those arms extending
 To clasp the neck of him who blest
 His child caressing and carest.

DISPOSING OF A FEMALE HEART.

"And now thou know'st thy father's will;
 "All that thy sex hath need to know:
 "'Twas mine to teach obedience still—
 "The way to love, thy lord may show."

THE TEAR AND THE BLUSH.

So bright the tear in Beauty's eye,
 Love half regrets to kiss it dry;
 So sweet the blush of Bashfulness,
 Even Pity scarce can wish it less!

THE ROSE BUD, OR THE PLEDGE OF A SISTER'S LOVE.

"What! not receive my foolish flower?
 "Nay then I am indeed unblest:
 "On me can thus thy forehead lower?
 "And know'st thou not who loves the best?
 "Oh, Selim dear! Oh, more than dearest!
 "Say, is it me, thou hat'st or fearest?
 "Come, lay thy head upon my breast,
 "And I will kiss thee into rest.

TRANSPORTS OF LOVE.

He lived—he breathed—he moved—he felt;
 He raised the maid from where she knelt;

His trance was gone—his keen eye shone
With thoughts that long in darkness dwelt ;
With thoughts that burn—in rays that melt.
As the stream late conceal'd

By the fringe of its willows,
When it rushes reveal'd

In the light of its billows ;
As the bolt bursts on high

From the black cloud that bound it,
Flash'd the soul of that eye

Through the long lashes round it,

A warhorse at the trumpet's sound,

A lion roused by heedless hound,

A tyrant waked to sudden strife

By graze of ill-directed knife,

Starts not to more convulsive life

Than he, who heard that vow display'd,

And all, before repress'd, betray'd :

" Now thou art mine, for ever mine,

" With life to keep, and scarce with life resign ;

" Now thou art mine, that sacred oath,

" Though sworn by one, hath bound us both.

" Yes, fondly, wisely hast thou done ;

" That vow hath saved more heads than one.

ARTLESS AFFECTION.

" Think not thou art what thou appearest !

" My Selim, thou art sadly changed :

" This morn I saw thee gentlest, dearest ;

" But now thou'rt from thyself estranged.

" My love thou surely knew'st before,

" It ne'er was less, nor can be more.

" To see thee, hear thee, near thee stay,

" And hate the night I know not why,

- “ Save that we meet not but y day ;
“ With thee to live, with thee to die,
“ I dare not to my hope deny :
“ Thy cheek, thine eyes, thy lips to kiss,
“ Like this—and this—no more than this ;
“ For, All! sure thy lips are flame :
“ What fever in thy veins is flushing ?
“ My own have nearly caught the same,
“ At least I feel my cheek too blushing.
“ To soothe thy sickness, watch thy health,
“ Partake, but never waste thy wealth,
“ Or stand with smiles unmurmuring by,
“ And lighten half thy poverty ;
“ Do all but close thy dying eye,
“ For that I could not live to try ;
“ To these alone my thoughts aspire :
“ More can I do? or thou require ?
“ To be what I have ever been ?
“ What other have Zuleika seen
“ From simple childhood’s earliest hour ?
“ What other can she seek to see
“ Than thee, companion of her bower,
“ The partner of her infancy ?
“ These cherish’d thoughts with life begun,
“ Say, Why must I no more avow ?
“ What change is wrought to make me shun
“ The truth ; my pride, and thine till now ?
“ And why I know not, but within
“ My heart concealment weighs like sin.
“ If then such secrecy be crime,
“ And such it feels while lurking here ;
“ Oh, Selim I tell me yet in time,
“ Nor leave me thus to thoughts of fear.
“ Ah! yonder see the Tchocadar,
“ My father leaves the mimic war ;
“ I tremble now to meet his eye—
“ Say, Selim, can’st thou tell me why ?”

THE SWIMMING LOVERS.

The winds are high on Helle's wave,
 As on that night of stormy water
 When Love, who sent, forgot to save
 The young, the beautiful, the brave,
 The lonely hope of Sestos' daughter.
 Oh ! when alone along the sky
 Her turret-torch was blazing high,
 Though rising gale, and breaking foam,
 And shrieking sea-birds warn'd him home ;
 And clouds aloft and tides below,
 With signs and sounds, forbade to go,
 He could not see, he would not hear,
 Or sound or sign foreboding fear ;
 His eye but saw that ligh. of love,
 The only star that hail'd above ;
 His ear but rang with Hero's song,
 " Ye waves, divide not lovers long !"—
 That tale is old, but love anew.
 May nerve young hearts to prove as true.

The winds are high, and Helle's tide
 Rolls darkly heaving to the main ;
 And Night's descending shadows hide
 That field with blood bedew'd in vain,
 The desert of old Priam's pride ;
 The tombs, sole relics of his reign,
 All—save immortal dreams that could beguile
 The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle !

Oh ! yet—for there my steps have been ;
 These feet have press'd the sacred shore,
 These limbs that buoyant wave hath borne—
 Minstrel ! with thee to muse, to mourn,
 To trace again these fields of yore,

Believing every hillock green
 Contains no fabled hero's ashes,
 And that around the undoubted scene
 'Thine own "broad Hellespont" still dashes,
 Be long my lot! and cold were he
 Who there could gaze denying thee!

A LOVER'S CHANGE.

His robe of pride was thrown aside,
 His brow no high-crown'd turban bore,
 But in its stead a shawl of red,
 Wreath'd lightly round, his temples wore :
 That dagger, on whose hilt the gem
 Were worthy of a diadem,
 No longer glitter'd at his waist,
 Where pistols unadorn'd were braced ;
 And from his belt a sabre swung,
 And from his shoulder loosely hung
 The cloak of white, the thin capote
 That decks the wandering Candiote :
 Beneath—his golden-plated vest
 Clung like a cuirass to his breast ;
 The greaves below his knee that wound
 With silvery scales were sheathed and bound,
 But were it not that high command
 Spake in his eye, and tone, and hand,
 All that a careless eye could see
 In him was some young Galiongée.

"I said I was not what I seem'd ;
 "And now thou seest my words were true :
 "I have a tale thou hast not dream'd,
 "If sooth—its truth must others see.

" My story now 'twere vain to hide,
" I must not see thee Osman's bride:
" But had not thine own lips declared
" How much of that young heart I shared,
" I could not, must not, yet have shown
" The darker secret of my own.
" In this I speak not now of love ;
" That, let time, truth, and peril prove ;
" But first—Oh ! never wed another—
" Zuleika ! I am not thy brother !"

" Oh ! not my brother !—yet unsay—
" God ! am I left alone on earth
" To mourn—I dare not curse—the day
" That saw my solitary birth ?
" Oh ! thou wilt love me now no more !
" My sinking heart foreboded ill ;
" But know me all I was before,
" Thy sister—friend—Zuleika still !
" Thou led'st me here perchance to kill ;
" If thou hast cause for vengeance, see !
" My breast is offer'd—take thy fill !
Far better with the dead to be
" Than live thus nothing now to thee ;
" If not thy sister—would'st thou save
" My life, Oh ! bid me be thy slave !

A TYRANT HAS NO REAL FRIENDS.

" Within thy father's house are foes ;
" Not all who break his bread are true ;
" To these should I my birth disclose,
" His days, his very hours were few :
" They only want a heart to lead,
" A hand to point them to the dead.

- " Far from our seats by Danube's tide,
 " With none but Haroun, who retains
 " Such knowledge—and that Nubian feels
 " A tyrant's secrets are but chains,
 " From which the captive gladly steals,
 " And this and more to me reveals :
 " Such still to guilt just Alla sends—
 " Slaves, tools, accomplices—no friends !

FIRST FEELINGS OF LIBERTY.

- " Haroun, who saw my spirit pining
 " Beneath inaction's sluggish yoke,
 " His captive, though with dread resigning,
 " My thralldom for a season broke,
 " On promise to return before
 " The day when Giaffir's charge was o'er,
 " 'Tis vain—my tongue can not impart
 " My almost drunkenness of heart,
 " When first this liberated eye
 " Survey'd Earth, Ocean, Sun and Sky,
 " As if my spirit pierced them through,
 " And all their inmost wonders knew
 " One word alone can paint to thee
 " That more than feeling—I was Free
 " E'en for thy presence ceased to pine ;
 " The world—nay—Heaven itself was mine !

GUILTY VALOUR AND AFFECTION.

- " 'Tis true, they are a lawless brood,
 " But rough in form, nor mild in mood ;
 " And every creed, and every race,
 " With them hath found—may find a place :

- “ But open speech, and ready hand,
“ Obedience to their chief's command ;
“ A soul for every enterprise,
“ That never sees with terror's eyes ;
“ Friendship for each, and faith to all,
“ And vengeance vow'd for those who fall,
“ Have made them fitting instruments
“ For more than ev'n my own intents.
“ And some—and I have studied all
“ Distinguish'd from the vulgar rank,
“ But chiefly to my council call
“ The wisdom of the cautious Frank—
“ And some to higher thoughts aspire,
“ The last of Lambro's patriots there
“ Anticipated freedom share ;
“ And oft around the cavern fire
“ On visionary schemes debate,
“ To snatch the Rayahs from their fate.
“ So let them ease their hearts with prate
“ Of equal rights, which man ne'er knew ;
“ I have a love for freedom too.
“ Ay ! let me like the ocean-Patriarch roam,
“ Or only know on land the Tartar's home !
“ My tent on shore, my galley on the sea,
“ Are more than cities and Serais to me :
“ Borne by my steed, or wafted by my sail,
“ Across the desert, or before the gale,
“ Bound where thou wilt, my barb ! or glide, my prow !
“ But be the star that guides the wanderer, Thou !
“ Thou, my Zuleika, share and bless my bark ;
“ The Dove of peace and promise to mine ark !
“ Or, since that hope denied in worlds of strife,
“ Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life !
“ The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,
“ And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray !

THE VOICE OF LOVE.

- “ Soft—as the melody of youthful days,
“ That steals the trembling tear of speechless praise ;
“ Dear—as his native song to Exile’s ears,
“ Shall sound each tone thy long-loved voice endears.
-

THE SPURNER OF SOCIETY.

- “ Yet there we follow but the bent assign’d
“ By fatal Nature to man’s warring kind :
“ Mark ! where his carnage and his conquests cease !
“ He makes a solitude, and calls it—peace !
“ I like the rest must use my skill or strength,
“ But ask no land beyond my sabre’s length :
“ Power sways but by division—her resource
“ The blest alternative of fraud or force !
“ Ours be the last ; in time deceit may come
“ When cities cage us in a social home :
“ There ev’n thy soul might err—how oft the heart
“ Corruption shakes which peril could not part !
“ And woman, more than man, when death or woe
“ Or even Disgrace would lay her lover low,
“ Sunk in the lap of Luxury will shame—
“ Away suspicion!—not Zeleika’s name !
“ But life is hazard at the best ; and here
“ No more remains to win, and much to fear :
“ Yes, fear !—the doubt, the dread of losing thee,
“ By Osman’s power, and Giaffir’s stern decree.
“ That dread shall vanish with the favouring gale,
“ Which Love to-night hath promised to my sail ;
“ No danger daunts the pair his smile hath blest,
“ Their steps still roving, but their hearts at rest.
“ With thee all toils are sweet, each clime hath charms ;
“ Earth—sea alike—our world within our arms !

" Ay—let the loud winds whistle o'er the deck,
 " So that those arms cling closer round my neck :
 " The deepest murmur of this lip shall be
 " No sigh for safety, but a prayer for thee !
 " The war of elements no fears impart
 " To Love, whose deadliest bane is human Art :
 " *There* lie the only rocks our course can check ;
 " *Here* moments menace—*there* are years of wreck !
 " But hence ye thoughts that rise in Horror's shape !
 " This hour bestows, or ever bars escape.
 " Few words remain of mine my tale to close ;
 " Of thine but *one* to waft us from our foes.

DESPAIR.

Zuleika, mute and motionless,
 Stood like that statue of distress,
 When, her last hope for ever gone,
 The mother harden'd into stone ;
 All in the maid that eye could see
 Was but a younger Niobé,
 But ere her lip, or even her eye,
 Essay'd to speak, or look reply,
 Beneath the garden's wicket porch
 Far flash'd on high a blazing torch !
 Another—and another—and another—
 " Oh ! fly—no more—yet now my more than brother !"
 Far, wide, through every thicket spread,
 The fearful lights are gleaming red :
 Nor these alone—for each right hand
 Is ready with a sheathless brand.
 They part, pursue, return, and wheel
 With searching flambeau, shining steel :
 And now almost they touch the cave—
 Oh ! must that grot be Selim's grave ?

Dauntless he stood—" 'Tis come—soon past—

" One kiss, Zuleika—'tis my last :

" But yet my band not far from shore

" May hear this signal, see the flash ;

" Yet now too few—the attempt were rash :

" No matter—yet one effort more."

Forth to the cavern mouth he stept ;

His pistol's echo rang on high.

Zuleika started not, nor wept,

Despair benumb'd her breast and eye !—

" They hear me not, or if they ply

" Their oars, 'tis but to see me die ;

" That sound hath drawn my foes more nigh.

" Then forth my father's scimitar,

" Thou ne'er hast seen less equal war !

" Farewell, Zuleika !—Sweet ! retire :

" Yet stay within—here linger safe,

" At thee his rage will only chafe.

" Stir not—lest even to thee perchance

" Some erring blade or ball should glance.

" Fear'st thou for him ?—may I expire

" If in this strife I seek thy sire !

" No—though by him that poison pour'd ;

" No—though again he call me coward !

" But tamely shall I meet their steel ?

" No—as each crest save *his* may feel !"

RESOLUTION.

One bound he made, and gain'd the sand :

Already at his feet hath sunk

The foremost of the prying band,

A gasping head, a quivering trunk ;

Another falls—but round him close

A swarming circle of his foes ;

From right to left his path he cleft,
 And almost met the meeting wave :
 His boat appears—not five oars' length—
 His comrades strain with desperate strength—
 Oh ! are they yet in time to save ?

His feet the foremost breakers lave ;
 His band are plunging in the bay,
 Their sabres glitter through the spray ;
 Wet—wild—unwearied to the strand,
 They struggle—now they touch the land !
 'They come—'tis but to add to slaughter—
 His heart's best blood is on the water,

A DEATH SCENE.

Morn slowly rolls the clouds away ;
 Few trophies of the fight are there :
 The shouts that shook the midnight-bay
 Are silent ; but some signs of fray

That strand of strife may bear,
 And fragments of each shiver'd brand ;
 Steps stamp'd ; and dash'd into the sand
 The print of many a struggling hand

May there be mark'd ; nor far remote
 A broken torch, an oarless boat ;
 And tangled on the weeds that heap
 The beach where shelving to the deep

There lies a white Capote !
 'Tis rent in twain—one dark-red stain
 The wave yet ripples o'er in vain ;

But where is he who wore ?
 Yet ! who would o'er his relics weep,
 Go, seek them where the surges sweep
 Their burthen round Sigmæum's steep,
 And cast on Lemnos shore :

The sea-birds shriek above the prey,
O'er which their hungry beaks delay,
As shaken on his restless pillow,
His head heaves with the heaving billow ;
That hand, whose motion is not life,
Yet feebly seems to menace strife,
Flung by the tossing tide on high,
That levell'd with the wave—

What reck's it, though that corpse shall lie
Within a living grave ?

The bird that tears that prostrate form,
Hath only robb'd the meaner worm ;
The only heart, the only eye
Had bled or wept to see him die,
Had seen those scatter'd limbs composed,
And mourn'd above his turban-stone,
That heart hath burst—that eye was closed—
Yea—closed before his own !

DEATH OF ZULEIKA.

By Helle's stream there is a voice of wail !
And woman's eye is wet—man's cheek is pale :
Zuleika ! last of Giaffir's race,

Thy destined lord is come too late :
He sees not—ne'er shall see thy face !

Can he not hear
The loud Wul-wulleh warn his distant ear ?

Thy handmaids weeping at the gate,

The Koran-chanters of the hymn of fate,

The silent slaves with folded arms that wait,

Sighs in the hall, and shrieks upon the gale,

Tell him thy tale !

Thou didst not view thy Selim fall !
That fearful moment when he left the cave
Thy heart grew chill :
He was thy hope—thy joy—thy love—thine all—
And that last thought on him thou could'st not save
Sufficed to kill ;
Burst forth in one wild cry—and all was still.

THE WHITE ROSE OF GREECE.

Within the place of thousand tombs
That shine beneath, while dark above
The sad but living cypress glooms
And withers not, though branch and leaf
Are stamp'd with an eternal grief,
Like early unrequited Love,
One spot exists, which ever blooms,
Ev'n in that deadly grove—
A single rose is shedding there
Its lonely lustre, meek and pale :
It looks as planted by Despair—
So white—so faint—the slightest gale
Might whirl the leaves on high ;
And yet, though storms and blight assail,
And hands more rude than wintry sky
May wring it from the stem—in vain—
To-morrow sees it bloom again !
The stalk some spirit gently rears,
And waters with celestial tears ;
For well may maids of Helle deem
That this can be no earthly flower,
Which mocks the tempest's withering hour,
And buds unshelter'd by a bower ;
Nor droops, though spring refuse her shower,
Nor woos the summer beam :

To it the livelong night there slings

A bird unseen—but not remote :

Invisible his airy wings,

But soft as harp that Houri strings

His long entrancing note !

It were the Bulbul ; but his throat,

Though mournful, pours not such a strain :

For they who listen cannot leave

The spot, but linger there and grieve

As if they loved in vain !

And yet so sweet the tears they shed,

'Tis sorrow so unmix'd with dread,

They scarce can bear the morn to break

That melancholy spell,

And longer yet would weep and wake,

He sings so wild and well !

But when the day-blush bursts from high

Expires that magic melody.

And some have been who could believe,

(So fondly youthful dreams deceive,

Yet harsh be they that blame)

That note so piercing and profound

Will shape and syllable its sound

Into Zuleika's name.

'Tis from her cypress' heard,

That melts in air the liquid word :

'Tis summit from her lowly virgin earth

That white rose takes its tender birth.

There late was laid a marble stone ;

Eve saw it placed—the Morrow gone !

It was no mortal arm that bore

That deep-fix'd pillar to the shore ;

For there, as Helle's legends tell,

Next morn 'twas found where Selim fell ;

Lash'd by the tumbling tide, whose wave

Denied his bones a holier grave :

And there by night, reclined, 'tis said,
Is seen a ghastly turban'd head:
And hence extended by the billow,
'Tis named the "Pirate-phantom's pillow!"
Where first it lay, that mourning flower
Hath flourish'd; flourisheth this hour,
Alone and dewy, coldly pure and pale;
As weeping Beauty's cheek at Sorrow's tale!

THE CORSAIR.

THE foundation of this Tale is a truth of recent date, of a Monsieur *La Fette*, a Frenchman, who took possession of the Isle of Barrateria in the Gulf of Mexico, and commenced pirate. He and his horde were, after many conflicts, destroyed by the Americans. Lord Byron has placed his hero at the head of a squadron of pirate ships, who rendezvous at an inland in the Archipelago; he has a mistress named *Madora*, and they are warmly attached to each other. The Corsair sails to attack a Turkish *Pacha* sent to destroy him, but he is wounded and made prisoner. *Gulnare*, the favourite of the Pacha, stabs him with a poniard and flies with the Corsair whom she loves; he cannot return her affection, and this constitutes the finest part of this fine poem. They reach the pirate's isle, and he finds *Madora* dead from grief at hearing of his capture. The Corsair is missing, and none ever knew what became him.

The character of the Corsair is ably drawn, and that of *Gulnare*, the beautiful murderess, still better. Her fixed deadly resolution, not to spare *Seyd* when the Corsair's life was in jeopardy, and her relapsing into

Yes—she is ours—a home returning bark—
 Blow fair, thou breeze!—she anchors ere the dark.
 Already doubled is the cape—our bay
 Receives that prow which proudly spurns the spray.
 How gloriously her gallant course she goes!
 Her white wings flying—never from her foes—
 She walks the waters like a thing of life,
 And seems to dare the elements to strife.
 Who would not brave the battle-fire—the wreck—
 To move the monarch of her peopled deck?

Hoarse o'er her side the rustling cable rings;
 The sails are furl'd, and, anchoring, round she swings:
 And gathering loiterers on the land discern
 Her boat descending from the latticed stern.
 'Tis mann'd—the oars keep concert to the strand,
 'Till grates her keel upon the shallow sand.
 Hail to the welcome shout!—the friendly speech;
 When hand grasps hand uniting on the beach;
 The smile, the question, and the quick reply,
 And the heart's promise of festivity!

And woman's gentler anxious tone is heard—
 Friends'—husbands'—lovers' names in each dear word:
 "Oh! are they safe? we ask not of success—
 "But shall we see them? will their accents bless?
 "From where the battle roars—the billows chafe—
 "They doubtless boldly did, but who are safe?
 "Here let them haste to gladden and surprise,
 "And kiss the doubt from these delighted eyes!"

THE POWER OF A GREAT OVER AN IGNOBLE MIND.

They make obeisance, and retire in haste,
 Too soon to seek again the watery waste:
 Yet they repine not—so that Conrad guides,
 And who dare question aught that he decides?

That man of loneliness and mystery,
Scarce seen to smile, and seldom heard to sigh ;
Whose name appals the fiercest of his crew,
And tints each swarthy cheek with sallower hue ;
Still sways their souls with that commanding art
That dazzles, leads, yet chills the vulgar heart.
What is that spell, that thus his lawless train
Confess and envy, yet oppose in vain ?
What should it be ? that thus their faith can bind ?
The power of Thought—the magic of the Mind !
Link'd with success, assumed and kept with skill,
That moulds another's weakness to its will ;
Wields with their hands, but, still to these unknown,
Makes even their mightiest beds appear his own.
Such hath it been—shall be—beneath the sun
The many still must labour for the one !
'Tis Nature's doom—but let the wretch who toils,
Accuse not, hate not *him* who wears the spoils.
Oh ! if he knew the weight of splendid chains,
How light the balance of his humbler pains !

DUPLICITY.

He had the skill, when Cunning's gaze would seek
To probe his heart and watch his changing cheek,
At once the observer's purpose to espy,
And on himself roll back his scrutiny,
Lest he to Conrad rather should betray
Some secret thought, than drag that chief's to day.
There was a laughing Devil in his sneer,
That raised emotions both of rage and fear ;
And where his frown of hatred darkly fell,
Hope withering fled—and Mercy sigh'd—farewell !

EVIL THOUGHTS.

Slight are the outward signs of evil thought,
Within—within—'twas there the spirit wrought !
Love shows all changes—Hate, Ambition, Guile,
Betray no further than the bitter smile ;
The lip's least curl, the lightest paleness thrown
Along the govern'd aspect, speak alone
Of deeper passions ; and to judge their mien,
He, who would see, must be himself unseen.
Then—with the hurried tread, the upward eye,
The clenched hand, the pause of agony,
That listens, starting, lest the step too near
Approach intrusive on that mood of fear :
Then—with each feature working from the heart,
With feelings loosed to strengthen—not depart :
That rise—convulse—contend—that freeze, or glow,
Flush in the cheek, or damp upon the brow ;
Then—Stranger ! if thou canst, and tremblest not,
Behold his soul—the rest that soothes his lot !
Mark—how that lone and blighted bosom sears
The scathing thought of execrated years !
Behold—but who hath seen, or e'er shall see.
Man as himself—the secret spirit free ?

COURAGE.

He paused a moment—till his hastening men
Pass'd the first winding downward to the glen.
“ Strange tidings !—many a peril have I past,
“ Nor know I why this next appears the last !
“ Yet so my heart forebodes, but must not fear,
“ Nor shall my followers find me falter here.
“ 'Tis rash to meet, but surer death to wait
“ Till here they hunt us to undoubted fate ;

“ And, if my plan but hold, and Fortune smile,
“ We'll furnish mourners for our funeral-pile.
“ Ay—let them slumber—peaceful be their dreams !
“ Morn ne'er awoke them with such brilliant beams
“ As kindle high to-night ; but blow, thou breeze !
“ To warm these slow avengers of the seas.
“ Now to Medora—Oh ! my sinking heart,
“ Long may her own be lighter than thou art !
“ Yet was I brave—mean boast where all are brave !
“ Ev'n insects sting for aught they seek to save.
“ This common courage which with brutes we share.
“ That owes its deadliest efforts to despair,
“ Small merit claims—but 'twas my nobler hope
“ To teach my few with numbers still to cope ;
“ Long have I led them—not to vainly bleed :
“ No medium now—we perish or succeed !
“ So let it be—it irks not me to die ;
“ But thus to urge them whence they cannot fly.

SONG OF MEDORA.

“ Deep in my soul that tender secret dwells,
 Lonely and lost to light for evermore,
Save when to thine my heart responsive swells,
 Then trembles into silence as before.

“ There, in its centre, a sepulchral lamp
 Burns the slow flame, eternal—but unseen ;
Which not the darkness of despair can damp,
 Though vain its ray as it had never been.

“ Remember me—Oh ! pass not thou my grave
 Without one thought whose relics there recline :
The only pang my bosom dare not brave
 Must be to find forgetfulness in thine.

He bounds—he flies—until his footsteps reach
The verge where ends the cliff, begins the beach,
There checks his speed ; but pauses less to breathe
The breezy freshness of the deep beneath,
Than there his wonted statelier step renew ;
Nor rush, disturb'd by haste, to vulgar view.

FOLLY OF ANTICIPATION.

In Coron's bay floats many a galley light,
Through Coron's lattices the lamps are bright,
For Seyd, the Pacha, makes a feast to-night :
A feast for promised triumph yet to come,
When he shall drag the fetter'd Rovers home ;
'This hath he sworn by Alla and his sword,
And faithful to his firman and his word,
His summon'd prows collect along the coasts,
And great the gathering crews, and loud the boast.
Already shared the captives and the prize,
Though far the distant foe they thus despise ;
'Tis but to sail—no doubt to-morrow's Sun
Will see the Pirates bound—their haven won !
Mean time the watch may slumber, if they will,
Nor only wake to war, but dreaming kill.
Though all, who can, disperse on shore and seek
To flesh their glowing valour on the Greek ;
How well such deed becomes the turban'd brave—
To bare the sabre's edge before a slave !
Infest his dwelling—but forbear to slay,
Their arms are strong, yet merciful to-day,
And do not deign to smite because they may !
Unless some gay caprice suggests the blow,
To keep in practice for the coming foe.
Revel and rout the evening hours beguile,
And they who wish to wear a head must smile ;

For Moslem mouths produce their choicest cheer,
And hoard their curses till the coast is clear.

TEMPERANCE.

Salt seasons dainties—and my food is still
The humblest root, my drink the simplest rill ;
And my stern vow, and order's laws, oppose
To break or mingle bread with friends or foes ;
It may seem strange—if there be aught to dread,
That peril rests upon my single head ;
But for they sway—nay more—thy Sultan's throne.
I taste nor bread nor banquet—save alone.

DISGUISE THROWN OFF.

Up rose the Dervise with that burst of light,
Nor less his change of form appall'd the sight :
Up rose that Dervise—not in saintly garb,
But like a warrior bounding on his barb,
Dash'd his high cap, and tore his robe away—
Shone his mail'd breast, and flash'd his sabre's ray !
His close but glittering casque, and sable plume,
More glittering eye, and black brow's sabler gloom,
Glared on the Moslems' eyes some Afric sprite,
Whose demon death-blow left no hope for flight.
The wild confusion, and the swarthy glow
Of flames on high, and torches from below ;
The shriek of terror, and the mingling yell—
For swords began to clash, and shouts to swell,
Flung o'er that spot of earth the air of hell !
Distracted, to and fro, the flying slaves
Behold but bloody shore and fiery waves.

THE MIDNIGHT VISIT.

He slept in calmest seeming—for his breath
Was hush'd so deep—Ah! happy if in death!
He slept—Who o'er his placid slumber bends?
His foes are gone—and here he hath no friends;
Is it some seraph sent to grant him grace!
No, 'tis an earthly form with heavenly face!
Its white arm raised a lamp—yet gently hid,
Lest the ray flash abruptly on the lid
Of that closed eye, which opens but to pain,
And once unclosed—but once may close again.
That form, with eye so dark, and cheek so fair,
And auburn waves of gemm'd and braided hair;
With shape of fairy lightness—naked foot,
That shines like snow, and falls on earth as mute—

JOY AND GRIEF CLOSE COMPANIONS.

Strange though it seem—yet with extremest grief
Is link'd a mirth—it doth not bring relief—
That playfulness of Sorrow ne'er beguiles,
And smiles in bitterness—but still it smiles;
And sometimes with the wisest and the best,
Till even the scaffold echoes with their jest!
Yet not the joy to which it seems akin—
It may deceive all hearts, save that within.

LOVE BY COMPULSION.

My love stern Seyd's! Oh—No—No—not my love—
Yet much this heart, that strives no more, once strove

To meet his passion—but it would not be,
I felt—I feel—love dwells with—with the free.
I am a slave, a favour'd slave at best,
To share his splendour, and seem very blest !
Oft must my soul the question undergo,
Of—' Dost thou love ?' and burn to answer ' No !'
Oh ! hard it is that fondness to sustain,
And struggle not to feel averse in vain ;
But harder still the heart's recoil to bear,
And hide from one—perhaps another there.

He takes the hand I give not—nor withhold—
Its pulse nor check'd—nor quicken'd—calmly cold :
And when resign'd, it drops a lifeless weight
From one I never loved enough to hate.
No warmth these lips return by his imprest,
And chill'd remembrance shudders o'er the rest.
Yes—had I ever proved that passion's zeal,
The change to hatred were at least to feel :
But still—he goes unmourn'd—returns unsought—
And oft when present—absent from my thought.

THE TEAR OF PITY.

She press'd his fetter'd fingers to her heart,
And bow'd her head, and turn'd her to depart,
And noiseless as a lovely dream is gone.
And was she here ? and is he now alone ?
What gem hath dropp'd and sparkles o'er his chain ?
The tear most sacred, shed for other's pain,
That starts at once—bright—pure—from Pity's mine,
Already polish'd by the hand divine

Oh ! too convincing—dangerously dear—
In woman's eye the unanswerable tear !

That weapon of her weakness she can wield,
To save, subdue—at once her spear and shield:
Avoid it—Virtue ebbs and Wisdom errs,
Too fondly gazing on that grief of hers!
What lost a world, and bade a hero fly?
The timid tear in Cleopatra's eye.
Yet be the soft triumvir's fault forgiven!
By this—how many lose not earth—but heaven!
Consign their souls to man's eternal foe,
And seal their own to spare some wanton's woe!

BEAUTY PLEEDING AT THE FEET OF A TYRANT.

Pacha! the day is thine; and on thy crest
Sits Triumph—Conrad taken—fall'n the rest!
His doom is fix'd—he dies: and well his fate
Was earn'd—yet much too worthless for thy hate:
Methinks, a short release, for ransom told
With all his treasure, not unwisely sold;
Report speaks largely of his pirate-hoard—
Would that of this my Pacha were the lord!
While baffled, weaken'd by this fatal fray—
Watch'd—follow'd—he were then an easier prey;
But once cut off—the remnant of his band
Embark their wealth, and seek a safer strand."

THE VINDICTIVE REPLY.

Gulnare!—if for each drop of blood a gem
Were offer'd rich as Stamboul's diadem;
If for each hair of his a massy mine
Of virgin ore should supplicating shine;

If all our Arab tales divulge or dream
Of wealth were here—that gold should not redeem !
It had not now redeem'd a single hour ;
But that I know him fetter'd, in my power ;
And, thirsting for revenge, I ponder still
On pangs that longest rack, and latest kill."

AN INJURED WOMAN'S VENGEANCE.

If thou hast courage still, and would'st be free,
Receive his poniard—rise—and follow me !"

Ay—in my chains ! my steps will gently tread,
With these adornments, o'er each slumbering head !
'Thou hast forgot—is this a garb for flight ?
Or is that instrument more fit for fight ?"

Misdoubting Corsair ! I have gain'd the guard,
Ripe for revolt, and greedy for reward.
A single word of mine removes that chain :
Without some aid how here could I remain ?
Well, since we met, hath sped my busy time,
If in aught evil, for thy sake the crime :
The crime—'tis none to punish those of Seyd.
That hated tyrant, Conrad—he must bleed !
I see thee shudder—but my soul is changed—
Wrong'd, spurn'd, reviled—and it shall be avenged—

ANXIETY AND SUSPENCE.

He reach'd his turret door—he paused—no sound
Broke from within ; and all was night around.
He knock'd, and loudly—footstep nor reply
Announced that any heard or deem'd him nigh ;

He knock'd—but faintly—for his trembling hand
Refused to aid his heavy heart's demand.
The portal opens—'tis a well known face—
But not the form he panted to embrace.
Its lips are silent—twice his own essay'd,
And fail'd to frame the question they delay'd ;
He snatch'd the lamp—its light will answer all—
It quits his grasp, expiring in the fall.
He would not wait for that reviving ray—
As soon could he have linger'd there for day ;
But, glimmering through the dusky corridore,
Another chequers o'er the shadow'd floor ;
His steps the chamber gain—his eyes behold
All that his heart believed not—yet foretold !

THE LAMENT OF TASSO.

TASSO, the celebrated author of "*The Jerusalem Delivered*," it may not be known to all my readers, had the misfortune to fall in love with a sister of the Duke of Ferrara, who not valuing the poet's abilities, was offended at his presumption. The Duke had him confined in the hospital of St. Anna, as a lunatic, for many years. This refinement of cruelty, in locking up a reasonable being with maniacs, has been suffered to revive in England at the present day. Our *private* mad-houses are hospitals of *Saint Anna*, and our mad-house keepers modern *Dukes of Ferrara*. Tasso was released after every passion was chilled within him, and he himself was sensible of the decay of his mental powers, which, however, sufficed to carry his emaciated frame with reason to the grave

The place of his confinement is still to be seen, and, no doubt, Lord Byron, composed this poem immediately after having visited this living sepulchre of genius and worth. "The Lament of Tasso" is supposed to be written by that unhappy bard in his dungeon, it commences with complaining of his cruel destiny, glances back with hope to the fame he will hereafter enjoy, from his poetical labours, descends in the cruelty of his sovereign, and Mistress "Leonas," alludes to his youthful days, when he first felt the impressien of love, and the forebodings of his aged monitors, that his strong passions would lead to his destruction.

He then remarks, that Ferrara will in future ages only be visited from the renown of his dungeon, and the name of *Leonora* only be remembered from being linked immortally with his. This ends the poem, as may be imagined. Lord Byron has made it a sadly pleasing melody, but it has none of those flashes of fire to which we have been used; it is the even, slow, solemn lament of hopeless misery, too weak for indignation, too dark for one pleasing vision. I had rather Lord Byron had, in propria persona, lamented Tasso; he would have done more nobly for himself and the poet's memory,—but it stands as it is, if not on a high eminence on one, which few living poets but Lord Byron could reach from the cell of a prison, where everything depends upon a gloomy imagination.

EXTRACTS
FROM THE
LAMENT OF TASSO.

REFLECTIONS OF TASSO IN PRISON.

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 eyeball 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.

FLIGHT TO PALESTINE.

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.

THE MANIAC'S PRISON.

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:
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.

LOVE LIGHTENS THE FETTERS OF OPPRESSION.

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.

THE HEBREW MELODIES.

These paraphrastic verses are printed and set to music, by Mr. Nathan and Mr. Braham, and are so well known that I shall make but few selections, and fewer remarks upon them. The gloomy temper of mind, which every where accompanies Lord Byron, like a spectre of ill, has not failed to accompany him to the Book of Scripture; and he has chosen to paraphrase those parts, where sorrow is prevailing—vengeance descending, or danger gathering.

It has been justly said, that God, as the Jews view him, is a revengeful and vindictive *Being*, instead of a merciful and forgiving *Spirit*. Lord Byron has adopted their notions, and flattered a belief, which is founded on ignorant superstition, and calculated but to make men unhappy. He has selected those parts of scripture which create terror and doubt, and has handled his awful subjects with a skill to which the Harp of David must give way. "The Destruction of Sennacherib" and "Herod's Lament for Mariamne," are decidedly the best of all, and when I consider his lordship's attachment to the fame of the fair sex, I marvel he has done so feebly by "Jephtha's Daughter," if ever his fancy should pick her up bewailing on the mountains, it is a fine subject and worthy of his care. It is rather strange he should have overlooked it, but the Hebrews ought to be grateful for what he has already done.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

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 mellowed 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.

THE HARP OF DAVID.

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 their 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.

ANOTHER 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 !

JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER TO HER FATHER.

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 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.

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 !

SONG OF SAUL.

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 !
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 !

DEATH OF YOUTHFUL BEAUTY.

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 you 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 !

SPIRIT OF SAMUEL.

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,
Shrunk 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.

FINIS.

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